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Harding. Dick sc.

THE INDIAN MAID.

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THE INDIAN MAID.

A TRADITIONARY TALE.

BY E. L. C.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

> Say but he lives—and I will track his steps
> E'en to earth's verge.
>
> Mrs. Hemans.

Early in the summer of 1605, a vessel approached the northern coast of Virginia, and with all sails set, stood off, as though fearing to cast anchor in the small bay, whose waters laved the green shores of the new and as yet unexplored world, which lay in its virgin freshness cradled near the setting sun.

The barque in question was equipped and commanded by a young man, who came forth on this adventurous voyage, not stimulated as had been many others, by the sordid hope of gain, not caring whether the soil of the *terra incognita* which it was his purpose to explore, was mingled with ingots of gold, or whether the trees of its forests dropped precious gums with which to enrich the daring voyager, who braved the perils of the ocean and the wilderness to obtain them, but burning only to learn some tidings, or discover some trace of an only and idolized brother, who five years previous to this time, had joined a band of fearless adventurers, and with them crossed the broad seas to establish an English colony upon the still unclaimed soil of the vast American continent.

The fate of this unfortunate company was involved in deep obscurity, as no tidings from them after the first few months of their arrival, had reached the parent country. Many expeditions had been sent out under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron and projector of the first undertaking, to discover them, or learn somewhat of the destiny which had removed all trace of them from the place of their early location.

But in vain had been the search,—vessel after vessel returned to bring to the desponding friends of the lost colonists, the sad news of their fruitless efforts, till as time wore on, they who had gone forth gladly and gaily upon their perilous enterprise, began to be numbered among those who were to return no more, and to be remembered by the living with such regret as is only lavished on the dead.

But one there was, who clung tenaciously to the fond hope which had hitherto proved so delusive. Frank Courtney was a youth of eighteen, when his brother Herbert left him to complete his education in the halls of an English University, and himself went forth on his adventurous voyage to assist in laying the foundation of a great empire in the distant regions of the West. Frank from his early boyhood had looked up to this dear elder brother, as to a father, friend, protector. Indulgent, generous, considerate in all things, he won the ardent love, as well as commanded the deep respect of the youth whom a dying father had committed with solemn earnestness to his guidance, and to whom in the faithful discharge of a responsible duty he had zealously devoted himself till the time came when sterner teachers were to receive the boy, and nurture into full maturity the powers of his expanding intellect.

Herbert Courtney was by right of primogeniture, the heir of a fair inheritance, and the representative of an ancient and honorable name—nor were there any circumstances of a pecuniary, political, or religious nature, which prompted him to quit the refinements of his home, and engage in an enterprise so perilous and uncertain, and to him, as it afterwards proved, fraught with such

fatal consequences. But he had caught from Sir Walter Raleigh, whose friend and admirer he was, the spirit of adventure, at that period so rife in England,—he had listened to his descriptions of the great El Dorado of the West, and of its wild and warlike inhabitants, till his imagination was kindled by the theme, and he longed to study the habits and manners of that primitive race, who remained yet untainted by the luxury and the vices of civilization, and to witness the barbaric pomp of those forest kings who swayed the sceptre of their vast dominions, in absolute and savage sovereignty.

Above all, with the chivalric ardour of loyal enthusiasm, he panted to extend the possessions of his virgin mistress, by planting a colony of her subjects upon the soil of the new world,—where protected by the folds of her victorious standard, they might in peace and safety extend their borders, till they grew into a mighty people, who should bow to her dominion, and pour the treasures of the mighty west into the lap of their loving and all conquering sovereign.

Animated by such feelings, Herbert joined the expedition about to sail for the distant shores of America, purposing, not to spend his life there, but if all went prosperously with the colonists, and their efforts were being crowned with success, to return to England at the termination of two years, and settle down on his paternal estate, or as circumstances and inclination might direct, to arrange his affairs, and, accompanied by his young brother, re-imbark with all his worldly wealth, for his new, and henceforth his permanent home in the wilderness.

Frank was made acquainted with these plans at the time, and could he then have been permitted to share in them, his ardent nature would have led him heartily to approve them. But as it was, he saw the brother on whose wisdom and protection he had so long relied, depart from him with pain, though the first year of separation was cheered by tidings twice received from the absent, speaking with confidence of their success, and with enthusiasm of the beautiful country, and its rich and varied resources.

Then another year passed, and not a word reached England from the adventurous colonists—another came and went, and still no greeting from the dwellers in the desert cheered the hearts that were aching for tidings from their loved ones. Yet hope failed not in the hearts of all—and it revived in many, when a returning vessel, which had visited those wild shores in search of the missing band, brought back some relics, found in a certain place, which were known to have belonged to some of the company. They reported too, that they had found the initials of several familiar names carved upon the trunk of a tree, and on the face of a smooth rock which jutted into a little bay, they had seen the word CROATAN, cut in fair English letters with some sharp pointed instrument, and beside it a hand similarly engraved, the forefinger of which pointed south-west, as though to indicate the spot to which the little colony had removed.

Drawing new hope from these uncertain signs of their continued existence, Frank, whose college life was now at an end, purchased a vessel, manned it, and with a small company as sanguine as himself, set sail from England, guided by an experienced mariner who had before visited the American coast. They steered directly for that point, where Herbert Courtney and his associates had first effected a landing, and it was opposite the little bay, with its projecting rock, whereon the word *Croatan* was inscribed, that the Sea-bird, the vessel described at the commencement of our story, might have been seen hovering in the distance.

There was a discussion among the group gathered on its deck, as to the safety of casting anchor within the cove, preparatory to an immediate landing,—the more timid urging the propriety of sailing slowly along the coast, till having attracted the notice of the natives, they should allure some of them on board, who, bribed by presents, which they had provided for the purpose, might be won to guide them in safety through the intricacies of the forest.

Frank Courtney, full of youthful daring, and impatient of delay in the all important search which he came to prosecute, was violently opposed to this plan. "The sun," he said, "shone with propitious brightness on their enterprise—their band was strong, courageous, and well armed either for defence or attack—why then should they suffer one moment to pass without action, when that very moment, perhaps, might crown their hopes with success." But though some approved, all would not be persuaded by his counsel, and muttering the words "cowardice," and "procrastination," he walked away from the busy speakers, and leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, to cool by patient thought his burning displeasure.

Exquisitely alive to the beauties of nature, his roving gaze was soon enchained by the fair landscape of forest, glade and hill, which lay unrolled in pristine beauty before him, glowing like some matchless painting with lights and shades of alternate depth and softness, as the fresh breeze and the cloudless sunshine of a balmy summer morning, touched and mellowed it with their glorifying influences. The long voyage which was just ended, with its monotonous sights, and

wearisome details, gave by contrast, more zest to the rapture with which he followed out the green indentures of the winding coast, or suffered his eye to drink its fill of pleasure from the wild and rich magnificence of the scenery before him.

He was aroused from his pleasant contemplation, by the sudden motion of the vessel, which receiving a new impetus from the hand of the helmsman, was shaping her course for the south, thus indicating that the conference from which he had withdrawn, had terminated in a decision directly opposed to his wishes. Indignant to be thus thwarted by those whom he had a right to command, he once more vehemently remonstrated against their proceeding, but finding every argument urged in vain, they still maintaining that their safety depended on propitiating the natives before placing themselves in their power, he declared his intention of landing alone, or at least of entering the cove far enough to examine the inscription said to be engraved upon the projecting rock, whose rugged summit they could just discern at its extremity.

The old seaman, who had virtually the command of the Sea-bird, strenuously opposed his design; there were indications, he declared, of a coming tempest, and as storms were said to arise with incredible swiftness and fury in that region, it might burst suddenly, and drive them out to sea before he could regain the vessel.

Of this, however, Frank had no fear; he rejected counsel and warning, and ordering the boat to be lowered, he sprang into it, and promising to be back in half an hour at farthest, he grasped the oars, and plying them lustily, found himself in a few minutes entering the still, deep waters of the bay, and advancing toward the shore, that seemed to stretch forth its green arms in smiling welcome to its new guest.

The rock, on whose face he hoped to read with a glance the inscription he sought, was overgrown with moss, and garlanded with vines whose long streamers hung like rich and graceful drapery around it, but hid from Courtney's eyes the one magical word he was so eager to behold. He stood up in his frail boat beneath the deep shadows of the overhanging mass, and with the extended oar sought to lift the screen of verdure which concealed the rough grey surface of the rock. But this in his present position he could only partially effect; it was necessary to scale the precipitous crag in order to accomplish his object, and as it presented many firm footholds he was sure the attempt would be unaccompanied with difficulty.

And so in truth it was,—when having moored his boat below, he climbed from ledge to ledge, removing the moss, and displacing the lovely garniture of vines, till the dark rock trickling with moisture gleamed sternly forth, showing on its bare front the single word *Croatan,* and the hand, plainly, but rudely carved beside it.

An emotion of joy and thankfulness swelled the young man's heart as he gazed upon it,—it seemed to him like a greeting from his long lost brother, a sign to lead him once more to his arms, and as his eye followed the direction in which the finger pointed, he fancied he perceived a path, nearly *obliterated,* but which had the appearance of having been once well trodden, leading away into the thicket.

With more ardour than prudence he followed it; the feet of one dearest to him on earth, had, he felt assured, trod it before, and as in the enthusiasm of the moment, he pressed fearlessly on, beneath trees whose giant trunks and broad branches seemed coeval with the earth, mingled emotions of awe and admiration filled his soul.

All around him was brightness, beauty, novelty. Strange birds saluted him with their songs, and at every step he crushed out fragrance from the cups of rare and bright flowers, that enamelled the velvet turf with their exquisite forms and hues. Onward, unthinkingly, or rather with the one fond thought engrossing him—onward he went in this fair paradise, rousing the timid hare with the unwonted sound of his step, and startling from its covert the mottled deer, which fled at his approach, swiftly as from the arrow of the Indian hunter.

But no human being crossed his path, and strange it seemed, in such a world of magnificence, not to meet the lordly form of man, for whom was created all this prodigality of beauty and of goodness. Man dwelt there—aye, and civilized man, if any still survived of that adventurous band with whom the brother he came to seek, had linked his fate. But where, amid those boundless solitudes, could he be found?

Absorbed by many, and varying emotions, it seemed to Frank that his allotted half hour had not yet expired, when suddenly a deep gloom seemed to pervade the forest; the shadows darkened on his path, and looking upward through the trees, he saw the heavens, recently so bright, overcast with heavy clouds, whose billowy forms, tossing to and fro in wild disorder, portended an approaching tempest.

The warning of the old mariner was not an idle word, and too late sensible of his imprudence, Frank turned, in some anxiety, to retrace his steps to the boat. But he had plunged with reckless daring into the dense forest, and without guide or compass he knew not how to extricate himself from it. Whatever way he turned, he seemed still more deeply to involve himself in

the labyrinth of trees, from which he could discover no outlet, and almost sinking through despair he climed a tall pine, hoping from its summit to discern the ocean, and so learn how to direct his course.

But in this too, he was baffled—far as the eye could reach, a boundless sea of forests stretched around him—no gleam of water blessed his sight, no sound of murmuring waves came like music to his ear. He was lost! hopelessly lost! and with a feeling of utter desolation he descended from his airy position to the ground,—for the wild winds had now broken loose, and were rocking the stout tree to and fro with their might, as though it were a sapling.

At that moment was heard the report of a gun; it was fired by his companions, and spoke like the voice of an angel to his soul. He sprang forward in the direction from whence it came, but *the thousand echoes of the wilderness caught up* the unwonted sound, and repeated it in wild mockery, that left him in doubt which way to turn his steps. Still he pressed on, vainly—hopelessly—till, exhausted by his efforts, he sank upon the earth and lay prostrate and motionless, while the tempest raged around him with a fury that threatened to uproot the ancient forest from its foundation.

The storm lasted more than an hour, and when its violence at length abated, Frank once again renewed his efforts to penetrate the confines of the forest,—but again with as ill success as before. Then in sad submission to his fate, he knelt and resigned himself humbly to the will of his heavenly Father, yet not without an earnest supplication that if it were possible, the cup which was given him to drink might pass away untasted.

The sky had now become clear, and the sun as he declined towards his setting, threw his golden beams obliquely through the trees, turning each watery drop that hung upon their leaves, into a precious gem, and rousing the hushed choristers to sing their evening vespers before they sought their leafy coverts for the night. The night! how dread were his forebodings of it in that trackless forest, filled as it was with wild animals whose cries he already heard, and which, perhaps, before the morning dawned, might make him their prey.

The shadows of coming twilight deepened fast around him, yet there he sat in moody silence brooding over his hapless destiny. But self-preservation is a powerful law, and as the night came on, and the shriek of the hyena mingled shrill and clear with the deep howl of the wolf, he roused himself to guard as best he might against their dreaded attacks. Choosing his position below a rampart of rock, around which ran a living stream, he gathered a heap of dried wood, which he ignited with a spark from the flint he carried in his pocket. The bright flame quickly caught the bituminous branches, and leaping up into the murky air, cheered for a moment the heart of the desolate wanderer with its ruddy glare.

Leaning back against the grey rock, he sat with folded arms, watching through the live-long night for the gleaming of the yellow dawn, when, so whispered Hope, that angel of human life, his renewed attempt to find the bay where he had landed, would be crowned with success. During those long and weary hours—ages they seemed to him, of gloom and anxiety,—strange sounds greeted his ears, while the flame of his watch fire revealed to his excited fancy hideous and grotesque shapes, gliding spectre-like among the thick trees of the forest.

By degrees, however, the thoughts and images that filled his mind became confused and vague, assuming the form of wild fantastic visions, such as haunt the soul of the troubled sleeper. Nature exhausted, yielded to the balm of repose, and just as the forest birds commenced their matin songs Frank sank into deep oblivion of the present and the past.

When he awoke it was with a start of terror, for the hot sun was shining in his face, and his dream was of the wild Indian and his fiery tortures. But these fantastic thoughts,

> "The sound
> Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
> Lightly dispersed,"

and after one brief instant he sprang with renovated life and vigour to his feet. A hasty glance, however, chilled his dawning hopes, and dispelled his fancied security, for right over against him, on the opposite side of the fire, which now lay a bed of smouldering embers, stood a gigantic Indian clad in the skin of a panther, with the tomahawk in his hand, the scalping knife hanging from his wampum belt, a bow and quiver of arrows suspended from his shoulder, and the *plumage of an eagle adorning his stately head,* denoting him to be the chief of some powerful tribe.

He advanced a step forward when Frank arose to his feet, and bent on him a glance of savage joy and defiance, which at once assured the youth he had *nought of good to expect at the* hands of the red man. For an instant the warm current of his blood ran like ice through his veins, but no coward drop mingled with its crimson tide, and forgetful that he stood alone and powerless on the soil of an unknown, and probably a numerous foe, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his hand upon the hilt of the short sword, which, according to the custom of the period, he wore at his side, he

regarded the savage with a look of defiance as bold and frowning as his own.

But the civilized mode of warfare, familiar to the young Englishman, if indeed aught deserve the name of civilization which is so nearly allied to barbarism, was unknown to the fierce denizen of the forest, and could he have been instructed in it, would have been spurned by him with disdain. His might lay in physical strength and cunning, and conscious of his own resources, and of his advantage over the powerless stranger, he laughed a wild laugh of scorn at the menacing look of the youth, and waving his tomahawk in the air, shouted his terrific war-cry till cave and forest rung with the startling echoes.

At the thrilling sound, out from the green wood, leaped four stalwart savages, models of herculean strength and symmetry, but disfigured by paint, and adorned with all the wild grotesqueness which marked the costumes of the western aborigines. Gathering round their leader, they discoursed a minute in earnest, even impassioned tones, and then obeying a signal of his hand, two of them advanced towards Frank, and before he was aware of their design, seized his arms and bound them behind him with a thong of deer's hide.

Surprised and indignant to be thus warily entrapped, the young man struggled vehemently to free himself from the bonds they had enforced, but the grasp of their sinewy hands was like an iron vice upon his arm, and after the first moment of resistance, he felt how utterly vain it would be for him to strive against their power.

Yet with all the eloquence of voice and gesture which the emergency of his danger prompted, he appealed to their feelings, and sought to make them comprehend his position. But totally ignorant of their language, he failed to adapt himself to their understandings, and they heard him in vain. They supposed indeed that he had come to their land in the white-winged ship, which they saw retreating from the coast just as the storm of the previous day commenced; —for they had found the boat of the stranger moored in the small bay where they had left their own canoe, and with the sagacity of their race they followed his trail, till it led them to the spot where he rested beside his watch-fire in the forest.

Jealous of the frequent visits of the pale-faces to their country, and of their repeated but as yet unsuccessful attempts to plant colonies upon their soil, they saw in the unfortunate captive, whose evil destiny had placed him in their power, a stealthy spy, and a pioneer to future aggressors, and with the vindictive spirit of their savage natures, they exulted in the prospect of sacrificing him to their hatred and their vengeance.

Indifferent to his remonstrances, they led him away between them, their companions falling in the rear, while the chief preceded them, threading the tangled mazes of the wilderness with an ease and a celerity which Frank found it impossible to imitate. In truth he was several times on the point of sinking down through sheer exhaustion, for he had tasted nothing since he left the vessel, except some wild berries which he found in the forest, and if his captors had not suffered him to drink freely from the clear streams which often crossed their path, his strength would never have sustained him to the end of his wearisome march.

It was near noon when they reached the brow of a steep declivity, overlooking a long narrow valley, watered by a broad and rapid stream, on the banks of which stood an Indian village, its rude circular dwellings formed by poles covered with skins or mats, presenting a novel and singular appearance to the eye of a civilized European. Towards these, the party commenced their descent down a rugged and precipitous path, which wound among trees whose stately growth bespoke them the primeval tenants of the forest.

As they passed on through the sylvan hamlet, children of all ages swarmed forth to gaze upon the party, clapping their little hands with savage triumph, when they beheld the pale-face led captive by the returning warriors of their tribe. Without unbending from his stern gravity, or acknowledging by one word of greeting the loud welcome he received, the chief, attended by his followers, led the way to a wigwam, whose superior size and more elevated position showed it to be the dwelling of the great man of the tribe.

Into this they entered, and then unbinding the hands of their prisoner, they passed a strong cord around his waist, and fastening it to a stake driven into the ground, left him to rest himself upon the rough buffalo hide which was spread out beneath him. Freed from their immediate presence he sank exhausted upon the ground—hope no longer sustained his heart, for he felt himself wholly in the power of vindictive savages, whose fierce looks told him they were already, in anticipation, gloating over the torments they would cause him to endure. Surrounded as he was by numbers, he saw no means of escape; or, even if escape were practicable, it would involve him in dangers and difficulties not less appalling than those which now menaced his life. Resigning himself therefore to a fate which seemed inevitable, a fate which perhaps the brother he lamented had met before him, he

offered up from the depths of his stricken soul a prayer to God, for strength to endure, as became a man and a Christian, the sufferings that awaited him.

Raising his head from his brief petition, he now first observed an Indian girl, sitting in a remote corner of the dwelling, motionless as a statue, with her head bent down; her work, an unfinished moccasin, lying idly on her lap, and her long shining hair falling like a veil of darkness over her face and neck. She had not moved at the entrance of the party, but when some words respecting the pale-face, from two of his captors, who stood conversing with their chief in the centre of the wigwam, caught her ear, she started up, and flinging back the long tresses that shaded her face, turned to look upon the stranger.

As she gazed, an expression of wild joy and surprise marked her features, a bright glow overspread the *soft olive of her complexion*, her bosom heaved with deep emotion, and with one bare foot advanced, her hands clasped convulsively together, and her large lustrous eyes fixed with intense earnestness upon the face of Courtney, she stood as though only withheld from springing towards him by some invisible power to which she yielded instinctive obedience.

Frank beheld with wonder the matchless vision of savage beauty that appeared suddenly before him—but he marvelled still more at the half civilised costume in which she was arrayed—some savage ornaments encircled her neck and arms, but the tunic which reached midway to her slender ancle was of European cotton; and the mantle that half concealed the graceful symmetry of her shoulders was of a fabric such as only the looms of India can produce.

His glance seemed to electrify the maiden, for with a cry of pleasure she bounded towards him, and casting herself at his feet, exclaimed in the dear familiar language of his country, broken and disjointed, but yet intelligible to his ear,

"Herbert! Herbert! thou hast come to take me back with thee to the spirit land!"

"Gracious heaven!" ejaculated the young man, springing to his feet, "thou namest my brother! my lost brother!—and thou speakest in the language of my country.—And this—this—tell me whence it came!"

And the perspiration burst forth from every pore, as in the agony of astonishment and hope, he pointed to a chain of gold fastened by a clasp of emeralds, which she wore like a bracelet, many times encircling her arm, for he recognized it as one that had been his mother's, and since her death, Herbert had always worn her picture, suspended by it round his neck.

"It was his," she said—"his"—and fixing her gaze intently on him, "but thou art not he—no,"—she added in a saddened tone, "and yet so like him!" and bending her face upon her clasped hands, she bowed it to the ground, and remained motionless at his feet.

Frank fell on his knees beside her, and with earnest entreaty implored her to tell him if she knew aught of his brother—what had been his fate—or if still in life, where he might be found. But at his adjuring words the chief stepped sternly forward, and waving him back, touched the neck of the Indian girl with the point of his hunting spear, addressing to her at the same moment a few brief words of imperious command.

As their sound fell upon her ear, she lifted her face towards him with a look of proud defiance, that chased away the expression of unutterable sorrow, which a moment before had shadowed its brightness. Then, without deigning a syllable in reply, she slowly rose, and as she turned away, said in a low voice to Frank,

"Thy life is in peril, but for *his* sake," and she pointed to the chain upon her arm, "Yamora hath vowed to save all of thy nation. Wait till another sun hath risen over the great mountain, and she will tell thee all."

So saying, she resumed her former seat, and remained seemingly indifferent to all that passed around her, excepting when some coarse food was offered to the captive, she rose, and taking a cake of bruised maize from the ashes, laid it upon a broad and shining leaf of the plant, and placed it silently before him.

Tempted by its savoury odour, and stimulated by hunger, Frank bent his head before her in sign of grateful acknowledgment, and freely partook her proffered bounty, which indeed he found no unworthy substitute for the finer bread of his own luxurious home.

Soon after this she quitted the wigwam, giving him a significant glance as she went out, and raising her finger with a gesture which enjoined silence, while a smile that seemed to say, "Doubt me not," lighted up her features with transcendant sweetness. The remainder of that weary day he lay in deep thought upon his couch of skins, yet often striving with a sad and earnest eye to catch glimpses of the blue heavens and the glad sunshine, which glanced through the interstices of the wigwam, mocking him with their beauty and their brightness.

No one addressed him, though many dark groups of half naked savages entered and departed, gazing on him with a fierce joy, the expression of which they communicated to each other in a language strange and barbarous to his ears. Once or twice he spoke to them, striving to make

them understand by signs, that he came as a friend to their country, and would reward them with rich gifts, if they would conduct him back in safety to his vessel. But they heard him with a laugh of scorn, and turning away in derision, left him to grind his teeth in impotent anger and despair.

Yes, in despair that would have been hopeless, but for that gleam of light reflected from the whispered promise of the Indian Maid, through whom alone he felt, that, under Providence, deliverance from death could come. Anxiously indeed did he long for her re-appearance, and when hour after hour passed on, when the deepening gloom around him told that the shadows were lengthening in the forest, yet still she came not, his heart misgave him, and he began to doubt the faith to which, in his extremest need, he had so fondly clung.

Night came, and guarded by the fierce savages, who watched his every movement with jealous eyes, he lay in sleepless silence on his hard couch. The jargon of wild voices from without rung discordantly upon his ears, and when the mat, which served the purpose of a door, was raised, he saw huge fires in the distance sending their forked flames into the murky air, while round them danced multitudes of naked Indians, uttering frightful yells, and tossing their arms wildly in the air.

Frank understood not their gestures, but he had heard tales of their fierce rejoicings, when a captive fell into their power, and of their terrific preparations for the torture and sacrifice of their victim, and he connected all he saw and heard with his own fearful doom of suffering and death. Softening thoughts of his far-away home, of friends he was never more to greet,—of the companions of his voyage, who were even now lamenting his fate,—of the brother, to seek whom he had dared the perils of the wilderness, and in return for that daring was now to perish unwept in its mysterious solitudes—all this train of images filled and overwhelmed his mind, and rendered hard the task of resigning himself unmurmuringly to his inevitable destiny.

Ay, inevitable—so to him it seemed,—and if so, should he not struggle to submit to it as became a man endowed with a rational and immortal soul—the flesh indeed might tremble and shrink from the tortures that would rack *it*, but the soul had nobler energies to sustain it, an undying hope to bear it up, as on eagle's wings, above the terrors of death and the thick darkness of the grave. A few brief pangs, and it would spring exulting into a region of light and blessedness, where to its sublimated vision the deep mysteries of mortal life should be unsealed, and the love, the all-enduring mercy of its Father in Heaven be made manifest in all their glorious effulgence.

Refreshed by these thoughts, and strengthened by the prayers, which like precious incense arose from the altar of his heart, a calm and gentle spirit of resignation possessed his mind. Alone and deserted as he seemed, he felt that he was not unheeded by Him who marks the sparrow's fall, and that even yet, if it were *His will, a way of deliverance might be opened* for him.

And thus wore on the hours of that dreary night, till the blaze of the distant watch-fires had sunk into a bed of glowing embers, and the fierce yells of the savages were hushed in the silence of sleep.

Silence, deep and breathless, was around him, for even those who were left to guard him slept as though they would never wake again, so still and motionless they lay upon the rude floor beside him. His own eyes were weighed down by weariness, and he too was yielding to the blessed influence of sweet repose, when the sound of a light footstep caught his ear.

He started up to listen, and standing in a ray of moonlight, which streamed through an aperture of the wigwam, he saw the figure of the Indian girl, her face turned towards him, and her finger raised to impose caution. His heart beat audibly as she approached him, and stooping down began to unloose the cord which bound him, whispering as she skilfully untied the intricate knot,

"They sleep well," pointing to the prostrate savages, with a significant smile—"nought will waken them but the bright broad sunlight—that will soon be here. It is now coming over the great waters, and before it shines upon our path we must be gone."

"Whither can we fly that they will not pursue us?" he asked involuntarily.

"Trust to Yamora," she said, "and look not back, lest the fire of the sacrifice consume thee."

He made no reply, yet as he followed her from the wigwam, he ventured once to disobey her by casting a backward glance at the sleeping Indians, one of whom he fancied he saw move as he passed him. But he lay motionless, and stepping through the narrow aperture, Frank stood with his gentle guide beneath the dark boughs of the forest.

The faint glimmering of the stars, and the cool fresh breeze that fanned his brow with its grateful fragrance, gave intimation of approaching dawn, and as he was hurried onward by the maiden, he saw through an opening vista of

trees, its first grey light struggling with darkness in the east.

At a distance he marked the savages, whom some hours before he had seen performing their nocturnal orgies, reposing around their now nearly extinguished fires; but avoiding their vicinity the Indian girl struck into an opposite direction, and for more than half an hour, holding his hand in the close grasp of hers, she continued to fly onward through the wild and intricate mazes of the forest, seeming scarcely to touch the earth with her light and airy step.

Many a craggy eminence she scaled, many a brawling stream she forded, till at length she plunged into a deep dark dell, whose high and rocky walls, matted with thick shrubbery, excluded a single glimpse of the over-arching sky. Approaching its upper extremity, the girl lifted a thick mass of vines which concealed the entrance to a cave, and passing in, Frank found himself standing in a vast vaulted apartment, its dimensions made dimly visible by a struggling ray of the brightening dawn, which shot through a narrow crevice of the solid rock that formed the roof of the cavern.

The whole place seemed filled with a murmur of unearthly voices, sounds that were produced by the hoarse gurgling of a hidden stream, which the many echoes of the cave repeated in a thousand airy syllables. The Indian hunter heard them as he passed, and shunned the mysterious spot, which he fancied the abode of the evil spirits of his race; but once a year, and the time was now approaching, the chiefs of the tribe came with their followers in solemn procession to the point of the opposite hill, and there offered a sacrifice, the more acceptable if it chanced to be the life of an enemy, to propitiate the vengeance of its presiding deity.

The capture therefore of the pale-face was to them a matter of especial rejoicing, since having been unfortunate during the past year, in war and in the chase, they believed that success would surely be restored to them by the sacrifice of so important a victim, to the power whose displeasure was the cause of their adversity.

From this fate the Indian maid was resolved to rescue the unfortunate stranger, and though she had a double object in conducting him to this cave, the certainty that he would lie there unpursued by her countrymen till she could restore him to his friends, operated not the least powerfully in deciding her course of conduct. She was known to frequent the cave, but none had the temerity to follow her example; and that she did so without fear or injury, confirmed in the minds of the whole tribe their preconceived belief in her supernatural power and wisdom.

But superior enlightenment, the sure dispeller of ignorance and error, was the secret of the courage which surprised them. She had resided much with the ill-fated colonists, whose mysterious disappearance remained yet unexplained, and Herbert Courtney had been her instructor in the great truths of revealed religion, and in many of the secrets of natural science, so that she moved among her people like some higher intelligence, and was regarded by them with a degree of reverence which forbade their seeking to controul any of her movements.

As Courtney stood beside her in the cavern, a ray of light fell full upon her face, which was turned towards him with an expression, so sad, so tender, yet so elevated, that unable to define it, his involuntary thought was, this dreary cave is to be my tomb, and she is the priestess who mourns, because her duty compels her to sacrifice me at the command of her people.

But instantly, as though she divined what was passing in his heart, she struck with a sharp flint against the side of the rock, eliciting a spark which kindled into a blaze the pine splinter she carried in her hand. Its ruddy glow flashed through the damp cavern, converting it into a fairy grotto, lighted by the blaze of a thousand gems, so brilliantly was the flame reflected back from the jutting edges of the crag, that glittered with ever dripping moisture.

Leading the way into the interior of the cave, a smaller apartment exhibited itself, in the centre of which gushed up from the ground a spring of clear bright water, beside which she paused.—Then Frank first observed that the white spray which in its rush it threw around as if in sport, fell continually upon a small mound, covered with flowers, which though they must have lain there since the preceeding day, were kept fresh and bright from the constant exhalations of the friendly fountain in their vicinity. Pointing towards it, the Indian girl now first broke the silence:—

"Thou hast asked me to tell thee of him whose veins were filled with thy blood," she said in a low sweet voice, "of the fair stranger whom the white sea-birds of thy nation, brought on their wings to our forests. Yamora sat at his feet and drank wisdom from his lips, he told her of the Great Spirit of the Universe, and taught her to love him as a Father. He taught her many things when he dwelt with his people beside the waters of the great bay, and they smoked with their red brethren the calamet of peace.

"But on a time when they were hunting together on the mountains of the south west, one of

their young men slew a chief of the Delawares, who disputed with him the spoils of the chase. He fled, but the warriors of the forest pursued his steps to the settlement of the white man, and in the dead of night their tomahawks drank the blood of the pale faces.

"Then, when the dark chief who led thee captive in the forest, raised his terrible war cry, Yamora knew that his arm was ready to fall upon the strangers. Many moons had he looked upon them with anger, but her words prevailed with him to spare them—now she entreated in vain—he would not hear her, and she fled to warn the 'Young Cedar,' for so they called my white brother, of his danger.

"But the foe was already in his wigwam—he fought like a young lion; but they were many, and Yamora saw him fall beneath their blows, *though with her feeble arms she sought to shield* him from the tomahawks of her people."

She paused and covered her face for a moment with her hands, and Courtney, too much moved by her narrative to speak, suffered the silence to remain unbroken.

"Then," she proceeded, "he looked upon Yamora as the wild deer gazes on her fawn, when the arrow of the hunter is in her side, and he prayed the Great Spirit to bless her, for her love to him and to his people. On her arm he clasped this chain of yellow gold, and this," drawing from her bosom his mother's picture, together with a small parcel addressed to Frank, "he bade her give to some one of his nation, who would bear it across the great waters in safety, to him whose name is written on it in the characters which thou readest here."

Frank received with emotion this last relic of his lost brother's love, and pressed it tenderly to his lips, while the maiden wiping away a starting tear, went on with her touching detail.

"Yamora promised to obey him, and while with her long hair, she strove to stop the blood which ran like a mountain torrent from his heart, a shadow darkened his face,—his smile no longer shone upon her, his head fell upon her bosom, and his hand grew stiff and cold in the loving clasp of hers. They left her alone with the dead, and when the morning came, she lifted her pale brother in her arms, for she was strong as a warrior of the Lenape, and laid him in her own canoe.

"Often had he sat in it beside her, and told her of the great nation where his people dwelt, and of the blessed Father whose smile brightens the earth and fills the heavens with glory. Now, he lay still before her, as, chanting the song of death, she rowed down the broad river to this wild cave—and there, where thou seest that *mound, she dug a deep grave, and hid him from* the sight of his enemies.

"None know where Yamora hath laid him,—none dare enter this place, which she loves because he is here. It is not dark to her—the wild voices which ring through it, speak his name,—and every day she comes to pray to the Great Spirit, in the words which he taught her, and to bring fresh flowers to cover him, as he told her the maidens of his own fair land cover the graves of those they love."

She paused—and the feelings with which Courtney listened to this artless detail, told in a sweet and silvery voice, and in the language, though imperfectly spoken, of his mother tongue, baffles all power of description. To sit in that wild cave, and hear from the lips of an Indian girl, the sad story of his brother's fate, was a situation so strange, that scarcely could he persuade himself he was not labouring under some magical illusion.

But no, it could not be—and though till now he had never wholly resigned his mind to a conviction of Herbert's death, he could no longer entertain a hope of meeting him again on earth. For there at his feet lay, mingling with their kindred dust, the sacred remains of that fondly idolized brother. And what did he not owe to that loving and heroic girl, who had snatched them from the desecration of savage hands, and consigned them to a quiet, and as that lonely sepulchre in the wilderness seemed to him, a holy resting place,—to her, who embalmed them daily with the tears of affection, and shed over them flowers as sweet and bright as her own tender and enduring love.

As these thoughts flowed in upon his mind, he raised his moistened eyes to the maiden's face, and breathed forth words of grateful feeling, which, burning as they were, but feebly expressed the fervour and the depth of his concealed emotions. She looked upon him with a soft smile, and stooping forward gently touched her lips to his brow, saying with sad tenderness,

"Thou art like him, and therefore Yamora loves thee."

The blood rushed swiftly through his veins when he felt her balmy kiss upon his forehead,—she seemed, as she bent over him in her chaste and wondrous beauty, like some bright being from a higher sphere, sent down to cheer and save him in this time of grief and peril, and with his gratitude to her, mingled a deeper and more reverential feeling of thankfulness to the great Father of all, who in his watchful providence had raised him up such a friend, to guide his steps amid the unknown mazes of the wilderness.

Casting himself upon the mound which covered his brother's ashes, he watered it with tears of affection and regret, inwardly resolving, if he escaped with life from the forests of the new world, to find means at some future day, of conveying thence the mortal remains of him, who, from early childhood, had been the object of his fondest love and veneration.

When he arose, Yamora was seated on the floor of the cavern, with her head bent upon her clasped hands, in an attitude of abstraction as deep as that which had struck him as being so singular, when he first beheld her in the wigwam of the chief. Without seeking to disturb her, he moved towards the outer apartment of the cavern, the darkness of which was partially dispelled by a ray of sunshine which now streamed through the rocky crevice, and sitting down upon a mossy stone, on which the light fell strongly, he gazed for a few minutes with tender pleasure upon the familiar lineaments of his mother's picture.

Then closing the outward case, he hid it carefully in his bosom, and with still deeper emotion broke the seal of the letter directed to him in his brother's well known hand. It bore date several months subsequent to the last which Frank had received from him, and was probably written a day or two previous to his tragical death, as related by the Indian girl. His eyes often filled with tears as they traced the words of affection it contained, and he dwelt sorrowfully on the sanguine hopes expressed in it,—hopes on which the chilling blight of death had now for ever fallen.

It spoke of the prosperous state of the colony, and of the friendly disposition shown towards it by the natives,—mentioned several anecdotes characteristic of the tribe among which they dwelt,—and finally described a young Indian girl, who lived much among them with the females of the settlement. They called her, he went on to say, the "Rising Moon," on account of her soft and touching beauty, which surpassed that of any other woman he had ever known.

He described in warm terms her gentleness and docility, her eagerness to acquire knowledge, and her facility in adapting herself to the habits and manners of civilized life. He concluded by saying, "If I continue to dwell here, I can scarcely do a wiser thing than train her for my wife. She has an exhaustless fountain of love in her heart, which in this desert will be a constant refreshment to my life—or even should I return to merry England, which, in truth, I almost yearn to do, she would not cease to shine, even beside the fair daughters of my own beloved land."

After this, Herbert proceeded to speak of his family affairs, and on the ground of life's uncertainty, mentioned some arrangements which he wished to have made, in case he should be prematurely cut off, before revisiting his paternal home. A little brotherly advice to Frank with regard to his future career in life, and many earnest expressions of sincere and deep affection, closed this interesting letter—a letter ever after held sacred by him to whom it was addressed, since it contained almost the dying words of his deceased brother, words which fell upon his heart like a voice issuing from the depths of his solitary grave.

The gentle pressure of the Indian maiden's hand upon his shoulder, roused him from the repeated perusal of the lines before him. Looking up, he gazed with new interest upon the face which had been so beautiful in Herbert's eyes, and which to him appeared now radiant as that of an angel. His glance seemed to agitate her, —it revived sad and tender recollections, and she cast her eyes to the ground as she said in her low and thrilling tones,

"Yamora hath not yet told her brother all, —she hath not told him that beside the great water dwell a race who love his people well, and who since the day of their slaughter have warred with the Delawares to avenge their blood. When Yamora left her brother yesternoon, it was to ask them to deliver him from the power of his enemies.

"She brought the stranger to this cave for safety, but her arm is feeble, and should she lead him alone through the forest, the arrows of her people would reach his heart, for they lie in wait for his life."

"Then might my sister have left me to die by their tortures," said the young man, involuntarily adopting her mode of expression, "since to linger out life in this cavern were more terrible than any death they could inflict."

"Let my brother listen," said the maiden gently. "The friendly chiefs to whom Yamora hath spoken, watch even now for thy coming. The green leaves of the forest hide them, but their ears are quick, and they will hear our steps afar off. They know the path to the smooth bay, and have spoken with thy people, who still wait for thee there, binding the white wings of their flying bark, that she quit not the shore till thy return. Eat now," she continued, placing a basket of wild berries and a cake of maize before him—"eat, for thou art faint and weary, and then rest, while Yamora returns for awhile to her people.

"When they see her coming they will not ask for the pale-face, for then they will believe that he fled without her aid. But she will not leave

her brother long, and when she returns, it will be to guide him to the fork of the great river, where the friendly chiefs wait with their canoes to bear him away in safety."

"But should'st thou be prevented from returning, ——" he said hesitatingly, as, with her face still turned towards him, she was slowly quitting the cavern.

"Canst thou fear?" she asked—"thou art *his* brother, and dost thou think Yamora can learn to forget?"

There was an accent of soft reproach in her voice, *which rebuked his ungrateful doubt*, and he said earnestly,

"No! I trust *myself* wholly to thee."

Her bright smile of approval re-assured him, and he saw her depart regretfully, yet without one misgiving of her truth. Wearily would have passed the hours of her absence, had not the exhaustion of excitement and fatigue, caused him to lose in sleep the sense of his loneliness and desertion.

But wild dreams visited his slumbers,—the *form of his brother seemed to rise up from the* grave beside him, covered with gaping wounds. *Then he sat with him in the old familiar hall of* their paternal home,—and again the scene changed, and they fled together through the wild passes of the forest, pursued by a troop of naked savages, who rent the air with their terrific yells.

The sounds deepened and came nearer, till he awoke and started up in horror to listen. Then indeed his blood curdled in his veins, for it was no illusion of the senses, no dream of a disordered fancy, which created those appalling shouts, that burst forth as from a legion of demons. Nearer they came, *even* to the *very entrance* of the cavern, and when he saw the thick vines that curtained it suddenly shaken, he stood as if chained to the earth, motionless and powerless, waiting the instant appearance of the savages. But, with a bound, Yamora sprang into its centre, and seizing his hand retreated with him by a dark and narrow passage, leading from the inner apartment through the bowels of the rock, with every winding of which she seemed to be familiar.

For several minutes they flew along in utter silence: and then a distant gleam of light streamed in, indicating a point of egress from *the passage*. As they approached *it*, Yamora stooped and laid her ear to the ground, when finding all quiet without, she resumed her stealthy pace, and in another minute they emerged from the narrow aperture, which no unpractised eye could have discovered from without, through the crags and brambles that concealed it.

But scarcely had the fugitives advanced three paces beyond the mouth of the cave, when a shrill cry of triumph startled them, and instantly a score of Indians, with the chief Otawba at their head, sprang forward and arrested their progress. Frank, unarmed as he was—for he had been stripped of every means of defence in the wigwam—could make no resistance to this overpowering force; he could not even expostulate with his enemies, for he knew not a word of their language. But Yamora poured forth a strain of eloquent remonstrance, to which they seemed *to give attentive heed*. Even in the midst of his dismay, Courtney gazed admiringly upon her graceful and commanding gestures, and upon the bright and lofty expression of her face, which appeared, as they looked on it, to awe the rude beings whom she addressed.

So quietly they stood that he believed them won over by her words, when Otawba with violent gesticulations uttered a few hurried sentences, and swinging his tomahawk around his head, seized the arms of Courtney, and essayed to bind them with a thong of leather. At that sight the indignation of the Indian girl attained *its height. Her eyes, so soft and lambent*, sparkled with inconceivable lustre, the blue veins on her polished forehead swelled into distinctness, her delicate nostrils expanded, and a deep flush of crimson dyed her face and neck.

Stepping forth from the dark group around her, she stood slightly bending forward, and with one foot advanced and arms outstretched, she sent forth a shrill unearthly cry which rung far and wide, piercing with its clear tones the remote depths of the forest, and hushing every sound of animal life that filled its green recesses. The Indians with instinctive sagacity *comprehended her object, and each one grasping* his bow looked forward with straining eyeballs in the direction towards which she inclined.

A moment's pause ensued, and then a low rustling, like the coming on of a summer storm, broke the deep hush of the forest, while, with every arrow drawn to its head, the stern band stood waiting the appearance of a coming foe. Another minute, and, crashing through the branches, rushed on the adverse party, a *gallant* troop of Chickasaws, the bravest of the tribes, and always the firm *friends and unfaltering allies* of the English.

Simultaneously the hostile chiefs shouted their war-cry, and instantly a cloud of arrows sped from either side, darkening the air and dealing destruction in their flight. The struggle was a fierce one, but brief as it was fierce. The principal warriors of Otawba were absent on a hunting expedition, and the few that had now gathered around him soon gave way *before* their more numerous assailants.

Step by step they retreated, throwing their arrows backward as they went, and dragging their prisoner along with them, whom, in the rage of their defeat, they insulted with menaces and gibes. But not passively did he again yield himself to their power, for snatching a massive club from one of them, he wielded it with a skill and force from which they shrank, keeping them fairly at bay with his weapon, and felling all to the ground who ventured within its reach.

The Chickasaws raised a shout of triumph when they witnessed his bravery, and rushing to his rescue, drove his discomfited foes like scattered sheep before them.

During this short contest Yamora stood apart, gazing with silent interest on the scene which her agency had conjured up. But when the beaten party had finally quitted the field, she moved forward, and once more took her position by the side of Frank.

"My brother hath done well," she said, "but let him not turn again to look upon his backward path. Doth he not know, that when the small cloud is driven away by the wind, it soon gathers in its might to blacken the sky, and burst in anger on the hills? Yamora hath spoken—let him listen, and be wise."

As she pronounced this warning, couched in the figurative language of her race, she clasped his hand and urged him gently onward. He willingly yielded to her guidance—his faith in it was undoubted, for she had been to him and his an angel of love and mercy, and he marvelled not at the sentiment of reverence with which the untutored savages regarded her.

As he pressed on with her, following the path of the friendly chiefs, who with silent celerity preceded them, he uttered many low words of gratitude for the great service she had rendered him, and for the love which in life and in death she had shown towards his unfortunate brother.

The shadows of night were falling when they reached the bank of a rapid river, where several canoes lay moored. Into these the Indians, followed by Courtney and the maiden, immediately sprung, and grasping the oars, shot out into the middle of the stream. All night they floated along upon its smooth bosom, and in low converse with the Indian girl, of the ill-fated colonists, and of him whose memory she loved, the hours wore swiftly away to Frank. At times, indeed, sleep settled lightly on his eyelids, but his strange position, and the exciting events of the last two days, chased it so often away, that his disturbed slumbers brought with them slight refreshment.

The morning sun had risen in his summer brightness, when they approached the termination of their voyage. The waters of the river which they had been navigating, poured themselves, before mingling with the ocean, into a small bay, whose features greeted the eyes of Courtney like those of a familiar friend. Nor did he require a lengthened scrutiny, to identify the place with that where, two mornings since, he had left his boat and ventured upon his nearly fatal enterprise.

There stood the beetling crag, with the engraved hand pointing to the word which, as the maiden informed him, indicated a place at no great distance, whither the unfortunate colonists were on the point of removing, when they fell beneath the vengeance of her people. There was the sunny bay opening into the broad illimitable ocean, and oh! blessed sight to his eyes! there hovered the fair Sea-bird, her white wings drooping at her side, yet gently waving with every breath of heaven, as though waiting a favourable moment to spread them forth for flight.

Early as it still was, there seemed to be watchers on her deck, for no sooner did the canoes of the Indians enter the bay, than a boat shot away from her side, and rowed rapidly towards them. As it approached, the eager eyes of Courtney discerned the features of the old mariner, whose expostulations he had slighted to his cost, and of several others, his friends and companions, who hastened to express their joy at his safety, by welcoming him back as one risen from the dead.

Springing on the bank just as they landed, he was clasped alternately in their arms with a cordial heartiness that affected him almost to tears.

Warm greetings then passed between his shipmates and the friendly savages, for whom, aware that in so doing they would be fulfilling the wishes of Courtney, the voyagers had taken care to bring from their vessel, presents of beads, gay ribbons and tinsel ornaments, which astonished the wondering natives, and filled their simple hearts with extravagant delight.

Seeing them thus engaged, Frank, after promising, at leisure, to recount his adventures to his companions, left the group, and approached a shelving rock on which Yamora was sitting in that state of quiet abstraction, which seemed to be her usual mood when left alone.

His heart was full as he placed himself beside her; all that she had revealed to him—all that she had done for him, was present to his mind, softening and subduing it almost to woman's tenderness. Without speaking he turned and looked upon the maiden's face—it was downcast and sad, and he said within himself:

"Can I leave this lovely forest flower to waste her sweetness in these solitudes—can I be so un-

grateful to her who has been to me and mine a ministering angel of love and mercy?"

Then he recalled the words traced by the hand of his brother—words which fully evinced the tenderness of the sentiment with which she had inspired him, and he said:

"Yes! she would, indeed, equal in beauty and in goodness the daughters of my own dear land. Herbert was right—why then should a false pride forbid my receiving as a precious legacy this rare gem, which he would have set in the pure gold of his richest and best affections?"

As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, he *took her hand gently in his, and as she* felt the warm pressure, she looked up with a bright smile, and passing her arm lightly round his neck, said, in her soft and silvery tones:

"Thou art like him—ay, almost thou seemest the same to Yamora; but thou art not he, and another may not dwell in her heart."

Her dark eyes swam in moisture as she spoke, and again she averted her face to conceal the unwonted emotion she could not wholly subdue.

"But I stand in his place, gentle maiden," said the young man, tenderly, "and I will gladly be to thee all that he would have been; suffer me to bear thee in my winged ship away from these dark *forests, to the bright land where stands his* deserted home."

She raised her clear soft eyes to his, and said, in a low voice:

"He lies in the dark forest, and Yamora will not leave him alone; what eye would watch his grave if she returned to it no more, or who would *enter the silent cave to fling* over him the fair flowers he loved, if her hand no longer pulled them from the forest paths to please the spirit of her brother: No—Yamora may not leave him; she will dwell always near him, and when she hears the voice of the Great Spirit calling her home, she will lie down and sleep with him be*side the fountain which throws its white spray* over his quiet bed!"

"Ah! gentle maiden, thou art too lovely to remain in this wilderness!" said the youth, yielding to the fascination of her artless beauty; "let me, I pray, bear thee from it,—they to whom thou must return, will sacrifice thee to their vengeance *for having* snatched the stranger from their tortures."

"Yamora hath no fear," she said, proudly; "the chiefs of her tribe will bow before her when she returns, for the Great Father hath told her many things which they know not, and they look upon her as one wiser than her race."

"*But I cannot leave thee here,*" *said the young* man, passionately; "come with me across the broad water, and I will be to thee as a tender brother, till, the voyage ended, we shall reach a fair land, where *my* hand shall clasp thine, and till our last sun goes down thou shalt be to me what thy mother was to him, who called thee daughter."

She shook her head with gentle firmness, as *she replied:*

"Yamora hath said thou art like him, but thou art not he, and her heart cannot turn to another. It must still dwell with him in the forest cave; and there, when she sits musing beside the fountain, she will think of the young stranger, and join his name in her heart, with his who hath *gone to the spirit-land* before her. Farewell! my people wait for me, and I must begone."

She rose as she finished speaking, but the youth still held her hand, and drawing a ring from his finger, placed it upon hers.

"Let this remind my sister of him whose life she hath saved," he said, with emotion, "and *whose thoughts will long dwell with her in the* forest cave, where she keeps her lonely watch of love."

She smiled gratefully upon him, and stooping forward he once more felt her balmy kiss upon his forehead; her long hair swept lightly over his cheek—her hand for a moment rested pas*sively in his, and then with one warm pressure it* was withdrawn. She turned away, and before Courtney was aware of her design, she passed from him like some bright vision, and darting towards the water, sprang into her canoe.

He rose, and standing on the highest point of the bank, looked after her, till the slender *bark in its swift course was lost in the windings* of the river, bearing back the gentle Indian girl to the deep solitudes of her forest, and to the dreary cave whose gloom was brightened by the mouldering form of him, to whom, even in death, she clung with all the deep devotedness of Woman's Love.

In a few minutes he was *standing once again* on the deck of his own vessel, which immediately weighed anchor and sailed with a favoring breeze on her homeward voyage. During its progress, his adventures were the frequent theme of discourse—a theme which never wearied, because it enabled him to dwell with grateful emotion on *the goodness of that watchful Being, who had* rescued his life from peril, and caused him to sing of mercy and deliverance,—and likewise since it gave him opportunity to expatiate, which he did, with unwearying pleasure, on the beauty and the virtues of the gentle and heroic Indian maid, to whom, under God, he was indebted for his life.

MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SIR WALTER FENWICK!" cried Monica, stepping several paces back, as that gentleman advanced to receive her; "you are indeed an unexpected guest."

"Oh! that you would allow me to hope that I was not an unwelcome one, Dame Brandon," returned the Knight. "My poor mother, upon her death bed, begged me to remember her affectionately to you, and requested your acceptance of this gold chain, and the locket containing her hair. It is very gray. She grew old before her time."

"I shall value her legacy," said Monica, "and will wear the locket for her sake. I much regret that I did not see your valued mother before she died. She was a good woman, and a kind friend to me."

"How happy these gracious words make me," returned Sir Walter. "My mother ever regarded you as her child; and it would have been the *proudest day in my existence could I have presented you to her as such.*"

"Do not revert to a subject long past," said Monica; "it must be painful to us both."

"It must live for ever in my memory," replied Sir Walter. "And I have once more sought your feet, to implore you to accept the hand of one who has loved you faithfully for years. Oh! turn not so coldly and sternly from me, Monica!" he cried, sinking at her feet. "I cannot bear your scorn. Look down upon me with tenderness and pity, for my heart is consumed in the torment of this unrequited flame."

"I do not doubt your sincerity, Sir Walter; nor do I wish to pain you. But when I tell you that my heart was wholly given to my husband, and that I gave him, when dying, a solemn promise never to divide that heart with another, or enter into a second marriage, I am certain that you will urge your suit no more."

"This was a selfish and cruel request," said Sir Walter, biting his lip. "Nor can you in reason be bound to adhere to it. His love for you, however deep, could not exceed mine. God has removed him out of my path; and I will no longer be driven into despair by a dead phantom. Hear me, Monica! you are accused of many strange and evil practices. I need not assure you how I despise these reports. But my love for you is so great that I would rejoice to call you my wife, and deem myself the proudest man in Christendom, even though the world should say that I had united my destiny to a sorceress."

"The world is nothing to me, Sir Walter," returned Monica, calmly. "I have renounced the world, and am independent of its praise or censure. Bound as I am by a solemn obligation, I cannot, without forfeiting mine integrity and peace of mind, listen one moment to your proposal. It grieves me that you should have fixed your affections upon one who cannot return them; and having said this, pride should induce you, if no better feeling prevailed, to give over this fruitless chase."

"Cruel woman!" exclaimed Sir Walter, springing to his feet, "whom no entreaties can move, know you not that your life is in my power?"

"My life is in the *hands of Him who gave* it," returned Monica. "Nor think, Sir Walter, for one moment, that threats can intimidate one who has long ceased to fear death."

"Become my wife, Monica! Dear, regretted Monica! and the storm which now howls around you shall pass over without injuring a hair of that precious head. But beware of rousing the lion of revenge. If I cannot win your love I will not abide your contempt."

"You talk to me, Sir Walter, as if I were really a criminal, deserving of death," said Monica proudly. "How dare you address an innocent and highborn woman in this strain? You know within your own conscience that these slanders are false—contrived by the wretched girl you seduced, in order to injure me. Speak to me again upon this unhallowed subject, and I shall look upon you as the author of these calumnies."

Her spirit was roused. Her eyes flashed with indignant light, and she left the humiliated and conscience-stricken traitor, overwhelmed with confusion.

For hours Monica paced her apartment, unable to still the violent perturbation of her mind. What had she done to become the victim of persecution? One imprudent act, when a girl, had

* Continued from page 152.

been followed by grief upon grief: and now a vague, heart-crushing sense of deeper ill, pressed heavily upon her mind.

A witch! She, the high-minded, God-loving Monica! She, who could not hear that holy name profanely spoken—who in all her trials and sorrows, had found Him a true and steadfast friend; how could she hold communion, personal communion, with the arch-enemy of souls? The thought was absurd and monstrous. No! she felt that He would never let the wicked triumph over her—that if she should indeed be dragged into a court of justice, upon this base accusation, that her character would, when strictly investigated, vindicate itself. And sinking upon her knees, she poured forth the anguish of her soul in prayer, and rose from her knees, calm and cheerful, prepared to meet and combat with every earthly ill.

Several days passed away in tranquillity and peace, when the thought struck her that she would take Master Vincent with her, and visit Dorothy Snell, whose malady was growing daily more outrageous. She had promised the little daughter of Gammer Brod a few cherries from a tree of Maydukes, which ripened earlier than any of that early sort in the neighbourhood. Putting them in a small basket of Dolly's own manufacturing, she called at the Hall for the good chaplain, but was surprised at the cold and distant manner in which she was received by Sir Miles and Lady Conway. The old servants, too, who used to return her kindly salutations with delight, now glanced sadly upon her, and slunk away.

"Am I become a stranger in my father's house?" asked Monica of her companion. "What is the meaning of this change?"

"Dame Brandon—" he commenced.

"Nay, call me Monica," she said, interrupting him. "Are you grown cold and a stranger to me like the rest?"

"Ah! God alone knows how tenderly I have loved you," said Hubert, vehemently; "how earnestly I have for years watched over you, and prayed for you."

"We are all sinners, unworthy sinners," replied Monica; "but am I more unworthy of your love and prayers than formerly?"

"Monica," said the minister gravely; "when persons professing piety, associate themselves with the wicked, they must expect to share their fate. I would fain believe you innocent of the serious crimes laid to your charge."

"You cannot believe me guilty!" cried Monica, dropping her hand from his arm. "If you who have known me from a child, think thus harshly of me, what am I to expect from the world?"

They were now at the door of the cottage, but a sudden and universal tremor seized Monica; she shook all over, and her teeth chattered in her head. Master Vincent regarded her with a stern and scrutinising eye. Monica felt that he suspected her; she roused herself, and, lifting the latch, walked into the cottage.

Dolly was sitting in an easy chair. The room was full of strange people; and old Snell himself was supporting his daughter's head.

"Ah! there she is," shrieked Dolly. "The Evil One told me that his mistress was coming."

All eyes were turned upon Monica, who felt that she had indeed committed a fatal error in coming there.

The old women whispered and drew close together while Master Hubert stepped up to the invalid and said in a loud clear voice: "I command thee, thou evil spirit, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to come out of the damsel, and leave her in peace."

"Not while my Mistress is here," cried Dolly, speaking for the spirit thus solemnly abjured. "'Tis she that bids me stay. Aha! she looks very modest and demure, but we dance bravely together with the dead in the churchyard, o' moonlight nights."

"The Lord defend us!" said one of the women: "it was only yester eve, that I saw her with my own eyes kneeling under the great yew-tree, in the churchyard."

"It was by the grave of my husband, woman," said Monica, with a bitter laugh of scorn. "Did you imagine that I chose such a spot for communion with the powers of darkness?"

"I thirst! I thirst!" screamed Dorothy. "Give me some of those cherries, to cool my burning tongue."

The fruit was handed to her by Master Vincent, and she eagerly devoured the whole contents of the basket. In a few minutes the farce of vomiting commenced; and the usual quantity of pins, straws, and small stones were ejected from her mouth. Master Vincent turned pale, and cast a shuddering, loathing glance, towards Monica, who, pale as a statue, but with a smile of proud contempt wreathing her beautiful lip, leant against the doorway, contemplating in silence the revolting scene.

"Those cherries were ripened in Hell," exclaimed Dolly. "It was the Devil that gave them to his beloved to torture me. Oh! take her away! Take away Dame Brandon—she is pinching me. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Woman! what do you say to this?" said Master Vincent, turning sternly to Monica. "Dost thou stand there laughing at thine own iniquitous work?"

"It is a scene too contemptible to provoke mirth," said Monica, coldly. "I pity most thy wretched credulity, which could believe an acted lie."

"Out upon you, sorceress!" cried old Snell, wiping the foam from his child's mouth; "Till you came under our roof, we were happy and prosperous, but thou hast possessed my poor girl and brought me to ruin."

"I never injured thee or thine, Simon Snell!" said Monica; "nor is it slanders got up here, which can hurt one whose trust is in God."

"Take not that holy name in vain," said Master Vincent. "Here is proof enough of thy guilt."

"Were you a poor cretur like one of us," said a woman near him, "thy dainty face would not save thee from a tar-barrel. But the rich are allowed to torment the poor, though the Lord be the Maker of them both."

"Aye!" said a second voice; "she began her pranks very young. Did not she try to slay me in the form of a bear in the park? But the Virgin delivered me out of her hands."

Monica started and turned round, and met the baneful gaze of Laurence Wilde.

"Oh! my husband!" she thought; "my dear husband! thou didst save me once from this man's murderous gripe—does thy spirit watch over, to protect me now?"

Tears sprang involuntarily from her eyes; and without casting another glance on the wretched credulous group within, she left the house, and took the path through the park home.

She walked very fast, for a spirit seemed to impel her forward, and paused not one moment from her speed, until she stood within the precincts of the churchyard, when, flinging herself upon the grave of Brandon, she clasped her arms about the turf as if she would enfold the cold remains it covered; but she wept and sobbed, with such sore agony, such an abandonment of grief, that even the wretched Dolly would have relented from her cruelty, could she have witnessed that wild outbreak of despair. "Oh! earth cover me!" she sobbed. "Brandon! open thy arms to receive thy poor wife; and hide me in thy lowly bed, from the malice of slanderous tongues."

"Up, up, Mistress!" cried a rough voice. "This is holy ground, and no place for a witch to couch in. Up! up! We have a better cage prepared for foul birds like thee?"

The man took her rudely by the arm, and lifted her upon her feet; while another ruffian, laying his red hand upon her shoulder, said: "Thou art my prisoner, in the name of the Queen."

Monica saw that these were officers of justice, and she made no resistance; she only entreated in the most passionate manner, that she might be allowed to see her child; but this favor was harshly denied her, and she was put into a common cart, and hurried away.

CHAPTER XVII.

And he, the author of this fearful tragedy, did he feel no remorse of conscience for his cruel work? Exasperated by the reception he had met with from Monica, he had, upon retiring from her house, returned to London, without seeing again, and conversing with his wicked accomplice. Never had he felt so deeply the majesty of virtue as during that interview with the injured Monica. How he admired her, and loathed himself! How bitterly he repented of his selfish and treacherous conduct; and if the laying down of his own life would have saved her from harm, he would cheerfully have made the sacrifice, if only with the view of stilling the agonies of remorse that had fastened upon him. Still he believed that Monica's rank would protect her from any serious injury—that at any moment he could, by applying to the Earl, cause a revocation from imprisonment, or personal chastisement. The possibility of her life being endangered, or that she would be committed to a common goal, to stand a public trial for an imaginary crime, had never entered his head; or if it had, it had been dismissed as an extravagant and absurd notion.

Unfortunately for his poor victim, the Earl required his services in a distant part of the country, upon a mission of importance, which would prevent him from learning, for some days, the proceedings at Leicester.

The testimony which had been given by such a pious and good man as Master Vincent, and who was well known to be her friend, of Monica's guilt, hardened the heart of Sir Miles and Lady Conway against her; and they eagerly listened to every false report in circulation respecting her. All the eccentricities of her wayward childhood were repeated and exaggerated by Lady Conway, and although she well knew the real story respecting her cousin's frolic of the bear, she never contradicted the statement made by Laurence Wilde, who was to appear in court, as a principal witness against her. Truly has it been said that the unfortunate have no friends. Yet Monica was not wholly deserted in her hour of trial.

Matilda Brandon scorned the idea of her guilt. She knew that her sister-in-law was the victim of some low conspiracy, and she loved her more intensely for her misfortunes. Denied all access to her, she yet contrived, by bribing the

jailor, to have many little comforts conveyed to her; and wrote cheering accounts of the health of the dear boy, and of her own steadfast belief in her spotless innocence, which she felt assured must ultimately triumph. Oh! what a consolation these precious letters, and the tender assurances of love and friendship which they breathed, were to the prisoner.

Monica, upon her arrival at the county jail, had been rudely lifted from the cart, and thrust into one of the cells, appointed for common felons. It was many hours before she became aware that she had along with her two companions in misery, both under committal for the same crime with herself.

The proud, beautiful, intelligent Azubah, was there, with a calm brow, and unruffled and serene countenance; and a little crooked, wrinkled old woman, who had for years been a confirmed maniac, but whom the dark fanaticism of the times, had sent there to be burned at the stake for a visitation of God.

The ravings of this unfortunate creature, were indeed horrible, and rendered her company an additional source of sorrow to her fellow prisoners. She laughed, and danced and sang—held conversations aloud with Satan, and boasted of their amours together—talked of the graves they had rifled, and the young children who had been sacrificed in their hellish incantations; and seemed to feel no dread of the awful doom which these wild ravings had secured for her. Monica regarded this poor afflicted creature with the deepest commiseration. Not so Azubah. She held that she was unconscious of her real situation, and ought to be rather an object to them of envy than pity.

"As for us," she said, "the consciousness of injustice and wrong is not the least of the torments which we have to endure. For my own part, I could bear the flame much better than this burning sense of intolerable injury. But I have been guilty of many crimes, and am really worthy of death; and therefore ought to submit myself with patience to my fate. But you, dear injured excellence, whom to see only is to respect and love!—what business have you here?" And she took Monica's small white hand in her own, and covered it with kisses.

"It is the will of God," returned Monica, meekly. "I am in His hands and, whatever befals me, I now feel that is for my good. When I was first accused, I felt all the strong passions of our sinful nature rising up in rebellion against my Creator. I thought that He had deserted me, and that I had served Him in vain. But I have prayed to Him for implicit faith in His promises, for submission to His authority, and I feel that He is still my safeguard, my strength, and the lifter up of my head."

"May better days be in store for you!" said Azubah. "I have for myself no hope. Nor would I wish to extend my life, were it in my power. Death must once happen to all, and to the miserable, who have no ties to bind them on earth, it is a better boon than life. I have somewhere read among the Italian authors I used to peruse, while living with Master Vincent: 'Death can neither be bad nor painful, if to die be natural, for natural things be good; and say to die, were to be accounted amongst the worst of things, yet to be dead were certainly to be numbered amongst the best.'"

"That depends upon the manner in which we have spent our lives," returned Monica, quickly. "Death must always be a dreadful thing to the wicked. For conscience itself tells us, independently of the written word of truth, that, 'after death comes the judgment;' and that we must give an account to God, of the things done in the flesh."

Azubah looked very thoughtful, and, covering her face with her hands, sunk down upon her bed of straw; and remained for several hours without speaking another word.

"Oh! that I might be an humble instrument in the hand of God, for her conversion," thought Monica; "would it not repay all the agonies of a fiery death, tobe able to say: 'Here am I, Lord, with the sister thou hast given me!' May it not be for this very end, that I am here? Ah! well do I recall those impressive words of my dear husband: 'What a glorious death to die as a witness for God!' Why not as an agent? Yes, Brandon! I could indeed stand that fiery trial, if by so doing I could add one jewel to the Redeemer's crown!" And drawing a small vellum Bible from her pocket, which her husband had used, and which, since his death, she had always carried about with her, she sat down by Azubah's wretched pallet, and read, in a low, distinct voice, the 73rd psalm, that beautiful and touching prayer of Asaph, which was indeed so applicable to their forlorn situation.

Still as she read, the head of the postrate Azubah was slowly raised from the ground, and her face was turned to Monica, bathed in tears.

"Dame Brandon," she said; "I have been very, very wicked. I feel a sudden, burning conviction, that I never felt before, that if I should be called upon to appear before God to give an account of my evil life, I must be cast for ever from his presence. Oh! that I could believe that death was an eternal sleep, from which I should never again raise up my guilty head! If there be an eternity I dare not die!"

"Repent, and believe in Jesus Christ, and be baptised, and thou shalt be saved!" said Monica, joyfully, clasping her hand.

"Baptised! who would baptise a witch?" returned Azubah. "We, from the very nature of our supposed offence, are cut off from mercy."

"By man and his arbitrary decrees, but not by God. Read this book with me, Azubah; read and pray, and trust that He, who caused these things to be written for our instruction, will keep the promises that they contain, and vindicate his own glory and his word."

Monica had gained such an influence over her fellow prisoner, that she would have obeyed with cheerfulness her slightest command; and she soon felt great peace and comfort in reading with her the word of life. So deeply interested did she at length feel in this task, that as long as daylight glimmered through the iron bars of their cell, Azubah would continue it upon her knees. Monica now felt the satisfaction and peace of mind which never fails to reward all who employ themselves in a good work, and the sullen walls of her prison-house became a temple of the living God, hallowed by the tears and prayers of those sisters in misfortune.

Thus a week passed away, and the assizes, which were close at hand, drew near; and the prisoners were made aware of the fact that the court was to sit on the morrow, by the turnkey, who told them, that he would soon be relieved of them, for their cause was to be tried on the second day of the assizes.

"So near!" sighed Monica. "Though I go to meet the father, it is hard, very hard, to be torn from the son, without one kiss—one last farewell!"

The awful day at length came, when Monica, was to stand before a jury of her countrymen, and Hope whispered in her sinking heart: "Courage, thou afflicted and tempest-tossed! In a Christian land they will not condemn the innocent." So, carefully arranging her widow's dress, and calming her agitation, she followed the officers of justice into court.

The impression made upon that crowded court, by the youth and beauty of the prisoner, not less than by her serene and dignified demeanour, was very great. All eyes were fastened upon her, and many a benevolent heart not only believed but confidently asserted, that she must be innocent. She was charged by the name of Monica Brandon—that, being reprobate and given over of God, the devil had taken and seduced her to compact and league with him, to work evil, and to inflict various and grievous torments upon the family of Simon Snell and his household, more especially his daughter, Dorothy; and being called upon to plead, she stood up and with surprising courage and firmness, said: "I am not guilty of this great crime. So help me God!"

Then Simon Snell was called upon to give his evidence against her, which he did in the most conclusive manner; and being well known in that neighbourhood, as a respectable, God-fearing man, his story and his white hairs made a great impression on the court.

He deposed—"That he had lived in peace and comfort, following his trade as a basket-maker, until last April, when his daughter, having accidentally passed Dame Brandon in the lane, she did cast upon her a very evil glance, and muttered many strange words—that upon his daughter coming home, she did fall very sick, and had so continued up to the time when Dame Brandon was committed to prison, but since that period, she had recovered her health, whereas afore time, she used daily to wallow in the dust while the foam flew from her mouth; and she did vomit various strange substances, such as frogs, bloody pins, pieces of straw and the like—that she ever affirmed, that it was Dame Brandon that tormented her, and used to call out that she was standing beside her when no other person could discern her. And whenever she said that she had left the house, her pains ceased. That one day Dame Brandon came to see her with Master Vincent, and brought with her a basket of ripe cherries, and his daughter requesting to eat thereof, she was seized with dreadful torments, which continued until the Dame suddenly left the house."

This statement was confirmed by Dorothy, who, when called upon, came forward with a bold *unblushing front*, and gave a long, minute and disgusting account of her bewitchment. Before the conclusion of her evidence, murmurs of indignation were heard on every side; and Dorothy cast a triumphant glance towards her injured victim, who met her malignant stare with a calm smile; but that smile faded into an expression of sorrow when Master Vincent appeared as one of her accusers.

He deposed—"That he had known the prisoner for some years past; that he had taken the deepest interest in her welfare, but that he feared that from the earliest period of her life, her heart had been estranged from God. That having been induced to give up the Catholic faith, she had embraced and boldly avowed opinions of an heritical and damnable tendency. That no arguments nor prayers of his could make her change these opinions. That, to his knowledge, she had in private consorted with a notorious fortune-teller and sorceress; and that only a few days before his visit with her to Snell's cottage, he had found

her conversing in familiar terms with this witch, who, he doubted not, had been the cause of her guilt. That while with her at Snell's cottage he saw enough to convince him that the girl had been bewitched, and that Dame Brandon was the author of her sufferings."

Here he related circumstantially all that he had witnessed during his stay in the cottage, and how the girl revived the moment Dame Brandon quitted the house.

What more was now wanting to condemn the innocent? But yet another witness appeared, in the person of Laurence Wilde.

He deposed—"That he had worked in the gardens of Conway place for fourteen years. *That he remembered Dame Monica, from a little* child. That when only four years of age, she held long conversations with a black raven, that used to hop about the ground to her, and come at her bidding, though it would obey no one else, being a very cross and spiteful bird. That this bird was no *other than a familiar spirit, for having* struck it one day, with his wooden rosary, it dropped down dead, though the blow was too slight to have killed a sparrow; and the little maid did weep and pine after it for many days. That as she grew up, she used to pace to and fro a long lonesome walk, at the back part of the garden, that bordered upon the park, talking to spirits in the air, that he often heard her ask questions and them reply to her, but in an outlandish gibberish, which he did not understand. Once he did make bold to ask her, to whom she was talking; and she replied with a laugh: 'To the dead!' That about this time he did see her, while she professed to be a catholic, one Sunday evening in the servant's hall, and before Master Vincent, and the rest of her father's servants, burn the holy rood, and though Master Vincent did then and there approve of this sacrilegious act, God was about to punish her for the same." He further deposed, "that some time after this, one Midsummer night, he did encounter the same Dame Monica, in a lonely part of the park, at twelve o' clock o' the night, in the form of a grizzly bear. That she sprang upon him with a deep growl, and would have torn him in pieces had he not, in the name of the blessed mother of God, commanded her to come out of the beast. That she then resumed her own shape and vanished from his sight. That he had lost his place in consequence of this encounter; and had never returned to Leicester until after Sir Luke Conway's death." He then related what he had seen in the cottage, when Monica visited it with Master Hubert Vincent.

Charles Stanley, a young counsellor of great learning and benevolence, who had been retained by Matilda Brandon to plead the cause of her unfortunate sister-in-law, commenced his defence in a most eloquent speech; but such was the feeling raised against her, that his voice, after a few minutes, was drowned in the hisses and curses of the excited spectators; and the jury quickly finding a verdict of guilty against her, the judge solemnly addressed the prisoner, and bade her renounce the devil, who had so long strengthened her in her contumacy, and haste to confess and bewail her heavy sins. He then sentenced her body to be burned at a stake in the public market place of the town of Leicester on that day week.

Monica's cheek paled a little, as this dreadful doom met her ear; yet she bore herself very courageously and showed no fear, and lifting up her hand, and pointing towards heaven, she said in a firm voice; "I pray God to forgive them who have thus slandered and murdered the innocent."

She was then removed from the court to the condemned cell, to await in that doleful place, the day of execution. On her way thither, she passed the Gipsy, who was about to fill the place she had occupied in the dock a few minutes before.

"*Fear not, dear sister in sorrow*," she cried. "We have lost earth, but Heaven will soon be ours."

One of the constables, who had her in charge, struck her brutally with his fist upon the mouth, and bade her hold her blasphemous tongue.

"I am ready," said Azubah. "The stake and the faggot are less to be dreaded than the adder tongue of man. On the day of trial, you shall find, that the despised Gipsy sorceress can stand firm."

Thus they parted, to meet no more until they were called to fulfil an unjust and cruel sentence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A WOMAN'S love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart,
In some sequester'd bower!
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the rock,
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves:
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given;
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

THOUGHTS ON MAY-DAY.

A FRAGMENT FROM FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

It is Mayday—but how different from the Mayday of my childhood. Where are the daisied meads, the store of fragrant cowslips, primroses, bluebells, violets, celandines, that gladdened the heart, and courted the eager hand of happy joyous children.

The leaves of the Canadian forest trees are only now beginning to assume a tender tint of yellowish green, and a few hardy blossoms only have ventured to brave the late frosts. The meadows are growing green, but they want the rich verdure, the soft turfy look, the fragrance exhaled by a thousand flowers, the rich embroidery, sown by Nature's own cunning hand, of my native country.

On the anniversary of Mayday, my thoughts involuntarily steal back to the haunts of my childhood; vivid recollections of childish joy fill my heart.

I find myself once more wandering along the banks of the Waveny, that sweet river

"Where in childhood I strayed,
And plucked the wild flowers, that hung o'er
thy wave."

And well do I remember our holiday of Mayday among the meadows, on the river side, and in my mind's eye can see again the tiny hillock, an ancient grass-grown molehill, which we dignified by the name of "Titania's throne," for even then we were deeply reading Shakspear's Midsummer Night's Dream. On that great day I personified the wayward fairy Queen, and Titania's throne became my throne; for I was the youngest but one among my sisters, and being a sort of household pet among them, I had been with one accord, year after year, elected as Queen of May, an honour which, I fear, I should have been most unwilling to have resigned in favour of any rival.

On the vigil of Mayday, I used to go to bed with the most delightful anticipations of a crown and sceptre; what mattered it to the child of six years old, that the ardently coveted crown, was but a crown of simple flowers, and that the sceptre, instead of gold and jewels, was only a slender hazel wand, ornamented with a branch of May blossoms, if indeed so rare a treasure might be met with in the deep bowery lanes, and neighbouring upland groves; and for this prize we rose by dawn of day, and like Herrick's maids, went maying ere the sun had kissed off the dewdrops from the grass, and when found, great were the congratulations on all sides. Then were we ranging over the fields and meadows, bringing home laps-full and bonnets-full of cowslips, primroses, bluebells, daisies, buttercups, and all the rich variety of fragrant blossoms these sweet meadows afforded, and these were woven into chaplets with bands of woodbine, or fillets of planted rushes, for my court. But the crown—the regal crown that was intended to adorn the "Queen of May," was gathered by the especial permission of the higher powers, from the choicest flowers of the garden, and were tastefully arranged by my elder sister. Laps-full of wild flowers were then strewn on my path, for we were prodigal of the blessings we enjoyed in those days, and led by the chapletted sisterhood, I was conducted to my green throne, and the garland placed above my brow, and the sceptre in my hand, while a general chorus of young voices sang the old pastoral ballad of "Kate of Aberdeen." I have forgotten great part of the song, but what remains within my memory is associated with feelings that will cling to my heart as long as it shall beat, and awaken with its remembrance, dear faces, and voices, and scenes, never again to be seen or heard by the poor emigrant in her Atlantic home. But the garland—the much valued and coveted crown, was worn that day till flower after flower had faded—emblems of her whose youthful brows they had adorned. At night that which had been worn with child-like pride was with child-like fickleness cast carelessly aside, to wither in the dust.

I have often heard my mother relate a little circumstance that occurred one May-eve. The children had been talking of the coming frolic, and went to bed with their young minds filled with joyous anticipations of the day that should dawn so pleasantly upon them, and the sweet store of blossoms they should gather for the festival. My father and mother had sat up late, and were abed, but not asleep, when about midnight the door of their sleeping room was softly unclosed, and by the dim light of a taper which my mother always burnt at night, they beheld a little figure in pure white enter, and with noiseless tread glide up to the side of the bed; her night dress was gathered up in folds in her small hands—her eyes were wide open and fixed, and her cheeks were very pale; as she approached the bed she held open her lap and said:

"Flowers, Lita," (for she thought she was addressing her sister Eliza,) "flowers, look at all these pretty flowers."

Then as if satisfied with the display of her floral treasure, she turned away, and with the same cautious and quiet air proceeded to retrace

her steps. My father, who had prevented my mother from speaking to her, now rose, and lifting her gently in his arms, carried her again to bed—she had descended two flights of stairs to reach my mother's apartment.

In Canada, May-day passes unnoticed, unless it chance, as it often does, to be marked by showers of snow and hail; and scanty are the flowers that form her chaplet at that uncertain season.

In England the festival of May is now all but a forgotten thing—a mere poetical fiction. If there be one of the old customs, the loss of which I am inclined to regret, it is the celebration of May-day. The wise and prudent have chidden me for such regrets, and have told me that it had its rise in Pagan superstition when the goddess of spring, Flora, was worshipped—that the day was more honored in the breach than by the observance. Yet do I think, if properly directed, it might have been made a source of innocent gaiety. The young might have been taught to adore the Creator through some of His loveliest works; the old to look upward with the eye of faith to Him who clothed the lily with its silken robes, and raised it in beauty from the dark and silent earth, a type of the resurrection of His own body from the grave.

LAMENT FOR MAY-DAY.*

Weep, weep, thou virgin Queen of May,
Sit down and weep with me;
Forgotten is thy festal day,
And lost thy name shall be.

Fling down, fling down thy flow'ry crown,
Thy sceptre cast away,
For ne'er again, in vale or plain,
They'll hail thee Queen of May.

No maiden now with glowing brow
Shall rise by early dawn,
And bind her hair with chaplets fair,
Torn from the blossom'd thorn.

No lark shall spring on dewy wing,
Thy matin hymn to pour:
No cuckoo's voice shall shout rejoice,
For thou art Queen no more.

Beneath thy flower-encircled wand,
No peasant trains advance;
No more they lead with sportive tread,
The merry, merry dance.

The violet blooms with modest grace
Beneath her crest of leaves;
The primrose shews her paly face;
Her wreathes the woodbine weaves.

The cowslip bends its golden head,
And daisies deck the lea;
But, ah! no more in grove or bower
The Queen of May we'll see.

Weep, weep, then, virgin Queen of May,
Thy ancient reign is o'er:
Thy vot'ries all are lowly laid,
And thou art Queen no more.

* These lines were written on a page of my Journal, May 1st, 1836.

INDIAN ADDRESS
TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY H. S. R.

Flow on, thou foaming river,
In pride and freedom flow;
Thy race has been for ever,
'Twill to all time be so:
The summer sun ne'er wastes thee,
No ice impedes thy course,
The cascades only haste thee
From thy deep-hidden source.

The Red-man's sons and daughters
Here bending o'er thy floods,
Adored the god of waters
Within these hills and woods;
Cast in thy waves that wander
Whate'er they valued most,
And offered thee the fonder
Gifts for their father's ghost.

The thunder broke thy slumbers
Above thy cedar trees;
The pensive, tuneful murmurs,
Of tempest or of breeze;
The bay of foxes prowling,
The black war-eagle's screams,
The hungry gaunt wolfe howling,
O'er the rapids and the streams.

The hunter's song while rowing
His lightsome bark canoe,
Amongst the islands going
Across thy waters blue;
And of his mistress thinking,
Would stay his measured stroke
To shoot the red deer drinking—
A thousand echoes woke.

Roll on, thou rushing river,
Roll onwards to the sea;
As deep and dark as ever,
And still as wild and free;
The paleface will endeavour,
Thy wild waves to restrain;
But may thy waters never
Be sullied for his gain.

IDOLS.

Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;
This is our world, our idol: though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Sabbath Recreations.

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. P.

THE FAIRY EMPIRE.

—

Abel remained for some time plunged in the remembrance of this scene; he hoped his dear fairy would come to visit him this night, but he was deceived, and he passed it in thinking over again all the enchantments he had seen, the long road he had traversed, and, above all, the alcove of mother of pearl in which he had seen the fairy; the pressure of hands by which they expressed the happiness they enjoyed in being together; all had produced upon Abel a new and a lively impression, and he retraced it so faithfully, that he almost believed he was living it over again. In the morning, as his life-like dreams passed away, he was very sad; he went to the stone and tried to raise it, that he might once more return to the enchanted palace, but it was all in vain; he seated himself upon his rustic bench striving to pass away the hours which must intervene before the next night. Like all true children of nature, he had but one idea, he could think of only one thing.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice singing a song of love. She was there, behind him. More wonders still! A simple white robe garnished round the hem with pearls, a girdle of white satin, white roses in her hair, and pretty white buskins, composed her dress. She seated herself by Abel, and before he could speak she said, "I have come to see you, deprived of all my pomp, for you have raised yourself almost to the rank of fairies by the use you have made of the talisman. Abel," added she, trembling a little, "pure benevolence, without any other motive than that of doing good, is one of the perfections of God, to which both men and fairies owe every thing. I am content with you," said she, looking at him earnestly, but immediately casting down her eyes.

The sweet smile which accompanied these words almost intoxicated Abel; he could not reply, but remained mute and trembling. The fairy appeared to enjoy a sensation for a long time desired; she looked at Abel with a glance which seemed to say, "I will speak to him of it;" her eyes sparkled with love, and her face was resplendent with grace and tenderness.

"Ah," said he at last, "you are beautiful in the dress of a mortal; but one can see that you are a fairy, even through the disguise."

"No," replied she, "I am at this moment no fairy; you can speak to me as your equal, and I cannot be angry with you."

Abel's whole expression had already said, "I love!" but an invincible modesty kept him from pronouncing the divine words. It seemed to him a crime; he feared to offend the fairy; he dreaded to learn from her that she partook not of the love that filled his soul. He was perfectly under the dominion of that modesty so graceful in youth, which makes it tremble before the glance of a young beauty, and admire in silence.

The fairy understood the cause of his silence, and enjoyed the mute homage—for what joy can equal that of reigning over a heart full of love, where no other object has ever found place.

"Abel," said she, "for many days you will not see me, for I am obliged to assist at a *fête* of fairies and enchanters."

"How beautiful it must be," said Abel, "how I should love to see such an assemblage, where without doubt you will be the most lovely, and reign queen over all."

"Nothing will be easier," answered the fairy, "and if, when I have described one of these *fêtes* to you, you still desire to go, I will one day take you with me. Listen to me then. At the hour when all nature sleeps, the fairies and enchanters mount their chariots, and go to the palace of the one who gives the *fête*; each one wishes to arrive the last, that their dress being last seen, may be the most admired, for the fairies bestow great care on their toilette; this singular circumstance, this desire of being the last seen, changes time in the empire, for if they are invited to be at the palace of their entertainer at ten o'clock, they do not arrive there till twelve, and sometimes even later. The enchanters always dress in black, because they wisely deem the absence of all colours is more

*Continued from page 177.

becoming to them, and besides, these same colours are the cause of much disturbance and confusion in the kingdom of the fairies; these, and many other considerations, induce them to the choice of black, therefore, with few exceptions, the different classes can be recognized only by their language and general style, for each has its own conjuring book, its habits, and its speech. And according to their different dispositions and educations is the colour through which they view life; to some every thing is '*couleur de rose*,' to others all is black, and there are some, who see nothing at all worth seeing. These different enchanters have each a banner and a motto, under which they range themselves, and they will look at nothing except through that medium. To these classes may be added a fourth, a species of genii, who see every thing through all the various hues, who strive to unite in themselves all, but their duration is so brief, and their stomachs so large, that they gain but little popularity. These are some of the various classes of enchanters, who, with a multitude of fairies, come to the reunions such as I have spoken to you of, and into which I will give you a slight *coup d'œil.* The old fairies, as they arrive, are placed on chairs around the room, and there they are obliged to content themselves with looking, without taking much part in what is going on, because they are old and have lost their bloom, but their tongues seem to have all the activity of youth, and they amuse themselves with talking about the young fairies and enchanters. If a genius is seen paying too much attention to a pretty fairy, they cry out scandal, and the whole circle shakes with agitation.

As they have a good deal of forecast, these old faries bring small pieces of wood, covered with satin or painted paper, which they move backwards and forwards, behind which, when very weary, they can gape without being observed, for it is forbidden to fairies to open their mouths for any thing but to eat or talk. The old fairies keep the mantles and places of the younger ones, and do them a thousand kind offices, such as saying quietly to an enchanter, if he praises the fine form of any merry sprite, 'Oh, it is quite easy for any one to be strait and full, if they put a cushion here, and a pad adroitly there, to hide defects.' They see too with their keen eyes that the fairies have put a delicate red colour upon their cheeks, to prevent their growing pale from fatigue; and they hint, that they hope no one will attempt to kiss them, lest they take away some of this colour. They divine all the stratagems they themselves practised when they were young, and delight to tell of them, and then the young fairies, to revenge themselves, tread on the tails of the little dogs on which the old ones perfectly doat; in truth so dear are they to them, that when they die they preserve their portraits on their snuff boxes, like that of a cherished lover. The young fairies laugh too at all the pretensions of the old ones; they cannot believe they were ever young and pretty; it is one of their greatest amusements to ridicule them.

"The places where these fêtes are held are lighted by artificial fires reflected from diamonds, the halls are adorned with mirrors, so that every fairy can see as she passes if her toilette is in order, and can also, in them, make a sign to any enchanter to whom she wishes to speak. When all the company have arrived, each enchanter takes a fairy, and to the sound of most exquisite music they arrange themselves for dancing; then in the prettiest manner imaginable they trace the most bizarre figures, they hop, they dance, they cross backwards and forwards, they turn with such deep address, and withal, with such deep gravity, and such a serious air, that a spectator would imagine all this leaping, springing, sparkling of the feet was only a religious devotion. A genius who can dance well is much more popular than one who is ungraceful and awkward, and they are sought for at all the *fêtes*. If one were to look upon this scene without hearing the music, it would appear to him the most singular spectacle, nearly two hundred divinities balancing in the air, playing with their feet, shaking their heads, and rolling their eyes. And for this foolish enjoyment of a moment, this aërial dance, the most sumptuous toilettes are made, and immense sums lavished; however the money spent goes to aid many poor and unhappy.

"While these young creatures are so enjoying themselves, a few of the old fairies whose joints are hardened and fibres stiffened so that they cannot dance, are led by some of the venerable enchanters into another hall, and placed around tables, where are two holding small cards, the changes of which soon engross every thought; it is a favourite amusement, becomes a dream by night, and the life of the day; and at every *fête* these halls, with their little tables, are crowded with fairies, enchanters and genii, blue, white and red, for all distinctions vanish, rank and opinions disappear in the interest of this one absorbing pursuit. Not an eye is removed from the cards which come and go. If at such a moment you should wish to profit by the conversation of one of the most intelligent of the enchanters, you would hear nothing but, 'four to four,' 'three to one,' 'one to four,' 'three to nothing,' 'gained,' 'lost,' 'takes twenty francs,'

'the king,' 'flam,' 'the lion's blow.' These mystic words and cards have such an attraction, that the fairies forget even to eat and drink, and if the hall was to fall around them they would hardly perceive it, unless they were told the palace was falling. When the fairies and genii have remained as long as they deem proper, when daylight peeps through her rosy curtains, they leave in a quiet way without saying any thing to the enchanter, who has given the *fête*, and to whom perhaps they have not spoken through the evening.

"Thus I have sketched for you, dear Abel, the principal recreations of the fairy's empire. While engaged in these amusements, they forget earth and its inhabitants—the unhappy, the sick and destitute; they have even established a sort of conventional language for those occasions, by which the most serious things and painful accidents are turned into badinage and ridicule. If a pretty fairy is told a country is suffering from famine—that the people have no bread to eat, she replies: 'Why don't they eat cake, then?'

"I prefer to aid Juliette with my lamp than to taste such pleasures," said Abel.

"Dear child!" cried the fairy, "you are happier, far, to be alone in this little cottage than to dwell in the empire of the fairies, for there are many things there, purchased at a greater price than you could imagine."

"Nevertheless," replied he, "cottages are sometimes places of suffering."

"I understand you," said she, smiling; "come now, will you accompany me in a walk through the woods; I will take a terrestrial route to-day."

He rose, and taking her by the hand, walked with her towards the forest. Abel's head was full of the new ideas which her recital had given him. Silence was between them like a common friend, to whom they could confide their thoughts. Abel looked at his beautiful companion as if he had something to reveal to her, then he checked himself and cast down his eyes, fearing to offend her.

"Ah!" said he, at last; "tell me, I pray you, yet more of what passes in the empire of the fairies, for I love the sound of your voice as formerly I loved that of my mother."

"Dear child!" said she, "the more I tell you of the customs of the empire of the fairies, the more reason you will find to complain of its inhabitants. Now, for example, what do you think of the marriage of an enchanter and fairy? do you believe it is a union of two hearts, as it should be? Abel, what do you think of love? what has your pure soul taught you of it?"

"Ah!" said Abel, "love is the blending of two souls into one—it is a sentiment which unites two hearts so closely that the thought of one becomes as that of the other; it is ——! but no, the sentiment is lost when we attempt to define it. It has a depth which confounds me; I feel that no human language suffices to express it; the beloved becomes part of our being; I could, perhaps, better explain my thought by a simile: when one is upon the ocean, the sky and the water are no longer distinct, but seem blended into one."

"In our empire," replied the fairy, "none render themselves uneasy with such sentiments; if an enchanter has a little fairy whom he wishes to marry, he begins by dressing her a little better than usual, and then he and the mother fairy calculate how many flying dragons must be in the stables, and slaves in the palace of the one to whom she shall be given; and above all, they examine with a curious care, the weight of the wand he must carry, if it is of diamond, gold, silver, brass or steel, and by what title, and how long possessed. These important observations made, the father and mother say thus to their daughter: 'My child, you are now eighteen years old, (for such fairies count years like mortals) and it will be a shame if you are not married before you are twenty: spread, then, your nets, catch a husband if you can. perhaps this year will be a good one, but remember we have two hippogriffs to our chariot, with a slave behind, our wand weighs thirty carats, and is of the purest gold, and it is necessary you should find an enchanter who has also two hippogriffs. Remember, too, that our family is among the most ancient in the empire of the fairies, and it is necessary that your husband should be of a race quite equal to ours. Take care never to raise your eyes to the genii; walk in the right path, and preserve yourself for the one who pleases you; but be sure he has a heavy wand, beautiful dragons to his chariot, and a family that dates back at least four hundred years.'

"Some time after this the father brings in an enchanter, who passes an hour or two near the daughter, and then takes his leave, then the mother says to the little fairy: 'My daughter, this enchanter is crook backed or well made, handsome or ugly, (whatever it may be,) he has two hippogriffs and a wand of solid diamond; he will return to-morrow; you must try and please him, for he is to be your husband.' Thus the little one who is anxious to know something of her husband, sees him only twice; ignorant of what constitutes happiness or misery, she consents to the marriage, because she cannot do otherwise, and becomes the wife of this enchanter, only because he has a diamond wand. If he happens to have a good character, she will be happy, if he

has not, unhappy; but what does any one care for that? The wands are of the same order, that is the essential thing; thus, far oftener than otherwise, the fairies are unhappy. To revenge themselves, they contradict their husbands; nothing from him is well received, if he has good qualities they will not see them. The enchanter, on his side, soon ceases to love his fairy, because she is *always the same;* she has not the lively mind of some other, she cannot metamorphose herself, in a thousand ways; she cannot unite a hundred fairies in herself; thus for the most part the marriages are unhappy."

"And you," said Abel, "are you happy or unhappy? You have a beautiful wand, from whom did you receive it?"

"From an enchanter who was very dear to me," replied the fairy, and tears filled her eyes. "I have been married--my enchanter is dead, and I have been very unhappy. Some day I will tell you of my misfortunes, now it is sufficient for you to know that I am free, and one of the richest and most powerful of the fairies."

They had reached the border of the forest—the fairy disengaged her arm from Abel, and by a gesture forbidding him to follow, she disappeared from sight, leaving the young man a prey to the delirium of love. He felt this morning that the Fairy of Pearls was even more beautiful in her simple dress than when surrounded by the signs and wonders that had attended her visits in the night to him. Her costume, though simple, was elegant; her manners captivating, full of grace and *esprit;* her form was fine and delicate, the pure beauty of her soul seemed to look out upon him through her lovely face.

"Ah, I love her!" cried he, after he had listened for some time to the sound of the chariot as it bore her away; "can I be sure my homage will not displease her? Alas! have I purity of soul or dignity of thought worthy this heavenly creature? all the gentleness of her nature speaks in her lovely eyes, and those eyes seem indeed but a slight veil through which to see the soul—What can I do to merit her?"

Such were his thoughts as he returned slowly towards the cottage; the remembrance of this charming morning was deeply engraven on his heart, and he knew he should never forget the smallest word or slightest gesture. As he approached the cottage he heard cries of most immoderate joy, bursts of laughter, and the jingle of bottles and plates; he hastened in, and found Caliban seated on the old chair before a table covered with the remains of a variety of meats; the old servant was intoxicated, he held in one hand a bottle, in the other a glass, and he was singing a wild song. All that Abel could draw from him was, that in the morning he had struck the stone with the lamp and asked the genii for a good feast, and in the space of two hours it had been brought him. Abel left Caliban in the midst of his bottles, and the old servant in losing his senses had not lost much.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOY AND THE FLOWERS.

I saw a boy beguile the sunny hours
Of a fresh day of Spring, in gathering flowers
For a sweet sister, who was sick at home,
And was not able now, as wont, to roam
And cull them for herself; for this he'd come
To this wild range of sunny heights, where grew
The sweet mild primrose and the wild bell blue,
With countless flowers of every shape and hue
Spring's robe is trimm'd withal—for he had said
The fairest of their spoils should deck her bed,
And bear some sense of Spring into her heart.
And now unto this promised brother's part
He set himself with right good loving will,
And wandered all about the blossomed hill,
Cropping the breathing buds, the which he took
To be the sweetest in their smell and look.
He'd pluck a bunch that seemed unto him fair,
And cherish them a little with meet care;
But as he wandered, if perchance he spied
A knot, he thought to rival them in pride,
Those he had gathered were all cast aside,
To wither where they grew before; and so
Wasting Spring's best sweetness did he go
Through the gay blush of flow'rets, till at last,
When he was tired, and such a time had passed
As told him he must cease, he sat him down---
And when he thought of all that he had thrown
So wantonly away, he was e'en sad;
For when he looked upon the flowers he had,
He somehow could not choose but think that they
Were far less sweet than those he threw away.
And surely man resembleth much---I cried---
The boy who grieveth on this green hill side,
That he hath cast his fairest flowers to wither---
In all except the love that brought him hither.

A. P.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain---
"My brief existence now is ended!
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it;
And after years how rich was he
Who from its prison house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.

A BACHELOR'S THEORIES FRUSTRATED.

BY S.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear Rose, I really wish that you would not wear that gay coloured dress to Mrs. Swinton's party this evening; a plain white muslin robe would become you infinitely better. Instead of those gaudy flowers, by which your head is surmounted, you should simply braid your auburn tresses without any ornament whatever, which would be much more suitable for a girl of your age. Simplicity is the charm of female attire, as artlessness is that of female character; and, my dear sister, I only wish that you, as well as the rest of your sex, could learn, that time *may be more usefully employed than in adorning* your persons. If the many hours thus frivolously occupied were only directed to mental *improvement, the whole world would soon bear* witness to the good effects which would assuredly ensue. Your aim should be nobler and *loftier than that of exciting the fleeting admiration* of a crowd. While you leave to nature the cultivation of your minds, you employ all the aid of science and art to adorn your persons. I seek not such votaries of fashion. Give me the unstudied costume which testifies that no lavish care has been bestowed upon its selection, but which, dictated by purity of taste, combines elegance and grace with the most rigorous simplicity. Rose, if you would only consent to dress as I wish——"

"Yes, Walter, and look as quiet and demure as you desire me; but, my dear brother, only for a moment imagine your merry, talkative little sister attired in a plain grey sarsnet dress, seated in a quiet corner of the room for a whole evening, with her hands meekly folded on her lap, her mouth pursed up, and her eyes bent thus upon the ground;" and, suiting the action to the word, Rose Melville's animated countenance endeavoured to assume a serious, solemn expression, and her fairy form an attitude of dignified immobility, quite at variance with the restless expression even of the diminutive feet, which looked as if only awaiting the witching strains of music to set them in motion. "No, no, Walter; your sister was never intended for a nun. Why, bless your heart! I am sure you know that it *is* impossible for me to hold my tongue five minutes at a time, or to restrain my laughter when the slightest temptation calls it forth. You need never expect to reform me, and if you desire some person to lecture, you must get a docile, obedient wife, whom you can scold to your heart's content, and you may compel her to dress and mould her countenance so as to conform to the taste of her liege lord and master."

"Yes, Rose, only wait till you *do* see my wife, and you will then behold simplicity and elegance combined."

"Certainly, I expect all that and a great deal more," replied Rose, while looking archly into her brother's serious face. She laughingly continued, "Pray, Walter, describe the lady you will select for a wife. Perhaps even the description of so much perfection may benefit your incorrigible sister."

"Listen then, Rose, and I will endeavor to picture to your imagination the lady who will be the object of my choice; and until I meet with such a one, I will not yield a single iota of my *liberty to one of womankind.* I ask no model of beauty, either in face or form; but in disposition she must be amiable, and in mind refined and *cultivated. And then her dress, Rose! it must* be simplicity itself. As an index to her character, it shall display nothing studied for effect. None of *those little decorations* and adornments which occupy so much time and attention, and which I can only regard as so many devices to attract admiration. The aid of diamonds shall not be required to add lustre to her appearance in my eyes, nor shall wreaths of flowers, faint mockeries of nature, encircle her noble brow. Her only ornaments shall be modesty and simplicity, beaming in the mild expression of her lovely, ingenuous countenance. Such, Rose, after all, is but a faint, imperfect sketch of my future wife."

"Hum! ha!" ejaculated Rose, as her sober-minded brother concluded, "so this is a portrait of the future Mrs. Melville. I confess it is a beautiful idea, but one, I greatly fear, that you may not succeed in realizing. I had once the notion of such another piece of *perfection* for a husband. But heigh-ho! like many other girlish

dreams, it has long since been dispelled. I can only say, Walter, that when you bring such a faultless character to your home, Rose, if not thrown into despair by the sight of so much perfection, will endeavour to cast aside those little vanities in which she at present takes so much delight. But I see that it is long past nine o'clock, and as I am already engaged for at least six dances this evening, I will not keep as many impatient swains lamenting my absence, although my costume does consist of a primrose-coloured dress, and a wreath of white roses in my hair. It is well, brother, that all youths do not sigh so *much as you for simplicity, or I would be cast* altogether into the shade.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT eight o'clock upon the same evening that the foregoing dialogue had taken place, the spacious residence of Mrs. Swinton was brilliantly illuminated, and all the other preparations for an entertainment upon an extensive scale were completed. The lady of the mansion, still habited *in her morning dress,* passed *hastily through* each richly-furnished saloon, and gave a search*ing glance around to see if all was properly ar*ranged for her expected guests. The review appeared satisfactory; for, with a gratified smile, she passed quickly onwards, and tripping upstairs entered her dressing room. Before beginning her toilet, however, she opened the door of an adjoining apartment, and addressing some person in the interior, she said,

"Catherine, it is time for you to prepare for the reception of our guests."

"Come in, Mrs. Swinton," replied a clear *melodious voice; "I am already dressed.* Enter and tell me whether I meet your approval."

"*Very elegant indeed! how handsome!*" exclaimed the lady, as she entered the room and beheld Catherine Ebrington seated before a large mirror, in which her faultless form was most faithfully reflected. I know not how many hearts, which now slumber serenely beneath their owner's bosoms, will be compelled to surrender to you this evening, my fair cousin. That pale blue dress becomes you perfectly, and that rich band of pearls in your hair finishes your costume to admiration."

"*I am glad that my dress meets your appro*bation," replied Catherine, as she gazed at herself with evident satisfaction.

"Yes, my dear girl, it is perfect, but an excellent idea has just entered my mind. Do you really think that you could summon resolution to lay aside that lovely dress, those rare and costly pearls, and braid your luxuriant tresses, *whose clustering ringlets so greatly enhance* your beauty? Would your love of admiration permit you to do this, and assume a simple dress, without ornament or decoration?"

As Mrs. Swinton concluded, a shade of disappointment flitted across Catherine's countenance, and she replied with a slight degree of chagrin in her voice:

"Yes, I dare say I might, but why is that necessary now that I am attired? And as this is my first appearance here, I wish it to be rather more promising *than* it could possibly be in the very unpretending costume you have just *mentioned.*"

"Very true, my dear, and I will not insist upon it," replied Mrs. Swinton; "but I had an object in view when I hinted the alteration. There is an acquaintance of mine to be present this evening, a steady, staid bachelor of two or three and thirty, whom all the young ladies of this neighbourhood have in vain attempted to captivate. His reigning passion, I believe, is a love of simplicity in female costume. Upon all other subjects he is a most rational being. Upon *this alone he is unreasonable. He has been in* love fifty times, but the sight of a feather, a *flower, even a bracelet upon the arm of his fair* inamorata, has been sufficient to dispel the illusion. If you retain the dress you now wear, I will ensure you the conquest of many; but if you dress as I wish, you will make captive one worthy all the rest: however, do as you best like yourself, Catherine, only I will inform you that Mr. Melville is possessed of a handsome fortune, and one of the finest estates within twenty miles of our neighbourhood."

So saying, Mrs. Swinton retreated to her own *apartment, and left Catherine to decide upon* which course she should adopt.

Again an admiring glance stole towards the mirror, and vanity whispered that *all* must surely bend alike to her sway; and truly Catherine Ebrington might be pardoned if she felt a slight degree of self-love when she gazed upon her reflected beauties. Her glossy dark brown tresses, unconfined save by a band of orient pearls, fell in waving ringlets over her shoulders, while her soft blue eyes and brilliant complexion were set *off to advantage by the rich dress she wore. Her* age might be three or four and twenty, perhaps *even a few summers beyond that period, but suc*ceeding years had only served to soften and add dignity to her beauty, without deteriorating from its lustre. Her figure rather inclined to *embonpoint,* but elegant and displaying grace in every motion, was supported by small, delicately formed feet, one of which beat impatiently upon the floor as she continued to survey herself, with

irresolution depicted upon her countenance. At length she slowly unwound the pearls from her hair, and divesting her jewelled arms of their sparkling ornaments, threw them upon the table at her side. She then simply braided her hair, donned a plain white robe without a single ornament, and in a short time entered Mrs. Swinton's apartment the very personification of simplicity. From the richly dressed and self-possessed woman of fashion and beauty, she appeared transformed into the retiring, diffident maiden.

Her countenance brightened as Mrs. Swinton greeted her with a smile of approval, and led her forward to have a more perfect view of her.

"Well done, Catherine!" she exclaimed, laughing heartily. "I will wager the diamond ring, that ere this night is over, Walter Melville's heart will no longer be his own. You are a perfect model of simplicity, and will prove quite irresistible in his fastidious eyes. Here is one truant ringlet which has escaped your care. Twine it with the rest, and regret not the sacrifice, for it will be amply rewarded."

Catherine Ebrington and Mrs. Swinton were cousins, but they had not seen each other for many years. They had both emerged from boarding-school, and been introduced to the world about the same period; but Mrs. Swinton, although less highly gifted with personal attractions than her fair relative, was early married. Catherine, confident in the power of her charms, and naturally vain and extravagantly fond of admiration, soon degenerated from the proud but generous and high-minded girl, to the heartless flirt. The homage of *one* honest, sincere heart, was not the priceless boon she coveted. The flattering adulation even of *many* served not to satisfy her thirst for admiration. The memory of one whose love she had capriciously tried and then heartlessly slighted, still came like a dark spell across her memory, to remind her of happiness, which, in the overweening vanity of her heart, she had spurned and lightly cast away. Yes, Catharine had been fondly, devotedly loved by one whose nature could brook no deception in another. She had broken faith with him, and while receiving his addresses, had lent a willing ear to words of love and admiration from another. Without breathing a reproach he had left her, and ere many months had passed he became the happy husband of another more worthy of his devotion. Bitterly had Catherine repented of her folly, for by it she had lost the only heart she had ever loved. But years had fled away since that period, and they had only confirmed her in the practise of vanity and flirtation. Now, tired of conquest, she wished but to secure her importance by placing herself at the head of a household of her own, ere a few more years should rob her of that beauty to which she owed her power. She had lately come to reside for a time with Mrs. Swinton, and the ball which was to take place the evening upon which our tale begins, was given by that lady in honour of her fair relative's arrivel, and as a means of introducing her to her numerous acquaintances.

CHAPTER III.

Conspicuous amidst the throng of beauty and fashion, which that evening graced Mrs. Swinton's saloons, was Catherine Ebrington. Even the rigorous simplicity of her dress, as well as the high order of her beauty, distinguished her from those around. Beside her, others appeared like gems which owe their beauty to the rich ore in which they are set; but Catherine, like the matchless diamond, shone only by the lustre of her own brightness. As she moved through the throng in her graceful simplicity, admiring eyes followed her, and many petitions were addressed to Mrs. Swinton for an introduction to the fair stranger. The centre of attraction, she appeared totally unconscious of the sensation she excited. Not one disdainful look or haughty frown betokened a knowledge of that power which she possessed, and which she could so capriciously exercise. The lofty carriage was supplanted by an air of retiring diffidence.

Though inwardly gratified by the universal homage yielded to her superior charms, still Catherine was dissatisfied. One heart that had resisted all other assaults, she had determined should that night yield to her power, and bend to her will. For this, she had condescended to assume a part totally at variance with her character. She had curbed the play of her brilliant wit, and had sought to subdue rather than dazzle by her surpassing beauty.

"Come hither, Rose, and behold a lady such as I have hitherto sought in vain. You will no longer ridicule my ideas respecting female costume, and call them high-flown and absurd. Come and view one lady, superior to the rest of her sex, whose mind is above depending upon the tinsel decorations of dress to enhance her personal attractions. I will at length convince you that such lofty natures can exist."

Such were the words addressed by Walter Melville to his sister, as, with a countenance unusually animated, and a beseeching voice, he laid his hand upon her arm, and begged her to accompany him to the other end of the apartment.

Rose was however rather too agreeably em-

ployed to join her brother in his enthusiastic admiration of the fair stranger; for she was leaning upon the arm of Edward L'Estrange, and listening to the flattering words which he poured into her ear, as he bent his tall form low enough for his whispers to be heard by the little fairy at his side.

However, before Rose had time even to reply to her brother's earnest request, her partner led her forward to a vacant place in the dance, and the next moment she was floating lightly as a playful zephyr through its mazes, while Walter exclaimed in a disappointed voice:

"Rose, I pity thee, that to such a generous, loving heart as thine, such vanity and thoughtlessness should be united."

He then fell into a deep reverie, from which he was aroused by Mrs. Swinton's voice.

"Mr. Melville, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Ebrington. As neither of you appear to join in the amusements of the evening, perhaps you may succeed in entertaining each other."

Walter delightedly uttered an assent, and followed Mrs. Swinton to the most retired part of the room, where the sedate Catherine was seated in her simple and unpretending costume. He was graciously received, and in a short time was seated by her side, listening as if spell-bound to the soft melodious voice which poured forth sentiments which he had hitherto deemed exclusively his own. When Catherine Ebrington pleased, she could render herself most fascinating and agreeable, and, on the present occasion, all the powers of her highly polished and cultivated mind were poured forth to entertain her attentive auditor. She had mingled much in the world of fashion and gaiety, and her manner possessed all that grace and refinement which intercourse with good society seldom fails to impart. It was not, however, in praise of the gay scenes of the metropolis that Catherine spoke to Walter. It was upon the delights of rural life that she enthusiastically descanted, and she gave the enraptured admirer of simplicity a glowing description of the sequestered vale in which she passed the balmy months of summer, and listened to the songs of the wild birds, as she trained the woodbine and honeysuckle to climb the walls and curtain the casements of this rustic abode. Every thought, every word seemed to flow from her heart with a child-like simplicity, totally devoid of affectation. And then she was so *very* beautiful. Walter thought that he had never before gazed upon such soft, dove-like eyes, which conveyed the thoughts of the heart ere words found utterance to express them—such a beautifully rounded cheek, upon whose smooth, delicate surface the colour varied with each varying emotion. Then her simple, unstudied dress—did it not coincide precisely with his fastidious ideas upon that subject? The attire he considered an infallible index to the mind of the wearer, and in that of Catherine he beheld that grave simplicity and elegance united, for which he had so often sighed, and which the merry Rose, despite his many lectures, could never attain. It spoke as plainly as white muslin could, and forbade the thought that either vanity or dissimulation could find an abode in the heart which beat serenely beneath its snowy folds. O man! man! Does intelligence such as yours not teach that the same thoughts can flow beneath the most gorgeous fabrics of the Indian loom, as well as under the less-prized and more homely products of native industry!

This was the most vulnerable point in the fortification of Walter's heart, and now, when so directly and skilfully assailed, it yielded unresistingly.

That evening sped away more swiftly and agreeably than a similar space of time had ever before passed with Walter. It was not till L'Estrange interrupted him and informed him that Rose was ready to depart, that he became aware that the saloons were rapidly becoming empty, and that it was time that he should return to his quiet home.

Walter thought that he had at length found a perfect realization of those dreams in which he had fondly pictured to himself such a being as Catherine, watching his every look and tone, soothing the rugged cares which attend this life, and sharing and sympathizing in all his joys. He only feared that she would not deign to bestow aught but a passing thought upon him. In truth, all those imaginary woes with which Love delights to torment its hapless victims, beset his mind, and kept him alternately between hope and despair.

"Rose, what think you of forming a party to the old abbey?" said Walter one morning, after he had been seated at his sister's side for more than an hour, apparently buried in the most profound meditation.

"With all my heart," replied Rose. "I am ready for a party of any description at a moment's notice; but surely such a simple idea has not been the subject of an hour's reflection. Now that you have pondered over it so deeply, we will at once proceed to arrange the preliminaries. In the first place, of whom shall the party consist?" And here Rose enumerated a list of her acquaintances, until she came to the name of Mrs. Swinton. Here she paused, and with a look of extreme innocence, added, "and Miss

Ebrington also, Walter, surely she must be included."

"Most certainly," replied her brother, averting his eyes from her mischievous face; "we must not omit her, as she is Mrs. Swinton's relative."

Rose replied not to this very simple observation, but was seized with an uncontrollable fit of coughing, which, however, at length subsided, and allowed her to complete her arrangements.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a lovely morning in the month of June, that a gay cavalcade rode down the noble avenue which led from Elmwood. With spirits elated by the fresh balmy breeze, and the prospect of a day's enjoyment, none of the party appeared inclined to silence. All was merriment and joyful anticipation. Catherine Ebrington appeared conspicuous among the equestrian group by the grace and ease with which she managed her spirited steed. The close fitting riding habit well suited her symmetrical form, and the black velvet cap she wore contrasted with the fair transparent complexion, which was heightened by the exercise and excitement. Walter rode at her side, conversing gaily, and pointing out to her attention the varied beauties of the surrounding scenery as they proceeded. Not long, however, was he permitted to retain the undivided attention of Miss Ebrington. Another steed was reined in at her other side, and the rider by every artifice sought to withdraw her attention from the happy Walter. Nor was he a cavalier whom most ladies would treat with indifference. With an uncommonly handsome face and figure, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, his outward appearance was most gay and attractive. His self-possessed fashionable bearing formed as strong a contrast to the unpretending, quiet demeanour of Walter, as did his assiduous endeavours to engage Catherine's attention to the silent admiration of the eyes with which Walter followed her every graceful motion.

"Fair lady," he began, addressing Catherine in his most insinuating tones, "I know not whether it is the exhilerating influence of this balmy morning, which makes every object appear brighter than usual in my sight, or whether it has really the effect of enhancing the beauty of one whom I have always deemed the loveliest of her sex."

"The former, I think, Sir Edward, must be the cause," replied Catherine. "One must be gloomy indeed not to behold the brightest side of every picture in this joyous season, when even inanimate nature appears to rejoice."

"True," replied Sir Edward; "I yield to your superior judgment; but it was to your presence alone that I attributed the particularly lovely appearance of all around."

Catherine suppressed a smile at this compliment, and bowed low in mock humility, while Sir Edward proceeded in this, his favourite style of conversation, which indeed was the only strain he appeared capable of addressing to a lady.

When they arrived at the abbey, the party dispersed and took different directions as fancy dictated. Walter contrived to rid himself of the baronet's presence for a time, while he remained beside Catherine as her guide, showing her the ruins, and directing her attention to the beauties of the varied landscape around. Walter entertained his companion by relating the romantic legends with which time and superstition had invested almost every surrounding spot. Absorbed in conversation, in which they appeared to hold communion with the past, they gradually became detached from their more noisy companions, until the distant laughter and sounds of happy voices became indistinct.

As they wandered on, at a distance from the abbey, and in a gently sloping vale, they came upon a group of ancient trees, in the centre of which was a small well, margined by moss, whose cool waters were completely shaded from the sun by the drooping foliage of a willow, which bent its pendant branches till they almost kissed their own reflection.

"What a quiet spot," exclaimed Catherine, as she seated herself upon a rude stone bench beside the well. "It was doubtless here that the monks of the olden time were wont to retire to meditate and ponder. One could almost forget the vanities of this world, when buried in such a noiseless solitude."

"No doubt the hooded brethren often sought this quiet retreat," replied Walter; "but like every spot upon which we have hitherto trodden, this well has its own tradition attached to it—a tale of love and woe. Perhaps you would like me to relate it, Miss Ebrington?"

Catherine willingly assented, and Walter proceeded:—

"In those bygone days to which chivalry and romance lent an interest which still clings to them, and when that ruined abbey contained a wealthy brotherhood who lorded it over the surrounding domain, on the summit of yonder picturesque hill there stood a frowning castle, of which even the slightest vestige has passed away. The lord of this castle was a doughty knight whose warlike disposition accorded better with

the excitement and turmoil of a battle field, than with the inglorious security of his ancestral abode. Engaged in the service of his king, he often absented himself for long intervals, and at those times the castle was left in charge of his foster-brother. He had an only child, a daughter, the fame of whose beauty had extended as far as the martial renown of her sire, but whose haughtiness and caprice had driven many a youthful aspirant for her favour to despair. Hitherto she had exercised her tyranny over numerous suitors, and a spirited emulation to win grace in her sight had urged many of them to deeds of rashness, to which their lives had fallen sacrifice. As yet she owned no control save her own imperious will.

"At length, one evening, there came to the castle a stranger youth, who desired to be enrolled under the far-famed banner of her father. The Lady Isabel desired him to remain in the castle till the return of the knight, which she daily expected, promising that the commander of the garrison would entertain him until then. The youth consented, and accepted the hospitable offer. Ere many days had passed, the lute, whose tones the Lady Isabel loved to awaken, was silent, and a shadow of soft melancholy lent a new expression to her beautiful features. The haughty spirit of the Lady Isabel was humbled, for she felt that she loved the unknown youth. He evinced no predilection for the proud lady of the castle, and with the keen eye of jealousy she soon observed that her companion, Edith, the portionless orphan of a distant relative, had stolen the heart of the stranger. She saw that he loved rather to gaze upon the downcast blue eyes and golden locks of the fair Edith, than to encounter her commanding beauty, or meet her eagle glance. Hers was no spirit to brook a rival. She watched the pair so narrowly that they could not exchange a word or look save in her presence. One night, as, in a melancholy mood, hitherto unknown, she stood at her chamber window noticing the stars, as one by one they shone out in the dark canopy above, she beheld their unknown guest steal forth from the castle, and enter this group of trees. Curiosity to ascertain the cause of this moonlight ramble, and a vague suspicion, prompted her to follow. Hastily enveloping her stately form in the mantle of her tire-woman, she sought this thicket, and here she beheld Edith, whom she thought she had left asleep in her couch at the castle, engaged in conversation with the stranger.

"Sheltered by the surrounding darkness and the thick foliage of the trees, she crept near them, and listened with breathless eagerness to the declaration of her guest's love to Edith. He revealed his name, which was one illustrious alike for noble birth and warlike renown. He said that he had sought the castle in order to learn the truth of the reports concerning the marvellous beauty of the Lady Isabel. With that spirit of romance which tinged every action of those times, he desired to win her love, ere he made known his rank and name. He said that, though dazzled by her commanding beauty, his heart had remained unscathed, but the first timid glance which stole towards him from beneath the drooping eyelids of Edith, had sealed his fate. He would depart on the morrow, but ere another moon had waned he would return at the head of his followers and claim his lovely bride. After exchanging vows of constancy, the lovers parted, and, to avoid suspicion, the Knight, at Edith's request, returned alone to the castle.

"Her mind, engrossed by bright dreams of the future, to which love and hope lent a happy radiance, Edith seated herself at this fount, and leaning over it, gazed into its calm depth.

"Suddenly the reflection of a tall figure bending over her made her start, and hastily turning her head, she beheld the Lady Isabel, pale, and with features rendered almost demoniac by jealousy and rage. In her hand she grasped a dagger, whose jewelled hilt glanced coldly in the light of the moon. Ere one prayer for mercy could rise to her lips, the Lady Isabel sheathed the weapon in the bosom of the defenceless Edith, who, with a sigh, sank upon the mossy bed, to rise no more. Next morning she was found and buried here, and a willow tree sprang up, to shield the spot where she lay, with its drooping branches, and to be a record of her hapless fate.

"The stranger Knight made aware of the dark deed which had been perpetrated by an unknown hand, departed next day, and soon, surrounded by contending hosts, he fell victim to a death which he appeared recklessly to court. The Lady Isabel founded a nunnery, in which, as one of the humble sisterhood, she passed the remainder of her unhappy life in acts of devotion and self-inflicted penance. Superstition sanctions the belief, that the form of the gentle Edith is still to be seen at eve, reclining under the willow and gazing steadfastly into the fount, and no hardy peasant will pass this vale after the twilight has thrown its sombre curtain around the haunted well.

"Truly 'tis a melancholy tale," said Catherine, as Walter concluded; "but too often we find that sorrow and misfortune attend true love in this world;" and a tear trembled in her eye as memory wandered back through the vista of by-gone years, and conjured up a dream of happiness which had long since passed away.

Walter attributed this token of pity to commiseration for the fate of the fair Edith, and wishing to divert her from the sad tale, in a more cheerful tone he continued:

"Nay, Miss Ebrington, I think that fortune often smiles upon two fond hearts, and bestows upon them happiness such as those incapable of lasting affection can never know; even misfortune, which severs others, but unites them more closely in the bonds of love. Notwithstanding the melancholy legend attached to this fount," continued Walter, the surrounding peasantry have bestowed upon it the name of the 'Wishing-well,' and country youths and maidens repair hither to drink of its waters and breathe their most dearly cherished wish to the Spirit of the Fountain, confident that one who was so unfortunate in her love, will sympathize with their grief and relieve them."

"May I test its efficacy?" said Catherine: "I perhaps may frame a wish which the Lady of the Haunted Spring will grant."

"Would that I might be permitted to dictate that wish," replied Edward, with emotion, as he filled the cup and placed it in her hand."

"I grant you that power," said Catherine, bending upon him a look of softness and encouragement.

"A name must be breathed in connexion with your request, or it will be unheeded by the spirit," replied Walter; and as his eyes sought the downcast orbs of Catherine, he added, in an almost inaudible tone: "May that name be mine?"

Catherine replied not, but with a smile she raised the cup to her lips, and then returning it to Walter, she said:

"'Tis your turn now to address the guardian of the fount."

"Much rather would I address my prayers to you," said Walter, as he again filled the cup.

"Speak, then," said Catherine, "I will usurp the fair Edith's power, and grant your request."

"My petition is humble," replied Walter, "but conferred by you, it will become a priceless gift. The boon I crave is Hope."

"Hope is denied to none," said Catherine; "your request is granted."

"So I have at length found you, fair lady!" exclaimed a sweetly-modulated voice behind Catherine, and as she started and turned quickly round, she beheld Sir Edward Ashley approaching. "I have sought you every where," he continued, "and was nigh driven to despair by your long absence, when I was told, by a rustic hard by, that he had seen a lady, fair as an angel, disappear among these trees."

"Of course you could be at no loss after receiving this information," replied Catherine, laughing; "but come hither, Sir Edward, and breathe a wish while you quaff the cool beverage of this fountain."

Sir Edward took the cup, and bending low to Catherine, said:

"When Miss Ebrington is present, only one wish can find entrance into my heart, and that is one which my presumption would fain sanction, but one which my natural diffidence fears to utter."

"I think we had better rejoin the party," said Catherine, as she rose from her seat. "I dare say, ere now, they have missed us, and are wondering at our absence."

As the trio proceeded backwards to the abbey, Catherine, with that uncontrollable spirit of coquetry which she possessed, lent a more attentive ear to the flattery of the smooth-tongued baronet than to the sensible language of the unassuming Walter. Not that she regarded Sir Edward with a greater degree of favour than her unpretending lover, for her penetration easily detected the shallow extent of his understanding, which accorded ill with her lofty, though faulty mind, but with that universal desire of conquest which had become a habit, she still persisted. In proportion as she allowed her attention to be engrossed by the conversation of Sir Edward, she beheld the gloom settle upon the frank, open countenance of Walter, but she sought not to dispel it by one kind word or look. Encouraged by the willing ear Catherine lent to his senseless nothings, the baronet even outshone himself in the elegant compliments which he addressed to her, and ere they arrived at the abbey he felt convinced that he occupied a much higher place in her estimation than his discomfited rival.

CHAPTER V.

That evening, when Mrs. Swinton and Catherine returned home, their conversation turned upon the events of the day.

"Catherine, I am really astonished at your success," said Mrs. Swinton. "You are the most perfect dissembler I have ever known. I little thought when I suggested to you to alter your style of dress, and change your haughty bearing for a humble mien, that the sensible Walter Melville would so soon bend an unresisting captive to the fetters you have cast around him; still less did I anticipate that the wealthy Sir Edward Ashley would also become your devoted lover, and that he would lavish upon you alone the gracious speeches he has hitherto addressed to all alike. But, by the bye, Catherine," she continued, "what became of Mr. Melville and you while you were absent from us to-day? Sir

Edward left not a nook of the old abbey, or a path unexplored, in his anxiety to find you."

"I was certainly much better employed than in listening to his conversation," replied Catherine. "I was seated by the Wishing well, while Mr. Melville related the romantic tradition attached to it. His sensible language makes some amends for the nonsense with which Sir Edward loves to inundate my ears."

"You may call it nonsense if you like, Catherine, but I suppose you have resolved to listen to it for the remainder of your life. Mr. Swinton informed me to-day that Sir Edward has hinted to him his intention of taking home a lady to Holylee, and, from the manner in which he spoke, it could not be doubted that you were destined to be the future Lady Ashley."

"And is the worthy baronet so confident of a favourable answer to his suit?" replied Catherine, disdainfully. "Is he so very certain that Catherine Ebrington will consent to share his wealth and title? Perhaps he will be astonished when he finds that she prefers the plain speech and bearing of Walter Melville to his decorated person and address."

"Catherine! surely you are not in earnest," said Mrs. Swinton, as she gazed with astonishment upon the haughty countenance of her cousin. "It were worse than folly to decline Sir Edward. In the ambitious schemes that I have entertained concerning you, I have never dared to look so high. You can have no reasonable objection to the baronet. In person he is universally acknowledged to be handsome, and though frivolous in mind, to most persons his title would make ample compensation for this defect. I had destined you for Walter Melville, but that was before I had the most remote idea that Sir Edward would solicit your hand. I now behold the folly of having desired to see you two united. While Walter prefers quiet and retirement, you love company and gaiety. While he demands the most rigorous simplicity in all things, your more luxuriant taste delights only in that which is costly and magnificent. Foolish dreamer that I was, to think of uniting two such opposite characters. Sir Edward and you would agree in every respect. He would accompany you into that society in which you are so well calculated to shine, and from which the retired habits of Walter Melville would in a great measure exclude you. As a last argument I appeal to that ambition which I know you possess, and which your union with Sir Edward would so much gratify."

"Eleanor," said Catherine, rising and laying her hand impressively upon Mrs. Swinton's arm, "I need not tell you how I once fondly, devotedly loved—that I was beloved in return. I need not say that, rendered capricious and haughty by the homage which was every where paid to my beauty, and taught from earliest infancy to place an undue value upon it, I turned with affected indifference from the only being whose affection I valued, and lent a ready ear to the adulation of one whom I regarded no more than the eagle regards the painted butterfly it may pass in its upward flight. You know how bitterly I was punished for my folly. By that blow my young heart was withered. The world knew it not, for I dissembled and appeared the gayest where all were gay, and I wreathed my face in smiles when I would fain have lain down to die. Esteem and regard are the only feelings which can now find a dwelling in my heart, and these I cannot fail entertaining towards Walter Melville. 'Tis true that ambition and love of display urge me to accept Sir Edward, but my better feelings plead eloquently in favour of Walter. I feel that my existence might be happy if spent with him; and shall I sacrifice this prospect to the gratification of vanity, whose promises I have long since experienced to be fleeting and vain. I have already decided, and not all the flowery speeches of Sir Edward shall alter my decision. Love for either is impossible," she continued, in a bitter tone, as a scornful smile curled her beautiful lip; "such natures as mine cannot love a second time."

"Since you are so decided, Catherine, I will not attempt to change your determination," said Mrs. Swinton; "but I must confess that I feel greatly disappointed. I do not think that you will become the domesticated wife that Walter Melville will expect, or that you will be content to share the comparatively retired life that he leads."

"Fear not upon that account," replied Catherine, smiling; "when I take up my abode at Elmwood, its master shall not enjoy such quiet as that in which he now exists. If he has his peculiar tastes to gratify, I also have mine. While he loves to hold converse with the great and learned of former days, I see no reason why he should object if I prefer the company of those of the present time."

"Catherine, you are a strange girl," said Mrs. Swinton; "I cannot understand your character. You own that you desire wealth and rank, and to obtain these you even assume a part foreign to your nature. When these objects are within your grasp, and when even a higher destiny than you anticipated but awaits your acceptance, you cast them lightly aside, and accept a more humble lot."

"'Tis true," replied Catherine, "I am very

inconsistent, and I *cannot tell why* Walter Melville should rank so high in my estimation. It is certainly from no congeniality in our tastes His solid, well-informed intellect contrasts strongly with the scanty store of knowledge I possess. Since I have known him, new ideas have frequently intruded themselves into my unthinking mind, and the reflection often arises, that had my talents and time been directed to more useful pursuits, and a loftier aim than that of gratifying vanity, been instilled, that I would have been very different from what I am. I often feel, when *ennui* oppresses me, that there is something beyond my daily routine of life worth living for. But these are only passing thoughts which I endeavour, as quickly as possible, to dispel."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

SAGACITY OF THE ARABS
IN TRACING FOOTSTEPS.

ALTHOUGH it may be said, that almost every Bedouin acquires, by practice, some knowledge in this art, yet a few only of the most enterprising and active men excel in it. The Arab who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own or of some neighbouring tribe the footstep belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From the strength or faintness of the trace, he can also tell whether the man passed on the same day, or one or two days before. From a certain regularity of interval between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether the man whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not; as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular, and the intervals unequal. Thence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows, by the depth or slightness of the impression, whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore-feet appear to be deeper in the sand than those of the hind-feet, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast; and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's, or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something of the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge seems almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as, from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and if he walks barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended, that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable treasures, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied, during his march, in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters, during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of "Athr," or "footsteps;" and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceedings, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arab neighbours can read.—*Burckhardt's Notes on the Bedouins.*

SUMMER.

This is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile;
When gentle breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest o'erpays the time of toil;
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tedious sameness of the heath-grown moor;
When the old grandsire sees with placid smile
The sunburnt children frolic round his door;
And trellised roses deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings! when the moon
Riseth companioned by a single star,
And rivals e'en the brilliant summer noon,
In the clear radiance which she pours afar;
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds which melt away
Beneath the wheels of her illumined car;
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleam the sands round many an ocean bay!

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÈES.*

BY C.

To both Count and lady, that afternoon, the hours seemed but winged minutes. Together they conversed of the past. The unfeigned, affectionate regard with which Henry spoke of the noble Lady Margaret, and the sympathy he evinced towards herself, rather by looks and *tones than direct words, could not but deepen* Gabrielle's already profound regard for him. Though Gabrielle spoke not of her own sorrows and trials since her residence with the Marchioness de Sourdis, the sigh and starting tear, as she spoke of her own home and its kind-familiar faces, told with more pathos than words could have done, that here her sorrows were unshared, uncared for.

"Though the clouds," said Henry in a kindly tone, "are now gathered dark and thick around thee, yet the sun of joy will soon pierce through them, and then, for with thee it is but the spring-*time, fresh buds and flowers will come forth.* But how long, lady, dost thou remain with the Marchioness?"

"I know not," replied Gabrielle. "Would it were possible for me now to return to my own quiet home, I would never even in thought roam from it again. Though near relations, here they are all strangers. I am pining to see my father's fond face, and hear his kind caressing words. I cannot live without fond, loving words."

"Surely," said Henry, and he bent his piercing eyes full upon the lady's face; "even here they are not all strangers; even here, hast thou not *thy meed of kind—of loving words?"*

An expression to Henry indefinable stole over Gabrielle's face as he uttered these words, but she replied not.

Twilight was wrapping the earth in its dusky mantle before the Count and lady parted. With their adieux they spoke not of a morrow's greeting, but Gabrielle felt and knew that he would seek her again, and Henry hoped and believed he would not seek in vain. Of these thoughts, however, neither spoke; perhaps it was that each wished the uncertainty of the meeting to serve as an apology to themselves for again *coming thither.*

On the morrow they met again, and thus passed days and weeks. Henry's quarters were now but nominally fixed at Louvier's; though business might occasionally call him away to Mantes, he still returned.

It was no hard task for him to retain his incognito, for the strict seclusion which etiquette permitted during the "days of mourning," and *of which Gabrielle gladly availed herself,* prevented the possibility of her becoming acquainted with the person of Henry, and in him recognizing the Count d'Albret.

But Henry well knew that this deception could not always be maintained, and often did he resolve to see her and beg forgiveness for his duplicity, and then bid her farewell, perchance forever. Still the disclosure was put off. Not yet had Henry infringed the letter of his vow, but the spirit was dead. Though he had never *breathed to Gabrielle one word of love,* yet every word, every tone, every glance revealed his *affection.*

His reason, bribed by passion, spun a tangled yarn of cunning sophisms, to justify him to himself. Gabrielle was unhappy—alone though amid many—with him she could converse of those she loved—he could bring her tidings of them. Thus each day Henry found some plausible reason for seeking the lady, while Gabrielle, too good to doubt, too pure in heart to need disguise, still met the Count with joy, parted with regret, and hoped for his coming again. *If a doubt of the propriety of their thus* meeting in secret ever crossed her mind, it was *instantly* banished by the thought of the debt of gratitude she owed him, and that one of the reasons why they thus met was to avoid the contumely which the proud Marchioness would pour upon the unpretending Count, and which no ties of gratitude could avert. She fully believed him to be in every way worthy, and moreover, had not he, who knew him so well, her cousin Philippe, ever spoken of him in even extravagant terms of admiration and respect? Again, the good Lady *Margaret, who could judge so well, and whose* candid soul forbade her speaking aught but the truth, had even said "The highest title could not ennoble him."

If then Gabrielle suspected that her feelings

* Continued from page 171.

for the Count were of a more absorbing nature than those of friendship, believing as she did that he was worthy of her soul's deepest homage, and fancying—ay, more than fancying, knowing—that her devotion was fully returned, relying with the perfect trustfulness of purity, that looking at itself saw no guile, therefore suspected none in others, she gave herself up to the sweet delusion. Though the Marchioness might frown upon the humble Count, in him her dear old father would see the preserver of his darling, and he would treat him with respect, nay affection. If, then, she ever thought of the future, it was with hope, not fear. Not often, however, did her thoughts wander into that region of uncertainties—she pondered over the yesterday, or lived in the happiness of to-day.

CHAPTER VIII.

BENEATH the sunlight of joy, the roses of health again bloomed on the cheek of the Lady Gabrielle; her form no longer drooped, her step had resumed its elasticity. The light of love had pierced through and dispelled the dark clouds of sorrow, and now a quiet happiness seemed ever radiating from her face. Even the Marchioness had lost the power of making her miserable.

One day, about a month after Gabrielle's first meeting with Henry, Bellegarde begged she would accompany him in a ramble about the grounds of the chateau. She could not and wished not to refuse compliance to the pleading earnestness with which he urged his request. They wandered on for some time, both silent and abstracted. On the lips of both somewhat seemed trembling, that they wanted the courage to utter. Tired at length of roaming hither and thither, they seated themselves on the grassy turf, in the shade of a lordly oak. For some time Bellegarde gazed in silence, now at the lady and now at the city, which lay spread beneath them. At length, rousing himself with evident effort, he said almost abruptly:

"Hast thou forgotten Cœuvres, Gabrielle? thy cheek is now as bright here as it ever was there; the tones of thy voice too are no longer sad, even in Mantes. Oh! how I feared for long anxious months, that thou wouldst fade away as a summer flower, leaving us but the memory of thy sweetness. And now that thou art again all bright, all fair, I fear I know not what." He paused for an instant, and then continued, "The Marchioness will not much longer submit to your thus secluding yourself. You will mingle with the gallant and the noble, and they will look upon thee but to love; and will their homage move thee?"

For a few minutes Gabrielle was silent. She felt that now was the time to reveal what she had so long wished, yet hesitated to do. To both it was a painful pause; on Bellegarde's face was plainly visible the anxiety, the anguish, which he neither strove to control nor to conceal. At length, without removing the hand which veiled her eyes, Gabrielle answered:

"I know not one amid the gallant and noble who crowd my aunt's halls, whose homage I would covet or esteem; and yet"—and here she paused; she knew not how to say that which she felt it was wrong to leave unsaid.

Bellegarde, in that excited mood which makes the certainty of misery preferable to suspense, took up her words.

"Say on," said he, almost bitterly, "say that you despise their homage as entirely as that which has been so long offered you."

"Nay, not thus," said Gabrielle; "despise thine homage, thou knowest I do not. And yet I cannot wrong thy truth nor my own by deception. I can and do admire, esteem thee; yet I cannot give thee those deep, all-absorbing feelings of which I know that thou art worthy. I cannot place my hand in thine and swear to thee a love that I know not of. Did I dare thus to do, I know you would only despise me."

"I knew my fears were not mere shadows," said Bellegarde, in a softened melancholy tone. "Oh! Gabrielle, an indefinable presentiment of coming evil both to thee and me has of late hung over me. I have gazed on thee as the varying thoughts flashed from thy soul to thy face. I have seen thee smile, and heard thee sigh, and felt that for me were neither sigh nor smile. Say, tell me who, amid the gallant and the noble, hath wooed—hath won thy love."

The bright blood sprang to Gabrielle's cheek as she answered:

"Nay, Bellegarde, thou knowest that I have ever withdrawn from their homage—that if they have wooed they have not won. I said not that another had gained my heart, but that I could not deceive you whom I so deeply respect and esteem."

At these words a cold smile passed over Bellegarde's face; he bent his head, and shading his brow with his hand, was for a few moments silent. Then removing his hand and raising his noble face, now pale as marble, he said in a tone of forced calmness:

"I thank thee, Gabrielle, I bless thee for thy truth; much as I love thee, I could not, and would not accept thy hand without thy heart. I have long feared, yes, and known all this, and have tried to gather strength to meet the blow. Though it was for this I

sought thee to-day, yet the assurance of my fears falls upon me like the destroying lightning. But not even in thought do I accuse thee for this my misery. We were betrothed when so young that we scarce comprehended the meaning of the words. But," he passionately continued, "I learned to know their meaning. I felt so much that it were in vain to attempt to utter it, and before thee I was silent. I could but gaze on thee, and love, gaze, and adore. Thou hast been the day-star of my hopes; all my soul was thine. In thee my ambition had its birth; for thy sake did I prize its honours and rewards; for thee only did I strive to win them. I have looked upon thy purity, and striven to emulate it. God forgive me, but for thee only, to be worthy thee, did I guard my soul from aught unholy."

Exhausted by his own violence, he paused, and gazed sadly into Gabrielle's face. The bloom had faded from her cheek; her eyes were suffused with tears, and her lip quivered with emotion. Bellegarde caught in his own her unresisting hand, and pressing it to his lips, said in a tone of inexpressible tenderness:

"Weep not, sigh not for me, beloved one; forget me, and be happy."

"Forget thee, noble, generous Bellegarde! not while this heart beats. I will ever remember thee, and I will pray that some other, better, more worthy thee, may pour into thy soul the balm of sympathy,—that another may be shrined in that pure heart, and cling there as a dove to its home."

"Another!" echoed Bellegarde, and he sadly shook his head. "I leave here to-day; to stay would but dim thy joy, and thus augment my sorrow. I scarce know what I mean or what I say, but—would thou wert again at Cœuvres."

As he said this, Gabrielle raised her eyes and gazed upon him, as though she would penetrate into his inmost soul. But on the frank, noble countenance, that met her searching gaze unflinchingly, there was nothing to excite suspicion.

"I tell thee, Gabrielle, I have perhaps no real cause for fear. It is rather a feeling of danger than a knowledge of it. My presentiments are so vague, I can scarce shape them into words. But I warn thee, beware of the Marchioness; she is a very serpent, and she hates thee; thy purity and truth tacitly reproach her wickedness and insincerity. Trust her least when she smiles and caresses. I must tell thee how meretricious vice stalks in her halls, how it lurks beneath polished and courtly words, its rank breath polluting the very air that seems laden only with sweets. Once I hoped not only to guard thee from all evil, but even to save thee from its knowledge, but that has passed; and now that I leave thee alone and unprotected amid scenes where the glitter and pomp of power, the ravishments of art, are but adornments to conceal deformity, I must tell thee of the evil,—I must bid thee beware."

"Fear not for me; I may perhaps soon return to Cœuvres, and in the meantime I will mingle but little, if at all, in scenes which, if not all you describe, are at least but false, heartless pageantry."

"Heaven save thee, dear one; for thou knowest little of the snares which are spread around thee, else wouldst thou see poison in every bowl, and a snake coiled round every wreath. But," and he drew from his finger a ring of curious workmanship, adorned but with a single brilliant, "if at any time thou should'st need the assistance of Antoine de Bellegarde, send this ring, or write but a single line, and he will come to thee at whatever peril. Should there ever come an hour of need, which God avert, rely on my protection as"—his voice trembled—"as on a brother whose soul is all thine own. And now, dearest, fare thee well!"

"Oh! say not farewell so soon," said the weeping Gabrielle.

"It is better thus. The Marchioness is prepared; I informed her that my long stay must not be prolonged beyond to-day. Yes, for both it is better that we part now."

He raised her delicate hand, and pressing it once more to his cold lips, murmured:

"Farewell, dearest, may God and thine own innocence shield thee."

He relinquished her hand, and bestowing yet another parting glance on her he loved so tenderly, and who wept over the misery she caused as though her heartstrings would break, turned slowly and silently away.

CHAPTER IX.

The change in Gabrielle's appearance which Bellegarde had marked, did not escape the quick eye of the Marchioness. It had for some time been with her a serious study to discover the cause of this new happiness. She indulged in many conjectures, all wide of the mark, and would perhaps have remained for some time longer in the dark, had not Gabrielle's attendant Franchette, a creature of her own, given her information which at once put her upon the right scent. The night after Gabrielle's parting with the Duke de Bellegarde, in order to avoid her aunt's questions, and conceal her own agitation, she retired to her apartment. But even here

she was not secure, and to rid herself of her officious attendant, pleading not untruly a violent headache, she desired her to leave the room. Without undressing, the lady threw herself upon a couch, intending in a short time to rise. But when once alone, that complete lassitude which sometimes follows intense mental excitement overpowered her, and in a few moments she fell into a disturbed slumber. It was not long before Franchette, who was in the *ante-room*, heard the lady speak, and prompted by the ever active spirit of curiosity, stole softly into her room, and approaching, listened eagerly to her broken words. But the spirit of inquiry which animated the waiting maid seemed likely to meet with but little reward for its exertions. Now the sleeper spoke of the Lady Margaret, now wept that she was no more. Tired at length of listening to what was no new theme, the girl was about quitting the apartment when an unfamiliar name met her ear. She paused, hoping she might repeat it, but in this she was disappointed, and was again turning from the room when the gentle dreamer softly murmured "Yes, to-morrow!" Forgetting her caution in her anxiety to hear, Franchette stepped hurriedly forward, when unfortunately she stumbled and fell. The noise of her fall awakened Gabrielle, who started up and gazed wildly round. Without losing her self composure, the girl said:

"I heard you speak, and thinking you stood in need of my assistance, came in. I found that you were asleep, and was just leaving the room when I was so clumsy as to fall, and thus disturb your ladyship."

"I am glad that you have awakened me; I have had frightful dreams."

"My lady," said the girl, while she gave one of those smiles which all have perhaps had the misfortune to see, a smile which while it seems to invite confidence, induces mistrust. "My lady, you did not seem much frightened when you said 'Yes, to-morrow!'"

Gabrielle blushed, but only said that as her head still ached violently, she would undress and retire for the night.

To a less discerning mind that simple "Yes, to-morrow," spoken in sleep, would have signified little, if any thing. Franchette was, however, a worthy disciple of the Marchioness' own school. That Gabrielle had some secret source of happiness which they were unable to discover, had been for some time evident. "There was certainly," ruminated the sagacious waiting maid, "but little in the mere words, but there was something in the blush, for, had the words been meaningless, why the blush?"—and from these premises she deduced so much, that she determined at least to tell the Marchioness what she had heard, and give her the benefit of her reasonings on the subject. That very night then the worthy Franchette sought and obtained audience of the Marchioness. She calmly heard the whole, now long tale, to an end, gave her thanks, in a tangible form, for the information she had brought, although at the same time she told her "she thought there was little in it;" *bade her be attentive in future, but more cautious.*

"Ha!" said the Marchioness, half aloud, as the door closed, and she was once more alone, "Ha! methinks I hold the clue in my hand at last; yes, I will unravel this mystery. Perchance I shall now find out why she looks so coldly on all those gallants who are proud to humble themselves before the pretty simpleton. A strange name coupled with 'yes, to-morrow!' may mean nothing, and it may mean much. What a bungler is that girl to fall on a smooth floor, when she should have been noiselessly stationed at her mistress' head. She thought to be in my confidence; fool! she should have known that the first part of her work was too clumsily performed for me to trust its *dénouement* to her." And here a new thought seemed to enter the lady's crowded brain, for she started up, and taking the bell which stood upon her table, rang it violently. When an attendant appeared, she ordered Franchette to be again brought to her. She, speedily and hopefully, obeyed the summons, and was not a little disappointed on finding that the communication was of no more confidential a nature than an inquiry after the health of the Lady Gabrielle.

"How is your lady?—what ails her?"

"A headache, she says, but her hands burn, and her cheek is much flushed."

"I will go and see her."

Together they sought her room. The lamp burning on the table, threw its rays directly upon her upturned and flushed face. Her aunt placed her hand upon her forehead; it was hot and dry, and her breath seemed to parch her lips as it passed them.

"I fear she is very ill. That you, Franchette, may be in readier attendance, you will sleep here to-night. I will order a quieting draught to be prepared, which you will give your lady, and mind, do not fail to tell me should she be worse."

"It will be a quieting draught," said the Marchioness, as she herself prepared the cordial. "I marvel much if it do not keep her quiet, at least during the morrow."

It was noon the following day when Gabrielle awoke. She could not determine the hour, for the heavy curtains were drawn so as to carefully ex-

clude each ray of light. She stretched forth her hand and rang the small silver bell, which was placed on the table by her side. The obsequious Franchette instantly obeyed the summons, inquiring affectionately after her lady's health.

"I am well, quite well. Pray draw back the curtain, the air is heavy here. Why, it is broad day: what hour is it?"

"It is nearly noon."

"Quick, then, assist me to rise; I am strangely weak."

"You were ill, my lady, last night."

"I had a headache, but it is gone. Why this is strange," said she, as again she attempted to rise, and fell back powerless.

"You were very ill last night, my lady," again remarked Franchette. "You are weak to-day; you had better not attempt to rise just now. What shall I bring you?"

"Nothing, only hand me a cup of water. Where is the Marchioness?"

"She was here a few minutes ago, and bade me tell her if you wished to see her."

"I will not disturb her. Open the window wide, and draw the curtain entirely from it; the air is stifling. Is it not wonderful that I should be so weak, when otherwise I feel perfectly well?"

"You were very ill last night," for the third time remarked Franchette.

Meanwhile the Marchioness was seated alone, in a room furnished with all the appliances of luxurious taste. Her head was supported by her hand, and as her foot beat an accompaniment, she thus spoke to herself:

"That wood hath of late been haunted by Gabrielle: strange that it never crossed my mind before, that it was not solitude she sought there. I may be wrong in my conjectures even now, but the trial is easy, and if I am mistaken it is well; if right, then will I revenge myself on the crying, prating hypocrite. But it is now about the time that the saint usually retires for meditation;" and the Marchioness rose, and arraying herself in a mantle and peasant's hat, such as Gabrielle frequently wore, she proceeded on her expedition.

On reaching the forest bower she seated herself in the shade, so as to be partially concealed from a person entering. Not long was madame left to solitary meditation. Before many minutes had passed she heard approaching a quick light step, and bending her head yet more effectually to conceal her features, she paused till the intruder, whoever he might be, should have fairly entered. Henry, for he of course it was, had already reached her side when the Marchioness arose. They both recoiled,—the surprise was mutual, and for a moment neither spoke. The look of haughty indignation prepared to annihilate the base interloper, which her imagination had pictured, was for an instant changed into one of awe, as she recognized the princely form and features of Henry de Bourbon. But not easily was the Marchioness daunted, and here her quick and penetrating mind discovered a rich and exhaustless mine to feed her ambitious and intriguing spirit. Recollecting herself then, she turned, and using the privilege which her sex accorded, demanded in haughty tones, "What seek you here?"

"In good sooth, lady, I sought that which I find not; and agreeable though it must ever be to meet the Marchioness de Sourdis, I must frankly confess that the hope of that pleasure was not the lure which brought me hither."

There was in this address, whether intended or not, an almost mocking composure which threw the lady into a most violent passion, and in tones hoarse from anger, she said:

"You seek your paramour! Base girl! she shall rue this hour to her death day. And know that not even Henry de Bourbon may woo to dishonour a daughter of the house of Cœuvres. Ay! ye both shall rue this hour."

"Hear me," interrupted Henry. "You wrong deeply both the Lady Gabrielle and myself—most deeply the Lady Gabrielle, she knows not even who I am."

"Ha!" ejaculated the Marchioness, but with a gesture of command Henry awed her into silence.

"You must hear me to an end. Months ago I visited Cœuvres under the title of the Count d'Albret. There I saw, and seeing loved the Lady Gabrielle. I was fortunate enough to render her a service which she more than repaid by her friendship. I said that seeing Gabrielle I loved her—knowing her, that love became an all-absorbing passion, and yet I bade farewell; I left the castle without breathing a word of the feelings which swelled my breast. I hoped to forget her; I sought not her presence again. To forget was impossible, but still would I have held to my resolution, had not the merest accident again introduced me to her. She is blameless; she sees in me but the humble Count d'Albret. But *I* am indeed guilty of weakness, of duplicity. Day after day have I resolved to avow myself, and still have I weakly deferred. I have shrunk from the pain of bidding farewell—yet, more, since I believe and hope, what in my calmer moments I must still lament, that not as Henry de Bourbon but as the Count d'Albret, I am to her an object of esteem and love. It is well that I am now forced to do that from which I might still have weakly shrunk; I

will promise you that my next meeting with the Lady Gabrielle shall be my last. But I must see her once more—I must myself tell her of all my duplicity, and then, though she must condemn, her gentleness will lead her also to pity."

While Henry spoke, the Marchioness listened with a cold, unmoved countenance; not a thought—not an emotion was displayed; she seemed passionless as the tree against which she leaned. As he concluded, she rewarded him with a haughty bow, and smile of incredulity.

"You do not doubt what I have said!" exclaimed Henry; "on the honour of a man and a prince, I swear that I have told you a plain, true tale. I have not attempted to vindicate my own conduct, and the Lady Gabrielle needs no vindication. To affirm, were to suppose a doubt. Her image shall ever dwell in the inner temple of my heart—a guardian spirit to prompt to good and save from evil."

"I did not know," coldly remarked the Marchioness, "that the pupils of Catherine de Medicis were taught this feeling of sentimentality. Say, will Gabrielle's image remain in that inner temple as long as the paint was in drying which conveyed to canvass the features of your last favorite?"

"Mock me not, and spare your gibes for those whom they move," said Henry, in a quiet, though stern tone, as he turned from the arbor.

"Stay!" cried the Marchioness; "this is but the preamble,—I must hear and know more."

"You have already heard all that I have to tell—that I am guilty of weakness of duplicity—that Gabrielle is innocent and pure as the heaven from whence she came."

"Frankly acknowledged and prettily said, and, as usual, I suppose, the sentiment ends with its expression."

And now, unable to obtain the advantage for which she strove, either by threats or gibes, she entirely changed her mode of attack. She had at first supposed that Henry, blinded by passion, would so far have forgotten every principle of honour as to sue her to conceal and forward what she doubted not were his unworthy designs. But his frank confession, the terms of guilt so unscrupulously applied to himself, and his solemn assertions as to the innocence of Gabrielle, had, in spite of herself, forced conviction upon the callous, sceptical Marchioness. Not one instant would she have hesitated at betraying the motherless girl placed under her protection, could her fall have served as a single stepping stone to advance her own ambition. It was with deep chagrin, then, that she heard Henry calmly, though sorrowfully, announce his intention of seeking but one more interview. She had already essayed the bolts of anger and the arrows of sarcasm, and they had fallen powerless, inasmuch as they had not drawn from the prince a single expression which she could possibly pervert to her already determined purpose. She now strove by an appearance of feeling so well sustained, that it was impossible to believe it mere acting, to work upon his natural generosity, or in fact to probe his heart till she should discover some chord which she could sever.

"You have spoken, Sire, now it is my turn to speak; you say, nor do I disbelieve it, that stripped of your titles, in fact inferior to herself in both station and power, you have won Gabrielle's love; having thus done, you resume your title, and in the potency of sovereign power, trample to the earth the affections you have thus gained."

And now warmed by the subject, the Marchioness seemed to forget all distinctions of rank, as she poured forth a torrent of pathetic reproach.

"When you meet on the morrow you will tell her, will you not?—and you will sigh as you give the falsehood to air—that your own heart is bursting beneath its burden of grief—that if you could you would willingly resign all for which your ambition contends, for the yet higher glory—the yet more prized boon of her love. And when you witness her grief you will impiously curse Fate for the misery which your own selfishness has brought upon her. Then, swearing that your love and grief are eternal, unchangeable, you will leave her,—no! not to die,—that were too blessed, but to live on in misery—and your eternity of love and sorrow will last till you find another victim for the sacrifice."

While the Marchioness spoke, Henry was silent, but he seemed rather holding commune with himself than heeding what she said; even when she had concluded he remained standing in the same position, his brow knit and his lips compressed. The lady waited, if not patiently at least quietly, till he should break the silence. For though she thought her eloquence might have been unheeded, or even unheard, yet the practised woman of the world saw in that face, which not all the training of the court of Catherine de Medicis had taught the art of concealment—there she saw traces of emotion which she knew but faintly shadowed the inward conflict. At length Henry spoke:

"I know not if the spirit which tempts me be of good or of evil, but I am urged by an almost irresistible impulse, to confide to you a hope which I thought would never find utterance till I had gained the power which should make it indubitable."

Then rapidly, but clearly, he detailed his own position.

"You, I doubt not, have often heard it said in derision that I 'was a prince without a title—a king without a kingdom, and a husband without a wife.' My title has, I think, been pretty clearly defined and well maintained; my unfortunate kingdom is yet torn by factions, but with God's help I doubt not I shall soon reduce these conflicting elements to order, and then when I have won and firmly established my rights as king, will I not assert and maintain my rights as man?"

He then briefly adverted to what she, with all France, knew, of the infamous Margaret de Valois, simply stating as they had long since ceased to acknowledge each other in the relation of husband and wife, it was his desire, and he doubted not it would also be Margaret's, to procure a divorce—the plea to be their consanguinity.

"Once have I sacrificed at the shrine of so-called policy, but when I again choose a partner for the kingdom I have won, and the throne I have built, I bow not to these politic fooleries—these unions of power with power, whose fruit is disunion. No! in France will I find the queen of the French."

"To what does this tend, Sire?"

"To this, that as Henry de Bourbon I will claim the love that Henry d'Albret won. To-morrow I will throw aside the mask and sue the Lady d'Estrèes not to refuse the sovereign the boon she granted the subject. And," he continued, with flushed cheek and flashing eye; "and with the aid of Heaven, ere many months have passed she shall share the throne of him whose heart acknowledges no other sway."

Calmly and silently the Marchioness listened to the pouring forth of these high hopes. Her face reflected none of the fire which animated Henry's; its expression, if it did express at all, was one of contemptuous pity, but dimly was any thing portrayed by those practised features. After a short pause she answered, in a more deferential tone than she had before employed:

"Were this an age, Sire, in which we could expect the aid of magic to forward our purposes, I should be lost in admiration of your project; but as it is, pardon me that I say it reflects more credit on your heart than head."

Not without some appearance of chagrin did Henry reply to this courteous address:

"I am fully enough aware of all the perils—all the obstacles which surround me; but methinks the strength that has reached this height is no weak proof that I shall attain the rest."

"None can deny that, Sire, and there are many forced to believe it who do not hope it. But grant, Sire, that you are in the end the victor, yet years may intervene, during which you will have neither power nor opportunity to attend to affairs comparatively personal. Then come the interminable delays of the pontificate, before arriving at a decision which may not in the end favour your Highness' wishes. And think you that Margaret de Valois will resign her pretensions to a daughter of the house of Cœuvres? Will the hierarchy favour the wishes of a Hugonot who has openly defied it, and bear unheedingly the daughter of Catherine de Medicis?"

A thousand times had Henry seen all this in the same light as it was now presented to him, and yet other thousand times had that courageous soul, buoyed by hope and the consciousness of its own strength, been victor of these gloomy, discouraging thoughts, and in imagination had seen all things subdued to his will. But now more appalling—more impervious than ever seemed that giant cloud of obstacles which hung betwixt himself and peace and happiness. For a few seconds he mused in gloomy silence, and then said in almost blunt tones:

"What we cannot conquer we must perforce submit to; you are right, my project is a studied foolery. To-morrow we part, and forever; the delusion is past that I can obtain the rights of a man, convinced that the sovereign is verily the subject's slave. Farewell!" And Henry turned hastily from the arbor.

Again the Marchioness recalled him; and now with many and varied windings did the treacherous woman unfold the plot which her strong and ambitious, but unprincipled mind, had already devised. She first graphically and vividly, though briefly, exposed all the fallacies of his project, then lamenting with well feigned sincerity the peculiarity of the circumstances in which he saw himself placed, with a skill which while it kept her ultimate purpose hid, yet unconsciously prepared the mind for its reception; she, with the perfection of art, gracefully unwound the serpent coil of her subtle sophism, till her scheme stood revealed, not in the naked deformity in which she herself saw it, but tricked with fair seeming sophistries, appealing not only to Henry's inclinations, but to the higher sentiments of generosity, even of justice. This was her proposal, that he should now privately espouse the Lady Gabrielle, and when time and opportunity were afforded, when the papal dispensation was procured, these private espousals should be publicly announced and consummated.

There was a vein of truth in the Marchioness' statements, which contributed not a little to sanctify the whole project. His own reflection told Henry that these intestine wars might be pro-

longed for a considerable time, and that the open announcement of his intentions would not in any way facilitate their accomplishment. Again was there a conflict waged in his breast between stern, uncompromising duty, and tempting inclination, and again was the victory conceded to that which attacked the citadel of his heart. Though this decision was most disastrous in its ultimate consequences, yet perhaps if we look closely and with the mild eye of Charity, we will not utterly condemn and denounce his weakness, or if we do, we may perchance pause here, and calling it weakness give it not the harsher name of wickedness.

Henry loved devotedly the Lady Gabrielle—this was his one passion which approached nearest to the Divine sentiment which is a type and an assurance of Heaven. That this was a passion *which ennobled instead of debasing his soul,* history corroborates. Never since the days of his boyhood when he had pictured himself not the mere victor, but a hero, in the widest and noblest sense of the word—conqueror, not only of fields or realms, but of all unworthiness in his own nature; panting for fame and power not as a mere exaltation and distinction for himself, but as an instrument to wield for the general good. Never since the first springtide of youth when his heroic mother, placing him in the forefront of the battle, proclaimed him a leader sent by God, and then solemnly devoted him to that God and his country, had his soul glowed with such high, holy enthusiasm as Gabrielle had awakened there. In the fierce strife for power in the more ignoble and yet more blighting every day contacts and conflicts with littleness and dissimulation, the ethereal spark in his soul had been at times almost buried beneath the dust of earth; but now the corroding dust had fallen from it, and it burned bright and clear as on that memorable hour, which might well influence a life, when he saw himself singled out as the champion of his country's holiest rights. It was this new passion which had blown aside the ashes, had fanned the spark into a flame; perchance were he again left in loneliness of heart with unsympathized feelings and affections—none to animate and encourage, he would again stoop from his lofty flight. Well did Henry merit the name of "Great;" in much he was truly magnanimous—his benevolence seemed universal, ever more ready to forgive and forget an injury than to see it—more willing to exercise generosity than stern justice, trusting, believing in all, closing his eyes to the evil to look more lovingly upon the good; possessing a clear, far-seeing intellect, yet appealing for decision far more frequently to his feelings than to stoic reason. Such were the elements of his character. He had always been sensitively alive to sympathy; it was to his soul as the refreshing rain to the plant; without it the noble and generous purpose often withered and died. In his younger days while his noble mother still lived to inspire him with the love of true goodness and real glory he needs no glossing of poetic words to seem a hero; he then approached nearest to our ideal. At times the frank, noble, generous, devoted boy seems almost a demi-god. But when his soul, instead of being fed on high and holy thoughts till the diviner part purified and controlled his every action and feeling, he was exposed to the insidious poison of a corrupt, though polished court, a court where vice reigned, adorned with all that the most exquisite taste could devise and exhaustless wealth procure, where policy was the only law, and pleasure the only influence; it *passed not unscathed the ordeal. Indeed* so loose a rein was then given to his lower nature that the spiritual never again, except for brief intervals, recovered the ascendancy it had once possessed.

We have already said that Henry's feelings were always powerful and eloquent pleaders. How then could he throw aside that love, with all its purifying influences, which he, not his title, had gained. For years he had ceased to consider Margaret de Valois as his wife, and though he knew that without the papal dispensation, in a legal view his marriage with Gabrielle d'Estrées was a mere form, yet he felt that before Heaven and to his own soul that solemn rite would be no mockery. And then, ere long, to the world would he proclaim it, and before the world, with all its pompous and imposing ceremonies, would he consummate it.

Henry then agreed to the Marchioness' proposal, divining, yes, clearly seeing all her baseness and selfishness in the proposition, and his generous heart swelled at the thought that the pure being she would abase, but could not understand, she was unwittingly advancing to power and glory. He was perhaps wrong in thus consenting to a clandestine marriage which he might never be able to make public, but the consciousness of strength makes one daring, and Love gives stronger pinions to Hope.

It was a strange weakness, but Henry desired the Marchioness still to keep his title a secret, and she willingly granted his request. He had forgotten his promise of throwing aside the mask, he now even wished to wed Gabrielle under the name of Henry d'Albret. It might be that he knew if he avowed himself, Gabrielle would shrink from such an union, or that her jealously fond father who strove to guard her from all evil, would doubt, if not the purify of his intentions, at least

his power to accomplish them. Henry, buoyed up by hope, could look over every obstacle, all the clouds seemed to lie beneath him, and not far distant he saw the accomplishment of all his hopes; he could not then bear the thought of hearing a word of doubt, he wished neither to hear or see aught that could cool the fire, which seemed in itself a pledge of victory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE DES ALLUMETTES.

TOM CLIFDEN'S "OTTAWA SKETCHES,"

BY H. J. FRIEL.

> "O deign at last, amid these lonely fields,
> To taste the pleasures which the country yields;
> With me *to* dwell in cottages resign'd,
> To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind;
> With me the youthful minds from home to guide
> To the green valleys on the mountain side."
>
> —*Pastoral.*

So sayeth Beattie, sang the ancient poet Virgil; o'er whose sublime thoughts the student of classic lore doth often indulge in brilliant and imaginative, though in modern and baser tongue, attempts to imitate the mighty efforts of his genius. Nature's varied beauties have been from ancient ages down to the present time the theme of many high-souled beings of our race. The study is grand, and the thought magnificent,—that we look first to Nature, then to Nature's God. Such a theme requires no effort from my humble pen to direct to it attention, so I will even bid adieu to sermonizing.

"Seize thy goose-quill, thou man of letters," shouted Textall, "and resume thy labours, thou chronicler of the sight-seeing of collegiate rovers. Here is food for thy ever-busy descriptive powers." I started from my reverie, and began a-new my sketches. Although not employed in noting for your perusal, reader, the promised treat, my eyes, those "organs of the soul," were feasting with the pride of an epicure when inhaling the delicious flavour *à la cuisine*, on the beauteous scenery around. We had just entered the first *or* lower of a chain of lakes, distinguished by the title of the Lakes des Allumettes. These lakes are entered by the Pouquette Rapids, described in the foregoing chapter. They stretch to a distance of about twenty miles, and in breadth vary from two to three miles and a half. A large island, which takes its name from the lakes, is situated between the lower and middle of the chain, and its banks are pretty thickly inhabited. Early of a sun-shining morn, we made our *entrée* upon this grand and beautiful scene of dame Nature's efforts. Not a wave seemed to ripple the quiet waters, and a cooling fragrant breeze seemed wafted o'er our frames, which barely kissed the element on which we rode, yet braced our willing nerves to action, and gave us due encouragement to speed our onward way to view new charms and features of the splendid scene just opening to our view. There are two channels; the one on the north, the other on the south side of the large island mentioned. We chose the latter, to avoid a long portage at the Kilbute Rapids, at the head of the island, of which I shall speak more particularly when we gain the distance. Our route lay by Miramichie, or Pembroke, as it is sometimes called. The view, as our little bark plunged along, its sharpened bow creating the only swells that floated around, was at once bold and romantic—wild and pleasing. On the right the terminating peak of the island caught the eye; on its summit might be seen perched, as if a dove of peace, a small but pretty chapel, with the meek yet majestic standard of Christianity floating on its walls, while in the lower valleys lay the humble homes of "the believers;" and in front of all the vast body of water, which conveys the labours of the industrious husbandmen to other localities, and thus enables them to dwell in peace and plenty, and devote both time and means to the worship of their great Creator.

But I must cease to be so very sentimental. In the far-off distance lay the lofty heights of a continuation of the mountains of Eastern Canada, which have been so often noticed by travellers, forming, as it were, a barrier to the neighbourhood from the fierce tornados of the northern winds. To the left is a level tract of country, as if to diversify the scene; the banks, for the most part, cleared, and laid down in green meadows, and scattered cottages and barns, rude but neat, seem to betoken the sway of husbandry.

> "Now from yon valleys clouds of smoke arise,
> And slowly roll along the evening skies;
> And see projected from the mountain's brow,
> A lengthened shade obscures the plain below."

"By all that's lovely!" rapturously exclaimed Mirsdale, "there goes a *deer!*"

"You are o'er fond of punning," said Pownall; "but your pun carries proof this time."

A deer was in sight. To put about and start in chase was the work of a very few moments; and our best marksman, the keen-eyed Beaupre, seized his fowling-piece, but "lo and behold!" it was mute, for the storm of the preceding day was allowed to take effect upon our powder. The only chance was in our paddles, and "paddle to horn" conflict was determined on. Onwards sped our tidy craft, seeming to leap a length as

we threw the gurgling element behind us, creating swells which might rival those of a screw-propeller's paddle-wheel. Mirsdale, in the bow, was to commence the attack, and one of our voyageurs was to secure him, while the rest should manage the canoe, and keep her slight exterior out of reach of the animal's feet, which deer are said to use very dexterously in such cases. It is almost unnecessary to say, that a chase must end by reaching the object. 'Twas not so in our case; for when we neared the supposed animal, indulging in the hope of supping off a haunch of fresh venison, what a burst of laughable disappointment did we indulge in.

"By the beard of Mahomet! and that must be a frizzly oath," coolly muttered Textall, "'tis a stump."

"True, by jingo!" echoed Mirsdale, "we are stumped in sooth."

A large "bottom," as it is called, had got afloat, and the earth clinging to the roots caused it to stand erect in the water, and two lopped stakes added horns, which, seen in the middle of the lake, gave it the appearance of a horned animal crossing to the opposite shore, as frequently happens. A hearty burst of laughter brought relief for our disappointment, and we pursued our course.

After crossing the first lake we had to make a small portage at the entrance of the second; the lakes being divided by short rapids, which are sometimes run through by canoes on the downward passage. After we crossed the portage the view of the second lake was opened to our vision:

> "Half of our way is past, for I descry
> Beauteous scenes just rising to the eye."

This lake far surpasses the first in splendour of scenery, and variety of rich and natural beauty. The settlements are more extended, and the inhabitants seem to be more enterprising and wealthy. The Allumette island, which, from its size, forms the north side of this lake, is also thickly inhabited. But the works of Nature are my theme, and on this favorite spot she seems to have exerted in a peculiar manner her powers. This pretty lake is studded here and there with small islands, in fact equalling, if not excelling, in simple outline, the vicinity of the "Thousand Isles" in the great St. Lawrence. These islands are inhabited (if I except the "haunted isle," whereby hangs a tale which hereafter may be unfolded) by Indians, when they return after the hunting season, and being in the vicinity of Fort William, are both convenient and useful. In the summer season they are covered with berries of many kinds, among which may be mentioned the celebrated cranberry—they form a *tasteful* feature in the beauties of the spot. To the literary dreamer the scene reminds him of Sir Walter Scott's famous description in the Lady of the Lake:

> "In all the length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land."

On the north side, the main shore is flat, and the soil excellent. The Muskrat and Pattawawa rivers empty into this lake—the one a pretty, smooth and even stream—the other, famous for its awful cataracts and falls. At the head of this lake is a passage, called the Narrows, which separates it from the third or upper lake of the same name. At the head of the large island previously spoken of, and opposite the Narrows, are the Kilbute Rapids. This tremendous catasact may be justly styled a twin sister of the Calumette rapids, spoken of in a previous chapter. The vast Ottawa dashes and roars o'er its rocky face, and its echo may be heard at no inconsiderable distance.

> "Its bounding crystal frolics in the ray,"
> And gushes from crag to crag with saltless spray."

It is about one mile in length, and the portage in ascending the river is made across the head of the island. Some of the more hardy venture to run down in canoes: and, although upon view this would seem impossible, very few have been lost in attempting it. The light formation of the bark canoe, and its peculiar build, seems to have been invented for such dangerous navigation.

The immortal Byron has deemed the subject worthy of his notice. In his detail of the adventures of "Christian and his Comrades," (the Island,) he throws his imagination on the matter with splendid effect:

> "On the surf their skimming paddles play,
> Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;
> Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
> Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
> Which flings its broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
> And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
> But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
> The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
> Their art seemed nature—such the skill to sweep
> The wave of these born playmates of the deep."

Our crew propose to run the rapid as we return; if so we shall prove the truth of the assertion that it is not dangerous. When agreed upon, Morton remarked that he would like to know how the "Seniors" would feel if they knew our intentions. Mirsdale inquired what the conversation

had reference to, as he had been giving directions to one of the voyageurs.

"I have run much greater risk," he said. "What might be the consideration which prompted you to risk your valuable carcass in such manner?" demanded Pownall. "The most ennobling of the human passions. A blue-eyed lovely beauty crossed my path in my youthful days, and the misery I have since endured has driven me to be reckless, and almost unfit for peaceful society. But let me not dampen the pleasure of our gay excursion by introducing the detail of my past existence; a fitting opportunity may offer; then shall I relate to you, my friends, the particulars of the interval, to me both dark and bright, since we parted at the college portal."

Passing the Narrows, we arrived at the last of the chain, the third or upper Allumette lake. This lake is only beautiful because of its broad smooth surface, there being no islands on its face, and its banks are but thinly peopled. On the north bank is the Hudson's Bay Company's post, (Fort William.) This "post" or "fort" consists of a number of good-looking buildings, all of wood, intended, for the most part, for storehouses, &c. The principal building is the residence of the agent or officer of the Company. There is, comparatively speaking, very little done at this "post" now, owing to the Indians retiring more backwards as civilization advances. Glancing around this lake, the eye can detect nothing but the wild and seemingly uncarved work of nature. Tremendous sized pines, the monarchs of the Canadian forests, enclose it all around. The deep river, which empties into it, may be seen from the fort; its high and mountainous banks presenting a striking contrast with the otherwise level country in its vicinity. The Chalk River, a small stream, which empties also into this lake, we intend ascending a few miles, which will terminate our travel upward. It is said that our sportsmen will have an opportunity of amusing themselves. We will remain a few days, and then "hie us" homeward.

TO MY MOTHER.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot its blossoms wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

"Nothing can be more touching than beneficence, combined with suffering and sorrow."

Maria Mason was the eldest daughter of a Village Pastor. The mother of Maria was a gentle and delicate being, whose life, from the first year of her union with Mr. Mason, had been one of sorrow and adversity. Oftentimes had her patient, enduring temper been put to the trial and sorely was her fortitude tested. The disposition of Mason was irritable in the extreme, and there was a harshness of manner exercised towards his gentle partner and interesting family, which awed even his numerous visitors. To the menials engaged about the house, the yoke of servitude was galling indeed, and when his professional duties required his absence from home, gay and joyous were the sunny faces, and blithe were the hearts of these sweet little ones. Maria was possessed of many personal charms, although unconscious of creating admiration. Then there was a quietness of manner and a peculiar fascination about her, which charmed every person who had the happiness to become acquainted with her; and when animated by relating some sly anecdote or indulging in some lively repartee, (which by the way, was never acknowledged as *original*,) she could not but be pronounced decidedly beautiful. Her eye was of that peculiar blue, which Byron so happily describes—but there was an expression about it which denoted coldness and selfishness, each of which she possessed in a slight degree. The brow was lofty and intelligent—perhaps too much so for a woman—and the nose decidedly Grecian. Then there was a something so peculiarly *seduisante* about the mouth, particularly the curve of the upper lip, when wreathing into a smile, that all who looked upon her were led acknowledge there was a witchery about Maria, which few could withstand.

The great charm about her, as I have already said, was the total unconsciousness of the power of pleasing, while she had been taught from her childhood, to consider herself void of personal charms—indeed she had all along been impressed with the idea that there was absolutely something repelling in her features. Maria had a sister two years younger than herself—deformed from her birth. She it was, who attracted universal love and pity. Inheriting all her mother's sweetness and evenness of temper, nothing could ruffle her calmness and placidity, and even when her schoolmates reproached her with her misfortune, she was never known to retaliate, but her large liquid blue eye would fill, and you could almost fancy you saw the throbbings of her gentle heart.

She seemed to be the victim of an unhappy passion. Her taste for literature was inherent, and assiduously did she cultivate her talent. Often have I seen her at the lonely midnight hour, a solitary light burning on the desk of her father's study, while her pen glided rapidly from side to side of the page. Then when nature would become exhausted from over-exertion, her aching head would rest on the desk, and a gush of tears, succeeded by a low, mournful wail, was *heard from the adjoining chamber*, where her little sister slept. But her lamentation was never one of reproach or even regret for her unhappy deformity. Oh! no, it was sweet and tender, despairing and humble—but ever submissive. Louisa was the name of the little stricken being, who was the idol of both her parents, and she was the only one of the little flock who was exempt from parental severity. From the delicacy of her constitution, she was never permitted to join her sisters in the household avocations. Her usual seat, in the summer months, was in a small arbor which graced the Pastor's little garden; and there would she sit for hours, in a lone chair, while her thin, white fingers were busily engaged plying the needle, or sketching some pretty landscape from fancy or memory.

As she grew up, her deformity became less apparent, and it was evident that her spirits rose in proportion, yet did she never allude to the change.

At the early age of sixteen, Louisa became acquainted with a gentleman of most prepossessing appearance and gentle manner, who formed a strong attachment to her—and pure and disinterested did she deem the love of this deserving being who loved her for herself alone—notwithstanding her misfortune. It was a sore trial for the Pastor and his wife to part from their engaging daughter, and many were the counsels with which they weepingly resigned Louisa to the arms of a *stranger*. Her fond heart was sadly grieved to part from her beloved parents, particularly her father, who, as I have already said, had never reproved his favorite. As she stepped into the coach which was to convey her to her bridal home, she turned one long, last look towards the window which contained the forms of those she dearly loved, and leaning her head sorrowfully on the shoulder of her husband, sobbed aloud, while the carriage whirled them rapidly away. Sad and forlorn did poor Louisa feel during the days which preceded her arrival at her new home—but her husband was ever attentive to her wishes, and even allowed her to indulge in those emotions so natural to one under her circumstances.

A few months after her marriage, strong symptoms of consumption exhibited themselves, and before a twelvemonth had elapsed, the physician declared her in a precarious state, and that he could not hold out the slightest hope. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of her affectionate husband, but to herself there was nothing startling in it; she was aware that a few short months must see her at rest, and she felt a secret and anxious longing to re-visit her parents, who resided at a considerable distance from her. She at last expressed her wish to her husband, who soon made arrangements for their departure, and in a few days the sorrowing pair left for the Pastor's humble cottage. Maria was standing at the gate of their little dwelling, attentively watching the slow and feeble approach of her sister, whom she could not possibly have recognised, as she breathlessly ascended the avenue which led to the house. Her greeting was therefore respectful, but not affectionate.

"Can I be so much changed, Maria, that you do not know your own Louisa!"

A sob from Maria was the only reply, and the tears literally rained down the faces of the weeping sisters, who stood for a few minutes clasped in each other's arms.

The husband of Louisa was obliged to attend to some business, which called him to a considerable distance, and much against his inclination he was forced to leave his suffering wife, whom he hoped to find improved in health and appearance on his return. The poor pastor was lying on a sick bed, confined by an inflammatory disease, to which he was occasionally subject. In his weak state it was therefore deemed prudent not to apprise him of his daughter's arrival.

Sore was the struggle for the heart-stricken mother to appear cheerful in the presence of her dying child, and also that of her husband, while she would have given worlds to give way to her pent-up feelings and gushing heart, while an infant in arms required her constant attention, her invalid husband, whose impatient and peevish spirit now rendered him almost unbearable, and now the presence of her patient daughter, who had never left her bed from the hour she entered the house. Oh! it would have wrung tears from the most stony heart, to have watched the devotion of that untiring, gentle wife; with what quiet and noiseless steps did she glide from one room to the other of her precious invalids, while the same beaming, benevolent smile, the same resigned look played round the placid lips of the pale and anxious being.

The physician who attended Mason was called in to see Louisa; his first visit was short; he was shewn into a neat and tidy room, where he found a sweet and wasted looking being, stretched on a low bed, at the foot of which sat her almost

frantic mother, sobbing convulsively. The gentle invalid raised her head, feebly essaying to rise, while she fixed her dark lustrous eye with such an intensity of gaze on the physician, as if she would have read in his face a confirmation of her worst fears. At length faintly she said:

"Doctor, I have no pain—nothing but debility."

"My poor child!" soothingly said the physician, "you will soon be better!"

Then pressing her thin hand, he left her, promising to call on the morrow; but, alas! the morrow was the last that was to dawn on poor Louisa. During the long night, her pallid lips seemed to move in prayer, and several times she was heard to pronounce the loved name of her husband.

"Mother! pray for me. James! I die happy!"

All knelt and prayed, but when they rose from their knees, Louisa had ceased to breathe.

And now the Pastor's clock struck the deep midnight hour. Fair creature! I think I see her with her soft dark eye fringed by the transparent lid—that eye which was so soon to be closed on this world. And that tiny, drooping hand on which the fair, calm cheek so lately rested; and those rich, dark tresses, as they fell in sweet and unstudied luxuriance on her white and attenuated shoulders. Sweet sainted spirit! he should not mourn thy loss. Oh! no! thou art now as ever, a pure, stainless, holy thing, only fit to be a worshipper of God and a companion of his angels.

While silently performing the last sad offices, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the manse, and poor L—— was announced. Dashing *up the stair like a maniac,* he entered the room, where lay the statue-like form of his departed Louisa, and after clasping her remains wildly to his breast, he placed one hand on her heart, while with the other he gently withdrew a small locket containing his own hair. After kissing the relic reverentially, he with a sob of anguish replaced it on the cold and snowy bosom of his sainted wife. The necessary arrangements were made for bearing the precious remains to the last resting-place, and poor L—— returned to his home, a lonely and heart-broken widow.

And now, turn with me to the anniversary of that mournful night. In a dimly-lighted room of the same house, uncurtained and uncarpeted, stood a tall, graceful form, chastely clad in simple white; at her left, in the act of placing a *plain* ring on the virgin finger of his fair bride, stood a pale, fragile young man, of about twenty years of age. Directly opposite the youthful pair, stood an elderly man, who, with hands and eyes upraised, dispensed the nuptial blessing. At a little distance were grouped five sorrowing sisters; and at a still further distance, with his hand shading his manly brow, stood a young stripling, supporting his almost fainting parent, on whose arm reposed a sweet cherub, of surpassing loveliness.

And *now,* the dread—the parting hour is at hand—the scene of poor Louisa's marriage is all too vividly portrayed, and the mother sinks motionless into the arms of her husband, who gently raising her wasted form, entreated her to bestow her parting blessing on the head of her gentle daughter. But these words were not heard by the unconscious mother; and taking advantage of this temporary suspension of all feeling, L—— tenderly but hastily lifted his sorrowing bride *into the carriage, she having first convulsively* kissed the pallid lips of her emaciated parent, and wildly strained her weeping father and sobbing sisters to her fond heart.

And now my humble tale is at a close. The incidents are all *too true,* and Maria still lives the daughter and wife of "a Village Pastor."

M. H. N.

Beauharnois, March, 1846.

SONG.

O, wha would harry the wee bird's nest,
That sings sae sweet and clear,
That bigs for its young a cozy biel',
In the spring-time o' the year;
That feeds its gapin' gerlins a',
And haps them frae the rain...
O wha would harry the wee bird's nest,
Or gi'e its bosom pain.

I wouldna harry the lintie's nest,
That whistles on the spray;
I wouldna rob the lav'rock,
That sings at break o' day;
I wouldna wrang the shilfa,
That chants so sweet at e'en;
Nor plunder wee wee Jenny Wren,
Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,
That dance upon the lea;
They winna sing in cages
So sweet's in bush or tree.
They're just like bonnie bairnies,
That mithers lo'e sae weel...
And cruel, cruel is the heart
That would their treasures steal.

W. B.

MOODKEE AND FEROZESHAH.

BY CLAUD HALCRO.

WE have much gratification in transferring to our pages (from the columns of the Kingston *News*) the following spirit-stirring "Lay," from the pen of a gentleman of some celebrity, on this continent, who has occasionally contributed to the *Garland*, under the title of "Claud Halcro." It is unnecessary to make any remark respecting it, for we are certain that it will be appreciated by every reader of taste, not less for its own excellence as a composition, than for the patriotic and chivalrous spirit which it breathes.—The events which it is intended to commemorate will long dwell in the memory, associated with feelings of national pride, as well for the gallantry and soldier-like devotion by which the victory was achieved, as for the noble forbearance which distinguished the conquerors, even amid the excitement of their dear-bought triumph.

The breath of war came rolling from the far off Himmaleh,
And the sepoys of Calcutta to the Sutlej bent their way:
The gallant troops of Britain around Ferozepore,
With beat of drum and trumpet call, came thronging more and more.

Ho! couriers from the Punjaub—breathless horsemen from Lahore,
Their coursers flecked with snowy foam, ride to Ferozepore:
There stands the gallant Littler, with scarce five thousand troops,
When the army of the Akhalees upon the Sutlej swoops.

Lo! legion after legion, they cross the river's fords—
The sunlight on their turbans, and on their gleaming swords;
Their turbans all of crimson, with warlike splendour gay,
And their broad-swords of Damascus flash along their bright array.

Hurrah! full eighty thousand foes invade the British soil,
Impatient for the battle-field, and eager for the spoil:
Up, warriors from Calcutta, the Deccan, and Mysore,
From Bombay and from Scinde—rush to Ferozepore.

If England still will wear the crown of empire in the Ind;
If still the victor's laurels her glorious brows shall bind,
Rise! hurl the proud invader right back upon Lahore;
Wake up, wake up the British cheer of victory once more.

Hurrah! the foe encircle us—*they mask Ferozepore*:
Hark to the roar of ordnance, list to the cannon's roar!
Shere Singh leads on the vanguard---the dashing squadrons come,
With the heavy tramp of cavalry, with cymbal, trump and drum!

Great heaven! our troops are on them---at Moodkee---hark! they shout,
As a handful of our soldiers the fierce marauders rout.
Behold the Bengal cavalry dash down the Akhalees,
As the whirlwind in the forest lays low the giant trees.

There charge the British legions, as their sires at Waterloo,
When the Old Guard of the Empire before their phalanx flew;
So now, the Sikhs down hurling, athwart the field they flow:
Hark to the rattling musketry, hark to the broad-sword's blow.

But lo! the bristling camp they reach, whence a hundred cannon pour
A deadly storm of iron hail upon them evermore.
Their ammunition fails them, but never fails one heart;
Brave Hardinge leads the vanguard, and on the foe they dart.

Then flash the British bayonets, then rings the British cheer---
The prophet cry of victory, sweet to the soldier's ear.
The Sikhs a storm of grapeshot upon them ever pour,
The earth is heaped with gallant men all weltering in their gore!

Hurrah! again they're charging—they crown the rampart wall,
And, maddened at the carnage, upon the foemen fall.
At eve they still are fighting, and all the livelong night
The cannon of the Akhalees flash with a lurid light!

The fight goes bravely on---next morn the British troops are formed
Within the trenched Ferozeshah that yesternight they stormed:
The cry to charge is given---before the sea of steel
Of bayonets advancing, the Sikhs in terror reel.

Ho! manes of old Runjeet, weep tears of shame and woe---
In the dust thy glory's trampled at this one cruel blow:
Weep for thy treaties broken by thy degenerate son---
Weep for the empire fallen that thy good falchion won.

WE have received a copy of a Prospectus of a volume of "Poems, Sketches, and Essays," to be published by Mr. P. J. Allan, in Fredericton, N. B. The author is a young gentleman of talent and education, by whom we have been occasionally favoured with poetical contributions for our Magazine, all of which we have had pleasure in giving insertion to, considering them well worthy of publication. We perceive that he has contributed frequently to the newspapers in New Brunswick, and his poems have always been worthy of circulation. We anticipate a very pleasant volume. It is to be published by subscription, and lists have been left at some of the principal booksellers.