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THE MUSK-ROSE*.

A SKETCH FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

BY E. L. C.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."
Gray.

LATE one afternoon, Fanny went to carry home a dress which she had just completed, when, as she was quitting the shop, Madame Legrande requested, as a favor, that she would take it, and leave it on her way, at No. 20. — Street, as all her hands were engaged, and the hour was already past when she had promised it should be sent. Fanny was in haste to get back to Harry, but she could not refuse, and again taking up the parcel, she hurried along in the direction named by madame, stopping at last, before a slight gate of wrought iron, on the arch of which she saw the designated number. Passing through an area filled with ornamental trees and shrubs, she ascended a broad flight of marble steps, towards the door of the stately mansion, which bore engraved on a brass plate the name of Doctor Delford,—a name which she had often heard coupled with praise, and which its owner had rendered not less eminent by his benevolence and kindness of heart, than by his great professional skill. As with a timid hand Fanny pulled the bell, a wish that she might find courage to speak with the doctor respecting Hal, arose in her mind; but before she could resolve whether to ask for him or not, a servant opened the door and admitted her into a spacious hall, where he bade her wait till he had delivered the parcel to his mistress. She was wearied, and sat down upon a chair to rest till his return, when suddenly a gush of fragrance swept across her, bringing to her the very breath, as it seemed, of her Musk-Rose, so familiar was its sweetness to her senses. She looked around, and there she saw it—there, through an open door, her own plant—she never could mistake it—standing

on a marble pedestal near the window of a beautiful apartment—but which, beautiful and tasteful as it was, contained nothing in her eyes so graceful and so lovely as that cherished rose-tree.

She arose and stood looking fondly towards it. How it had grown—it was loaded with clusters of exquisite buds, and full-blown flowers, and as the light breeze stole through the window, and scattered the white and fragrant petals like a shower of snow-flakes upon the carpet, and swayed with a gentle motion the delicate branches of the bush, she fancied they beckoned her forward, and with a noiseless step she advanced, and yielding to a sudden gush of feeling, pressed her lips with passionate tenderness upon its leaves, and gemmed them with the unconscious tears which fell fast and bright from her eyes. What visions of early joy and happiness did the renewed sight of this household plant cause to rush upon her—bearing her, as by some magic spell, far from the dark, solitary attic where she was wearing out her life in hopeless toil, to the green fields and breezy hills of Bloomingdale, to the cottage garden, through whose flowery vistas rung the merry voice of Hal; and the grape-vine arbour, where in the soft summer evenings, she had so often sat to watch his gambols with her mother.

"Oh," thought Fanny, and unconsciously she uttered her thoughts aloud—"oh that I might carry but one of these dear roses to poor Hal—but ah, I dare not, for they are no longer mine to pluck!"

"Yet for all that, you shall have one for Hal, my dear, and another for yourself, if they will

* Conchoidal.

give you any pleasure," said a bland voice behind her, which started Fanny into remembering on what errand she had sought the house of the physician, and that she had committed an unwarrantable trespass in entering, unbidden, that apartment. Instantly she drew back, trembling and abashed, when Dr. Delford, a fine looking man with a bald head, and a benevolent smile, advanced, and with his penknife cut a lovely cluster of roses from a loaded branch, and presenting it to her,

"This is for Hal, my child," he said, smiling; "and this," as he severed another equally beautiful from the bush, "you may call your own if you will; let my sister say what she can to the contrary. Flowers are God's gift to all, and the rich have no right to appropriate what is equally the property of the poor."

"No, brother, and I would have given the child an armful of flowers from any other plant," said a lady, who at that moment entered the room, and looked the doctor's very counterpart, in female attire—"but this rose-tree is so rare and beautiful, that I do grieve you should mutilate it, even for the sake of gratifying your kind feelings."

"The mischief will soon be repaired, Clara," said the doctor—"for see, here are scores of buds just ready to open, and those I have abstracted will never be missed—but why in the world do you stare so, at the poor girl, sister? she seems just ready to sink down with shame at your close observation."

"Do you see no resemblance, brother? It is wonderful!" said Mrs. Harwood, still looking fixedly on the blushing Fanny.

Doctor Delford turned his quick eye also upon her, and a sudden change in his countenance shewed that he too detected the likeness.

"Yes, she is like our poor Lucy," he said with a quivering lip—"very like, both as to age, and that delicacy of countenance, which made my child's beauty as unearthly as her virtues. May I ask your name, my dear?"

"Fanny Elwyn, sir."

"Elwyn,—Elwyn—and have you parents living?"

"No, sir, my little brother and myself are lonely orphans," she said, and the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"Poor things!" said the good doctor in a tone of compassion,—"and your father—was his name Henry?"

"It was, sir."

"And was he for several years, the chief chemist in the Laboratory of Holland & Sons?"

"Yes, sir, and there; when, one day making

some experiments, he lost his life, by a terrible explosion of gas."

"The same—but I knew not that his family was left in destitution. I must learn more of you, my child, for Providence has sent you here that I may in part repay a debt of gratitude which I have long owed to your father. Let me hear somewhat of your history; your own sweet looks, so like the angel I mourn, would make my heart yearn towards you with a parent's love, even were there no other reason, why I should feel it both a duty and a happiness, to serve, as best I may, the orphans of Henry Elwyn."

Fanny knew not what to understand by the doctor's allusions to her father, but his benign and gentle manner inspired her with confidence, and made her affectionate heart yearn towards him with the sweetest emotions of filial love. Sitting down, by his desire, upon a low ottoman, she told in the simplest and most unstudied manner, the story of Harry's illness, and her own struggles to earn for him and for herself, their daily bread. She assumed no merit to herself on the score of her constant self-sacrifices, and her cheerful and patient endurance of the sorest ills of poverty; but the facts she touchingly related spoke volumes in her praise—as did the brief episode of the Musk-Rose, which she told in the perfect unconsciousness that it developed in her the most lovely and tender traits of character—a patient fortitude, a calm and noble endurance of wrong and misfortune, and a fountain of deep and unselfish affection for the helpless little being cast wholly on her care and love, which awakened the warmest sympathy and admiration of Doctor Delford, and invested the humble narrator with a halo of moral glory, more resplendent in his eyes, and more worthy of the heart's homage, than would have seemed to him the most brilliant insignia of earthly grandeur, that ever glittered on the brow of a sovereign.

Doctor Delford was a man of the most expansive benevolence, and with ample power to gratify that benevolence in its widest extent, which he did with unsparing and ever liberal hand; yet not without a judicious discrimination, which made his charities more widely diffusive of good, than those of many, who, perhaps, lavished as much, but with a less discerning sense of their true benefit and application. He was a widower, with one son, who was just about commencing, in partnership with himself, the practice of medicine; but the idol of his heart, an only daughter, had died two years before, at the age of seventeen.

"Early, bright, transient, elate as morning dew,
She sparkled, was extolled, and went to Heaven,"

leaving a void in the heart of her bereaved father

never to be refilled on earth. His domestic establishment was under the control of Mrs. Harwood, a widowed sister, and the purchaser of Fanny's Musk-Rose. She, in common with the father and brother, was oppressed by the sadness, which the lovely Lucy's death had cast upon the household, and missing this cherished object of hope and love, her interest was awakened by whatever her gentle niece had loved. For her sake she first fed her birds and nursed her flowers, till she learned to value them for their own intrinsic beauty and fragrance,—and then a passion for flowers grew up in her heart, and the constantly increasing desire to crowd her small conservatory with every attainable novelty, became almost a monomania with her.

Fanny's simple and touching history of the long coveted Musk-Rose, invested it with new interest and new value in her sight; but her indignation was roused by the dishonesty which Madame Legrande's marvellous organ of acquisitiveness, had prompted her to commit. Fanny had innocently named the sum, which she had received for the plant, as one beyond what she expected, and which, in her necessitous circumstances, she persuaded herself she had no right to reject—and Mrs. Harwood, filled with abhorrence for such wickedness, resolved never more to lend her support or patronage to a woman who had shown herself capable of such a dereliction from justice, humanity, and truth; but with one stern and last rebuke to take leave of her forever. Fanny was unutterably shocked by the disclosure she had inadvertently made of Madame Legrande's treachery—her inexperienced heart had never conceived of such depravity, and the wrong enacted against herself, seemed trivial to the sin with which, from the most sordid of motives, the unhappy woman had polluted her own soul.

Just as she ended her brief recital, a new listener entered the apartment—a young man of fine and prepossessing appearance, who, pausing suddenly, arrested by the low tones of her sweet voice, bent on her a look full of wonder and amazement. Her bright blush of confusion seemed to recall him to himself, and advancing, with his eye still fixed upon her:

"Father," he said, "but for this young girl's dress, I could almost believe our Lucy had returned to us again. Saw you ever such a likeness?—the same sunny hair, and the same soft, dark eyes that look upon us now from yonder picture"—pointing, as he spoke, to the portrait of a beautiful girl that hung against the wall.

"It is indeed striking, Horace," said the doctor, and his countenance betrayed emotion, as he glanced from Fanny's downcast but lovely face, to the radiant picture of his lost and darling Lucy.

"But though like our cherished one, the grave restores not again its dead. This, Horace, is the child of one, to whom I owed a debt of gratitude, which I hope in some measure to repay to his orphans—of Henry Elwyn, of whom you have heard me speak, and who, during your residence abroad, rescued your mother, by his courage and presence of mind, from a terrible and sudden death. It was during her last illness, that the house, one tempestuous night, took fire, through the carelessness of servants, and was wholly consumed. I was absent on professional duty when it broke out, and I returned only to be greeted by the flames and smoke which arose from the ruins of my peaceful home. As I approached it, a frightful cry burst upon my ear,—Mrs. Delford is perishing in the burning house!—who will rescue her?—In a state of agony which no words can describe, I sprang from my carriage, and rushed towards the flaming building, but one had already entered, risking his life to save hers, and they held me forcibly back, for the blazing rafters were falling in every direction, and they knew that I, in my frenzy, would rush on to certain destruction. While I struggled vainly to escape, a man blackened with smoke, and scorched by the terrible heat, emerged from the raging fire, bearing a burden in his arms, with which he staggered forward a few steps, and fell insensible at my feet. It was your father, Fanny, who by his heroic courage, had rescued my wife from a fate, too horrible for thought,—and she too was insensible, but unhurt. She had fainted, as she afterwards told me, when the first alarm of fire was given, and knew nothing more, till she found herself safe in the house of a friend. Consequently, she suffered nothing from terror, and though her life terminated a few weeks subsequent to this event, I have no reason to think that her death was hastened by the circumstance of that night.

"Your father, however, to my great regret, was a severe sufferer—having been, as I learned, so scorched, that the physician who dressed his wounds, pronounced his recovery doubtful. In the tumult and alarm of the moment he was conveyed to the hospital, and when I went the next day to offer him my services, and return my thanks for the incalculable benefit he had done me, I was told that his friends had removed him early in the morning, but whither I could not learn. Nor was I able to obtain any tidings of him till two years had passed away, when I was one day called in great haste to visit a person, who had been dreadfully injured by the bursting of a retort in the laboratory of Holland & Sons. In the sufferer, I recognised the preserver of my wife, and I would have given half the fruits of

my long professional toils, could I have saved his life. But my aid was all in vain; the wounds caused by the explosion, were too dreadful for human skill to heal, and before I left him he had ceased to breathe. I inquired for his family, and was told where they resided, and that he had not left them without the means of a comfortable support—and the fear only of intruding upon the sacredness of their sorrow, withheld me from seeking them immediately. Many, and pressing engagements delayed my purpose of doing so for several weeks, and when at last I found my way to Bloomingdale, and repaired to their abode, they had left it, and gone none knew whither. And so I might have lived and died in ignorance that the children of the man to whom I owe it, that one most dear to me escaped a death of horror, and that my own life is not haunted by one dark and fearful recollection—that those helpless children are drinking, in unpitied loneliness, the bitter waters of poverty, while I clothe myself in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,—but for the Providence that directed this poor girl's steps hither at a time when she most needs the aid and counsel, which it shall be my joy to give her."

"Oh, sir," said Fanny, lifting her tearful eyes to his, with a glance of grateful and imploring earnestness, "restore my poor Harry to health, and I will not repine at poverty. I have health and strength, and if I can once see him free from suffering, even toil itself will be a happiness to me."

"I will do all I can for him, my dear," said the kind doctor, brushing the moisture from his eyes,—“but I must first see him, to know what he requires.” Then turning to his son—“I forsook, you may drive to those places noted on the slate; it is not necessary that I should accompany you,—but I will meet you at Mrs. Wentworth's in an hour. And now, child, as I see you are impatient to begone, I will keep you waiting no longer. Walk as fast as you please, and I promise not to lag behind."

And so, making her simple courtesy to Mrs. Harwood, and a slight obeisance to the young doctor, who seemed to feel much interest in observing her, Fanny glided from the house, and shrinking with instinctive delicacy from appearing to place herself on an equality with the kind physician, by presuming to walk beside him, she moved on in advance, notwithstanding his endeavour to keep pace with her; and paused not, till having climbed the dilapidated staircase leading to her attic, they stood together at the door of her humble chamber. She softly opened it and entered—the old woman whom she had left to watch Hal, had fallen asleep at her post; and the

poor boy, early disciplined to the endurance of patient self-denial, lay quietly awaiting the termination of her nap, to ask for the cup of cold water, which stood beyond his reach, that he might moisten with it, his parched and burning tongue. A languid smile stole over his lip at the sight of Fanny, and when with the kiss which she gave him, she slipped into his hand, one of the oranges which Mrs. Harwood had crowded into her bag, surprise and pleasure lent a faint but transient glow to his wan and hollow cheek. Yet thirsty and feverish as he was, and with the tempting fruit untasted in his grasp, he cast it quickly from him, when Fanny laid the roses—the sweet musk-roses from his own fair tree, gently upon his pillow. A cry of joy burst from his lips, and clasping them in his small thin hands, he kissed them with passionate delight, and then with more quiet pleasure laid them lovingly within his bosom.

Doctor Delford was much moved by this little scene—and in after days he was often heard to say, that varied as were the characters and the circumstances of life which had come under his observation, never in any situation, had he witnessed such depth and devotion of human love, such faith and cheerful trust in the goodness and wisdom of an overruling Providence, and such calm and patient endurance of life's most trying ills, as in that lone and humble chamber; where, from the midst of poverty and suffering, these two loving hearts constantly exhaled the incense of fervent gratitude for the mercies that brightened their lot—for the affection which knit them so closely together, and for the joyful certainty, that though no earthly parent remained to bless them, the eye of an all merciful Father watched over them, and His arms upheld and encircled them with a tender and sustaining love, more constant and more fervent than ever thrilled with extacy the fondest mother's heart.

Under the careful and judicious treatment of Doctor Delford, little Hal soon began rapidly to amend—his strength gradually returned—his appetite was renewed, and the delicacies which Mrs. Harwood's kindness constantly lavished upon him, enabled him to gratify it by such nourishing viands as were best adapted to invigorate his frame, and promote his entire recovery. One day when the good doctor was prevented by some absorbing case, from paying his usual visit to his young patient, Horace Delford came in his stead. Fanny at first felt sadly disappointed by the absence of her dear and constant friend; but the considerate delicacy, the gentleness, and courtesy of the young physician's manners, soon placed her at her ease, and dispelled the reserve and coldness into which, on his first appearance,

she had shrunk. Her striking resemblance to a sister whom he almost idolized, had already greatly interested him in her,—and this interest was heightened by the sad circumstances of poverty and isolation, in which, formed, and educated as she seemed to him, for a higher station, he saw her plunged, and by some very lovely traits of character of which he had heard his father speak with the warmest admiration.

But as day after day, he now continued his attendance upon Hal, and marked her truthfulness and purity of mind, her unselfishness, her tenderness, her cheerful piety; in a word, when he saw the whole moral beauty of her life and character, he learned to regard her with that tender reverence, and earnest admiration, which are the spontaneous emotions of a feeling and sensitive heart, when witnessing the glorious triumph of virtue and goodness, over the temptations to evil, with which abject penury and toil, even more than the enticements of luxury and wealth, environ the souls of the forlorn and out-cast children of humanity. Soon he entirely superseded his father in his attendance upon Harry, who watched impatiently for his daily visit, and shouted out a glad welcome, when he heard his light step ascending the stairs,—while Fanny, with a quiet smile, and a blush that spoke her heart's sweet welcome, would drop the needle or the book in which she was engaged, and rise to unclose the door at his approach. And even when his professional services ceased to be required,—when neither pill, nor powder, nor mucous draught were to be prescribed for his convalescent little patient, an undefined charm still attracted him to Fanny's humble attic; and duly as the day returned, his wheels came clattering through the infrequented alley, and drawing forth its swarming and squalid population, to gaze on him as he alighted at the door of the crazy tenement wherein she dwelt.

And the old doctor, too, still made his friendly, but less frequent visits,—and never was idolized father greeted with fonder or truer welcome by the daughter of his love, than he, by the tender and grateful girl, who beheld in him her earthly benefactor and preserver. Mrs. Harwood, also, was often seen in that low chamber, and she ever came, laden with gifts of comfort and of healing—but prized above all other offerings, was the precious cluster of musk-roses which she never failed to remember, and which with gratitude for her kindness, brought the voices and the smiles of their childhood's home to the desolate abode of the orphans.

"Sister, how happy we are now," said poor Hal one day, with tears of tender joy glistening in his eyes;—"we have kind friends to care for

us and love us—and nice things, as many as we want, without your having to work all day and night, till you are too tired even to sleep. Green fields and flowers are all we pine for now."

And these, the longing child was soon to enjoy. A degree of languor incompatible with perfect health, still hung about him, and Doctor Delford, aware that moderate exercise in the free and pure air of the country, was alone requisite for his entire restoration, proposed sending him with Fanny to Bloomingdale.

"Bloomingdale?" echoed Fanny, and the very name conjured up visions of peace and happiness to her full heart.

"Yes, Bloomingdale, my dear," said the Doctor; "it was once your home, I think, and I have a cottage and a garden there to which you shall go. I purchased them for my poor Lucy's nurse, when I saw her fast following her foster-child to the grave. She was a lone woman, and desolate, when her treasure was gone—but that small homestead has given her care and occupation, and brought her more health of body and content of mind. She has been told of your likeness to the angel we mourn, and she has a longing to look upon you. You will be quiet there, and Harry will see the blue sky and the green earth which he loves, and revel in the flowers which are his delight. Will you go, Fanny? It shall be as you say."

And Fanny had no wish to say nay to her kind friend, for her heart too, was yearning to behold the gracious face of nature, and to kneel down in grateful joy and love upon her green and flowery lap. And so the next morning Mrs. Harwood called in her poney carriage to take them to the country. Horace Delford was driving; but he threw down the reins, and sprang from his seat to assist Fanny and Hal into the carriage, and had the poor girl's dowry of wealth been equal to her beauty, he would not with more assiduous grace and gallantry have lent to her his aid. And in truth, none—none especially, who had read, as he had done, her daily life, and knew her simple story, could have looked on her without emotions of admiration and regard, similar to, if not so fervent as, those which animated his heart. Silently, as he saw her sitting beside his aunt, he compared her with the beautiful Miss C., the reigning belle of the season, and unhesitatingly he decreed the palm of a loveliness which touched the soul,—while that of the other but dazzled the senses,—to the humble and unconscious Fanny Elwyn. Her costume, indeed,—for Mrs. Harwood's thoughtful kindness had replenished with many useful articles, the scanty wardrobe of the orphans,—bespoke neither fashion nor luxury—a chintz dress, a cottage straw bonnet tied with

a plain blue ribbon, was her simple and unpretending attire; but, simple as it was, she adorned it, and as Horace looked into her speaking face, so sweetly mutable with feeling and emotion, sparkling with intelligence, and bright with renovated health and peace, and met the soft and grateful glance of eyes that mirrored the purity of a loving and a tender soul, he felt how little her rare and touching beauty required the aid of foreign and adventitious ornament.

They drove gaily on beneath a bright October sky, on which "the glorious sun was pencilling a gospel of beauty." Calm and lovely was the outspread landscape,—pure the breath of the incense laden air—beautiful the golden orchards, bending with their ripened fruit; and the sight of the teeming earth pouring into the lap of the husbandman, in a fourfold measure, the rich harvest of his toil. Little Hal was wild with the joy of recovered health and freedom; and, seated beside Horace, he gave expression to his feelings in hilarious and innocent mirth. But Fanny felt too much for utterance—her heart swelled almost to bursting with its sweet and grateful emotions, and her eyes swam in tears of rapture, as she raised them to the blue arch of heaven, or let their gaze rove over the fair and goodly features of that beautiful earth, from whose freshness and whose beauty she had been so long a melancholy exile. And when at last they reached the end of their drive, she heard Harry exclaim in eager ecstasy, as the carriage drew up at the door of a lovely cottage:

"Sister, it is our own home! our own garden! I see the old grape vine full of clusters—and the sickle pear by the arbour, and the lemon cingstone growing against the wall, and bending down just as it used to do, with ripe peaches!" and as she looked forth, and saw that it was indeed the very roof that had sheltered her childhood, and the garden whose walks her young feet had trod in the days of her unclouded joy, her emotions wholly subduced her, and she bowed down her head and wept.

Hal bounded from the carriage and ran into the house—she followed, with Mrs. Harwood, and as she crossed the threshold she heard his wild and passionate exclamations of delight from within. She entered, and there he stood, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and his little arms clasped fondly round a flower-pot, in which grew their own fair musk-rose!—one blush of flowers it was, which, as in his strong emotion, he slightly agitated the plant, showered their frail and fragrant petals like granted blessings on his upturned face. Touched to the heart by this delicate proof of love in the friends to whom she was so deeply indebted, she turned in speech-

less emotion to Mrs. Harwood, and grasping her hand, pressed it to her lips and heart, bathing it with tears of tender and grateful sensibility.

Horace enjoyed the scene, and sympathized with the joy of Hal, the surprise and gratitude so beautifully expressed by Fanny, while nurse Arnold stood by, impatient for an unobstructed view of the features, which she had been told bore so strong a resemblance to those of her lamented foster-child.

When at length, Fanny, with recovered composure, raised her April face, nurse gazed on her for a moment in undisguised amazement, then clasping her arms around her,—"*It is Miss Lucy herself,—my darling child returned to me!*" she said, and burst into sudden weeping. Calmness, however, under such circumstances was not long in resuming its dominion in all their hearts—and then, by Mrs. Arnold's earnest entreaty, they drew round the hospitable board, which in expectation of their arrival, she had loaded with the rarest dainties that her small garden and pantry could be made to yield. So passed on an hour or two, and then Horace and his aunt drove off—and Fanny was left with Hal, to explore together their old haunts, and recall the sweet and cherished reminiscences of other days.

Time passed on, and still found the little family happy and contented at the cottage. Nurse Arnold grew dotingly fond of Fanny, who seemed in some measure to fill the void in her heart, caused by the death of the lovely Lucy; and with the ready tenderness of her nature, Fanny repaid by a thousand little cares and attentions the affection and kindness of the lonely invalid—by the interest and knowledge she evinced in the garden, gathering the ripe seed, cutting and drying the herbs, tying up the vines, and culling the fruit—by her skill in the preparation of pickles and preserves, and her cleverness in the management of the small dairy, which drew its never failing dainties from the bounty of one fine milk-cow. She knew so well when the cream was in the best state to skim for the churn,—and then, of the sour milk she made such relishing "*Dutch cheese,*"—and of the sweet, such delicious "*junket,*" prepared with rennet steeped in wine. And as for Hal—in a week's time no one would have known him for the pale, sickly, emaciated, child of the city attic. Like the wild bee, he spent his time in roving over dale, and hill, and mead—his frame braced and invigorated by the pure and balmy air,—his cheek bronzed by the bright autumnal sun,—feeding on ripe fruits and wholesome bread, and milk warm from the cow that gathered her dainty sustenance from fields of fragrant clover, and grass bathed in the pure dews of heaven. How happy he was! and what

calm, sweet content filled the grateful heart, and lent its glory to the soft dark eye of Fanny.

Horace Delford was almost a daily guest at the cottage; or if, as it sometimes chanced, but rarely, his visit, from some unforeseen cause, was omitted, that day left not so bright a record on Fanny's memory, as those which had received new joy and gladness from his presence. She knew not that he was growing fast into her affections, becoming bound up with them in a manner that, if permitted, menaced the destruction of her peace, till she was startled into a suspicion of the fact, by a rumour, unfounded as it proved, brought to her by nurse Arnold, that he was on the eve of marriage with a southern heiress. With what shame and remorse did she then acknowledge to herself her weakness—what unsparring condemnation did she lavish on the arrogance and presumption of her own heart, that permitted even in its secret depths, a sentiment of night but gratitude towards one so infinitely her superior, to remain uncrushed. "She would trust herself no more to see him—she had eaten too long the bread of dependence, and she would resume the life of toil, which, well were it now for her, had it never been suspended. Her health was re-established—Hal was no longer an invalid, but she would leave him as a boarder to the care of Mrs. Arnold, and herself return to the city, and accept the situation, which, with the offer of a very competent salary, Miss Panton had recently requested her to fill, in her large and fashionable establishment."

These thoughts of self-reproach and earnest resolution were agitating poor Fanny's mind, and blanching her cheek with painful emotion, when the sound of wheels suddenly startled her. She looked up, and saw Dr. Delford and Horace alighting at the door of the cottage. Nurse Arnold had gone out to gather nuts with Hal, and she sat alone in the little parlor; therefore she could not escape, though she would gladly have done so at that time. She was relieved by observing Horace walk away towards the garden, while the doctor entered the house, and she rose to receive him with unwonted embarrassment, which he seemed not to observe, but with more than usual kindness drew her towards him and kissed her.

"You look sad, my child," he said—"and no marvel, these cold autumn days in the country are dull things. You must come to town and cheer us up—nay, nay—I see you are going to renew that subject of work—work. But it will not do, Fanny—you have witched yourself into our hearts, and we all feel that we have a right to you, and cannot live without you. Hal too shall be my care—I have long resolved upon this—and

you must take my Lucy's place, and be a daughter to me—a niece to sister Clary—and—and—what shall I say for Horace?—but here he comes to speak for himself, and so I may just as well give up my place to him."

And smiling roguishly he retired, as Horace, with a flushed cheek and beaming eye, glided into the room. What he said is not known—only that he wooed not in vain, for before the snows of winter whitened the ground, the gentle, grateful, loving Fanny, became the bride of one, whom, had she been the proudest lady in the land, she would have chosen from all others, for the noble and generous qualities which won her admiration and esteem, long before her heart smote her with remorse for the tender homage which it had involuntarily yielded to him. Never, however, did she forget the trials and discipline of her early life, nor ever cease to feel grateful for the strength which they had imparted to her principles and purposes; teaching her to enjoy prosperity without elation; to value the approval of her God and her conscience far above the sweetest tones of human praise, and to find, that not in the appliances of wealth, or the elevation of station, consist content and happiness; but in the true cultivation and direction of that immortal spark which allies us to our maker—which, as it is nurtured or neglected, creates for us a heaven or hell, whatever be the place or condition in which we are destined to abide on earth.

OCCUPATION.

PALSY, after all, is not far from the truth in asserting happiness to consist in occupation; next to the testimony of an approving conscience, it is at least more essential to our happiness than any thing else; at the same time it is not occupation in itself which constitutes, or at least contributes to our happiness in any other sense than as furnishing the means of stilling the voice of reflexion; for when the mind is not engaged, reflexions will inevitably arise both as to things which we may regret having done or not having done, and misfortunes, properly so called, over which we may have had no controul; for though it has already been observed that the tendency of the mind to dwell on circumstances of pain rather than pleasure is a proof that the latter predominates over the former, (inasmuch as evil being of rarer occurrence is more likely to make a greater impression,) still this consideration is but an indifferent set-off against those reflexions which are always unprofitable, and sometimes operate so injuriously on our health and peace of mind.

TRUE JOY.

ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

BY E. L. C.

Where finds the heart true joy ?

In Pleasure's sunny bowers,
When the gay dance, and festive song
Lead on the laughing hours ?

Not there! not there!

Is it where Glory shouts

Her watchword fierce and fell,
Mid the red carnage of war's field,
Joy in the heart may dwell ?

Not there! not there!

Or where bright Fame uprears

Her temple proud and high,
Mocking fond suppliants with vain hopes
Of immortality ?

Not there! not there!

Amid the cloistered gloom

Of dim religious cell,
Finds the lone heart that raptured joy
Words want the power to tell ?

Not there! not there!

Is it where pomp and wealth

Thrill in their glittering spells,
The tempted soul which earth enslaves,
This radiant stranger dwells ?

Oh, no! not there!

Fair maiden, canst thou tell

Where hidden lies this charm ?
In crowds, or 'mid the silence deep
Of Nature's holy calm,

In forests lone ?

I ask thee not in vain ;

That smile gives answer bright ;
For peace, and love, and heartfelt joy
Beam in its gentle light,

Pure from the soul!

It tells me thou hast found

Of happiness the spring ;
And that we are most truly blest,
When we around may fling

Our own content.

When in untroubled breasts

We nurse pure thoughts, and kind ;
And constant raise our grateful souls
To that creative mind,

Whence flows all bliss.

This is the heart's true joy !

Thine tells thee it is so---
Or, maiden, I have wrongly read
Thy young cheek's changeful glow,
Thine eyes' soft light ;

Which to my thought reveal,

A soul where virtues pure,
Kind thoughts, and sweet affections dwell,
Charms that shall aye endure,
When youth has passed.

When with a silver hue

Shall gleam each shining tress,
And on thy fair and polished brow
Old Time shall gently press

His signet hour.

Then a diviner light

O'er beauty's withered flower,
Shall dawn, to vivify its leaves,
That it may deck a bower

Where angels sit.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

His sword and plume are on his pall,

The muffled drum beats drear and deep,
And gathering tears are seen to fall
From warriors' eyes, unused to weep.

They lay him in his dreamless bed,

The banners droop above the brave,
The regulum of the glorious dead
Thrice rolls in thunder o'er his grave.

How sound his sleep! his battles o'er,

Life's fitful fever passed away,
Where sounds of war are heard no more,
And trumpet and drum are mute for aye!

While buried grandeur cannot buy

One mourner o'er its lonely bier,
His name shall breathe in beauty's sigh,
His memory brighten in the tear!

'Twill steal upon the festal train,

The voice of reckless mirth to quell,
And wake in music's melting strain,
Whose accents weep so wildly well.

But to the lorn and widowed heart

Can thoughts like these a balm instil?
Can glory's voice a charm impart
To lull, to soothe, its cureless ill?

They'll bid her try to think no more

On days and dreams forever fled;
They'll say, that tears can ne'er restore
The loved, the lost, the silent dead.

But when was sorrow known to woo

The themes that make its pangs the less?
Or what have broken hearts to do
With cold and dull forgetfulness?

Or how shall e'er the source of woe

Prove solace to the bosom's pain?
The silent tear must ever flow
Because, alas! it flows in vain.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.—*Spectator*.

RICHARD REDPATH*.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER III.

In which the hero obtains an old master and a young mistress.

THAT disgusting scene of human depravity, the slave market, was enough to tame the vivacity of the younger Redpath. Here he beheld the pernicious and immoral effects produced upon the minds of a people, by constantly witnessing the revolting exhibition of human avarice, operating upon human sufferings—and his feelings were alternately roused to indignation by the callous indifference of the vender and purchaser of blood; or frozen with horror at the sullen despair depicted in the heavy, motionless features of the slave.

Abhorred slavery! Well is it for Britain that she has wiped off this foul stain from her national glory. And blessed—doubly blessed, be the memory of the great and good men who stood unflinchingly forth to advocate the cause of the oppressed children of an unhappy race. Most noble of all noble modern reformations!—the bloodless triumph of reason and humanity over the selfish avarice and cruelty of the tyrant man.

The brothers arrived at the spot, at the moment when a mother and her five children were put up for sale. Amongst the group of merchants and planters there assembled, the greater part of whom were fathers, no eye pitied the unhappy parent, no heart felt for the bitter anguish that convulsed her features, and bent her tearful glances to the ground. Her children all fell to different masters—some proprietors in distant isles—and the final separation from her little ones was more than the wretched woman had fortitude to bear. Her cries and groans were heart-rending, as, in turn, she pressed to her outraged bosom the beloved inheritors of misery, that she was doomed to see no more. Raising her clenched hand to heaven, she exclaimed, in her strong agony—“Is there no God for the slave? Oh, my poor children! why were ye ever born?”

One heart responded to that bitter cry—one eye was moistened with the precious dew of holy commiseration; and had he possessed thousands,

at that moment all would have been freely offered, to redeem that captive negress and her children.

These soft emotions were quickly succeeded by the fire of manly resentment, when the brutal purchaser of the forlorn woman tore her rudely from the arms of her weeping family, by smartly applying the cane he held in his hand, across her naked shoulders, already seamed with the marks of former ill-usage.

“Monsters!” muttered the enraged counterfeiter. “Devils in human shape!—miscalled men.—Your reign is short.—The hour is at hand, when heaven will avenge upon you the injuries inflicted through hopeless ages upon a degraded and afflicted race.”

A look from his more cautious brother, reminded him of his assumed character; and, placing his back against the wall of the vendue master’s house, he folded his arms across his breast, and whispered to his surreptitious owner—“Robert, this is no joke.”

The sinewy, well-knit frame of the young Englishman soon attracted the notice of several wealthy planters, who came forward to inspect the supposed slave.

“There’s a touch of the European in him,” said one of the group. “He has not the features of the nigger.”

“Something more than a touch, brother Daynes,” said another. “A thorough black for my money. The saucy white blood can scarcely be restrained by the dark skin. I don’t like half-breeds. They inherit by nature a craving for liberty. The nigger is but an animal. The mulatto suspects himself to be a man.”

“They make clever slaves.”

“Oh, curse them! They are neither one thing nor the other. I have too many of them on my place.”

“Report says so,” returned old Daynes, “and of your own providing.”

“It may be so. We cannot expect our speculations always to turn out well,” returned the planter, with a grin. “I will have nothing to do with that fellow.”

Robert Redpath now joined the group, and related the disastrous accident of the wreck, and

* Continued from page 368.

the necessity he was under of parting with an attached and valuable slave. "He has not been treated as a common slave," he said. "He was brought up in my father's house. His amiable disposition gained for him the respect and affection of the whole family. He can read and write, and cast accounts, and is an excellent cook, in which capacity he served me on board ship. He will make a good house steward, as he is very honest and attentive, and I will not sell him to any master, who would degrade him into a field slave."

"Young man," said the planter, in answer to this long harangue, "I perceive that you know very little about the management of slaves. You must never treat a slave with kindness. It won't do. They are like mules, obstinate and self-willed, and ungrateful. They must be driven, sir." A contemptuous flash from the half-closed eyes of the pretended black, did not escape the observation of the planter. "You may tell me that he is a well-disposed nigger; but I think I never saw a more untractable looking devil put up to sale in this market. Take my advice, friend Baynes, and have nothing to do with him."

But old Baynes was a great epicure. He had just lost a good cook, and was on the look out for another to fill his place. He advanced some paces, and commenced a deliberate inspection of the young pretender, with as much cool assurance as a jockey would examine a colt, that he was anxious to break in. The proud pampered inspector of bones and sinews seemed, upon the whole, pleased with his intended bargain, and after a deal of haggling about the price, he at length agreed to pay Robert the sum of eighty pounds for the slave. This matter being arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Robert parted with his whimsical brother, without that friendly pressure of the hand, which he longed to bestow; but which could not consistently be granted to a slave. He felt a sudden depression of spirit, at thus leaving, in unknown hands, the eccentric being, who, to snatch him from beggary, had made such an extraordinary sacrifice of himself.

The novelty of his situation diverted the mind of the volatile Richard from brooding over melancholy thoughts, and his love of adventure reconciled him to the strange game that he had recklessly undertaken to play. "If slavery be not something worse than the pains of purgatory; and the slave more closely confined than the inhabitants of those dolorous regions," he whispered to Robert, as he turned reluctantly to leave him, "you shall not fail to hear from me soon."

Mr. Baynes, the planter, into whose hands he had fallen, was one of the richest men on the island. He was the owner of several extensive plantations near the coast; and his summer resi-

dence, situated on the shore, was one of the most beautiful buildings in Jamaica. Though fond of money, and a great speculator, he was not a bad master to his domestic slaves, many of whom might have had the honor of calling him father. In his dealings with his brother merchants he was hard and griping, and looked at a shilling twice, before he paid it once; and this love of making money, had earned for him a worse name abroad than he deserved at home; for he seldom ordered a slave to be punished unless he richly deserved it.

Richard, upon the whole, was rather pleased with his new master, whom he considered a jolly old fellow, who could easily be sed and fattened into keeping the peace—and, led on by curiosity and his insatiable love of adventure, he entered the splendid house of bondage with as much cheerfulness as if it had been his legitimate home. The temporary loss of liberty could scarcely be contemplated by our hero as an evil, for he had constantly before him the certainty of regaining his liberty whenever he thought fit to wash his face, and as the situation was one of his own choosing, he could scarcely be termed a slave. Though degraded to the level of the brute, he bore the abdication of his rights, as a man, with the best grace imaginable; and entered upon his apprenticeship with such alacrity, that Mr. Baynes secretly congratulated himself upon the possession of such a valuable slave.

"You can cook, Sambo?" said he.

"Oh yes, massa. Me know how to make all de good ting. Sambo berry fine cook. Always Massa Redpath's taster. Dere is no knowing how de curries, and de gravies do, without tasting. 'Tis de berry soul and stuffing of de goose—de strong of de soup—de sweet of de pudding—and de flavor of de sauce. Massa Redpath always praise de beautiful French dish dat Sambo make."

The eyes of the *gourmand* twinkled at this profession of Sambo's culinary skill; and perceiving that he had been more of a spoiled domestic than a slave, he forgave, in the prospect of indulging his favourite propensities, the freedom of Sambo's speech.

"In what island were you born?"

"In St. Vincent's. In Massa Redpath's house."

"Your father must have been an European, by the straightness of your features, and the texture of your hair."

"My father! Ha, ha! 'Tis a wise child, de English massa say, dat knows his own father. If de white man no cunning to tell dat, how do you tink blackee know? Old Massa Redpath's hair black and curly, just like mine. Me berry like Massa Redpath. He berry fond ob me."

"Is he dead."

"Yes, long ago. Poor Sambo—no friends—all gone."

"Well, well. You shall not want a friend if you do your duty to me."

"Me neber tink myself a slave, till young massa sold me dis morn. My old massa dat is dead no part wid poor Sambo."

Here the new slave affected a grimace, something like weeping, which helped to conceal the fit of laughter which nearly burst his throat in the attempt at suppression. His emotion succeeded in moving the compassion of Miss Betsey, the planter's only daughter, and sole heiress to his immense possessions, who at this moment entered the kitchen, with a white apron before her, and her hands covered with flour.

"This seems a kind hearted fellow," she said, turning to her father. "I wish you would give him to me?"

"A modest request, that, of the young lady," thought Richard. "I should have no objection at all to the bargain."

"What do you want with him, Bess? Surely you have slaves enough to wait upon you already?"

"Yes. But since Mungo died, you know, papa, that I have not been able to get one smart enough to fill his place. I want a man to work in my flower garden—to gather fruit, and water the plants, and who could help me to lay out the table, and assist in the kitchen."

"Well, well, Bess! You may have him," returned the planter. "But you spoil all your slaves. Now mind and keep a strict eye over him. If he is such a good cook, he will spare you a world of trouble."

Sambo raised his eyes with a stupid stare to the young lady's face; but how that roguish dark eye brightened when he beheld before him a lovely simple hearted little girl, not exceeding fifteen years of age. Endowed with no great intellectual powers, but possessing warm feelings, and apparently an inexhaustible fund of good humor, it was just the wife Richard wanted, and before his transitory survey was completed he had determined to win the affections of the planter's daughter.

Unlike the generality of West Indian ladies, who can scarcely move from their seats without the assistance of a slave, Miss Betsey was the active superintendant of her father's numerous household; and had been early initiated by a French cook, into all the mysteries of the pantry. Harsh and tyrannical to others, Mr. Baynes regarded his pretty daughter with unbounded tenderness, as the prime minister of his pampered appetites. No person on the island knew better

how to season a curry, and give the proper flavor to turtle soup, than Miss Betsey, and the greater part of the day was necessarily spent by her in the kitchen. Over this important territory she held despotic sway, surrounded by slaves, who interpreted her very looks, and flew at her nod. Such an able auxiliary as Sambo, was regarded both by the father and daughter as a fortunate event. The young black, who in the capacity of field slave, would have been treated with the utmost rigor, and driven to his labors with the sound of the cart whip, was regarded with respect when instrumental to the selfish gratifications of his master.

Mr. Baynes had another reason for confining his daughter so closely to the house. She was known to be the richest heiress in Jamaica, and he was fearful that some indigent adventurer might practice upon her youth and innocence, and entrap her into an imprudent marriage. To avoid this, he had written to an only sister, the widow of a rich merchant in London, requesting her to send out her eldest son, to share his business and help him to take care of his daughter. He knew that by keeping the young couple under his own roof, he should still ensure the services of his daughter, who, out of love for him, would continue to superintend curries, and season soups for him, until the day he died. For fear that Miss Betsey should take it into her head to please herself before his nephew arrived, she was never allowed to cross the threshold without he was her companion; and the poor girl sighed for liberty, with as much impatience as a bird not accustomed to his cage would do to return to the green woods and the fresh air. Much of her time was necessarily passed among slaves, and behind her father's back, for mother she had none, she often addressed them with the greatest familiarity—laughing and joking with them about their sweethearts, lamenting that she was debarred from choosing one for herself, and expressing the deepest regret that she was still unmarried.

Miss Betsey had read novels, and thought that she understood a good deal about love; and she considered it a hard case that her father would not allow any gentleman to enter the house, with whom she might fall in love: It is true that Antonio de Frucha, a clerk in her father's counting house, had twice ventured to tell her that she was as beautiful as an angel, and that he loved her better than his own salvation. She believed the story; but she did not like the person who told it. He was a Quadroon from the island of Cuba, and he looked just like an Ivavanna pirate. She would rather be the wife of an honest nigger than marry the like of him.

Our hero had not been many days in the house

before he picked up all these family secrets; nor was he long in turning them to his own advantage. The day after his arrival he was regularly installed into his new office; and, with a paper cap upon his head, and a clean white linen apron before him, he looked a very important personage, and enacted my lord of the knife and fork to perfection. Unfortunately, however, for master Richard, he knew very little of his pretended art, and when called upon to compound the rare French dish, which had established his reputation with his late master, he formed such a compound of fish, flesh and fowl, that a well bred dog would have rejected the precious ragout with disgust. In this world of humbug, it is a great thing towards your advancement, to have a high reputation for any particular thing, whether justly or unjustly conferred. It is wonderful what obstacles it will overcome; what mole-hills it will exalt into mountains; what respect and attention it will exact from the would-be knowing crew, who only echo the sentiments and opinions of those whom the world has constituted judges. Richard fortunately proved the truth of these observations; for, so greatly was the planter prejudiced in his favour, and so strong was his singular perversity of taste, that the over-sensored mess, which might have sickened a horse, from its novelty and the fame of its compounder, met with his unqualified approbation. Sambo was rewarded with a small piece of silver; and, like Joseph in the house of Potiaphar, he was exalted above the rest of the slaves. That night the chief cook wrote the following laconic billet to his brother:

DEAR BOB,—You may lay out your money in the best way you can, to procure a situation for yourself. I know not when you will see me. I have fallen in love with Pharaoh's daughter, and have no inclination to leave the flesh pots of Egypt. From yours, affectionately,

THE CHIEF COOK.

CHAPTER IV.

A new scene, in which several new actors are introduced to the reader.

It is the early part of the afternoon, which preceded the wreck of the *Maria*, a girl of about sixteen years of age, was seen slowly pacing along the shore. The sun was obscured by a thick haze, which hung like a dim veil over land and sea; but the air was sultry hot, and not a breath of wind shivered the leaves of the mangroves, or called up the least ripple upon the motionless, lead-colored waters. Nature appeared to await, in breathless suspense, the coming of the storm. The young girl, whom we shall call

Marcella de Frueba, appeared regardless of the menacing aspect of the heavens, or the deep stillness that reigned over the earth. Her large flat grass bonnet hung loosely over her arm. It had been removed on account of the intense heat, and her dark, rich, curling hair, wet, from her recent immersion in the water, in which she had just enjoyed the luxury of a bath, hung in thick masses round her face. And never did locks of more jetty blackness shade a countenance of greater beauty, than that which pertained to the young West Indian. The small straight features, the large, dark, loving eye, and the rich red pouting lips, which, partially severed, displayed a treasure of pearls within, could not divest the observer of a certain painful feeling, which took possession of his mind even at the very moment when he pronounced the young syren before him, most lovely. An expression of deep and intense misery was so entirely blended with the charms of her face, that the eye involuntarily moistened whilst gazing upon her. Endurance was there—firm, uncomplaining; but it was the patience which proud minds gather from despair—when the harsh wickedness of those, whom nature has placed in authority over us, wears down with its constant grating upon our best and truest feelings, the elastic spirit which enables us to combat successfully with the ills of life.

And such was Marcella de Frueba, the sister of the young Quadroon, whom we have already introduced to our readers. These young people, half Spaniards by birth, were natives of the Island of Cuba. Their father, a wealthy young Spaniard, had exiled himself from his friends and country by marrying, in early life, a very handsome mulatto, who had lived with him for some time previously. His attachment to this woman was so strong, that upon her threatening to leave him, he sealed his misery by making her his wife. When once Madame de Frueba had gained her desired end, she laid aside all her former blandishments, and the husband, in his turn, became the slave of her imperious will. Ashamed of the low connexion he had formed, he quitted the Havana in disgust, and came to reside in Jamaica. His plantations were destroyed by a hurricane; his bankers failed; and one misfortune followed upon another, until De Frueba died of a broken heart, leaving his wife to provide for his two children in the best way she could.

Whilst Madame de Frueba retained her personal charms, she did not consider her condition an unhappy one. But the small pox, that foe to all beauty, visited the Islands, and she lost in her conflict with the fatal disorder, all claims to personal charms. She became ugly in the extreme, and this circumstance operating upon a vain

mind, and a naturally bad temper, rendered her an object of dread and disgust to all but her own family—who soon got reconciled to the change, and some little difference in the appearance of one, who had ever inspired them with more fear than love.

On Antonio, her son, Madame de Frueba lavished the most extravagant affection; her reason for so doing, was simply, because he resembled her—while poor Marcella, who was six years younger, she hated, because she was so like her father. From the age of ten to fourteen, the young girl had lived as companion to a rich old English lady, who was excessively fond of her, and had given her a good plain education, which Marcella, who was very fond of reading, had improved during her leisure hours. Mrs. Ingate's kindness had not ended here. At her death, she bequeathed to her little *protégé* the sum of one thousand pounds, to be paid to her the day she came of age. This provision from future want, the extravagance of her brother had forced Signora de Frueba to forestall, and the reversion had been lately sold to a Jew, for half its value, to rescue Antonio from a jail.

On the death of her kind friend, Marcella returned to her mother's dwelling. That mother was now forced to earn her living by taking in washing from the officers stationed in the garrison, all the property that now remained to her consisting of a small cottage, and a patch of ground on a lonely part of the shore, about a mile from the point, off which the Maria was lost. It stood in a lonely glen, surrounded by hills, but so near the beach, that its inmates could at all times distinctly hear the meeting of the waves upon the shore.

Marcella was forced to work very hard, both by night and day, to maintain her mother. Assisted by an old negress, who had lived with them in the days of their prosperity, she washed and ironed the fine linen for the officers, and performed the lighter duties of the house. Neither mother nor brother felt the least remorse in seeing such a lovely creature, in the very bloom of youth and beauty, condemned to the most servile domestic drudgery. Her mother coldly remarked that she might make her condition lighter if she would follow her advice—that she could not see why Marcella should wish to be better than her mother—she was very certain that she would never be half so handsome, for all the airs she gave herself. Marcella thought not of her beauty. She was a modest, good girl, who had been educated by a pious English lady, and the course of life recommended by her mother, made her often blush that she was her daughter.

At length a very wealthy planter met her by

accident, walking to the town, and was so much struck with her beauty that he found out to whom she belonged; and, finding her proof against all the temptations his wealth could offer, he had asked her of her mother in honorable wedlock. By Madame de Frueba and her son, the offer was proudly and gladly accepted. But in her lover, Marcella only saw an ugly, illiterate, middle-aged man, who had first insulted her by base proposals, and baffled in his attempts, had, from the most selfish motives, sought her as his wife. That morning she had dismissed him; and she was doubtful, very doubtful, what effect the disclosure she had to make would have upon her mother and Antonio.

It was these bitter thoughts which occupied her mind, and gave such an additional air of sorrow to her pale brow, as she slowly sauntered down the rocky path that led to her miserable home. Often did she stop, and look up to the dull grey heavens, and press her small delicate hands upon her head, with her eyes swimming in tears. "Love!" she murmured; "how can I love him? Yet, it would have been pleasant to have left this house of bondage, to have been my own mistress. But, freedom with him—oh, heavens! it would have been the worst of slavery! To have to act a lie—to say that he was dear to me, when I loathed his company—Marcella de Frueba, it would be better for you to die. To die!" she repeated, dwelling long upon the words, and glancing rapidly at the waters, as they lay sparkling at her feet. "It would be a crime—but surely it would be better to trust to His mercy than to the mercy of man."

As if afraid to trust her own thoughts, she stooped hastily down, and patted a pretty spaniel, which had belonged to Mrs. Ingate, and was her constant companion. "You are the only friend, Ida, I have in the world—the only thing that loves me, or that I can love. Oh that I could love my mother, as I ought!" she continued, bursting into a passion of weeping; "but she does not care for me—she never did. Oh, that I had one faithful heart whom I could trust—one truthful, kind bosom, whereupon to weep."

She leaned upon the small gate, that separated their little garden from the narrow lane, as if to collect her thoughts and compose her countenance, before she entered the cottage. Her mother, who was watching for her return, called her into the house. Terrified at the imperious voice of her harsh parent, Marcella hastily obeyed. On entering the mean apartment, which was the only one they occupied, independently of the kitchen and two sleeping rooms, she recoiled back in evident dismay, when she found Mr. Abbot seated at the table; and she knew by the expres-

sion of his countenance, that he had communicated to her mother, the result of the conversation she had had with him in the morning. Anger and disdain were strongly depicted on her mother's features; and as her eye fell upon her trembling daughter, an ironical smile passed over her face.

"It is a hot day for you to be out, miss," said the gay wower; "I wonder you are not afraid of taking the fever."

"Willful people are not afraid of anything," returned Madame de Fruela, scornfully. "Marcella, where have you been all the morning? Here is Mr. Abbot waiting for his dinner, and nothing ready. I wish you to understand, for the future, that you are not to quit the house without my leave."

"I had no idea it was so late," said Marcella, timidly, glancing at the clock; "I only went down to bathe. I will, however, get the table covered directly, if you will forgive me."

She was about to leave the room, but her mother called her back: "Stay where you are—I have something to say to you."

Marcella, without raising her eyes, took a seat.

"Is it true, Marcella de Fruela, that you have dared to refuse Mr. Abbot's generous offer?"

"It is true," gasped forth poor Marcella.

"I told your mamma so, miss, but she would not believe me," edged in the planter.

"How could I believe that a child of mine could be guilty of such ingratitude and folly? What reason can you give, Marcella, for your conduct?"

"[—I—] I could not love him," sobbed forth Marcella.

"Pshaw! what is love?" demanded the cold-hearted woman.

"A sentiment of pure, holy, and disinterested affection," returned Marcella, the color glowing upon her pale cheek. "A sentiment which teaches us to deny ourselves, and to risk all worldly advantages, most dearly prized, for the sake of the beloved. It is a sentiment I have never felt, but I am determined never to unite myself to any one for whom I cannot entertain it."

"Mighty fine!" said Madame de Fruela.

"Vastly unreasonable!" responded the planter.

"And do you imagine, Marcella, that a girl of your age can act in a manner contrary to the wishes of her only parent, and dare to have a will of her own?"

"Had my poor father lived," said Marcella, "I should never have been called upon to make this painful sacrifice. He was too kind—too generous, to force my inclinations. He never would have married any one whom he thought did not love him."

"And do you think, signora, that I loved your father?"

"I should hope so, mother!"

"Then you are very much mistaken. I never did love him, or any man——"

"Then why did you marry him, mamma?" said the daughter, severely able to conceal her disgust and indignation.

"Because he offered me a good maintenance. This gentleman does the same to you. Are you better than me, that you should reject his offer?" Marcella was silent.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Oh, miss—do mind what your mamma says to you. She knows best what's for your good. You will think better of it when you have seen the fine place which wants you for a mistress. In spite of all your perverseness, I will be very kind to you; indeed I will. I care nothing about your poverty; I will take you just as you stand; and you shall not want a fine wedding dress, and a smart wardrobe too."

"I thank you for your kind intentions," said Marcella. "But I must persist in refusing to accept them."

"Are you mad, miss?" asked Mr. Abbot with an incredulous stare. Then edging his chair nearer, he said to the young lady in a loud whisper: "My dear, do you think you can better yourself?"

"I would rather die, than become your wife!" said Marcella, her pale cheek kindling, and her dark eyes flashing fire.

"Die!—Whew!—Is it not perfect nonsense for a pretty young girl like you to talk of dying, in that reprobate sort of a way; just as if it was a thing that could happen to you every day. Die! Yes, we must all die. But is it not better, my dear, to die rich than to die poor? Take my word for it,—and I have lived some years in the world, and know something about the sex, having been husband to two wives, who were as stiff and untractable as ever you can be—that most women consider a fat inconvenience better than a lean one."

Marcella drew back. She endeavoured in vain to conceal her disgust. Overcome by feelings of mortification and offended modesty, she burst into tears. The planter was a conceited, ignorant, matter-of-fact sort of man; but he was not destitute of humanity. He could not bear to witness her distress, although he seemed to lose sight of the fact that he was the cause of it. He was likewise a great admirer of female beauty, and had never seen such a pretty girl in tears before—and his awkward attempts to console his offended mistress, were perfectly ludicrous. "There, my dear," he said, patting her upon the shoulder

with his huge paw. "Don't go to cry in that foolish manner, because an honest man wishes to make you happy and respectable. Your good mother and I will settle the business, and you need not trouble your head at all about it."

"If I have any right in the disposal of my daughter's person," said Madame de Frueba, "she is yours. But leave her to me, Mr. Abbot," she continued; "I know best how to manage her. She shall be your wife." This was said in a low voice, and with a furtive glance at her daughter, as the words hissed from between her clenched teeth; and the very sound, as it fell upon Marcella's ear, told of scenes of cruelty and violence which made her flesh creep.

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you," said the rude Englishman. "If you don't know her, who else is there that can? I have no doubt that she will come round. If she don't care for me now, she will by-and-by. We must allow a something to madden bashfulness, you know. The females often make a great fuss about accepting an offer, to enhance the value of it. Good bye, miss. Now don't cry, I will see you again tomorrow."

Though glad of his departure, poor Marcella trembled at being left alone with her mother. She dared not raise her head from her handkerchief, for she felt that her keen, snake-like eye was upon her; and her whole frame shook with a convulsive trembling, which she strove in vain to repress. She felt her mother's grasp upon her shoulder—and she cowered still lower, until her head sunk between her knees.

"You may well hide your face. Poor, silly, weak fool! Selfish, unfeeling idiot, to refuse an offer which would have placed you in affluent circumstances, and have rescued your family from misery. Speak—are you not ashamed of yourself? Do you not deserve the severest punishment?" She shook her violently, and Marcella rose hastily to her feet.

"Do not strike me, mother. I do not deserve this harshness at your hands. Have I not worked for you without murmuring, for the last two years—often, as you know, beyond my strength, and when all the rest of the family were abed and asleep? Employ me as you like—tax me to the uttermost—I will not repine—I will try to be cheerful and contented; but save me!—for the love of God!—I implore you to save me from a doom like this."

She flung herself at Madame de Frueba's feet. She clung about her knees and raised her streaming eyes to her face with such a look of unutterable grief, that it produced some effect upon the mind of the cruel mulatto.

"Simpleton!" she said, relaxing her grasp from

the quivering frame of the slight girl; "what is this terrible fate which you so much dread?"

"Being forced into a solemn covenant with a vulgar, ignorant man, whom I cannot love. Is it not sufficiently revolting to my feelings to be subjected to the licentious advances of a coarse illiterate being like this Abbot, without my own mother advocating his suit, and loading me with insults and reproaches, because I dare to refuse to immolate myself to gratify her avarice?"

"And what do you gain by your obstinately refusing such an advantageous offer?" said Madame de Frueba, rather startled at the firmness with which her hitherto timid daughter spoke.

"If I do not gain anything, mother, I retain my self-respect."

"And your poverty —"

"Is not so hard to bear as the reproaches of an evil conscience."

"Is this taunt meant for me?" asked her mother, again grasping her arm.

"God forbid!" murmured Marcella, shrinking from the flashing eyes that glared upon her.

"I tell you what, Marcella; I will not be disobeyed: You must—you shall accept this man. Refusal is impossible. Think of our present condition. We are overwhelmed with debt. This little property is all we possess, and this already trembles in the claws of those vultures of the law, who delight to tear out the bowels of the wretched. I cannot starve in my old age. I will not beg. I supported you in your infant years, and I now look to you for support and protection. Were I young and handsome like you—once I was far handsomer—I would not let my mother be destitute of all the common necessities of life. But you were always a selfish, unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch, incapable of making the least sacrifice for those who ought to be dear to you."

"Oh say not so, mother! I have done all that I could honestly do; but to obtain wealth by dishonest means, I will not. You may beat me—starve me—curse me—as you have often done; but I will not enter into this unholy union. I will not marry that man. The remedy against such an evil is in my own hands. Do not force me to resort to it—lest you deprive your couch of rest, and are continually haunted by the spirit of one whom you forced in her bitter agony to brave the judgment seat of God."

Madame de Frueba started, and looked doubtfully at her excited child. Never had she heard such a threat from the quiet, patiently enduring victim of her cruel tyranny. There was that in the deadly glance of the tear-dimmed eye, which she perfectly understood; but which she did not like. It was not for her interest to throw from her the only probable means through which she

was likely once more to obtain wealth and influence. She sat down, and spoke in a bland and affectionate tone:

"If you will hear reason, Marcella, listen to me. I was not your age when your father, a gay, handsome, young cavalier of fortune, sought my love. But, mark me, daughter of De Frueba, he asked me not in wedlock."

"And you, mother! Surely you did not listen to him?"

"Tshaw! wealth and power were not to be lightly cast away. I did not love De Frueba; but he made me mistress of a handsome house, dressed me splendidly, credulously believed my professions of unalterable faith; and placed me in a position to which I could not otherwise have aspired."

She paused; but Marcella answered not. She continued to gaze upon her mother's face with a stupid stare of frozen horror. Could she have owed existence to such a woman? The thought was agonizing; but Madame de Frueba, who attributed her silence to another cause, continued:

"At length his jealousy was aroused. He reproached me with infidelity; and, bound to him by no firmer tie than his mere word, I told him that my actions were free—that I was my own mistress—that I would take charge of Antonio myself, and leave him. He loved me passionately—he loved the child. He wept at my knees—he implored me in pity to become his wife—and, in a foolish moment, I bartered my liberty for a life of toil and slavery.

"His friends refused to sanction his marriage. His father pronounced a younger brother his heir; and we came to Jamaica with a small capital, with which your father purchased the plantation above us. It was ruined by an earthquake, and the fertile land was converted into a mass of stones and sand. This little cot was all that remained; and here De Frueba died, leaving me penniless, to support his two children—Antonio and yourself. And now here I am in my declining years, dependent upon the exertions of a child, who never felt for me the love a child ought to feel for a parent. What did I gain by marriage? Would it not be better for you to shun the rock upon which I split? Enjoy the wealth that Mr. Abbot offers you, and yet retain your own liberty—"

"Mother! I cannot listen to such advice from your lips. You, who should be the protector of your daughter's honour—is it possible that you should become the tempter, and league with Satan to betray me? Nay, do not clench your fist, and look so dreadfully at me. You may murder me; but, in this instance, you cannot force me to obey you."

She would have left the room, but her mother's grasp was upon her arm.

"Repeat these words!" she said in a dreadful whisper—"repeat them, if you dare!"

"I cannot, and will not, marry Mr. Abbot. It is the first time I ever resisted your authority," returned Marcella; "it may be the last. But if it should cost me my life, you shall find me in this instance firm. I owe to God and to my own soul a higher duty than to obey an earthly parent to commit sin."

A heavy blow, another and another, followed; but Marcella neither moved nor shed a single tear. The dark, melting eye, before so soft and dove-like, assumed a sullen, deadly stare of fixed determination; and once a smile, a bitter, sad smile, as if in scorn of her own degraded situation, curled the beautiful lip of the persecuted girl. She was still in the grasp of her enraged mother, when her brother burst into the room.

"What is all this? Mother! mother! What are you about? Do you mean to kill the poor girl?"

"She deserves it," said the mulatto, flinging her daughter violently from her. "She will bring disgrace and ruin upon us all."

"Why, what has she done?"

"Refused your friend, Mr. Abbot! Could you believe that she could be such an obstinate fool—so blind to her own interests?"

"Humph! that is bad," said the young man; "something worse than I expected. But, mother, you are not taking the right way to win her to our wishes. Leave us alone for a while. I think I can make Marcella listen to reason without having recourse to blows. Sit down, Marcella. Come now, don't go to cry, and tremble like a frightened hare. I want to talk to you calmly and dispassionately."

"Spare me, dear brother; in pity, spare me! I am not equal to it now," sobbed poor Marcella. "I feel so faint—do give me a glass of water."

The next moment and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Antonio caught her in his arms.

"Confound the girl—she is in a swoon! This comes of mother's violence. She is a clever woman, but has no discretion. The idea of beating the child into compliance! I wonder who would have bent her into submission! Ha! ha! ha! the thought is really amusing. Well, I believe, if one wished to rouse into full action all the contradiction in woman's nature, to give her one blow would be the very best way to bring about what he desired. Come, Marcella, how do you feel now?"

"But too well," returned the girl, rising slowly from his arms, and putting back the hair which

her fall had scattered in heavy masses over her flushed face. "I wish I were dead."

"Phoo! phoo! What good would that do?—But tell me, Marcell—have you really refused Abbot?"

"Could you expect me to accept for a husband a man I could never love?"

"Nonsense! He does not expect you to love him."

"Then why does he seek me for a wife?"

"Oh, that's quite a different thing. If you manage your cards well you might enjoy his wealth, and feather our nests comfortably besides."

"Brother! brother!—this from you——?"

"Is it not good advice? But calmly, Marcella—I wish not to use threats or blows with you; yet circumstances exist, which will compel you to accept this man's offer."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that we are involved in debt—that this man is our principal creditor—and that he generously offers to give up his own claims, and pay off all that we owe to others, if you will consent to become his wife. Now, there's a dear, good girl—accept his hand, and save us all from ruin."

"Have I not already sacrificed the little property I possessed, to save you, Antonio, from a jail?"

"It is no use talking of what is past, Marcell; I am just as badly off as ever, without I can persuade Baynes' pretty daughter to have compassion upon me; and I have heard that the old fox has sent to England for his nephew, to marry his daughter and heir his immense property; so that all hopes in that quarter are nearly at an end. Abbot is our only chance—too good a chance to be lightly rejected. Think once, dear Marcella, before you refuse twice. I know you are a generous girl, and would do much to serve me."

"You are right, Antonio; I have done much, and would do more, were it in my power. But this is beyond my power. If I think long over the matter, it will turn my brain. You know not what dark and desperate thoughts it calls up in my mind. I hear a voice as it were forever tempting me to escape these cruel trials and persecutions, by seeking a refuge in the grave."

"Nonsense, Marcella! What good would that do to you or us? Besides, 'tis wickedness. The old adage of 'a short life and a merry one' is better than that."

"I am sorely beset," returned the poor girl. "My mind is all doubt and distraction. I know not what to do."

"Marry Abbot, and enjoy the two greatest

blessings which the prince of this world has in his gift—wealth and power."

"And entail upon myself certain misery and self reproach."

"Marcella," said the young man, carelessly; "you are determined to reject Abbot's disinterested, and, I must add, generous proposals. Have you forgotten my friend Delores, the Havana pirate?"

"Good Heavens! what made you mention him?" exclaimed Marcella, turning very pale.

"Only, that he is just now in Jamaica, and as anxious to carry you off as ever. Take care that I do not, in order to punish your present folly, lend the bold trader my assistance in procuring a wife."

"Antonio!" said the terrified girl, to whom the name of the pirate was a sufficient bugbear; "I am ill and nervous today. Give me one week—one little week, to think of your proposal; and I will try and brave my mind to the sacrifice. But promise not to mention the name of Mr. Abbot to me, during that period, and entreat mamma to cease from blows and menaces till the time expires."

"I promise—now kiss me, Marcell, and try to be a good girl."

"Marcella answered not. Her head fell back upon his shoulder; her eyes were closed and her lips firmly compressed; but tears, large, bright tears, flowed in quick succession down her pale cheeks, and sprinkled all his garments."

"His words are kind," she thought; "but his heart is as cold as ice. He would sacrifice my earthly and eternal happiness, to secure his own selfish gratification."

Marcella was right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is not what we write that interests the reader. How can we write to suit tastes as multitudinous as they are different in kind? Authors who are the most successful are those who, whilst they avoid giving offence to the head, direct their shafts at that fort, which, being ill-defended, is the more easily besieged, and by applying a stimulus to those feelings of the heart which were dormant only for want of some exciting cause; giving, in short, not their own ideas, but imparting life and animation to ideas and ideal associations already existing in the mind of the reader, and which, though apparently extinct, revive again on the application of the magic touch.

JURAS generate ideas; like a potato, which, cut in pieces, reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

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SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

No. VI.

It was about the hour of eight, of a pleasant evening in July, that the steamer, *El Betis*, coming from San Lúcar de Barrameda, and in which I was a passenger, anchored in the Guadalquiviver off the Prado of the ancient city of Seville.

Daylight was just beginning to fade, but we had a full and clear view of a multitude on shore, awaiting the steamer, or curious to see her passengers. Thickly interspersed in the crowd of heads were those of Signoras and Signorittas, of high and low degree, (if dress afford the means of comparison) awaiting the debarkation of the steamer's living freight. Their coal-black eyes glanced about in quest of admirers with fire-ly brilliancy; whilst their parted vermilion lips displaying the ivory within, were, without contradiction, the most exquisitely luscious—*bonne-bouches*. One must have been something more or less than man, to have overlooked such attractions; and being youthful exceedingly, at the time, I reviewed the corps of Brunettes with the greatest possible zest and gusto.

At the landing-place were none of those admirable contrivances for accommodation of travellers and strangers, coaches and cabs; nor yet porters, to carry one's luggage, as are to be had for the asking in most Christian countries. I was compelled to engage the services of two of the steamer's waiting-men, to pilot me the way to Donna Maria Stalker's, *Plazuela de la Contratacion el fronte del canal militar*, (so ran the address of an Irish dame who had established herself at Seville for the accommodation of travellers in general, and British subjects in particular). We made our way through the crowd of curious on shore, and were soon in a labyrinth of streets, narrow as St. Paul or Notre Dame, in our own good city; and as badly paved as ever they were, before the advent of that best Governor-General Canada has ever had, the late Charles Poulett Thomson; titled, Baron of Sydenham.

It was a tediously long distance to the abode of the Donna above named, and there being none of those fine appliances for weary feet, well-lugged and smooth trottoirs, the distance was less endurable. "It's very clear," said I to myself, "that

Liberty dwells not in Seville; if she did, the people would necessarily govern themselves, and then there would be *trottoirs*." A Frenchman of the siècle of Louis XIV. made a grand discovery in his day, namely, that there are not trottoirs, where Freedom is not. He was in London and had just come from Paris. I was in Seville, and had just come from America, where the people consult their comfort and convenience exceedingly in all things; and so, had not the Frenchman made the discovery long previously, I certainly should have made it on that night, so memorable for pedestrianism over as shockingly paved streets, as ever plagued a gentleman, all in the olden time.

En route towards the Donna's, we suddenly debouched on an open space, and there, before me, in the dim twilight, towered the magnificent Cathedral. I had but an instant of time to gaze at the architectural giant, for my baggage-bearers hurried onwards, and I could not lose sight of them. The Donna lived not very distant from the stupendous pile, and shortly we were at her portal. Joyfully I mounted the stair-way, being completely fagged by the day's exercise, and blessing my stars that I was in the haven of rest,—but the sequel showed, I reasoned without mine host. The Donna was from home, and her major-domo made me understand there was no vacant lodging-room. My slender stock of Spanish prevented me letting him know as quickly as I wished to do, I was a stranger from the uttermost ends of the earth, and that if there was not a room for me at Donna Maria Stalker's, he must endeavor to find one for me some where else. He shrugged up his shoulders and looked mightily indifferent about the matter, until I held out the silver key, the universal *passé-par-tout*. At the sight of it, all at once, as if by magic, my mixture of many languages became the clearest and most eloquent Spanish, and he directed the baggage-bearers to the hostelry, *celest*, *Posada del Vapor*. To cut a long story short, after an hour's further peregrination, and trouble, and running about from hotel to hotel; from the *Posada del Vapor*, to the *Posada de los Americanos*, and from that to the *Posada de la Reyna*, I found suitable quarters;

but it was then fully ten o'clock, and I, completely worn out. Such was my introduction to the city of Seville.

I found here an acquaintance, the British Vice Consul of El Puerto de Santa Maria, and right glad I was at meeting him. It is *triste* under the best of circumstances to be totally among strangers in a land where nought is familiar to eye or ear; but, as I at the moment was, fagged out and irritated by the annoyances I had encountered since my landing, my *rencontre* with an acquaintance was as the most welcome oasis of the desert to the exhausted traveller over the waste of sands. Accordingly I solaced myself in his company with all the comforts and luxuries of the *Posada de la Reyna*, from humble tea to Imperial Val de Penas and King's cigars, until the hour for retiring. Before saying "buenas noches," I made an appointment with the Vice Consul for a visit to the cathedral in the morning.

Accordingly, after breakfast next morning, we made our way to the spot where rose the gigantic edifice I had seen the previous night during my forced perambulations. Ah! that cathedral of Seville is a church worth seeing, and worth talking of; none of your wooden-pillared-mock-marble-columned-affairs, such as one may see not a hundred miles from Montreal; no ranges of pews of pine to prevent one ranging from right to left wherever one listeth within the sacred fane; no hideous galleries to roof over half the interior at an elevation scarcely greater than that of the ceiling of a parlor,—no—no,—there were no such deformities; instead, I beheld stately columns of marble rising to a dizzy height, and supporting a vaulted roof of fretted arches, of material no less solid and beautiful than the columns, with nothing to diminish space, in the shape of pews or galleries, upwards or horizontally.

I gazed upwards,—what a height it was to the roof!—the human beings at mass, below, in the distance, looked like pygmies. I glanced around, and magnificence met my eye every where; splendid altars of the finest marble, most elaborately sculptured; and paintings by Murillo, Velasquez, and other masters of that sublime art, foreign and domestic. I had been filled with admiration of the building, exteriorly; its magnitude and height,—but the interior increased it. The dimensions are vast, and the workmanship elaborately beautiful. Objects far removed from the eye bear inspection equally with the nearest; the deficiency of the chisel is maintained throughout. Not a particle of tawdry tinsel was there, nor shabby lacquer-ware, to mar the splendour of the scene: grandeur and elegance characterised every object. One immense chapel in particular, was so impressively

beautiful and grand, that I had difficulty in attempting to describe it. At the time, I had not seen the splendid cathedrals of Italy, and, perhaps, that was the reason my journal contains such an outpouring of admiration of the famed Cathedral of Seville; but, he that as it may, I gave up the task of description; words could not convey the impressions made upon me by the architectural grandeur I surveyed; and the splendour and richness of ornament around. I have oftener than on that occasion, felt the utter hopelessness of conveying on paper anything like impressions made upon the mind. For example, the ocean in a storm, and one in the midst of it, who shall presume to depict! Again,—Niagara! who that gazes for the first time on that overwhelming chaos of waters, and hears its deafening roar, shall have the hardihood to attempt description!

It was in the chapel I have just referred to, that this inscription on a tablet is seen:

"A Castilla, y a Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon."

which translated, runs thus, "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World." Yes, methought, he did so; and how was he rewarded? He gave a New World, and he was sent back to the Old one, in chains! A tolerable sample that, of the gratitude of princes! Great Columbus!—and one must add, (alas, that it should be so,) poor Columbus! Great he was, for he dared, self-relying, only, to fathom the dreaded mysteries of the then unknown ocean. Poor he was, and tearful his fate,—for he, as I have just written,—he was sent back to Spain from the theatre of his discoveries, loaded with chains, at the instigation of some envious human worms, who, judging of his great soul by their own exceedingly little ones, fancied, his ambition was of the same nature as their own,—of the earth, earthy, selfish, sordid, restricted to mere accumulation of money bags. I gazed on the inscribed marble, and laughed the while at that singularly comical characteristic of the human character, which causes us to grudge renown to a living man, and to erect costliest monuments to his fame and glory, when dead. The holiest and highest places are then selected to record his fame and his ashes! When alive, in chains and a dungeon, the Great Admiral had abundance of leisure to measure his own greatness with the abject littleness of the powerful ones of the day, and oft he must have wondered, that the godlike mind should be given to some, whilst the power to paralyze its efforts should rest with others whose most aspiring conceptions never by any chance soar beyond the flight of the meanest barn-door fowl. The evanescent court butterfly of that day, the gold and

silver bedizened Hidalgo that strutted his hour in the royal saloons, was powerful enough whilst Columbus breathed, to proffer patronage, or over-rule him! It is positively laughable to reflect that such could ever have been the case; yet, even insects have it in their power to annoy the lion. What did I behold! In the most gorgeous chapel of the most magnificent structure of Spain, a glorious memento of the once despised and imprisoned man!—whilst, who shall tell where would the bones of his popinjay persecutors of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella? This honor accorded to the Great Admiral, is shared by only two of the monarchs of Spain; namely, Alfonso X. and Fernando, his father: So that posterity, at all events, has done its duty.

Some years after the period I write about, I beheld in the city of Havana, a church erected on the supposed spot where Columbus landed in Cuba; and in that chapel, as a sacred deposit, the ashes of the great man are preserved! Thus, even his dust, it would seem, is precious to posterity! Again, some years subsequent, at Genoa, I perceived other relics of the discoverer classed among the city valuables. Towns dispute the honor of his birth-place. As it is with Columbus, so it was with Homer; and so it has been with other mortals of the loftiest order; and so it will be ever to the end of the chapter, whilst man is man:—mean, jealous and envious of genius, whilst the possessor of it is alive; lavish and profuse of honors almost to adoration when he is food for worms. Look at our own Shakespeare, and the humbler Burns, as exemplifications. I have seen a splendid monument erected over human remains that had for thirty years been suffered to moulder, unmarked the spot by even a stone; and on that monument is engraved:

"Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Two hemispheres proclaim his worth."

Yet that mortal died destitute, friendless and forlorn, and had a pauper's funeral! To return however, to the chapel in the Cathedral of Seville.

It is oblong and of gigantic dimensions. A beautiful arch of the whitest marble extends across it. Its walls are of the same material, elaborately ornamented by the chisel. Chefs d'œuvres of statuary adorn it. At the further end arises a splendid altar; and at a considerable elevation above it, are statues of the Virgin, and saints too numerous to mention, all larger than life, and all of Parian Marble.

There is another chapel of great splendor, called, "the King's Chapel," because the mortal remains of the canonized king Fernando repose therein. A richly-embroidered-with-gold, red velvet pall, covers the sarcophagus. King Fer-

nando it was that took Seville from the Moors. He broke their sceptre, and was made a saint therefor. He lived in the early part of the thirteenth century. Alfonso X., surnamed, "the Wise,"—or the Astronomer,—his son, succeeded him. There is a long Latin inscription in honor of Alfonso. The dome of this chapel is circled by sculptured heads of the monarchs of Spain; the floor is of small black and white marble slabs, resembling a checker-board.

The walls of the cathedral surround a square called "the orangery;" as may be supposed from the name, it is full of orange trees, and as will equally be supposed, to a northern eye, it presents a beautiful aspect. It is called in Spanish, *L'atio de las Narangus*. This part of the cathedral and the tower were built by the Moors. It is in their peculiar style. A description of the cathedral before me, says: "the different specimens of architecture which in successive periods have prevailed in Spain, may all be seen in this extraordinary church. The tower and orangery were built by the Moors. Another part is in the Gothic taste, built about two hundred years later, whilst the part which completed it, and which was finished about the year 1500, is in a style denominated by Spanish artists, *Platareca*. Viewed as a whole, the cathedral is, perhaps, the grandest of all the modern edifices in the Peninsula. Its length is three hundred and ninety-eight feet; its breadth two hundred and ninety; and the height of the tower three hundred and sixty feet."

A better idea will be communicated to the people of Montreal of the size of the edifice, by comparing its dimensions with those of the French Parish Church that adorns the Place d'Armes: an edifice larger by all odds than any cathedral or church in North America. In figures the contrast is as follows:

	Height of towers.	Breadth.	Length.
Cathedral, Seville,.....	360 feet.	200 feet.	298 feet.
Parish Church, Montreal, 220 do.	131 do.	255 do.	

I was but half satiated with the architectural and pictorial and sculptured glories of the cathedral, when my companion touched me on the shoulder, and proposed visiting the tower and steeple. To get me away from the attractions that surrounded us, he spoke of the magnificence of the view from the tower, and I followed him, casting many a longing, lingering look behind at splendors such as are unknown and undreamt of by our church-going *cafans du sol*.

The ascent of the tower is by a broad, flagged road, ten or twelve feet wide,—running from angle to angle of the square walls, by inclined planes. One of the kings, it is recorded, mount-

ed to the belfry on horseback. It was not much of a feat. I shall pass over all about the bells and the famed curious clock, and confine myself to the prospect from the tower-height. It is certainly a grand one. Vast plains extend in all directions; studded with towns and villages. The guide named a number of them:—Lagana, San Ponce, Cama, Castillejo Guzman, Castillejo à la Cuesta, Elvas, Alcada de los Panaderos, Carmona, and many others. The plains, as far as the eye can reach, were covered by the rich productions of a careful cultivation and an abundant vegetation; whilst beyond, and in the distance, the various Sierras, or ranges of hills and mountains, familiar to all who know any thing of Spain, were discernible. To the north loomed the Sierra Morena:

At every turn, Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load,
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse overflow'd,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,
The holster'd steel beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever blazing match,
Portend the deeds to come!

was sung of the distant Sierra I then surveyed, some thirty years ago, at the time Napoleon's legions overran the Peninsula.

A Roman aqueduct stretching away from the city is conspicuous from the cathedral tower. I was told it was still in perfect repair, and that, now, after the lapse of ages, it serves the purpose for which it was originally constructed. It had not that appearance to me, as I traced its length with the eye. It looked to me, more the remains of an aqueduct, than the still useful bearer of the same living stream originally brought to the city by the Roman. They were splendid fellows, those old Romans! Wherever they went, they left behind them monuments of grandeur. We need not books to tell us Rome was great; the solid masonry of two thousand centuries proclaims the fact. Modern pride, boast as it may, must strike its flag before the remains of antiquity. The aqueduct then before me was one among many proofs of it. They knew better than some moderns who shall be nameless, the value of water-works to a populous city, and deigned not to stand chaffering about a few sesterces more or less, when a great public want was to be supplied. Accordingly, we see remains of Roman aqueducts wherever Rome was.

On the top of the tower is a moveable figure of a woman, called *La Giralda*. It turns round with the wind, after the fashion of ladies in general,—but its great charm is, that it is spoken of in that imitable satire where the immortalized knight of *La Mancha*, and his renowned squire, (not va-

lorous o'ermuch) shine within the halo of Cervantes wit. Oftimes have I stopped in the street, as I caught a sight of the changeable dame on the tower height, to smile as I thought of the drollery of Sanelco; to say to myself, "the devout enthusiast of chivalry, Quixote, gazed on that figure!" I knew full well that neither knight nor squire had more substantial existence than the imagination of the unequalled Cervantes, but his genius has actually given substance to the fables of his fancy; and so, the substantial figure served but as a memento of the unreal conceptions of genius.

From the lofty position my companion and I occupied, we overlooked the palaces and hovels and streets and squares of Seville, as one surveys an ivory toy-city. Among the largest buildings pointed out, were "*La Fabrica de Tabaco*," which gives occupation to an amazing number of people. Tobacco is a royal monopoly in Spain. Tobacco is a very vulgar thing for royalty to have any thing to do with, yet what is there royalty will not touch, provided 'twill yield the means of supporting Royal extravagance? The Royal Palace, the Lonja, or Exchange, an establishment for the Spanish Marine, and an Amphitheatre for bull-fights, are conspicuous. The Archbishop's palace cuts a capital figure among the houses of the Faithful; and, "what is that vast roof I observe?" said I,— "that *was* the Inquisition,"—was the reply. I started at the sound. That the Inquisition, I exclaimed! That the abode of *la Santa Hermandad* (the Holy Brotherhood), instituted to suppress heresy and schism! Although I had long been aware that the Inquisition had been abolished, yet I could not even look upon the roof beneath which such blood-curdling horrors as are connected with the history of the Inquisition, had been perpetrated, without a creeping of the flesh with something closely akin to terror. Great God! what crimes and horrors have not been committed in Thy Holy Name!

This Seville, now at my feet, methought, was the place, and that square, the identical spot, where, each year, on All Souls' Day, the crackling flames arose, to consume the bodies of whomsoever surrendered not his conscience and his reason to the guidance of the church's priests! But, worse than that, the suspected of heresy and schism were also burnt; the flames licked both alike. Had a man wealth, and would he not loosen his purse-strings when the church required it—he was suspected! and, forthwith, at midnight, the Holy Brotherhood surrounded his dwelling, and consigned him to their pleasant chambers below the ground,—cased round with granite, and bolted with huge bolts of iron. Thence they

were brought before La Santa Hermandad in Council. The council room was dark as Erebus; torches were substitutes for the light of day, and the Inquisitors stood around in their long black robes, to consign the victim to the chambers for torture; or, as the case might be,—to the grave! A trumped-up charge of heresy, or disrespect to churchmen,—a light word, or defiance of canonry, it mattered not what, was quite sufficient for the Holy Brotherhood's ends. The grand scene, the *Auto-da-fé*, took place once a-year. On that day, the dungeons of the Inquisition gave up their occupants, and clad in vestments on which the flames and devils of hell were painted, they were marched, slowly and solemnly, through vast crowds of the Faithful, to the spot where blazing fires were raging to free them from the clutch of the Church's ministers. The victims were most kindly reminded that the flames of this world, they were then enjoying, were a mere flea-bite to those of their place of destination in the next; and in such wise La Santa Hermandad sent their victims out of the world. But these are things that have passed away, thank God!—never to return. The Holy Brotherhood was a queer name to give such a *devilish* institution. Scarcely more queer, however, than the title taken by the Emperors and Kings of Europe in 1814, when they leagued against popular rights. They had quite sufficient of the brazen image about them to call their league, "The Holy Alliance!" The object of that alliance was to rivet the chains of the people of Europe. It has been a failure. The schoolmaster is too much for all the monarchs of Christendom. It is true, the people of Europe are not yet quite out of the wood; but the light of universal freedom can be seen clear and radiant through the branches and foliage of the *Upas* forest, so fatal to human rights. The people may halloo, and Tyrants shall tremble at the shout. I may as well mention, before dismissing the Holy Brotherhood, and their vast hall in Seville, that before it became the Inquisition, it was the College of the Jesuits.

The dwelling of a very celebrated character was pointed out by the guide, on being told I was English; namely, that of General Downey. His name occurs often in Spanish history, during and since the Napoleon invasion. He went to Spain, early in that war, attached to the British Commissariat; but entered the Spanish service, and acquired influence and rank. A short time prior to the period I write of, he had caused himself to be much talked of, by an unsuccessful attempt to get the captive King Ferdinand out of the hands of the Cortes. He is spoken of very slightly by the distinguished British historian of the Peninsular war, Napier, and is usually styled "the adventurer, Downey;"—but the man must have

had much in him nevertheless, or he would not have been as high up in the world as he was when I surveyed his stylish mansion. He must have had a bold spirit at least, and a ready hand. To such, Fortune is always favourable. What says the Latin adage?—"Fortuna favet fortibus."

Seville, according to one authority, was the Hispalis of the Phœnicians, and the Julia of the Romans; according to another, the Romans it was that styled it Hispalis; but all agree that it is almost as old as the hills; and Professor Buckland is puzzled to tell how old they are. All agree, too, that it has a most delightful climate; and in that there is no mistake. Beautiful climate! I think of thee, when coats of buffalo hide, and similar boreal contrivances to keep out cold, meet the snow-tired eye. I think of thee, and sigh the while; for, after one has luxuriated in such a climate, dreary and comfortless and wearisome is a winter's sojourn in Canada.

The Moors long held sway here. "The chief building of the Moorish period that remains, is the palace, or Alcazar, built with stones taken from the ancient temple of Hercules. Though the exterior is mean, like all the Arabian buildings, the inside is beautifully fitted up with noble staircases, marble halls, and fountains of pure and cool water. Joseph Bonaparte held his court in it. In some of the most obscure streets of the city, are found houses with the exterior appearance of a prison, with no windows towards the town, and only an entrance through massy doors, studded or plated with iron; but the visitor, on entering, is surprised with the view of arcades, surrounded with marble courts, and sparkling fountains. Some of the houses of this city have the most entire specimens of the exquisite stucco workmanship with which the rich Moors adorned the interior of their houses."

These ill-fated Moors! How they loved Spain! It makes one almost weep to read their lamentations over it, as they departed. Ofttimes they turned to gaze from hill and mountain top, on the towers and scenes where they had dwelt. The fanatic ardour of the Christian conquerors was a stranger to pity. The doctrine of "forgiving and forgetting" was not then urged upon the people from tower-tops and high places, as in these latter degenerate days. But it is a sufficient matter to expel a whole people; and, accordingly, the Moorish blood is seen mantling even at this day in southern Spain. The feeble remnant that may have adhered to the Moorish faith, had it all squeezed out of them by the most holy Inquisition. "There is none of that left, I fancy; though I did see standing at the corner of a street in Cadiz, a stalwart man, attired as a Turk or

Moor; but doubtless that was a mere ruse of trade—the costume serving for a sign. It is held a stain to bear about one the mark of Moorish origin, and those who bear it, stoutly deny the soft impeachment. Why they should do so is not so palpable;—for the Moors, or Arabs, when in Spain, were far more civilized than were the Europeans of the day. A good authority says, while the nations of Western Europe were involved in the thickest shades of ignorance and barbarism, the torch of science was rekindled, and blazed forth with extraordinary splendour, among the Saracens. The Arabians have been said to be not only the cultivators but the apostles of the sciences. The Saracen conquests in Spain were attended with the happiest results. Science flourished in that country, while the rest of Europe was involved in the darkest shades of ignorance.

“The city abounds in convents, monasteries, and other religious establishments, most of them richly endowed. It is said that two thirds of the houses in this city are either the property of the Cathedral, or other ecclesiastical bodies. A large proportion of the inhabitants are ecclesiastics, and a much larger portion are paupers, who have no inducement to work, as, by going the rounds of the different convents, where food is gratuitously bestowed on them, they can obtain the bare necessaries. Alms are daily dispensed from the Episcopal Palace.”

What a state of things does that extract present! Many were desirous of seeing very palpably the danger of making a priesthood rich, Spain is the country of all others to go to. The immense numbers of priests and friars, and the innumerable churches, monasteries, episcopal palaces, and convents, contrasted with the poverty of the people and the splendor of the land, always reminded me of a beautiful tree, infested by caterpillars. The representative system of Government introduced into Spain of late years, will clear the tree in time—but it will take time. The insects have got through the bark into the wood, and time is required to pick them out; but out they have to come, without any kind of doubt.

Seville was the birth-place of three of the Roman Emperors—Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. The population is estimated at about one hundred thousand, exclusive of the suburb of Triana, which is across the river, and contains about fifteen thousand.

The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses generally have a mean appearance. La Plaza del Rey, the chief square, is not handsome. In the centre, is an unpaved spot, where the gallow tree is planted; and it is planted often, for the populace of Seville is proverbially object-

Absolutism sways the land; and, necessarily, the administration of the law is sanguinary.

The streets of Seville, at night, are unsafe, owing to the degraded condition of the populace. I was warned against wandering much about after twilight; but nevertheless I did so;—and was never made to “stand and deliver,” nor felt the sharpness of the far-famed and ill-famed Spanish knife. Frequently in my walks, a sudden burst of light would dazzle the sight, proceeding from the interior square, or patio, of a house, the residence of a patrician family. In the summer time the residents leave the upper stories, and establish themselves in the lower ones; making the court, or patio, serve as a salon de compagnie. Flowers are placed in the centre; mirrors under the corridors; and chairs and settees all around. At night when these patios are crowded with company, and well lighted up, and the air filled with music, the scene is beautiful to look upon, and exhibits a striking contrast to the meanness and gloominess of the streets. These *assemblies* are termed *Tertulias*.

So far as I had opportunity of judging, the populace of Seville well merited the character given it by general report. It is emphatically, *canaille*. The lower orders were certainly as mean and despicable in appearance as could well be imagined. They are deplorably ignorant, and sunk deep in abjectness; necessarily, they are always ready for the perpetration of any act of brutality or ferocity. I passed by the public prison one day. At the doors were posted sentries, and on the benches loomed a number of dirty-looking soldiers off duty;—behind the grated windows glared a crowd of ferocious looking wretches, crying furiously to the passers-by for alms. I hurried past as quickly as I could, shocked at the sight; whilst the people around, soldiers and all, seemed to consider the frightful spectacle capital fun. The evening preparatory to my leaving Seville, I went to the *Intendencia del Policia*, on business connected with my passport, and whilst there, the most distressing shrieks burst forth. Every one ran to the corridors to see what was the matter. It was an unfortunate girl, who had been lodged in one of the cells, on some charge or other; and there she would have been suffered to remain all night, but for her harrowing shrieks. These disturbed the Intendant and his family; and so, he directed she should be immediately ejected from the city, (it was then quite dark,) and have her head shaved before being sent adrift. Such was the mode of administering law on that occasion.

The Prado, or public promenade, extends along the banks of the Guadalquivir; and here of an evening, all that is gay, and fashionable, and at-

tractive, and enticing, is to be seen. I have already spoken of Spanish dames and damsels sufficiently; but it is a theme of which one can never tire—*whilst young*. It is the climate, I fancy, that throws around them so much attractiveness as is universally accorded to them. It is an air that defies description; but, like the climate, it is delicious. So, let me term it, an air of *je ne sais quoi*. Spanish ladies, be it said, however, sub rosa, are sadly off in point of education. There are very few *bas-bleues* among them. The garden of the female mind of Spain is not what it is in the northern parts of Europe or in English-America. But what of that? exclaims the youthful cavalier, who always prefers Venus to Minerva.

STARS.

BY E. J. D.

Ye holy and unchanging stars,
Like fond eyes o'er me bent,
Watching, with looks of love, afar,
Silent, yet eloquent—

Are your bright orbs, soft, shining there,
Seen e'en by mortal eye,
Those future realms of beauty, where
Sorrow and sadness die?

Are ye the homes of spirits blest,
The loved, the lost, the free,
Making, to human sense, their rest
A deep reality?

Are ye indeed that land, where joys
In copious torrents roll—
Where love, without one dark alloy,
Can satisfy the soul?

That land where pleasures, as they fly,
On golden harps are hymn'd,
Where blissful bosoms never sigh,
Where eyes are never dimm'd?

Oh, thrilling thought! my heart would rise,
Would burst this heavy clay,
Yearning to spring to those calm skies,
Where our beloved stay:

But, no! enough that unto me
The blessed boon is given,
In this dark pilgrimage, to see
Glimpses of their bright heaven:

Enough to know, the stars of night,
Whatever their orbs may be,
Are, O my God! sweet beacon lights
To point me unto thee:

To feel assured that thou wilt still
Some blessed place prepare,
Where all, who humbly do thy will,
Shall meet in rapture there.

TO C. S. M. S.

Lovely thou wast, sweet flower,
So pure and gentle in thy earthly stay,
Though blooming but an hour,
And snatched by death's relentless grasp away.

Greatly beloved thou wert,
By those who knew thee in thy youthful bloom;
Affection thee begirt,
But could not save thee from the silent tomb.

The lily of the vale,
Whose modest fragrance thou didst love so well,
Will always thee recall,
And bring thy memory o'er me like a spell.

For thou, like it, sweet Kate,
Shunned the broad gaze, and ever meekly sought
In thy own quiet state,
Upward and onward to direct thy thought.

Its petals pure and white,
Faint emblems are of thy abiding truth,
The constant love of right,
Which marked thy character from early youth.

'Twas thine awhile to stay,
And minister wherever thou couldst joy bestow,
Cheering the dreary way
Of those who plied in sorrow and in woe.

But thou hast past away,
Thy gentle voice we never more shall hear;
Oh! how, from day to day,
Can we thy long and dreary absence bear?

How can he live, whose love
Made life to thee, so happy and so blest,
He who hath lost the dove,
Which beautified and cheered his first built-nest?

We know that thou "hast gained,"
Gained rest from pain, and grief, and toil, and care,
With sin no more art stained,
For Jesus' image thou dost fully bear.

Thy gentle babe thou'st found,
And with it fall'n before th' Eternal throne,
And poured melodious sound,
Swelling the song of angels by thine own.

We would not thee recall,
But follow in thy course so calm and bright,
Thill like thee glad we fall,
And bow before the source of Love and Light.

Montreal, Sept. 1813.

A LIFE of ease and independence is often a life of inconvenience, and pleasure itself is only a relative term; in its very nature it is transient, and leaves nothing behind it that affords any satisfaction to the retrospective powers of the mind; nor can we imagine a greater object of pity than that eastern monarch, who, it is said, being wearied of his existence, offered to give one half his dominions to any one who would invent a new pleasure.

MARCO VISCONTI*:

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LODRISIO VISCONTI, when his first wonder at seeing Lupo in Milan, whilst he thought him a prisoner far from that city, had somewhat subsided, beckoned to one of his followers, and gave him a few whispered instructions. The man, with a low inclination, turned his horse and rode after the squire; but, as we have already seen the result of his expedition, we will accompany Lodrisio on his route, which led to Rosate, where he was hastening to confer with his confederate Pelagrua. Troubled and uneasy at the escape of Lupo, he pursued his way in moody silence, and it was not till he found himself alone with the castellan in a chamber at Rosate, that he uttered a single word.

"How fares thy captive, Pelagrua?" he then enquired. "Hast thou managed to pacify her?"

"At first she lay on my hands like a chicken sick of the pip, and indeed at one time I feared seriously that she would slip altogether through our fingers. Now, however, her anxiety is greatly allayed, and she lives in hope."

"But how, prithee?"

"By a letter from Ottorino."

"From Ottorino?" repeated Lodrisio with an air half anxious, half incredulous.

"Yes! from Ottorino. But he not alarmed," continued the castellan with a discordant laugh; "I myself was Ottorino for the nonce."

"Thou wrot'st the letter thyself then?"

"Yes! imitating his hand closely. You know I have still that letter of recommendation to Marco which he gave me at Varenna."

"I had a long story ready to account for the delay. Marco had received me with much grace and kindness; he wished to send me on a mission to Tuscan, and keeping me in the mean time constantly employed day and night, had left me no opportunity of communicating with her, particularly as I did not wish yet to risk the acknowledgment of our marriage; I had great hopes of rendering him special service in the affairs wherein he was engaged, which would enable me

to disclose all without fear of his displeasure. Then digressing into the usual raptures of enamoured swains, I seasoned up the whole with impassioned oaths and tender phrases, such as joy of my heart!—hope of my life!—*anima mia!*—*caro amore!*—and so forth."

"Bravo, castellan!" exclaimed Lodrisio, laughing; "no wonder the girl was deceived, for who could imagine such honeyed terms to proceed from thy brain."

His companion received the compliment with a complacent grin, and then proceeded:

"I sent to let her know that the messenger who brought her letter awaited a reply; so reply she did. Ottorino returns an answer to this, she rejoins with another, and so the correspondence has gone on happily. Oh, how it cheers my heart to read the dainty and tender phrases with which she addresses me, to see the devotion with which she opens my letters, devours them with her eyes and bathes them in her tears! How gently she folds them up with her lily white hands and slips them tenderly into her bosom, and then draws them forth again to read and kiss anew! *Per Bacco!* the joke begins to please me."

"Peace, thou dried mummy!" said Lodrisio, sportively pulling his ear, "how does this bring us nearer our main object?"

"I have latterly begun to show myself somewhat jealous, assigning as a reason the manner in which Marco continually talks of her, and the extravagant praises he lavishes on her."

"And she —"

"Replies with a thousand protestations, swears she is mine ever, mine only; but praises like those I have ascribed to Marco, when once they enter the heart of a woman, strike root and bear fruit sooner or later."

"I fear much lest thou put'st off too much time in this manner. We would not be half way a year hence, and Marco will be here within the month."

"I have my fears too," returned the castellan; "but they are of Marco himself. I threw out a

* Continued from page 427.

distant hint, by one of my messengers to him, of what we were about here."

"Well! his reply?"

"*Maledetta!* the poor man thought he would have eaten him alive; and his next letter warned me to remember the respect which I owed both to him and Ottorino. Methinks his Principality of Lucca hath cured him of his love."

"So much the better for us! He will be the better able to attend to his interests, which, thou knowest well, are ours also. But tell me, how standest thou now with our fair prisoner—thy correspondent?"

"She expects me within a couple of days. I had to afford her this hope, to withdraw her from the alarm and anxiety she suffered for some time past, as the time fixed for her mother's visit passed without her appearance. She seemed at first quite consoled by my letter; but yesterday she was as down-hearted as ever; she never utters a word, never tastes a mouthful, and does nought but weep from morning to night."

"We must bring matters to an issue soon," said Lodrisio, "as the tidings I have for thee will convince thee—Lupo has escaped."

"Lupo escaped!" repeated Pelagrua in accents of surprise and alarm.

"Yes—escaped. I saw him myself as I wended hither. But I have consigned him into good hands, and ere tomorrow's sun rise —. But enough! we will speak of this and other matters after I have written to Lucca."

A letter was accordingly written and dispatched to Marco. This finished, and after some further conference, the castellan led his companion through secret staircases and narrow corridors to a dark closet, where several concealed crevices gave them a full view of the apartment in which Beatrice, attended by the faithful Lauretta, was accustomed to pass the day.

The young wife of Ottorino was reclining on a richly embroidered couch, her drooping head supported by an arm as white and transparent as alabaster. Grief and despondency had left their fell traces on her pale and dejected countenance; her hair hung loose and dishevelled o'er her white robe; her eyes—those eyes of heavenly blue, where the light of her gay and lively spirit was wont to shine, softened by the sweet and innocent expression that accompanied it—those eyes, once so lustrous in their serene majesty—now languid, dim and sunken, expressed nought but fear and anguish. Lauretta, seated at a small table by her side, had taken up and continued a piece of embroidery which her mistress had just laid down, the latter seeming to watch her motions intently, although closer examination would show that no intelligence shone in her eyes, and that

her mind was wholly occupied by some secret terror.

After some minutes had thus passed, she rose from her couch, and moved with languid steps towards the balcony, to which a side door opened, and, leaning on the parapet, stood gazing abroad in silence. The setting sun, half hid among the high tops of a distant forest, spread a livid light over the vast plain beneath, only broken here and there by the dark shadows of the few willows that sprung from the sterile soil. The air was filled with the harsh croaking of the frogs that tenanted the waste and marshy ground; from the swamps and fens and stagnant pools a thick grey mist began to rise, gradually veiling the objects close at hand, and completely concealing those at a greater distance. A scene so different from those splendid and gorgeous sunsets which the poor girl had so often contemplated amidst her native mountains struck an additional chill to her heart. Leaving the balcony, she returned towards the table, on which Lauretta had just placed a lighted lamp, and throwing herself dejectedly on the couch, exclaimed, in plaintive and despairing accents:

"When shall this life of torment have an end?"

The sympathising attendant hazarded no reply, but a few minutes after stepped gently to the door that opened on the terrace, for the purpose of shutting out the night air; but ere she had completed her errand, the notes of a lute were heard at some little distance, and she stood motionless, with her hand on the latch. The sounds, too, had caught her lady's ear, and, springing to her feet with more energy than she had displayed since they arrived at the castle, she stood listening in an attitude of eager attention. The sweet and melancholy symphony had struck her as something familiar, and when a rich manly voice was heard mingling with the melody of the chords, she at once recognised the song which she had heard at Bellano, under the title of

"THE PRISONER TO THE NIGHTINGALE."

Cease, wandering wanderer, cease thy strain;
Forbear these melting tones of grief;
Let soothing silence round me reign,
To give my aching heart relief—
Ah, hush! sweet minstrel of the air;
Thou fill'st my heart with sad despair.

And yet, sweet nightingale! sing on;
I fain would learn thine artless lay,
And teach my voice to catch the tone
Of thy sweet strain, as best I may:
For well thy plaintive notes express
The sorrows that my soul oppress.

Perchance the self-same feelings move
Thy thrilling song—my falling tear.
Darest, like me, of those we love,

Wail'st thou the loss of all things dear?
Say! has thy spouse, like mine, bewray'd thee,
And thus a widow'd victim made thee?

Yet happier thou! On gentle wing,
Thou pour'st thy strains o'er hill and dale;
But, if my wrongs I dare to sing,
Nought but these wails shall list the tale:
Thy melody, sweet bird! alone
Leads me beyond this massive stone.

Thou, thou, when autumn tempests lower,
To fairer climes wilt flee away,
And leave me in my donjon tower,
To list, unmansw'rd, for thy lay,
Without a living creature near me,
Without a sight or sound to cheer me.

Returning spring may bring thee back,
To wander through the new clad grove,
To flutter o'er each well-known track,
And sing thy tale of hapless love;—
In that lone vale a tomb thou'lt see,
There chaunt thine elegy o'er me.

"'Tis Tremacollo!" exclaimed Beatrice, with animation, when the last notes had died away. "I remember his voice. Mayhap he would have me understand—— O that I could see him!—that I could see a trustworthy face, and be quit of these terrible doubts that beset me!"

"In the name of the saints, what doubts can'st thou have, lady? My lord hath promised to be with you in two days, and then——"

"Hush!" interrupted Beatrice, as a transient noise caught her attention, and both listened intently for the minstrel to recommence. Nought was heard, however, save the heavy rustling of the night breeze through the reeds with which the marshy plain was covered; but it was long before Beatrice gave up hope, and again seated herself beside the table, while Lauretta closed the side door.

"What doubt can I have?" repeated the former, in a sorrowful and mysterious tone, as the attendant resumed her place. She was about to add more; but, checking herself, she heaved a deep sigh, and remained silent.

"What!" exclaimed the handmaiden, anxiously. "Have you any cause for suspicion? Know ye of any mystery? Tell me, dear lady, tell me!"

"Nay, Lauretta, be not alarmed. What mystery can I have to tell thee of?"

"Not alarmed? How can I be otherwise?—Ever since yesterday morning I have observed that you had some secret from me—I prithee impart it to me!"

"Thou art over officious, girl!" chided her mistress; but Lauretta, taking her hand and pressing it affectionately within her own, continued—

"Dear Beatrice!" she said, in a suppliant and agitated voice, "my sweet lady! Did'st thou not

promise that I should partake of all the evil as well as of all the good that should befall thee through life?"

"Ah, my good, affectionate Lauretta!" answered Beatrice, with great difficulty restraining her tears; "'tis a great addition to my causes of sorrow, that I have brought thee from the arms of affectionate parents, to involve thee in my troubles."

"What troubles? If I am to share in them, let me at least be aware of them beforehand."

Beatrice opened a small casket that lay on the table beside them, and, pointing within, asked:

"Seest thou these papers?"

"Yes!" replied Lauretta; "they are the letters you have lately received from my lord."

"So I myself thought, and this belief was the last thread on which I had hung my hopes. Now that thread is broken. These letters are not from Ottorino."

"Heaven have mercy on us!" exclaimed the attendant; pale as death: "from whom then——? how knowest thou——?"

"Yesterday thou broughtest me this white rose, which now hangs withered in my bosom?"

"Yes! 'twas given me by the old woman who brings our food, who told me it was sent by the castellan's wife."

"And knowest thou who this wife of the castellan is?"

"'Tis the same Dame Margaritta who was sheltered by your mother with her babe, that day *Pelagrua* was driven from Limonta."

"True! it is the same. She remembers with gratitude how we gave her refuge in the day of her sore distress; and her heart could not suffer her to see me the sport of such machinations. Amidst the leaves of this rose was hid a piece of parchment informing me of their treachery; you may think into what distress it plunged me. Who can say where Ottorino is—nay, if he still be living? Who can say what may have befallen my dear parents? Who can tell us if this be really the castle of Castelletto, or if we are not rather in the hands of——? O, there is no supposition, however cruel and terrible, but has tortured my poor brain during these last two days!"

"Heaven have mercy on us, wretched, unhappy creatures!" was the only reply poor Lauretta could make.

"Now I will tell thee," continued her mistress, lowering her voice to a more cautious and impressive tone, "on what my fears are principally founded. On that dreadful night when I accompanied my father and aunt to the banquet given by Marco Visconti——"

A loud knocking at the door here interrupted her narration, and the handmaiden rose to reply;

but Beatrice, seizing her by the hand, said softly—

"Do not move from this—I do not wish the door opened to any one."

"Lauretta! Lauretta!" the voice of Pelagrua was now heard calling without; "a cavalier has just arrived, who brings news from my lord Ottorino, and wishes to be admitted to thy mistress."

"Tomorrow," answered Lauretta, in obedience to a sign from her mistress; "let him return tomorrow; she cannot receive him at present."

"He must speak to her immediately," persisted the castellan; "he hath good news for her. Open, foolish wench! open, I say, or——"

A tempest of blows on the door drowned the rest of his speech; but all was in vain. The companions in misfortune, locked in each other's arms, answered not a word, and the door, fastened by a massive bolt, resisted all efforts to open it. After some time the noise ceased, and the damsels were just recovering from their fright, when they were alarmed by a strong current of air, which, suddenly rushing in behind, almost extinguished their feeble lamp. Both turned round immediately, and saw that a side panel had been noiselessly removed, and that from the dark entrance beyond, two men were now stepping through it into the apartment.

Lauretta, throwing herself back on the couch, and covering her face with her hands, uttered a piercing shriek; but Beatrice, rising proudly to her feet, addressed herself to Pelagrua, whom, as well as Lodrisio, she recognised, with a voice and action full of calm firmness and severe majesty.

"Castellan!" she said; "methinks thou hast mistaken thy way. This is the apartment of her whom thou wast wont to call the spouse of thy lord."

The indignation experienced by Beatrice, on the first discovery of this offensive and treacherous proceeding, had overcome even her terror. She felt herself animated with her former spirit, and nerved with new strength; her cheeks were suffused with a bright crimson, her eyes shone with a lustre now unusual to them; her whole countenance and attitude displayed a modest boldness and maidenly self-possession. The intruders were struck with surprise at this reception, and with a reverence, transient certainly, but for the moment irresistible. The fiendish eyes of Pelagrua sunk abashed before the steady gaze of the young girl, and Lodrisio himself appeared quite disconcerted: the cold and condescending smile in which he had dressed his countenance, melted away; the half-formed words of insulting familiarity, died upon his lips; and he

inclined his head with a humility which was for the moment sincere.

"Pardon me, *Madonna!*—I knew not——," he stammered out, and was about to retire precipitately; but, recovering something of his natural boldness, he added—"I thought that a message from Ottorino would be a sufficient passport——"

"Cavalier!" interrupted Beatrice, unable longer to conceal the terror she felt in the presence of this implacable enemy of her husband; "do not insult the misery of an innocent woman. I tremble," she added, noticing the gleam of satisfaction that lighted his countenance, as an involuntary tremor shook his frame; "I tremble to find myself in your power, as I fear he also too certainly is, whom you have just mentioned, and whose name on your lips sounds to me only as an insult. I am here, a weak, defenceless woman, drawn by heartless treachery, to this unknown corner, far from those who would protect me, and without other witness of the injustice done me, than this poor fellow sufferer," (pointing to Lauretta, who at these words raised her head a little reassured, hoping that the hearts of their persecutors would surely be touched)—"I am in your hands, like a trapped deer, whom you may slay at your pleasure; but there is a Sovereign Lord above us—a Lord before whom the most secret corner of the earth lies full-exposed—a Lord before whom the mightiest strength of man is the weakness of an infant—a Lord who marks the tears of the afflicted, and who will not fail to question the oppressor."

Lodrisio, incensed at finding himself unmasked and reproved by a girl, and ashamed of having shown before Pelagrua, even that transient sense of timidity and respect, had become altogether himself again: and, assuming his former air of insolent familiarity,

"Harkye! my little paragon of wisdom," he said: "fancy not that these airs become a pretty girl like thee! Eye on it! how they wrinkle thy fair brow! Off with them! off with them!"

So saying, he made a few steps forward; but the alarmed girl, crying "Stand off! approach no nearer!" rushed to the side door, and threw it hastily open.

"Come, little madcap!" said Lodrisio, as she paused in the doorway, "why this alarm?—Think'st thou I would eat thee! I will return to my former place if thou wiltest. See! art thou content now? *Diavolo!* I only wish to speak with thee for thy good——"

"For my good?" repeated Beatrice. "Be gone—leave this apartment—that is the only good thou canst do me!"

"What? I can do nothing else for thee than leave thee?"

"Ah, yes! thou canst render me a greater favour still. Thou canst save me from this mental anguish, restore me to my parents, and let me die in peace, in the arms of my poor mother!"

By this time the terrified Lauretta had joined her mistress, and doubting lest in her despair she should cast herself from the balcony, held her firmly by the robe; while Pelagrua endeavoured to persuade both, by his countenance and his actions, that there was no cause for alarm. As soon as Beatrice had finished, Lodrisio continued with inflexible cruelty:

"Nay, girl, nay! Thou askest too much. Listen to what I have to say. I see thou knowest more than I had thought; so much the better, we will understand each other sooner. Know then that Ottorino—he who was to have been thy spouse——"

"What of him—is he still living?" anxiously exclaimed she.

"Let me finish! living, or not living, it matters not." But seeing her intense agitation at these words, he added—"Be not alarmed, he is alive and well."

"I, too, can assure you of this," interposed Pelagrua. "He departs immediately, 'tis said, for the Holy Land."

"What! without me?" exclaimed Beatrice, "no, no, 'tis false! Cruel that ye are, why mock me thus? What evil have I ever done ye?"

Overcome with mental anguish, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears; but quickly recovering herself, she hastily raised her head and glanced suspiciously around, lest any had in the mean time approached her unseen; but both intruders had kept their places.

"Weep on, poor girl!" said Lodrisio. "Truly in some sort I pity thee; thou hast liked him well for some time, and may be unwilling to tear him from thine heart. But never fear! thou wilt find Time stronger than Love. Besides, to speak plainly, if thou lovest Ottorino still, now is the time to show it; for know, that his life and his death are in thy hands."

"What say ye?" exclaimed Beatrice, struck with a new fear, "can I trust your words—is there no deceit hid under them? O tell me the truth!" she continued, clasping her hands before her breast; "I entreat thee with that anxiety and anguish with which, in the last moments of life thou wilt supplicate thy Supreme Judge for mercy and pardon! listen to my entreaties as thou would'st wish Him to hearken unto thine in that dread and inevitable hour! Tell me, by the eternal salvation or perdition of thy soul, if this

danger of Ottorino be real and pressing, and what I can do to save him."

Thus adjured, it was with hesitation that Lodrisio, hardened wretch as he was, replied:

"The danger is real—yes! I swear it by my soul's weal—and 'tis in thy power alone to save him."

"Where is he—what is his danger—how can I save him?"

"Calm thyself, poor damsel! Look not on me with these eyes of terror, but sit down and let us reason the matter quietly. Be not afraid of me, nor of any else; all will respect thee as a queen. Thou art mistress here—the castle is thine own."

"Indeed? Is this truly the fort of Castelletto? Am I really in the castle of my husband?"

"Have done with that word husband! Ottorino is no husband of thine."

To these harsh and cruel words, Beatrice made no reply, but gazed in speechless apprehension in the face of the speaker, while he continued:

"That mummy at Milan was no marrying at all; it was quite informal, and thou art still at liberty to bestow thine hand on whom thou wilt. Thou wouldst know in whose castle we are? It belongs to a great noble, a brave and powerful lord, before whom even princes bend reverently, and who himself bends only to thy beauty."

Lauretta seeing her mistress unable to speak, exclaimed in a trembling voice; "Heaven shield us! we are then——"

"At Rosate," interposed Lodrisio, "in the castle of Marco Visconti."

At the sound of these words the unhappy Beatrice fell fainting into the arms of Lauretta, and the weeping attendant bore her senseless form to the couch, repulsing, with the rudeness of despair, the efforts of the two ruffians to assist her.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was amidst a confused mixture of memories of the past and visions of the future, that Marco Visconti opened the letter which had been brought him by Lupo, and read as follows:

"MARCO!—A bereaved mother, casting herself at thy feet, bathing thine hand with her tears, conjures thee by whatever thou holdest most sacred in earth or in heaven, to restore her only child, the supreme joy, the last comfort of her unhappy days. I know that the mighty of the earth love to cloak their steps in darkness, and when they have consummated injustice, are wont, that they may appear blameless, to show themselves incensed by the complaints of the poor wretch they have wronged; but thou! No! thou hast a soul attuned to pity; thou knowest by experience what misfortune is, and thou wilt not refuse the prayer of a distressed woman.

"Marco! my daughter hath been taken from me. More than a fortnight since she disappeared, and where, or in whose hands she is, we know not. To thee I boldly

turn, demanding that thou return her free and unfettered, to her mourning parents, to her husband, betrayed and carried off at the same time as herself. I, her mother, demand it in the name of all. I demand it as an humble suppliant, with a mind shaken and distracted, yet full of the boldness and courage inspired by the confidence that my words are heard in Heaven, and that even the mighty have to die.

"Ah, no, Marco! no, no!--pardon me--'tis not for me to threaten or grow angry. Pardon a poor mother made rash through excess of grief. I ought only to weep and to pray. Oh! if I but knew how best to touch thine heart!

"Have I told thee that she is the wife of Ottorino? Yes! the holy rite has been solemnised, and their hands joined as their hearts have long been. I myself solicited this, and — Ought I to confess it? can I do so without confusion? wilt thou thyself believe me, if I tell thee that compassion for thee had much weight in bringing me to this? I swear to thee, that in this I had thy good at heart, hoping--nay, holding it for certain that 'twas the only mode to separate thee from an unhappy family, whence thou hast received nought but misfortune. Besides, even had I wished to give thee my daughter in espousal, her heart was otherwise disposed of. Marco! methought I knew thee well in former years, and I am persuaded that thou would'st never wish to possess a body without a soul, nor found thine happiness on the affliction of her thou lovest. Now tell me if the mother of Beatrice deceived herself, in judging of thee as one would have judged Ermelinda:

"Rememberest thou that name? 'Tis all that remains of what I once was--years and affliction have consumed the rest. Thou hast gained power and glory--thou art revered by thy friends, feared by thine enemies, the pride and affection of Lombardy. But I--I have only my daughter--my sweet Beatrice, in whom is centered all my consolation, all my hope, all my pride. Ah! by thy former gentleness, by the fame with which the world now honours thee, by the memory of our early years, by the favour I once found in thine eyes, relieve me from this agony, restore me my daughter, restore her at once, ere grief hath for ever closed these eyes now dim with weeping! Oh! could'st thou know the anguish in which my life is spent! Could'st thou experience the tortures of a single hour of my seemingly eternal nights full of phantoms and horrors! Could'st thou but prove the heart of a bereaved mother! — My life, thou knowest it, has had its full share of grief and sorrow, but all is as a dream, a shadow, to the bitter torment, the mortal anguish of this last fatal blow. I deemed not that one could suffer such, and live!

"Alas! tears bedim my vision--the pen almost drops from my trembling hand--my senses begin to fail me.-- Ah Marco! would that I were now in thy presence, to fall at thy feet and expire before thee, imploring with my last breath the grace thou could'st not surely then deny! Have pity--have pity on the unhappy

ERMELINDA."

An anxious and sleepless night succeeded the reading of this letter. Wearily watching for the dawn, Marco paced to and fro in his chamber in a state of mind bordering on frenzy.

Time wore away; the hour appointed for his interview with the Signoria at length arrived, and, being reminded of it by his suite, he presented himself before them. Had it not been for this appointment, Marco would have set off at

once for Milan on the previous evening, and as it was, his stay was of little service to him. He appeared with a distracted expression of countenance, with eyes wandering and unsettled, with hair unkempt and disordered: he spoke but little, and what he said was confused and abrupt; irritated by the least opposition, he seemed careless how much he might offend the negotiators. In short, his conduct and deportment was altogether so indiscreet and unguarded, that the minority, who had always opposed the purchase of Lucca, had now little difficulty in bringing the others to their own opinion, persuading them that no dependence could be placed on engagements entered into with such a man.*

Marco had retired from the hall during the deliberations of the Signoria, and when their decision, by which the treaty was at once put an end to, was announced to him, he showed neither surprise nor disappointment, at a result so unexpected. He immediately called for horses, and was in half an hour on the road to Lombardy, accompanied by Lupo, and two of his own squires.

Obtaining frequent relays of steeds, they travelled night and day, and in the intervals of his gloomy meditations, Marco gathered from the Limontine all that he knew of the disappearance of Ottorino and Beatrice, and the danger he had himself run. He had been left completely in the dark by Ermelinda, who conceived him already only too well informed, and he listened with eager attention to Lupo's narrative. The last attack upon the squire, by one whom he had recognised as an attendant of Lodrisio, gave the chief the key to the whole. Knowing the inveterate hostility which this last bore towards Ottorino and the intimacy which had lately sprung up between him and Pelagrus, remembering too the offer once made by the castellan to have the young cavalier put out of his way, and the mysterious hints given by one of Pelagrus's couriers, he had little hesitation in ascribing the whole plot to these two villains.

After a quick and hurried journey, he reached Milan, and sending his own attendants to his palace with the horses of the whole party, he proceeded with Lupo on foot to the mansion of the Count del Balzo, resolved at all risks to have an interview with Ermelinda, at once to clear himself from her suspicions, and to learn if further intelligence had transpired of Beatrice and Ottorino. It was already late in the evening when Lupo knocked at the Count's gate, but for farther concealment, Marco lowered the visor of his basinet. All was silent within; the Limontine conducted

*Bonicontrus Morgia; Chronicon Modiceense--Cap. XII.

him to a remote chamber, and leaving a lighted lamp on the table, went to acquaint the Countess with his return.

The Visconte, unlacing his helm, laid it aside, and threw himself on a seat to await the coming of Ermelinda. Twenty-five years had passed since their last eventful meeting. How many a change of good and evil fortune had happened to each since then! With what heart could he meet her first glance, full of reproof, as no doubt it would be, for the death of her father, and for her present desolation and distress! He listened intently for her approach, and the slightest murmur or rustle caused his heart to beat, with greater anxiety and agitation than ever it had done on the eve of his most important battles.

He had not to wait long. In a short time the door opened gently, and a female figure appeared, clad in a loose white robe: a bright but fleeting scarlet tinged a countenance usually pale as marble; a slight ray of hope, dashed with alarm, shone in eyes red and swollen with tears and watching. Marco did not at first recognise Ermelinda with certainty, so much had time, and still more affliction, wrought a change on her: although he had started to his feet in the expectation of meeting the mother of Beatrice, he was not sufficiently assured of her identity to address her, and both stood silent, till the countess, with downcast eyes, and in low and trembling tones exclaimed—"Is it thou, Marco?" It was the same gentle voice, the same sweet sound, the same celestial harmony that had so enchanted him in youth; he eagerly raised his eyes anew to her face, almost hoping to see there the fresh beauty of his young love; but as suddenly lowering them, he stood with a saddened air, without venturing a reply.

"Is it thou," pursued Ermelinda, "come in person to give me new life? Heaven reward thee for it! I ever said in mine heart—when he knows the grief he hath occasioned, his manly and generous heart will not harden itself against it."

These words struck the chief at once with shame and confusion for himself, and the tenderest pity for the unfortunate mother.

"I good! I generous!" he repeated in a voice almost choked with emotion; "for pity's sake, Ermelinda, cease this cruel mockery! I!—I am a wretch—a madman!"

"No, no! say not so, Marco! The Lord pardon thee, as I have long done! The joy thou givest me at this moment almost recompenses for all my past anguish. Say—where is my daughter? when shall I see her?"

"Have ye heard nothing from the minstrel since he again went in search of her?" eagerly enquired Marco.

"The minstrel, say'st thou? No! he hath not returned, and I begin to fear—. But thou—askest thou of me?"

"I understand thee, Ermelinda!" answered the Visconte. "Thou believest that I have caused Beatrice to be carried off; but 'tis not so. I have —."

"*Santa Maria!* what sayest thou? Where is she then? Pardon me, Marco! 'tis not that I doubt thy word, but hast thou not already almost confessed it to me. And besides, I have long known what thy sentiments were towards my poor girl."

"Listen to me," said Marco, speaking at first slowly and hoarsely, but becoming quicker and more excited as he proceeded. "Listen to me, Ermelinda! Yes! 'tis true—I loved thy daughter—loved her with an all-absorbing passion. 'Twas thine image impressed on her countenance—twas thy soul seemingly transfused into her, that fascinated and blinded me. Oh that I could have made her mine! Once I experienced the ineffable sweetness of such an hope; but that moment passed rapidly away. A secret poison rushed through my blood and distracted my mind, when I learned that her heart was already given to another. 'Twere vain to tell thee by what steps of grief and despair I was at length brought to the madness of aiming at the life of my beloved, my faithful, my generous kinsman. I tremble to think how near I was to imbruing in his blood this hand, which he hath so often pressed with the sincere affection of a son!"

"Speak ye of Ottorino?"

"Yes! The unknown knight who overthrew him at the tournament, was the wretch who now stands before thee."

The countess raised her eyes compassionately to the face of the Visconte, and was about to speak; but he proceeded with increasing self-reproach:

"No! first listen to all. Thou knowest that at that time I went to a distance from Milan; but thou knowest not that I left behind me an iniquitous commission. I gave instructions to a knave here to prevent the nuptials of Ottorino with thy daughter; my gold, in his hands, purchased a traitor, even in your family, one of your most trusted servitors. I repent, Ermelinda! that I gave no command for the abduction of Beatrice, nor had the least knowledge of it; but the scoundrel to whom I had given the matter in charge may have overpassed his commands by the perpetration of this nefarious deed. But in any case I must confess myself a villain—a wicked, hardened —."

"No, no, Marco! for pity's sake cease such language! Thou dost not deserve such epithets even from thyself; no! he is no hardened wretch

who shows such lively grief for his fault. The tempest of passion may have driven thee from the path of rectitude, but the heart of Marco, I am certain, was never thus perverted to vice."

"Oh, my comforting angel!" exclaimed Marco, tenderly. "What a balsam these words are for my mental wounds! Ermelinda! Ermelinda! Hadst thou been ever by my side, to guide me with thy sweet counsel in the rough and gloomy path of life, my days might have passed in peace and tranquillity, full of the holy joy of a husband's and a father's love; and in my declining years my uncertain footsteps might have been supported by— Vain thoughts—torturing visions, begone! Thanks, Ermelinda!" he added, after a short pause, "a thousand thanks for thy consoling words! Since thou sayest so, I too will try to believe that I have less to blame myself with. How could a heart that once burned with a flame lit by thy heavenly virtues, ever become so corrupted? Yes, Ermelinda! I will esteem myself—for thine honour, I will esteem myself—less guilty than unfortunate."

The dame hid her face in her hands, and as the hot tears trickled through her fingers, her frame shook with emotion.

"Now I am here at thy command," continued the knight; "even should'st thou seek my blood, I would shed it willingly to the last drop, to content thee. I will seek Beatrice, to restore her to thine arms. Ottorino too will I seek, that I may present to him the spouse whom I have been the means of separating from him; I owe him deeper recompense than this for my long and cruel ingratitude to such affection and fidelity. I shall have no peace till I see ye all happy and content—till I have fully exposed the mystery of this iniquitous transaction."

He paused for a moment, and fixed his eyes on the countess, whose tears and sobs still continued; then, clenching his fists, he exclaimed furiously:

"Let the villains tremble who have to answer for these tears! Woe, woe, to them all! Should I have to drag them one by one from the altar, I swear to thee, Ermelinda! I swear by all—"

"Stay, Marco!" interrupted she, raising her head and glancing at him with modest dignity; "let not such blasphemy issue from the mouth of a Christian! How canst thou hope that Heaven will bless the work of elarity thou hast professed me, if thou undertakest it with vengeance on thy lips and in thy heart? and what trust can I repose in the success of one who hath not Heaven with him?"

"Thou art an angel!" exclaimed the Visconte, "and I—what am I but a poor unhappy wretch! But now, to horse! Ere dawn I will be at my castle of Rosate, and ere tomorrow's sun sinks

in the west, I trust to see thee with joy and gladness beaming in thy countenance." Farewell!"

"Farewell!" repeated Ermelinda. "The Lord be with thee now and ever, and grant us all of his mercy! Farewell!"

As he left the chamber, the strength which had supported her in his presence gave way, and, sinking on a seat, she listened to his footsteps till she heard him joined by Lupo, and then they died away in the distance. When a short rest had somewhat restored her strength, she rose, and returned with feeble steps to her apartment; but, stunned and stupefied by agitation and anxiety, scarce could she persuade herself that the whole had not been a dream.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Tito! wilt come with me to Rosate?" said Marco to the young Limontine, as they issued from the portal of the Balzo palace.

Lupo signified his grateful assent by a low inclination, and followed him without answering a word. Reaching the abode of Marco, two fresh horses were ordered, and in a few minutes they were at full gallop on the road to Rosate.

But another man, without their being aware of it, had already galloped on in the same direction, and was now some distance before them; this was a courier, whom Lodrisio, informed of Marco's arrival, by one of his household in his pay, had despatched in all haste to Pelagrua.

The two horsemen reached their destination as dawn was brightening into day; Marco gave the accustomed signal, the drawbridge was lowered, the gate opened, and he passed in, followed by Lupo. The gate-keeper, as soon as he recognized his lord, was running to announce his arrival by sounding the great bell of the castle, but Marco, detaining him, enquired where Pelagrua was.

"He went out last night," replied he, "and hath not yet returned. A courier from Milan arrived for him about an hour ago, with some important missive, as far as I can understand."

"Where is this courier?"

"He is here in my chamber, swearing like a Paynim at the delay."

"Send him to me in the red hall. Should Pelagrua return, let him enter; but let no one leave the castle without my permission. Attend to this!"

"Not even the castellan?"

"No one whatsoever."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, my lord!"

Marco, traversing the courtyard, entered a staircase that led to the red hall, whither he was followed in a few minutes by the courier from Milan.

"Give me that letter," said Marco, seizing the man by the arm as he entered.

Not recognising the chief in the faint light, the messenger strove to disengage himself, and replied, "Hands off, my good sir! I have orders to deliver it to none but the castellan."

"Give me the letter!" repeated Marco, in an angry tone, tightening his grasp, and dragging him towards a window, where the greater light displayed to the poor fellow the lineaments of the great captain.

"Pardon me, my lord!" he replied, pale and trembling; "I knew not it was you. My master told me—; but then thou art master here.—There is the letter."

Marco tore it open and eagerly looked for a signature; but there was none, and turning to the commencement, he read as follows:

"MY TRUSTY GALLOW-BIRD,—Ere this reach thee, the matter we agreed on the other day, will doubtless be all at an end; if not, woe to thine unfortunate carcass! Marco is at Milan! he arrived tonight and will probably be upon thee tomorrow. Let these tidings put thee on thy mettle—destroy every trace of the deed—let not a single indication of it meet the eye of Marco! Perdition seize thee else!"

A cold chill ran through the veins of the Visconte as he flung the letter down, and rushing up to the courier with threatening gesture, he asked—"Who gave thee this?"

The question was put in a tone that left no encouragement for pervarication, and the messenger stammered out—"I had it from Lodrisio Visconti."

"Know'st thou," continued Marco, "know'st thou to what matter this missive refers?"

"I know nothing of it," replied the trembling courier; "I have only obeyed my master. He said to me—'Take this letter to Rosato'—and I have done so. On the faith of a Christian I know nothing more of it."

"We may speak of this again. Meantime, see that thou sett'st not a foot beyond the threshold of this chamber."

So saying, Marco left the hall, and proceeded to the quarters assigned to the castellan; where the servant, without recognising him, at once admitted him, and then went to announce to Dame Margarita, that a stranger wished to see her.

"Where is thine husband?" inquired the Visconte, as she entered a few minutes afterwards, with her child in her arms.

"He went out last night, and I know not whether he hath gone," stammered out the poor woman, struck with surprise and consternation at finding herself so unexpectedly in the presence of her master.

"Read this letter," said Marco, presenting that

sent by Lodrisio, "and tell me at once what mystery lies in it.—Come, quick!"

The dame ran her eyes timidly over the fatal letter; then falling on her knees, she exclaimed, while a torrent of tears ran down her cheeks—"Oh! have pity on that unfortunate wretch, my husband!"

"Come, tell me! what signify these words?" said Marco, preserving his calmness with an effort.

"Yes! I will tell thee all—all that I know."

"Rise and speak!"

The terrified creature rose to her feet, and, trembling and sobbing, thus commenced—"I have warned him often of this—I have entreated him—I have besought him on my knees—as Heaven shall judge me——"

"I ask thee of Beatrice, woman!" broke out Marco, in a harsh and angry tone. "Tell me—is she here—is she still alive?"

"She is living, and hath been in the castle for more than a month," replied the dame. "Yesterday evening I saw her attendant at a window, whence she is wont to acquaint me by signs how they fare, and what her mistress hath need of. She signified to me that she was much better; for the poor lady hath been ill for some days."

"Quick! lead me to her! I must see her at once—this instant, I say!"

The dame answered not; but placing her child in the arms of the attendant, she left the apartment without a moment's delay, followed by Marco. By many a winding staircase and dark gallery they reached a small courtyard in a distant portion of the castle, where Margarita paused, and pointing to several windows that looked into the court, said,

"She is within there, accompanied by the young maiden who was brought hither along with her."

"Let us enter!" said Marco: and his foot was already on the stair that led upwards; but arresting his steps, he stood for a moment in thought, and then continued—"No, do thou go alone! I will remain here. Tell her to be of good cheer, that her mother will soon be with her, that she will return immediately to her home. Tell her that I—But no! speak not of me, mention not my name! Tell her every thing that may comfort her—promise her every thing she may ask."

"But are you in very deep come to liberate her?" asked the wife of the castellan, with hesitation; "my heart cannot allow me to betray the poor creature."

"As Heaven will answer at my utmost need, I speak the truth!"

"The Lord bless you for it!" exclaimed Margarita, clasping her hands.

"Now enter!" said the Visconte; "and to save

time, whilst thou preparest her, I listen to despatch a courier to bring her parents hither."

The wife of Pelagrus ascended the stair, and advancing along the gallery, knocked gently at the door which gave entrance to the apartments of Beatrice, calling at the same time on Lauretta. No answer was given, either to this, or to several repetitions of the same; and applying her hand to the latch, it yielded, and gave admittance to the outer hall. Beyond this, however, no further entrance was to be had. She knocked loudly and repeatedly, calling aloud, now on the handmaid, now on the mistress; but all was in vain—no answering sound met her ear. Surprised and terrified at this result, her first impulse was to escape ere Marco should return, but at length reassured by the innate courage of a calm conscience, she went boldly forth to meet him. As she reached the foot of the stair she saw him crossing the yard on his return from despatching Lupo to Milan.

"Well!" he anxiously cried; "Hast thou consoled her? Hast thou told her that her mother will be here in a few hours? How fares she? What said she?"

In place of replying, Dame Margarita covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Holy saints!" exclaimed Marco, his air of pleased solicitude changing to one of dread and alarm; "What is the matter? Where is she? Tell me—on thy life tell me!"

"I have found her not," sobbed the dame. "She is not in her apartments."

"Infamous villains!" cried the Visconte, in a voice hoarse with passion; "false traitors are ye all! But, thank heaven, ye are in my power! Yes, wretches, ye are in my power, and blood shall be repaid with blood!"

Whilst with one hand he struck his forehead despairingly, with the other he seized the hand of Margarita, who, believing her last hour was come, raised her eyes towards heaven with an expression of resignation that would have moved the hardest heart to compassion. Marco withdrew his grasp, keeping his eyes fixed on Margarita's face, while she, raising on high her hand still livid from his stern pressure, exclaimed amidst her tears—"Heaven be my witness that I am innocent!"

"I believe thee," said Marco. "Take courage, my good dame! I will not harm thee. Come, tell me all thou knowest of this matter."

Half reassured, half afraid, she gathered confidence enough to repeat all she knew, including her last unsuccessful efforts for admission.

"There is still hope," said the chief, when she had finished; "Beatrice may have been within, but unwilling, for some reason or other, to answer."

After a moment's reflection he bethought him of the secret entrance to these apartments, (the sudden appearance of Ledrisio and Pelagrus through which a few days before, had so startled the prisoners;) and, leading the wife of the castellan by an intricate route to the spot, he touched a concealed spring and then drew back the secret panel. Margarita entered, leaving Marco without; but, after the most rigid search, she had to return to him with the melancholy tidings of her ill success. The chief stepped within and glanced round the apartment with an air of sorrowful respect. He stood on the floor which had been so late pressed by the foot of Beatrice, his hand rested on the table on which she too had perhaps leant, he seemed to breathe the very air she had inhaled; every thing around was associated with her. Every instant he expected to hear her heavy sigh, her faint voice issuing from some secret lurking-place, and imploring aid and pity.

In the second chamber stood a handsome couch, the embroidered curtains of which were drawn aside, and the rich quilt that covered it still retained the impress of a human form. From the time that Beatrice learned her real situation, she had never done more than throw herself on the couch, dressed as she was, and snatch a few moments of uneasy slumber. Upon the table in this room was seen a lamp still burning, but whose attenuated flame, almost spent for want of nourishment, flickered unsteadily on the wick now burnt to a cinder. Marco, at this moment more than usually alive to the fanciful anguishes of the age, looked on this slender flame as the symbol of the life of Beatrice, and with superstitious terror gently drew aside the wife of Pelagrus, lest the motion of her garments might extinguish it.

Beside the lamp lay a Latin Bible, open at the 118th Psalm: the leaves appeared wet with recent tears, and a faint mark underlined the following sentences:

"Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the Lord helped me.—I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them and I will praise the Lord.—I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.—Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity."

Marco, as he read these words, felt his heart filled with confident security that he would find the poor girl, and find her still alive; these words of the Psalmist, in which she had found consolation, seemed to him a clear prediction of her ultimate safety, and turning to Margarita, he said—"Be of good cheer! Beatrice is a living soul."

The wife of the castellan, without daring to ask whence he drew that absolute certainty that appeared in his words, and which she read even more distinctly in his countenance, followed him into the third and inner chamber, which had been that appropriated to Lauretta. Here they found evident signs of force and violence having been used; the table lay overturned, and sundry vessels which had been on it were scattered in fragments on the floor; the furniture of the couch was tossed about in disorder, the curtains were rent in pieces; the couch itself was drawn partly from its place, and one of the posts broken, as if some one had been forcibly dragged from their grasp of it. Marco noted these things in silence, then, beckoning to Dame Margarita to follow, he returned through the secret entrance, convinced that through this the prisoners had been carried away. As they traced the dark windings in which the route continued that had brought them to the secret panel, the foot of his companion stumbled on something light and soft, which, when examined by the light that streamed through a narrow aperture, proved to be a veil crushed and trampled on, and confirmed the chief in his suspicions. On they went, till the tortuous path ended in a small deserted court, full of nettles and other rank weeds, which were trampled down in two different directions. The one path led to a narrow vault at the further end of which was a massive door, being, in fact, a sally-port, which opened without the walls altogether: the other was traced to a low-browed archway between two barbicans, which was also closed with an iron studded door, fastened with heavy bolts and enormous padlocks. This last gave admittance to the castle vaults—an intricate assemblage of dungeons, tower foundations, and chambers cut out of the solid rock, which were intersected by a labyrinth of winding paths, and extended beneath the whole extent of the vast edifice.

Beyond this courtyard their unaided efforts could not bring them; and, retracing their steps, Marco sent for the feudal judge of the district, who held his jurisdiction from him, and dispensed justice in his name, in the castle and its dependencies. To him he unfolded as much of the matter as he deemed necessary, and instructed him to investigate it as best he could. The judge retired, and shortly returned, with the only additional information he could obtain, which was, that screams, broken, and seemingly half-choked, had been heard during the night by some of the retainers, whose apartments were near the small courtyard we have mentioned. Having assembled his vassals, Marco proceeded with the judge to this spot, and, the keys being nowhere to be found, gave orders that the door which led to

the vaults should be broken open; whilst, lest the prisoners might have been removed through the postern, others were sent to scour the neighbouring country, with strict injunctions, if they should meet Telagrua, to give him no suspicion of their errand, but to bring him with them, by fair means or foul, to the castle.

The door of the vaults soon yielded to the maces, levers and mattocks that were brought against it, and the vassals descended into a long passage beneath, through the crossways that led from which, they dispersed in small parties on their search. New obstacles met them at every step; each gallery was crossed at intervals by massive iron gratings, each separate dungeon was securely fastened with solid bolts and heavy locks. Marco, hastening from place to place, animated the workmen by his presence, sometimes assisting with his own hand to force off a lock or burst open a door. But all was to no purpose; with great toil they had entered about twenty of these dark chambers and found them empty—but then how many galleries remained to be explored—how many chambers to be forced open one by one!

This toilsome work had lasted for some hours, when suddenly one of the vassals called out that he heard a voice seemingly ascending from beneath. At the command of Marco, every sound immediately ceased, and in a few moments the voice was again heard, in an acute tone of lamentation, from a dungeon which was sunk still lower than where they stood, in the foundation of one of the large towers. Up! to work! and with the energy inspired by the hope of success, in a short time an opposing grating was dashed to the ground, and a side door burst open. Marco entered the chamber first, lantern in hand, and lifting a trap door in the floor, descended by a winding staircase till he found himself in a vast, obscure dungeon. Advancing with palpitating heart, he heard a voice imploring mercy, and saw in a corner, stretched on a scanty heap of straw, a figure whose arms were stretched towards him in an attitude of entreaty. He rushed forward; but the light of the lantern fell on the unknown countenance of a man.—It was Tremuolo.

The minstrel, having swallowed some cordial given him by an attendant, was soon sufficiently strengthened to narrate his tale: how he had come to the castle to ascertain if the daughter of the Count del Balzo were confined there; how he had been seized under the ramparts by two men, carried through a small postern, and thrust into this dungeon, from which he had never expected again to issue. Of Beatrice he knew nothing. His fetters being broken, the prisoner was carried

forth, and Marco, disappointed and discouraged, resumed his interrupted search.

After some time a squire descended to announce that the Count and Countess del Balzo had arrived, and were enquiring anxiously for him. These tidings sent the blood rushing to his heart, and he went hastily towards the entrance to wait upon them; but after a few steps, he hesitated, paused, and finally turning back, leaned against a pillar, with contracted brow and folded arms.

He had not long remained thus, when, from the opposite quarter of the vaults, several voices were heard shouting together—"Here! here! She is found! she is found!"

The implements were thrown down, and the workmen, with an answering shout, rushed towards the spot from all directions, the light of their torches flashing fitfully on the long dark vaults of the intricate labyrinth.

"Is she living?" demanded Marco, from the midst of the approaching crowd.

"Alas! no!" mournfully replied the Judge, from within the chamber.

The party immediately came forth with the daughter of the Count del Balzo, borne by two men-at-arms in the midst; her face was pale as alabaster, her eyes were closed, her head drooped inertly on her shoulder. Lauretta, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, walked by their side, holding her mistress' hand in her own, and continuing, almost unconsciously, to kiss and bathe it with her tears.

Marco, in whose bosom emotions of hope and despair still conflicted, as he saw the mournful procession move slowly along, and by the flickering light of the torches distinguished the pallid countenance of the beloved of his heart, could scarce persuade himself that all was not the illusion of a dream. Slowly advancing, he placed his hand on the forehead of Beatrice; the cold and clammy touch roused him from his stupefaction, the torpid blood rushed furiously through his veins, thick drops of sweat hung on his agitated countenance. Thus he walked by the side of Beatrice, till, ascending the inner steps, the group entered the small courtyard, where the fresh air and brilliant sunlight seemed to restore him completely to his senses. Remembering that Ermalinda awaited him in the castle, and how fatal the sudden appearance of her daughter in this state might be to her, he commanded the vassals, in a firm voice, to extinguish their torches, lay aside their implements, and avoiding all noise, disperse quietly to their residences. Then, preceding Lauretta and the men-at-arms who carried Beatrice, he led them to the chamber of Margarita, where the good dame was anxiously awaiting his return.

When the daughter of the count was laid on a couch, the chief turned to Lauretta, and in a low and unsteady voice asked when her mistress had expired.

"She was alive a short time ago," sobbed the damsel, "but died of terror in my arms, when she heard the doors burst open, believing that they were coming to assassinate us."

The surgeon of the castle, who had been sent for, now entered. He examined the pulse of the unfortunate girl!—no beating was perceptible; he placed a feather near her lips, and a slight breath of air seemed gently to ruffle it. Lauretta and Margarita used every exertion to revive her; little by little they came to distinguish the flowing of her pulse, the beating of her heart, the gentle heaving of her bosom, till at last the warmth of life spread through all her limbs.

"Her strength hath been almost worn out by fear and anguish," added the surgeon, when he had communicated this result to Marco in an outer chamber; "a burning fever begins to course through her veins, and though all the resources of mine art shall be applied, I will not answer for her surviving the morrow."

The hopes of Marco, raised by his first announcement were again rudely dashed to the ground.

"She is fitter for heaven than for earth," he murmured to himself after a pause; then, with the air of one who has little more to hope or fear in this world, he turned to the wife of Felagrua, who had also issued from the inner apartment, and asked if she knew where Ottorino was confined. From certain words dropped by Lodrisio in her presence, the dame conjectured him to be shut up in the castle of Binaseo, and imparting her suspicions to the Visconte, he resolved to depart at once to his rescue.

"Let Lauretta remain alone with her mistress," he said, "so that, when she awakes from her trance, none but a beloved and trusty countenance may meet her eye. And do thou go to the countess, Margarita; tell her all that has happened, and tell her too, in her orisons to remember the name of Marco."

He hastily descended to the courtyard, left some orders with the judge who was there in waiting, and in a few minutes the drawbridge resounded beneath his horse's tread, as he rode forth on the way to Binaseo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is only when the storm of passion and prejudice has had time to subside that we are enabled to discover the precious gem that lies beneath the transparent liquid.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Alas, how light a cause may move
 Dissensions between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
 Like ships that have gone down at sea
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

MOORE.

I wish I could describe the young Lady Sibyl: she was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure, by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure, dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that she despised the whole race. She likewise allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the best society it afforded to be her own willful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worthy of satisfying.

There was a small grotto by the lake that would before the old arched windows of the hall: a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the kingfisher, who plunged; meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen; and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding-place. It was in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagine that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, excepting that she had grown a little pale and

more slender, she continued for three whole years.

On the third anniversary of her resolution—she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea-time; but, not as on other days, the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back, again and again, at the hall, slackened her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water-lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banqueting-room, and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew-trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half-afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go on or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

“Sibyl!—dear Sibyl!” it exclaimed, “wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?”

Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and, with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well-made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high-born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's. As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courageous manner in which he assaulted a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

“And so, my gallant cousin,” said Sibyl, with

a voice which was a little out of breath, and with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valour back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would. Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive; and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing those three years."

"I will, as you desire, take both your hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome: and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever, or whether you have ever mastered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady?"

Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years?—And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same—excepting far more lovely—the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal for the most disinally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature, half given, half stolen, at our last parting—it has been my shield in a dozen fights—has healed, with its smile, as many wounds;—it has asked if this was a brow whereon to register deceit,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are weeping even now!"

She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered, with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to make such minute observations. "I too have had my comforter," she said, drawing the fellow miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes;—"it has been my shield against a dozen follies,—it has warned me to benefit by sad experience;—it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register any thing good,—if these were the lips to speak it,—if these were the eyes,—as I live, they are conceited even now!"

"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

"Did you ever try him?"

"Oh, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now? No; I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger and must be indulged), I will tell you wherefore. I would not have given it to him for his head; nor for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now see if you can contrive to be jealous of him;—nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

"And will you never counterfeit a headache, to hide your displeasure, when I dance with Sir Dance, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

"No, never, Sibyl."

"And will you never take leave of me for ever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it?"

"Never, whilst I live."

"Why then I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please;—make it appear that, now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning-hook, and yourself into an accomplished squire;—and then,—and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

It was not long afterwards that Childe Wilful, to the great surprise of Sibyl, arrived at the hall, in hot haste, from foreign parts! He had always been a favourite for his liveliness, and was, indeed, almost as much liked as abused. The old lord took him by the hand, with a comical expression of countenance, which seemed to inquire how much mischief he had done; and the old ladies thought him vastly improved by travel, and awfully like a great warrior. The only persons to whom his presence was not likely to be strikingly agreeable, were a few round-shouldered suitors of Sibyl, who, in common with country squires in general, were largely gifted with the blessings

of fleet horses, and tardy wits. Amongst these stood, pre-eminent, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell. He was a tall man, with not a bad figure, and really a handsome face; though the dangerous tendency of the first was somewhat marred by his peculiar idiosyncrasies of the Graces, and the latter was perfectly innocuous from an undue economy of expression. Altogether, Sir Lubin was a very fine camel: he was a man of much dignity, always preserving a haughty silence when he did not exactly know what to say, and very properly despising those whom he could not hope to outshine. Thus it was, that the meeting between Sir Lubin and Childe Wilful was very similar to that between Ulysses and the ghost of Ajax.

If this had been all the mortification which the Childe was doomed to undergo, he might perhaps have contrived to bear it with fortitude; but Sibyl had subjected him to the task of obtaining a good character, and his trials were insupportable.

In the first place he had to tell stories of sacked cities and distressed virgins, at the tea-table, till he became popular enough with the maiden aunts to be three parts out of his mind; for Sibyl was all the time compelled to endure the homage of her other lovers. It is true that her keen wit could no more enter their double-blocked skulls, than the point of her needle could have penetrated the Macedonian phalanx; but then each villain fixed his eye upon her with all the abstracted expression of the bull's eye in a target, and seemed so abominably happy, that the sight was exertiating. Sometimes, too, Sir Lubin would muster brains to perceive that he was giving pain, and would do his best to increase it by whispering in her ear, with a confidential smile, some terrible nothing, for which he deserved to be exterminated; whilst, to mend the matter, the old ladies would remark upon the elegance of his manner, and hint that Sibyl was evidently coming to, because she seemed too happy to be scornful, and had lost all her taste for solitude. They would undoubtedly make a very handsome couple; and the Childe was appealed to whether he did not think that they would have a very fine family.

In the second place, his opinions of ploughs and politics, on which love had taught him to discourse but too successfully, made him a fixture at the punch-bowl; while Sir Lubin and his tribe profaned Sibyl's hand in country-dances, as long as they had breath for a plunge. It, moreover, left them ample opportunity to negotiate with the aunts upon the arrangement of her plans for the next day, when he was still condemned to admire some new farm, or ride ten miles to rejoice with his host over a wonderful prize bullock. Sometimes, too, the old lord would apologize for taking him away, by observing, that it was better to

leave Sibyl to her lovers, for it was time that she should take up with some one of them, and the presence of third parties might abash her.

In the third place, when he retired to bed to sun up all the pleasures of the day, it was never quite clear to him that Sibyl did not expose him to more disquietude than was absolutely necessary. It might indeed be proper that her attachment to him should not be too apparent till he was firmly established in grace, seeing that his merit was the only thing that could be put in the scale against the finest globe in the county; but then could she not appear sufficiently careless about him without being so unusually complaisant to such a set of louts?—If his presence made her happy, there was no necessity to give them licence to presume to be happy likewise; and, besides, she might surely find *some* moments for revisiting her grotto, instead of uniformly turning from his hasty whisper, with—"it is better not." It was not so formerly, and it was very reasonable to suppose that her three years' constancy had been sustained by some ideal picture of what he might turn out, in which she was now disappointed. He could not sleep. His restless fancy continually beheld her bright eyes looking tenderness upon the wooden face of Sir Lubin. He turned to the other side, and was haunted by a legion of young Lubins, who smiled upon him with Sibyl's looks till he almost groaned aloud. In the morning he came down with a lug-ridden countenance, which made people wonder what was the matter with him, and Sibyl asked him, with a look of ineffable archness, whether he was experiencing a return of his headaches.

Time rolled on very disagreeably. The Childe grew every day paler and more popular: the old ladies gave him more advice, and the old lord gave him more wine, and Sibyl grew mortified at his mistrust, and Sir Lubin grew afraid of his frown, and one half of the hall could not help being sorry, and the other half were obliged to be civil. Ajax and Ulysses had stepped into each other's shoes, and Sibyl, to keep the peace, was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south wind murmured through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their crystal globe: it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious,—but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Childe was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations; and he was, moreover, alarmed lest her other visitors should want some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family,

for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done. "My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her which could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh yes; and hind-side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you should die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocations with much eloquence,

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare mine at once, and send these bar-barians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition, is likely to have told very much in your favour."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them?"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time,—so many more of your smiles, than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question?—Oh!—is it possible to mete out attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world?—Would nothing, do you think,—no tell-tale countenance,—no treacherous accent betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind, to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much!"

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time,—let us seek happiness by the readiest means,—and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea:—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive, and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It certainly is better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible that you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence; for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

Her anger had never been more than a flash,—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was, he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childie Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and I must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lovers."

"I do not see that there is any thing to boast of in it. The face is not a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing-case,—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wondrous exploits which you performed in your

last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him. Childe Wilfal's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said; "perhaps your gentlewoman will be good enough to find me the picture amongst your cast-off ornaments."

This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done for the present; if you ask me for it to-morrow I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to retain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant,—his rejoinder was a little more provoking,—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve,—and Sibyl felt herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as the Child's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserved to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl,—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he was determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self-reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour! Was he to endure the possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal block-head as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?

Sibyl made her appearance in the drawing-room, soon after him, in her riding-dress. Her manner was cold and distant, and she heard him feign business at home without condescending to notice it, only there was a fever upon her cheek, which spoke an unwonted tumult of feeling. Her horse was at the door; and Sir Lubin was ready to escort her down. As she took leave of her cousin they were both haughty, and both their hands trembled. In a minute she was seen winding through the old avenue. Sir Lubin, who was observed poking his head from his shoulders with all the grace of a goose in a basket, was evidently saying tender things, and, altogether, looked cruelly like a dangerous rival. The Child drew his breath through his teeth as though they had been set on edge, and moved from the window like a spirit turned out of Paradise.

Sir Lubin did not find his ride very satisfactory. He discovered that it was a fine evening;—made a clever simile about Lady Sibyl's cheek and a poppy,—and another about her cruelty and a bramble; but they had little or no effect. She answered "no" when she ought to have said "yes," looked bewildered when he asked her opinion, and, in fact, as he poetically expressed it, was extracting honey from the flowers of her own imagination.

"Will he indeed have the heart to leave me thus?" said Sibyl to herself. "Unkind—ungrateful—to take my little treasure from me,—the sole companion of my bosom,—the witness of all the tears I have shed for him,—the comforter of all my doubts of his fidelity;—it is gone for ever,—I never can stoop to receive it back,—I never will forgive him,—no, never,—that is, if he be really gone."

And really, when she returned, he *was* gone. Sibyl, however, would not persuade herself that it was not his intention to return; and every night had to take her pride to task for having looked out upon the road all the day. Perhaps he would write; and she stole away as heretofore, alone, to meet the tardy post a mile off. There were letters for my lord,—for Sir Lubin,—for the Lady Jemima.

"No—no!—I want not them. For the Lady Sibyl—what for the Lady Sibyl?"

The letters were turned over and over, and still the same deadening sound fell like a knell upon her heart—"Nothing for the Lady Sibyl!"

She returned unwillingly to her company, and retired, at the first opportunity, to wonder if her cousin was really in earnest—if he had really deserted her, and whether she had ever given him cause so to do. Her pride would seldom suffer her to weep, and the tears seemed swelling at her heart till each throb was a throb of pain. Some-

times she would bewilder herself with suggesting other reasons than want of inclination for his absence, and for his silence. Might he not wish to return, and be prevented by his family, who had not seen him for so long, and would naturally be importunate? Might he not be fearful of writing, lest his letter should fall into hands for which it was not intended, and betray the secret which she had desired him to keep? It surely might be her own overweening caution that was afflicting her, and he might be as impatient as herself. Her imagination would begin to occupy itself in ideal scenes, till she forgot those which had really occurred, and her hand would rise fondly to her bosom to draw forth the semblance of her suffering cavalier. Alas! it was then that poor Sibyl's deceptive dreams were dispersed. The picture was gone—was even now, perhaps, the bosom companion of another, who pitied her with smiles, and gaily upbraided him for his falsehood. Then again would the flush of shame rush over her cheek, her maiden indignation determine to forget him, and her wilder wits busy themselves upon plans of teaching him that she had done so.

In the mean time Sir Lubin began to congratulate himself that he had made an impression. Sibyl had lost the spirit to repel his advances, as she had done before, and the little she had afforded him of her company, was clearly a pretty stratagem to bring him to an explanation. He had a great mind to be cruel in his turn, and lead her heart the dance, as he expressed it, which she had led his,—but then she was very pale, and might have a fit of illness. On the evening when he had resolved to make her happy, Sibyl indeed received a letter, but it was from her lover's sister. It was full of the gay rattle which usually characterizes the correspondence of hearts which have never known sorrow; but it was other news that Sibyl looked for. She toiled through lively descriptions of fêtes, and finery, and flirtations, scarcely knowing what she read, till, at last, her eyes glanced upon the name she sought. She stopped to breathe ere she proceeded, and then, Child Wilful was gone to—, and was paying violent attentions to the Lady Blanche.

She tore the letter calmly into little strips;—her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and, in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered—she knew not what.

It was not long after that the Child was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful,—but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high-minded; but it was not the sweet pride that

fascinated whilst it awed,—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was all accomplishments—approved by the understanding rather than the heart—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by heaven. Her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported about him—wild, exquisite and mysterious—which were the same, whether wasted on the desert, or wafting delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—she was a blossom dropped from paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. Oh, but Sibyl was false! and oh, again, it was just possible that he might be mistaken. He was sadly bewildered, had another bad head-ache, and was strongly of opinion that it was not the way to forget Sibyl to put her in competition with other people. He hardly liked to confess it to himself, but he was not quite sure that, if he had any excuse which would not compromise his dignity, he would not turn his horse's head towards the hall, and suffer the fiends which were tormenting him to drive him at their own pace.

It happened that such an excuse was not far distant. He had no sooner alighted at home than he was presented with a hasty note, which had been some days awaiting him, from Sibyl's father, inviting him—a film came over his eyes, and the pulsation of his heart was paralyzed—inviting to what he knew would give him great pleasure, to Sibyl's wedding! Should he send an excuse and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it? or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex of the whole party? No matter; he would consider of it on his way. He gave his steed the spur as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for festivity, upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. He inquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword,—he was still in time for vengeance—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph,—to disappoint the anticipations of—Spirits of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes vigour into his fainting steed! The

steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master;—troops of peasant girls, dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him that he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin,—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six. They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking, amongst her bridesmaids, intense as a planet amidst its satellites, and they were all in ecstasies, which, if possible, increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the old elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party was still standing before the altar; and he staggered and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said one in a low voice; "she is going to faint again."

Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?"

Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly; her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

It was pronounced a third time,—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysterical scream.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

Her astonished lover sprang forward, and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all their sufferings,—to dissipate all their resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this?"

"By my word!" added the Lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

"By mine honour!" responded the Lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

"By my word and honour too," continued the lady something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

"And by my gray beard," concluded the old lord, "I wish I had done so too!—Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bridegroom still, though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Child Wilful's eye, which kept them babbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable hems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such great occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously, and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old lord; "will nobody be married?"

Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the Cavalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take *this* man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.*

GALLANTRY is a voluntary tribute paid by the stronger to the weaker party.

* We regret to be under the necessity of making an apology for the want of a very fine Engraving with which this story should have been illustrated. The disappointment to us has been very great, particularly as, up to the last moment, and until part of the story had been printed, we were in full expectation of having it in time. The plate will, however, be inserted in one of the succeeding numbers of the volume, and those who have the work bound can have it put in its proper position, by which the present omission will be remedied.

JACOB'S VISION.

BY H. V. C.

Weary and faint, beneath a stately palm,
The Patriarch sought repose. From early dawn
His foot had sped, hearing him swiftly on,
To flee a brother's wrath. A mother's love
With ever ready will, had won for him,
Her favoured son, a father's blessing—prized
All other gifts above—but sternly claimed,
And as a birth-right, by the elder born.
Through Nature's wild and beautiful domain,
All the long day he wandered on alone,
Pressing with pilgrim feet the virgin earth,
Whose untill'd soil, rich with perennial green,
And gemmed with flowers, offered a rich repast
Of luscious fruit, while the translucent stream
Gushed brightly forth, yielding its cooling wave
To quench his thirst.

No human eye met his,
No human voice broke sweetly on his ear,
Nor human footstep, crossed his lonely way;
Fair was the scene—but o'er the unpeopled plain
The stillness of primeval nature reigned.
The startled deer lifted his timid eye
And paused to gaze upon the stranger-man,
And the plumed warblers in their airy flight,
Fanned with their glossy wings his saddened brow.
The weary day was closed—the lingering sun
Sunk slowly to his rest, tinged with gold
The fleecy clouds that tracked his downward path;
Each sound was hushed, save the sweet nightingale,
That from her bowser sent forth her plaintive song,
Making the night more sad. The radiant stars
Shone forth, a bright mysterious host, serene
In their lone watchings o'er a slumbering world.
Lowly the patriarch bowed before his God;
With grateful love his evening prayer arose
Pure from the altar of a humble heart;
Then on his eyelids balmy slumber fell,
His couch, the fragrant turf,—his weary head,
Pillowed by mossy stones.

He slept the sleep,
Quiet and calm, of innocence and youth,—
Alone although he was from home and friends,
Fleeing in fear to Haran's fertile plains,
Where Laban fed his flocks. Yet in his exile
God was with him still. His watchful eye beheld,
His arm supported him, while as he slept,
A vision on his ravished senses fell
Of his Almighty father's power and love.
The heavens unrolled in beauty to his gaze,
And from the earth, o'er to their wondrous height,
A ladder upward reached; and as he looked,
To be beheld celestial visitants
In glory robed, with mercy-beaming eyes
And smiles of love, ascending and descending,
Fringed with kind messages of grace to man.
And from a golden cloud, whose radiant folds
No mortal eye could pierce, came forth a voice
That sweetly solemn fell upon his ear, as thus it spoke:
"I am the Lord thy God; thy father's God
And thine. Behold, the land whereon thou liest,
To thee, and to thy seed henceforth I give it,
Countless shall be their numbers as the sands
Of ocean's shore, or earth's small grains of dust.
Wide, wide around thee from the east to west,
From the cold north to the warm fruitful south,
Shall be thy children's goodly heritage,

In whom, and in thyself, the nations all
Of the broad earth, shall be most richly blessed.
And I, thy God, will ever dwell with thee
To guard, to guide, to protect and shield from ill,
Nor leave thee, till my land, in peace hath brought
Thy wandering steps back to this pleasant land,
And thou hast seen all that thine ear hath heard,
By me fulfilled."

Swiftly the vision fled;
But reverence deep, fell on the Patriarch's soul:
The presence of unseen divinity,
Encircled him, and filled with holy dream,
He cried aloud,—"Surely the Lord is here,
To me unknown! His awful temple this,
And here the gate of heaven!"

Soon as the golden sun
Threw his first beams athwart the orient sky,
Waking the lark to tune her matin lay,
And lead, as up she soared, the song of praise;
Jacob arose, and setting high the stone
Whereon his head had rested while he slept,
O'er it he poured a flood of streaming oil,
Deeming, with simple faith, yet undefined,
And dim and shadowy, wanting the blessed light
Of revelation which in after days
Our Saviour brought, that he by outward rite,
Might best invoke the blessing of that God,
Who seeth but the heart.

And then he vowed
This solemn vow—"If God will be with me
In all my wanderings, give me bread to eat,
Raiment to wear, till to my father's house
In peace my steps return, then shalt thou be
My God,—supreme—the one alone adored,
And on this stone now consecrate to thee,
Thy house shall stand, and of the wealth thou giv'st,
A tithe, my hand shall set apart for thee."

Thus like the patriarch on his lonely way,
Seeking the guidance of his heavenly friend,
Should the true Christian pilgrim, passing on
Along life's chequered path, look ever up
In deep and earnest prayer, which lifts the soul
Even like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream
From earth to heaven—upon those visioned steps
Angels descended, bringing blessings down,
And unto us, may they not also come?
Sent by our God some mission to fulfil
Of heavenly love.

Yes, they around us are,
Those angel forms, from the bright spirit-land,
Unseen, yet near,—and felt, their blessed power,
Waiting within the soul the secret springs
Of good resolve—lending it heavenly strength
In dark temptation's hour, and on the waves
Of sorrow's troubled sea, shedding a light
Which guides the mourner's bark, safely to land.
And could we cast aside the veil—the thin
But darkened veil that dims our mortal sight,
What glorious forms would meet our wondering eyes,
Such we may think, as erst in Eden's bowers,
When man was sinless, walked with him in love.
Death only rends that veil; but to the soul
Which plumes her wing for heaven, while chain'd to earth,
A foretaste oft is given of joys divine,
A glimpse of Him, who loveth to abide
In the pure heart.

LE PAPILLON GALOP.

COMPOSED BY

FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

Staccato.

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 are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Staccato.' and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes with frequent slurs and accents.

The second system continues the musical piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. It maintains the key signature and time signature, showing a continuation of the staccato rhythmic patterns.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The notation includes various rhythmic figures and slurs, consistent with the 'staccato' instruction.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The piece continues with its characteristic rhythmic motifs.

Volti Trio

The fifth and final system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. It concludes the piece with a double bar line. The text 'Volti Trio' is written at the end of the system.

Trio

The first system of musical notation for the Trio section. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a melody in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the bass staff with chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. A fermata is present over the first measure of the treble staff. The bass line includes a section marked *sf* (sforzando).

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with several slurs and ornaments. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The fifth system of musical notation, which concludes the Trio section. The treble staff ends with a melodic phrase. The bass staff concludes with a final chord. The word *Rit^o* (Ritardando) is written above the final measures of the bass staff.

Coda

Tempo p

The first system of the Coda section consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with slurs and accents. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and contains a similar rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system continues the musical notation. It features a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the middle of the system. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The third system of the Coda section includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) towards the end. The notation shows a continuation of the rhythmic and melodic patterns from the previous systems.

The fourth system features dynamic markings of *Cres* (crescendo) and *en* (diminuendo). The notation includes a variety of note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The fifth and final system of the Coda section includes dynamic markings of *do* (ritardando) and *ff* (fortissimo). The notation concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass staff has a *do* marking above it, and the treble staff has a *ff* marking above it.

OUR TABLE.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT—BY DOZ.

PREPARED as we were for some wholesome strictures upon life and manners on this continent, we have been taken by surprise by a perusal of the published chapters in which the author of *Oliver Twist* speaks of America and the Americans. He exceeds in the inveteracy of his dislike any of his predecessors, sparing neither age nor sex. There is not in the book any of that playful satire with which it was naturally enough expected that he would assail what he disapproved of among our neighbours. It is all written in downright earnest, and every line is full of rancour. And while we admit that he may have seen much of which to disapprove, we are of opinion that he would have acted in a manner more worthy of his great talents, had he dealt more gently and in a more liberal spirit with what appeared to him objectionable. Nevertheless, the book is eagerly read, and every number watched for with avidity, while it appears to have engendered less evil feeling than former works of a similar kind. It is full of humour, and evinces a keen insight into human nature, like every thing else that Boz has written; but it bears evidences of a desire to swell out, as if the materials the author has in hand were scarcely sufficient to complete the twenty numbers it has been stipulated to fill.

WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL.—BY J. P. COOPER.

ANOTHER story, from the pen of the celebrated American novelist, has recently been published; and it has been received with a great deal of cordiality, notwithstanding the personal enmity its author has been apparently courting for some time back, by his attacks upon the liberty of the press. In the delineation of Indian character Cooper has scarcely a rival, and so long as he keeps within the prairie and the wood, there can be no question of his power. "*Wyandotte*" is not his most successful effort, though if it do not increase, it will cast no shadow upon his fame.

The rage for cheap literature at present so prevalent in America, has now extended to the productions of native authors, and has had considerable effect upon the publishing price of this novel, which, although neatly got up, and protected by a copyright, may be had at half the cost of those formerly issued by him; and this, in connexion with its real merit, cannot fail to secure its almost universal perusal among a people so eager after amusing reading as the Americans have of late years become. In this coun-

try, into which it may legally be brought, it will also be generally read, the author being, in spite of his faults, a general favourite among us.

TOM BURKE OF OURS.

"HARRY LORREQUER" is undoubtedly one of the most pleasing writers of the day. His stories, although all bearing a strong family likeness to each other, have each a separate and individual charm, which ensures them a warm welcome from the literary *gourmand*. He is making a capital story of this—full of genuine feeling, mingled with sprightly sallies and humorous scenes, which make it exceedingly pleasant as well as interesting reading. Harry has a keen perception of Irish character, and draws his pictures from the life. His Tom Burke is becoming at every meeting a greater favourite with all who are fortunate enough to have him within their reach—a happiness, however, which, we regret to say, comparatively few can conveniently enjoy.

BRANDÉ'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

A HANDSOME reprint of this truly valuable work has just been issued by the Harpers of New York. It is one of the most complete works of the kind which has been given to the world, and is of a size to be much more convenient than the cumbersome though valuable Encyclopædias hitherto published. The price at which the reprint is sold is such as to place it in the power of all who desire it, to become possessors of the book.

MONTREAL QUADRILLES.—BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

[DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF MONTREAL.]

It affords us pleasure to announce the publication of a series of Quadrilles, by the gentleman whose name appears above. As musical compositions they are sure to claim the attention of those who delight in the joyous science, while, for the particular object they are designed to serve, they are admirably adapted, being such as to inspire the votaries of Terpsichore with the spirit necessary fully to enjoy the excitement of the mazy dance. The musical renders of the *Garland* have had an opportunity of judging of Mr. Woolcott as a composer, and the specimens which have been offered them will have prepared them to expect something of a superior character at his hands, and we are sure that the Quadrilles now published will fully satisfy them. They are "got up" in the best English style, the title page being embellished with a spirited lithographic sketch of our *Island City*. The Publishers are Messrs. J. W. Herbert & Co., who have copies on hand for sale.