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PRESENTIMENT.*

BY M. A. S.

THE roads in Ireland, even forty years ago, were far from being as smooth and well kept as they now are—crossing the very summits of high hills, and anon descending the steepest precipices, when by diverging but a little, either to right or left, they might have extended over a surface comparatively level—these good old thoroughfares of our ancestors pursued their straight-forward course—exceedingly fine opportunities they presented for viewing the scenery through which the traveller passed, (seeing that at every few hundred yards he had to ascend an elevation of as many hundred feet,) but if truth must be told, they were well adapted to try the patience of those who journeyed on any engrossing business. On the present occasion, Mary, usually so cool and equable, felt the slowness of their progress much more sensibly than Eleanor, who, being entirely absorbed in the one horrid thought of Arthur's danger, or perhaps death, paid little or no attention to aught else—and the truth was, moreover, that though she became every moment more convinced that something fearful had befallen her husband, yet this very conviction made her dread the moment when it was to be realized.

It was late at night when our travellers entered Dublin. The night was one of heavy rain and pitchy darkness, and as the fierce blast swept along the deserted streets, and the melancholy voice of the watchman,—(the venerable guardians of the night still “kept watch and ward” over the slumbers of the citizens; alas! for those good old days!)—hoarsely called out “past eleven!” poor Eleanor shrank closer to her more courageous companion, and drew her veil more closely over her face, ejaculating with a heavy sigh, “What a contrast to the aspect in which I last saw Dublin!”

Poor Eleanor! a change had indeed “come o'er the spirit of her dream.”

The carriage at length drew up before the door of Morrison's hotel, and forthwith (*malgré* the inclemency of the night,) a troop of waiters sallied forth to receive the unseasonable visitors. The coachman having opened the door, one of the liveried corps stepped forward with a smirk and a bow. At that moment the light from the hall lamp fell full upon the occupants of the carriage, revealing the pale and grief-stricken face of Eleanor, who sat on that side. The man started back, but a moment's recollection served to restore his self-possession, for he already divined who the visitors might be.

“Will you please to step out, ladies?” and he accompanied his words with a bow of ineffable politeness.

“Mary, dear!” whispered Eleanor, “do you ask him —” she could go no farther.

“Can you tell me, waiter,” inquired Mary, “whether Mr. Newburk—Mr. Arthur Newburk, is staying here just now?”

“Madam!” said the servant inquiringly, as though he understood not the question, but in reality to gain a moment's time for consideration.

“I wish to know whether Mr. Newburk, of Ballyhaise Castle, is staying at Morrison's?”

“Staying here—oh! yes, ma'am. Mr. Newburk is here.”

“Then show us at once to where he is—or stay! go tell him that Mrs. and Miss Newburk wish to see him immediately.”

“Certainly—certainly, ma'am!—but won't you walk in, ladies?” persisted the waiter, with some hesitation, “and then I'll see about delivering your message.” Mary at, once stepped out,

* Continued from page 185.—Conclusion.

rejecting the offered assistance of the servant, when, having aided Eleanor to alight, she supported her tottering steps through the long hall, and up the wide staircase, into the drawing room, whither they were conducted. The waiter then withdrew, for the ostensible purpose of seeking Mr. Newburk. "Thank heaven! then, he still lives!" exclaimed Eleanor, with grateful fervor. It seemed as though a heavy weight had been suddenly removed from her heart, and she could have wept for very joy. Mary was silent. There was something in the waiter's words and manner that to her calmer mind appeared strange and unusual, so that she was far from participating in Eleanor's satisfaction. A considerable time had elapsed since the servant had left the room, and still no one entered, and Eleanor grew restless and impatient.

"Why, how strange it is, that Arthur delays so long—probably the man has forgotten to announce our arrival."

She then rang the bell, and forthwith a waiter appeared, but not the one they expected to see.

"Have the goodness to show us to Mr. Newburk's room,—we are his wife and sister."

The man, who appeared stupid to the last degree, and fit for anything rather than the office he actually filled, at once complied, and having conducted the two ladies up one flight of stairs, and along a spacious gallery, stopped before a door at the farther end, saying, "This is the room, ladies!" upon which he slowly unlocked the door, for the key had been standing in the lock—as he did so, Mary started back, while Eleanor caught hold of her arm with convulsive energy—"In the name of Heaven, why had you the door locked?—what is the matter?" Before the man could answer this question of Mary's, Eleanor was in the room. The curtains were closely drawn around the bed, and as Arthur was nowhere to be seen, she naturally looked for him there. With one spring she approached, and tearing open the intervening shade, stood for a moment silent, with her hand still outstretched, and her head bent eagerly forward. Another moment, and a wild, unearthly laugh rang through the apartment, and Mary, who just then caught Eleanor in her arms, as she looked upon her flashing eye, and fearfully distorted countenance, saw at once that she clasped a raving maniac—and Mary Newburk, as she made the discovery, could almost have envied her fate!—Oh, God! the horror of that fearful moment! Even her mind, with all its firmness and strength, was almost overpowered by the shock, which had quenched in Eleanor's soul the light of reason. Before her, in the stillness of death, lay that idolized brother,

who had long been the sole object of her affections. He was laid outside the bed-clothes fully dressed; one arm was laid across his chest, while the other lay stretched by his side, so that, judging by his attitude, one might have believed that his parting struggle had been neither protracted nor severe. But alas! the face belied such an assurance, for there, in the staring eyes and distended nostrils, and in the half open mouth, were fearful testimonials that the soul and body had been fiercely and violently rent asunder. Alas! that those features, erst so full of life and gaiety, and so expressive of every kindlier feeling, should have stiffened into rigidity, without one pitying or kindred hand to smooth them for the long sleep of the grave!—Even in that awful emergency Mary Newburk retained her wonted presence of mind, and though her very soul was wrung with fearful anguish, yet did she exclusively devote her attention to the bereaved and stricken creature who writhed and struggled in her close embrace.

"For God's sake, waiter!" she exclaimed, "send hither some women, that I may have this lady conveyed from the room!"

The man instantly withdrew, nowise unwilling to quit such a scene of horror, and in a few minutes two female servants came to Mary's aid. With their assistance she removed Eleanor to another apartment, where, leaving her for a brief space to the care of the attendants, she returned to the scene of death. With slow but firm step she sought the fatal chamber—she had determined, cost what it might, to smother her anguish, lest her strength both of mind and body should give way, and render her unfit for the solemn duties so suddenly devolved upon her. Her demeanor therefore was tolerably calm, as she entered and closed the door after her,—but when she found herself alone for the first time with the dead—when her eye again rested on the altered countenance of him who had been for so many long years her hope and pride, nature at once asserted her supremacy, and the grief of her heart burst forth like a torrent, all the more violent for having been temporarily restrained. With passionate fondness she bent over the body, and imprinted a long, long kiss on the pale, blue lips, and on the colorless cheek. With trembling hand did she smooth the dishevelled hair over the marble brow where the clammy dew of the grave was already settling. The icy touch chilled her very soul, and shrinking back in wild anguish, she sank upon her knees by the bed. Then raising the stiffened hand she pressed it to her lips and to her heart, while her streaming eyes were fixed upon the dead, pale face—"Your hand is cold, cold!—Oh! Arthur; my

brother! hard and cold as iron!—oh! God!—oh, God! is it thus I look upon that face again—can it be the same that I used to look upon with so fond a pride—can those staring eyes be those that but a few days since looked upon me with ineffable affection?—Oh! death—death! how awful is the change thou workest!—Oh, Arthur! Arthur!—you in whom the love of years was centered—you whose affection consoled me for all of this life's chilling disappointment,—you whose tenderness not even my frequent coldness and even unmerited reproaches had power to change! Are you, indeed, lost to me for ever? And shall I never again hear your voice speak comfort to this sad heart? No—no—no! “she murmured as her head fell hopelessly upon the bed, “he is gone, the brother of my heart—he is dead—and snatched away suddenly and by violence!” This latter thought reminded her that the manner of his death was still a mystery, and starting up at once, she hurried from the room. In the passage she was met by a servant, who informed her that Mr. Morrison wished to know whether he might be permitted to wait upon the ladies.

“Yes, by all means, yes; let him come here!” cried Mary, eagerly catching at the offer; she then entered the room where she had left Eleanor, and found the poor creature sunk in a death-like slumber, the maids having succeeded in getting her to bed. Mary motioned the attendants to withdraw, saying that she herself would watch by Mrs. Newburk. At this moment “mine host” entered the room. He was a man somewhat past the meridian of life, with a quiet unobtrusive demeanor, and to look upon his pale and rather sallow countenance you would never have taken him for “the landlord,” a character with which we are accustomed to associate a goodly rotundity of figure, together with a cheerful and rubicund set of features; not such, however, was Mr. Morrison, who, to say the truth, had much of the air and bearing of a gentleman. With all due deference, yet with the utmost ease of manner, Mr. Morrison addressed the lady:

“May I be permitted, madam, to offer my most sincere condolence for the awful calamity which has fallen upon your family? I do solemnly assure you, Miss Newburk, that I can sympathize with your grief, since it was impossible to know Mr. Arthur Newburk for so many years as I have known him, without being personally interested in his fate! I am furthermore grieved to learn that a second and scarcely less afflicting accident has to-day occurred to you. Let us hope, however, that poor Mrs. Newburk's derangement may prove but temporary!”

“You are very kind, Mr. Morrison, and I feel

grateful for your friendly sympathy; but will you have the goodness to inform me how—how!—.” She faltered, her tongue could not pronounce what she wished to express, but her auditor fully understood her.

“Perhaps it were as well,” he said with a polite bow, “that Miss Newburk should remain ignorant of the facts which led to this fatal event, yet as she requests to be made acquainted with them, I have only to comply, however reluctant I may be!” Mary was silent, but her anxious and eager gaze denoted her impatience, and Mr. Morrison resumed, “Would that I could say that the death of Mr. Newburk was owing to accident, as in that case, though your bereavement would be nothing lessened, yet you would have but fate to blame! But now I much fear that my recital will arouse feelings of a far sterner nature than grief ever gave.”

He paused a moment, as if to summon courage for a strong effort, and then began:

“You are, or have been acquainted, Miss Newburk, with a Mr. Hamilton, whose principal residence is, I believe, Fairfield Castle, in the County of Monaghan?”

A sudden light seemed to break in on Mary's mind—she started from her seat, stood for a moment with clasped hands, while her bosom heaved as though she were gasping for breath, but no word escaped her parched lips, and her eyes too plainly spoke her recognition of the name mentioned. Mr. Morrison noted the effect of his question, and went on:

“Well, madam! Mr. Hamilton called here on last Tuesday, to inquire for Mr. Newburk. The latter not being in the house, Mr. Hamilton left his card, saying that he would do himself the honor of calling at two o'clock in the afternoon. When the message was delivered to your brother, he was observed to change colour, but made no remark. He made it a point, however, to be in at the appointed hour, and when Mr. Hamilton returned, he was ushered into the drawing-room where Mr. Newburk was. I have since learnt, that for some time their conversation was far from being an angry one, but at length your brother was heard to speak in a loud and indignant tone, whereupon Mr. Hamilton took fire, it would appear, and after a violent altercation, that gentleman threw open the door and hurried from the house, his face (as my people assure me,) actually burning with fierce passion. That evening your brother was called upon by a friend of Mr. Hamilton's, with a hostile message from him, and need I say that poor Mr. Newburk was not slow in accepting it. When I learned what was going on, I took the liberty of endeavoring

to dissuade him from his fatal design of meeting his adversary, even though at the risk of being called a coward; but he utterly refused to listen to my argument, and assured me that he had long looked for this opportunity of settling an old score. He then gave me a letter, requesting me (in the event of his falling,) to have it sent to his wife by the earliest opportunity. With a heavy heart I assented, and in two hours after your brother left the house on his fatal errand. Another only had passed when he was carried back as you now see him. I immediately wrote a letter to acquaint his family with the sad tidings, enclosing at the same time his own epistle. As it was but yesterday my letter was posted, it has scarcely reached Ballyhaise as yet—you will find it there, doubtless, on your return. My tale is now told!"

"I thank you, Mr. Morrison—I thank you for your recital, and much more for your sympathy. I will trouble you for your account as soon as convenient, as I wish to get home with as little delay as possible."

Then seeing the worthy landlord hesitate, she exclaimed:

"I see, good Mr. Morrison! the cause of your embarrassment—there is one question your delicate kindness prompts you to leave unasked. But I will anticipate you—furnish me with *all* your account—all—do you understand?"

Mr. Morrison bowed in silence, and was about to withdraw, when Mary called him back to request that he would order some refreshments for her coachman, and then have him prepare at once to set out. Mr. Morrison ventured to remonstrate.

"Why, surely, Miss Newburk! you would not think of leaving Dublin to-night—and such a night as this is?"

"Yes, even so, my good sir! my travelling companion will not heed the storm, and for myself, I fear not its fury!"

Being left to herself, she turned to the sleeping Eleanor:

"Poor—poor young creature!" she murmured, while her tears fell fast upon the pale, shrunken features before her; "would that those eyes might never more open on this sickening scene—how much of anguish would then be spared thee! But, alas!" she added, as recollection slowly returned, "have I not cause to fear that Reason has toppled from her throne, and that nor pain, nor pleasure, grief nor joy shall ever again visit Eleanor's mind. Ill-fated girl! is then mental darkness to be your portion during the remnant of your earthly sojourn?"

As Mary continued to gaze, memory was busy within—sad and painful memory—she recalled the deep, deep love, with which she had seen her brother dwell on those now pallid and hueless features—she thought of the exceeding gentleness with which Eleanor had borne her long continued harshness and injustice, and her tears flowed afresh.

"Now will I make amends, dear unfortunate! for my former unkindness—I will watch you as a mother watches over her first-born—nor hurt nor harm shall befall thee that I can avert! Be this the seal of my engagement!" and stooping down, she tenderly kissed the fair brow of the unconscious sleeper.

Mary's next step was to send for Mr. Nelson. (an old friend of her family,) who was not slow in making his appearance. Deep and sincere was his sorrow when the fatal occurrence was revealed to him, and most gratefully did Mary accept his offer of accompanying to Ballyhaise the lifeless remains of his young friend.

On the day which followed this fated night, all was gloom in Ballyhaise Castle. The servants moved around in their wonted avocations, but listlessly and dejected. Here and there they might be seen in pairs conversing in low anxious whispers—and all seemed to have an intuitive feeling, that all was not as it should be. Such was the state of affairs, when, about ten o'clock, good Mrs. Hannah made her appearance. Having bustled around and around the house with all the privilege of an old and tried follower—she at length, quietly seated herself by the fire in the servants' hall. It was a cold, bleak morning, and as the coal fire burned and flickered in the huge grate, the worthy woman drew closer to the friendly hearth, with a sensation of exquisite comfort.

"So you tell me, Bridget," she said, addressing the cook-maid, "that the ladies went off without any preparation. I am sure they must have been in a great hurry, for though I opened the gate myself for them, neither one nor the other as much as looked out at me—an' God knows, myself thought that same very strange. What in the wide world can be the matter? May the Lord in his mercy grant that nothing bad has happened to Mr. Arthur!"

Just as Hannah ejaculated this fervent prayer, one of the grooms ran into the hall—

"Oh! Mrs. Hannah—Mrs. Hannah!" he cried, in breathless haste; "as sure as anything, there's something strange happened—for there's two carriages drivin' up the avenue—one of them is our own, but the other I don't know, an' God bless me, and pardon my sins! but they're jist lookin' for all the world like a funeral!"

And so saying, the man ran off again to resume his employment. Hannah hastened to the door—her kind heart throbbed violently (old as it was,) against her bosom. She stood at the door till the carriages came up—a grave elderly gentleman stepped from the unknown conveyance, and opening the door of the other, assisted Mary to alight, and Hannah was alarmed to see that it required both to lift Eleanor out. A whispered order from the strange gentleman, and four of the men servants approached the other carriage, and Hannah, as she gazed, was obliged to lean for support against the wall. What heavy burthen did they raise in their arms. Oh! good and gracious Father! it was a *coffin*. With slow and faltering steps did the melancholy procession reach the door, and when Mary looked upon the well-known face of Hannah, who stood pale and horror-stricken in the door-way, forgetful of her usual *hauteur*—forgetful of all but the love borne by Hannah to the dead—she flung herself into her out-stretched arms, and gave way to a wild burst of tears.

"There he is, Hannah! *there—there*—in that coffin! thus it is, that Arthur Newburk returns to the home of his boyhood—the dwelling of his fathers. Oh, Hannah! Hannah! pity me—pity me—pity my sore affliction!"

And the proud cold woman sobbed like a child on Hannah's bosom.

"Don't cry, *alannah!* don't cry so!" and yet the affectionate creature wept herself like a very infant. "Och! och!" she cried, as Mary withdrew from her arms—"Och! och! but this is the black an' bitter day to us all. "Och, Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur! *asthore machree!* are you lyin' there cowlid an' stiff—you that had the bright smile an' the kind word for the meanest sarvint about the house! Och, *ochone!* *ochone!* him that I seen a pretty weeny child, an' a fine elegant young gentleman—an' is he gone before me—*me*, a poor lonely ould woman?—*Wisha!* *wisha!* but this is a world of sorrow and throuble! But what's the matter with the young mistress?" she suddenly exclaimed, on hearing a loud laugh from Eleanor. Then as she turned to look at her, the fearful conviction flashed upon her mind, for the wild look and the strange untimely burst of merriment, told too plainly the terrible truth. "God protect and save us from harm! but this is the sorrowful day out an' out!" Yet with all her grief, poor Hannah did not forget to make herself useful, and applied herself to tend the unhappy mistress of the mansion.

It were idle to enlarge upon a scene so mournful. True it is, that I have frequently heard even Richardson himself censured for having withheld

from us, the description of the sorrow with which the parents of Clarissa Harlowe received the remains of their once idolized, but ill-used daughter, and yet I am not sure that even the greatest of modern novelists could have done justice to that more than grief which they felt, when looking on the dead form of their child—their favorite child—they acknowledged that they themselves had caused her death. Wisely and well then he imitated the Grecian painter, who drew a veil over the face, whose agony he despaired of depicting. Vainly would I attempt to describe the lasting, lingering grief, which rendered Mary Newburk's life one entire blank. Mr. Nelson had kindly remained (though at considerable sacrifice of his professional practice,) until he had seen all that was mortal of Arthur Newburk consigned to the tomb, and when he was gone, Mary was left *alone*—alone with her poor stricken charge. Often and often as she marked the utter unconsciousness of Eleanor, she was almost tempted to envy her—but this feeling was never more than momentary; and when it passed, Mary prostrated her soul in humble gratitude before Him, who had supported her through the fiery furnace of tribulation. Deeming it a duty to try every possible means for restoring Eleanor's reason, she made it a point to procure the best medical advice that the country within a circuit of many miles afforded. Many were the attempts made, but all proved unsuccessful. All the physicians, however, who had been consulted in the case, expressed a hope that her confinement might produce a favorable change. Awaiting this momentous event then, let us return to the letter written by Arthur, the evening previous to the fatal duel, and which Mary had (as Mr. Morrison expected,) found on her return home. It was addressed to wife and sister conjointly—having first apologized for his silence of more than a week, which he said was owing to his wish to afford them the pleasure of a surprise—(as he had been daily expecting to be dismissed from his attendance in court,)—he went on to beg that what he had to communicate would be calmly received. He then mentioned that Mr. Hamilton had on that day called upon him with many hypocritical professions of friendship, which he (whose mind was full of resentment for the injury offered to his father,) could not receive with even tolerable patience. I certainly did," he went on with his usual frankness, "upbraid him, it might be too warmly, with the outrage he inflicted on my poor father, whereupon he became furious, and went off vowing to be revenged. I have just received a challenge from him, and have appointed to meet him this afternoon at four o'clock in a meadow close by Harold's Cross.

Should my Eleanor's presentiment be indeed fulfilled, and I become the victim of revenging a father's wrongs—let me conjure you, oh! best beloved of my heart! my Eleanor! and you, my dear, my precious sister! to bear your afflictions as Christians should—you must henceforth be all in all to each other. After all, I may not fall—but, God's will be done!"

Such was the letter, which it may well be believed, tended but to deepen Mary's grief. One good effect, however, it had, viz.: that of encouraging her to persevere in her arduous attendance on the poor unconscious widow of that beloved brother.

"That is all I can now do for him," said Mary to herself—"and with God's assistance it shall be done."

Two weeks of harassing suspense had passed, when the hour so anxiously looked for arrived at last—Eleanor became the mother of a son, who scarcely opened his eyes on this world of sorrow, when he closed them again in death.

"Happy innocent!" sighed Mary, as with fondness all but maternal she gazed upon the dead child—"happy in having escaped the weary lot of mortals—and yet, I could have wished that you had lived; but such was not, it appears, the will of God—let me then bow in submission to His decree."

But alas! for the fallacy of human hopes—the birth of her child, and its speedy dissolution, were alike unnoticed by the unfortunate mother. She who would have hailed the one event with rapture, and the other with anguish, was alike insensible to both, and as this fact became apparent, the humane physician, who had been called in on the occasion, turned away with a sigh of sad disappointment, and Mary wept in silence, for she then knew that the case was hopeless.

Several days—nay, some weeks had gone by—Eleanor's bodily health seemed somewhat re-established—so that she could walk about without support, and Mary began to hope that this last memento (wretched as it was) of her brother, might yet be spared to her. The cruel malady by which Eleanor was afflicted, had gradually taken a milder form, and began to subside into a quiet lethargic melancholy, so that the poor creature gave but little trouble to any one. It was always necessary, however, to keep her motions under a strict *surveillance*, lest she might encounter some accident. She seemed to recognize no one—not even Mary, but there were times when she spoke of the "quiet churchyard," as she called it, and expressed a wish to visit it. To this, however, Mary could not assent, fear-

ing the inclemency of the weather, for the winter had set in.

It was now the middle of December, the moon was at its full, and the hoar frost lay white and crisp on every object without. One evening, just at that time, Mary had noticed with pleasure that Eleanor manifested a sort of glimmering recollection. Delighted at the change (trifling as it was) she had failed to mark the unusual lustre of the wild, restless eye, or the deep red spot which burned on either cheek. Mary had taken the unconscious sufferer to her bed, earlier than usual, hoping that rest might be productive of benefit. On that night her slumbers were unusually heavy, and the day was already dawning when she awoke. Starting up quickly, she threw on a dressing-gown, and approached Eleanor's bed, which since their return she had kept in her own apartment. With noiseless touch did Mary draw aside the curtain—Heavens! Eleanor was not there!—Ringing the bell violently, Mary was speedily surrounded by every domestic of the family.

"Run all of you," she cried in breathless alarm, "disperse and examine every nook and corner where Mrs. Newburk may be found."

She then hastily dressed herself, and by that time many of the servants had returned to report their failure. Mary looked out; the morning was fine for the season, and she proceeded to tie on her bonnet, when, throwing a shawl around her, she desired some of the servants to accompany her, and under the influence of a sudden inspiration, bent her steps towards the churchyard, the servants following at a respectful distance. As Mary approached the little cemetery, her heart beat tremulously; she opened the gate—before her, in the gray cold light of the wintry dawn, stood the little church. Her eye turned mechanically to the mausoleum of her family, and there, on the marble slab, extended at full length lay the object of her search. A wild scream from Mary at once drew the servants forward, and as each looked on the sad spectacle a cold chill fell on their hearts. Dressed only in her night-clothes, Eleanor lay with her cold cheek resting on her husband's name, the identical inscription she had seen in her dream so many months before; while her hair streamed in wild disorder from under her small cap. She was dead! apparently some hours dead; she had departed long hours before in the stillness of the night. With the ingenuity so often displayed by mad people, she had contrived to escape from the house, and having sought the churchyard, had laid down tired and exhausted on the Newburk monument. Poor Eleanor! none may now tell whether a gleam of reason visited thy

departing soul, or if thou wert merely led there by some undefined instinct.

"Take her home!" said Mary sorrowfully, "take her home!—alas! my sister! how fully have thy dark presentiments been realized!"

Mary Newburk survived these fatal occurrences several years, but she never recovered the shock they had given her! What though she inherited the fortune of her brother? What though her society was incessantly courted? She never emerged from her retirement, but lived and died a lonely and melancholy woman. The Newburk family expired with her, and strangers now enjoy their estates.

MAY.

THE beauties of May are so manifold and obvious, and so congenial with the kindlier feelings of our nature, that there are few hearts which do not feel her influence, and few men of imagination, who have not offered up a *Holocaust* at her sylvan shrine. April is doubtless a pleasant month—"far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,"—for then come the buds and wild flowers and singing birds—but her skies, though clear, are cold—her trees are almost as leafless as December's, with the exception of a few wilding shoots and sunny hedgerows, and her southern breezes, though they may chance to breathe o'er beds of violets, are somewhat too keen and searching for susceptible nerves. Now May, fresh May, possesses all the charms of April, with the addition of her own rich store of "undefiled sweets,"—her fruit trees all in bloom—her choicest flowers in blow—her hawthorns, vocal with the song of birds—her love-tales—her long bright dewy mornings, sacred to the Muses and to gentle pious thoughts, and her mild evenings, ushered in by vernal showers, and made melodious by the "wakeful nightingale." Our old poets and dramatists had a clearer insight into these things, and a deeper sense of their power, than we of this degenerate day. The world had not then grown old in its iniquity. The early worshippers of nature were not dismayed by the sappings of periodical criticism, or the political drams with which we are now drugged to satiety. They looked round on the world, and marked the coming year with an eye of unqualified delight, and the signs and sounds which were imaged vividly in their minds, they expressed freely, without fear, favour, or fastidiousness. Chaucer lived in the reign of Richard II., and is supposed to have written his *Canterbury Tales* in the year 1389. Yet what modern poet has excelled the following pure and natural description? True genius, it may be remarked, never becomes unintelligible from a change of national idioms:—

Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell once on a morrow of May,
That Emille, who fairer was to sene,
Than is the lillie upon his stalke green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new,
For with the rose colour strove her hue—
I wot not which was finer of them two.

The latter simile may challenge a comparison with Milton's far-famed

"Proserpine gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower."

Having introduced this gentle heroine, the poet proceeds to describe her dress and occupation:—

—To don honour to May,
Yclothed was she fresh for'to devise;
Her yellow hair was braided in a tresse,
Behind her back, a yarde long I guess;
And in the garden as the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down where as she list.
She gathereth flowers, partie white and red,
To make a sotel* garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sang.

But we must not stop to pursue the thread of the tale. Emily was espied in the garden by Palamon, a "woful knight," who from the barred window of the "castle donjon," in which he was confined, cast "his eyen" downwards upon the fair songstress, and was "stung to the heart." In like manner James I., king of Scotland, as he was listening on a May morning from the window of his chamber in Windsor Tower, which also looked forth into a garden, heard a female singing "hymnis of love," and looking down, saw (for the first time) the Lady Jane Beaufort, with whom he was instantly captivated. But James was happier in his love than the fabled knight of Chaucer. Dunbar, a Scottish poet of the fourteenth century, thus felicitously describes a morning in May:—

Full-angel like the birds sang their hours,
Within their curtains green into their bowers;
Apparelled with white and red with blooms sweet.
Enamelled was the field with all colours;
The pearly drops shook as in silver showers;
While all in balm did branch and leavis felt; †
To part frae Phoebus did Aurora greet.
Her crystal tears I saw hing on the flowers,
Which he for love all drank up with his heat.

* * * * *

Time, as he rolls on, works many changes, obliterating the old land-marks as the coming tide effaces the prints on the shore, or as the mind of man varies from year to year, and retains at last scarcely a trace of its early impressions. But the woods are now as green—the skies as clear—the May-garlands as fresh and fair, as when they could boast so many happy followers, and filled the vales of Merry England with jubilee shouts of mirth and gladness.

JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Unconscious of his infirmity, Rosamond felt a strange embarrassment whenever she encountered the searching glances of the dark expressive eyes of Edgar Hartland. The tea passed over in silence. Mrs. Dunstanville and her friend Mr. Bradshawe, were engaged in discussing affairs which afforded no amusement to Rosamond, and in which she could feel no interest; and she was piqued at the provoking taciturnity of her youthful companion.

"What a noble dog!" she said, at length, endeavoring to draw him into conversation, and patting the head of the fine hound as she spoke; "he seems a great pet."

The provoking stranger smiled and shook his head, then, holding out his hand to the faithful animal, it leaped up upon him; and bending down, he kissed the head of the dog on the very spot which had been pressed by the small fingers of Rosamond.

"What a strange creature!" thought Rosamond; "what can he mean?"

Mrs. Dunstanville, who happened to catch the wondering glance of her niece, and the attempt at gallantry on the part of her silent friend, said with a smile:

"Mr. Hartland labors under a two-fold bereavement, my dear Rosamond. He is deaf and dumb. He is the son of an old and valued friend of mine. I took him from the nurse shortly after his birth, and have felt for him almost a mother's love, while I conscientiously endeavored to supply the place of the dear parent he early lost; you may look upon him as a brother, but, for heaven's sake, my good girl, don't attempt to rob him of his heart."

"Ah! you need not fear," returned Rosamond, blushing and looking down; "I have too powerful a rival in the dog."

"I hope so; I would not have Edgar add to his afflictions the misfortune of falling in love—but I have been very remiss in not introducing you before." Then turning to Edgar, she rapidly ran over some hieroglyphics upon her fingers. He rose, and presenting his hand to Rosamond,

gave hers a hearty, cordial shake, which told her, without the medium of words, that she was welcome.

"You must instruct me in this mysterious language," said Rosamond, "which your friend seems to understand so well. Is it very hard to learn?"

"The easiest thing in the world," said Mrs. Dunstanville. "But if you take him for an instructor, you will learn, I fear, only too fast, young lady. My friend Edgar has eyes that can speak more eloquently than words, and he writes the finest hand I ever saw. Had he been a poor man instead of a rich one, I should gladly have engaged him for a confidential clerk."

"True!" said Rosamond. "He could not, you know, have betrayed secrets. But with all these natural defects, he appears, if we may judge by his countenance, very happy."

"He has his trials too," said Mr. Bradshawe; "but with health, wealth and a very fine person, he is really not much an object of commiseration. Nature in denying him the use of two important agents in her wonderful economy, has almost supplied the deficiency by the surpassing excellence of those that remain. The organs of sight, touch and smell, are most acute, and by the aid of these he is almost compensated for the loss of speech and hearing."

"Ah! don't say so, my friend," chimed in Mrs. Dunstanville. "What can compensate him for the want of hearing the expressions of love and tenderness addressed to him by his friends, and his own incapability of making the feelings of his own warm and affectionate heart understood in return? Blindness is perhaps a greater calamity; but his privations are greater than we imagine them to be."

"I doubt that," returned the lawyer. "First, because he has no idea of the blessing of which he has been deprived—and secondly, because he has been taught to read and write, and through the medium of these two wonderful acquirements he can converse with the minds of men of all ages and countries; and by the aid of the pen, he can, with a little more labor, it is true, communicate

his ideas to others. The works of nature and art are open to his inspection, and he possesses an exquisite taste and judgment in the latter, and is himself no mean imitator of their excellence, while the beauties of nature afford him a never-failing source of enjoyment. All that is offensive in sound and speech never reaches him, to disturb the calm repose of his reflective mind. My dear madam! confess with me that the boy is happy—most happy."

"I think so too," said Rosamond. "He is spared much misery if he is deprived of much enjoyment."

Edgar, during this conversation, regarded the speakers with a look of such intelligence, that Rose declared that she was sure that he must know that they were talking about him.

"You are right," said Mr. Bradshawe; "he is such an observer that he can read by the expression of our faces, and the glances that we cast upon him, that he is the subject of our conversation." But the evening is beautiful, Miss Sternfield; if you are recovered from the fatigue of your long journey, I shall feel happy to shew you the beautiful grounds which surround the house."

Rosamond ran joyfully to fetch her hat, and a few minutes after she found herself standing by the side of the noble sheet of water on the lawn, watching Edgar Hartland feeding the swans, which, perfectly familiar with their silent friend, came to him when he stretched forth his hand, and eat from it the bread he had provided for them.

"How well they know you!" said Rosamond, to the elegant youth, always forgetting that he was deaf.

Again that playful shake of the head, and the bright glance of the bright eye, reminded her painfully of the fact, and she longed to hear him speak and call her by name. It was dangerous to attempt to fathom what he would say through those eyes, for, deeply smitten with the beauty and simplicity of his fair companion, they spoke of the admiration he felt, in language only too eloquent and easy to be understood, and she was fain to enter into lively conversation with the elder gentleman, in order to avoid meeting their speaking glance again.

Traversing the fine gardens, they came at length to the end of a long vista formed by a double row of elm trees, and stepped out upon a terrace of verdant turf, surrounded by low flowering shrubs, which commanded an extensive view of the neighboring country. Green pastoral uplands, fruitful fields, and gently rising hills, crowned with groves of beech and fir, pic-

turesque villages, with their neat white dwellings, and glittering church spires, pointing upward like silent monitors to the clear blue sky above, formed a charming landscape, reposing quietly in the golden light of the setting sun. The thoughts of poor Rosamond had wandered far away to her own cottage home on the edge of the heath, and to Jane Redgrave, and for a moment she felt not the gentle pressure of a hand upon her arm, until she turned and met the smiling face and kindling eye of her young companion. Pointing to an ancient edifice that crowned the brow of the hill opposite, which rose somewhat abruptly above the river, he traced with his cane upon the sand—"My home!"

Rose would have found it difficult to explain the reason why she felt a sudden interest awakened in her heart by this communication, or why she followed so eagerly the motions of Edgar, as he pointed out the boundary of his woodland domain. It was a fine old place, and she was sure that it would afford her the greatest pleasure to look over it, and wander through the noble woods that skirted it on all sides.

But she was roused from her reverie by the voice of Mr. Bradshawe, who told her that the dews were falling fast, and it was prudent to return.

"You forget, my good Sir, that I am not delicate like a lady," said Rosamond; "that I have been accustomed to milk my cows in rain and storm, and drive them to the field in sunshine and in shower; the changes of weather never give me cold."

"I am glad to hear it," replied he; "but you must forget this. The heiress of Westholme must plead ignorance on all such matters, or at least avoid all allusions to her past life."

"Perhaps the time may come," said Rose, "when I shall look back to that period as the happiest of my life."

They now reached home; Edgar left them to return to Oak Forest, and Rosamond shortly after retired to bed.

The next day was taken up by a fashionable milliner, who came to receive orders, and to take the pattern of Miss Sternfield's bust, in order to make up the fine wardrobe that Mrs. Dunstanville had promised her.

The woman of caps and frills was greatly astonished that the young lady wore no corsets. She could not imagine how such a slight, straight, well rounded figure, could have been formed independently of these instruments of torture, and she suggested that it would be an improvement upon nature for Miss Sternfield to submit to a little bracing. To this proposal, however, Rosa-

mond refused to listen, and though Mrs. Dunstanville, yielding to the old-fashioned prejudices of the day, seconded Mrs. Lovelock's request, Rosamond continued provokingly firm.

"I cannot wear them," she cried, after the milliner had tried on several pairs; "they torture me, and I am sure would make me ill. I never stoop, and these odious things would kill me if I attempted to bend forward. Ah, dear madam! when I lose my senses, it is time enough to confine me in a strait jacket."

Mrs. Dunstanville laughed, and bade her please herself, while Mrs. Lovelock considered the new found heiress only fit for Bedlam.

Rosamond, whose very best Sunday dress was a simple white frock, had too much of the woman about her to view with indifference the rich apparel selected for her use, and she thought how delighted Jane Redgrave would be, to see her dressed in such charming clothes. Rosamond had yet to learn how many an aching heart is hidden beneath silken raiment—how many an aching head throbs beneath the weight of a jewelled tiara.

Mrs. Dunstanville, who daily grew more attached to her young charge, did not wish to introduce her to her friends until she could appear before them in a fitting costume. She had lost no time in procuring masters to instruct her in dancing, French and music, whilst a lady of superior manners and attainments was engaged as governess, to perfect her in the more useful branches of female education.

Rosamond found a great relief in her books from a certain degree of *ennui*, which would occasionally steal over her. Miss Weston's manners were so coldly polite, that she could feel neither friendship for, nor fellowship with her. She never suffered her to allude to her former connexion with Jane Redgrave, and she insisted upon inspecting every letter that passed between Rosamond and her earliest friend. She wondered that Mrs. Dunstanville should permit any correspondence at all to exist between them, and several times hinted, that from her intercourse with a person of doubtful character, little good could be derived.

Rosamond heard these insinuations against her friend with undisguised indignation, and a species of antagonism sprang up between her and her governess, which was productive of very unhappy results.

Miss Weston had been educated from childhood to fill the place of governess to the children of the rich and powerful. Her person in youth had been pleasing and lady-like, and she possessed a very low, sweet-toned voice, that was so

well modulated and so perfectly under the control of the possessor, that when excited to the greatest anger it lost none of its smooth, dulcet tones. She could wound the feelings of her pupils, and say the bitterest things, in the self-same placid, musical voice; and Rosamond felt that she would rather be struck by her when under the influence of honest passion, than hear her murmur, "*You shall do as I order you,*" in that suicidal, smooth under key. She had come to Mrs. Dunstanville with such high recommendations from Lady De Courcy, whose daughters had been educated by her, that she thought she had secured a prize for her young niece.

Miss Weston was a grave flatterer, and though always an object of fear and aversion to her pupils, for she was a perfect despot in the school-room, she soon became a great favorite with their parents, to whom she paid the most devoted attention, and always contrived to elicit from them many handsome presents, and an unbounded control over their children.

She soon perceived that Mrs. Dunstanville's weak point was great confidence in her own benevolence, and she quietly did all in her power to foster her self-approbation. A worldling to the heart's core, she despised Rosamond for her simplicity of heart and natural manners, while she dreaded her for a certain degree of shrewdness and mother wit, which gave her a perfect insight into the character of others. She could not forgive Rosamond for having been brought up in poverty, and she felt that she had no right to be a lady, and she did all in her power to vex and irritate a naturally irritable temper with her sarcastic and unkind remarks.

Miss Weston had persuaded Mrs. Dunstanville that it would be highly injurious to Rosamond, to suffer her to appear before her friends until her mind and manners had been improved by education; and poor Rosamond soon found herself confined almost entirely to the study, and her own chamber, whither she fled when her tasks were over, in order to be freed from the irksome restraint thrown upon her by the company of Miss Weston. Mrs. Dunstanville was still kind to her, but she had lost much of the confidence she first felt in the excellent qualities of her young relative. Miss Weston had succeeded in awakening suspicions in the old lady's heart, by insinuating that Miss Sternfield was everything but *grateful* for the kindness which had been lavished upon her. These were the beginning of troubles.

Like a bird confined in a cage, the wings of her spirit began to droop. The rose faded from her cheek and the light from her eye; her tasks

were listlessly performed, and the tear, when alone, was always on her face.

"Home! dear home! oh! for my cottage home!" sighed poor Rosamond.

"Really, Miss Sternfield, I am surprised at your want of gratitude to your aunt," said Miss Weston, who had overheard this soliloquy. "To be always fretting and pining after the vulgar employments and friends you have left behind. But there is really no making a lady out of a person so destitute of taste and refinement."

"Perhaps not," was the reply. "I cannot appear what I am not; and though I earnestly wish to satisfy my aunt upon these points, I cannot do so if I am expected to resign with my countrified manners, sincerity and natural affection. I do feel grateful, and deeply grateful to Mrs. Dunstanville for her goodness, and she was satisfied with my regard until —."

"Until what?"

"You came and spread disunion between us."

"Very impertinent. But what can be expected from such a bringing up? Mrs. Dunstanville may be thankful if her fine *protégée* does not bring her into disgrace yet. I should have thought that she had suffered enough from the infamy of the father, without involving herself in trouble about a child whose legitimacy has yet to be proved. Think of that, Miss Sternfield! and learn to be more respectful to your superiors."

The color rushed into the pale face of Rosamond Sternfield, and burnt upon her cheek and brow, while her indignant glance fell upon her persecutress with a look which would have abashed a less practised worldling.

"What is the matter, Rosamond?" said Mrs. Dunstanville, who just then entered the study.

"Madam! do you suffer me to be insulted by Miss Weston?" said Rosamond, calmly and slowly, while the large tears welled up in her eyes. "She has accused me of *ingratitude* to you, to whom I owe so much,—taunted me with the crimes of my unfortunate father, and cast doubts upon my legitimacy. Am I to bear this? I am very unhappy since you placed me under her control. Let me return to my humble station and home? I shall die here."

Sobs choked her utterance, and the violence of her emotion so overcame her, that Mrs. Derby was called to put her to bed. Miss Weston successfully contrived to excuse herself, but promised Mrs. Dunstanville, who began to feel uneasy about her niece, that she would be less severe with her for the future.

Rosamond, after a week's illness, once more joined the family circle, but was so much altered in her appearance, that the tears trembled in

young Hartland's eyes, as he took her hand and gazed anxiously and mournfully into her once blooming, happy face.

"You are unhappy, dear Miss Sternfield?" he wrote upon the tablets he always used when conversing with his friends.

"Yes! miserable," was the written answer of Rosamond.

"What renders you so?"

"The person placed over me to superintend my education. She is a cruel tyrant—who ill-treats me for regarding with affection the dear protectress of my deserted childhood."

"Be worthy of yourself—of your happy destiny, and rise superior to her malice. You have friends, devoted friends, who love you for your simple worth. For their sakes, bear with the contradictions of the world."

"The world!" wrote Rosamond. "What can my silent friend know of the world?"

"Too much! I read human faces like a book, tracing the evil passions that mar and disfigure them, as I do the lines upon a map. I cannot hear the voices of men, but their actions speak more powerfully to my mind than language. I can read your heart at this moment. I know that your illness is caused by the mind. That you feel the restraints imposed upon you as irksome and unnatural, and your health suffers. Rouse yourself, dear girl! Feel the strength of your own mind, and treat this woman with the contempt she deserves."

"But my dear aunt no longer regards me with the affection she did. How can I regain her confidence?"

"By deserving it. Be cheerful, be hopeful. Learn with such a wish to excel, that it will disarm Miss Weston's envy."

"Thanks, kind friend and brother, for your good advice. I will endeavor to profit by it," wrote the anxious girl; when he quickly answered:

"Call me not 'brother,' sweet Rosamond. I would be nearer and dearer to you than a brother."

Rosamond answered him, by calmly erasing with the rubber suspended to the tablets, the last sentence, and returned him a blank. His cheek paled—a dark shadow seemed to rest upon his hitherto calm brow, and with a deep sigh he rose and left the room. A few minutes after, Rosamond beheld him cross the park to his own place. Why did her heart flutter, and a fear unknown before, give that choking, painful sensation in her throat? Could it be possible that Edgar Hartland had formed an attachment to her, and would it be right or prudent to receive his attentions? Rosamond felt for him, for the loneliness

of his situation, a deep, womanly interest—a tender pity, very nearly allied to love, but it was utterly destitute of the force and vehemence of passion. It was a refined compassion, beautiful and fair as moonlight, but as pure and cold.

From a fit of deep abstraction, she was roused by the entrance of Mr. Bradshawe. After saluting the ladies, he sat down by Rosamond.

“What is the matter with you, little girl? You look pale and ill. Does not the air of Bramby agree with you? I have both bad and good news for you. Your claims are in a fair way of being established; but then—your grandmother wishes you to reside with her. Mrs. Dunstanville seems less unwilling to part with you than I expected. How is this? Have you ceased to regard with grateful affection your best friend?”

“No, sir. Mischief has been made between us by my governess.”

“Oh, yes! I understand. I know Miss W—— of old—a real sneak. I wonder my good friend can be deceived by her. Be patient, however; I will soon put that to rights. Do, for heaven sake, contrive to look like yourself again. That wan, woe-begone face, will make an unfavorable impression on your grandmother, who is entirely governed by appearances. Come here, Miss Weston,” he cried, calling her to him from the opposite side of the room. “Tell me what you have been doing with this poor child? Killing her with study—or breaking her young heart by stuffing your fine airs and affectations down her throat. She is much improved in her carriage and manners; but, by Jove! you are trying her constitution, and marring a person that Nature did so much for, that she left little room for improvement.”

“Is that your opinion?” said Miss Weston, in her softest voice, for she had a great desire to become Mrs. Bradshawe. “Most persons differ from you. I have only endeavored to cure Miss Sternfield of an abrupt, countrified manner, and she has resisted with such obstinacy all my exertions for her good, that it has had a serious effect upon her health.”

“You have done something more than that, madam,” said the uncourteous man of law. “A mere restraint could not render a young creature in the very bloom of youth and health, so unhappy. But your task of tuition will soon be at an end. Miss Sternfield will have to leave our good friend, Mrs. Dunstanville, before many months are over, and reside with her grandmother, who has already consulted me about placing her in a fashionable seminary.”

Miss Weston turned pale with spite, and bit

her thin lips until they bled; but she said nothing, and slunk back to Mrs. Dunstanville's side, to communicate what had passed between her and the lawyer.

The very idea of parting with Rosamond revived all the old lady's first regard. She now felt keenly that she had injured the sweet girl by mistrusting her; and, after retiring for the night, she sent Mrs. Derby to tell her that she must see her in her own chamber.

Rosamond instantly obeyed the summons, and found her aunt seated in her large easy-chair at a small table placed before an antique cabinet, beautifully inlaid with choice woods of various colors.

Rosamond timidly drew near, and after gazing for a few minutes at the gentle, benevolent face of her aged relative, she sank down upon the cushion at her feet, laid her head upon her knee, and wept.

“Poor child! I fear I have been unkind to you,” said the good woman, bending downward, and kissing the broad, fair brow, of the sobbing girl. “I cannot now believe that you are an ungrateful, deceitful creature. Will you forgive me, Rosamond, for listening to these idle tales?”

“Hardly,” cried Rosamond, smiling through her tears, and flinging her arms about the old lady's neck. “You should have known your poor Rosamond better.”

“Indeed I should, my kind girl, and I perceive that my suspicions have produced a sad change in you.”

“Not in my heart, aunt, for I love you as well as ever; but ——.”

“But what?” Rosamond hesitated. “Come, speak it out.”

“I feel more distrustful of *myself*—more afraid of you. Feel that I am a dependent—that I have no business here; and I pine to escape from Miss Weston's control—from the attendance of prying servants; and I long to revel once more in light and freedom—to walk abroad among the fields and woods, without asking leave or being trammelled with the company of those I despise. In short, my dear aunt, I wish to return to poverty and Jane Redgrave, for I assure you, that as things are at present, I never can be contented here.”

“It is not long that you are to remain here, Rosamond. Your grandmother, Mrs. Sternfield, has sent for you. My child, you will soon be emancipated from our unwelcome society. In a few days we must part—perhaps forever. If I have injured you, Rosamond, by dragging you from the obscurity you so much covet, I did so in the hope of serving you.”

"Talk not of a separation, dear aunt! Send Miss Weston away, and I would rejoice to remain with you in the capacity of a servant. But her unmerited unkindness wounds my feelings and breaks my heart."

"Do not cry again, Rosamond, she shall go. I was wrong to suffer her insinuations to prejudice me against one I loved for her poor father's sake, and whose gentle, affectionate disposition, I hoped would be a solace to my age, and repay me for all the anguish I suffered on his account. And now that I have mentioned his name, let me gratify you with the sight of a very fine portrait taken of him when he was young and innocent."

She unlocked the cabinet, and took from a drawer a small picture in oils. It was a beautifully executed miniature of the largest size. The old lady regarded it for a few minutes with emotion.

"What a handsome face—is it not? and yet it did not flatter him. Who could imagine, to look at that noble, candid countenance, that he ever could have been guilty of such enormous crimes. At the age when this was painted, I could as soon have suspected him of such conduct as you. Poor Army! I loved you dearly; and though I know such prayers are vain, I never forget to petition God to forgive you, whenever I bend my knees to Him. There, my dear child, keep this. It is a mournful gift, but whenever you feel inclined to be led astray, or to fall into temptation, look upon this beautiful face, and think how he yielded in the hour of trial, and seek for counsel and help from that Being who can alone succour in such fiery conflicts, whose strength can be made perfect in your weakness."

Rosamond could only reply with tears, which fell so fast upon the picture, that for some time she was unable to distinguish a feature of that father's face, which she had often wished, but dreaded to see.

"Ah!" thought she; "can this be the murderer of his brother—the seducer of Jane Redgrave—the man whose desertion broke my poor mother's heart! I fear that he was guilty of all this, and yet I cannot look upon him without loving him. Dear, unhappy father! could I believe that prayers would aught avail thee now, I could spend a long life in penance, however severe, to absolve thee of thy guilt."

"And now, my dear Rosamond," said Mrs. Dunstanville, kindly pressing her hand, "I have a few words of advice to offer respecting your grandmother. She is a woman of strong prejudices, and of a very weak mind, as persons who are governed by preconceived opinions generally are. You come before her as the only child of a

son whom she never loved, and whose fatal revenge for the injustice shewn to him in his youth, robbed her of her favorite son. It is scarcely probable, under these circumstances, that she will regard you with much affection. Your position will be a painful one, and in order to secure any degree of domestic comfort,—for five long years must elapse before you are your own mistress,—you must endeavor to do all in your power to conciliate the good will of your protectress. Forbearance under petty injuries and annoyances, can alone accomplish this. You must resolutely shut your eyes and ears against the sneers and invectives, which, if your grandmother is what she used to be, I know will be constantly levelled against you."

"I fear it will be impossible to love her," said Rosamond, "as I cannot but regard her as the author of all my father's crimes."

"In a great measure, Rosamond; and yet I was a kind mother to your father, and much of his time was spent with me. It was as easy for him to have been guided by one who loved him, into the right path, as to be irritated into taking a contrary course. Alas, my child! we must blame our own sinful natures for our mental derelictions, or no one would be accountable for guilt. Man was not given reason and conscience,—the one to judge for him, the other to reprove and restrain,—if he can lay his crimes upon another. Your grandmother, in all probability, was unconscious of her cruel and unjust treatment of your father. Few persons are wise enough to judge correctly of themselves."

"Oh! that I might remain with you," said Rosamond. "I do so fear this grandmother—this cold, proud, unfeeling woman. Will not you accompany me to London, and ask her to let me live with you?"

"If you wish it. But Rosamond, if we do obtain her consent, will you be happy and contented with me? Will you not always be pining to return to Jane Redgrave?"

"I love Jane Redgrave dearly—better than ever I loved her before,—and could I see and converse with her once more, I think it would cure this home-sickness. Yes! if I might be allowed to write to her all that is in my heart, without the prying eyes of Miss Weston to inspect and lay bare my secret thoughts, and sneer at and ridicule the expressions which flow from my heart—"

"You shall have this privilege—and now, good night."

Rosamond kissed her aunt, and thanking her for her kind permission, retired much happier to her own chamber than when she left it. Her

mind was in such an excited state that sleep was a stranger to her pillow; and softly rising from her bed, she unclosed the old Gothic casement, and looked out into the silent, peaceful night.

Far beneath her, stream, vale and meadow, reposed in the placid moonlight. The ancient woods of Oak Forest frowned in dark majesty upon the sleeping valley, chequering with grotesque and moving shadows the white plain. The rosy light of the past day still lingered in the west, and one lovely star, like a sentinel, kept watch above the sleeping earth.

There is no voice that speaks to the heart like the voice of nature. In the deepest distress, in the wildest bursts of passion, the heart which retains sensibility enough to be true to the "divine Mother," can never be insensible to its power. It is the voice of God, speaking through his glorious creation, and it cannot speak in vain. Sin-bound as man is, and worn and haggard with the toils and cares of earth, his mind leaps up from its dark depths, from the chambers of clay, to expand and respond to the great Teacher, and grows better and wiser, and more calm, while listening to the eternal eloquence flowing from all the sublime elements which compose his world. New to the turmoils of life, a stranger to its subtleties and subterfuges, Rosamond gazed upon the tranquil scene with tearful eyes, and felt reconciled to her lot, sad and weary as it seemed to her.

Her eyes rested long upon the gentle star, and while her thoughts flowed back to the home of her infancy, it seemed to her as if Jane Redgrave stood by her side. She could almost have fancied her arm around her waist, her breath upon her cheek; and while this impression was strong upon her mind, her attention was arrested by a low, deep sigh, and casting her glance from heaven to earth, she beheld, standing upon the lawn, fronting the window, his slight figure clearly defined in the white moonlight, the person of Edgar Hartland. His eyes were fixed intently upon her face, and, trembling and agitated, she drew back into the shade of the heavy curtain that draped the casement—but not before he waved his hand to her, then pressed it upon his own heart, and pointed upwards to the bright star, as if he would have said:

"Mine, Rosamond, mine—in a better world than this," and instantly disappeared among the shrubs which bordered the lawn.

That he loved her, Rosamond could not doubt; yet, interested as she was in his misfortunes, she could not truly say to her own heart, that she loved again. The want of speech was such an awful disadvantage. Had he been blind, and

could have poured forth the impassioned eloquence of his gifted mind into her attentive and delighted ear, he would have had more chance of success.

When the soul is full of light, it removes all darkness from the eye. But the burning thoughts which illumined the mind of Edgar Hartland, lost half their force before they could be made to speak for themselves on paper. He loved, deeply, passionately loved, but his soul beat her wings against his prison house of clay in vain attempts to reveal all he felt and suffered.

While Rosamond was yet pondering over these things, a pebble was thrown into her room. The missile fell at her feet, and on stooping to pick it up, she found attached to it, the following note:

"Rosamond, I have seen you, and while my mind is yet filled with the happy vision, I shall retire to rest, that your image may fill my dreams. What that lovely western star is to the earth, your young, sweet face, is to my soul. It is a guardian angel looking down and smiling upon the silent chambers of my heart. Could your mental eye trace the ever-flowing tide of thought which rolls continually through my mind, the deeper and stronger because it is voiceless, you would find your image, like the lily of the waters, floating perpetually upon its surface. There are times of storm and trouble, when the soul is shaken in her depths—when the waves of passion dash and foam, and threaten to break up the fountains of the silent stream; but the lily raises her fair head above the angry surges, and they calm down to kiss her reflected beauty. My soul, without the light of your charming countenance, is doubly dark. Oh! leave me not to silence and despair. Let your heart speak through your hand, and tell me that the deaf and dumb Edgar is not an object of contempt."

"Of contempt—no, Edgar, no! of reverence and admiration—but not of love. At least, not of that vehement, yet tender, soul-subduing emotion, which poets have termed love," said Rosamond, as she folded the perfumed note, after reading it over many times, and sat down and communed with her own heart.

What was she to do? To answer the letter did not accord with her ideas of maiden modesty. To shew it to Mrs. Dunstanville, she felt ashamed. She wished that Edgar had been a brother, and then, with what tenderness she could have loved and cherished him, entered into all his pursuits, and her voice would have been the organ through which he spoke to others. Could he not be her friend? How many young and ardent creatures have received love into their bosoms under this mask? Yes! he should be her friend—the friend to

whom she would reveal all the sorrows of her soul, who would silently sympathize with her in all her troubles, and be her faithful confidential adviser. Lulled into security by this pleasing delusion, she took a sheet of paper from her desk, and wrote as follows:

"You are not an object of indifference to me, Edgar, yet I cannot say with truth, that I love you as you deserve to be loved; as I must love any man to whom I entrust the happiness of a whole life. We know little of each other. In this respect I have decidedly the advantage, for I know more of you than you can possibly know of me. You overrate me just in the same proportion as you underrate yourself. Although born to possess a fortune, which is to me almost a matter of indifference, so small is the amount of happiness which I believe is to be derived from wealth—I am at present but an ignorant country girl, not worthy to be the companion of a man of your taste and refinement. Banish from your mind, I beseech you, all thoughts of a tender nature regarding me. Look upon me as a friend—a sister—one who must always feel the deepest interest in you, and would do all in her power to ameliorate your natural privations. But, dearest Edgar! do not destroy this sweet intercourse, by associating with it the name of love. Perhaps I am wrong in answering your letter. I wish that you could look into my heart, and read there, all that I would express in words, but lack the capacity to make myself intelligible."

Folding the letter, she stole to the casement, and bending down, dropped it into the eager outstretched hand of young Hartland. Those dark, eloquent eyes, blessed her, as they rested for one moment of intense delight upon her fair face, and pressing the letter to his lips and heart, he bowed and withdrew. Rosamond listened to his retreating steps until she saw him enter the park, and, retiring to bed, she thought of Edgar, and of the correspondence which was now opened between them, until she fell asleep.

Not so Edgar Hartland. He strode over hill and dale, and crossed the moon-lighted river without casting upon the beautiful scene one glance of recognition, and passed the ancient arched gateway that gave entrance to his noble park, scarcely conscious that night and solitude were around him. His old housekeeper stared upon him in astonishment, as, without noticing her salutation, he made his usual signal for lights in his private study, and left her wondering what had come over her young master.

"The lad is bewitched of late. God has denied him the use of speech, but then he always had a smile or a nod for his old servants—was so

kind and attentive to all their wants, that he did not need words to convince them that they were objects of regard and affection;" thus muttered poor old Annie, as she carried up lights, and placed them upon the table before him.

The old woman lingered a minute, but he hastily motioned for her to go—and she went—but very unwillingly. It was then that Edgar impatiently unfolded the paper which had been thrown to him by Rosamond, and devoured its contents.

Still, as he read on, shade after shade flitted over his fine countenance, and now tears, bright and quickly shed, pattered down upon the paper which his trembling hand could scarcely retain.

"She writes kindly," he thought; "but, oh! how cold! What hope can I gather from sentiments like these?"

The letter dropped on the floor, and his head sank upon the table; deep sighs burst from his lips, and a slight tremor shook his whole frame. The moon looked in through the high, arched windows, and silvered with her beams the rich clustering locks of that low-bent and desponding head, casting fantastic shadows upon the floor, and giving to the stern-visaged lords of other years, whose portraits adorned the walls, a wan and spectral appearance; but he, the last of his race—the voiceless, love-sick boy, whose high heart and mental courage was equal to the bravest of his brave ancestry, remained motionless as the dead. The night passed away, and the sun rose up in his glory before Edgar awoke to a consciousness of the past, or could realize the annihilation of the first and dearest hope he had ever dared to form.

For many days Edgar Hartland was absent, and as from a child, he had always been a constant visitor at Bramby, Mrs. Dunstanville grew uneasy at the non-appearance of her young favorite.

"Edgar must be ill," she said; "and very ill too, or he would not let a week elapse without coming to see me. If he will not come to see us, Rosamond, we must go to see him. Put on your hat and shawl, and we will walk across the valley to Oak Forest, and find out what detains our hermit from Bramby."

Rosamond reluctantly obeyed, and they soon crossed the park, and entered upon the winding road that led through the valley. The air was loaded with the delicious perfume of a July evening—the sun still high and bright, tinged with golden radiance the foliage of the high towering woods, and fields of ripening grain rustled musically in the breeze.

"Oh! how lovely!" cried Rosamond, as a

sudden turning in the path brought them to the banks of the stream, now black in shadow, now gleaming in floods of dazzling light. "I could stay here forever. See, aunt, how happily those azure-winged, delicate butterflies, hover from flower to flower, now nestling in the yellow flag, now reposing on the white, feathery meadow-sweet. This enchanting spot reminds me of home—of freedom—of the days when I ran about the fields seeking for the first violets, and laughing for sheer glee,—when the wind blew off my bonnet, and scattered my hair in tangles over my face. I feel as if I could run and shout, and leap about as I did then."

"Perhaps you would like to try a race with that young colt," said Mrs. Dunstanville, laughing. "If you have such a wish to try the swiftness and strength of your legs, pray don't let my presence restrain you."

"Nay, dear aunt, it is just your presence that hinders me. I like to play the fool when I am alone, but not before others. Did you never feel inclined, in the days of your youth, to cut mad capers, to give vent to the joy of your heart, or to lie down upon the grass and kiss the flowers?"

"I will not be answerable for all the follies I may have committed in the days of my childhood. But come, my dear girl, rise from your flowery throne, and let us pursue our walk, or the sun will be down before we reach the antique Hall of the Hartlands."

They crossed the bridge, and, ascending the richly wooded bank on the opposite side of the river, soon reached the ancient gateway that led to the house. Edgar's hound, Faithful, was reposing upon the turf beyond.

"That is a sure sign that the master is within," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "for the twain are never apart. Here, Faithful! go and tell your master that visitors are on the way to see him."

The dog wagged his tail and licked her hand, but certainly did not comprehend her meaning, though his joyous bounds arrested the attention of a figure whom they had not noticed before, reclining beneath a tree. Closing the book he had been reading, Edgar sprang from the ground, and shook his welcome visitors affectionately by the hand.

How pale he had grown—how thin and shadowy—how could a few brief days effect such an alteration in his fine healthy face and well rounded figure! Mrs. Dunstanville looked shocked and grieved at the change—and Rosamond, the conscious Rosamond, who too well knew the cause, dared not meet the tenderly reproachful glance of her unfortunate lover.

"What has been the matter, Edgar—what has

kept you away from us?" asked the old lady, rapidly, on her fingers.

"I have been ill—very ill."

"And not let me know of it—was that kind?"

"Yes! it saved you much pain. I was too weak to write—and alas! I have no voice to speak my sufferings."

"Come over to Bramby—Rosamond and I will nurse you."

Edgar sighed and shook his head; then giving the ladies his arms, he led them up the steep hill upon which Oak Hall stood. They ascended a broad flight of steps that led to a beautiful terrace, which fronted the house, and communicated at each end with splendid gardens, tastefully laid out, and adorned with expensive exotic trees and shrubs. The ladies lingered a moment at the door, in order to contemplate the beautiful view which spread out like a panorama around them.

"Edgar has done much to improve this place," said Mrs. Dunstanville. "He has such taste! I must shew you his portfolio. Many of his designs from nature would not disgrace the studios of some of our best painters."

"What a blessing it is," said Rosamond, "that he can amuse himself in such an innocent and delightful manner."

They now entered a large airy apartment, which opened upon the terrace, and commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. One end terminated in a lofty conservatory, well stored with choice exotics, which, at that season of the year, were mostly in blossom, filling the apartment with the most delicious perfume. The walls were covered with fine pictures, ebony cases filled with handsomely bound books, and stuffed birds and animals from different portions of the globe. A long marble side table set off to the best advantage an exquisite collection of shells, of all forms and colors, tastefully arranged upon specimens of seaweeds and corals from the oceans to which they originally belonged. Geological specimens occupied a table of the same material on the opposite side of the room; and these things, which were quite new to Rosamond, filled her mind with wonder and delight.

"This is Edgar's library," said Mrs. Dunstanville. "It is his favorite room, for he has collected around him all the objects in which he is most interested. It would take a whole day, my little Rosamond, to look over half the curiosities of the place."

"It is fairy-land," said her companion. "Oh! those lovely little birds, that look like gems. Are they made by the ingenuity of man, or did they ever fly about?"

"They are humming birds."

"And who could have the heart to kill such little angels?" cried Rosamond. "Oh! I wish I had a living humming bird!"

"Rosamond has gone mad about your humming birds, Edgar," said Mrs. Dunstanville, upon her fingers.

The next moment Edgar was by her side, and taking the little case that contained them from the wall, he wrote rapidly upon his tablets:

"Oh! take them as a peace-offering, that I may be assured that Miss Sternfield has forgiven my presumption in daring to address her."

Rosamond took the tablets, and wrote with a trembling hand:

"We are friends, dearest Edgar! and between such, the words pardon and forgiveness should be unknown. I will, however, accept one of the fairy birds, to convince you that I have no feelings towards you but those of affectionate and heart-felt esteem."

"Ah! why not have added Love! and made me the happiest of God's creatures?" wrote Edgar, gazing upon her with his large, loving eyes, brimful of tears.

Rosamond blushed and turned away, and fortunately, at that moment, Mrs. Dunstanville called her into a small room, which opened from the library. This was Edgar's studio; but what was the surprise of Rosamond, when she beheld a full length portrait of herself, an admirable likeness too, occupying the canvass on the easel.

"Good heavens! how like it is," cried Mrs. Dunstanville. "She lives and breathes! I verily expect to hear her speak. Edgar!" she said to him, in dumb show, "you must let me have this."

The youth glanced up at Rosamond, and shook his head, then playfully answered, in his usual way:

"Yes! if you will promise to give me the original?"

"That is not in my power," returned the old lady. "But you have my consent to win her if you are able."

A deep glow lighted up the hitherto pale face of young Hartland—his eyes flashed, and a smile flitted like a passing sunbeam over his lips; he turned to Rosamond, but she was busily engaged in looking at the many fine landscapes that graced the walls.

"Are these views taken from Oak Forest?" she asked, on her slender fingers, of the artist.

"No! they are scenes in Italy, and upon the Rhine. God, who sealed, in His mysterious providence, the lips and ears of his servant, gave him eyes to admire and a mind to appreciate the beauties of His wonderful creation."

As he finished writing these words, his eye

proudly fell upon the unfinished portrait of Rosamond, while the fair original, unconscious till that moment of her surpassing beauty, was fain in her turn to shake her head.

Edgar then addressed himself to Mrs. Dunstanville.

"My dear friend," he wrote, "while coffee is preparing, let us take a turn in the gardens."

"With all my heart. Come, Rosamond! you have yet a rich treat in store."

They wandered forth into the lovely grounds, all redolent with beauty and perfume, and basking in the last golden flood of the cloudless sunset. The spirits of Rosamond returned the moment she stepped out into the free air, and she revelled like a butterfly in light and sunshine, bounding from walk to walk in ecstatic glee, now bending to inhale the perfume of a bed of roses, now springing away into the deep shade of long avenues of majestic over-arching trees. Unacquainted with the localities of the place, she soon lost her way amid a labyrinth of sweets, until her path was stopped by a low range of buildings that opened upon a sunny lawn, in the centre of which a fountain sent up its feathery spray, filling the rose bushes which surrounded it, with drops of diamond dew.

"What sort of a dwelling is this?" thought Rosamond, as she approached a low, arched, open door.

She heard no sound of voices—and yet there was a stir of life within; and, peeping cautiously through the window, she saw several neatly clad females at work; going on a little further, she perceived through another open door, a gray haired, venerable looking man, with a group of children round him. He was evidently instructing them in some art or mystery, for he held a book in his hand—but no one spoke, though many a bright, intelligent eye, was turned upon the face of the old man.

"Is every one deaf and dumb in this beautiful place?" thought Rosamond, and, overcome by curiosity, she gently rapped at the door.

In another moment the old man presented himself. He looked surprised, and Rosamond, a little embarrassed; but, recovering herself, she said, with an air of charming simplicity:

"I fear I have disturbed you, Sir! But—I felt very curious to know what you were teaching these children."

The old man smiled good humouredly.

"It is a school," he said, "instituted by Mr. Hartland, for the deaf and dumb; and the adjoining building is an asylum for twelve deaf and dumb poor women. The care of the school has been given to me, by my excellent friend,

whose instructor I was for many years. He takes great delight in the establishment, which he visits every day, to converse with the children, by mutual signs, and inspect the progress of their studies, and to see that the poor women are taken care of. It is a noble charity, worthy of its benevolent founder. The boys are very happy. Each has a little garden appropriated to his use, and the fruits and vegetables raised by their own industry help to clothe, and find them in books. Their tasks are over for the day, and you will see how they enjoy their emancipation from the school-room."

Stepping back into the room, he gave them a signal, and, oh! what a scrambling for hats—what a dumb show of delight, as they tumbled out upon the green sward, leaping and jumping and rolling in a sort of mad ecstasy—now suffering the waters of the fountain to dash over their young, happy faces, now scattering the glittering rain among the locks of their comrades, while parties were already forming at marbles and leap-frog.

Amused with the frolics of the boys, which Rosamond felt very much inclined to share, she stood chattering with Mr. Willis, and watching their gambols, until the closing twilight reminded her of the friends she had left.

"Which is the way to the hall?" she asked.

"I am going thither," said the old gentleman, "and will feel much pleasure in conducting you there."

Following a different path from that pursued by Rosamond, they soon made the circuit of the garden, and reached the front of the hall. Here they found Edgar and Mrs. Dunstanville conversing upon the steps. Both were so much occupied, that Rosamond and her companion stood at the foot of the flight before either was observed.

"Where have you been, truant?" said Mrs. Dunstanville. "We were just talking about you."

"To school, aunt—and though I heard nothing. I assure you that I learnt a good deal. I learnt how it was in the power of one good man, to make by his wealth, many unfortunate people happy."

"What does she say?" asked Edgar, of his old friend.

Mrs. Dunstanville repeated to him upon her fingers, the substance of Rosamond's speech. A happy smile played upon Edgar's lip.

"It is a debt of gratitude I owe to God," he wrote, "and no merit of mine. He deprived me of the gifts of speech and hearing, but he gave me so many good things to compensate for these privations, that it were the basest ingratitude on

my part, if I did not devote a portion of my wealth to render to my fellow creatures, laboring under the same infirmity, some alleviation of their distress."

They now adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served, and Rosamond enjoyed a lively chat with Mr. Willis, who was fully worthy to be the colleague of Edgar, in assisting him to carry out his benevolent schemes. After their meal was concluded, the party returned by moonlight to Bramby, and though Rosamond tried to avoid taking the arm of Mr. Hartland, she found herself, in spite of all her prudent precautions, his walking companion; and was obliged to own to herself, when she reached home, that in spite of his infirmities, Edgar Hartland was a most interesting man.

In the drawing-room they found Miss Weston and Mr. Bradshawe, the latter turning over the pages of a large folio, the former looking very sour and discontented. It was evident that the blunt old widower had neither popped the question nor tried to make himself very agreeable to the matrimonially inclined spinster.

"Oh! I am glad you are returned, Mrs. Dunstanville," she said. "It is a hopeless job endeavoring to entertain Mr. Bradshawe."

"I would much rather that you would let it alone," returned the impracticable man of business. "Old ladies are such awkward hands at a flirtation."

"Old ladies! Flirtation! I hope, Sir, you don't mean me. First, let me tell you, that I am not old! and next, that my character is too well known and too highly appreciated to lie under such base imputations. Mrs. Dunstanville! will you suffer me to be insulted in your own hearing?"

"Nonsense, my dear Miss Weston. It is all a joke," said the old lady; "if you shed tears about such a trifle, I shall really think that something serious has passed between you and my old friend."

Miss Weston flounced and pouted, and Mr. Bradshawe laughed. Rosamond tried to look demure, though a wicked dimple now and then almost betrayed her inclination to mirth, and Edgar was looking at Rosamond, secretly wishing that he could transfer the said dimple to his easel.

Finding that she had made a fool of herself, Miss Weston turned to Rosamond, and said in her blandest manner, (for since she had heard from Mr. Bradshawe, that Rosamond was likely to be successful in her suit, like the generality of the world, she had altered her behaviour, and was now all smiles and sneakability:)

"Miss Sternfield, there is a person in your apartment, who is waiting to see you."

Much wondering who this could be, Rosamond left the room, and in a few minutes after was clasped to the heart of Jane Redgrave.

"My Rose! my darling! I could live without seeing you no longer," sobbed the devoted woman. "I have travelled all the long way on foot, to look into your sweet face once more. Look at me, Rose—speak to me—tell me that your rich aunt has not stolen all your heart—that you still retain a portion for your Jane?"

"Yes! oh, yes!" cried Rosamond, embracing her neck in a fond ecstasy, and kissing the tears from her eyes; "best and dearest! you will ever hold the first place in my affections. I love you better than ever I did. Good heavens! how pale and thin you look; it is fretting about me that has made you ill. Sit down, and let me order up some refreshments."

"Mrs. Derby has given me tea. I have had a long chat with the dear, good old woman, who was one of my earliest friends. But tell me, dear Rose, are you happy here? Mrs. Derby tells me that you have been ill."

"And so I was—but I am better and happier now—and the sight of you, dear aunt, will make me quite well again. You know that it is in human nature, always to be longing for that which is placed beyond our reach; were I to return to my peasant home and life, I might be pining to mingle again with the rich."

"No! no! you must not return," said Jane, contemplating with a mother's pride the elegant appearance of the young girl. "Your dress and manners would not harmonize with the cottage and the milk-pail now. The rose once transplanted into the garden never blooms again in the wild. All I ask of you, my dear child, is not to forget your old friend. Your letters are the only consolation I know—all that reconciles me to my lonely lot. The house is silent and dreary since you left it; and I have let the farm to a worthy young couple, and board with them at an easy rate, as it is taken off the rent; and you know, Rose, that my wants are small. This arrangement enabled me to take this trip to see you before you left Bramby for London."

"Oh! how kind it was of you," said Rosamond. "How happy the sight of you makes me! What a deal we have to tell to each other! There is no joy in the world like that which springs from the meeting of faithful and loving hearts."

Again and again did Jane Redgrave fondly press her adopted child to her bosom, while that guileless creature related to her all that had befallen her during her sojourn at Bramby; and

the sun poured in through the white curtains of her room, before she sank to rest upon the bosom of her beloved foster mother.

(To be continued.)

SPRING.

BY A. W.

All hail! sweet Spring! thy genial sun,
Thy earth-refreshing showers,
Tell welcome tales of coming joy,
Green fields and lovely flowers.

I love thy beauty dearly, Spring,
And very sweet to me
The balmy fragrance of thy breath,
And all that speaks of thee.

Oh! how I love to mark thy power
Spread o'er all Nature's face,
A new-born charm of loveliness,
Of Beauty—Joy—and Grace.

I love to see thee spreading out
Thy carpeting of green,
A cushion meet for woman's feet—
For Nature's darling Queen.

I love to see thee stretching forth
Thy hand upon the trees,
And bidding bud and leaf spring forth,
Rejoicing in thy breeze;

And decking all their gaunt, bare forms,
So desolate and wild,
With beauty's brightest hues, as doth
A mother deck her child.

I love to see thee struggling with
Old Winter's cherished snow,
And throwing o'er its cold, stern power,
Thy spirit's soft'ning flow.

I love to see thy magic wand
Break Winter's icy chain,—
Which bound our rivers and our rills,—
And set them free again.

I love to hear those sweeping streams
Go rushing past in glee,
Leaping—rejoicing—praising Spring—
That they again are free.

I love to hear all Nature's voice
Throughout Creation sing,
With joyous shouts, proclaiming, Thou
Art come again, sweet Spring.

I love to see thee, gentle Spring,
Four blessings on the soil,
And bidding plenty smile upon
The hardy sons of toil.

I love thy soothing influence,
Which lifts the heart on high,
And bids us praise the Pow'r which sent
Thy blessing from the sky.

FIRST LOVE; OR, THE LOST LOCK.

BY S.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

POPZ.

"WHAT could it mean?" exclaimed Miss Ruth, or rather, more properly speaking, Aunt Ruth, as, with a sadly puzzled countenance and elevated eye-brows, she let the spoon drop into her empty coffee-cup one morning after breakfast, and the very sound which the metal sent forth, as it came in contact with the antique china, seemed to reverberate all the perplexity which Miss Ruth's voice expressed.

"Yes! what could it mean?" echoed pretty Sophy Lee, from the other end of the table, and

"What could it mean?" re-echoed the more sedate Mary.

Aunt Ruth gravely and despondingly shook her head, Mary quietly followed her example, while Sophia, her arch mouth compressed into a solemnity of expression which rarely graced it, repeated the motion with such vehemence as greatly to discompose the ringlets which clustered so luxuriantly around her fair face.

"Only think," began Aunt Ruth, "he has taken but one cup of coffee!"

"He never used to drink less than two," replied Mary.

"He has not finished a single roll, and I took such especial care to have them so nicely warmed and buttered for him this morning," continued Aunt Ruth.

"He always used to eat three," responded Sophy.

"He is growing so very thin," resumed Aunt Ruth.

"And so exceedingly quiet," continued Mary.

"And so excessively mischievous, I think," added Sophy; "and I heartily wish he would not exercise the latter quality at my expense. It was only this morning, when I descended to breakfast, the first object my eyes encountered upon entering this room, was Master Frank, with all becoming gravity and decorum, tearing to pieces my beautiful rose, over which I have watched with such care, that I might wear it to-morrow night at Mrs. Selwyn's party. I had a vague presentiment that my poor unoffending flower would share the fate of all my note-paper and embossed cards; and so eventually it has proved. But, dear aunt, can you imagine what

in all the world has tended to develop so suddenly the organ of destructiveness, which had so long remained inactive in the brain of my provoking, mischievous brother?"

Aunt Ruth replied with a heavy sigh to Miss Sophy's interrogatory, and, with another ominous shake of the head, she added:

"I have for some time past thought that the poor dear boy's health is not so good as formerly, and every day only confirms my fears."

"And I have observed," continued Mary, "that he is not nearly so cheerful as he used to be."

"For my part," said Sophy, with a side-long, mischievous glance at her aunt, as if to ascertain how her suggestion might be taken, "with all due deference to your superior judgment, and yours also, Mary, I think I have observed more than either of you, and the result is, that I firmly and truly believe that Frank is desperately in love."

"In love, Sophy!" exclaimed Aunt Ruth, with a countenance in which incredulity and astonishment predominated; "and, pray, with whom?"

"To that question I cannot reply," said Sophy, "and for a very good reason,—I do not know. However, if you will only leave it to chance and my superior penetration, I have no doubt that mystery will also soon be solved."

"Nonsense, child! your idea is most absurd, preposterous! To think that Frank—a mere boy—"

"Why, dear aunt, Frank was twenty-six years of age last June,—not such a mere boy either."

"Well, well, Sophy, I shall say no more on the subject at present; but if Frank's appetite does not improve, I will assuredly consult the doctor, and get him to prescribe for him;" and Aunt Ruth ended the discussion by rising from the table and going off to superintend her domestic duties, for she was a most notable housewife, while Sophy betook herself to the task of embroidering a new collar for her pet spaniel.

"Frank, remember you accompany us to Mrs. Selwyn's to-night," said Sophy, to her brother, next evening after dinner, as she saw him take up his hat and gloves.

"I shall not be able to attend you, Sophy, so

you must excuse me to Mrs. Selwyn, as I have another engagement, which I fear will detain me too late even to drop in, in the course of the evening."

"Indeed, Frank! I thought you intended to accompany us. It was only yesterday that you said you were going, and at that time no previous engagement was mentioned."

"Yes, dear Sophy, and for that very reason I hope you will have the good nature to apologize for me, as I know Mrs. Selwyn expects me, and no one can make excuses so gracefully as you, my fair sister. So good evening, and I leave my defence to you."

"Hum! ha!" ejaculated Sophy, as her eyes followed the retreating figure of her brother till he was out of sight. "This is rather strange behaviour; but never mind, Master Frank, I shall find you out yet;" and making a graceful pirouette, and humming a new opera air, Miss Sophy went off to make her preparations for the party she was to attend, and to which Aunt Ruth had kindly consented to chaperon them.

Aunt Ruth was one of those generous, kind-hearted individuals, "whose failings even lean to virtue's side," and who are so frequently to be met among that sisterhood who have passed the days of youth and beauty without having formed any tie to engross their exclusive affections, and limit the sphere of their usefulness and benevolence. Without a single grain of selfishness in her nature, she was always thinking of something that might add to the comfort or pleasure of others, and among her numerous friends she had ample opportunity of exercising the genuine kindness of her heart. Innumerable were the instances in which she had effected a reconciliation between severed friends, and interposed her benign influence between juvenile delinquents and parental justice.

In due time Aunt Ruth re-appeared, attired in a full costume, which, although yielding passing deference to the existing mode, yet betrayed the fondness with which she adhered to the fashion, by which some thirty years ago, her graceful form had been adorned. All were ready to depart, and Aunt Ruth's foot was upon the step of the carriage, when she hastily drew back, and exclaimed:

"Mary, my dear, and you, Sophy, just wait a few minutes for me; I had quite forgotten that Frank, poor boy, may be out late to-night, and perhaps he will feel hungry when he returns. I have been making some delicious tarts this afternoon, and I will leave one where the dear boy will be sure to see it when he returns, and perhaps it may tempt his appetite."

So saying, Aunt Ruth proceeded to the pantry, and selecting a tart large and delicious enough to satisfy the appetite of the hungriest school-boy, she left it, as she said, where Frank would be sure to find it.

And really Aunt Ruth was very pardonable, when she thought that even a sight of her delicious pastry was sufficient to restore the lost appetite of her nephew. An anchorite must have possessed more than mortal self-denial, to have swallowed his abstemious meal of herbs with such a tart before his eyes, or even with the image of it floating in his mental vision.

Highly delighted with her prudent fore-thought, Aunt Ruth at length took her seat in the carriage, and with her fair nieces, soon arrived at their destination.

When the trio returned at a late hour, to Aunt Ruth's first enquiry, whether Frank was yet home, the girl replied in the affirmative.

"And do you know if he ate any supper, Betty?" enquired Aunt Ruth.

"Oh, yes! ma'am," replied Betty; "he took a supper, and a most hearty one, too. He finished the whole of the tart you left out for him."

If a special messenger had arrived at that instant, to announce to Aunt Ruth that she had been bequeathed a legacy of ten thousand pounds, she could not have experienced greater delight than she did upon receiving this information.

"How very fortunate I thought of leaving the tart for poor Frank," she exclaimed, as she lighted her candle, and took the way to her chamber. "I am so glad his appetite is restored."

"And his heart along with it, or I am greatly mistaken," added Sophy, as her aunt closed the door. "I would give something to know how much Cupid had to do with the eating of that same tart. But here Frank comes to answer for himself."

And Frank did appear. Not the sighing, desponding youth, whose pre-occupied mind and loss of appetite had occasioned so much distress to the kind heart of his good aunt; but Frank Lee, all smiles and happiness.

"Up so late, Frank?" began Sophy. "I thought you had returned long ago, and that by this time you were in the land of dreams."

"And so I should have been, Sophy," he replied, "but I wished to remain up to hear your usually animated description of the *fête* you have attended. I hope you have passed a pleasant evening?"

"Most delightful, I assure you; were you also agreeably entertained?"

"Oh, yes! certainly," replied Frank, suddenly in a great hurry to depart, "but I will not detain

you longer out of bed, as you must both be tired. I will hear all the news in the morning, Sophy; so good-night, sisters, and, a sound sleep to you."

Sophy Lee was always an early riser, and next morning she was up before any of the other members of the family had opened their sleepy eye-lids. Upon descending the stair, as she passed through the dining-room, she heard Aunt Ruth's favorite canary carolling its morning song. After praising its vocal performance, Sophy was about to leave the room, when something under the table attracted her eyes.

"A skein of aunt's sewing-silk, I suppose," said Sophy, as, opening the small parcel she beheld what at first sight certainly did resemble threads of gold, as she held it up in the bright morning sun. But a closer inspection revealed the valuable prize she had really found.

"So, so, Master Frank! your mysterious behaviour is accounted for at length," said Sophy, in great glee, "and in the manner too in which I expected. Aunt Ruth may call me spoilt child now if she pleases, and Mary, with her quiet, demure looks, may say I am a mad-cap as often as she likes. I have at last proved wiser than either of them. Loss of appetite, indeed! Well might Frank's appetite be so suddenly restored last night, greatly to Aunt Ruth's surprise. And poor Frank must have been ravenous as a wolf when the temptation of aunt's tart made him careless of such a sweet *gage d'amour* as this. But, hark! I hear a step upon the stair, I must off to Mary and show her what I have found. Ah! poor Frank! my conscience already reproaches me when I think of the suspense in which it is my unalterable determination to keep you ere I restore your lost treasure."

In another instant Sophy was up stairs, and her sister's peaceful slumbers were rather rudely interrupted, as the curtains were noisily drawn aside, and the bright beams of the sun streamed full upon her closed eyes. "Wake up, Mary! open those drowsy eyes, and behold what I have just found."

"What can be the matter, Sophy, that you make such a noise?" said Mary, as she rubbed her eyes. "If you, yourself, must be up so early in the morning, I see no reason why you should disturb more peacefully disposed persons."

"Mary out of humor!—that is something strange indeed! But, sister, only open your eyes for one moment, and just take a single peep at what I have in this paper."

"What is it, Sophy! Oh! a tress of hair, how beautiful! where did you get it?"

"Get it! aye that's the secret! But I will tell you, if you will faithfully promise not to let

Frank know that it is in my possession. On the contrary, you must help me to torment him a little bit, before he gets it again."

"Sophy! you surely could not have used stratagem to obtain that from Frank. If you did so, I will have nothing to do with the matter, and I beg you to restore it to him immediately."

"Now, Mary, not another word. Nothing so unbecoming to young ladies as scolding. Besides, if you begin so early in the morning, you will be in a bad humour all the day, as we used to be told when we were children. Only have patience one moment, my dear, and I will reveal to you how this beautiful ringlet came into my possession, and I doubt not that, at this very moment, poor Frank is breaking his heart, and searching diligently where he will be sure *not* to find it."

So, Sophy proceeded, and related to Mary how and where she had found the golden tress. When she laughingly concluded, she held it up, and said: "Now, what's to be done, Mary! One thing is certain. Although the lovely donor of this silken curl has doubtless let our brother know the pleasure of suspense, before she bestowed upon him such a precious gift as this, I consider that no reason why we ought not to tantalize him still further. On the contrary, I consider that our bounden duty to our future sister-in-law compels us to do so, as a punishment for his carelessness. Won't I beware how I part with one of my raven ringlets, since gallants have grown so careless, now-a-days."

"Restore it, dear Sophy, I implore you; do not be so heartless as to sport with poor Frank's distress, ridiculous and trifling as it may appear to you. Believe me, he will be deeply hurt, if you —"

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Is it not so, Mary? nay, do not blush. I see that you fear Frank will retaliate, if you take part in my proceedings. But, before coming to any conclusion, let us examine this pretty tress more minutely. With what a delicate blue riband it is tied! When I look at it, I can almost conjure up the fair owner before me! What picture can your imagination draw of our brother's choice?"

"It must be a fair brow, and a neck of ivory, that are shaded by ringlets such as that," replied Mary; "and if she be Frank's choice, be assured that she is as good as beautiful."

"True, but how very unpoetical you are, Mary. In the first place, I think she must be about my own height, not a tall, dignified looking personage, but a little, slender, fairy-looking sylph. Then her eyes are blue, deeply, beautifully blue, or, perhaps hazel; they cannot possibly be darker, and her lips coral, her teeth pearl."

But, there I hear Aunt Ruth's voice calling me, so I must be off. But promise, Mary, if you will not assist me, that you will, at least, not tell Frank, that I have this pledge in my possession. —Coming, Aunt Ruth! coming!"

By this time, the reader will doubtless have sympathized with poor Frank, in his double distress—the loss of the tress, and the possession of such a mischief loving sister as Sophy. Such mad-caps are always sure to discover things of which wiser heads never dream. If a delicate white glove, or a cambric handkerchief, tastefully trimmed with lace, is, by accident, discovered in the unfortunate youth's possession, (pity 'tis that no Court exists for punishing such speculations; how many trembling delinquents might be summoned thither!) but a tress of hair, what a discovery! And Sophy was resolved to make the best of it.

As Sophy was tripping down stairs, as demure as possible, in reply to Aunt Ruth's summons, she encountered Frank.

"Good morning, brother; are you looking for pearls and rubies, that you bend your eyes with such a scrutinizing gaze upon the carpet? But come, there is aunt's summons to breakfast, and you know her love of punctuality, too well to keep her waiting." Frank immediately elevated his head, as high as possible, in order to remove Sophy's suspicions, and with a mind evidently but ill at ease, he took his place at the breakfast table. Instead, however, of paying attention to the various dainties, which Aunt Ruth spread before him, and pressed him, repeatedly, to partake of; his eyes wandered hither and thither throughout the whole apartment. The result of his survey appeared unsatisfactory, and at length, he hazarded a glance of enquiry under the table.

"Are you looking for anything?" enquired Aunt Ruth, as she surveyed Frank's perplexed countenance.

"Oh, no! nothing," he replied; "I only thought Cæsar was under the table," and Frank endeavoured to appear composed. But it would not do. Hastily pushing aside his half empty cup, he started up, and, going to a side table, tumbled over, in desperation, books, drawings, and everything he came in contact with.

"Can I assist you in your search?" enquired Sophy, rising from the table, and approaching.

"Thank you; never mind! I will find it myself," replied Frank.

"Is it a book that you are looking for?"

"A—a book!" replied Frank hastily. "Oh, yes! Sophy, 'tis a book."

"And, pray, will you tell me the title of it, as

I fear, without that necessary information, I shall not be of any service to you?"

"Never mind, Sophy, 'tis of no consequence whatever. I will look for it myself, by and bye," and Frank again resumed his seat at the table.

As Sophy followed his example, Mary directed towards her a look of eloquent entreaty, to which the latter replied by a grave shake of the head.

"Do take another cup of coffee, Frank, that which you have is quite cold," said Aunt Ruth.

"Yes, aunt, 'tis a delightful morning!" he replied to the words which he had not even heard, and greatly to her consternation, he abruptly started up, and began another search throughout the apartment.

"Now, sit still, Frank—I beg of you!" said the ever active Sophy. "Only keep your seat, and I will find whatever you want. You make aunt quite nervous by the manner in which you toss everything about. Tell me what you are looking for?"

"Mary, did you see a —?"

"A what, Frank?" enquired Sophy.

"A—a pair of gloves."

"Here they are, my dear brother," said the obliging Sophy, placing them in his hands. Nevertheless, Frank continued to hunt about as anxiously as ever.

"Anything else you want?" enquired Aunt Ruth, coming to his assistance. "Why, what is the boy peering into the grate for?"

"M——y——hat," replied Frank, rather sheepishly.

"Your hat!" echoed Aunt Ruth, with the very slightest degree of irritation in her voice. "And do you suppose, Frank, that I permit my servants to put your hat in such a place? Did you ever find it in the grate, that you look there for it now?"

By this time, Sophy had found the hat, and raising herself upon her toes, placed it upon Frank's head, giving it, at the same time, a gentle tap to make it sit properly.

Frank was now fully equipped to depart, but strange to tell, his perplexity and restlessness only appeared to increase.

At this moment Betty made her appearance, and making a final, desperate effort, he enquired.

"Betty! when you came into the room, this morning, did you see a —, a —?"

"Pocket-handkerchief, Sir," said Betty, finishing the sentence. "Yes, Sir, here it is. I left it on the table, where I thought you would find it."

"No, Betty, not a handkerchief; did you find nothing else?"

"Was it anything very small, Sir, for perhaps I might have swept it out, without observing it?" enquired Betty.

"Yes; it was a small, a *very* small parcel," said Frank, in a rather subdued tone of voice.

"A small parcel, Sir, wrapped up in paper, Sir, was it?"

"Yes, Betty, that was just it!" replied Frank, delight beaming upon his eloquent face.

"Then, I didn't see it, Sir."

Poor Frank's countenance immediately fell.

"A parcel, Frank! is that what you are looking for?" enquired Aunt Ruth, coming forward to renew the search. "Pray, what was in it, for the contents might have fallen out?"

"Nothing at all, Aunt Ruth, nothing particular; 'tis of no consequence," said Frank, in utter despair, as he hastily brushed past them, and in one instant was out of sight.

Aunt Ruth spoke not, but silently raised her hands, and elevated her eye-brows, motions which were far more expressive than mere words, and sadly went off to compose her mind, by performing her domestic duties.

"So, this is love! Mary, first love!" said Sophy, when Aunt Ruth had taken her departure. "And a very foolish thing this same love must be, when it can effect such a wonderful change upon a sensible youth, of the mature age of twenty-six. Thanks to my stars, I, at least, am yet heart-free. I was almost tempted to restore the lost lock, when I beheld the perplexity and heart-felt grief depicted on your woful countenance. But, never mind, Frank! a little suspense will do you no harm, and to-morrow, you may again rejoice."

* * * * *

"Mary, have the kindness to come and assist me in my search," said Sophy, when the sisters had retired to their own apartment, that evening.

"What have you lost, Sophy?" enquired her sister.

"I have looked everywhere," said Sophy, in great *chagrin*, "and I cannot find the treasure I purloined from Frank."

"Where did you put it, this morning, when aunt summoned you?"

"I cannot distinctly recollect," replied Sophy, "although, I believe—I am almost sure that I must have left it upon the dressing-room table. How very stupid! how careless! Oh! how much sage advice, many warnings, has good Aunt Ruth given me about my carelessness, and said, that some day or other it would bring me into trouble. Little did she dream how soon her words would come true! Are you quite cer-

tain that you did not find it, Mary, and out of your compassion, return it to Frank?"

"No, that I did not, Sophy, but like all careless people, when you lose anything, you grow suspicious of others. But, I will candidly own that, had I found it, Frank would have once more been happy in its possession by this time."

Sophy searched. Mary good-naturedly and perseveringly assisted, till there was not a nook of the room left undisturbed. Every place to which it was possible or impossible that the tress had been spirited away, was explored, but with a like success. Betty was interrogated—but all in vain. The lock was gone—lost—irrecoverably lost. What was to be done? Sophy almost cried with vexation.

"I assure you, Mary, that I positively intended to return it to Frank, to-morrow morning," said Sophy, in the greatest distress. "Now, what shall I do? How cruel in me to behave in such a manner towards my kind, indulgent brother! If I had only listened to your advice, Mary, you are always so much wiser, so much more sensible than I. Oh! what would I give to recover that tress!"

"Do not distress yourself about it, dear Sophy," said her sister affectionately. "It cannot be helped now, only be more careful in future. Besides, the loss may not be irreparable to Frank. Perhaps he may succeed in getting another."

"Oh, Mary! if your hair had been but two shades lighter," said Sophy, looking wistfully upon the rich bands of pale brown hair, which fell upon each side of her sister's mild, madonna face. "But no! a far more brilliant idea has struck me—an expedient of which you would never have dreamt. Frank shall soon be restored to happiness," and Sophy, in ecstasy, clapped her hands, and laughed outright, while the tears she had so lately shed still glistened in her eyes.

"What remedy, Sophy, can you possibly have found? Your mind must be fertile in resources, if you can easily replace the vanished lock, unless you meditate a visit to the *perruquier*, and with you, nothing is impossible."

"Nay, Mary, I will not have to go even as far as that. This is my plan, and do not interrupt me till I unfold it. You are aware, dear sister, that Aunt Ruth possesses, and carefully treasures at least half a dozen tresses of hair, varying in color, from raven black to one fair and golden-hued as that which is lost. All love-tokens too! Now, Mary, do not look so aghast at my audacity, for I really intend to purloin that same fair lock, and replace with it that which my

carelessness has lost. I feel no great compunction at this meditated speculation, for that tress is not kept in remembrance of her lover, who perished at sea, or of him who fell in battle, or of him with whom she quarrelled, (and, you see, I am too well acquainted with the history appertaining to each, to make a mistake.) No, believe me, had it belonged to any of those faithful and much-lamented lovers, I would look upon it as a sacred pledge, and sooner than touch it with felonious intent. Mary, I would burn my very fingers off, at that candle. But it is treasured in remembrance of the fair-haired boy, Aunt Ruth's first love, who, after exchanging vows of constancy, went with his tutor to travel on the continent, where he fell in love with an Italian peasant girl, and married her. Now, Mary, I intend to abstract this *souvenir*, which, I am confident, is exactly the color of that which is lost, and to-morrow morning, Frank shall once more be a happy man. Thus, by a little harmless deception, all the mischief I have occasioned will be repaired. But I never thought of that. What, if aunt should miss her tress? But, now I remember, I heard her say that the mice had been very busy of late."

"Sophy, I cannot, I will not listen to another word," interrupted Mary, indignation lighting up her soft blue eyes. "So far, I have had patience with you. You have teased Frank to your heart's content—you have, through carelessness, lost that for which he would not have taken all this world's wealth, and I have not upbraided you. But to deceive him, to think that while he treasures that fair ringlet, perhaps wears it next his heart, in all the fond foolishness of love, that he is bestowing his tenderness upon a tress which once graced the head of a faithless boy—now a grey-headed man. And to abstract from your aunt a relic of the past—a link which connects her thoughts with the summer days of girl-hood. Oh! Sophy, how can you be so heartless?—you are incorrigible!"

"I really begin to be convinced that I am so, sister," said Sophy, in tones of the deepest contrition, "for everybody says how good and amiable you are, and they generally conclude by remarking how different are our dispositions. Now, were I to receive the whole world for it, I could not conduct myself with such gentleness and unvarying propriety as you. I verily believe, that not even the potent influence which has subdued Frank, can ever affect my hard, obdurate heart. But, Mary, what is your advice in this emergency? for once I will implicitly follow it."

"Then, Sophy, I would say, let matters remain

just as they are at present. In the meantime search diligently for the lock, and restore it whenever you find it."

Next morning Sophy met Frank with a manner more kind and affectionate than usual, and a heart weighed down by contrition for her late offence, and she scarcely dared raise her eyes to his face, lest its melancholy expression should reproach her. But as Frank bade her good morning, the happiness, even joy, which the tones of his voice expressed, gave her courage to glance upwards. And there was Frank all happiness again, and Sophy imagined that a smile of peculiar meaning sat upon his face as he kindly saluted her. Nor was this all. At breakfast, how he ate! Aunt Ruth was satisfied, and that is evidence sufficient. The weather, Mrs. Selwyn's party, every topic was discussed, and Frank was the most animated and cheerful in the family group assembled round the breakfast table. Aunt Ruth beheld the sudden change with delight, and satisfied with the effect, wisely refrained from enquiring into the cause.

Next forenoon, Mary and Sophy sat at work in their cheerful parlor. Sophy had been silent for nearly half an hour, a most unusual circumstance, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Mary, what do you think has become of that lock of hair?"

"I know not what to think of it, Sophy," replied her sister. "'Tis truly a most mysterious affair. I greatly fear that no further light will be thrown, that may tend to its recovery. I may almost be pardoned for confessing that I think it has winged its flight to as lofty a destination as the fair Belinda's stolen tress,—that it has

"— Mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there."

Sophy shook her head with great sagacity, and replied:

"Excuse me, Mary, if I differ from you in opinion, but my belief is certain that it has found a more sublunary home. I cannot overcome the suspicion, that Frank, guided by his good genius, has been led to the spot, where, by carelessness, his lost treasure was placed. In what other way can we account for his restored cheerfulness, his sunny smiles, and hearty appetite?"

But after all 'twas mere conjecture! No one ever knew the fate of "THE LOST LOCK."

GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA.

BY ANDREW L. PICKER.

FATA MORGANA.

A LEGEND OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

I was a bold and thriving man, from care and cumber free,
With flocks and herds upon the hills, and caravals at sea.
My dark-eyed wife sang at her loom throughout the live-long day,
And the child that leapt her knees beside was gamesome as a fay;
Low lay my Quinta's modest walls beneath the cooling trees,
With the ring-dove's plaintive happiness—the streamlet's song of peace.

My saffron fields before me spread, like sunshine calm and still,
My treillage, crowned with plenty, laced the gentle southern hill,
Brown Labour laughed amid the leaves and cheered the laggard team,
While evening fell around us like a soft and pleasant dream.
Alas! for all who mustered then beneath our threshold trees,
With careless hearts and holy trust, and kindly sympathies.

I know not when the subtle fiend first in my bosom stirred,
When knocking at my faithless heart his lying tongue was heard,
Whether 'mid loitering walk he rose, or 'neath the twilight dim,
The hellish guile stole muttering through the holy vesper hymn,
But still of gold—of gold, he spoke—of gems that sleep and shine,
Low by the dark and stolid streams of El Dorado's mine.

“The gnomes that fear the blessed cross will fly at thy command,
The gauds that light the idol's brow will drop into thy hand,
The gifts and guerdon Nature yields to valour's daring arm,
Shall swell around thee like a flood and gird thee, like a charm;
Low haunting perfumes round thee brood—wind-music lull thine ear;
Fling by the sickle for the sword—thou art not happy here!”

My simple wife could ne'er discern our chamber's hideous guest,
Her twining arms ne'er scared the night-fiend grovelling on my breast,
My happy child rushed blindly by with carols wild and sweet,
Nor shrunk before the nameless thing that dogged my burning feet;
None heard the ceaseless whisper that was thunder unto me,
“Cast by the sickle for the sword—out, out upon the sea!”

Out on the sea—with gentle land-winds swelling on our wake,
And rite and relic gifted us for Holy Mary's sake;
At last I saw my native hills in twilight fade away,
While the loneliness of waves before and all around me lay—
Of waves that sighed in dirge-like tones, where Fancy's dreaming scope
Still longed and lingered hopelessly to list a sound of hope.

And morning brought not morning's charm—nor evening, evening's calm;
No wayward lights broke here and there—no herbage yielded balm;
The sun seemed foreign to mine eyes—a glare and not a gleam,
Not as it leapt and flickered once o'er wold and woodland stream,
The blue was no dear land-mark and the green was not the vine;
No sweet delusion brought thee back—oh! sunny home of mine!

Ocean! I love thee now, for I am crushed and desolate,
 And thou'rt the preacher stern and true of dread uncertain Fate,
 I've seen the ruins thou hast piled—the wrecks thou hast e'erswept,
 And I know thou hast made many weep—sad wretch! as I have wept,
 But mad and merciless soe'er thou hast but power to slay,
 And what is death—however dread—to him who curseth day?

All day with faint and dying breath the hot solano strayed,
 The sunlight on a sea of glass reposed without a shade;
 Our good ship with her drooping wings lay motionless as sleep,
 Or some lone swan that proudly woos her image in the deep.
 No shape of land or living thing around us far or near,
 Arose to break the cheerless void or still the swelling fear.

Our sailors—dark and silent men—that loathed the busy shore,
 Old ocean rovers that had ranged the world of waters o'er;
 That moved as walking in a dream with dull and vacant gaze,
 That had “forgot to speak,” and shunned all kindred human ways,
 They scowled upon the yellow sky and cursed the faithless breeze,
 Or to the Maiden Mother cried with bended brows and knees.

In vain, in vain, nor eager prayer—nor penitential vow,
 Brought heave or headway to our sail or ripple to our prow;
 Like some brown husbandman the sun was westering, full of sleep,
 And a curtained haze of fairy hues ascending from the deep;
 When—was it magic? Martyred Lord! a vision on our lee,
 Hills, groves and minarets arose, a city in the sea!

One wild glance on the mirrored spell—one wilder towards the sky,
 When Memory smote us like a sword, and “Lisbon” was the cry,
 “Lo! San Giorgio's golden towers and Belem's brazen walls,
 Los Arcos' stately mirador and flashing waterfalls,
 The Tagus with its brake of maats and darting minnowy swarms;
 Oh! Son of Heaven! what snare is this? Enfold us in thine arms!”

And I—where were my 'wildered eyes? Oh, Love! they stretched away,
 Where 'neath the bowery Alcornoques my shaded homestead lay;
 Where Ignes with her dove-like eyes and dear domestic truth,
 And my radiant child in all her crystal purity of youth,
 Perchance were sauntering neath the vines and singing as of yore,
 The low and tender segudils I ne'er shall listen more.

Fair and familiar was the scene—the noontide's bright repose
 Seemed clasping it with every charm that generous summer knows;
 Gay gleamed the Tagus' molten gold 'mid white palladian towers,
 And terraced streets—and minster fanes and dark pom'granate bowers,
 Each eye could trace its wonted loves—each finger point to home,
 Till fear was lost in deep delight and the past seemed still to come.

Oh! change—no vagrant airs athwart the sheeted waters pass,
 The sunny surface gleams to heaven serene and pure as glass;
 But lo! as by an earthquake smote in dust and deluge down,
 The fairy pageant's haughtiest piles are rocked and overthrown,
 Fabric on fabric sink in clouds of dark and lurid wrath,
 And the demon of destruction bursts upon his fiery path.

Woe, woe, for all our pleasant homes and cherished household gear,
 The breasts where we were shrined in love, tones music to the ear—
 The clasp to which we yearned the most in moment's stern and brief,
 The eyes that still on Memory rose bedimmed and full of grief—
 Unheeded now the days and nights that rise and round us fall,
 Fate hath not left a love on earth—all are thine own—Death—all!

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION *

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME weeks after the events detailed in our last chapter, Ida Beresford sat alone before her mirror, in her splendid apartment. Her rich, sable hair, unbound, hung loose around her; and the hand, which had been wandering amid its glossy waves, fell listlessly over her chair, as if other thoughts than that of her *toilette* engrossed her. At length, she exclaimed, half aloud:

"Yes! my first season is drawing rapidly to a close, and what have I gained from it? True! I have been praised, courted, flattered. Coroneted heads have knelt at my feet, and yet I return plain Ida Beresford. And to what do I return? To the obscurity of a village life, the monotonous intercourse of a family, amiable, it is true, but for whom I entertain no sympathy, no affection whatever, and for one member of which—but no matter."

Here a long pause followed, during which her imagination evidently wandered to distant scenes and persons, but at length, returning to her former theme, she resumed:

"It is true, I can look forward to next season, and the repose and quiet of a summer passed in the country, will restore that brightness to my beauty which late hours and unceasing dissipation have somewhat dimmed. But then, next season, I will have lost the charm of novelty. Some other newer, if not fairer face than my own, may cast me into the shade as I have done so many others. And what do I purpose finally to do? Is it to remain a burden all my life on the family of whose charity I have already so largely partaken? Yes, charity! Bitter, humiliating as is the word, there is none other. My pride, my self-respect, forbid the very thought. I must free myself, and that speedily too, from an enthrallment more galling to a spirit like mine than Egyptian bondage. Fool, insensate fool that I was, to reject the coronet which Pemberton laid at my feet. Young, rich, if wanting the brilliant graces of a Stormont, at least free from his baseness and deceit. What more could I desire, unless indeed," and she smiled bitterly, "my imagination soared so high as a Ducal coronet. But, thank Heaven!" she added, glancing at a fashionable journal which lay before her, "it is not too late. Pemberton

has arrived in town. I will probably meet him to-morrow at Lady Carlisle's, and if I but act my part well, I do not despair of again bringing him to my feet. The task is difficult, but not impossible; and once again in my power, I must have done with idle folly and take what fortune sends. Yes! Pemberton is indeed good enough for even Ida Beresford, with all her lofty aspirations and proud heart." She sighed heavily as she spoke, and again relapsed into her former reverie; but suddenly springing up, she exclaimed: "I must to rest, and look my loveliest to-morrow night, for never has my vaunted beauty been put to so severe a test."

Never to Lady Stanhope's recollection, had her *protégée* been so dilatory at her *toilette*, so difficult to please, as the succeeding evening; but she would not have murmured had she guessed the motive of her fastidiousness. Not one article of dress ~~was~~ worn which she had not heard Pemberton ~~at some~~ time or another admire, and, in contradiction to her own classic taste, which led her to prefer her hair in plain, rich waves, she adjusted it in a shower of curls, a style he had always passionately admired. Again and again did she survey herself in the mirror; and finally, when all was completed, she turned once more, and drawing from her tresses the glittering tiara that added so queen-like a dignity to her appearance, replaced it by a simple pearl band. In vain Lady Stanhope remonstrated against this change. Ida felt its soft lustre was more adapted than the flashing gems she had cast aside, when she wished to win homage, not to command it.

Arrived at Lady Carlisle's, they found the rooms well filled, but no Marquis of Pemberton was there. Annoyed and disappointed, Ida speedily lost all taste for the gay scene around her, and she now as ardently desired the close of the entertainment as she had longed for its commencement. Whilst listlessly watching the movements of the dancers, she suddenly heard Lady Carlisle, in answer to some question proposed her, rejoice:

"Yes! he returned yesterday. He will be here to-night."

Another moment the fair hostess was beside her, and with a kind smile, she exclaimed:

"My dear Miss Beresford, what cause has overshadowed your brow to-night? You look both pale and spiritless."

"Very likely," returned Ida, with a forced smile, "for I have a severe headache, and you must confess it is enough somewhat to depress one's spirits."

"Then here comes one who must restore them. My Lord," she gaily added, as the Marquis, who had just entered, approached her. "To you I leave the enviable task of amusing Miss Beresford, who seems either sad or *ennuyée* to-night;" and, gracefully bowing, she turned away to some other guest.

The young Marquis colored deeply, painfully, but with a frigid bow passed on. Ida's heart beat quick with vexation, but she smoothed her brow, and joined the dance with the first partner who presented himself—a gentleman possessing the happy faculty of always keeping silence, as he had never anything sensible or witty to say. She secretly congratulated herself on being freed from the unwelcome task of listening to conversation, for the necessity of participating in it, when she had no inclination, never entered her head. As they took their places, the Marquis, with a beautiful girl on his arm, placed himself opposite. He started on seeing who was his *vis-à-vis*, but retreat was impossible, and he continued to listen with apparent interest to the lively but frivolous remarks of his companion. The latter, though really pretty and possessed of considerable fortune, had been heretofore successfully outshone by Ida, and her exultation, at thus finding herself so unexpectedly elevated above her rival, knew no bounds.

"Have you remarked," she exclaimed, in a low tone, "that Miss Beresford does not look as queenly, as sublimely independent, to-night as usual?"

"Indeed!" he returned, with apparent carelessness. "What is the reason?"

"Is it possible you can be ignorant of aught affecting our divinity?" she rejoined with a sarcastic laugh. "True! you have but returned yesterday, and I shall in pity enlighten you. Well! know then that the happy individual whom Miss Beresford favoured with the sunshine of her especial smiles, ungrateful for the preference, has abandoned England and his lady fair."

"Whom do you mean?" he eagerly asked.

"Who could I mean but Captain Stormont? All the world knew the whole affair. And this is why Miss Beresford looks so *distrainé* and pen-
sive."

Pemberton involuntarily glanced at Ida. She did indeed look unusually pre-occupied, and he

asked his heart "could this be true?" Then came the remembrance of that evening when he had offered her himself and fortune, the cold disdain with which she had rejected him, the open preference displayed for his rival. The recollection steeled his heart, for Pemberton, though kind-hearted and generous by nature, had yet his weakness; and it was with a feeling of bitter satisfaction he listened to the malicious hints and sarcasms his partner continued to shower upon Ida. Once, when she had glanced at the latter, and burst into a merry laugh, in which Pemberton joined, Ida, who could not be unconscious that she was the object of their mockery, raised her dark eyes and fixed them for a moment on the countenance of the Marquis. Involuntarily his cheek crimsoned beneath the calm scorn of that glance, and he no longer joined in the merry sallies of his companion, who, finding her satire unencouraged, soon abandoned it. Pemberton was angry with his partner, angry with himself. He felt Ida had raised herself above him, and that he had no longer a claim to regard her with the contempt he had done since her rejection of him. Still the knowledge but increased the dawning dislike he was beginning to entertain for her. Till the close of the evening Ida saw no more of the Marquis—but in passing through one of the vacant apartments, in search of Lady Stanhope, she perceived him standing near the door. With her usual lofty step she passed on, but her bracelet, which, by some accident, had unclasped, fell from her arm and rolled almost to his feet. Common courtesy required he should raise and adjust it. But the clasp was out of order, and in vain he strove to fasten it.

"You are rather awkward, my Lord," said Ida, in a tone whose gentleness contradicted the seeming harshness of her words.

Strange! the very softness with which she spoke jarred, irritated his feelings, and he bitterly replied:

"You speak truly; but remember, I possess not the cleverness of Captain Stormont. Were he here, the task would not have devolved on me."

"Do you find it, then, so very onerous? Pardon me that I have troubled you."

The tones were so soft, so unlike the usual silvery, but cold accents, of Ida Beresford, that he involuntarily raised his eyes to her face. A gentle, almost sad expression, softened her imperious beauty, and Pemberton's heart, spite of his better judgment, partly yielded to its influence."

"I regretted not the task itself, but merely my inability to fulfil it well. But, again I repeat, I can never hope to acquire the admirable profi-

ciency of Captain Stormont, nor consequently his reward."

"Are you not aware that Captain Stormont has left England?"

"Yes, Miss Beresford, and it has been whispered to me, that his absence has clouded more than one fair brow to-night."

"'Tis true, as regards myself," she returned, with a frankness that startled him. "I indeed, both compassionate and regret him, but I fear I am the only one, out of the many who laughed at his witticisms, applauded his sarcasms, who does so."

"You are singularly candid, Miss Beresford," sarcastically rejoined her companion; "but as we are no longer in the Arcadian age, pardon me, if I say, that were this confession made to some, they might form constructions on it, which might not meet with Miss Beresford's approbation."

"Ida Beresford cares not what construction the world puts on her actions," she replied, with a shade of her usual loftiness, which served but to render more apparent the gentleness with which she added: "But, even feared I the world's censure, I know that my confessions and opinions are sacred, when confided to the Marquis of Pemberton."

There was a delicate flattery in the last sentence, which caused the heart of the Marquis, despite himself, to beat with pleasurable emotion, but he remained silent. After a slight pause, she asked:

"Do you then blame me for regretting Captain Stormont? or rather, do you not share that regret—for he was one of your intimate friends?"

Pemberton fixed his eyes penetratingly upon her, but she calmly met his glance. No emotion, however slight, tinted her cheek or brow; no sign of embarrassment or confusion escaped her; and he felt inclined to believe that the words he had heard that night were false; still, he doubtfully exclaimed:

"I do, indeed, compassionate and feel for him! but still, my regret is not sufficiently great, Miss Beresford, to sadden my spirits for a whole evening, and to render me indifferent to all else besides."

"'Twould be idle affectation," returned his companion, in a low tone, "to say that I do not understand you; but can no other cause, save the absence of one never much valued, depress the heart? Think you, that we have not all some secret sorrow, some past folly, to mourn over."

Pemberton's very brow became crimson, and he almost trembled, as he thought how favourably to himself he might read her latter words. Might not the folly she mourned over, be her

rejection of himself? He was again almost in the grasp of the tempter, but the recollection of the suffering her haughty spirit had inflicted upon him, rose on his memory, and he replied, though not in a perfectly steady voice:

"You speak truly, Miss Beresford! we can ever find subject for regret, if not in our errors, at least in those of others equally dear to ourselves."

"But, in most cases, my Lord, we have at least the consolation of knowing that those errors may, sooner or later, be amended."

Pemberton could not, knew not, what to reply; but happily for his embarrassment, Lady Carlisle passed at the moment.

"I see your Lordship has faithfully obeyed my injunctions," she said, with a meaning smile. "You seem to have effectually dispelled Miss Beresford's headache and *ennui*; but I must not allow you to monopolize her entirely. Come, Miss Beresford, Lady Stanhope is already ranking you among the lost Pleiades."

With a bright smile, such as she vouchsafed to few, Ida turned from the Marquis, and another moment, she was at the side of Lady Stanhope, whose temper was somewhat acerbated by Pemberton's marked avoidance of her *protégée*, during the course of the evening.

"Where on earth have you been, Ida?" she exclaimed. "The carriage has been waiting this half-hour, and I am tired to death."

"I was talking with the Marquis of Pemberton."

"Oh! that is different!" and her Ladyship's brow cleared up as if by magic. "You need not have hurried yourself, for it is not very late."

Ida made no reply, and during their homeward drive, she continued to evade the skilful questions of her companion, by an affectation of excessive drowsiness. Seated, at length, in her quiet chamber, she calmly reviewed the events of the evening.

"I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations," she murmured. "Pemberton is indeed a generous, kind-hearted being." Here, her eye fell on the bracelet, which had led to her momentous conversation with the Marquis. "Fortunate gem!" she added, "you served my purpose more effectually than the warmest advocates, the most ingenious stratagems could have done; and yet——!" She rose, flung the bracelet abruptly from her, and sought her couch.

CHAPTER XII.

THE few remaining weeks of the London season soon fled, and, with a feeling of mingled satisfaction and regret, Ida prepared for the last ball. Lady Stanhope started the ensuing day for her

country seat, and according to the former agreement, her *protégé* was to return to Dr. Vernon's mansion. The assembly was brilliant, gay, and yet Ida was not like herself. The feeling that this was perchance the last time she might gaze on the glittering scene before her; that the flattery and homage, which had lately formed the chief pleasure of her existence, would no longer surround her, filled her heart with a depression she could not dispel. Pemberton was there, but even his presence could not induce her to throw off the dejection which had stolen over her. The Marquis, though plainly again under her empire, was not the passive slave he had once been, and it was evident that he strove to resist the spell her beauty and grace had again cast around him. The remembrance of her scornful rejection of a proposal, generous, manly, as his had been, was the best defence he possessed, and its recollection proved, at least for the time being, an antidote sufficiently powerful to overcome her fascinations. Still, this sentiment was fast waning, and another month in her society, would, in all probability, have riveted his chains too firmly for him to break them. Inwardly wondering at the look of thoughtful pre-occupation that shadowed her brow, the Marquis continued to speak on a thousand frivolous topics, but suddenly breaking off, he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, but I am wearying you with other subjects, whilst your thoughts are elsewhere."

"They are, indeed," she rejoined, in a subdued tone. "I am thinking this is our last night for a long season, and how many changes may occur, before I shall see the same individuals who are here to-night—that is if we ever meet again."

"Is it possible!" rejoined Pemberton, inwardly charmed with her thoughtful look, and wishing it might always continue. "Is it possible that you then regret, as your last sentence seems to imply, your separation from persons whom you have never deigned to honor with any marks of friendship?"

"Nay! 'tis not the persons I regret. Indeed, I may never bestow a second thought upon them; but it is the scenes themselves—the pleasure, the gaiety, I mourn over."

"Aye! and the worship, the adulation, that the beautiful and gifted ever receive among them, Miss Beresford."

"Even so, my Lord," she returned, without the slightest discomposure. "Homage and devotion are ever gratifying to our vanity, if not to our heart, and where the heart has no nobler object to desire, no higher aim in view, it must even be contented with that."

"Pardon me, if I am too bold, but is not such an aim too unworthy to engross the thoughts of any being, gifted with lofty principles or generous feelings? Cannot the heart, at all times, find a nobler shrine to bow before?"

"Not always," she thoughtfully rejoined. "No! believe me, there are circumstances which fetter alike both heart and spirit, which, crushing all higher aspirations, oblige the proudest to seek for happiness in scenes of folly and gaiety, which, under more fortunate circumstances, they would have scorned."

Her companion looked at her in evident perplexity. He knew not how to read her last sentence, and after a few minutes' conjecture, he resumed in a livelier tone:

"While you are improving your health and beauty in the country, I shall improve my worldly knowledge by travelling on the Continent."

"You are then going abroad?"

"Yes! and according to our English ideas of travelling, I shall dash through France, Italy, Spain, as fast as possible, and returning, before my friends have well missed me, entertain them with a journal containing a minute account of anything and everything worth mentioning."

"A very intelligent idea; but is it really knowledge or pleasure that you seek?"

"Nay! if you insist on the truth, 'tis neither. In fact I travel for want of something else to do. How should I get through the long, weary season, vegetating in some country lodge?"

"But could you not fish or shoot, or something of that kind?"

"Oh! delightful enough for a couple of weeks, but unendurable when extended to a longer period."

"Do you then count for nothing the pleasures of society? You can always have hosts of lively, witty friends, if your *chef de cuisine* is a proficient in his art."

"Such society is just less endurable than perfect solitude."

"Nay! you are too severe," she rejoined, with a laugh. "Even a country seat might prove a paradise if enlivened by the brilliant wit and boundless gaiety of guests such as Captain Stormont. That reminds me, you may probably have the pleasure of meeting him abroad—"

"And of telling him," interrupted her companion, evidently annoyed, "how often Miss Beresford thinks of him, and how much she regrets his absence."

"Nay! tell him not so," she gravely returned. "Take not my idle *badinage* in so serious a manner; but Lady Stanhope is waiting for me. 'Tis time to go."

"And we must really part," said the Marquis.

"Yes! but the separation is not eternal. We shall probably meet again next season."

"But 'tis a long period till then," he exclaimed, in a low tone.

"It surely will not seem long to your Lordship, who will have new scenes and amusements to make it pass more rapidly. Believe me, ere you are landed on the classic shores of *la bella Italia*, you will have forgotten our *fêtes* and assemblies, as well as the individuals who figured in them. But I do not blame you, for in all probability I shall have done the same."

"Nay! my memory is not quite so accommodating," he rejoined, somewhat piqued. "I possess not your happy facility, Miss Beresford, of forgetting in a week, persons who, in a greater or less degree, may have occupied my thoughts for months."

"Nay! your's then is but a poor policy, my Lord; for, believe me, those very persons will, in all probability, most easily forget *you*. But what would you? 'Tis human nature!"

Her companion's brow darkened.

"I fear you speak truth, but yet there are at least some exceptions to this rule, general as it may be."

"There are, but where are these exceptions to be found, my Lord? Surely not in our very refined, but frozen atmosphere."

"No, indeed!" he bitterly rejoined. "Constancy, friendship, kind recollection of absent friends, seem to be words of whose very meaning we are ignorant."

"Well! let us prove exceptions to the rule, then," and she extended her hand. "We shall enter into a solemn treaty to think once a month at least, of our absent friends, and I promise I shall not forget you among the number."

The fascinating smile which accompanied her words, chased away every shade from the open countenance of her companion, and when he again bade her farewell, as he assisted her into the carriage, he was conscious of a feeling of sadness, such as had seldom, if ever, before, darkened the gaiety of his usually careless, happy disposition.

The following day Ida had left London. It was evening when the carriage slowly approached her former home, and her heart beat quicker, and her manner grew more restless; but the increasing gloom prevented Lady Stanhope from remarking her agitation. Besides, her Ladyship was too much engrossed by a thousand other different cares. Countless were the injunctions she bestowed on her *protégés* regarding the care of her complexion, figure and tresses; but cautioning her above all, to avoid contracting any rustic habits,

or losing the graceful, fashionable ease, which Nature seemed to have bestowed on her, and which her sojourn in London had so eminently perfected. But her eloquent exhortations were lost on her companion, who was totally absorbed in other thoughts, which were only dispelled by the stopping of the carriage at Doctor Vernon's door. Lady Stanhope then bade her farewell; and, charging her with a thousand polite messages for Mrs. Vernon, whom she could not alight to see, as she was hurried to reach home, drove off.

The door was opened by the servant, and in another moment she was pressed in the arms of Mrs. Vernon and Lucy. The Doctor welcomed her with his usual kindness, and Ida, spoiled child of the world as she was, could not but feel how widely different was their warm, heartfelt embrace, to the polite but coldly artificial caress of Lady Stanhope. The first exclamations over, Mrs. Vernon looked round.

"Where is Claude?" she added. "Go, Lucy, and tell your brother that our dear Ida is here. He surely is not aware of her arrival, or he would have been here to welcome her, ere this."

With a light step, Lucy bounded up stairs, and Ida, who had started when his name was mentioned, remained silent. After a few minutes, Lucy returned alone. There was a slight shade over her usually happy face, as she said in a somewhat embarrassed tone:

"Claude is very, very busy, but he will be down in a few moments."

The blood mounted to Ida's temples, but with apparent indifference, she continued to converse with Mrs. Vernon, concerning her journey. In a short time tea was announced, and as they passed into the next apartment, Claude entered. Involuntarily, Ida extended her hand with a cordiality indeed unusual to her, but her advances were met by the most frigid reserve on his part, and, after a few cold phrases about "being happy to see her," &c., he took his seat at the table as if it were but yesterday they had parted. Ida was suffocated with contending emotions. Anger, mortification, wounded pride, alternately filled her heart. Her advances, advances which she had never yet made to mortal being, had been coldly, contemptuously repulsed. She felt as if she could have annihilated herself on the spot, for having thus humbled herself so far to one who had so openly and daringly displayed his haughty indifference. With her usual indomitable pride, she resolved he should not have the satisfaction of perceiving how deeply he had mortified her; and on their return to the drawing-room, she entered into a most spirited account of her London life, she painted in glowing co-

lors its gaiety and unceasing round of pleasure, enlivening the picture by occasional flashes of the brilliant but keen satire, of which she was so eminently mistress. Still, all had no effect on Claude, whose cold, pre-occupied air, seemed to tell his thoughts were elsewhere. Stung by a failure, which was the more bitterly felt as it was unprecedented, she tasked anew her every power; powers which were not the less attractive from their being so rarely employed. Once, whilst uttering some witty, though polished sarcasm against Lady Stanhope, whose point was the more appreciated as her hearers felt its truth, she encountered the eyes of Claude fixed upon her. In that glance, instantly averted as it was, she read nought but mingled compassion and contempt. She continued her theme, however, with apparent gaiety, but it was in no very pleasant frame of mind that she at length retired to rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

IDA had now fairly entered again on that quiet life, whose monotony she had once so severely deprecated. And strange to say, she found it a welcome relief to the tumultuous enjoyment of the last few months. The society of the Vernons, too, was more agreeable to her. Was it that they had grown more witty, more affectionate. No! the change, however slight it may have been, was in *Ida* herself. The contact with a world, heartless as it was refined, had insensibly taught her better to appreciate the real affection now lavished on her. Unconsciously her manners had lost much of that insolent hauteur, her countenance the repulsive coldness which had so grieved and annoyed her kind friends on their first acquaintance. But this change was gradual, and some time had passed ere those around her were conscious of it. Lucy was the first who perceived the alteration, and she also remarked that *Ida*, though generally silent, was no longer the careless unthinking being she once had been. Still she did not seem the happier for the latter change, and her restless, uneasy spirit, frequent half-subdued sigh, betokened a mind ill at ease. When commenting on the subject with Mrs. Vernon, Lucy exclaimed:

"I am almost certain, dear mamma, that poor *Ida* has some secret cause for sorrow."

"She has indeed," rejoined her mother, sadly; "and the cause of her grief is easily divined. She mourns for the gay scenes of London; and this life of ours, which we find so happy, so delightful, is to her but an insipid, wearisome bondage."

Lucy made no reply, but she thought differently, for *Ida* had never complained of that bondage since her return, and she was not one to wear fetters without murmuring at their weight. Faithful to her first opinion, she was certain that her companion pined in secret over some hidden grief, and with the deep tenderness of her character, she longed to share her sorrows, and endeavour to dispel them. But she shrank from making the slightest advances to the cold, distant being, who had so often before repulsed her gentle efforts with such ill-dissembled impatience. Since *Ida's* arrival, Claude, who had never before absented himself from the family circle, now secluded himself often for whole evenings in his room. 'Tis true, his preparations for entering on the career of life he had chosen, demanded his undivided intention, but Mrs. Vernon thought he might oftener steal from his books to enliven them with his society. With these reflections, she one evening left the drawing-room to seek the apartment of her son, who, under the usual plea, had excused his appearance for the evening. Gently approaching, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and closing the open book before him, exclaimed:

"My dear Claude! this is selfish, very selfish of you; you might steal one hour at least from your studies, to devote to your family."

"But, dear mother," he remonstrated, as he affectionately looked up, "you have a pleasant party already. Surely you cannot miss me?"

"Not miss you! Why we are all as dull as hermits. No laughter, no merriment. You know your presence is at all times like a ray of sunshine. No matter how sad we may feel, one of your bright smiles can instantly dispel our gloom."

"You are too partial, dear mother," he rejoined, as he smilingly shook his head. "Perhaps, indeed, with you, my smiles may possess the magic power you describe, but with others, believe me, they are not so potent."

"I do not know, Claude, else how is it that we are all so lively when you are present, so dull when you are absent?"

"It is an enigma I cannot solve, save that my boyish folly and high spirits possess a contagious influence, which none of you can resist."

"Except Miss Beresford," said his mother, with a mischievous smile. "She is as stolidly impenetrable to your jests, as you are to her brilliant powers of satire; but, dearest Claude, as we are on this subject, I must open my mind to you, concerning our *Ida*, or, Miss Beresford, as you frigidly persist in calling her."

"Well! what of her?" said her son, with an

impatience he rarely, if ever, displayed towards his gentle parent.

"Nay, my dear boy, I dare not speak to you, if you look so stern. That severe frown is enough to frighten me away."

Her words produced the desired effect, and a confused smile played round his lips.

"Well! to speak seriously, Claude, I cannot imagine the cause of your treating Ida as unkindly as you do?"

"No! not unkindly, mother. Do I ever say aught, that might, in the remotest degree, hurt her feelings? Do I ever neglect any of those minute acts of politeness, which even the strictest good breeding could exact?"

"No! but it is that very cold ceremony, of which I complain. Your polite, but chilling manner, your distant formal air, when, by any chance, you are thrown together, an event which certainly you take good care to avoid as much as possible. Ah! Claude, it grieves me much. I would have her in reality, as well as name, a member, a child of our family, and how painful to me, how unnatural is the conduct that both, but you, especially, persist in pursuing. Tell me, what is the cause of all this? Why, it is that you, who are frank and friendly with all the world, should prove so cold to her alone? Nay, speak, my son, I entreat."

"'Tis because I cannot stoop to be a hypocrite," he at length returned, with a vehemence that startled his listener. "Because she has wounded, trampled on my best feelings, and at one time rendered my home distasteful, aye, hateful to me. Tell me, mother, when I first knew her, did I afford her even the slightest shadow of cause for the course of conduct she then pursued? Cordial, friendly, ever ready to yield my own tastes and wishes to her slightest whims, ever ready to sacrifice my own pleasure to hers! Was I the aggressor? Wearied, at length, of the inutility of my efforts to conciliate or please her, I finally retorted rashly, hastily, I avow, but, still justly. What then ensued? Endless strife, disputes, taunts, which embittered the few weeks I was granted to spend with my family, and which rendered their close as desirable as their commencement had been. The evening before my departure, I calmly reflected on the circumstances in which I was placed; I knew she was to be a perpetual resident under our roof, and I knew that time would but little improve her haughty spirit. Complaint to you or my father, was useless, nay, unmanly,—what was I then to do? I reflected, and resolved, that my own conduct would prove my future shield. The cold indifference I have ever since assumed towards

her, though it may have gained me her hatred, has, at least, delivered me from the constant bickerings and upbraidings, which marked the first weeks of our acquaintance. This conduct, dear mother, I shall to the last pursue. I have not long to remain with you. I must go forth on the world to make my own fortunes, and I would that the year, for, in all probability, it will not be longer, that I shall spend among you, may be passed in peace."

Mrs. Vernon made no reply, but the sparkling tear that fell on the hand so gently pressing her own, spoke more eloquently to his heart than the most impassioned oratory could have done. At length, subduing her emotions with a strong effort, she exclaimed:

"Be not angry, my own Claude, with my importunity, but, believe me, it is from no idle supposition I speak, when I say that Ida is changed. Yes! greatly changed!"

"Perhaps so," and his lip curled; "but acknowledge, mother, she possesses the talent of disguising it well. She veils her meekness and humility admirably, under the garb of pride and hauteur."

"Nay, my son, you are prejudiced I would not say she is yet meek and humble, but she is more so than when we first knew her. I repeat to you, that she is changed."

"And what has changed her? Is it the glittering dissipation in which she has revelled for months. No! believe me, mother; contact with the world may have taught her the necessity, the policy, of somewhat concealing her most glaring faults, but her heart is still unchanged. Heart! did I say?" he added with a bitter smile. "She has none. Who would accuse that icy, egotistical being of possessing one? It would prove, at most, but a useless encumbrance."

"And yet, Claude, she is graceful, witty, beautiful, and spirits proud as your own have bowed before her. Aye! loved her."

"God forbid!" he said, "that I should ever place my affections on such as her. No! mother I would seek one who would value my love for itself alone, not for the triumph or gratification it afforded her vanity, and who, if she did reject my suit, would do it with gentleness and pity."

"Perhaps you have indeed sought such a one and found her," returned Mrs. Vernon, impressively, and bending a searching glance upon him; "but, beware Claude, that your trust be not abused. Beware that the ties which now render you blind to all others, may not prove in the end less endurable than those Ida would have imposed upon you."

Claude crimsoned to his temples, and, hastily rising, exclaimed:

"Well! dear mother, to gratify you, I will throw aside my dull books and go down; but let us waive the present subject forever."

With a short sigh, Mrs. Vernon acquiesced, and a few moments after, he was seated in the saloon, the gayest there, jesting on every subject, calling forth merry laughter, as if no sterner thoughts ever shaded his brow, or cold, immovable resolve, lurked beneath his gay, careless exterior. From the period of Mrs. Vernon's explanation with her son, she carefully avoided further allusion to the subject, and affairs progressed with their usual peaceful regularity at the cottage. Ida though, was daily growing more restless, and Mrs. Vernon remarked with pain, that she perused the journals containing the movements of the fashionable world, with a feverish anxiety, that betokened a more than ordinary interest in their contents. It seemed plain to her observant eye, that though Ida concealed her feelings, she secretly pined for the pleasures and gaieties that had of late surrounded her. One morning she apologized for absenting herself from the morning repast, as she had a severe headache. The day was beautiful, and Claude and Lucy, tempted by the brilliant sunshine, set out on a ramble together, an event which lately was not of such frequent occurrence as it had once been. Some time after their departure, Ida entered the room, where Mrs. Vernon was sewing. She looked pale, but merely saying, "she felt better," seated herself, and taking up a book, read aloud to her companion. Whilst yet engaged in her task, the servant entered to say "there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who desired to see her." She started up in unfeigned surprise, wondering who the unexpected visitor could be. After hastily glancing in the mirror at her dress, which was as usual faultlessly elegant, she descended the stairs, and entered the apartment with a hesitating step. Her surprise may be imagined when the Marquis of Pemberton sprang forward, and with eager pleasure grasped her hand. Ere she had recovered from her astonishment, he rapidly said:

"I know what you would say. My tour has been very short; but as I went solely for pleasure, when I found myself getting tired of it, I took the wise part of returning at once. And now, tell me, Miss Beresford, how have you been since our parting in London? Will you be sufficiently strong to undertake another campaign next winter? Yet pardon me, you do not look much stronger than you did in town."

"Oh! I have not had sufficient time yet to put

the virtues of country air and diet to a test. A few additional weeks, however, will effect a miraculous change. But when did you arrive?"

"This very week, and I intend proceeding at once to Pemberton Lodge. 'Tis some miles distant from Lady Stanhope's seat, but in the same direction. You see, Miss Beresford," he added, in a meaning tone, "I have not forgotten the mutual treaty, lightly as it was made, which we entered into on the last night of our parting. You were my first thought on landing in England—and you are the first to whom I have made my devoirs. Tell me, have you been as faithful?"

Ida coloured and hesitated, but at length said:

"'Tis better to reveal the truth, unfavorable as it may prove, than to disguise it. Candidly then, my Lord, the treaty had entirely escaped my memory."

"It was indeed unpardonable presumption in me to dare to hope otherwise," he returned, with a deeply mortified air. "Yet still, Miss Beresford, I had flattered myself, that occasionally, when indulging in retrospect of the scenes of pleasure in which we had participated together, your thoughts might for one moment have dwelt on me."

If Ida had really wished to rivet her power over Pemberton, why not have uttered then some soothing word, some gentle remark; but no! with her usual rashness, she carelessly replied:

"Indeed, I may have thought of you in general, but really there were so many who possessed similar claims on my memory, I could not afford time to think of any one in particular."

Her companion's face flushed, and springing up hastily, he approached the window. Where was Ida's discrimination then? Spite of all her former resolves, again trifling with her happiness, and allowing moments to pass which would never return; or was it that her resolutions on this head had proved but idle dreams, and that she had abandoned this whim as she had done so many others? When Pemberton again turned, all traces of emotion had vanished, and a look of calm determination had replaced his former earnest, though somewhat agitated manner. If Ida marked the change, it affected her but little, for she continued to converse in the same frivolous tone as before.

"But has your Lordship brought no relics from your pilgrimage," she asked; "no souvenirs to remind you of your 'exploits by flood and field?'"

"Yes!" he rejoined, glancing towards the table. I have a portfolio of engravings here, which I took the liberty of selecting for you whilst in Italy. I only hope they will meet with your approbation."

"Is it possible? This is proof, then, that you really did remember me, an event which I somewhat doubted, I must confess, notwithstanding your solemn assurance to the contrary," she smilingly exclaimed.

The Marquis made no reply, but hastened to open the portfolio and display its treasures.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" she warmly said, as she surveyed the splendid plates. "It was really kind of you to think of them. How can I shew my gratitude for your thoughtful attention?"

"By valuing them a little more than you have done the feelings of the giver," was the rejoinder, uttered in a low tone.

Ida, skilled as she was in subduing every indication of emotion, could not repress the deep blush that mounted to her temples at this reproach, whose justice her own heart so loudly acknowledged, and for once at a loss to reply, she looked down on the engravings with an embarrassed air. At that moment Lucy and Claude, followed by a couple of his dogs, bounded in through the window opening from the terrace. For a moment, one single moment, he regarded them with a look of unspeakable astonishment, and then, recovering his composure, he shortly apologized for his intrusion, and with a cold bow left the room. Lucy hesitated, and Ida, taking advantage of the pause, instantly introduced her to the Marquis. Long and wondering was the gaze the latter fixed upon her, and indeed his momentary violation of good breeding might easily have been forgiven, for the temptation was all but irresistible. Beautiful at all times, she was then doubly so. The rich curls, which fell like a golden shower around her, not the less beautiful for being slightly dishevelled, the fascinating expression of timidity which bent her soft eloquent eyes to the ground, and caused the varying colour to recede and mantle on her cheek, imparted to her a charm more fascinating than that which the queen-like Ida had ever possessed in her proudest moments. As if the spell of her winning gentleness extended itself to all around, when the Marquis spoke to her his voice involuntarily softened, and never had he addressed with such sincere respect, such profound courtesy, even the haughty beauty beside him. Timid as Lucy was, there was nothing the least ungraceful or awkward about her. Hers was the graceful timidity of a child, and Pemberton could not help feeling flattered by her captivating embarrassment, though he well knew the most indifferent stranger would have called it forth equally with himself. After some few minutes' conversation, Lucy pleaded some apology and withdrew.

"Why! Miss Beresford!" suddenly exclaimed

the Marquis, who had followed Lucy's faultless figure till it was out of sight, with undisguised admiration; "this seems a temple of enchantment. Already it has given to our circles a star which has far outshone all others, which we all deemed unequalled, and here, I have scarce passed one half hour within its sacred precincts, when I meet another which ——" He stopped short, evidently confused.

"Nay! speak on, my Lord," said Ida, smiling quietly—"Which has totally eclipsed the former planet. Do not wrong me so far as to suppose that my vanity, great as it may be, is quite so exorbitant as to feel hurt by your candour. Frankness is my favorite virtue, and I honour it in others as well as practise it myself. This your Lordship knows from experience. Miss Vernon is indeed beautiful, and her mind is as fair as her person. Her delicate, shrinking loveliness, is the true type of her own character."

The Marquis gazed at Ida in mute surprise. To hear her thus warmly advocating the cause of a rival passed his comprehension, and he wavered whether to ascribe it to indifference towards himself or affection for Lucy. Feeling that he had committed himself by his too warm admiration of the latter, to change the subject, he enquired the name of her companion.

"Her brother."

"Is it possible!" he returned, with surprise. "There is not a shadow of resemblance between them, and yet he is most strikingly handsome."

"Very," was the short reply.

A sudden thought seemed to strike the Marquis, and turning carelessly towards Ida, he fixed a searching glance on her face, as he exclaimed:

"He would prove indeed a formidable rival. I must own I should fear entering the lists with such a competitor."

Whatever was passing in Ida's heart, no traces of it appeared on her cold, high brow, and with a slightly sarcastic tone, she rejoined:

"You forget then the proverb, 'Faint heart never won fair lady!'"

"You are right, Miss Beresford, but you must remember that my motto is, 'I admit no rival!'"

After another half hour's conversation, during which he carefully avoided the slightest allusion to Lucy, he took leave with certainly more self-possession, but far less earnestness, than he had displayed on his entrance, whilst Ida immediately retired to her own apartment.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET COUNCIL.

TOWARDS midnight of the same day on which the Baron de Croissi removed his brother from the hostelry of the Three Pigeons, several personages, enveloped in mantles which concealed their features as well as their figures, might be seen gliding one after another, along the cloisters of Saint Honoré, which then communicated with the Palais Royal. There were no guards posted on this side of the palace, and the most profound silence reigned in the large court pertaining to the range of kitchens. The nocturnal visitors seemed perfectly familiar with all the passages of the sombre and silent buildings. Each directed his course towards a low door hid in an angle of the court, struck a light blow, and the door immediately opened. A sort of pass-word was exchanged between the new-comer and a guardian, invisible in the gloom; the former was then taken by the hand and conducted through a labyrinth of stairs and galleries, till at last he was ushered into a dimly lighted chamber, where those who had preceded him were gathered together, conversing in low tones. Any one might reasonably have supposed the assemblage a conclave of conspirators.

In the mean time the young De Croissi had been conducted to the sumptuous mansion belonging to his brother, but he was introduced in a manner to avoid attracting the attention of the domestics or neighbours.

Some time after nightfall the Baron returned, and caused Fabian to assume a dress somewhat richer and more handsome than that he had worn during his journey; then, leading him to a chariot at the door, with the brief announcement that his demands were about to be satisfied, conducted him to the cloisters of Saint-Honoré without any resistance on the part of the young man.

Whilst the Baron proceeded to announce to his associates the arrival of his brother, the latter remained alone in the ante-chamber for a few

minutes, and that brief space afforded sufficient time for a singular enough adventure. The anti-chamber was large, and like the apartment to which it led, being very dimly lighted, the eye could not readily penetrate all its corners and recesses. Fabian had thrown himself, anxious and thoughtful, on a seat, when his ear caught a slight sound near him, like that produced by a door turning on its hinges. Throwing a keen glance around, he perceived at first but the mantles suspended from the walls, which, under the flickering light of the lamp, assumed various fantastic shapes. He deemed himself mistaken, and was about to resume his serious reflections, when he remarked one of the mantles suddenly agitated, and a head, the features of which he could not distinguish, appeared amid its folds. The eyes of this figure were fixed upon him for a moment, as if to make sure of his being the person expected to be there, and then these words were pronounced in a low, but clear and distinct voice:

"Be of good courage, Monsieur de Croissi! If you have need of aid, you will find it in this quarter."

The head disappeared, another sound like that Fabian had first remarked, was again heard, and when the young man, rousing himself from his surprise, hurried towards the spot whence the voice had proceeded, and threw aside the mantle, he found no one there, nor could he discover any trace of a secret entrance. In the excited state in which Fabian then was, he might have been pardoned in viewing this adventure as something supernatural, when we recollect his country education, and that even among the highest classes of society at this period, the belief in visions, spirits, and all sorts of superstitions, was very prevalent. Notwithstanding this, the imagination of the young De Croissi did not for a moment lead him to suppose a supernatural intervention in his affairs; he judged rather that he had near him some unknown friend, who would not leave him unaided in case of need. His suspicions naturally pointed towards Elizabeth, and he

resolved to thank her, as soon as possible, for these few words of encouragement, given at the very moment when he most required them to rouse his spirit and energy.

He had not yet recovered his equanimity after this incident, when the Baron returned, and took him by the hand, to conduct him into the inner chamber; but before rejoining his companions, Albert approached his lips to his brother's ear, and said in a low but stern voice:

"The solemn moment is now come, Fabian!—Let us have no ridiculous blustering! Recollect my words—'high fortune, or life-long captivity'—and choose for yourself!"

Fabian bowed his head in silence, and they entered.

The eyes of all assembled in the chamber, were keenly bent on the new-comer, but the examination did not last long; the courtiers, accustomed to judge of men at first sight, required no lengthened investigation, and almost all testified their astonishment at finding Fabian so different from what they expected to see.

The young stranger was clad in a closely fitting doublet of green velvet, with hose of the same stuff, ornamented with that profusion of ribbands then considered necessary to complete the toilette of a man of fashion. His fine proportions, his calm and noble attitude, presented nothing of that clumsy and awkward gait they had anticipated in the young countryman. He held in his hand a broad hat, surmounted by a green plume, and the abundant locks of his fine hair fell gracefully over his shoulders. Neither did his features, which were regular and firm, without being harsh, express aught of that rustic simplicity which the previous descriptions of the Baron had announced; only a slight colour suffused them at the moment, whether caused by the universal and unaccustomed attention of which he was the object, or by a sentiment of shame at the character in which he was introduced to the assembly.

He made a dignified, though respectful salute, which was returned by very few, probably from contempt for a man whom they conceived destined to become an assassin. Neither did the Baron deem it necessary to present his brother formally; he pointed out to him a seat at the end of a vacant bench, and rejoined the group of courtiers.

"Truly, Croissi," said one of them in a low voice, "this is a cavalier of good bearing, of whom you have made choice, and I think the *gainer of battles* will scarcely hold his own in a hand-to-hand struggle with the youngster."

"Said I not so, Monsieur de Servien?" resu-

med Albert, with much satisfaction. "I can only say that the young gallant is as brave as he is robust; and I assure you that if we can only engage him to measure his strength against the 'gainer of battles,' as you call our enemy—"

Here an exclamation from the Marshal d'Hocquincourt attracted the attention of all, and interrupted the various private conversations that had been resumed. The marshal had at first regarded Fabian with indifference, but his examination became gradually more keen, and at length he started up, exclaiming:

"*Mort de ma vie!* do I deceive myself? Is not this the gentleman who yesterday, on the Pont-Neuf, rendered me a great service, by rescuing us from the midst of the *canaille*? Speak, young man, was it not you who so courageously charged the infuriated rabble, with a whip for your only weapon, and a worn-out hackney for your steed? I have done nothing all day but recite this act of prowess and have sought in vain for its hero. Was it not you?"

"It was indeed I," replied Fabian modestly, "but I had so powerful an interest in the inmates of that chariot—"

"I find you again, then," interrupted the marshal vehemently; "I am enchanted to see thee, my brave lad! There is my hand, and I swear to thee—"

D'Hocquincourt had stretched out his hand cordially to the young man, but a sudden reflection caused him quickly to draw it back.

"'Tis a pity," he said, in a tone of disappointment and half soliloquising, "that a good fellow like this should be engaged in such an affair. It is not, young man," he continued, again addressing Fabian; "it is not that the enterprise which has been communicated to you may not be necessary for the safety of the state, but I would they had consigned to some one else than thee the dirty portion of the job."

"Marshal! marshal!" muttered the Baron in his ear, "remember your own previous promises—"

"To the foul fiend with you and your promises!" replied the veteran, testily. "I am as much devoted to the Queen as any of you; but, to say sooth, I love not to see a youngster, who has every requisite for a brave and faithful soldier of the King, take such a task upon himself, led astray doubtless by evil counsel. This is one of your intrigues, De Croissi! 'Tis shameful to act towards a brother as you have done towards yours."

The Baron carried his hand to his sword, but the by-standers interposed between him and the marshal, who, in his generous indignation, forgot

that he had been one of the first instigators of the enterprise, the execution of which it was intended to entrust to Fabian. They endeavoured to calm him, but d'Hocquincourt was one of those men whom every endeavour to appease only irritates still more, until his cholera has exhausted itself.

"We shall meet again, De Croissi!" he exclaimed vehemently; "and if any undue means have been used to induce this man to do any thing repugnant to his feelings, I, the marshal d'Hocquincourt, promise to support him in his refusal, even should our project fail entirely."

At this moment, the large door of the chamber was thrown wide open, and an usher announced "The Queen!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE QUEEN REGENT.

MARSHAL D'HOCQUINCOURT immediately ceased speaking, and all the assembly rose from their seats as Anne of Austria entered, accompanied only by Mademoiselle de Montglat. The Queen had just quitted the state apartments, and she still wore the rich costume in which she had presided in the court circle.

Fabian needed not the announcement of the usher to recognise in this imposing personage the Queen Regent of France. On seeing her appear thus proud and majestic, blazing with jewels, in all the splendor of royal parade, the poor country youth experienced a sentiment of respect approaching fear, and felt his courage fail for the accomplishment of his secret designs. His eyes eagerly sought the countenance of Elizabeth, but he saw nothing there to re-assure his mind. Mademoiselle de Montglat was still more pale than she had been in the morning; her features betrayed a profound and heavy grief; her eyes met those of Fabian, but they expressed nought but despair. It could not then be she who, in the ante-chamber, had promised him assistance; but who was this mysterious friend, powerful enough to promise protection, even in a palace?

"Heaven have you in its holy keeping, gentlemen!" said Anne of Austria, courteously answering the profound reverences of her councillors. "I trust you will pardon my delay. The frivolous frequenters of the Grand Gallery knew not that my most faithful and loyal subjects awaited me here; and never, believe me, has etiquette seemed to me so irksome as it has this evening."

After these general words, the Queen took her

place in the arm-chair reserved for her, and exchanged a few words in a low tone with each of those present. The Baron de Croissi came last; but the Regent seemed to listen to him very unwillingly, and she soon interrupted him.

"Tis well, Monsieur de Croissi," she said aloud; "I confide to you all the details of this project. But where is the young squire who was to lend us the aid of his arm? You told me, I believe, that I should find him here?"

"Behold him, Madam!" replied the Baron, taking his brother by the hand to conduct him before the Queen.

Anne of Austria bent upon Fabian that quick and penetrating look which characterised her; and almost immediately she turned to her maid of honour, who stood, pale and trembling, behind her chair.

"Thou hast shown excellent taste, Elizabeth!" she whispered in her ear, with a smile; "I am much pleased with the look of this gallant of thine."

Then, in a graver tone, she addressed Fabian: "Approach, young man! It gives me pleasure to see near me a gentleman who is reported as so faithful to my cause."

Fabian's first impressions past, he had readily overcome his trouble of mind, and, with a firm step and calm demeanor, he advanced and knelt before the Queen.

"Rise, sir!" said the Regent, graciously; "we have heard you spoken of as a bold and resolute cavalier."

"And I can affirm," interposed D'Hocquincourt, unceremoniously, "that Your Majesty, in this, has not been deceived. You may believe me, for I have seen him at work, no longer agone than yesterday, on the Pont-Neuf."

"Every one will admit Marshal d'Hocquincourt to be an excellent judge of courage," courteously replied the Queen; "and this young man ought to be proud of such testimony. But, at the present time, more is wanted than the brute courage which might lead one to face danger in a popular tumult, or in a battle-fray; the safety of the state sometimes requires another species of courage, and such we expect from our young champion. Shall our hopes be justified?"

Fabian had risen from his knee and now stood opposite the Queen's chair. The courtiers stood around with their looks fixed, by turns, on the Regent and on the young adventurer; the latter, whose early embarrassment had now given place to a noble boldness, now replied, with a respectful inclination:

"Is it not the duty of a subject to obey his

sovereign in all that she has a right to command?"

"Oh! my subjects know very well how to dispense with that duty," returned the Queen, bitterly. "Ask these gentlemen, who know them well, what insults they daily heap on the mother of their King. But," she abruptly added, "let us to business! Young man, you have desired—from a scruple which I honour—to hear the Regent of France give you the order to deliver the state from its most dangerous enemy by every possible means;—that order I now give. Now that you are satisfied, swear to me to fulfil this mission at the peril of your life, and then leave us. Monsieur de Croissi, you will explain to him what is necessary to be done."

All present waited, anxiously, for the decisive reply of Fabian; Elizabeth directed towards him a fixed and haggard gaze, and the Baron, as pale as she, awaited his brother's answer. Fabian, in a firm but respectful tone, broke the profound silence that reigned in the chamber.

"Will your Majesty pardon me," he said, "if, to guard against all misapprehension, I now ask, whether by this dangerous enemy of the state, is really meant the great Condé—the first prince of the blood?"

A low murmur ran through the chamber, and a light colour reddened the cheeks of the Queen.

"And, why not, sir?" she passionately exclaimed; "if he, whom you call the great Condé, is a factious, insolent and ambitious man, a traitor to France and the King? What means such a question as this? Have I been deceived with regard to you—will you refuse to obey your sovereign?" and she struck the ground angrily with her foot.

"My sovereign?" repeated Fabian, who alone of all present seemed unmoved, "is it, indeed, she whom I now behold? Is it, indeed, the grand daughter of Charles V., whom I have just heard? Where are we now? Is it the palace of the Queen of France which we have secretly entered, gliding like thieves through the darkness! Where is the majesty of the throne—where is the Queen? I see here but a woman who meets in secret with nocturnal conspirators, to plot an assassination."

The boldness of these words struck the courtiers with stupor; none could even endeavour to silence the impudent enthusiast.

"Audacious knave!" exclaimed Anne of Austria, in a voice of fierce wrath, as she started from the chair.

Fabian threw himself at her feet.

"Oh! listen to me, my noble sovereign!" he cried, with warm animation. "I am lost and

undone—I know it—but I have made the sacrifice of my life, in order to lay before you the truth which is perhaps concealed from you. The fearful project which you have been counselled to adopt cannot advantage the state. No! say what they will, the blood of the bravest and noblest defender of France ought never to be shed thus treacherously, by an obscure hand. Open, open your eyes, august Queen! Think of your grandfather,—think of your son,—think of the sacredness of the power given you by heaven!"

A convulsive burst of laughter issued from the lips of Anne of Austria.

"Who brought hither this absurd sermoniser?" she demanded, with an expression of keen irony. "Whence comes this presumptuous scholar, who would teach us—us, the Regent of France—morality? Is it some new insult of our enemies? Should it so be, gentlemen! he who has prepared it shall bitterly rue his imprudence."

Then, changing her tone, with the versatility natural to many irascible characters, she abruptly addressed Fabian.

"Thou believest this an assembly of conspirators to plot an assassination! Well! be it so! but knowest thou where this council of conspirators is held? Thou art now in my oratory, in the Palais-Cardinal. Thou knowest me not? Look at me—I am the Queen Regent. These gentlemen—look at them also—they are M. le Tellier, M. de Servien, and M. de Lionne, the secretaries of state; here is M. de Chateaufort, the keeper of the seals, and there the Marshal d'Hocquincourt, general-in-chief of the armies of the King. These form the council of regency—the most zealous defenders of my son Louis. Look at us all—little matters it that thou shouldst know the royal power to be fallen so low, that the Regent and her ministers must conspire in secret, like seditious citizens; that they are reduced to supplicate a country squire like thee, to save the state by a stroke of his dagger."

As she finished, the Queen could no longer control the violence of her emotion, and falling back into her chair, she covered her face with her hands, to conceal the tears that now trickled down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DILEMMA.

THE emotion of the Queen Regent was shared by all those of the council, in whom political intrigue had not destroyed every generous thought, all feeling of pity for the evils under which France then groaned. The Baron profited by this

moment to step hurriedly forward, and whisper in his brother's ear:

"Wretch! retract thy words, or else ——"

But Fabian, pre-occupied with his generous design, listened not to him; he remained prostrate at the feet of the Queen, and, joining his hands, he cried energetically:

"Madame! in the name of Heaven, overwhelm me not with your wrath and contempt! I have yielded to no vain and ridiculous temerity in thus laying before you a bitter truth; I have fulfilled, at the hazard of drawing upon me your royal vengeance, what I considered a sacred duty. I am only one of the most obscure, the most submissive of your subjects; like the others, I owe you my respect, my devotion, my love: I would make the sacrifice of my life for you without a murmur—but Heaven forbid that for any one I should sacrifice my honor and my conscience!"

Anne of Austria seemed at last to have overcome the emotion which had for a time overwhelmed her; she raised her head, and with a haughty air addressed her councillors.

"What think ye, gentlemen, of this young preacher? Had he only wounded my feelings as a queen and as a mother, by recalling the state of abasement into which my son's power has fallen during my rule, I could forget that he has expressed himself as no subject is permitted to do in my presence. But he has your secret and mine—it no longer remains to me to dispose of him."

Fabian arose and awaited his lot with calm dignity. The councillors looked at each other in silence, as if to communicate their mutual distrust, but none had yet spoken, when Mademoiselle de Montglat, who had undergone during this scene, extreme mental suffering, advanced within the circle that had been formed around the Queen, and cried, almost in despair:

"I told your Majesty—I was certain of it—that he would never undertake this task! But, oh! Madame! have pity on him, pardon him! He is faithful, loyal and generous—he will never betray your secret."

"Are you about to re-commence your whining, Mademoiselle?" interrupted the Queen, in a tone of much ill-humour. "I am weary of all this business, and it is only in consequence of extreme importunity that I consented to bring you here. Why! you will have it," she continued, angrily, "that these gentlemen and myself, to please your foolish pate, must lay aside the measures necessary for our repose, and that of the state. We must liberate this valiant paladin, I suppose, that he may boast, in the taverns of Paris, of the bold words he has spoken to the face of the Queen!"

This unsympathising answer did not discourage the generous ardour of the young girl.

"Heaven preserve the state, and grant your Majesty many happy days!" she resumed, boldly. "But permit me, Madame, to represent that it is not necessary to entomb this unfortunate young man in a prison, to assure his discretion. He is a gentleman, and you may trust his word of honour. I, who know how noble and generous he is, will boldly guarantee his fidelity."

Then, noticing that the noblemen who surrounded her, seemed astonished at the warmth with which she defended Fabian, she turned towards them, the tears streaming down her cheeks:

"Gentlemen!" she said, "it was I who first led him towards the abyss into which he has fallen; it was I who caused him to quit the peaceable province where he lived happy and undisturbed, in order to involve him in these hateful intrigues. And yet I loved him—I loved him with all my soul! but I was deceived by an infamous wretch ——"

Tears here choked her utterance.

"In good sooth, gentlemen!" resumed the Queen, in cold displeasure, "I regret that, having summoned you to deliberate on an enterprise on which the fate of the kingdom may depend, your time should thus be occupied with the love affairs of one of my maids of honour and a Norman squire. Believe, at least, that this spectacle is as little amusing to me, as it must be to yourselves."

Several voices at once began to tender their advice, but the Baron de Croisai, with livid face and eyes of flame, stepped forward and addressed the Queen with animation.

"I supplicate your Majesty to believe that I was myself deceived by the feigned simplicity of this wretched youth. He has disgracefully abused my trust; he has sworn his solemn promises. Let not your Majesty, however, despair for this of the design which your faithful councillors have conceived; I shall search unremittingly till I procure one who will fulfil it without condition or scruple. As to the person here present, I seek not to interfere against the just vengeance which ought to visit the heads of those by whom you are betrayed."

"Avenge myself on this man!" repeated the Queen, disdainfully; "my vengeance cannot descend so low. Let these gentlemen fix his fate—I give him up to them."

"Madame!" exclaimed D'Héquincourt, with fervour; "I have only known this young man since yesterday, and see him now for the second time. I avow that he has just acted and spoken

in a manner that, in a more important personage, might have been construed into the crime of *lèse-majesté*; but this youth can only be held guilty of ignorance and foolishness. If your Majesty puts any value on my past loyal services, I beseech you not to allow this poor fellow to be too severely punished for his culpable boldness. I am under obligation to him, and besides, his words appear to me inspired by generous, though absurd and ill-judging sentiments. In a word, Madame! I think it might be sufficient to exact from this young gentleman a promise, that he will reveal nothing of what he knows of this affair; or, if some one must be charged to watch over him and assure his silence, I fear not to answer for him to your Majesty and these lords, body for body."

"Thanks! worthy Marshal, thanks!" murmured Elizabeth.

The young De Croissi thanked his defender with a grateful inclination. The councillors consulted in a low tone on the course that should be taken to guard against any indiscretion on the part of Fabian. Some insinuated that the walls of a state prison would afford greater security against the chance of an imprudent word, than those of the Hotel d'Hocquincourt. However, as none seemed to care much to contradict the old Marshal, and as the Queen herself, although turning away her head with affected indifference, seemed to lean towards the side of clemency, the protector of Fabian would probably have obtained his wish, had not the Baron de Croissi suddenly interposed.

"A moment, gentlemen!" he said firmly. "If through favor of the royal clemency, my brother should not undergo the punishment he has incurred by his audacious discourse, I recognise the right of no one but myself to dispose of him, and I lay claim to his custody as his elder brother and natural guardian."

"All ties between us are broken for ever!" cried Fabian, indignantly. "All the benefits you may have chosen, for your own ends, to bestow on me formerly, are effaced from this moment, by your ungenerous and culpable conduct. You are no longer my brother—I know you not!"

"We are to be treated to a family scene now, it seems," said the Queen, superciliously.

"Gentlemen!" interposed Elizabeth, addressing the councillors, "do not deliver up this young man to the pitiless tyranny of his brother; he has already endeavoured to sacrifice him to his insatiable ambition—who can say what his future conduct will be? And you, Madame!" she continued, turning towards the Queen, "forget not that yesterday this young gentleman ex-

posed himself bravely in your cause; forget not the pity you have already experienced for the youth and courage of my unhappy friend. Pardon, full and entire pardon for him, Madame! and you will never have a more faithful and loyal servant."

The Queen, in spite of the impassibility she loved to display in public, was not naturally hard-hearted; her wrath was blind, violent and irresistible, but never of long duration. The tears of Elizabeth, her supplicating tones, affected her much; it might be that the unconcealed and faithful affection of the young girl recalled certain memories of her own youth. However that was, she was about to accord to Fabian a complete pardon, when the pitiless Baron again interfered.

"Madame!" he said, carelessly pointing to Mademoiselle de Montglat as he spoke; "does your Majesty know who it is that solicits such a favor, and who has lavished upon me in your august presence, the names of 'tyrant' and 'traitor' so prodigally? Are you aware of all the evil this weak and trembling girl has been able to do to the state, in the post of confidence she occupies near your Majesty?"

"What have you to say of Elizabeth?" demanded the Queen Regent with astonishment.

"Monsieur de Croissi!" exclaimed the young Countess, pale and almost fainting.

"You have not kept your promise," angrily replied Albert to the implied reproach; "instead of engaging this young man to do his duty, you have depicted to him in the most odious colours an action which might save the state. I hold my promise then equally void, and consider myself at liberty to impart to the Queen a secret which chance discovered to me, and which for a time has placed you in my power. Know then, Madame! that Mademoiselle de Montglat, on whom you conferred so many bounties, constantly betrayed your confidence—that every day—"

"The peace of the Lord be among you!" at this instant interposed a full and sonorous voice, that seemed to proceed from the midst of the assembly.

It is impossible to paint the agitation which this unexpected incident produced among the councillors of the Queen; the eyes of all were directed towards one spot, and a vague expression of terror appeared on several countenances. The Queen herself, in spite of the interest she felt in the revelations of De Croissi, imposed silence by a sign, and hastily rose from her chair. A new personage entered the chamber by a side door, and scarcely had he made a few paces into the oratory, when he was recognised by all present, as the Coadjutor, Paul de Gondi.

(To be continued.)

OUR LITERATURE, PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

BY W. P. C.

In this enlightened age, the polite literature of a country may be considered with propriety as an infallible exponent of that country's prosperity; and as such is a subject worthy to engage the deepest interest and most devoted attention of the patriot and the statesman.

A few years ago, and Canada was unable to claim for herself anything like an independent position in the literary world. To this day our intellectual wants are principally supplied from foreign sources, but still we have begun to regard ourselves as entitled to a voice in the Republic of Letters: we fancy, and with good reason, that nature has furnished ready to our hand, materials, with which, as skilful architects, we are able to rear the splendid fabric of an undying national literature. It is quite unnecessary to inquire here, how far the absence of those classic associations which inspired Tasso and Boccaccio, may influence the future reputation and merit of Canadian authors. We know that we have made one step at least, towards the success which we desire: the question for us to determine, is, how shall this success be finally ensured to us? We have already produced some works which foreign critics, ever jealous as they are, have not hesitated to commend. How shall we best pursue the way we have thus laid out?

The opinion of "Imlac," respecting the business and necessary qualifications of the true poet, seems by the majority of vorse-factors forgotten or unheeded; that they should study everything in nature, whether "awfully vast or elegantly little," they deem manifestly as a matter of indifference, and to examine "the plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky," is an occupation far too laborious and difficult. And when to this is added that they are constantly subject to what Juvenal calls the "*insanabile scribendi cacothies*," it is no longer strange they are unable to acquaint themselves "with all the modes of life," or estimate the happiness and misery of every condition: observe the power of all the passions, in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom; from the sprightliness of infancy to the despon-

dence of decrepitude. Equally hard is it for these aspirants to immortality to "divest themselves of the prejudices of their age or country." And yet, although ignorant of "many languages and many sciences," and though their style, to a discriminating reader, may appear devoid of "every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony," in their own estimation they "write as the interpreters of nature and the legislators of mankind."

Let us talk as we will about originality and independent thought, we may discover with a little care, that both the subject and the style of every author, be he distinguished or obscure, is controlled, more or less powerfully, by the nature of his early studies. It is argued, indeed, that the man of elevated soul is never influenced by little things; that to him the prejudices engendered by any particular system of education, are unknown, and that he rises superior in his works to the teaching and example of others; yet literary history furnishes sufficient evidence, that this rule is not at least of universal application. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," tells us that "an early attachment to the works of Sir Thomas Brown, produced in Johnson an excessive admiration of that latinized English, which violated the native graces of the language."—that Rycant's Turkish History communicated to Byron the "indelible impressions which gave life and motion to the 'Giaour,' the 'Corsair,' and 'Alp,'" and that some of the principal events in Franklin's life, were occasioned by an early perusal of De Foe's "Essay on Projects."

It is then a matter of no trifling importance, that our selection of model authors should be careful and discriminating. Of late, our manner of reading has, I fear, included too much of the ideal and romantic, and too little of the real and practical. It is now quite time that this desultory and immethodical course should begin to change some of its more faulty and prominent features. From an occasional glance at the gigantic and marvellous conceptions of Eugene Sue, the polished elegance of Bulwer, and the simplicity of Dickens, we have come to gratify a taste for the insipid nonsense of Arthur, and the polluting licentiousness of De Kock.

We would not, like many, rush to the sweeping and unwarrantable conclusion, that all fictitious works are alike abominable, or their writers alike destroyers of human rectitude. The "Telemachus," of Fenelon, and the "Rasselas" of Johnson, teach us the most exalted and ennobling sentiments of virtue, while they shew that happiness, in its truest sense, is not the result of wealth or power, or fame or pleasure. No: we think no higher or holier principles have ever been inculcated in the world, than those of Walter Scott. We would say to the sceptic; go, contemplate the deep and fervent piety of "Butler," the sisterly devotion and beautiful humility of Jeanie Deans." Go, gaze with "Old Mortality," upon the mouldering tombs of the departed, and with him inscribe anew the tribute to their memory, and if thou art not, for this, a better and a purer being, the solitary places of the earth should hide thee, unworthy as thou art for intercourse with men.

We cannot then conform to the broad opinion we have mentioned, but we say this, that there is far too much idle, affected sentimentality, both in the literary productions of our own country and in those which we obtain from abroad. Here and elsewhere, every dunce who can scribble about the moon and stars, or indite a paltry "sonnet to his mistress' eye-brow," esteems himself at once a Petrarch or a Byron; and in virtue of his dignity as such, must plague the world with his senseless effusions. The modern satirist, Saxe, describes these as

"— Youths who crossing Nature's will,
Harangue the landscape they were born to till."

Truly it redounds but little to the honor of our literary taste, that we most eagerly seek for and devour so much despicable trash. If we desire to enjoy the highest pleasures of romance and poetry, we need not attempt to follow the almost interminable train of writers who have appropriated to themselves this department of letters. In a very few properly selected works, will be found all the beauties and excellencies that fiction in any of its forms is capable of presenting. These are reproduced under various circumstances by others, and almost to the decided detriment of the sentiments themselves. Thus, after we have studied the finely delineated character of "Pauline," in "The Lady of Lyons," we read further, but to find the beauties of that character destroyed by the affectation of pre-sumptuous imitators.

It seems at present, to be a general notion among literary men, that, unlike Pope, who wrote in the morning, only to erase and correct

during the remainder of the day, if they do not yield to the progressive spirit of the age, that is, publish continually without ever stopping to revise what they have written, public attention will be diverted from themselves to their more expeditious rivals. This pernicious haste is remarkable in the English James and the American Ingraham, who have poured forth their works for years with almost incredible rapidity—and though we frequently discover in the compositions of each the impress of a fervid imagination and a keen perception of the many varieties in nature, we are still forced to regret, that neither has, sufficiently for his own lasting reputation, submitted to the hateful necessity of correction, and the wearisomeness of delay. The author of "Ion" has set an example to his literary brethren, which we trust will yet be extensively followed. He has shown that to erase or to alter passages, hurriedly, and of course imperfectly, written, is by no means an injury to the force of the expression or the harmony of the language; and that he who consents to the drudgery of such a task, may in the end far outstrip those others who have laughed to scorn his industry and patience. It is said that Demosthenes transcribed no less than ten times the entire history of Thucydides, that the energetic style of that distinguished historian might contribute to the formation of his own. An example so illustrious is unfortunately but little regarded.

After all, History is the highest and noblest species of literature! and as such, is the one best adapted to our present intellectual necessities. Here we find united entertainment and instruction—the curious and the philosophic. History is defined to be "philosophy teaching by examples." He who delights in the romantic, need not suppose it is alone contained in fiction! nor need he go back to the early traditionary periods in search of the marvellous and wonder-working. The times of England's "Virgin Queen"—the singular incidents connected with the fate of Essex, the adventures and subsequent imprisonment of Raleigh! the journey of Prince Charles and Buckingham to the Court of Madrid; the fall of the Stuart family, and later still, the brief but terribly eventful supremacy of the infernal trio, Robespierre, Marat and Danton; and the rise, glory and fall of Napoleon—these are the more interesting since we are confident of their reality. They bid defiance to the continued efforts of the most imaginative romancist to excel them.

It would be well, indeed, if History contributed more abundantly than it now does towards our stock of knowledge as a nation. It is a sad disgrace to many otherwise well informed, and

even highly educated persons among us, that on historic events of the most recent occurrence, their information is exceedingly limited.

Notwithstanding, from the increasing interest that is taken in Canadian Literature, both at home and abroad, we are led confidently to anticipate, that most of the faults we have thus briefly touched upon, will soon be entirely removed, and the excellencies already partially developed, multiplied and widely spread.

FIRST LOVE.

BY G. M.

First love! there's magic in those words,
They breathe of purity—
They strike the holiest, deepest chords,
In human hearts that be.

First love! who has not felt its power,
And has not prized it well?
Alas! who has not wept the hour
That broke its magic spell?

First love! it is a holy thing;
Its breathings are like spring;
Its thoughts are as the snow-drop pure,
In its first blossoming.

Alas! 'tis all too pure, too fair,
Too heavenly in its birth,
To have a dwelling-place for long
On the tainted soil of earth.

Though on the heart in after years,
Bright rays of love may burst,
They will not have the holiness
Nor freshness of the First!

March 21, 1848.

LINES.

BY G. M.

The flowers you gave me are faded and dead,
Their freshness and beauty forever have fled—
But from their dead leaves there breathes a perfume,
Still shed, like a halo of light, round their tomb.

Thus memory hovers round those whom we love,
Tho' seas may divide us, tho' far they may rove—
Remembrance is sweet, and those dear ones shall still
Be shrined in our fond hearts, through good and
through ill.

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And ask'd, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I prefer'd to roses?

"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sigh'd,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies:"
She did, "Oh! I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

THE WEDDED.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

Seven long years since they two parted,
With tears that pride then bade refrain,
And lingering gaze of parting pain,
As two who had been severed-hearted,
To mingle ne'er again.

Long since that dear tie was broken,
Two human destinies to mar—
Than desert track or ocean bar,
Words had in that hour been spoken,
That severed wider far.

Forth he passed in moody seeming,
And roamed this bright fair world as one
On whom some adverse change had gone,
With eyes upon whose shadowed beaming
No smile for ever shone.

And then as years their shadows bore—
And deeper shadows too than Time,
On brow and hair grew darkly o'er—
Till under sorrow's wintry rime
He seemed an old man in his prime.

Then as these shadows clustered o'er him,
'Twas his to seek a paler bride;
Ah! can her smile his joy restore him?
His thoughts towards another glide
While she is by his side?

Gentle he was to her, as even
One might o'erwatch some quiet dove,
Whose hope and trust had all been given,
Unto his bosom's ark to move,
As to some home of love.

Yet with dim eye and brow, as even
The first fruits of his soul, to one
Bright altar of the Past were given;
Of hers, 'neath each caressing tone,
He dwelt unthrilled and lone!

And hearkening the merry noises,
That thro' his household's haunts would skim—
And music of his children's voices,
Insensate still he sate and dim—
His hearth-fire pale to him!

His thoughts are far away, returning
Unto those fountains of his youth!
Where she, like some sweet star of morning,
O'er that unblighted source, in sooth
Hung like a beam of truth.

And to her eye, and to the measures
Breathed from her voice in liquid swell—
Th' o'erflowing of her mind's rich treasures,
That bound his youth so long and well,
As in some god-like spell.

Oh! broken spell! the heart forever
Thus yields it to some one dear tie,
Which Fate's dark hand will rudely sever,
Leaving its shattered chords to lie
Unstrung and mute for aye.

Kingston, April, 1848.

HARLEQUIN QUADRILLES.

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

Finale Grande Rondo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 2/4 time signature. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo/mood marking *Pia. Marcato.* is written below the first measure of the bottom staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major and 2/4 time. The top staff continues the melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking *ffmo* is written below the final measure of the bottom staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major and 2/4 time. The top staff continues the melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

HARLEQUIN QUADRILLES.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps). The music features a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "Fine." written in italics to the right of the staff.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The lower staff features a bass line with several accented notes, indicated by upward-pointing triangles. The dynamic marking "pp" (pianissimo) is written in italics at the beginning of the lower staff.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a "ten." (tenu) marking above it. The lower staff has a bass line with "ten." and "p" (piano) markings. There are also several accented notes in the bass line.

The fourth system is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. The music concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D. C." (Da Capo) written in italics above the final chord in the bass staff.

OUR TABLE.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY & SON. The accounts of this celebrated firm, it is evident, will be soon wound up—at least, as far as those of the senior partner are concerned—and a severe account he has had to render. Mr. Dickens has been even more than usually successful in this work, which has for a long time been looked for eagerly, and read greedily in England and America. It contains some of the best and most striking pictures which even Dickens has ever traced—some of them indeed startlingly beautiful—and some as startlingly terrible and hideous. The death of Carker, the pliant hypocrite and fawning tyrant—the betrayer of his master, and the disappointed sensualist, is graphically drawn: it is besides, a sketch in the style of Dickens, of what, in any other hands than his, would be rather unpoetical—the passing and repassing of railway trains! and we transfer it to our pages:—

The ground shook, the house rattled, the fierce impetuous rush was in the air! He felt it come up, and go darting by; and even when he had hurried to the window, and saw what it was, he stood, shrinking from it, as if it were not safe to look.

A curse upon the fiery devil, thundering along so smoothly, tracked through the distant valley by a glare of light and lurid smoke, and gone! He felt as if he had been plucked out of his path, and saved from being torn asunder. It made him shrink and shudder even now, when its faintest hum was hushed, and when the lines of iron road he could trace in the moonlight, running to a point, were as empty and as silent as a desert.

Unable to rest, and irresistibly attracted—or he thought so—to this road, he went out, and lounged on the brink of it, marking the way the train had gone, by the yet smoking cinders that were lying in its track. After a lounge of some half-hour in the direction by which it had disappeared, he turned and walked the other way—still keeping to the brink of the road—past the inn garden, and a long way down; looking curiously at the bridges, signals, humps, and wondering when another Devil would come by.

A trembling of the ground, and quick vibration in his ears; a distant shriek; a dull light advancing, quickly changed to two red eyes, and a fierce fire, dropping glowing coals; an irresistible bearing on of a great roaring and dilating mass; a high wind, and a rattle—another come and gone, and he holding to a gate as if to save himself!

He waited for another, and for another. He walked back to his former point, and back again to that, and still, through the wearisome vision of his journey, looked for these approaching monsters. He loitered about the station, waiting until one should stay to call there; and when one did, and was detached for water, he stood parallel with it, watching its heavy wheels and brazen front, and thinking what a cruel power and might it had. Ugh! To see the great wheels slowly turning, and to think of being run down and crushed!

He paid the money for his journey to the country place he had thought of; and was walking to and fro, alone, looking along the lines of iron, across the valley in one direction, and towards a dark bridge near at hand in the other; when, turning in his walk, where it was bounded by one end of the wooden stage on which he paced up and down, he saw the man from whom he had fled, emerging from the door by which he himself had entered there. And their eyes met.

In the quick unsteadiness of the surprise, he staggered, and slipped on the road below him. But recovering his feet immediately, he stepped back a pace or two upon that road, to interpose some wider space between them, and looked at his pursuer, breathing short and quick.

He heard a shout—another—saw the face change from its vindictive passion to a faint sickness and terror—felt

the earth tremble—knew in a moment that the rush was, come—uttered a shriek—looked round—saw the red eyes bleared and dim, in the daylight, close upon him—was beaten down, caught up, and whirled away upon a jagged mill, that spun him round and round, and struck him limb from limb, and licked his stream of life up with its fiery heat, and cast his mutilated fragments in the air.

When the traveller who had been recognised, recovered from a swoon, he saw them bringing from a distance something covered, that lay heavy and still, upon a board between four men, and saw that others drove some dogs away that sniffed upon the road, and soaked his blood up, with a train of ashes.

The favorite characters are being disposed of according to the true rules of poetical justice, and with another number or two we may expect the curtain to drop upon the whole scene.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY; BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALCON FAMILY."*

THIS Book is hardly so much a novel, as a collection of sketches and characters—the men and women are cleverly hit off, and the follies of the time have found another satirist, in whom sharpness and good humor are fully combined. The story opens in the house of a Liverpool merchant, Mr. Spread, and the reader is speedily introduced to the various members of his family, in all of whom there is much to admire, from the beautiful specimen of the English Matron, Mrs. Spread, down to the juveniles—not the least amusing, at all events, being Mrs. Martin the governess, in whose character the author very humourously caricatures a popular authoress of the day.

The heartiness of the Spread family is very powerfully brought out in contrast with that of Mr. Narrowsmith, a mercantile partner of Spread's; and as the story opens at that open-hearted time, Christmas, it leaves the reader only one regret, that he was not of the party. It is, however, determined to ask an old family friend, Mr. Barker, the Bachelor of the Albany, and as Mr. Spread has business to take him to London, he resolves to bring the Bachelor along with him. He accordingly ferrets him out in his den, and here we are let into more secrets than we would wish our fair readers to be acquainted with. But after sundry snappings and snarlings, the Bachelor is induced to visit his old friend.

Did our space permit, we would have much pleasure in giving a few extracts from this most attractive book, more especially that part where the flirtation commences with the "Smiley girls," but we would only thereby mar the pleasure of our readers, to whom we have no hesitation in recommending the Bachelor, as the best, the wittiest and most readable book we have had for many a day.

* R. & C. Chalmers, Montreal.