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THE LITERARY GARLAND,

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VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1849.

No. 10.

FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE must now turn to Nina for a time, but as Florence is our heroine, it is, perhaps, fitter for us to say a few words previously of her. When the reader last beheld her, she was in solitude and suffering—four years had elapsed since then. The disappointment which had darkened so heavily the dawn of her youth, had not proved eternal, and though a few months of anguish, of wild regret, had been her portion, her elastic spirit soon gained the mastery over her grief. Once launched anew into the dissipation of London life, lord St. Albans was soon entirely forgotten, or, if occasionally remembered, dismissed as a subject which wounded herself alone, awaking regrets only for the rank and station she had lost—not for the lover himself. To sum up in a few words, the changes of years: Florence had grown more beautiful, more worldly, and alas! more satirical than ever. The failing which a watchful vigilance, a determined will to amend, might at one time have subdued, had now strengthened into a second nature, and the time had long gone by, that she thought of conquering her insidious enemy, or even formed a project of amendment. Miss Murray, still the faithful friend and guardian, possessed less influence over her than ever, and the anxieties and cares with which Florence's wilfulness filled her, were tending slowly, but surely, to draw her frail existence to a speedy close. It was, perhaps, her bitterest trial, to see one so nobly endowed as her youthful relative was, so sadly pervert her brightest gifts, and rendering herself, each day, notwithstanding her beauty, talents, and fascinations, more universally dreaded and disliked. The ad-

miration, however, she excited, was still almost unbounded. She was still surrounded by a crowd of unmeaning, worthless flatterers, and that was sufficient for a heart which had known no other feeling of preference or affection since the image of its first and only love had been so harshly effaced from it. Whether that coldness and insensibility yielded in the end to other feelings, time alone can show.

We will now ask our readers to accompany us to the wild and romantic country of Switzerland, and in atonement for the sudden flight we have thus forced upon them, we promise to spare their patience, all prosy descriptions of storms among the "giant Alps," and sunsets upon its broad crystal lakes; wanderings among its vineyards, torrents, and the rest of the long catalogue of Alpine beauties, with which most modern readers, even those who have never stirred beyond the sound of their own Sabbath chimes, are, at least by hear-say, perfectly well acquainted. In Switzerland, then, in one of its wildest districts, night had descended in rain and gloom. The darkness was relieved, but by one solitary ray of light, which streamed from the window of a small inn, by the way-side. The hostel was of the humblest description. It contained but two apartments; the large outer room, in which the hostess was bending over the embers of a fire, and an inner one devoted to the accommodation of those travellers whom curiosity or desperate ennui, had driven to that sequestered spot. In the latter chamber, on a wretched straw pallet, lay a woman buried in a deep, feverish sleep, and whose emaciated countenance, and death-like pallour, told that a repose of a more dreamless nature would soon be hers. At the farthest end

* Continued from page 395.

of the room, a miserable rushlight burned on a table, so placed as to prevent the glare from falling on the sleeper's face, and seated beside it, her head bowed intently over some needle-work, was Nina Aleyn. Four years had also passed over her since last introduced to the reader, and though her pale cheek had grown paler, and her slight form more fragile, she looked not older. Passion, remorse or sin, had never stamped their fiery characters on her brow; but suffering, alas! and heart sorrow, were there—sorrow which beamed in the dark eyes that turned so restlessly to the couch on which the other occupant of the chamber reposed.

"She sleeps still," she murmured. "Oh! better for her, were she never to awake, and, well for me, if I could lie down beside her, and share that eternal sleep. How my head throbs!"

She threw down her work, and pressed both hands upon her forehead, with an expression of weary pain.

"Three days and nights without one moment of sleep or rest. My aching eyes ever strained over their wearisome task—and were that all! Ah!—I would be only too happy; but I must turn to it again; there is no repose for me, at least, on earth."

She had just resumed her work, when the patient's weak voice was heard. Instantly, Nina was beside her.

"How do you feel now, Mary?" she asked, carefully raising her head.

"Better, much better, for I have the blessed consciousness that I have not long to suffer; but come and sit near me awhile, my child, for I have much to say, and we may not be at liberty to converse again."

The young girl obeyed, but from time to time she cast a restless, timid glance towards the door.

"Nay, do not fear. He has gone to the next village, and he cannot be back for some hours yet. No wonder, my poor one, that you should tremble at his step, when I, his wife, feel the blood in my veins freeze with terror at his approach. Oh! infatuated fool that I was, to barter the peace, the comfort, I once enjoyed, for the privilege of being his wedded slave. It was that accursed union that drove you from us, to seek a home in a foreign land, and then to return with a breaking heart. Since that return, my God! what have you endured! Toil, want, brutal tyranny!"

"Pray, do not speak of it, Mary. It might have been much worse—let us turn to a less distressing topic."

"No, for this is one, my weak, unworthy heart, has shunned too long. But what ails you, my child?"

"'Tis he—he's coming!" whispered Nina, springing to her feet with a terrified look, as the door burst open, and a tall, ruffianly looking man entered.

"What! plotting again," he fiercely ejaculated. "Begone to your work, you pale-faced imp, and if you leave it again without reason, you will feel the consequence."

What a fearful tale was revealed in the instinctive shudder with which the girl recoiled from his threatening arm, the quiet submission with which she obeyed his brutal mandate. Alas! such scenes to her, were neither new nor strange. For a time he strode up and down the narrow room, his head almost touching the ceiling, but suddenly he paused before his trembling wife.

"Do you hear me, woman? I want money, and money I will have. Give it to me at once, peaceably."

"I have already solemnly assured you, Lutteridge, that I have none. For God's sake, leave me to die in peace; I will not trouble you long."

"Leave you to die in peace," he returned, with a brutal laugh. "And how long, pray, do you intend to take to die? For more than a month, this has been your daily song, and yet, at the present moment, you seem to have no more intention of dying, than I myself have. Come, you will fool me no longer; give me without delay, what I ask."

"How can I, when I have none?" was the imploring rejoinder. "Have you not already received everything?"

"Where is the money you got for the last sewing that girl there did?"

"It is not sold yet—we have not had time to dispose of it."

"Then, where is the use of her doing any more?" he returned, making a sudden spring at the trembling Nina, and snatching the needle-work on which she was engaged, from her grasp. "There," he added, as he tore it into shreds, and trampled it under his feet; "you may find some other amusement to employ your industrious fingers."

As he turned again to the bed, Nina stooped to push the object of his late fury out of sight. Suddenly her eye brightened, and she raised her head with an eager, listening look, for a sudden confusion in the adjoining room, with the sound of strange voices, betokened the arrival of travellers, and there was comfort and protection in the very thought. Fearing that her hopes might have deceived her, she turned with her head nearer to the door, to satisfy her doubts, when her attention was painfully absorbed by the earnest, though inaudible dialogue passing be-

tween the other inmates of the room. The fierce Luttridge had again placed himself opposite his sick wife, and with a look of cold, fixed malignity, he exclaimed, between his teeth:

"For the last time I ask you, have you no money, gold or silver, to give me?"

"As Heaven is my witness, Luttridge, I have none."

"Liar! perjurer!" and he bent over her, till his hot breath fanned her cheek. "Where is the money your darling and champion brought back with her from her English tour?"

"'Tis spent in food and clothing for yourself and us."

"All, is it all gone?"

A short pause followed, and at length his companion rejoined in a firm, though almost inaudible tone:

"Whatever may be the result, I will not tell a falsehood on my bed of death. No, Luttridge, though more than half of the money has been sacrificed to your incessant demands, a slender pittance still remains, and that is neither yours nor mine. It belongs to the child we have already so cruelly robbed, and is her only resource against future want and poverty. Ask me then, no more, to give what is not mine, for I declare to you"—and her face lighted up with the strength of a firm will,—“I declare to you, now on the point of appearing before my Judge, that no power on earth shall make me yield it up.”

"We shall see that," he returned with a smile, devilish in its mocking cruelty. "We shall see that. Here girl," and he turned to Nina, who had been vainly endeavouring to catch the substance of the preceding conversation. "Leave the room, and do not return till you are summoned." She made no reply, but silently glanced from his dark malignant countenance, to the convulsed features of his wife, whose late look of high resolve, was fast fading away.

"Do you hear me? What are you standing for, you little fool? Do you wish me to compel you to go?"

Slowly the girl approached the door, her eyes still fixed on the sick woman, as if she strove to read her wishes, when the latter, whose countenance had been convulsively working during the few previous moments, exclaimed in an accent of agonized terror:

"Nina, in the name of mercy! do not leave us. He will kill me."

This appeal was not disregarded, for the object of it arrested her hand on the latch, and turned from the door.

"What, you dare to face me, you imp of Satan!" ejaculated the husband, with a fierce oath, as he

caught her small arm in his iron grasp, pressing it till a dark, discoloured ring formed beneath his fingers. "Leave the room, I say, or I'll kill you in spite of myself. One stroke of mine would do it, you weak, puny fool."

No exclamation of fear or pain escaped her ashy lips, though the agony of that strong grasp was intense.

"Have you had enough of it—will you go now?" he exclaimed, as he hurled her from him with fearful violence.

"Nina, fly, save yourself. But what will become of me?" gasped the terrified woman, as she strove to raise herself on her pillow. The action attracted the man's fierce rage to herself, and with a terrible imprecation he turned towards her. The sight of his dark countenance flaming with deadly anger, was too much, and, uttering a piercing cry, she fell back on her pillow, a helpless victim to his mad fury. But Nina was there, and she sprang before his victim in time to intercept the blow that fell like lead on her own slight frame.

"So, you will brave me still, you young devil," he muttered, gnashing his teeth. "She has tutored you well; but neither you, nor any one else, will go between us with impunity. Take that, for the reward of your insolent meddling," and his heavy hand again descended on the weak, shrinking girl, felling her with brutal violence to the floor. At that moment however, the door was violently opened, and ere he could turn to face his enemy, an arm, strong, willing as his own, had sent him reeling into the outer apartment.

"Secure that ruffian, Lawton," exclaimed the intruder, a tall, elegant looking man, whose accent and unsmiled cheek spoke of England's clime, but whose delicate features and soft dark eyes were those of Florence's whilom lover, the Earl of St. Albans. "Secure him well; he is unarmed, I will attend to the girl. What!" he exclaimed with a wild start, as he stooped towards her. "Miss Aley! But, no, 'tis impossible," and with trembling agitation he raised her lifeless form from the ground. "'Tis she! she, indeed. Nina, my poor Nina, awake, you have a friend, a protector at hand. But, merciful heavens! she is cold as ice—she may be dead. Here, help! help!" and he loudly stamped his foot. The hostess hurried in with a pale face.

"Pray, come with me, at once, your Excellency, or murder will be committed. They are fighting in the next room, and my lord's gentleman is wounded."

"Leave them, leave them, and attend to this young lady. My God! woman, but you are slow!" and with a passionate impatience the gen-

tle St. Albans had perhaps never displayed before during his life time, he snatched from the hostess' hands the cup of cold water she had just raised from the table, and pushing her impatiently aside, approached it to Nina's lips. His agitation, however, was too overpowering to permit him to be of service, and he was obliged to resign his office to the woman, who frightened by his abruptness, out of her own terror, evinced a little more alacrity than before."

"Tell me, will she recover?" asked the earl with colourless lips, as he gazed on Nina's death-like cheek.

"Yes, without doubt, my lord. She will soon be well, and I am thinking 'tis not the first time, poor child, she has suffered as much, for of all the ruffians your lordship ever knew, even though he has paid me regularly, that villainous Luttridge is the worst."

"Who can he be? surely no relative of hers."

"I think not, but his wife is either her guardian or sister. If this were a slave country, though, I would say she was his bought slave. Oh! my lord, you cannot imagine what this poor dear has suffered since they came among us. Up night and day, working at her needle, waiting on the sick woman, and all she gets is abuse and hard words from that bad man. Many a time when I have looked in her poor pale face, white with watching, and, Lord save us! I think with fasting too, I have called her down to take a little morsel with myself, but, always, under one excuse or another, she would take it into her room and give it to her sick friend. I never saw mortal man in such a fury as he was in, one time he found her giving to his wife, a taste of cordial I had given the little creature for herself. He swore it was his money she was spending, and only I threw myself between them, I certainly believe he would have killed her. The child generally came in too for the abuse he intended for his wife, for knowing a blow might kill the woman in her dying state, the poor little thing always strove to save her at her own expense." Lord St. Albans' eyes flashed fire as he muttered:

"Would, would that I had been here! But he shall pay for it—yes, aye! even to the last farthing," and, then, his countenance relaxing to an expression of almost womanly softness, he knelt by Nina, and smoothing her dark hair back from her pale countenance, gazed earnestly upon it. "Yes," he sadly murmured. "Sorrow and suffering are plainly stamped here, but purity and goodness too. That face has still the childlike holiness of yore; but, thank God! her deathly paleness is disappearing fast. She is recovering." Whilst he was arranging her more easily on her

chair, the hostess placing pillows at her back, they were startled by the sound of pistol shots.

"What is that?" exclaimed the woman wildly starting to her feet. "They are killing each other, and my son, my poor Luke, is among them. Save him, my lord, save him, if it is not already too late." The earl waited for no more, but wrapping a large shawl round Nina, caught up his sword and hurried after the hostess. The outer apartment was silent and vacant.

"Quick! where is my horse?" he hurriedly asked. "The scoundrel must have taken it, and Lawton's is gone too." With a passionate exclamation of anger, he drew out his pistols, examined them, and thrusting them into his bosom, bounded over the threshold, charging the woman to return immediately to Nina.

"Wait, wait, for the love of God!" screamed the poor woman. "Your excellency will fall down the precipice; or slip into some torrent. Wait, for a guide or a light;" but the earl was already beyond the reach of her voice. After a moment, however, he checked his headlong speed; and putting his hand to his mouth, called his servant in a loud protracted tone. The solitary hills alone replied to the sound, and whilst debating within himself what course to pursue, he was startled by a deep moan, proceeding apparently from the earth at his feet. He stooped and discovered it was a man grievously wounded. To his eager questions, the other feebly replied that "he was the hostess' son, and that he had been wounded, he feared mortally, by Luttridge. The English servant was in pursuit of the latter." The earl immediately assisted the poor lad to rise; and supporting him as gently and easily as possible, they slowly turned their steps to the cabin. Suddenly the boy stopped, and tremblingly whispered:

"Did you not hear something like a step behind us, my lord?"

"No, nothing but the roar of the torrent, keep up your courage, you will soon be safe." The boy clung closer to the young nobleman's arm, and they proceeded a few steps farther in silence. But his companion's ear had not deceived him, and just as they entered a gloomy thicket of fir trees, a cold clammy object like a hand was placed on the earl's shoulder, and the warm breath of his unknown antagonist, played over his very cheek. Though St. Albans was brave as he was gentle, there was something so silent, so murderous in this mode of attack that his heart for a moment quailed within him. His tried courage, though, soon came to his aid, and throwing his arm round his fainting companion, he endeavoured to extricate his pistols. Encum-

bered by the weight of the youth, who clung to him with all the tenacity of mortal terror, he strove in vain to accomplish his purpose, and whilst yet making desperate but futile attempts, the same cold object was again silently passed over his cheek and neck, as if seeking a point of sure and deadly aim. Maddened by his impatience, he leaped suddenly round, and grappling desperately at the foe behind him, wrenched his hand, to his delighted surprise, in the long silky mane of his own steed, whose mute caresses had so causelessly alarmed him.

"Regis, my brave Regis," he smilingly murmured, as he passed his hand over the animal, and ascertained that it was riderless. "Your master was unwittingly near terminating your useful career, and a subject of bitter regret it would have been to him indeed." Half amused, half ashamed of his mistake, he assisted his companion, who was nearly lifeless with terror, to mount, and taking the bridle himself, they reached the inn in safety. The poor mother's alarm was extreme, and whilst lord St. Albans was examining the boy's wound, which in reality was nothing serious, and endeavouring to quiet her fears, his servant, flushed with rapid riding, entered.

"Oh! you are here, my lord. How thankful I am that you are safe!"

"But you are wounded yourself, Lawton. The blood is oozing out of your sleeve."

"Nothing, but a scratch on my arm, and a few bruises I received, when trying to overthrow the villain, after your lordship had turned him out of the inner room."

"How came you, though, to follow him, and why has my horse returned riderless?" anxiously asked the nobleman, a vague fear creeping over him, that his servant had murdered the fugitive.

"Well, my lord, as I was telling you; when I was struggling to secure him as you had directed, he snatched up a large knife and ran it, as he thought, through my arm, but it only inflicted a slight wound. He then sprang on your lordship's horse, which I had been rubbing down a moment previously, and galloped quickly off. In a second, I was mounted on my own, which was ready saddled at the door, and gave chase. Brave Regis, as if suspecting the evil load he carried, instead of darting forward like an arrow, as is his custom, stood still, prancing and rearing at a furious rate, and I instantly gained upon him. Seeing that, he turned in his saddle and discharged his only pistol. I bowed my head and escaped the ball, which hit instead, the poor lad there. I dismounted immediately, but ascertaining it was a mere flesh wound, and knowing he

would soon receive help, I mounted again, determined the other should not escape me. Regis, however, had taken another whim, and both were out of sight. I have been chasing him vainly since then, and I think he must have met with some accident, for I see your lordship's horse standing covered with foam at the door."

"Oh! for heaven's sake! make a search for him at once, gentlemen," implored the hostess. "Bad as he is, 'tis an awful thing to be lying bleeding to death on the damp ground, trampled on and mangled by a vicious animal, or, down in some deep hole, spitted like a partridge on the point of a rock." The earl reflected a moment, and apparently touched by her simple, yet honest appeal, assented. Being provided with lanterns, he signed to his servant, and after enjoining the hostess "to attend at once to the young lady," they left the inn together.

"Attend to the young lady; is it whilst my poor child lies bleeding before me? Oh! much do you know about a mother's heart!" murmured the good dame, as she bandaged the slight scratches her son had received in his fall—lord St. Albans having already adjusted the wound.

"Yes, you think more, this minute, about the one stroke that little creature inside received, because she happens to be a girl, than you would do about my fine boy if he were riddled with shot. I hear her stirring. I do declare. Oh! she is well enough now. Do not fear, Luke, darling, I will not leave you."

As the woman had said, Nina was recovering, though feeling still very weak. With the first dawn of consciousness, she looked eagerly, searchingly, around the apartment, murmuring:

"Where is lord St. Albans gone? I do not see him now. Lord St. Albans!" she continued, with a start, as the wild improbability of such a circumstance, for the first time, flashed upon her. "The Earl of St. Albans here! Am I dreaming, or are my senses deserting me? And yet, real or not, I could pledge my life to the truth of his appearance. I will think of it no more, though, for the strange bewilderment of my own thoughts terrifies me."

She arose and approached Mrs. Luttridge's couch. The latter was lying in a state of dreamy stupour, almost wholly unconscious of external objects; but Nina, who had frequently seen her in the same condition, applied the necessary remedies, and she soon recovered.

"Raise me up," she faintly exclaimed; "I feel very, very weak. Sit down, now, beside me. Did he hurt you much, darling? You look dreadfully pale!"

"No, he only frightened me!" rejoined Nina,

with an involuntarily shudder; "but do not talk of it, dear Mary, it makes me nervous, uneasy. He was unusually harsh to-day. What was it you had said that irritated him so much?"

"I will tell you without concealment; but first, put your hand under my pillow, and draw out a little pocket-book you will find there. Yes, you have it—that is the secret of his violence—for that he threatened to kill me; but hide it quick; he may return. Hush! did you not hear some one trying to enter?"

Nina slid from the bed, and turned her eyes, dilated with terror, towards the door; but it did not open, as her beating heart predicted, and the hostess' voice outside, speaking quietly to her son, re-assured her. Oh! how secure, how calm, would she have felt, had she known that lord St. Albans leaned against that door, resolved to defend its entrance with his life, and waiting eagerly impatient for the moment that he might offer her his services and protection. Her fears somewhat calmed, Nina resumed her former position.

"Thank God! 'tis not he," she exclaimed; "but what does this book contain, Mary? Surely not money, for you assured me you had none, when I asked you, two days ago, for a trifling sum to purchase you a little wine."

"I told you I had no money of my own, Nina; neither I have. That book and its contents are yours."

"How, mine! and you were so infatuated as to peril your life for the sake of preserving it for me? Oh! Mary, Mary! how wrong, how sinful of you. Take it now, at least, and give it to him immediately, when he asks for it again. If it obtain you but a kind word, a few hours repose, I will think it nobly spent."

"No, no, my poor child, I have enough of injustice on my soul without burthening myself with that. Now, on the point of bidding an eternal farewell to this world—now when the mists of self-love, of prejudice, are clearing from my spirit's sight, I feel how deeply, how irretrievably, I have wronged you. Ah! how different things appear to us on our bed of death, to what they did during life. In my days of health, of worldly prosperity, I fancied myself an upright Christian, and a trustworthy irreproachable guardian to you; but Death's approach has strangely enlightened me; it has brought home to my heart the awful truth of that sentence! 'Wo! even to the praiseworthy of life, if without mercy!' oh! God! thou shalt examine them. From you, Nina, I have ever received a daughter's obedience and devotion; but, have I ever given a mother's gentleness and tenderness in return? I might say

that you never received actual ill-treatment at my hand—that the sum left for your maintenance by your parents has been laid out in the manner most advantageous to yourself—but that, alas! is all. Never did I bestow on you the notice, the caresses, as necessary almost to childhood, as food itself; and never did I overlook or forgive any venial infant faults. Expecting, exacting from a child, a sense and gravity, the qualities of riper years, I succeeded only in chilling in their dawning, the frank, joyous spirit, the loving demonstrative nature you inherited from your poor young mother. I have heard you often taxed as cold and unloving—nay, as heartless—and I have cruelly confirmed the charge, forgetting in my rigid self-uprightness, that even if it were true, it was I alone who had rendered you so. There was one, though, Nina, who showed you ample justice from the first moment he beheld you in my arms, a weak, a helpless infant. That was my high hearted, noble son, and had Henri lived, your lot and character might have been different. Had I not been doubly blind, I might have learned in the passionate love you lavished on him—the wild energy with which you mourned his death—how falsely they spoke who said your heart was cold and unloving; but, Nina, I was jealous of you, baby that you were, jealous to see the son I so wildly worshipped, bestowing on a stranger the caresses and affection I wished to engross alone—jealous to see him spend whole evenings directing your little hand in forming its first characters—cultivating your dawning intelligence, and lavishing upon you, for hours, as if, in reproach of my own coldness, the tenderness I denied you. But my hour of dark and heavy trial came. The son I so passionately, yet selfishly idolized, was stricken with mortal illness, and even whilst I was bending over him in agony, my heart had leisure to torture itself with its jealous doubts. To the last, you were his chief, his engrossing thought; round you his arm was thrown as you lay sobbing on his breast, and his final words, as he pressed you passionately in his dying embrace, were: 'My beloved mother, for my sake, be ever tender and gentle to this poor, friendless child.' From that hour, Nina, I almost hated you. You had robbed me of my son's last thought—his last kiss—and when your very reason seemed yielding in your terrible grief for his loss, I made no effort to stem its tide. 'Till Henri's death, my stern coldness had not quelled in you the buoyancy of childhood. For every harsh reprimand or angry frown of mine, he had a fond caress or loving word for his baby sister, as he termed you; but, from the moment you were torn almost delirious

with sorrow from his corpse, your voice was never heard in song or laughter again—you, who used to sit for whole hours before, at his side, twining his bright curls round your little fingers, and singing with the sweetness and clearness of a bird, our old Swiss ballads. Do you remember those days, Nina—do you remember *him?*” and she laid her hand on the head of her companion, who was almost suffocated with emotion.

“Remember him!” she at length faltered. “Oh! yes, ’till the last moment of my existence. Who have I ever loved as I have loved him? who has ever been to me what he once was? But speak no more of him. Let that bright, that only blissful period of my life, still be, as it has ever been, a sealed book between us. ’Tis agony worse than death to recall it.”

“Alas! Nina, how fully has your enduring gratitude, your clinging love and sorrow for the dead, proved the clearness of poor Henri’s judgment, when he told me that a heart never beat, nobler, warmer, than your own, or more capable of lofty and generous devotion. I should have believed him, for he who had studied you from infancy, watched every gentle and loveable quality daily developing itself, must surely have known you well. Do not fear to weep, Nina, for those tears are a blessing. They are the first that have relieved your sorrow-laden heart since you returned from that cold, inhospitable London. Tell me, was the great and wealthy gentleman, you were affianced to there, as dear to you as my poor Henri was?”

“Oh! no; though in the first delirium of joy and gratitude, I fancied I loved him as well. Oh! no, I feared Percival Clinton, and that fear had not time to change into confidence and affection, ere his own rashness parted us forever.”

“And have you never seen one, Nina, as perfect as the friend of your childhood—one whom you could have learned to love as well?”

“Yes, once, a being, gentle, kind, generous as Henri; but lord St. Albans was devoted, betrothed to another—and knowing that, to him, of course, my heart or thoughts never dared to turn.”

The sick woman sighed long and heavily. “Alas! that it should have been so. Ah! would to God that you were far away from here, safe in a happy home of your own, from the tyranny of my worthless husband. What will become of you when I am gone? But no, you shall not wait till then. This day—this very hour—you must leave me. The little hoard I have given you will place you beyond the reach of want till you obtain some means of respectable support. Any life would be preferable to the slavery you have

endured since your return to us; and pray for me, child, that a just God may not call me to account for the selfishness which has induced me to keep you with me since then, though I have seen you failing day by day, almost dying before my eyes.”

“Speak not of that, dear Mary,” was the soft toned reply. “Would I have left you if you had wished it? Would my conscience, my heart, have permitted me?”

“That heart, my precious Nina, is too noble, too forgiving, for your own happiness; but you have sacrificed enough of your health and spirits to me already. For four years you have been my only hope and solace, my better angel. For four years, nobly rejecting the opportunities that have offered themselves of bettering your own condition; you have clung to me through good and ill, assisting me in health, and nursing me in sickness—bearing ever with angelic patience, the hatred and cruelty of a man who abhorred you for your noble courage in daring to stand between him and his victim. Kneel, now, that I may bless you—raise my voice to an eternal God, that He will repay you an hundred fold for all you have done for me. My prayers are unworthy, but I trust they will be heard for the sake of the pure and guileless heart of her for whom they are offered.”

Nina silently obeyed, whilst the lips of her companion moved in inaudible prayer. At length she spoke:

“Now, my darling child! I have prayed for you, blessed you—and you must depart. Every moment is precious. Speak to the woman of the house, she has a kind heart, and will I know assist you. For a little payment, she will procure you a sure conveyance to the next village. There you can enter some respectable family in any capacity, no matter how humble, till Luttridge leaves this district. You must be away before his return, for he would mercilessly tear from us the little sum I have hoarded with such difficulty. What would be your fate then, friendless, penniless?”

“No, Mary! ask me not to go,” was the gentle, yet firm reply. “I will stay with you till the last—more cruel than your cruel husband himself would I be, to leave you thus, helpless, exposed to his terrible anger. Who could appease him, when he would learn that I was gone, that the money he covets so much was beyond his reach.”

“These are idle objections, my child! I have at the farthest, but a day or two to live, whilst you are yet in the spring time of life. You know that man’s violence? aye, you shudder, and well may you—for its weight has often fallen upon yourself. Listen, then, to the dying words of one

who has filled, though alas! unworthily, a mother's place to you. Depart ere it be too late—depart, whilst you have yet the freedom, the means. One fond forgiving embrace, and then we part to meet again, I trust, in Heaven."

"Never!" was Nina's energetic reply. "With you will I remain till your freed spirit shall have taken its flight to a happier world, and no remonstrances, no prayers, will induce me to change my resolution. Fear not for my future, for I have placed my trust in God—it is His voice which now speaks in the depths of my heart, telling me that my place is here."

"Child of my love!" murmured the dying woman, pressing Nina's small hand, passionately to her lips; "that God in whom you trust so confidently, will never desert you—a bright, a heavenly presentiment tells me that your reward is at hand—that the first day of a new and glorious life is already dawning for you. But may not this be the wandering of a weak brain, the tempting of the Evil One, soliciting me to keep you till you are struck down, perhaps lifeless at my feet. Tempt not Providence, then, but go, my darling, my precious one; go with my blessing clinging round you, still breathing in your ears. That man must not find you here—he must never cross your path again. Ah! Nina, Nina! haste ere it be too late. Merciful God! what will become of you when I am no more—where can you look for comfort or protection in the hour of your terrible, and helpless desolation?"

"Here!" whispered the low thrilling voice of the Earl of St. Albans, who had noiselessly approached, and now knelt by Nina. "I will be her shield, her safe guard. Nina, my gentle one! will you trust in me?"

Pale, gasping, the girl sprang to her feet—was she still raving? But no, he was indeed before her, the kind generous being, whose friendship and gentle sympathy had proved the brightest spot in her weary existence, in a foreign land. He who, unsolicited and unknown, had stood, from the first, between her and neglect or mockery. With a cry of wild delight, she turned towards him, and the earl, ere she could divine his purpose, clasped her passionately again and again to his heart. As quickly as she could, Nina drew back from his embrace, and exclaimed with a joyful, though somewhat embarrassed air:

"I can scarcely believe it is indeed you, my lord. To meet a familiar, well-known face here, is unusual, unhopd for happiness—but when did you arrive?"

"To-night! in time to do what I hope may be the duty of my life, to save and defend you."

"Then I really saw you before. It was not a dream, as I feared at first."

"No! no more than it is a dream that I have at length found you, my Nina. You, who have so often filled my thoughts, by day as well as night."

"Your lordship has been kind beyond my merits," she rejoined in a colder tone, and drawing farther back from the earl.

Too happy, however, to perceive it, he earnestly continued.

"No words can paint to you, dear Nina, my joy, my happiness, when I recognized to-night, in the terror-stricken girl I raised from the ground, one so dear to me as yourself."

"It appears you estimate happiness at a cheap rate, my lord," rejoined Nina, in a still colder tone; "when meeting with a chance acquaintance, whom you must by this time have nearly forgotten, affords you so much. Anxious as I feel to express to your lordship, all my gratitude for your generous interference in my behalf, I must, nevertheless, be ungracious enough to entreat you to soon retire. Your presence here might prove a source of future discomfort and anxiety to myself and companion."

"Of course I will go at once, Nina, if you wish it, but might I ask whose return or anger you fear?"

"That of the man from whose violence you have already saved me to-night."

"You need not fear him any longer," he rejoined in a low tone, and casting a warning glance towards their companion. The latter, exhausted by her previous efforts, bewildered by the sudden appearance of the young and elegant stranger, whose graceful person and fair delicate features, reminded her strangely of the son whose loss she so wildly mourned, lay back on her pillow, her dim eyes steadfastly fixed upon them, though she was evidently fast relapsing into her former state of stupor.

"Come here, dear Nina, for a moment," and the young nobleman moved to the small window, the only one the apartment had to boast of. She slowly followed, her cheek very pale.

"It might be imprudent to mention it unpreparedly in his wife's hearing; but to you, I do not fear to say, the wretch has paid the forfeit of his crimes."

A dreadful suspicion suddenly flashed upon her, and forgetting her previous coldness, she whispered with a cheek pallid as marble:

"Luttridge dead! tell me, I implore, I entreat of you—that his blood is not upon your hands?"

"No, nor on that of any fellow-being. My servant and I found him at the foot of a precipice, down which he must have fallen, when thrown by my unmanageable steed. Life was

entirely extinct, and our efforts were of no avail." His listener shuddered and pressed her hand upon her eyes.

"Poor Luttridge," she murmured. "From my heart I pity him, not so much for his untimely doom, as for his awfully sudden summons to appear before his Judge. Yes, much as I have suffered from him, or might suffer again, if it rested with me he would yet be spared to expiate, at least in some measure, his many misdeeds."

Her companion was silent, for though he shared not in her sentiments, he respected them, and anxious to direct her thoughts from so sad a channel, he asked "if she had lately heard from Miss Murray."

"No," was the reply. "Our correspondence was never renewed after my arrival in Switzerland. My guardian and her husband removed soon after to a distant canton; and though dear Miss Murray may have written to me, I never received her letters, nor do I think my own ever reached her. That reminds me, my lord,—pardon my negligence in not asking ere now—about the countess of St. Albans."

"There is as yet no countess of St. Albans, dear Nina," and the earl deeply coloured, though not entirely with painful feeling, for a sly smile played round his lip as he spoke. "Florence, to whom of course you allude, is Miss Fitz-Hardinge still, and has by this time as completely forgotten me as I have forgotten her. You look strangely surprised; singular that I should have omitted mentioning it to you before, but I was under the impression that you were long since acquainted with an event which formed for months a topic of public comment."

"No, I never even suspected it. It seems almost incredible, for your engagement was one of too long standing to be lightly broken."

"Nor was it, dear Miss Aleyn; and I do not wrong Miss Fitz-Hardinge, when I say that she alone was to blame. I will tell you all the story hereafter, if you will promise to listen to me with the same patience you once displayed when I entertained you with the prosy reminiscences of my ancestors, in the picture gallery at St. Albans' Castle. Do you remember that morning?"

"Oh! well. Often have I thought of it since, and often have I stood in fancy before my favorite portrait."

"I trust you may yet stand there in reality, but, we will talk over this to-morrow."

"Yes, my lord, and I am compelled to dismiss you at once, for my patient will soon require my aid."

"I must unwillingly obey then, but where are

you going?" he quickly asked as she approached the door. "No, dear Nina, you must not enter there," and he gently took her hand and drew her away. "You have suffered enough of agitation already." She shuddered, for she divined instinctively from his manner and his words, that an awful spectacle of violent, unexpected death, lay in the next apartment; and grateful to her companion for the thoughtful attention which had averted so terrible a shock from her, she turned to thank him. His eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of devotion, of strange earnestness she had never seen in him before, and surprised and annoyed, she quickly drew away the hand he still retained, abruptly exclaiming.

"Once more, my lord, good night!"

"This precipitation, this coldness, would pain me much, dear Nina, but I know it will be all explained to-morrow. Sleep in peace and confidence till then, for Lawton and myself will guard your door," and with a kind and cheerful "good-night," he withdrew. After his departure, Nina remained at the window some time, in quiet communion with herself. At length she murmured.

"Am I pleased or sorry that lord St. Albans is still free, still unmarried? I know not, perhaps the latter, for as the husband of Florence, I might treat him with a friendliness, a confidence, I dare not, I must not accord him now. How strangely he is changed! Look, manner, words, all are different from what they were, nor do I like them half as well. I no longer enjoy in his presence that perfect freedom and confidence I once felt; yet, how strangely, how joyfully, my heart beats at the thought of meeting him again! 'Tis travelling perhaps that has changed him thus, imparted to him that disagreeable, complimentary, but false style of speaking, I used to hear around me in London, and which I disliked so much even in Clinton. And yet, lord St. Albans' manner is so gentle, so respectful." She paused, and whatever thoughts flitted across her mind, they dyed her cheek and brow with crimson. Hastily rising, she exclaimed: "Oh! what unconscionable folly, what madness! How he would despise me, if he knew this vain, foolish heart, could harbour for a moment such a thought. I, too, who fancied sorrow and suffering had rendered me so coldly sensible, the sovereign over my wayward fancy; but, I must turn from the dreams, the romance of life to its stern realities," and with a sigh she approached the sick couch, and took her place beside it. It was only towards morning that she could leave her weary post to obtain a few moment's repose, and even then the varied events

of the day crowded upon her in a thousand varied shapes and forms, rendering her slumbers as harassing as they were unrefreshing. Starting from a terrific dream in which she fancied herself again the object of Luttridge's deadly anger, she rose, resolved to expose herself to such fearful visions no longer. Her simple toilette was soon made, and perhaps unconsciously to herself, she smoothed back her dark hair with unusual care, noticing for the first time for years, with a slight pang of regret, that she looked excessively pale, and that her eyes were heavy and languid. Anxious to speak to the hostess about preparing some refreshment for Mrs. Luttridge, she called aloud, but no one answered the summons, and on opening the door she perceived that the other chamber was vacant. Somewhat uneasy she stepped out into the small vineyard attached to the cottage, but that also was silent and deserted. Suddenly she remembered that they were all probably absent with the funeral convoy of the unfortunate Luttridge, and the thought reassured, whilst it somewhat saddened her. The morning was beautiful, and as Nina watched the sun-light quivering through the luxuriant foliage of the vines, and sparkling on the clear transparent waters of the lovely lake before her, there stole again over her heart something of the light joyousness of earlier youth, the bright, but indistinct visions of future happiness, which had thronged upon her like golden dreams when she stood at the side of her childhood's protector, the gallant Henri, and which had once or twice visited her, like smiles from a better world, in the sunlit halls of St. Albans' castle. There clung around her too, a singular feeling of freedom and safety, and she, who for months had scarcely dared even to raise her eyes from her toilsome work to welcome the sunlight, which stole in so caressingly each morning through her narrow window wooing her abroad, was now free to revel at will among the flowers and sunbeams. With the joyful timidity of a bird freed unexpectedly from its iron thralldom, she pressed on, starting nervously ever and anon, almost fancying she heard the voice of her tyrant. That voice though, was hushed for ever, no more could its stern accents strike terror into her heart, and even were it otherwise, Sydney St. Albans was there to interpose as he had ever done between her and oppression. As the remembrance of all his gentleness, his chivalric kindness again stole over her, mingled, it almost seemed with the breath of the flowers around, she hated herself for her unfriendly thoughts of the preceding night, and breathed at the same time a sigh of compassion for Florence, who had been so unfor-

tunate as to lose the love of that noble heart. As if her reflections had the magical power of calling up the object of them before her, the earl unexpectedly stood at her side.

"Like your own sweet birds, Miss Aleyn, you are early abroad," he exclaimed, with a glad smile. "I did not hope to see you for hours yet."

"You forget, my lord, that you are not now in London. In this remote, but tranquil spot, our customs are as primitive as ourselves."

"I am afraid, then, those very customs will fascinate me so much in the end that I shall settle down among you, and speedily lose all remembrance of my English friends and home. See how easily I suit myself to them all. Sleep soundly on a hard floor, with no pillow save my cloak—rise hours before day-light," and a shade passed over his joyous countenance. "It was a sad duty that called me so early abroad this morning."

"All is over then?" was the whispered reply.

"Yes, and we chose him a grave in a lovely spot, for I pleased myself with the thought that he must some time have been kind to you. Would you like to see it, Nina?"

"No, not now; this evening, perhaps."

"Yes, or to-morrow, it would agitate you too much to-day," and he glanced anxiously at her pale troubled face. "Sit down here, dear Nina, on this mossy seat, but let us rest no more on the sad page of the past. You have never asked me why I parted from Florence—why it is, that I, the child of London, of fashionable luxury, appear so suddenly among your stern mountains—the tale is a brief but unpleasant one, and you must pardon me if I allude to subjects which are perhaps among your most sorrowful reminiscences. Dare I mention in your presence, the name of Percival Clinton?"

"Yes, but say little of him, for 'tis a theme on which I love not to dwell," and her lips quivered.

"Is he then so dear to you, Nina?" and the earl's anxious countenance, his unsteady tones, as he bent eagerly towards her, betrayed his deep thrilling interest in her answer.

"Dear to me!" and Nina slowly shook her head. "Ah! no, he grieved my heart too much for that."

"Thank God! for those words," was the involuntary exclamation of her companion. "Oh! it is a question that has filled me with painful torturing doubts."

"And why, my lord?" she asked, an expression of displeased surprise again flitting over her face.

"Because, feelings engrossing as mine could not tolerate a rival."

"But might I not do ample justice to your lordship's merits, superior as they may be, and yet still entertain equally kindly sentiments for one who was once your chosen friend and companion?"

"No, Nina, I would be first in your heart and thoughts, as you are first in mine."

"Enough of this, my lord," she abruptly exclaimed, as she rose and endeavoured to pass him. "You have already strangely surprised and pained me by such language. Surely you respect Nina Aleyn as much now, even though she is poor and unprotected, as you did when she was once your guest!"

"Respect her as much! Is it possible, Miss Aleyn, that you do not understand me yet. In offering you my hand do I not give you the highest proof of regard that man can give to woman?"

"Offering me your hand, lord St. Albans! have I heard you aright?" and breathless, overwhelmed with agitation and surprise, she sank on her seat.

"Then you have not divined it before, Nina, though my every look, my every word since my arrival here, has been as plain as devoted love could render it; but you know it now, Nina, my beloved, what say you?"

"That it is folly, madness, my lord," was the reply, breathed in tones so low, that he had to bend over her to catch the words. "Do you forget what you are, and what I am? Do you forget that the bride you may love, even admire, in Switzerland, would be a subject of shame and confusion to you in London, of hatred and contempt to your proud family. Oh! lord St. Albans, the noble generosity of your offer has touched me too deeply to permit of my accepting it. It would be an unworthy return, indeed, for all I owe you. No, no, I am no fit bride for the earl of St. Albans, and I have suffered too much alas! once already, from soaring too high, to risk the repetition of the sad drama I acted with Percival Clinton." And again she gently strove to pass him.

"Nina, you must not go; and despite your discouraging words, I shall not despair, for your own dear voice has declared this very night, that if your heart could ever learn to love, it would be Sydney St. Albans. Pardon me for presuming to recal words so flattering to myself; but you see I know it all, and this idle ceremony is worse than useless, 'tis cruel. I do not fear to tell you, then, that even in the days of my betrothment to Miss Fitz-Hardinge, days when I almost worshipped her, there were times when I envied

Clinton his happiness in possessing your love. You never could imagine the soothing effect your gentle smile, your calm voice, has ever had upon my feelings when irritated and pained by the world's false intercourse, or the thoughtlessness of my plighted bride. At such times I have sought you, unconscious of the peril I was in, and strange! I ever left your society, kinder, gentler, filled with new patience and compassion for her frailties and those of others. The first few months after my separation from Florence, were months of gloom and bitterness. At times regret, then self gratulation, that my courage had sustained me through so trying an ordeal, and ever a weariness of heart, a hatred of society, almost of life. Then, in that sickening void of heart, that powerless despair, the remembrance of you, Nina, like a ray from a better world flashed upon me. I thought of you, gentle, humble, loving, rich in all the qualities I admired most in women—qualities, my betrothed, alas! was most deficient in. I thought of you till I felt that if happiness were yet reserved for me on earth, it could be obtained through you alone. My wishes and purposes scarcely known to myself, I overcame my natural repugnance to any further intercourse with the family of Miss Fitz-Hardinge, and wrote to Miss Murray, entreating her to give me any information she possessed concerning you. Her answer was prompt, though unsatisfactory, for she was not even able to inform me of your address, as you had dropped all correspondence with her after your arrival in Switzerland. With intentions as vague as my own restless thoughts, I turned my steps to your native land, and here have I lingered for months travelling from canton to canton, retracing my steps, as if warned by some mysterious instinct, till at length the aim of my life and hopes, the pledge of my future earthly happiness, has been found and won. If I loved you, Nina, before my arrival here, how much that love must have strengthened since then. That conversation between you and your guardian, to which I listened, too entranced, too rapt, to give even a thought to the impropriety of my action, told me more of your noble heart than years of intercourse could have done. Oh! had you been the veriest stranger to me, the rudest, most unpolished peasant girl, I could have almost loved you after. Trifle then with me, with yourself no longer, for I feel, I know that I can make you happy."

"Ah! so you think now, my lord, but a period of *ennui*, of regret will come."

"Regret! and for winning your love. Ah! Nina."—But we will leave the reader to imagine the rest of lord St. Albans' speech. It must

at least have possessed the merit of being convincing, for when, after the lapse of another hour, (the hostess having informed them for the tenth time that breakfast was waiting,) they slowly returned to the house arm in arm, his countenance was radiant with joy, whilst in the downcast eye of his young companion, and on her fair smooth brow, there shone a deep though troubled happiness, that had never dwelt there before.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE three following days were tranquil and happy enough, though Nina's time was nearly all devoted to her sick friend. A morning ramble with lord St. Albans, a quiet talk with him in the evening on the rude bench on the lawn, were the only events that marked time's flight. With gentle precaution she had informed Mrs. Luttridge of her husband's violent death, and though shocked by the intelligence at first, it could not but render her more tranquil in the end. Nina's betrothment too, affording so sure a pledge of her future happiness, removed a life-wearing load from her heart, and now, satisfied, calm on every earthly point, she turned her thoughts entirely to preparing herself for the approaching summons of her Supreme Judge.

One morning, about a week after his arrival, lord St. Albans was standing in front of the cottage, his glance fixed eagerly on the door, as if expecting some one. It opened, and Nina lightly approached. Her eyes, which she studiously averted from him, bore traces of weeping, and without a word she took his arm. For a few moments they paced slowly up and down, their silence perhaps more expressive than speech, when the earl at length softly said:

"This, then, is our bridal day! Oh! how happy, how joyful, I feel. And you, my best beloved?"

"Happier than words can express, and yet, my lord, our bridal will be a sad one, followed soon by a funeral. Poor Mary, at whose urgent request, we have hurried this event so strangely, has just told me that she feels assured her eyes will never behold to-morrow's sun."

"And you, my poor Nina, have been crying and fretting over it. This will not do—you will really anger me, if you persist in wilfully sacrificing your health and spirits. They have been tried too severely already."

"Ah! my lord, you forget that she who is now on the verge of eternity, watched over my own childhood, and tended the death bed of my poor mother. 'Tis a heavy loss to one so friendless as myself."

"But will you not have a husband to atone for that loss?" he whispered in accents of deepest tenderness. "Will you not have one bound by vow, as well as heart, to love and cherish you for ever? For my sake, then, struggle against this depression, and cast it off. I have been to the next village; the rector will be here at sunset, and then, my precious one, you will be bound to me, by ties which no power on earth can ever sunder." And thus conversing over the future, so bright to both, they walked for a long time to and fro, though the approaching death of Mrs. Luttridge saddened Nina's smile. At length, the latter, anxious about her patient, declared her intention of returning to her.

"One moment more, Nina," implored her companion. "Ah! I have volumes yet to say, and you—have you nothing?"

"Yes, but one question, and I implore you to reply to it faithfully as you would on your dying bed. In a few short hours, I will be your wife,—your wife beyond the power of recall. You will have to present me to your proud family—to the world—as the Countess of St. Albans. Am I fit for that? Reflect on it well, and, oh! if there lurk in your soul the faintest shadow of a doubt that you may yet regret the union which to-night will irrevocably seal, retract ere it be too late. 'Twould be more merciful to pain me now, than to break my heart hereafter."

"Nina, Nina, the thought is unworthy of you, of myself—and I will punish you by asking a question in return. Am I as dear to you as your baby love, as the long-remembered, well-loved Henri? I feel strangely jealous of him."

"I know, my lord, you are but jesting. Henri was my brother."

"And so was I too, once. Do you remember the treaty we entered into at St. Albans' castle, that I was to be your brother, your protector? Little dreamed I then, that the happiness was reserved for me of being your husband; but, you look uneasy, and I will not detain you longer; farewell. Ever regret to have chosen thee!" he murmured, as he followed, with softened glance, her receding figure.

"Ah! Nina! how little you know your own worth, or the depth of my idolatrous affection."

With a strangely beating heart, the young girl entered some hours after on the task of dressing for her bridal, and entirely engrossed by her own thoughts, she heard not the lamentations poured forth over her scanty wardrobe, by the pretty Rose, the hostess' daughter, who had just returned from the neighbouring village, where she had been on a visit.

"Ah! my poor young lady," she sighed.

"To be married in that brown dress. 'Tis discouraging, heart-breaking. Not even a ribbon, a flower in your hair. Well, well! 'tis a great trial for you."

It was a trial, however, which Nina bore with wonderful philosophy, and her toilette completed, she seated herself beside Mrs. Luttridge, resolved to remain with her till the arrival of the clergyman. In calming the restless fears of the dying woman, in whispering words of tenderness and holy consolation, time sped on unheeded by her, and she noted not that the appointed time was long passed. It was only when lord St. Albans' voice requested admittance at the door, that she recognized with a start the lateness of the hour.

"May I come in, Nina! It would be an act of mercy on your part to talk to me a little. Your voice might dispel this irritable restlessness which has taken possession of me," and with an air of fretful impatience, strangely at variance with the usual gentleness of his character, he threw himself on the nearest chair. His glance happening to fall on the patient, he exclaimed in a softer tone: "How selfish I am! How is poor Mrs. Luttridge?"

"Out of pain. I think she will soon sleep. But, what has annoyed you, my lord?"

"That Mr. Durother has not come yet, and only look at my watch, Nina! He is three hours beyond his time already."

Nina, despite her efforts, could not repress a smile, as she replied:

"For so short a delay, is it not unreasonable, my lord, to repine? Were it like your parting with Florence, or mine with Mr. Clinton, we would indeed have cause to murmur."

"'Tis precisely that very recollection, Nina, that makes me miserable. There has ever hung so strange an uncertainty about our mutual fate, so fearful an illustration of the truth of the words: "We know not what the morrow may bring forth," that, till you are mine by vow and rite, I cannot feel secure or happy."

His companion's soft grateful smile, the bright blush that tinged her cheek, told how flattering to her heart was the Earl's impatient solicitude. Anxiously she endeavoured to wile away his restlessness, by reverting to his favorite topics, dwelling on every subject which she fancied might please him. In the charm of her converse another hour wore on, and then the sleeper awoke with a long-drawn sigh. With alarm, Nina perceived that a great change had taken place in her rigid countenance, nor were her fears calmed, when she inquired in a voice almost inaudible, "If Mr. Durother had not yet arrived. Alas!

my children!" and she turned her failing eyes from Nina to lord St. Albans, who was kindly supporting her head. "Alas! I fear he will come too late." For the first time, a shade of dissatisfaction and anxiety crossed Nina's countenance, but it quickly changed to one of intense alarm, as she saw the earl gently adjust the invalid on her pillows, and approach the door.

"I will be back, Nina, ere you can miss me," he exclaimed in answer to her anxious looks.

"I am going for the clergyman."

"Oh! do not think of it, Sydney, I implore of you!" and she laid her hand entreatingly on his arm.

"Nay, my little Nina, I gave you credit for more strength of mind than that. Do you fancy I will leap into the torrent, or throw myself off some rock?"

"For heaven's sake, Sydney, do not talk so lightly. Our rugged paths are full of perils." The earl gently removed her hand from his arm, and pressing it to his lips, whispered:

"Forgive me for this once, my Nina; I never will contradict you again." Feeling the inutility of further remonstrance, she passively yielded; but as soon as he had taken his departure, she called in Rose to replace her at her post, and hurrying out on the lawn, stood gazing with straining eyes in the direction he had pursued. Minutes seemed hours, and more than once she had nearly mistaken the beating of her own heart for the sound of horses' hoofs.

"Merciful God!" she murmured, striving to still with her hand her heart's wild throbbings. "If anything should happen to him! The rocks, the precipices he spoke so lightly of—that fiery horse, unused to our rude paths."

Perhaps till then she had never known the wonderful depth of her attachment to her lover; but the intense, the agonizing solicitude, the feeling that harm to him would be death to her, the yearning wish to sacrifice her life, if the offering would avail him aught, revealed in part its power. All the love that Florence had lavished upon him, from the period of their first meeting, till they had parted forever, was but as nothing in comparison to the concentrated, the passionate devotion that filled the heart of Nina at that moment. But her terrible excitement was reaching a climax—already the rapidly varying colour, the convulsive shiverings running through the frame, betokened it would soon be too much for her—when the rapid sound of an approaching steed struck upon her ear. Nearer and nearer it came, and St. Albans, for it was he, dashed up to the door. The sudden revulsion of joy was too overpowering. A mist swam before Nina's

eyes, but the earl sprang from his horse in time to catch her in his arms, ere she had fallen to the ground. Deeply, strangely touched by this convincing proof of an affection, of which Nina's timidity and reserve had prevented him from receiving any previous assurance, the earl lavished the tenderest cares upon her, and a passionate flood of tears soon came to her relief.

"This is too bad," he tenderly whispered, as he pressed her fondly to him. "The first tears I have ever seen you shed to be caused by me—and standing out in the chill night air, too, with neither shawl nor mantle round you. If I wished to scold I have good cause indeed, but you have suffered enough already. May it be the last sorrow, my precious one, that Sydney St. Albans will ever cause you."

Ashamed of her childish weakness, Nina made her escape, as soon as possible, to Mrs. Luttridge's room, to prepare for the coming of the village pastor, who had been detained by the sudden and dangerous illness of one of the members of his own household, but who had promised to be with them immediately. The moment was then at hand—the most solemn, as well as the happiest moment of her existence—and to calm her overpowering agitation, she knelt again to implore, for the last time, the blessing of God upon their approaching union. She had prayed to Him, once before, to part her from Percival Clinton, if that union was not pleasing in His sight. Her prayer had been heard, and it is more than probable, much earthly misery was spared her, for the imperious and suspicious Clinton was no fit mate for one so timid and gentle as herself. Again, though her heart almost rebelled against it, though it shrank with dread, even whilst she prayed, lest her prayer should be fulfilled, she had found courage to offer up a like petition with regard to lord St. Albans; but no admonishing hindrance, no obstacle had come between them, and she had now but to thank that Supreme Being who had destined her for so bright a fate. Her devotions were disturbed by some sudden confusion in the adjoining room, and the girl, Rose, hastily entered to tell her that Mr. Durother had arrived. Nina's old beating of the heart again seized her, and unable at the moment to recover her self-possession, she drew back behind her young companion, as lord St. Albans and the pastor entered. The latter glanced from the pale, retiring Nina, to the blushing, gaily attired Rose, and evidently deciding in his own mind that she was the bride-elect, exclaimed:

"Come forward, maiden."

"Nay, your Reverence is mistaken," rejoined

the girl, no way displeased at the mistake, and inwardly thinking she would make, by far, the more attractive and prettier bride of the two. "Here is the lady;" but the hand of the shrinking Nina was already clasped in that of the earl. During the ceremony her large, melancholy eyes often turned upon her lover with that strange blending of dread and anxiety, which he had detected more than once on her countenance, revealing that her old fear of his regretting his choice was still haunting her. But when all was over, and he pressed her to his heart, murmuring:

"Thank God! my Nina, you are, at last, all my own," a smile of strange beauty flitted over her lips, and that dark cloud vanished, never to return. After the clergyman had spoken a few words of hope and encouragement to the dying woman, whom his previous ministry had well prepared for her passage to the tomb, he uttered a word or two of grave kindness to her young companions, and then set out on his homeward path, for in his own household the angel of death was busy too.

"We have hitherto thought but of ourselves, dear Sydney," whispered the young bride; "let us think now of her alone," and she approached the sick couch. The glance of the patient brightened as it fell upon her, and she murmured:

"Yes, now I can die happy, for the prayers I have unceasingly offered up for you, my darling child, have been all fulfilled. Stand before me, with your husband, till I look on ye both, and thank again the merciful God who has given me this great consolation on my bed of death. Aye! you will be happy with him—there is truth and goodness in his brow, in his eyes—and through your own husband, a just Heaven will repay you for all you suffered from mine." Greatly exhausted, she ceased, and finally sank into a sort of lethargic sleep.

"She will never wake again!" whispered the earl, as he bent over her.

Nina, unable to trust her voice, replied not, but drawing nearer to the sleeper, she gently passed one arm around her neck, whilst, with the other hand, she wiped the death damps from her brow. Lord St. Albans placed himself opposite, and from time to time, he relieved his young wife in her mournful task. For three long hours the patient lay in the same motionless state, and yet to the watchers it passed quick enough, for they had beguiled the time with many a whispered word of hope and affection; but at length she awoke, with a violent shudder running through her frame.

"Nina, are you there?"

"Yes, dear Mary, here beside you," responded

the latter, whose arm, throughout the whole of that long weary night, had never left her neck.

"Then, embrace me, my darling, for the last time—my hour is at hand," and she passionately strained the sobbing girl to her bosom. Involuntarily the young earl bent towards her, and answering his mute appeal, she pressed her cold lips upon his high forehead:

"Cherish her as she will cherish you," she murmured. "Ye will be happy, for ye are worthy of each other; and now, my God, take me to thyself." And with a low sigh, she fell rigidly back on her pillow. After the lapse of a moment, her pale lips spasmodically contracted, and the earl starting to his feet, threw his arm around his companion, and hurriedly endeavoured to draw her away.

"Nina, darling, leave the room, I implore you. Her agony is commencing."

"Forgive me, Sydney, but I cannot. What do you fear for me? Do you forget that I have already seen the spirit of one, far dearer to my heart than she ever was, passing from earth. Ah! were it only for the sake of the son, I will tend the mother to the last. Kneel now, and we will pray for her—pray that God may shorten her sufferings, and mercifully granting her a full pardon for all past frailties and errors, receive her at once into that kingdom, into which nothing defiled can enter."

The death agony was long and dreadful, and more than once the earl shudderingly pressed his hands over the eyes of his young wife; but when the first red beams of that sun, which her heart had so surely foretold her she would never live to witness, streamed down upon the earth, the Christian's soul had winged its way with the morning rejoicings of nature, up to Heaven. No word, no exclamation, broke from the lips of either of the occupants of that silent chamber; but one fleeting glance passed between them, and then, with heads bowed low in solemn prayer, they poured forth their hearts to their Creator. After a time, lord St. Albans rose, and approaching the window, threw it open. The perfumed summer breeze instantly filled the apartment, playing 'mid his bright hair, and lifting, oh! sad mockery, the dark, plain tresses of the corpse. Returning to his kneeling wife, he passed his arm around her, and gently drew her to the open casement:

"Gaze abroad, my own dear bride, on the glories of our beautiful earth—you have looked on its sorrows long enough. Yes," and he gazed with anxious love on her pale tearful face: "suffering, alas! is deeply written here, but my cares, my tenderness, will at length erase it. I must take you hence, at once. To-morrow, we will leave for sunnier

climes—for England, Italy, where you will, and the sorrows of Nina Aley, will soon become as a dream to the Countess of St. Albans."

"The Countess of St. Albans," whispered his companion, a soft glow suffusing her cheek. "It sounds to me like mockery—like impossibility, and yet, lofty, honored as is that name! how insignificant in comparison with the precious title of your wife. Does it not all seem to you, Sydney, like a dream?"

"A dream, it would be death to me to wake from. Ah! Nina! how I long to see you surrounded by the luxury and magnificence that is now your right—to see a coronet on that gentle brow! I did not mention it to you at the time, but the day after my arrival here, the very morning you sealed my happiness, in consenting to become mine, I dispatched my servant to L., the nearest town, with orders to engage a carriage, servants, and a waiting woman for yourself. The latter is charged with the duty of procuring you at once, a suitable wardrobe, for you must not forget, my little Nina," and he pressed her to him with a fond, proud smile: "You must not forget that you are now an earl's wife."

Lord St. Albans' servant arrived that evening, and his deferential respect, his scrupulous attention, in *my ladying*, the blushing, embarrassed Nina, was her first initiation into the mysteries of the rank and dignity that were to be henceforth her own. The mortal remains of poor Mrs. Luttridge were soon laid in the earth beside her husband. Together, the newly wedded pair followed that lonely funeral; together they knelt beside the grave, and ere they turned from it, the young countess offered up a fervent, earnest petition, that the God who had ordered that brilliant change in her earthly lot, might ever guard her heart from worldly vanity and pride, and preserving herself and her husband, holy and pleasing in his sight, grant them, at length, a home in his heavenly kingdom. Ere they bade farewell to Nina's native land, they rewarded the cares of the worthy hostess, with a magnificence which caused the good dame to declare afterwards, in confidential intercourse with her friends, that, like the patriarch of old, she had, indeed, entertained "angels unawares." Thus, every duty fulfilled, rich in each other's tried love and confidence, they entered together with joyous hearts, on the long journey of life.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DOCTRINE OF SOCIAL UNITY.*

No. II.

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

WE have found the pattern and origin of all things to be in the Creator; so that the work of creation, the institution of order, and the constitution of all things, in the unity of headship and subordination, is but the outsetting in visible forms of that which is in God from everlasting—and as He is the Creator, He is also the Constitutor of all creation. In Him we find a unity, self-subsistent and self-subsisting; uncaused by any cause; above all cause, and beyond the reach of change; a unity incapable of schism or dissolution; indivisibly one beyond the possibility of being otherwise; one in essence, will, power and goodness; all perfect, all powerful, omnipresent; incapable of being deceived or mistaken; the one central Will, round which all things must eventually cluster in indissoluble union under one head; without whom nothing is or can be; from whom goeth forth the one everlasting law, binding all creation for ever,—the law standing in the invincible Will that ordains, promulgates, and forever wills it certain execution,—and who yet has endowed all reasonable creatures with perfect freedom of will and agency, within certain limitations. And here we have a foundation.

This form of unity stands in headship, pointing relatively to membership and subordination under authority. It stands also in fatherhood, pointing to family and all social relations and duties, which must originate in the father-will. For God is the Father in the divine nature and essence, by the very fact of His existence. This fact is the irrefragable witness, that all forms of power and authority should stand in fatherhood, even as they ought to stand in unity, not merely as to this or that form of dispensation, but as in unity with God Himself, who is "our all, and through all, and in all," for this very end, that He, in all things having the pre-eminence, may uphold all things by the word of His power. Not to be in unity with Him, is to be in outer darkness, under condemnation of death.

God declares His meaning as well in act as in word. We may find, then, in the work of creation, and especially in the creation of man and his immediate constitution into a family unity,

the distinct enunciation of the eternal principles of order, society, government, with all relations and duties, and of the only true polity for the security, peace and happiness of the human race. Beginning to work upon those eternal principles, His subsequent work must proceed upon them, because, "with Him there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." "Declaring the end from the beginning" by work as well as word—He begins to accomplish the end at the first step. He declared at the beginning of manifested evil, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and destroy his works—and He immediately began to verify the promise—and so, declaring the end from the beginning, He at first set up human society, and instituted human government, in accordance with those everlasting principles, upon which they must stand in ultimate perfection forever. By getting hold of these principles, which He embodies in forms, we get hold of truth in theory. God's own theory, from which He cannot depart in practice—and are delivered from the sin and danger of making theories, and endeavouring to force both God and man to submit to them—to His dishonour, and to man's destruction.

We have seen, in the instance of the solar system, given in Essay I., God's way of setting up a form of His creatures in a perfect unity, by putting them under a common law, or a power they cannot disobey, and placing the chief depository of that power in a common central orb, instead of a central person, round which, as round a central will, the whole system obediently moves. This may be regarded as a type of the rational and moral world, moving round one central Will that orders all things. For He ordains thrones, dominions, principalities and powers—angels and arch-angels—and angels that excel in strength, occupying posts of authority and power, ruling under Him the great central Will. Hence when we see unity set among the creatures, we see not a self-existent unity, nor a mutual league and combination of previously independent individuals; but a unit, or individual person is taken for the head, and all the members of the unity are put in sub-

jection under the will and rule of this one, who represents and acts for God, who is over all. In the case of man, the members joined in unity, and made subordinate to the central will and power, are not created separate and unconnected units, and then joined together—but one was first created, and the whole race was created in him, and afterwards brought out of him, in succession of time, by the ordinance of parentage, and immediately by the law of their existence, bound back to the head of unity as subordinate members. For the parents being previously made one, their offspring of necessity is one with them in the divine order, by the mere fact of their existence, which is derived from unity.

Here we see the social unity set up among men in fatherhood, by express divine constitution, by an act posterior to creation. Creation, as such, was perfect without it; but creation did no more than make preparation for constitution in unity. And why was unity set up in fatherhood? Because God the Creator and Constitutor, is God the Father. He acts from His essential attributes, from the law of His being, and cannot act otherwise. And whatever is made in His image, ought to speak of what He is, declaring His attributes, and setting forth the order of His economy in its unchangeable principles. The order in creation is a consequence of order in the Creator.

It is plain from these premises, that "the savage state," or "the original state," out of which human society arose by the force of mere human effort, of which a certain large class of speculators and *doctrinaires* have fondly dreamed, is a pure fiction of the infidel mind. Such a condition cannot be "original," because it cannot be by the mere creation of God. He cannot "originate" such a condition, because He cannot act in contradiction to His nature and attributes. It can come only by the apostacy of free agents, from the order in which God set them after they were created. The original state is one of innocence and goodness in the order of God; and the apostate state which men have assumed to be original, is mere backsliding. And indeed it never existed, and cannot exist, either partially or wholly, in the state they have assumed to be original. For on the dispersion of the *families* that descended from the family of Noah, they all carried with them the household order of God—and no pagan or savage depravity has ever cast it aside; so that all these speculations are but the gratuitous lies of debased minds, by which they have vented their enmity towards the Bible. Reasonable speech, whereby to express human wants to human ears and human hearts and minds, cannot be less than a product of human

society—cannot have existed before human association and rational intercourse, except by direct creation or impartation, as was with Adam. This, however, is rejected by this class of speculators. But the assumed savage or ante-social state could not produce human language at all, by which to express any thing; because language cannot be less than the product of association—an individual man cannot make it; therefore the origin of society out of such a state is, on natural principles, an impossibility. For language, on natural grounds, being a product of society, could not possibly be a means of originating society; for no effect can precede that which causes it. This theory is, on these grounds, known to be utterly irrational.

It is written of Adam, that God made him "the type of Him that was to come;" namely, of Our Lord, the second Adam, or Man: the first natural—the second spiritual. We should then look to Him for a typical fulness, to be found in no other person.

1. He was at first alone, without a help-meet, as our Lord is alone till He finds his Bride.
2. He was made head over the earth and its inhabitants, and bidden to take dominion, and subdue them; and as their Lord He gave them names. All power is given to Our Lord as the sufficient One to hold dominion, subdue all things, and give names at His pleasure.
3. Adam could not fulfil his charge without an help-meet. And the world now lies waste under the sore oppression of the usurper, because the Bride is not ready for the true Landlord to take her as the help-meet, who shall be His battle-axe to destroy the destroyer, and build up all things new.
4. Adam was constituted the natural father of the human race. Our Lord is Everlasting Father in one of His names, and, as the second Man, the new head of our race.
5. Adam, as God's vice-regent, was king to the extent of his dominion, which then included the whole human race, as well as the inferior creatures. Our Lord is the anointed King over all.
6. Husband is a name and relation set forth in Adam, and to be shewn in perfection in Our Lord, whose wife the Church is to become, and to whom she is now betrothed.
7. Priesthood and sacrifice, including altar and religious services, are elements in the unity which God establishes. It does not appear by declaration that Adam was made a priest, or that any one was before Melchisedec. But it is certain, that Adam practiced sacrificial worship; and the sacrifice was certainly typical of Our Lord. It does not appear that Melchisedec offered anything but bread and wine; so that in this he differed from all other sacrificers before the coming of

Our Lord. But this much is certain, that human society and all its relations and duties and obligations were instituted for religious purposes, that men might acknowledge and serve God by the civil state, as fully in its measure as by ecclesiastical ordinances and services—and all Scripture asserts this as to be the eternal condition of the world to come.

Let us endeavour to gather up the elements essential to unity in human society as originally instituted of God in unity, in plurality. 1. Fatherhood, out of which all the members of the unity are produced by parentage. 2. Headship, standing in fatherhood for the recapitulation and inclusion of all the members. 3. Kingship or royalty for government. 4. Legislation in a lawgiver for the end of defining and establishing relations and duties. 5. Judgment in a judge, for the determination of all causes, and settling questions. 6. Priesthood and divine worship and service, with teaching and instruction. All these originate in, and come forth out of, headship in fatherhood, even as Our Lord "proceeded forth and came from God." All these stood in Adam, (priesthood was among them, if so be he was made a priest,) as a type of Him, who is "the head of every man." Of a unity so constituted, He is the sole consolidating and conservative power. The unity is in God, and God in it. It is ordained and constructed to be His dwelling place, His habitation among men. This is what human society in the beginning was set up to be, and what it ought ever to have continued. The privileges granted to Adam, were granted for his descendants forever. God manifested himself to him as his Lord and infallible guide; and His manifestation and guidance continued, (to be indicated, at least,) for a long time among men. Not that all men profited thereby; but that it was for all, and open to all, and would so have continued to this day, had not men rejected it, and turned after their own inventions. For society itself being at first set up of God, He furnishing it with all principles, and defining all its duties; all these were of necessity, a branch of divinity, and He was the necessary infallible guide to the civil body politic. And as He declares the end from the beginning, His beginning in this way, is the assurance that He will bring to an end, all the present forms of apostasy, under which men are found apostatised from their primitive condition, and from their still unrevoked privileges, and set up again all things, even better than they were at the first. And it is the province of true philosophy, to search out all such matters, and show their connexion and oneness with what most men, almost exclusively,

denominate religion and divinity. God made all things; and therefore, every branch of true knowledge is a branch of divinity; and truth in natural things, is as fully truth of God, and as valuable in its own place, as is Revelation proper. Religion embraces everything—spirit, soul, body; matter generally; the earth and all the fulness thereof; the round world, and all that dwell therein.

Granted, that Adam was a typical person, and that the whole economy of God was set up in him, in comprehensive types. But Adam was also a literal, a real person, and was set over real persons, whose happiness or misery was no fiction, but reality; and to their condition and wants, the economy was no fiction, but a real substantial ministry, of present and future salvation in the unity of God and His truth. As far as we see, the future salvation of men, at least, in the transits of society, out of an inferior, into a superior dispensation, until that which is perfect is come, was made dependent on their abiding in the unity provided for them of God, for the time being; and so devised as to lead forward their hopes to the fulfilment of the types in which they stood, and which, to them, were the only, but sure means of salvation. Every divine economy is filled with privileges to those under it; and no economy provides for their destruction and misery. These came from another quarter. The sin of the old world was the breach of all those principles of divine unity and economy, which began in the fall, and ended in the flood. The same breach was followed by the descendants of Noah afterwards, and again, by the nation of Israel. The privileges granted to Adam did not bring the flood; the keeping the law given by Moses did not cause the various captivities of Israel, nor the final subversion of their state, as we now see it. They apostatized in both cases, and were punished for it. The Jews rejected their Messiah foretold by Moses. He would have gathered them all, and led them lovingly forward into a better dispensation, still going on to perfection; but they would not, and so their house was left to them desolate. There is one more act of transit from our present state towards a better, even the Kingdom. And this going forward is shadowed forth in very many of the operations of nature. All things of growth and progress have a tendency towards maturity. The human race, as a race, is subjected to the same economy. We go forward in it, despite our numerous backslidings. The obstinacy and perversity of man may hinder and postpone the final blessing, but cannot ultimately defeat it. Individuals may perish in the course; but the race

moves steadily and irreversibly forward. It is moved in the purposes and economy of God, but yet, by means of its own energies and activities, each dispensation produces a ripeness unattainable under the preceding. Adam was made a type of Him that was to come; and till He did come, all things stood in types and shadows; first, the natural; then, the spiritual--this is the divine order. The one is a preparation for the other, and the other is mysteriously brought out of it, and then set over it. And the natural is allowed to attain its highest excellence before the spiritual is brought in to supersede and perfect it. The natural at best can serve only for the construction of types and shadows, and for giving prophetic indications of better things. And when the greatest efforts of nature had come forth in the wisdom and policy, and the various attainments of Greece and Rome, the fulness of time had come for a new step in the progress of God towards "that which is perfect." But the vast majority still adhered to the old and perishing things; and so God visited Christendom with "the dark ages," and with all the terrible miseries which have wrung tears of blood from her, for many long and weary centuries. The unity of God has been broken, and therefore, peace has been a stranger on the earth. Yet, the law of progression has operated with unabated steadfastness. There is a ripeness now in Christendom, which had no existence in former times. The mere pagan has remained stationary; the fervour of Islamism has long been extinguished. We alone go forward towards the consummation. There was a fulness of time before Our Lord could come in humility; a fitness and ripeness for it in the condition of the human race. And there must also be a fulness of time for His second coming in glory; a fitness and ripeness in the nations of Christendom for the bringing in of the everlasting kingdom. The harvest of the earth must become ripe, before the Angel thrusts in his sickle. And the harvest is twofold. The wheat of the field must be gathered into the barn of the husbandman; while the tares, equally ripe for perdition, must be separated from them, and bound in bundles to be burned. This is the judgment of the quick; and we believe that He shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and that His Kingdom, then searched and purified, shall be everlastingly established.

Let us again recapitulate: "He declareth the end from the beginning." In the beginning He sets up an economy, shadowing forth in its leading features and its truth, that "world to come," to which man's hopes are directed, embodying in the typical economy, the very eternal principles

of unity, order, society, polity, and government, which are given once for all for the whole human family forever; so that when the Kingdom comes, it can be the revelation and development of no new principles in the moral government of God; of no new fact or feature in the elements and composition of the divine commonwealth, except as to the fulfilment of things foreshadowed or foretold. "That which was from the beginning;" that which was "with God;" that which was communicated, though in symbol or phrase obscure, to Adam, in the day when man was created male and female, when God "called their name Adam," and constituted them into a unity, and blessed them; that which was continued in all the divine dispensations, enlarging under each successive one--that, and that only, which shall be seen in the end, when He hath made all things new, and given the fulness of substance for every type and shadow ever set up. The economy of Moses developed no new principle. It merely took up and used, as types can do, "that which was from the beginning," applying to a separated people, called out of the general apostacy, that which at first was common to them all. For Adam was the type of the one to come more fully than Moses could be; and therefore, the economy of Moses could not embody more truth, nor set forth more deep and everlasting principles, nor exhibit more of the great features of the divine polity, than are to be found in the case of Adam. The minutæ of detail under the law is the chief, if not the only difference. Even "the tabernacle of witness," as to the main fact of it, was less like "the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched," than was the family of Adam as constituted of God, and which had the privileges of the Divine Presence in it. For Adam's family was a company of persons, with God among them, and bound by Him in a holy unity, which is just what "the true tabernacle" is universally shewn to be throughout the Gospel. The tabernacle of Moses was made of inanimate things; the other was a polity of persons. And such is the "true tabernacle." Hence it is said: "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." And this is the only fitting language for men to use; because, without Him, nothing can be holy, nothing can be strong. He alone is the true bond of unity among men. He gives ordinances, that by and through them He may speak to men, and teach and instruct them, and bless and keep them; for whosoever receives those sent by Him, receives Him who sends them, even "God over all, though all, in all."

Thus is the end declared, both at and from

the beginning, in a continuous course of declaratory word and act. His first act; His intermediate acts; the whole course of His providence; these are all from one; are all in unison, and point to and declare the end. This one great end shall be seen in the accomplishment, when all things are put under his feet, and God shall be all in all. The great unity shall be accomplished when "the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed. It shall break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms; and it shall stand forever, even forever and ever."

NO. III.

It has been shewn that unity is made up of units or parts bound together by a common law, and constituted under a headship. In the solar system, which has been adduced as an example in material nature, gravitation is the common law, and headship is in the sun. All parts of it mutually act upon each other under this law; and the greatest power resides in the greatest body. The sun being vastly greater than all the rest together, of necessity holds the place of headship among them; and their united force being so much inferior, they all move obediently round him, without dragging him from his central position.

The projectile force, under which the planets move, is wholly independent in its origin, and as to their continual motion under it, of the law of gravitation, under which they move round the sun; and yet, without it they could not so move. The projectile is held in a certain obedience to the central force: and the system stands constituted in an active unity under the two forces in operation. If either should cease, the system would fly asunder under the one, or fall down into a common heap under the other. But it stands, and stands in the free action of its several parts, under the compound operation of the severally independent powers,—independent in their origin, or, one not derived from the other, though they are made to act in unison to a common end. For the continued operation of the law of gravity no more produces the projectile force than that force produces the tendency towards the centre. And yet, without both in operation, the solar system could not exist. The projectile force is then from without the system, and may be considered practically, as self-originated in each individual planet.

But let us contemplate a unity composed of individual persons, all free moral agents, acting from themselves at their own spontaneous will. Let us call it an intellectual and moral unity. Material nature may furnish striking types and illustrations of such a unity, but it cannot fur-

nish it with laws. But this unity must be based upon a central person, furnishing headship and law to the whole, as the sun furnishes headship and law to the solar system. And each person, as he has a separate personality of his own, to be preserved in its integrity forever, so must he have a free will, with power to originate and suspend his own actions at pleasure. He must have a will in some sense, and to some extent independent of the central will of the person giving law to the unity; for, if not, we cannot conceive of an intellectual and moral unity, or of the laws of mind as any way different from the laws of matter. The freedom of the individual mind is shadowed by the freedom of the individual planet, (as to its projectile motion,) from the law of gravity residing in the centre. But yet in the unity of persons there must be the binding of all the personal wills to the one will of the central person, from which, also, a real power should act upon all the persons, and be a real basis, upon which, they should stand and act as their only support; so that acting from themselves in their own personal freedom, they should also act under direction and control from that person, so as to do nothing contrary to the common law of his will. The members must act from themselves, and be acted upon by and under subordination to the head, or they cannot be an active social unity or body corporate. Their acting without, or in contradiction to him, would destroy the unity, and dissolve the body; and his action on them, without their own free action, would operate like the attraction of the sun, without the projectile force of the planets. And there can be no real moral unity among men which is not constituted and made such, under the pervading operation of these fundamental principles, as in one body, having but one life.

In nature, the law of gravity is instead of a will. It is identically the same in all the heavenly bodies; and the planets revolve round the sun, merely because the quantity of gravitating force in it is greater than it is in them. But moral power, (if this is the proper term for expressing what is meant,) though it can be illustrated by physical power, cannot be measured by it any more than mind can be measured by matter. Neither can the moral obedience of mind be measured by the physical obedience of matter. In one case there can be no moral motive; in the other, none other can have place. In a moral unity, or one of persons, (not of things,) the binding power should be, on one side, authority clothed with, and acting in condescension, in and from love, as a moving attracting power: on the other, love clothed with humility, and acting

in obedience to the person or will of the superior, and being drawn by the attracting power of his love. And here is involved the fact of his known character for goodness as well as power. "We love him, because He first loved us." "It is love that keepeth the commandment." Here is moral power, and the central binding force of moral unity.

Again, let us take a tree. It is but one, though it has many branches, each like itself. They all stand in the unity of one tree, all developed by the operation of the same life, as a common law, and which once lay dormant in a seed, and began from it as a unit, but is now expanded into a beautiful thing of many parts, all united in one body. "I am the vine: ye are the branches."

But, let us look at the constitution of a kingdom, and we shall find it originating from, and standing in a unit. The king is the father, foundation, centre, head, and container of the whole body politic. He is the sole source and fountain of all the branches of the commonwealth; of all honours, dignities, titles, offices, and power. He is the sole legislator; and his fiat converts empty words into law, binding up a whole nation into his own personal will, sole and central. He is the sole executor of law, and in his name and power in his ministering servants, is that which sustains and justifies them in all their lawful actions. He is everywhere; the life and energy of all departments, and for every purpose and end which may be pursued. His death is the virtual dissolution of the state, as the loss of the head is the dissolution of the whole body. For this would be the inevitable fate of a body politic, deprived of its head forever, or even for a protracted period. It is the nullification of all law; the severance of all bonds; the casting down of all power; the vacation of all office; the breaking down of all defences; the abrogation of all names and titles of honor; the reduction of the commonwealth into a mere mass of disconnected units. Hence in law it is said that "the king never dies;" is never absent from any part of his dominions; never vacates his throne a moment; but lives in his successor, who steps into his place even while he is going out of it. Truth, justice, power and mercy continually meet in him, and go forth from him. "The king can do no wrong." He is beneficially present and active everywhere; lives in all his people; is the sleepless guardian of their lives and privileges, and their speedy avenger against every oppressor.

It is freely admitted that, under one view, all this is but fiction; for, naturally, it is impossible; and historically and practically it never has been true. Hitherto it has been a theory, rather than

a fact. But it has not been unmixed and gratuitous fiction. It is true that the king has been regarded as the real head of his kingdom, and the fountain of all honor, commission, and power; the real legislator and head executor, and in a sense, the father of his people. For the king's name has always been necessary, in every kingdom, to all law and authority; so that even the private occupations of life have been under the authority and protection of the crown. Nay, life and property may be said to be at his disposal; for in certain cases he could always take away both. And this proves that no man, a subject, can have an absolute and indefeasible right in anything. If he had, public justice could not take it from him. He evidently should hold all on the tenure of his good behaviour. But in the most one sided view there is much more in these things than theory and legal fiction. They were never set up for mere shew and make-believe,—for the sake of effect and impression on the mind. There is an eternal foundation for them, and therefore a necessity for their practical application to the condition and wants of human society. The practically fictitious or more theoretic part has always stood in the divine perfections, and in so far is not mere theory; and therefore has had a measure of practical force and value in human economy. For indeed that which is wholly a lie, and utterly unlike any truth, could have no applicability to human nature and human wants, nor operate as a principle to the production of anything but evil. Even false religions are better than atheism, as that is the denial of every truth and every virtue. For every counterfeit is based upon the credit of some reality.

It is the declared purpose of God to bring in among men "that which is perfect," when "that which is in part shall be done away." To that perfect state, the things of which we have spoken do continually testify, and as it were, invite men to pray and labour for its speedy advent. The things hitherto regarded as legal fictions have their archetype in God, and speak of a coming and universal Kingdom, the Head of which is perfection itself, and testify of the universality of His searching powers, and the strength of His name, and the gathering of all things unto Himself, and the making His will the rule of law to all, and the binding of every person to Him in the unity of love in one body, in the bonds of everlasting peace. And these "fictions" have been set up by men of real wisdom, of true philanthropy, of enlarged views, of deep knowledge, and of comprehensive understanding. They have not done so for the sake of mere popular effect, but from the knowledge and fear of God, and a

true desire to benefit mankind. And as perfection in wisdom, power, goodness and happiness, are set before us as objects of hope in the ages to come, it is of the height of wisdom to place continually before the mind, in the practical forms and organization of human society, the ideal of that very perfection which we hope for, as a fit subject of constant contemplation, and the supreme object of hope and desire.

But the present prevailing doctrines and practice go to cast odium on these old things as mere dishonest state-craft in rulers, and degrading superstition in the people. The new *doctrinaires* teach that unity and unanimity are unattainable: that the majority, *as mere multitude*, is the only rightful source of honor and power in the state, and that "the wishes of the majority" should be the rule of law. And as the prevalence of these new doctrines must ultimately destroy all human society, the "*doctrinaires*" are among the worst enemies of the human race.

In the theory of the British constitution, both Houses of Parliament are the creatures of the king's will. Whatever of power is in them is derived from him alone. They derive nothing whatever, either from themselves or from the people. All patents of nobility proceed from the sovereign, and the House of Lords is constituted under his authority. He also constitutes the House of Commons. He commands the people to *choose* persons; but his fiat *makes* them into a House, and constitutes them a branch of his council for the good of the realm. The mere subject can constitute nothing. Even the transference of power by a common letter of attorney is under and by the authority of the Crown; and to some extent the king gives authority to every subject to act his own free unshackled pleasure. Before entering on their duties the Commons swear allegiance to the king, not to the people, for they owe them none. The voters at elections are not constituents, as now foolishly and perniciously called, in any sense. The king is the sole and only *constituent* in the kingdom. If a subject constitutes anything, it is by a power derived from the monarch; and so the monarch is the real doer of it. By his power the subject does whatever he may lawfully do. The coherence, the power, the honor, the responsibility of all corporations, are derived from him. Votes *confer* no right whatever; they are merely a conditional preliminary required by the king before he consents to confer the right of sitting in the council of the nation. Anciently the king called the commons directly; now he nominates them through the choice of certain of his subjects. The theoretic reason of this is, that

commons have better discernment in things local to themselves, which things are yet of vital importance to the whole body. An election amounts to no more than a nomination to office; but it is in the right of the king to confirm or neglect the nomination, for all candidates should have certain qualifications fixed by law, besides the mere choice of the people, so that they cannot force the king to accept any one on the mere ground of their choice. This would be a breach of the constitution; and such, the forcing of a Jew into the House of Commons, is intended to be, tending to the destruction of the freedom of the Sovereign and the authority of the Crown. Neither can the electors *swear in* the persons elected; their doing so would virtually dethrone the head of the state. Both Houses of Parliament are, in law, regarded as but parts of a unity, whose sole bond and cohesive power is in the king. Take him away, and of necessity they are reduced to an anarchy—a *without head*, or principality, as the word signifies, and as history too sadly proves.

Social unity is unattainable, except upon the principles herein set forth; and without such unity human prosperity and happiness cannot exist. If there is a body politic of many members, there must be a head, recapitulating and binding them all into one. That head must be an individual person, whose sole will must stand as public law, whose sole power must hold all others in obedience. This is the theory. It is said that "truth is mighty, and will prevail." But how can it unless made to do so by the power of a person? How can law prevail without personal administration? How can persons be subjugated to an abstract law, an ideality? Truth must become concrete in a person of power to subdue other persons, or truth can conquer no one, for no law, written or verbal, can be its own executor. Law-giving is from a person, is addressed to persons, and is made available to personal administration. This is the only rational theory of fixed and stable government, and it is the theory of the British constitution.

Men may make "a confederacy;" but a confederacy is not a unity. It has as many heads as parts, and therefore, is a headless monster. For headship cannot stand in a number of equals; because equals are independent of each other, unless bound together by a common head, greater than them all. In a confederacy, there is neither fatherhood, nor brotherhood, nor central will, nor bond of union. There is in it no controlling power. The moment such a power arises, it ceases to be a confederacy, and assumes the form of a kingdom. For it is supremacy which con-

stitutes unity; not the self-interests of independent equals. It is by subjugation only, either forced or voluntary, that equals can be combined into a unity, and knit into one body. For what again is a confederacy? It is a mutual agreement or league between severally independent parties, having no cognizable superior to interfere with them. They have no bond of union for lack of an ordinance over them to make them one. And a confederacy is in continual danger of being torn asunder by mutual jealousies, arising from ambition, fear, or selfishness. All attempted government by an aristocracy, without a king, abundantly proves the rule, for it never has succeeded.

But aristocracy under the crown is an essential element in the right composition of a state, as without it *balance of power* cannot be established. It corresponds to the large branches of a tree, or the chief bones of a skeleton. So, aristocracy has its important place in the body politic, interposing between the monarch and the people, and balancing one part of the state against another, or sustaining its own part in a common and necessary equipoise. It is not that one faction should be set to counteract the ambition of another faction, that the king might manage and rule them both; but that the whole body politic might stand upright, as a man stands upon his two legs, supporting both the body and the head. The state is composed of all parts,—king, aristocracy, commons. It requires them all to counsel for the whole body; and in council, the king is present, and the aristocracy is present, and the people are present by their representatives. The feeling, thinking, and acting of each are needful to the good of the whole: but they should act together; and one part cannot take the place of another, and feel and think and act as it would. And yet, each one should feel and think and act for the whole body. The hand cannot perform the functions of the head, nor the feet those of the hand. Yet, the proper functions of all of them are needful to the common good of all. The king has wisdom, and the aristocracy has wisdom, and the people have wisdom. But the wisdom of no one of these is the wisdom of the whole state, neither can it serve all the purposes of it. Nor is the wisdom of the three identical; for then one might serve the purposes of all. That of each is different in kind, not in quantity; and the sum of wisdom is thus attainable. One is wise in one department of things; the second in another; and the third in another. But they are all things pertaining to the same body; and the interest of all should be attended to for the well-being of all: for the interest of one is also that of all. The

balance of the constitution, in which the body stands, is thus provided for in each part taking its own place, and there discharging its own functions, leaving its fellow part to do the same in its own department without interference; "all the members" thus "caring for one another." For each should know its own place, and attend to the discharge of its own duties: which would be a real scheme of mutual and necessary checks. All this should be done in unity, unanimity and peace, because "the body is one," and would be destroyed by one part destroying another part under the wicked pretence of "radical reform."

For these reasons there should be but one mind in all, and so but one creed, whether religious or political: for diversity and contradiction must render unity of counsel and action impossible. (Of course it is here assumed that in this theory the majority principle has no place.) For as all truth and all power came originally from One, that One should be recognised and honored in both our political and religious creeds; but if the state has no religious creed, (and such it might have had without an "establishment"): or if each man has a political creed of his own; or, which amounts to the same thing, the state has none at all, it is a mere atheistical body, alike destitute of truth or principle, and its action can be little else than stark anarchy. And verily, where all political doctrine or conduct is made dependent on the ever-changing "wishes of the majority," creed is altogether out of the question, for creed implies something that is true and immutable, and therefore not the object of endless speculation and discovery. But as the investigation of this matter cannot here be attempted, suffice it to say, that in this essay we are dealing with theory, which ought to be true in practice, rather than with practice proceeding upon true theory, for no body politic has ever yet acted out anything like a true theory.

Moreover, all the parts of a body politic standing in a constitution ought to be alike permanent, for the reason that the members of the human body are permanent. In such a body, become ultimately perfect, the same persons, each in his place, would remain forever. There could be no rotation in office—no abolishing an old office and setting up a new one—nothing experimental. We see nothing of the kind in the human body, which always has the same number of members and functions, each of which ever remains in the same relative position, and retaining the same office and use. While individuals are removeable by death, that state of permanance is best represented in families. Thus, in the British constitution, each estate stands in family succession. The

king lives in family descent, and so do the peers and commons. That the commons so stand is proven by the fact, that the son, or sons, inherit from the father the property qualification for, and the privilege of, voting for a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and also that of being eligible to the same seat; and if a man may be ennobled for his merit to a seat among the peers, he may also be raised on the same ground of merit, that is, of earning a property qualification to all the privileges of commoners. In this sense, each branch of the body politic is on a perfect equality with the others. The act of the king is seen in each case of promotion; for if the peer has been personally ennobled by the personal act of the king, the same king has enacted the law under which a man is raised to the privileges of a commoner.

It is assumed in this theory that the three estates, standing each in a separate class, and the class perpetuated in families, are all equally essential to a right national constitution, and therefore all equally good and valuable, equally necessary to each other in the body, and on this ground, equally honorable. The envy and boasting, then, of one estate against another, is irrational, suicidal, and monstrous.

There is no greater absurdity than the attempt at an aristocracy, either by periodical election (by the people or otherwise,) or by a personal life-appointment; and it is grossly irrational, and also dishonest, to cry down a family aristocracy or royalty, and at the same time boast in the family privileges of commoners. There is also the same reason for an elective king as for an elective aristocracy; and if the lower branch of the Legislature stands in family descent and inheritance, as it most certainly does, no reason can be shewn why either of the others should be deprived of the same privilege.

This most important point has been overlooked by all politicians and political economists, and misrepresented by all who have clamoured against the exclusiveness of family privileges. It is the same insanity that clamours after universal suffrage, or all rights without any qualification, even the right to the enjoyment of all things without earning anything. But innovators will stop at nothing; as we may see by the doings of the socialists, and communists, and red republicans, who seek to destroy all distinctions by reducing all men to the lowest possible denomination, and thus destroying all the materials out of which it is possible to construct a body politic. "For a body is not one member, but many, and all the members have not the same office." This policy would produce the despotism of anarchy,

kept alive by all bad passions let loose; in comparison with which an eastern despotism would be a paradise.

It is indeed melancholy to witness the efforts that are making either to destroy aristocracy, root and branch, or to make it the mere slave of the popular will. Those who do so are wickedly ignorant that in their work of pulling down the objects of their abhorrence, they are doing that which must ensure their own destruction.

The so-called constitution of the United States prohibits the existence of any materials out of which a body politic can be rationally constructed. This it does by prohibiting all hereditary names and titles of honor, all family nobility. In this it excludes everything which can symbolize and remind us of permanence and durability, and witnesses to nothing but perpetual turmoil and change,—to revolution without limit but that which limits human capacity. It admits of nothing which symbolizes the union of strength and immutability; nothing to remind one of union but its motto; or of religion but the worship of self and the will of the majority. It opens every possible office to every body, but allows nobody to remain in office long enough to understand its duties or attain a just sense of its responsibilities. Of course *professions* are not here meant. This economy is the best calculated to train men in ambition, presumption, dissembling, and dishonesty. And it is peculiar to the democratic creed to regard *the mass* as good, and wise, and prudent, and strong, and in all respects competent to "self-government." In so far the mass is regarded as infallible. If not, it is wickedly absurd to say that the will of the people should in all things be obeyed, and that rulers are merely their servants. An American reviewer, Brownson, a professed democrat, defines democracy to be "that form of government which vests the sovereignty in the people as population, and which is administered by the people either in person or by their representatives. In relation to it the people are assumed to be what God Almighty is in the universe, the first cause, the medial cause, the final cause. It emanates from them; is administered by them, and for them." This enunciation of the democratic creed assumes the perfection and infallibility of "the people as population." But the moment an individual out of this infallible mass is separated and exalted to office, he is assailed from all sides as a miscreant not fit to be trusted out of sight in the smallest matter. But certainly the individuals of an infallible multitude ought to be as good as the mass out of which they are taken; and so the creed and the conduct of the

model nation for all the world to copy after, as the Americans claim to be, exhibit the very acme of contradiction and absurdity, too gross, one might think, to deceive a child.

It is not meant to be insinuated that the Americans are worse or naturally inferior to other people. It is democracy as such to which attention is called; and with them it is embodied in the most specious forms. Democracy says that the will of the people, as population, should be obeyed. The public will, or law of the land, must then be the expression of that which is mere population, and of but one class. Out of this class every public functionary, legislative or executive, must be taken. For where there is no family king, or nobles, there can be in reality but one order in the state; and all possible functionaries belong to that order. They are "common people" by the decision of the constitution, before they are made "the servants of the people," and while they are such, and after they cease to be such. And certainly as the work cannot be greater than the workman, "the common people" cannot confer a nobility which they have not. In such case constitutional names are all a sham. Balance of power among different orders in the body politic is out of the question; for there is but one order in the state, and all its tendencies must therefore be in one direction, preponderating one way. Faction of necessity must assume the place of constitutional action. It is faction which puts men in power, and the same faction strives to keep power in its own hands. Each functionary becomes the servant of his own faction, and the affairs of the nation are invariably managed to serve, not the nation, but the faction whose servant the functionary is. His political enemies did not put him into power, and it is a perversion of language to call him their servant or their friend. Patriotism, broad patriotism as such, in such a scheme, can have no place; and if an individual chance to have it, it is the growth of something extraneous to the constitution. Faction is the highest form to which ambition can aspire under a democracy; and in strictness of truth faction and party have universally prevailed wherever and whenever the majority principle has prevailed. For its very presence necessitates and perpetuates faction. In this the United States are very far from being singular; they have merely done "as Rome does."

The British Constitution has been the product of national growth; and the writer does not hesitate to say he believes that, under the hand of Providence, there has been embodied in it very much of theoretic perfection. No scheme was

struck out on paper as a theory, and then the nation forced into it; but it has been elaborated through the national mind, and has resulted from the continuous action of the whole body through centuries of conflict and suffering; all alike ignorant of the ultimate national attainment. The pressure of wants gave rise to laws and customs; and these not only moulded the constitution, but gave expression to the national will. But this will though arising from the whole body, and elaborated through the legislative action of all its estates, in a high, real, and practical sense, became the will of the king as head of the body, binding all his subjects, because it must receive his sanction before becoming public law; to which also the king conformed, though in a figure placed above the law. And verily the king could never enact a law by which to try and condemn himself. He that is above all cannot be judged by any.

But previously to the advent of the balance of power principle,—the balance of right between the several estates or parts of the constitution, they struggled on through much violence, confusion and uncertainty. The nobles sought to humble the king and oppress the people: or the king sought to establish arbitrary power over both: or one was used for the humiliation of the other: or rival claimants to the throne involved the nation in blood: or the people rose against the hand of oppression. At one time the commons overthrew both the throne and the aristocracy. At length came what was esteemed a settlement of the constitution, and the limitation of the powers and functions of each part of it. But the nation has never been stationary in what has been attained. It has never known when to restrain its energies or how to direct them. The proof is, our present deplorable condition; which is the fruit of our own tree. Factions have assumed the mask of constitutional liberty for their own selfish ends. The popular element has struggled into the ascendancy; and a real democracy rises on the ruins of the constitutional monarchy, without yet dispensing with its names and forms. Unconstitutional "Leagues," for party purposes, have stormed the bulwarks of the state, and swept away the barriers of rational freedom. And indeed constitutional freedom must fall whenever one estate carries against the others the policy of—"I have no need of thee!" Carthage is then demolished.

The great question as to who is the ultimate Head and Originator, and Bestower of power, and how it should be conveyed down and established among men, is purposely left out of this discussion. Not that it is unimportant: by no means; for it must at some time be forced upon the attention of men so that they cannot escape from it, as we have done heretofore. But it is deemed sufficient for the present purpose merely to allude to principles standing in the political creed of our fathers, recognizing that power is from God alone, and that the king shall be regarded as "the Lord's Anointed."

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER VI.

At the palace royal of the Scottish monarch, whither they repaired at the solicitation of his majesty, from the glorious field of Largs, the earl of Glenelvin with his three valiant sons, and noble ally, remained several days, ere they returned to Ayrshire. The heart of the earl bounded with joy as the proud turrets of Glenelvin castle broke upon his view, for they spoke to his soul of the pure domestic peace he had learned to prize so dearly, of the beautiful wife to whom he had given his heart's first love, and whose endearing virtues had, as time wore on, but bound the chain more closely. There, too, was his fair Isabella, the light and joy of his noble house, and there was centred his all of happiness. The brothers too were anxious to regain their home, and quiet the mother and sister whom they loved; and oh! how did the heart of Francis d'Auvergne throb with rapture at the thought of meeting again his beautiful ladye love. Hope inspired each heart, and joy beckoned them onward. But what was their horror, their dismay, when on reaching the castle, they were informed by the almost frantic mother, that two days before the lady Isabella had disappeared, and as yet no intelligence could be gained concerning her; she had gone out to visit a poor cottage, and had never returned. All was now confusion, and alarm. The most probable conjecture was, that some marauding party of the retreating host of Haquin, had crossed her path, and that she was now in the power of a fearful enemy. In this dreadful emergency what could be done? If she were indeed a captive to the Norwegian power, stratagem alone could effect her rescue. At that particular juncture, it would have been almost impossible for any Scotsman to gain access to the Norwegian court, and a painful death might have awaited his presumption, without effecting anything in behalf of the fair captive; consequently it was not in the power of the distracted earl, or his sons, to render her any assistance. But Francis, whose soul was roused to frenzy, determined to repair at once to the Orkneys, and if possible

release her from her captor's power. He felt that the whole happiness of his future life was involved, that unless he achieved her restoration to her friends and home, no joyous thrill could again visit his heart. He knew not how deeply dear she was to him, until he found her torn from him, perhaps forever, and in the madness of the moment, he swore never to abandon the search while one hope existed that she might yet be discovered. Having secured a passage in a French trading vessel, he arrived at the Orkneys, where, in consequence of the illness of Haquin, the Norwegian court now resided; and here the young French nobleman was received with true hospitality. The amity existing between the French and Norwegians lulled all suspicion, and he was received by the Norwegian nobles with the most distinguished regard; he was conversant with their language, and this he believed made his scheme far more feasible. But though he mingled freely with his entertainers, and frequented every place of public resort; though not a whispered sentence escaped his vigilant ear; though not a glance, however furtive, was exchanged, of which he did not note the import, yet could he obtain no clew, to convince him that Isabella was actually a captive to the Norwegian power. What could he do? to return until convinced that his suspicion was groundless, he would not; but how was he to gain the information he sought? Direct inquiry would have defeated his purpose, and brought danger on his own head. But while his mind was distracted by the formation of numerous plots, which were abandoned as soon as formed, a chance circumstance led at once to the whole truth.

He was sitting one afternoon with a young officer of distinction, who after some general remarks, began relating to him the events of the Scottish campaign. The officer was communicative, and dwelt with much minuteness on every particular, their descent on the Western Isles, their subjugation, particularly the conquests of Beste and Arran; their invasion of the Scottish coast; and then with much apparent interest, he described the different scenes of the bloodstained

field of Largs; the hard contested fight, the valor of both armies, the nearly gained victory; the arrival of Glenelvin's reinforcement; the fall of Norse, and the final triumph of the Scots—all which events Francis listened to, with much apparent interest, although his knowledge of them was nearly equal to his informer's, and consequently he was assured of the correctness of the narration. But how intensely did he catch each word which fell from the lips of his companion, as he spoke of the retreat of the Norwegians, every moment expecting to hear the capture of the Lady Isabella spoken of; but he listened in vain. He had traced the retreating fugitives from the plain of Largs in safety to their vessels, had conducted them over the bosom of the deep, and landed them securely at the Orkneys, and yet he named her not, nor did any sentence of his discourse, even refer to her. Francis felt a thrill of deep disappointment! Was it possible that she had not fallen into the hands of the Norwegians? And if not, what could possibly be her fate? But he resolved to make assurance fully sure, and assuming a carelessness of voice and manner which little accorded with the violent throbbing of his heart, he asked:

"But did you take no captives? Did not you bear hither any of the enemy, whose fate may damp the nation's exultation? not one, even one, whose absence may wring with anguish kindred hearts? one whose bondage may proclaim you not quite without a triumph?"

"Not one," answered the officer, "but I have been told that there is a little romantic adventure connected with our retreat. I have heard, that two of our men, when in the vicinity of Ayr, had taken a by-path in consequence of being behind the main body, by which means they hoped to overtake their companions; thus by chance they crossed the path of a lovely young lady, the daughter of a haughty earl; but ere, they had proceeded many paces with their struggling prize, three ruffians rushed from a thicket, and prepared to rescue her from their hands. They said they were employed by a young German baron, (to whom she had once been promised in marriage, but whom she had now rejected for a more noble wooer,) to bear her away to the Isle of Man, where they were to deliver her up to the arms of their employer, and receive from him the reward of their services. A compromise was at length effected, and for a sufficient compensation, our men resigned her to the agents of the German, and thus nought remains to grace our luckless expedition!"

With deep emotion had Francis listened to this recital, and despite his mighty efforts to preserve

his composure, a convulsive shudder shook his frame, when he learned that his Isabella was in the power of his fearful rival. What might ere this have been her fate! His very soul revolted from the thought, and, although he spoke not, the lineaments of his face betrayed the feelings of his soul, and his companion, as he gazed upon him, felt assured that idle curiosity alone had never prompted his visit to the Norwegian court. He arose and walked leisurely from the room, and ere half an hour had elapsed, Francis d'Auvergne was arrested as a spy. Too honorable to stoop to falsehood, he at once admitted that his visit to the Orkneys was prompted by the hope of gaining intelligence of the lady Isabella, whom he supposed the followers of Haquin had captured in their retreat.

But what did this avail him, among a people enraged against the partisans of the Scottish monarch? His very confession had implicated him, for his interest in the daughter of a Scottish noble, implied his friendship for her native land; and the fact that he had so immediately followed the Norwegians to the Orkneys, was convincing evidence that he was in Scotland at the time of their defeat, else he could not so soon have learned her absence. To this, he had nothing to oppose, and the noble son of the Duke of Avignon was condemned to an ignominious death, and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, to await the fulfilling of his doom. Here, without even a little straw to serve him for a bed, with no seat but the rocky floor of his cell, wholly excluded from the cheerful light of day, was he left to reflect on his hapless fate, and calm his mind to meet with firmness the dreadful moment of his execution. For more than an hour he paced the narrow limits of his prison, in a state but too nearly allied to madness. He could not reflect on his fearful situation, for reflection had fled from him, and he could not concentrate his thoughts into a connected channel. He only felt that he was a prisoner excluded from the society of his fellow men, shut out from all he valued on earth, while over his head was impending a fearful doom; he must die the felon's death, with no heart to pity, no eye to weep his early fall, but with the united execrations of a nation upon him, he must go down to his dishonored grave. He sank at last on the rocky floor of his cell, and the frenzy of his brain gave place to deep and agonizing gloom, more dreadful to endure than the wildness which preceded it. He strove to calm the fever of his mind, and quiet his disordered faculties, but in vain; and thus for several hours he sat, racked by distracting thoughts, until at last nature was exhausted, and his cares were hushed in

soft repose. Yes, he slept; in that cold rocky cell, the child of affluence, slept long and sweetly, for no dark guilt rested on him, to inspire his dreams with horror; but in that sweet oblivion, he ranged once more his native vales, or climbed lightly the verdant hills of his own loved France, while his sisters clustered around him in their innocent joy, and his fond parents smiled proudly on him. The scene changed, and he fought again beneath the banner of the cross on the plains of Judea, and glory wove a chaplet for his brows, and stamped upon him the hero's name; and crowned with honor, he returned in triumph to the home of his fathers. Again the scene changed, and with the beautiful Isabella by his side, he wandered on the banks of the gently rolling Doon, or climbed the hills of Glenelvin's wide domain. He breathed to her his vows of love, and the hand he held was not withdrawn, and in the extacy of his bliss, he awoke to misery and wretchedness; awoke to find himself the inmate of a gloomy dungeon, condemned to a horrid fate, to know that his eye must rest no more on the verdant plains of Avignon, or his footsteps roam through its sylvan groves; to feel that the hallowed scenes of home would be enjoyed by him no more. But his mind was now calmed; the fever of his brain was allayed, and he was capable of cool reflection.

But what joy could reflection bring? He thought of his father, mourning over the uncertain fate of one only and well-loved son; the inheritor of his name and wealth, torn from him, he knew not how, and lost for ever to those who fondly loved him. His tender mother, she who had watched over his helpless infancy, and rejoiced in his blooming youth—she who regarded him with all a mother's pride, and looked to him as the stay of her declining years; how would she bow in anguish beneath the blow which deprived her of her son! His lovely sisters, too, how would they weep his untimely fate, and mourn for the brother around whom the affections of their hearts had entwined so fondly. The gay blooming Antoinette; the fair pale Marie, and lovely petted Louise, how would they bewail his hapless destiny! But a feeling deeper still, an image still more fondly cherished, a being more beloved than all, arose to his mind, and added the bitterest drop to his cup of misery. Oh! how did his heart throb with anguish, as he thought of the lady Isabel, now in the hands of a vindictive rival, and he, alas! denied the power to save her. He thought of the sufferings which she must endure, so young, so unused to the hardships of life, seized by the rough hands of unpitying soldiers, to be borne for ever from her childhood's home, and the

friends whose affections were all her own; and then to be by them consigned to a fate if possible still more dreadful, to find herself in the power of the man, whose hand she had rejected, and in whose bosom rankled deep wrathful feelings; to find herself borne far, far from all who might give her aid, and feel that they might never know her fate; and then came thoughts of what she must suffer, from the renewed offers of affection of Gustavus, and the violent measures to which he might resort, in order to induce her to yield to him her hand, until in his anguish for the loved one his own fate was almost forgotten, or remembered only as he mourned to think that he possessed not the power to save her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,
And health comes rustling on the gale,
Clouds are careering through the sky,
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;
Nature as soft and pensive seems
As I have met her in my dreams."

In anguish worse than the agony of death, in bitterness of heart, which none but the condemned criminal can ever know, did two days pass away in solitude and darkness. Oh! how he longed to behold once more the cheerful light of noon, to look on the old familiar face of nature—to see the glorious orb of day riding majestic far on high, and mark the light silvery clouds, which vary the beautiful azure of the cerulean vault of heaven. Full well he knew, that the coming morn would usher in the day which would close his bright young day of life; that on the morrow, his sun of existence would set in the darkness of death; that his name would be blotted from the roll of mortality, and soon forgotten, save by those who would long weep over his uncertain fate; but yet he almost wished for the fatal hour, that he might for one short moment again behold the light of day. No messenger of salvation came to whisper consolation to the departing soul, and soothe the anguish of his aching heart; but alone in the thick darkness, which no faint ray of sunshine was permitted to enliven, he sat awaiting the consummation of his doom. He heard the midnight hour tolled from a distance, and knew that a few hours were all that remained to him.

"It is fit that my few remaining moments should be devoted to Heaven!" he said. "Yes, the God who has willed my fate shall have my latest thought, and with a prayer for His forgiveness of my many offences breathing on my lips, shall my soul go up to meet its eternal doom!"

And the stern warrior of the cross sank on his knees, and poured out his soul in humble prayer. Long and fervent were the aspirations of his soul, and in his deep devotion, all things earthly were forgotten. At length a distant noise startled him—it was the well known sound produced by unlocking the great iron door which secured the passage which led to the dungeons of which his own low cell was one; and as he knew not the precise hour appointed for his execution, he trembled lest his hour had come. "Oh! 'tis dreadful!" he murmured to himself, "to meet my fate without the presence one kind friend—one to whom to look for support in the sad hour—to go alone to a dishonored grave, and amid the thick gloom of night, without even the bright rays of the golden sun to smile upon me, and inspire my heart with firmness, to yield up my spirit to its God; but be it so, the fearful struggle will soon be over, and this throbbing, anxious heart, will be forever at rest in the silent grave. To thy will, oh! my Saviour, I commit myself, and thou wilt sustain me!"

Light footsteps approached the door of his cell, and then for a moment all was hushed in silence. Then the key was cautiously applied to the lock—the bolts moved slowly backward with a harsh creaking noise—the door swung open, but still all was deep darkness, and no person was visible through the intense gloom. There was a moment of painful suspense, and already Francis believed himself the subject of a strange wild dream, when at length his name was spoke by a soft low voice, whose dulcet tone thrilled his soul with joyous emotions.

"What would you?" he asked, "and who 'mid this thick gloom has sought my prison? Name thy mission, for I cannot endure this horrible suspense!"

"I come to free you from your dungeon—to save you from your painful doom—to restore you to life, to your native land, and to much, I hope, of earthly happiness! But delay not; the night wears away, and ere the morning's dawn we must be far from here. Arise and follow me."

"But you, my generous deliverer, will not your kindness involve you in difficulty? Nay! if discovered, will it not cost thee thy life?"

"Speak not of me, but follow me quickly, lest you should be prevented from so doing! much depends on haste—and if the present moment is lost in idle delay, your doom is unavoidable—for with the rising sun, you die!"

Francis arose, and guided by the voice of his unknown deliverer, approached the door of the loathsome cell. A few steps brought him in contact with his visitant; but as his seized the arm

of his guide, he found it was a female, who had come to his deliverance. He started back, but the soft voice whispered him to follow, and clinging to her arm, he passed down the damp low passage which lay between the two ranges of dungeons, far down beneath the strong tower which formed the prison-house of the offending.

At length she paused, and seemed not quite certain of her course. But after a short time spent in searching about the damp moss-covered walls, she discovered a secret door, which having opened, a small entrance admitted them to a vaulted passage, which seemed to lead far away into the very bowels of the earth. For the first time, the thought occurred to Francis that he perhaps might be the victim of treachery, but he crushed the unkind thought, when he reflected that, while in his cell he was wholly in the power of his foes, and to resort to stratagem to lead him to some fearful doom were unnecessary. In silence he followed his unknown guide through the mazes of the subterranean vault, until hopes of ever emerging from it died away. Weary and dispirited, he was almost ready to cease his efforts for life and freedom. But still his mysterious guide passed lightly onward, and mechanically he followed her. At length she paused, and for a moment stood still; Francis did not break the silence which seemed to bind the faculties of both, but stood awaiting the motions of his guide. She stooped down and parted a thick clump of shrubs; they passed through the aperture and were in the open air. Carefully replacing a large flat stone which concealed the entrance of the passage, they emerged from the bushes and stood on the sea-coast. Above them arose a bank, many feet high, where bleak and barren rocks frowned down upon them, as if in anger at the liberty which smiled on the late unhappy Francis. Awhile he stood gazing on the clouded and gloomy sky, where no kind star twinkled in silvery lustre, as if to hail the captive and rejoice in his liberty. But though all around was drear and gloomy, Francis rejoiced to find himself once more set free from his detested and loathsome cell—to breathe once more the free pure air, unmixed with noxious vapors; to listen once more to the roar of the boundless ocean, and stand on its pebbly shore; to hear the wind murmuring among the forest trees, and know that for him the face of nature smiled again—and that he was restored to a world from which he had seemed cut off for ever.

His companion sang in a low voice, a few lines of a pathetic, rural song, and as she ceased, the sound of oars was heard, and the next moment a small boat, propelled by two stout oarsmen, drew

near the shore, and whispered that all was ready. Francis was about to express his thanks to his generous deliverer, supposing he was about to be transferred to other hands, when to his surprise, she stepped into the boat, and seating herself, directed the men to make at once for the village of Thurso, in the North of Scotland.

"It is far to Thurso, and the passage is a dangerous one," remarked one of the men. "I much fear we cannot reach it with safety, in this utter darkness!"

"We must try!" she answered; "it is the nearest point where safety awaits us."

The boat left the shore, and was soon floating on the bosom of the deep. The men observed much caution, as if they feared pursuit, until they were some distance from the shore. And then with vigorous arms they plied their oars, and gave promise of soon reaching the Scottish coast.

"I shall be free once more," cried Francis, as he took the hand of his deliverer; "and to thee will I owe my life! how shall I repay thy kindness?"

"Silence," whispered one of the boatmen, we are pursued! "hear ye not the sound of oars?"

They listened. It was evident that they were followed, for they could distinctly hear the dipping of oars not far away. And the heart of Francis sank within him, and at that fearful moment, as if to favor their pursuer, the full moon broke through the clouds, and lit up the western horizon with a brilliant flood of silvery light, and distinctly revealed to them, a large boat, well filled with men, whose gleaming weapons looked terrific to the terrified inmates of the lesser boat. A stern voice hailed them, and bade them surrender, but the oarsmen only plied their oars more vigorously, and they flew swiftly over the smooth surface of the deep. The moon again veiled her light; but at this moment the boat struck against a log of floating timber, and in a moment they were precipitated into the briny flood. Francis threw one arm around his fair companion, and with the other buffeted the waves. He felt that he could not long contend with the watery element, but he could not resign to certain death, one who had incurred such danger for his sake. At this moment he fortunately came in contact with the floating cause of their accident, clinging it, he was enabled to sustain both himself and his charge above the waters, while he felt himself gradually borne onward by the waves. He heard the rough voices of the Norwegians,

who were searching for the inmates of the smaller boat; he heard their cry of exultation, as the two boatmen—still clinging for safety to their little bark, fell captive to their power, while the heart-rending shrieks of the two poor wretches, told that they had met their fate.

At length, after a space of time, which seemed endless, the first faint ray of morning illumed the eastern sky, and a new alarm now seized Francis, that in the light he would be discovered; and the same light which for days he had so longed to hail, he now shrank from, until, as it increased, he discerned the wooded shores of what he thought must be the coast of Scotland, in his immediate vicinity. He turned his eyes to his companion, and beheld a face of extreme beauty, although the anxieties and fatigues of the past night had driven the roses from her cheek. She seemed in all the fullness of early youth, not more than fifteen years of age; her form was slight and fairy-like; her light brown hair, which from the agitation of the water, no longer hung in a rich profusion of ringlets around her neck and shoulders, but mingled in a floating mass, with the waves; her large dark eye was fixed on his face with an expression which thrilled his soul; but when his eye met hers, she smiled faintly, while a rich crimson hue spread itself over her face. Francis spoke not,—but hastened to regain the land, and with joy inexpressible, he once more stood on solid earth. He led the beautiful girl, now wholly dependant on his care, from the water, and seated her on a small spot of grass, beneath the shelter of a large tree; she was much exhausted, and as soon as seated on the grassy seat selected for her, nature yielded, and she sank into the arms of insensibility. Francis bent over her in kind solicitude, and at last succeeded in restoring her to life. But he soon found that, unless he could convey her to some place of shelter, where she might enjoy the care which her exhausted state required, the worst consequences might be feared from the adventures of the night. Her limbs no longer supported her sylph-like form; and when she spoke in answer to the questions he addressed her, it was with the utmost difficulty. He therefore determined to seek at once for a place to which to convey her, for he did not doubt that he was near the abodes of men, and leaving her still lying on the grass-plot, he went forth to seek assistance.

(To be continued.)

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.*

BY H. B. M.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WALK BY MOONLIGHT.

A merry group sallied forth from the mansion of Miss Wilmoth, on their way to the city of Stourbourg. It was moonlight, radiant as day, yet soft as pearl, and they sent away their carriages, and would walk home in company. On turning a corner of the road they came suddenly on the descent of the hill, and the city lay spread out before them. The citizens of Stourbourg record with pride, that the Prince de Joinville—who, albeit being the son of a king, is besides the most far travelled tourist of modern times, and therefore competent to afford valuable testimony on such matters,—on his visit to their city, affirmed it to be the most splendid and beautiful, in point of situation, of any collection of human dwellings he had ever visited. We think he was perfectly right. Surrounded on all sides by lofty hills wooded or cultivated to the top, with handsome villas it may be on their sides, and sloped off into gardens and vineyards, as they incline themselves into the plateau where the city stands; at the junction of three noble rivers, whose confluence has formed the valley where the buildings have been reared, it appears to sleep amidst rivers and mountains like some fragment of European civilization, taken and transported amid the rude *grandeurs* of the yet untamed regions of the West. Strange is it to see long piles of manufactories, with huge mill chimneys, iron forges and furnaces, lead works, salt works, manufactories of every sort, reared at the foot of those mountains and beside those rivers, where thirty years before the Indian hunted the otter and the bear, and alligators wandered among the reeds; where an unbroken forest covered the hill side, and nothing disturbed those waters but the shooting across of some chance solitary canoe. The city looked splendid in the moonlight. The rush and the roar of forges and factories in the day time, to which the blowing of all Vulcan's furnaces, I have often thought, could be but a child's whistle in comparison, were now hushed. The dense smoke, from which the buildings loomed out in the day-light as from amongst the

vapours of some Lethean pit, was now cleared away; and the unsightly black buildings, and awkward mill chimneys seemed transformed by the magic of the moonlight, into architectural monuments or palaces of fairy land. Only the rush and the red glow of the iron furnaces, as they sent their reflection up to the skies, and their long trains of smoke like some gigantic snake curling and winding on its way in the air between earth and heaven—showed that yet labour ceased not, but in reversal of the Divine decree, toiled on while nature slept. The three rivers slumbered in silver, except where the lights of a high pressure boat swept past like a shooting star, as with double engine, with its alternate "cough, cough," she passed on to her destination—thousands of miles away. A boat canal was cut like a line of silver, and ran parallel with the river like a miniature rivulet, as far as the eye could reach, till there arose at its termination on the outskirts of the city, a high hill crowned with a columned building, like a fair Grecian temple of the olden time.

Susan Anstey's mind was perhaps at this moment more full of the scene than of any other subject, though she was sensible of matters more nearly affecting herself and others interfering with her entire enjoyment of it. She, with her companion, quickly fell behind the others—a retardation which Underwood managed to accomplish, apparently in no way unseconded by her wishes. Little was spoken, for Miss Anstey seemed to have little inclination to broach any subject, and Underwood, though a great rattle, was apparently suffering from a slight degree of embarrassment which interfered with his usual volubility. At last he said:

"It was so kind of you to accompany me to-night, how can I thank you—feeling I have so many things to say to you, so much of import to my future happiness?"

"I knew you desired it," said Susan, "and therefore gave up my intention of remaining till to-morrow, resolving to walk home to-night."

"So generous—so kind"—interrupted Underwood hurriedly; "then I do not deceive myself, and you—?"

"Not another word!" said Susan, interrupting

him hastily ; " I know well what you would say. But it is better, indeed it is, for my sake and for your own, that you should say no more."

" How ! it is not possible ?"

" Impossible," returned she, " that we should ever be anything to each other but companions, and dear friends. You understand me—you have been so kind to me, dear Underwood, and I hope I have not wounded or offended you ; indeed it would pain me very much,"—and here poor Susan Anstey clasped his arm and burst into tears.

Underwood was moved, but his pride was touched. And besides he had imagined his attentions not altogether discouraged on Miss Anstey's part. More than that, why had she so ostentatiously afforded him an opportunity like the present ? It was pure coquetry, dallying with his affections—in short a trap—nothing else. He was beginning to feel very angry, and gave no token of relenting by gesture or word.

" I am very sorry to have offended you," said she, as soon as she had recovered her voice ; " but thought it better we should understand each other at once ; seeing it impossible I could ever assent to what I know you wished. We have been very much thrown together, and I have been indebted to you for much of kindness. I have been a stranger here, and perhaps felt it more deeply than in any other circumstances. I could neither throw coldness nor reserve into my intercourse with you, without upbraiding myself with an ingratitude, of which the opposite feeling was ever that I most loved to cherish with you : and if you attributed my cordiality to any other sentiment, could I help it ? I could not be insincere to myself, nor ever cold or unkind towards you. Perhaps indeed I was wrong—perhaps I ought to have denied myself the pleasure of that cordial intimacy from which I derived so much satisfaction—rather than to have given another the pain of nourishing an uninterrupted affection under a false impression. It would have been more candid and unselfish perhaps ; but I hope it is not yet too late—and that in affording this opportunity for an explanation, we might know in future how to stand with respect to each other—an opportunity which I sought. You will know how to appreciate my motives, and give me to feel that if I have lost a lover I have not lost a friend."

Perhaps Underwood had scarcely enough of generosity to appreciate these motives, as with a voice slightly tremulous, she ceased and awaited his answer.

" Enough, quite enough for me, Miss Anstey—and too much—to know that I am not loved.

Fool that I was not to have seen it sooner ; yet was my regard not at first altogether discouraged ; nor, had I reason to believe, quite unacceptable to you. At least have I this for my own self-justification. As for you, madam," said Underwood, beginning to talk very unfeelingly and unreasonably, " it is only another rejection in your list, to boast of."

" Under present circumstances," said Susan Anstey, quietly, " I shall let such ideas pass without resentment. Perhaps you will regret having uttered them in cooler moments."

As Underwood turned his eyes on Susan Anstey in the moonlight, perhaps he never felt so much before, the full value of what he was about to lose, till this moment, when he knew it was utterly lost to him. Yet he felt no softening towards her, and only seemed to set his brain on the rack in search of something to wound her feelings.

" And perhaps there is another," said he, " occupying a more fortunate place in your regard, to whom the relation of this interview cannot be otherwise than acceptable. I have no doubt he must feel very proud of your preference."

Susan made no reply to this ; but he saw that her countenance changed.

" And is it so ?" said he almost fiercely ; " and you do love another then ! Who is he that has dared to interfere and aspire to the place I occupied near you ?"

" No one, I assure you—you know all my acquaintances."

" Oh ! I understand—a prior attachment."

" With that," said Miss Anstey, looking haughty and displeased for the first time during their interview, " with that you have nothing to do ; nor will I hear another word on a subject which has produced a greater display of feeling than the annoyance at all warranted."

" And is it so ?" said he anew ; " and have I all this while been cheating myself with a pre-occupied heart ?"

" On that subject I reply to no questions," said she, with a look and a manner not to be mistaken ; " but whether it is as you imagine or not, I hope you are convinced of the uselessness of any further pursuance of a conversation which only produces pain to both of us."

" Enough, enough !" said he, conducting her up the steps which led to Mr. Thorbe's mansion ; and wishing her good night coldly, he left her and went up to his room.

Miss Anstey, on retiring to hers, almost cried with vexation. She saw that she had lost a pleasant companion, and the services, perhaps the good will, of a very attentive friend ; no slight

sacrifice to one who had at present so few in her calendar. But she had good reasons for not regretting the decision she had come to; and going to bed, was soon in a sound and untroubled sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHAPTER OF INDICATIONS—SHORT AND SWEET.

MISS ANSTEY saw very little of Underwood for several weeks. He absented himself much from the family, made excuses for taking his meals abroad, and all prospects of friendship between them seemed to be at an end. One day Annie Wilmoth called. She mentioned that her mother had been unwell ever since that evening when Miss Anstey quitted them; it was nothing very serious, she said; but yet she appeared very dejected and low spirited about it. After a little she arose to go, and as she was walking, Miss Anstey would escort her a short distance on the road homewards. As they both issued from the gate, they encountered Mr. Underwood, who was about to enter. He was going to pass on with a bow, but Susan Anstey stopped him, and he was fain to exchange the usual courtesies and common places; though he could not conceal a slight embarrassment of manner at this unexpected encounter. Miss Anstey told him where they were going, and with a look and a tone that it was impossible to resist, invited him to accompany them. He consented; but it was observable, as straws show the direction of the heavenly winds, that he walked on the side next to Miss Wilmoth, and directed the principal part of his conversation to her. When they had proceeded about half way, Susan said that this was all she had bargained for, and that she must now leave her and return. They parted, but Underwood chose to accompany Miss Wilmoth up the hill, and Susan Anstey had to find her way home alone. He passed the evening there, and did not return till late. It was observed that, after this, his visits to the mansion on the hill became more frequent. Meanwhile Miss Anstey and he became on a more happy footing than ever.

CHAPTER X.

MONTHS has passed away, and now it was winter. Miss Anstey had seen very little of her friend; she was busied in attendance on her mother, who, Susan understood, was suffering from a disease continually increasing in intensity. One day she received a note from her, written in a hand scarcely legible, begging Susan to come to her imme-

diately, as her presence at that moment, was of the utmost consequence. Miss Anstey was surprised at the nature of the summons, but instantly prepared to comply; and Underwood, who had carried the note, offered to drive her there. She was received at the door by her friend with haggard eyes, and a face that told of watching and weeping.

"My mother," said she, "is very ill; I thought you would not refuse me this slight service, if it can be of any benefit to her; but I fear much, nothing ever will"—and she began to weep again.

Miss Anstey could only attempt to comfort her, and profess her alacrity to do every thing in her power.

"Come into this room, then, with the doctor; he will explain all—he wishes, I believe, to talk with you alone."

Ushering her into a back parlour, Miss Wilmoth retired, and Susan was left alone with the doctor. He was an elderly looking personage, with that combination of blandness and mystery in his deportment which forms so peculiar a feature of the medical profession.

"I fear," said he, after some preliminary remarks—"that the illness of our poor friend is less of the body than of the mind. From her state of continued and unconquerable dejection, I thought from the very first, and am now confirmed in the opinion, that it owes its cause to some secret source of mental sorrow; and my only hope of her restoration lies in the circumstance of our being able to induce her to unburthen herself to some friend. But all our efforts with the unhappy patient have hitherto been unavailing. She will not even confess to the existence of any such cause of her malady; and I apprehend we have much to fear on account of her reason."

Miss Anstey could only assent; but she could not, for her life's sake, see what she had to do with such unhappy confidences.

"You see, my dear young lady," said the doctor, "that her malady dates from the evening, that perhaps you will recollect to have passed here lately, in company with some other young friends of the family; and from her strange questions and curiosity about you at the time of the commencement of her illness, and constant ravings about you in some of her wandering fits, I am led to hope that she might, perhaps, be more unreserved with you, if, indeed, you are acquainted with anything concerning her past history, which I thought might probably be the case, but which they assure me is impossible; or at least that the sight of you might be of some benefit; for, my dear

young lady, however innocently, I cannot help thinking that you are in some way or other connected with this unhappy state of circumstances."

Miss Anstey was much alarmed. She protested that she had never seen or heard of the lady till this casual intimacy of hers with her daughter who was a mere acquaintance of society; and as to the evening alluded to, she could not recall a single circumstance that passed, beyond the ordinary amusements of a small re-union of young people.

"Very perplexing, and very extraordinary!" said the doctor; "but, at least, you will not refuse to see her—it can do no harm."

Miss Anstey would rather have declined; but after a moment's hesitation, she said:

"Certainly not."

"Do not be surprised at anything you see," said the doctor. "I hope you have presence of mind," and he led the way, on tip-toe, before her.

Miss Anstey thought she had need of all her prudence and presence of mind. On a bed, in a half-sitting attitude, reclined a large woman, in that painfully constrained position, evidencing that most awful of human restraints—more pitiable to behold, perhaps, than the gyves and shackles, wherewith we enchain those who have broken loose from morality and the laws—namely, that with which we tame down the unhappy one who has lost the guiding light of reason. The eyes were large, and dilated with that appearance of insanity which Susan remarked, in its pre-disposition, to give them so revolting an expression on their first meeting. The face was very much flushed.

"I have brought a visitor to see you, to-day," said the doctor, in that cajoling tone which we use to insane persons, and which seems to tell so painfully of the level of the idiot adult comprehension with that of infancy.

"A visitor—that is good," said she; "but why do you come to see me, young lady? you see they have tied me down, that I cannot shake hands or embrace you. But who are you?" said she, gazing into Susan's eyes, with an expression that made her start back. "Methinks I have looked into those eyes before—in a dream, perhaps. Yes, in a dream," said she, thoughtfully, "and elsewhere. You incarnate daughter of evil, why did you come here?"

"To see if I can do you any good," said Susan, with her sweet soothing voice. "I see you are very ill."

"Ill indeed!" returned she; "but I could do better for myself than you or any of the rest, if they would only let me; but they have tied up my hands here. It would be but dust to dust,

and a miserable consciousness exchanged for a peaceful nonentity. Hard to deprive that agglomeration of matter formed to comprehend itself, which we call a human body, of the power to cease to know itself, when that knowledge becomes too painful for it. Hard to withdraw from one the power to destroy wrecking memories, to quench bitter fountains, to efface sad pictures. Pictures!" she paused for a moment, and looked directly at the young girl, who, with a calm face, now confronted her. "What do you know of these pictures?"

"Nothing, I assure you," said Susan, upon whose brow began to dawn a faint streak of her meaning.

"Yes you do—you who exhibited them so faithfully under my roof, when my child was there to see. I could bear all—but that she should know it—that was the home thrust."

"I see!" said Miss Anstey, who felt that with a maniac even, the undisguised simple truth ever speaks for itself; "those pictures to which you allude, were contrived by your daughter and myself to amuse the company, you will remember; and the peculiar composition of those we exhibited, was the effect of the merest accident."

"Impossible! they were too true—too faithful to the life. Tell me," said she, in a voice of thunder, "where you got your knowledge?"

"Nowhere," said Miss Anstey; "we found the originals from which we composed our tableaux—'tableaux vivants,' you understand—in a set of etchings, in an old port-folio, said by Annie to have been done by her father."

"Listen!" said she, drawing near her head to Susan's, and whispering in her ear: "Listen! they are pictures in the history of my life."

She fell flat back on her pillow, and her face became deadly pale. The next moment the blood gushed in a torrent from her mouth and nostrils.

(To be continued.)

A FRESH BREEZE.

Give me a fresh'ning breeze ahead,

While swift the broad prow dips:

While far and wide the foam is spread,

And the salt is on our lips:

Like winged steeds the billows leap,

Their white manes dash'd with brine:

Hurrah! there's nothing like the deep,

Where'er the sun doth shine.

Where'er the sun doth shine, my boys,

There's nothing like the sea;

The spirit never soars so high,

The heart ne'er bounds so free,

As when the briny billows bear

With giant arms the ship:

I seem e'en now to taste the air

Of freedom on my lip!

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

The name of *André* is familiar to every reader—His deplorable fate awoke universal sympathy, and the reputation of Washington lost the brightness which justice, if marked by humanity, throws around the character of a man, when he confirmed the sentence of the court martial. That sentence falsely declared a gentleman of singular elevation of sentiment, to be that abject thing—a spy; and doomed him to death by the mode of execution reserved for the felon.

The fame of Washington has been darkened by the act: it was a cruel act—it was worse, it was an unjust, a wicked act.—*André* was not a spy: it is true, that he, the Adjutant General of the British army, was captured within the enemy's lines, not in his uniform, but in citizen's dress: it is likewise true, that he was there with purpose perilous to the security of the army then arrayed against the sovereign,—but, how was he there? At the request of the General Commanding that army, with whom he had an interview, and from whom he was the bearer of communications to the Commander-in-Chief of the British army at New York! It is absurd to designate a person, in such position, a spy!* Generally speaking, a spy is a mean, despicable creature, to whom the sentiment of honor is a thing unknown, and gold, the cynosure;—indifferent to him how obtained. No gentleman ever was, or ever will be, a spy; and how eminent, even among gentlemen, was the subject of these remarks,—his defence, pronounced by himself before his judges, testifies!

* Will any one be hardy enough to say that, had the Hungarian General Georgey, (who recently surrendered his army to the Russian Commander-in-Chief,) had he invited that Commander to afford him, by conference with a confidential officer, the opportunity to negotiate for submission,—that that confidential officer, arrested returning from the interview, could, by any distortion of the meaning of words, be stigmatized as a spy? If the Hungarian were false to the cause he was in arms to sustain, the Russian officer would certainly be blameless. So with the American Arnold, and Clinton's confidential officer. Arnold, the rebel, either despairing of the insurrectionary movement, or repentant of his conduct, and desirous of returning to his allegiance, solicited an interview with a confidential officer, and Sir Henry commissioned Major *André* to receive his proposal and plans. Arnold may have been criminal, and amenable to the punishment awarded the traitor, but by no process of just reason, can *André* be made out to be a spy.

The man who made that defence was incapable of mis-statement: every word he uttered is impressed by the seal of truth. It is evident, he felt that it was not his life that was at stake, but—his honor.

However, after all, if there be anything, even the shadow of a shade, in Fame, it is better that *André* perished by the cord. The monstrous cruelty of the act has insured him a conspicuous niche in the temple of History. Had it been otherwise,—had he been acquitted, no one at this day would have heard of *André*, except as an Adjutant General of a division of the English army in America, charged by his General with a commission to a double traitor,—but, dying as he did, his exalted character will live as long as the story of American Independence. Let us hope that *André's* prophetic soul realized this future fame, and that it sweetened his bitter cup of death. There are but few gentlemen who would not willingly submit to the mere physical pang of death, to live in history as *André* lives.

The following was his defence. It was read by him before the court martial. It is but recently that it re-appeared, after a burial of seventy years, and cannot fail to be re-read with general interest. Pendant to it, an extract from the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," is furnished, as relating to the closing scene of poor *André's* life, and his priceless character:

"I came," he said "to hold a communication with a general officer of the American army, by the order of my own commander. I entered the American lines by an unquestionable authority—when I passed from them it was by the same authority. I used no deception. I had heard that a provincial officer had repented of the course he had taken, and that he avowed that he never meant to go so far as he had gone, in resisting the authority of his King.

"The British commander was willing to extend to him the King's clemency—yea, his bounty, in hopes to allure others to do the same. I made no plans. I examined no works. I only received his communications, and was on my way to return to the army, and to make known all that I had learned from a general officer in your camp. Is this the office of a spy? I never should have acted in that light, and what I have done is not in the nature of a spy. I have noted neither your strength nor your weakness. If there be wrong in the transaction, is it mine? The office of a spy a soldier has the right to refuse; but, to carry and fetch communications with another army, I never heard was criminal. The

circumstances which followed, after my interview with General Arnold, were not in my power to control. He alone had the management of them.

"It is said that I rode in disguise. I rode for security incog., as far as I was able, but other than criminal deeds induce one to do this. I was not bound to wear my uniform any longer than it was expedient or polite. I scorn the name of a spy; brand my offence with some other title, if it change not my punishment, I beseech you. It is not death I fear. I am buoyed above it by a consciousness of having intended to discharge my duty in an honourable manner.

"Plans, as is said, were found with me. This is true; but they were not mine. Yet I tell you honestly that they would have been communicated if I had not been taken. They were sent by Gen. Arnold to the British commander, and I should have delivered them. From the bottom of my heart I spurn the thought to screen myself by criminating another; but so far as I am concerned, the truth shall be told, whoever suffers. It was the allegiance of Gen. Arnold I came out to secure. It was fair to presume that many a brave officer would be glad at this time to be able to retrace his steps, at least we have been so informed. Shall I, who came out to negotiate this allegiance only, be treated as one who came to spy out the weakness of a camp? If these actions are alike, I have to learn my moral code anew.

"Gentlemen, officers, be it understood that I am no supplicant for mercy; that I ask only from Omnipotence—not from human beings Justice is all I claim—that justice which is neither swayed by prejudice, nor distorted by passion, but that which flows from honourable minds directed by virtuous determinations. I hear, gentlemen, that my case is likened to that of Capt. Hale, in 1775. I have heard of him and his misfortunes. I wish that in all that dignifies man, that adorns and elevates human nature, I could be named with that accomplished but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward, and untimely was he cut off, yet younger than I now am. He went out knowing that he was assuming the character of a spy. He took all its liabilities into his hands at the request of his great commander. He was ready to meet what he assumed and all its consequences. His death the law of nations sanctioned. It may be complimentary to compare me with him, still it would be unjust. He took his life in his hand when he assumed the character and the disguise. I assumed no disguise, nor took upon myself any other character than that of a British officer who had business to transact with an American officer.

"In fine, I ask not even for justice; if you want a victim to the manes of those fallen untimely, I may as well be that victim as another. I have in the most undisguised manner given you every fact in the case. I only rely on the proper construction of these facts. Let me be called anything but a spy. I am not a spy. I have examined nothing, learned nothing, communicated nothing, but my direction to Arnold, that he might escape if he thought proper so to do. This was, I conceived, my duty. I hope the gallant officer who was then unsuspecting of his General will not be condemned for the military error he committed.

"I farther state that Smith, who was the medium of communication, did not know anything of our conference, except that there was some necessity for secrecy. He was counsel in various matters for General Arnold, and from all the interviews I had with him; and it was Smith who lent me this dress-coat of crimson, on being told that I did not wish to be known by English or

Americans. I do not believe that he had a supposition of my errand. On me your wrath should fall, if on any one. I know your affairs look gloomy; but that is no reason why I should be sacrificed. My death can do your cause no good.

"Millions of friends to your struggle in England you will lose if you condemn me. I say not this by way of threat; for I know brave men are not awed by them—nor will brave men be vindictive because they are desponding. I should not have said a word had it not been for the opinion of others, which I am bound to respect.

"The sentence you this day pronounce will go down to posterity with exceeding great distinctness on the page of history; and if humanity and honour mark this day's decision, your names, each and all of you, will be remembered by both nations when they have grown greater and more powerful than they now are. But, if misfortune befalls me, I shall in time have all due honours paid to my memory. The martyr is kept in remembrance when the tribunal that condemned him is forgotten. I trust this honourable Court will believe me when I say that what I have spoken was from no idle fears of a coward. I have done."

The following is the extract referred to, from the "*National Portrait Gallery*:"—

"In the campaign of 1780, the enemy extended their line of posts eastward on Long Island, for the double purpose of carrying on an illicit intercourse with the disaffected in Connecticut, and also to protect their foraging parties down the island. Major Tallmadge, having constant intelligence from New York and all parts of Long Island, arranged a plan to break up the whole system, which he communicated to the commander-in-chief, who approved of it, and immediately gave him a separate command, consisting of the dismounted dragoons of the regiment, and a body of horse. With this body of troops, he took a position near the sound, on the borders of Connecticut, where he had the best facilities of obtaining intelligence, either from the British lines, or across the sound. After some time was spent without an opportunity of effecting his purpose, he turned back towards the Hudson, and took a station on the lines near North Castle, the very day on which Major André had been captured. Soon after he had halted and disposed of his detachment, he was informed that a prisoner had been brought in, by the name of *John Anderson*. On inquiry, he found that three men, by the names of *John Paulding*, *David Williams*, and *Isaac Van Wart*, who had passed below our ordinary military patrols, on the road from Tarrytown to Kingsbridge, had fallen in with this *John Anderson* on his way to New York. They took him aside for examination, and discovering sundry papers upon him, which he had concealed in his boots, they detained him as a prisoner. Notwithstanding *Anderson's* offers of pecuniary satisfaction, if they would permit him to proceed on his course, they determined to take him to the advanced post of our army, near North Castle; and they accordingly delivered him to Lieutenant-Colonel *John Jamieson*, then the commanding officer of the second regiment light dragoons. By an oversight the most surprising, the prisoner was sent, together with the particulars of his capture, to General Arnold at West Point, while the papers found on him were sent by express to Washington, then on his way from Hartford to West Point.

Major Tallmadge, so soon as he learned the particulars, immediately intimated his suspicions to Colonel Jamieson, and urgently recommended that the prisoner

be promptly remanded, which with some difficulty was effected; but the Colonel insisted on his purpose to send forward the particulars of the capture to General Arnold, by which means he obtained information of his danger, and escaped on board the "Vulture," a British sloop of war. Before the morning of the next day, the prisoner was brought back and committed to the charge of Major Tallmadge, who was the first to suspect that under the assumed name of Anderson he was an important British officer. This opinion was formed from observing his military step as he walked up and down the room, and the precision with which he turned on his heel to retrace his course, together with his general manners, intelligence, and refinement. Up to the time of his execution, Major Tallmadge had the charge of him; to him Major André delivered the open letter to General Washington, disclosing his real character; and with him he walked to the gallows. This intercourse, under such trying circumstances, awakened deep sympathy, and induced a strong attachment in Major Tallmadge for Major André. His own remarks are, "that for the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him, which was from the time of his being remanded to the period of his execution, I became so deeply attached to Major André, that I could remember no instance when my affections were so fully absorbed by any man. When I saw him swing under the gibbet, it seemed for a time utterly insupportable; all were overwhelmed with the affecting spectacle, and the eyes of many were suffused with tears. There did not appear to be one hardened or indifferent spectator in all the multitude assembled on that solemn occasion."

NIGHT.

I love to sit alone and gaze upon the ocean wide,
As glorious Sol's declining rays athwart its bosom glide,
Changing, as every waund'ring breeze by changing fancy
roll'd,
Its glassy, deep, transparent blue, into a field of gold,
Bedecked with myriad mazy gleams of diamond splendour bright,
Now sunk in shade, now streaming forth with pure effulgent light.
And o'er the sky those parting rays throw many a shifting scene
Of ruby deep, and purple bright, of azure, gold, and green,
And as they fade a crimson glow spreads o'er the surface vast,
Proclaiming far and near that now another day has past.
Then comes the night—the solemn night—its shadowy fantasy—
Its misty, thought inspiring garb—are precious things to me;
For as the night winds wing their way across the ocean's breast,
A strain of mystic music comes which lulls the soul to rest;
And every wave which rolls along upon that mighty sea,
Speaks to the watcher's waking mind of his own "far off countree,"
And in each murmur starts afresh the voices which had roll'd
Their floods of music o'er his heart—the sounds of days of old.
Yes! 'mid night's calm and tranquil reign, there hovers o'er the head
Sweet thoughts which please, and thoughts which pain, of living and of dead—
And thoughts of bright and happy Home—that never tiring theme,

The weary wanderer's waking wish, his midnight's pleasant dream—
Which softens with a magic power the stormy strife of day,
And wafts us in the night's quiet hour to scenes far, far away.

When thus enrapt in gazing on the beauty of the scene,
The mind of man is gently fill'd with soothing so serene,
That balmy sleep unconscious steals upon the wearied frame,
And gives to thought's fantastic forms a dwelling and a name.

In sleep's blest hour the captive's chain is shiver'd, rent,
and he

Stands forth once more as what he was—the fearless and the free—

Once more he treads his native soil, as some bright summer morn

Sheds all its beauty o'er the spot where he was reared and born—

Once more he hears the sighing breeze, the distant waterfall,

Strike sweetly on his longing ear, as hailing his recall—
He hears the bay of village dogs, the far off cattle's cry,
The mill-wheel's soft'ned beating hum sweep smooth and gently bye—

He hears the river rushing past, with hoarse and changing voice,
Amongst whose eddies and dark nooks so oft he did rejoice,—

Until the ear, the eye, the heart, are filled unto the brim,
With childhood's feelings—oh! how rich those feelings are to him!

Sleep heals the sick; pours balmy oil upon the aching heart;

Sweeps care and sorrow far away; blunts disappointment's dart;

Gives untold wealth to poverty; gives gnawing hunger food;

Gives rest to toil worn weary forms, yet shrinks from fashion's brood;

Loves more the poor man's lowly cot, than lordly palace hall;

Prefers the bed of oaten straw to rich embroidered stall;
Seeks out the hardy mariner and 'mid the lightning's flash,
The thunder's hollow booming roar, the wild waves' warring crash,

Enfolds him in her soothing arms with slumbers sound and deep,

As those of cradled infancy when hushed by song to sleep.

Then hail thee, Night! and hail thee, Sleep! what thought the captive's dream

Be broke by chain, and dungeon dark, without one sunny beam;

What tho' the sick man wake to pain; the aching heart to woe;

The poor to pinching poverty; the hungry man to throw
His dark, despairing eye around, in bootless search for bread;

The mariner in time to hear the rending crash o'erhead,
Of splintering spars, and groaning beams, and tall and stately masts,

As lowly sinks their towering pride before the stormy blasts—

Still will I love thy powers which spread afar o'er land and sea,

Sweet moments which, by those who feel, can ne'er forgotten be.

A DISCUSSION AMONG DEMONS.

BY JOHN INMAN.

THE chiefs who formed the court of the "Prince of the Powers of the Air" were assembled in council; but there was no excitement in the business for which they were called together, and their debates were languid, not to say dull and tiresome—as is sometimes the case among human law-makers. A demon of small talent and less consideration, was just, entering upon the fifth hour of an excessively stupid speech, of the subject of which he had no very clear conception himself, and his hearers had none whatever; and the magnates of the council-chamber were politely manifesting their utter indifference to him and his opinions, some by chatting together in small parties of three or four, some by writing letters, others again by glancing over newspapers, and not a few by yawning drearily, at the full stretch of their jaws, and in the most ostentatious manner imaginable.

Meanwhile, a few of the very highest in rank had withdrawn to the upper part of the council-room, where, behind the raised chair of the president, was a sort of withdrawing or lounging place, luxuriously provided with sofas, ottomans, easy chairs and other appliances of comfort—and from their animated looks and gestures, and the eager rapidity of their discourse, it was evident that they were in warm debate upon some question far surpassing in interest the topics under discussion in the more strictly legislative portion of the chamber. It was apparent, also, that there was amongst them great diversity of opinion; for interruptions were frequent, all spoke with vehemence, and all listened impatiently—as men do when harkening to arguments the truth of which they cannot or will not acknowledge.

In the earnestness of their controversy they did not perceive the approach of their great sovereign, the arch-fiend himself, who, with his accustomed and peculiar stealthiness of movement, silently advanced from a door at the farthest extremity of the chamber—which, by the way, was in one of the wings of his infernal palace—and had for some moments been close upon them, listening attentively to their discourse, before any of them discovered his presence. A grim smile, half joyful and half contemptuous, flitted over his blasted features, as

he gathered the subject of their discussion; and with a cackle of hellish mirth he thus broke in upon their conference:

"Ye say well, noble lords and illustrious councillors. But a thought strikes me that something better than mere words of debate may be elicited from the fruitful topic of your discourse. I have listened with admiring delight to your conflicting opinions, and to the powerful arguments by which they have been supported. Suppose we bring them to the test of experiment. The folly of mankind is a theme worthy indeed of copious illustration. I will not take upon me to say wherein and how it is most richly exhibited; but a plan has occurred to me by which we may draw from it a fund of amusement, and perhaps some instruction. Listen to my idea.

"There is, you know, a vacant red ribbon at the disposal of my prime minister. It shall be the reward of him who, by the judgment of his peers, shall produce the most striking exemplification of human absurdity. I give you twenty-four hours for consideration. Let the trial be made at this hour to-morrow, in the great hall of audience; and in the meantime proclamation shall be made, that whosoever will may enter the list of competitors."

The royal proposal was received with a buzz of delight; and the disputants, bowing low to their chief, hastened from the presence to communicate the tidings of the proposed exhibition among their respective retainers, and to prepare themselves for the trial—each confident of success, and proudly anticipating the possession of the coveted prize with which success should be rewarded.

At the appointed hour on the succeeding day, the great hall of audience was thronged with myriads upon myriads of infernal spirits. Lucifer himself was seated in lofty state upon a throne of terrific splendour, and wearing upon his brows a diadem that glowed as with living fire, while from the gems with which it was encrusted shot beams of intolerable radiance. On either hand, in a semicircle, were arranged the peers of his court, all seated likewise upon thrones in triple rank, but lower than that of their dread sovereign; and the vast body of the immense hall and the galleries around, illimitable as they seemed,

were crowded with the multitudes of his populous dominion. Only in the centre of the hall was a space reserved, on which was erected a great platform, supported by gorgeous pillars and hung with crimson drapery; and upon this was no other preparation visible than a single altar of white marble, in form like those whereon the heathen idolaters of old were wont to make their sacrifices, and supporting a small brazier in which scented wood was burning.

The silence that reigned throughout was suddenly broken by the clear loud notes a trumpet, sounding a royal flourish; and a herald then came in, who, taking his place on the platform erected in the midst, proclaimed the nature and conditions of the trial.

Then up rose one of the great nobles—a dark fierce spirit, of lofty stature and harsh features, on which was stamped but one expression: that of savage ferocity. His name was Moloch—"horrid king, besmeared with blood of human sacrifice." With rapid strides he advanced from his throne of state to the central platform, which he ascended, and waving his hand toward the brazier, there arose immediately therefrom a dense cloud of smoke, which, as it mounted upward, spread itself also to either side until it hung like a vast curtain from the vaulted roof, and so remained. Again the cruel Moloch waved his hand, and the cloudy wall became instinct with life. Thousands of moving figures, as of men and horses, were displayed upon its huge area, in the rush and confusion and horror of a pitched battle. Here were masses advancing in serried phalanx—there squadrons broken, overthrown and scattered by the headlong charge of opposing squadrons, or by the terrible discharges of artillery. Volumes of smoke were rolling upward, from the midst of which shot forth frequent flashes of sulphurous flame. The ground was strewn with gashed and bleeding bodies of the slain, or of the wounded writhing in agony; while the roar of the cannon and musketry, the demoniac shouts of the combatants, the rattle of drums, the sharp clangor of trumpets, and the groans of the dying, united in a chorus of horrors at which even Hell itself might tremble. In one quarter were seen horses, wild with rage and terror, flying over the field masterless, spurning with their iron hoofs the gory corpses, and trampling to agony and death the wounded; in another fresh battalions, marching firmly up to take the place and share the fate of those which had been swept away by the fatal tempest hurled unceasingly from the brazen throats of the artillery; here was seen a charge with bayonets, opposing squadrons rushing upon each other with desperate ferocity,

and whole ranks falling in the dreadful shock; there were displayed the terrors of a flight—bands of horsemen urging their steeds in swift pursuit of a routed division, shooting, cutting, stabbing, slaying without pity, even the unarmed and unresisting, as they cast away their weapons and flung themselves upon their knees, with outstretched hands, crying in vain for mercy. And afar off, on a hill that commanded the whole battle-ground, was seen the man at whose behest these dreadful scenes of carnage were enacted, coolly and attentively watching the progress of the fight, and from time to time transmitting orders for bringing up fresh thousands to the slaughter; displaying meanwhile as little emotion as though the actors and sufferers in the terrible reality before him, were but senseless puppets, framed by his own hands, with capacity neither to feel nor to inflict—with no joys or sorrows of kindred bound up in their fate—and no doom to undergo, in the eternity of existence after death, for the crimes they had committed at the instigation of his evil passions or of their own.

Another wave of Moloch's hand, and the fearful vision passed instantly from sight; the broad and vaporous curtain was again a blank; and turning with a grim and haughty smile, as of assured success, from the horrid pageant he had called up, the war-demon stalked proudly to his throne, while a fierce murmur of approval and enjoyment, mixed with scorn, ran through the myriads of spectators.

Next to the trial came the mocking Rimmon. Of slender form, and features delicate but sharp and well-defined; with small keen sparkling eyes and low broad forehead, wrinkled cheeks and long sharp nose and chin, and ever on his lip a lurking sneer. Ascending the platform, he turned and gazed keenly for a moment on his chief, while the sneer deepened to a malignant and contemptuous smile; then clapped his hands aloud, and with an inclination of the head more scornful than respectful, pointed to the scene that already had begun to picture itself upon the cloudy veil. It was widely different from that which had preceded it.

A regal hall of audience was seen, arrayed in all the splendour of eastern magnificence. The floor was covered with cloth of gold—the lofty ceiling was supported by columns of polished marble—statues of costly material and exquisite workmanship were placed in alcoves at either side—and at the extremity was a throne of carved ivory, inwrought with gold and blazing with jewels, and overshadowed by a canopy of the richest silk and velvet. Upon the throne sat a mighty monarch—mighty as it seemed from the

prostrate humility of his thronging courtiers, those nearest to the throne lying at full length upon the floor, and those farther removed kneeling reverentially before their lord, with eyes cast down and looks betokening the very extreme of of servile reverence and dread. And he, the centre of all this homage, was a bloated old man, with dull watery eyes, and features swollen by gross indulgence—his frame distended and unwieldy, his hands shaken with paralytic debility, and one misshapen limb enwrapped in flannels and supported by cushions of the softest down, while a hollow cough seemed every moment to threaten him with suffocation. Feeble, worn out, racked with pain, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and with intellect almost destroyed by habitual excess, he sat upon his gorgeous throne, the absolute and despotic ruler over millions more worthy than himself, and firmly persuaded that the lives and possessions of his people were by Heaven's decree consigned to his caprice; that they were born to be his slaves, and that, as creatures of an inferior race, it was condescension even to let them look upon his regal countenance.

Again the small keen orbs of Rimmon were fixed upon the countenance of Lucifer, and the same deriding smile gleamed upon his features as he gazed; and, as he turned away, he gathered from the answering glances of his fellows, that with the rapid intelligence of immortals, even though of fallen estate, they recognized and enjoyed the practical sarcasm thus levelled at their monarch, whose pride

"Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set him in glory far above his peers.
He trusted to have equalled the Most High."

Again the cloudy veil hung blank, as Rimmon glided to his throne, and Chemos rose to show his scorn of human kind, in competition for the prize--

"Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites which cost them woe."

His was a goodly form, of fair proportions although somewhat gross, and his features would have been comely but for the sensual expression stamped upon them, and the licentious leer of his half-closed twinkling eyes. With the indifferent air of undoubting confidence in his success, he advanced only a few steps toward the platform, and slightly waving his hand, turned and resumed his seat, without pausing to note the vision his mute gesture had called up.

The scene presented was a chamber luxuriously furnished; and in it, upon a couch heaped high

with downy pillows, and in a most voluptuous attitude, reclined a woman, young and beautiful—her neck and bosom half concealed and half exposed, by the artful disposition of her thin and all but transparent drapery—her long and flowing hair unbound and streaming in exquisite disorder around her white and polished shoulders, and her lovely limbs cast with studied negligence in attitudes of perfect and most enchanting gracefulness. At her feet, and gazing up into her eyes with looks of enamoured devotion, lay a man of noble form and countenance—one whose every feature seemed to speak the hero in battle and the sage in council. Upon the floor, at some distance from the couch, there lay a golden crown and near it a broken sword, as if thrown carelessly away; and, in the half-opened door-way, was seen the figure of an aged man, who, with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach, vainly beckoned the infatuated lover from the presence of the syren in whose blandishments he seemed to disregard alike the calls of duty and of fame. The vision rested but for a moment on its vapory tablet; and as it faded away, a peal of scornful laughter rang through the mighty hall, and told with what contempt the powers of hell regarded man when become the slave of his most imperious passion.

Him followed next a chief of mean and squalid aspect; low in stature, with ill-shaped limbs and anxious care-worn features; his eyes cast downward, and his movements slow and creeping—powerful in hell and still more powerful on earth, but even among his infernal compeers utterly despised. With stealthy steps he mounted to the altar, and with a reluctant hand placed on it a small piece of gold, which he drew from a pouch concealed within his vesture. Instantly there appeared upon the cloud a scene of varied import, the surface dividing itself as it were into compartments, every one of which exhibited a different group or figure. In one was seen an old man of wretched appearance—meagre and ill-clad—kneeling in a miserable apartment before an iron chest, into which he gazed with looks of intense delight, but mingled with apprehension. In another was depicted a large room, destitute of furniture save one large table in the centre, around which stood or sat a group of men, all differing in age and garb, but all eagerly and intently watching the proceedings of one, who alternately threw upon the table and gathered up again a number of small pictured tablets, while another, in seeming connection with the movements of the first, was incessantly employed in changing the arrangement of certain piles of coin, and separate pieces, deposited from time to time by the lookers-

on. A third compartment presented the form of a man toiling in a deep and gloomy pit, and at intervals gathering up fragments of stone or earth, in which shining particles were imbedded. Here was a figure seen stealing behind one who carried in his hand a bag of coin, and plunging a dagger into his heart; there, a youthful and lovely woman standing before an altar and clasping the hand of an aged and decrepit man, upon whose withered features she cast looks of blandishment, through which gleamed an irrepressible emotion of disgust. It would require pages to describe the multifarious images called up by the potent spell of that "least erected spirit;" and as they melted into vacancy, Mammon crept back to his throne, while a sneer of scorn mantled upon the harsh features of his sovereign, and the assembled legions of hell looked on with contemptuous wonder—so absorbing, that not the faintest voice or movement broke the awful stillness that brooded over them.

At length Belial rose—the fairest seeming, but withal the subtlest of the fallen potentates. Graceful in form and movement, and of a most persuasive aspect—eloquent in speech—

"To make the worse appear
The better reason, and perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Tim'rous and slothful—yet he pleased the ear."

A smile of triumph dwelt upon his attractive features, as he ascended the platform, and poured upon the altar a few drops of liquid from a golden flask suspended at his girdle; and the glance he cast around seemed to invite the suffrages of his peers in favor of the exhibition created by his skill.

The scene that gradually formed itself upon the cloud, was the interior of a banqueting-room richly furnished, having in the centre a round table, about which were seated a party of young men enjoying themselves in wassail and festivity.

The viands had been removed, but the table was covered with flagons, cups and glasses, and the guests were stimulating their mirth with frequent draughts of sparkling wine. They were all of goodly appearance—elegantly habited, and their gaiety, though animated, was decorous and even graceful. One amongst them seemed to be master of the revel; for although youngest of them all, the eyes and the discourse of all the rest were chiefly directed to him;—he it was who seemed to do the honors, and it was from him that the attendants, who entered from time to time, bringing new supplies of wine, received their orders.

Even while the legions of Satan's kingdom were gazing upon the scene, it changed; and the same young man was now beheld alone, in a

smaller apartment, plainly but comfortably furnished. He sat, or rather reclined upon a couch, in a listless attitude, supporting his head upon one hand, and seemingly buried in painful reflection. A closer observation of his form and features, showed that a few years had been added to his age, but also that some more potent mischief had wrought upon him than time alone could bring. The grace and elegance that once adorned his person had undergone a change, perceptible, yet scarcely to be described in words; his apparel was less *point-de-vice*; his eyes were heavy, and his countenance, though unmarked by the lines of age, yet had neither the freshness of youth nor the calm dignity of perfect manhood.

He sat motionless for a time, and it was easy to perceive that his reflections were more bitter than profound; as if not loss of wealth alone had caused them, but also loss of self-respect. At length he started to his feet, and with a something of desperation in his movement, hastily crossed the room to a sideboard which stood there, and pouring out a goblet of some liquid darker than wine, swallowed it eagerly, as though it were a poison that he loathed yet could not renounce, dashed the empty goblet upon the floor and hurried from the room.

Again the scene was changed. Night was upon the streets of a great city, and silence dwelt among them. The stars looked down upon houses unilluminated, and upon pathways and pavements that echoed to no footstep. But from the distant gloom emerges into the foreground, where a single lamp in the window of some late student cast a feeble gleam, the figure of a man; and as he approaches nearer, it seems that he is afflicted with some strange disease. His steps are devious and irregular—now he pauses as if utterly wearied and ready to sink, and now dashes onward with frantic haste; plunging first to the right hand, and then as wildly to the left, and that with movements so unsteady as to bring him more than once in danger of falling headlong to the ground. In his mad career, he passes before a mansion from the windows of which issue a blaze of light—the token of a revelry within—and it is seen that his garments are coarse, ill-fitted, threadbare and discoloured—but it is also seen that he is the same who presided at the feast, and who was afterwards beheld yielding to a temptation which he loathed and hated. The same, but oh, how fallen! Years of vice and wretchedness had passed over him—mind and body have been debased, desecrated, sacrificed at the shrine of a hideous indulgence—the gay dabbachee has become a miserable wreck. He pauses before the dwelling whence proceeds the

lights that reveal his ruined state ; and even amid the stupefaction of his intellect, remembers that it was once his own. He howls forth an execration, and rushes madly onward.

Again a change appears. A wretched hovel is presented, standing alone upon a waste and desolate moor. Within it, covering over a hearth on which a few small fragments of wood are burning, sits a female—young but of sickly aspect, and more sorrowful than sickly. Her look and attitude betoken misery and despair; and beside her, stretched upon a little heap of rags, lies the attenuated form of a dead child—dead, its fleshless limbs and haggard features tell, of cold and hunger.

Without, the moor lies bleak and covered with snow—the keen wind sweeps over it unchecked by tree or house—the brilliant stars of winter are glittering above—and but a few yards from the door, already half buried in the snow-drift, lies the stiffening body of the drunkard. He had reeled and staggered almost to the presence of the wife whom he had reduced from affluence to destitution, and there, falling in his intoxication, passed from sleep to death, alone, unaided and unseen.

Again the surface of the cloud was blank ; and as Belial descended from the platform, one universal roar of triumph and of applause burst from the myriads of evil spirits, and the judgment of his peers that he had most perfectly exhibited the fall of mankind, was pealed forth in such a voice of thunder that its echoes reached even hell's remotest borders.

Yet Lucifer sat silent on his throne; nor by word or look avowed his concurrence in the popular decision. He rolled his glowing eyes around from face to face, with a look of expectation, as if he derived a fiendish pleasure from the efforts of his chiefs, and would have the prize still contended for by other aspirants. Silence meanwhile was restored, and the glance of Satan fell at length upon his greatest follower, the potent and daring Beelzebub,

“Than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat. With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraved
Deliberation sat, and public care,
And princely council in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin; sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies. His look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.”

His step, as he approached the platform, was grave and stately, and his expression serious yet resolved—as though he felt the hazard of some

great enterprise, yet blenched not from its encounter. All eyes were intently fixed upon him, as he stood beside the altar, and, pausing there, for a brief space, gazed earnestly upon his monarch. For a moment there was a shade of indecision in his look—it might be of anxiety or alarm—but with a visible effort it passed away, and stretching forth his hand toward the cloud, Beelzebub resolutely fastened his gaze upon the scene which began already to appear upon its surface.

That scene was the arena of an amphitheatre, such as were employed for gladiatorial exhibitions in the palmy days of Rome. At one side was the statute of a heathen divinity—the *Jove Omnipotens* of classic paganism—and at the other a lofty upright cross : and midway between them stood a group of figures, the principal of which was an aged man meanly habited and with chains upon his limbs. Those around him seemed from their garb to be priests and warriors—most of them wearing helmets and martial trappings, and the others fillets upon their heads, with flowing vestments descending to the ground. At the foot of the statute knelt one bearing in his hands vessels of gold, jewelled collars and various other treasures, which he seemed proffering to the aged prisoner; and near the cross stood a grim and savage figure, exhibiting instruments of torture. The priests were gathered around the captive, and by their looks and gestures might be deemed persuading him to approach and worship the idol-statue ; but he, with head averted and looks directed upward, stretched forth his hands as to embrace the cross, and seemed to spurn the bribe thus offered for his apostasy.

The eyes of Satan and all his host, were riveted upon this scene of what the bold Beelzebub dared to offer as an exhibition of human folly—but suddenly the surface of the cloud was agitated, broken and convulsed ; the arena with its figures disappeared ; the myriads of lights that blazed in the hall were in a moment extinguished, and pitchy darkness fell like a monstrous pall upon the multitudes convened within it. Then, from the bosom of the cloud, blazed forth the Cross, now glowing as if wrought of celestial fire—peal on peal of thunder bellowed through the vast expanse, and multitudinous lightnings flashed terror to the hearts of the assembled legions. Headlong they fled and howling, their mightiest among the first, nor paused until the lowest deeps of hell were sought as refuge from the wrath they had provoked, and which too late they found could reach them even in the very citadel of their accursed empire.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

The autumn wind, in dirges lowly,
Wailed through forest, field and wold,
When a maid came pacing slowly,
Through the lone wood, damp and cold;
O'er the tresses fair
Of her golden hair
Not eighteen summer-suns had rolled.

But oh! her face was pale as lily,
Born on autumn's sickly day;
And the grief was there that stilly
Eats the youthful heart away:
The tearful eye,
And the bosom's sigh,
Tell a tale I may not say.

And ever still her young lips utter'd—
While tears cours'd her visage pale—
"Ah! wo is me!" The lone wind mutter'd
"Wo is me," in mocking wail.
"God pardons all
Who on Him call,
But woman spurns her sister frail!

"Thou orphan's God, have pity on me!
For, ah! I know not where to wend;
With cold contempt all look upon me!
In this wide world I have no friend!
The bird hath its nest,
And the beast its rest
In the hole of the rock when day doth end—

"But I——" "Poor wanderer, I'll befriend thee!"
A gentle voice said by her side;
"Come home with me, and I will tend thee,
And take thee, lone one, for my bride;
And thou shalt dwell
In my little cell,
Far from the cold world's scoff and pride.

"Oh! there shall come no carking sorrow,
No tear more from thine eye be press'd;
The same to-day, the same to-morrow,
Shall be thy calm, unbroken rest;
And thy shame shall cease,
And thy heart find peace,
Sleeping softly on my breast."

She turned, and gazed upon him wildly,
His figure only could she trace!
She heard the words he uttered mildly,
A hooded mantle hid his face;
In snowy fold
Around it roll'd,
But moved as moved by form of grace.

And on her heart the words fell gladly,
Like dew-drops on the dying rose;
But still her tears fell, slowly, sadly,
The while her cheek, like crimson, glows.
"A child of sin
Wilt thou take within
Thy cell—and thy bosom's pure repose!"

She meekly stood, with white arms folded,
And pale hands cross'd upon her breast;
The while her form, like statue moulded,
Quiver'd with a hope unpress'd.

Her dilating eye
Awaits reply,
And flashes with a wild unrest.

And, like an angel's whisper, stealing,
Through the watches of the night,
The answer came, her unrest healing,
Beaming on her darkness light:
"As pure as snow
Is the penitent glow
Of thy cheek, and thy sad tears falling bright!"

A cry of joy—a look that blended
Hope, penitence, she cast on high;
And on the hand to her extended
She dropt a kiss, and breath'd a sigh.
Like the stone so cold,
But of faultless mould,
Is the hand whereon her tear-drops lie.

He took her hand, and whisper'd, "Follow!"
Leading on with gliding pace;
Through forest wild, and rocky hollow,
She walked beside with modest grace;
But ever still,
More wild and shrill,
The evening wind blew on her face.

And ever still his hand grew colder,
Sending shudders to her heart:
They reach'd a spot where ruins moulder—
A place for dead things set apart—
Where tombstones gray
Obstruct the way,
And brambles crawl, and toadstools start.

The autumn wind, in hollow dirges,
Through the ruin'd cloisters sang,
Unearthly wild, like ocean surges,
Booming o'er the graves it rang;
And dead leaves sail
Upon the gale,
And on the gray walls flap and bang.

Again she gazed upon him, wildly,
Tear-drops starting to her face;
Again he answer'd, lowly, mildly,
"Fair girl, here's my dwelling-place!
'Neath this silent mound
Thou wilt sleep full sound:
Come! for night comes on apace."

Then slowly, slowly, he descended
Through the earth; she shrieked aloud,
And wildly gazed, with eyes distended—
Nought's left but a rotten shroud.
With deadly chill
Her heart stood still,
And horror wraps her like a cloud.

The autumn night grew darker round her—
Icy numbness seiz'd her breath;
And there at morn the peasants found her,
Sleeping calm the sleep of death;
Her face was bow'd
In a rotten shroud—
So, at least, the story saith.

GENERAL WOLFE.

THE following important and unpublished letter from General Wolfe to Colonel Isaac Barré, one of those to whom the authorship of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, was sold at Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson's, on Saturday last, for the insignificant sum of half-a-guinea. It is written on three sides of a sheet of thick gilt-edged letter paper. Wolfe's letters are of the utmost rarity:—

Dear Barré,—You know in what manner the war is to be carried on this summer in America. It has pleas'd the King to send me wh a Body of Troops up the River St. Lawrence; I beg'd such assistance as to me seem'd necessary—Lt. Col. Carleton and Lt. Col. Warde were ask'd, one to be Qr. Mr. General, the other to be Adjutant General, the former is given, the latter refus'd—I also desir'd to have you as Major of Brigade and Secretary, wh the rank of Captain in the Army;—upon Col. Warde's refusal I named you for his intended office, wh the Rank of Captain in the Army and of Major or Lt. Colonel in America,—this has been consented to and I hope to have your utmost assistance, for the Publick and your own sake, and that I may prove myself no bad judge of merit.

Accelerate all matters where you are and particularly the relief of the Garrison in the Bay of Fundy, from whence alone I should fear delays.

If Lesslie is not with you—get somebody to freight a vessel wh live stock of all kinds for my private use and *yours*; don't spare the expense; Bell shall be more particular with you upon this point. Settle matters in such a manner that by the time the first store is exhausted, we may hope to have a second whatever the distance may be. The articles of Mollasses and Rum for the Troops are too material to be neglected;—All the officers named by me for the River (and I don't know that any of them except yourself are particularly in the General's graces) must come to me—there are not many indeed upon the Continent, and I wou'd in that as in everything else have especial regard to Amherst.

I trust General Amherst will do his utmost to send some small supplies of fresh Provisions to us for the sick and wounded People and for the Officers—You will collect all your sound and useful thoughts for this important business.—Your services shall not be concealed, it will do me honour, and it is most just to represent good actions and to reward them. Boscawen has spoken of you in the handsomest manner.—he has declin'd this service in a fit of ill-humour, and if I mistake not, heartily repents.

Think of everything that may be of use. Fare ye well.

Your faithful and obedient servant,

JAM. WOLFE.

London, 10th Jany., 1759.

P.S.—Bring with you forms for Commissions and all the useful Papers you can lay your hands upon.

That Wolfe applied direct for the services of Barré is a new circumstance in the life of a person of whom too little is known; and that he had at first asked for him as his Secretary is confirmatory of the received opinion that Wolfe's famous Quebec despatch, about the "choice of difficulties" was mainly, if not altogether, the composition of Barré. Wolfe was an indifferent letter writer, but Barré—witness his letter to Pitt, and the opinion of his contemporaries—was both a good writer and a good speaker.

TO HER I MET.

I caught within a careless throng,
The glorious flashing of thine eye,
And watched thy figure move along,
As if to music gracefully.
I saw thee in the sacred fane,
Where chastened thoughts are turned to heaven,
And felt my worship was in vain,
Where thou had'st prayed to be forgiven.
Oh! often in a southern clime,
Around a gorgeous altar-stone,
When the low-pealing vesper chime,
Called gentle maidens one by one,
Have I seen bending low in prayer,
Forms darkly beautiful, and proud,
But none like thine were numbered there,
Amid that lovely kneeling crowd.

And yet thy smile, thy queenly tread,
Recalled the hours, I thought had flown
To slumber with the shadowy dead,
Beneath oblivion's nameless stone.
Once more I felt the fragrant breeze,
From groves of orange, cool my brow;
And watched the moonlight o'er those seas
And winding shores, all faded now.

Thus quickly vanish gleams of bliss,
From life's bright fountain-head away;
And colder grows each thrilling kiss
That on the lip of childhood lay.
But still, when new impressions cast
A radiance o'er my spirit now,
Before their fleeting charms have past,
Like early blossoms from the bough.
I love to linger on the bloom,
Which seems a mockery of death,
And trust that memory o'er their tomb,
Will oft revive the charms beneath.
Thus, lady, let me think of thee;
Dream of thy beauty rarely see;
And if in death it leaveth me,
Still on its dear remembrance lean.

THE BIRTH-DAY WALTZ.

BY MISS S. K.

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. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a trill (tr) on the first note of the top staff. The first measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *p* and a crescendo (*cres*) leading to a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The second measure of the top staff has a trill (tr) and a dynamic marking of *p* and a crescendo (*cres*) leading to a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The bottom staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

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. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a trill (tr) on the first note of the top staff. The first measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *ped* and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The second measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bottom staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

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. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a trill (tr) on the first note of the top staff. The first measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *cres* and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The second measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *cres* and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The third measure of the top staff has a trill (tr) and a dynamic marking of *p*. The bottom staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The first measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The second measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The third measure of the top staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The bottom staff provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

THE BIRTH-DAY WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and another triplet in the third measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff shows the melody with a fermata over a dotted quarter note in the second measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

The third system shows the melody with a fermata over a dotted quarter note in the second measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff features a fermata over a dotted quarter note in the second measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The upper staff features a fermata over a dotted quarter note in the second measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure.

THE BIRTH-DAY WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The first measure contains a triplet of eighth notes. The tempo marking *P. Leggerio.* is placed between the staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains one sharp. The music is marked *pp* (pianissimo). The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains one sharp. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains one sharp. The system ends with a double bar line.

OUR TABLE.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS—BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

WE have before called the attention of our readers to this valuable compilation. We have spoken of it in high terms, but not higher than its excellence claimed. It is really and literally what it pretends to be—Half-Hours with the best Authors—the thousand and one who have year after year, given to generation after generation, the richest intellectual feast which the epicure of literature can desire. Many half hours have we spent delightedly with one of these little volumes, when the heavier tomes from which the extracts are taken would have frightened us from the attempt. It is very pleasant, at some moment of vacuity—or more fashionably, *ennui*,—to be saved all the trouble of looking for something to amuse, and one who has this book within reach, will never when so troubled, be without a remedy. Three hundred and sixty-five is the number of the extracts, and these, though principally from the more modern authors, are intermingled with sparkling and spicy passages from those who may be safely named, the Modern Antique, and to suit all tastes, are composed of both poetry and prose. The occasion of this eulogy is the appearance, in four volumes, from the press of Wiley of New York, of a new edition of this work. Buy it, you who can afford it. It will never be an act to be repented of, and you will thank us for our advice whenever the book comes to your hand.

FISHING IN AMERICA.

FRANK FORRESTER has been writing a book upon fishing and the game fish of America, as a pendant to his favorite book, the Wild Sports of the same limitless region. He has made a racy and an interesting book; interesting even to Canadians, for although the waters of this younger and wilder America are full of fishes the catching of which is a triumph of human skill, this part of the subject seems to be scarcely known

to him. He must spend a summer among our lakes and streams, and then he will write a supplement. In the meantime, all lovers of the gentle craft had better enjoy themselves over his book, which, they may take our word for it, is very pleasant as it is.

We cannot resist the temptation to extract a passage descriptive of the salmon—

The salmon is, to all intents, a fish of prey; and to this end every part of his frame is adapted, in the most perfect manner, by the master hand of nature. The elongated form of his body tapering forward and with the most gradually curved lines, like the entrance and the run of some swift-sailing barque, enables him to glide through the swift water in which he loves to dwell, displacing its particles with the least resistance, the powerful muscles and strong branched rays of his broad and vigorous caudal fin serving as a propeller, by which he can command an immense degree of momentum and velocity, and ascend the sharpest rapids.

No one who has once felt the arrowy rush of a fifteen pound salmon, when struck with the barbed steel, will be inclined to undervalue his strength, his speed or his agility; and the numerous and astonishing leaps which he is capable of making, to the height of many feet above the surface, either in attempting to rid himself of the hook, or in surmounting obstacles to his upward passage, in the shape of dams, flood-gates or cataracts, prove the exceeding elasticity, vigour and strength of his muscular system.

The prodigious power of sinew exhibited in the limbs and springy limbs of the quadrupeds of prey of the feline order is not superior in its degree to that possessed by this, the veritable monarch of fresh-water fishes; nor are the curved fangs and retractile talons more efficacious instruments to the lion and the tiger for the seizure of their victims, than are the five rows of sharp hooked teeth, with which the whole mouth of the salmon is bristled, for the prehension and detention of his slippery and active prey.

A fifteen pound salmon! let him try the Saguenay, on some occasion when the steamers are, in early summer, tripping it to that far-off region, and he will learn to increase his weights. But his enthusiasm must excuse his want of justice to the weight of this noble fish. We bid him heartily welcome to the fishing of our Canadian streams, and when he has done so, his enthusiasm, as well as his knowledge, will be increased.

JUST PUBLISHED,
THE CANADIAN GUIDE BOOK,
 WITH A MAP OF THE PROVINCE,

BESIDES an accurate description of the Province, which will be found very useful, both to the Tourist and the Emigrant; the Appendix contains a variety of important Tables, Statistical Reports, and the last Canadian Tariff. The Map is most beautifully executed by Johnson, of Edinburgh, Engraver to Her Majesty, after Mr. Staveley's Fine Drawing. Round the principal Map there are plans on a larger scale of the Island of Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, the Country about the Falls of Niagara and Quebec, as it appeared in 1759, under Wolfe's operations.

PRICE, 5s.

ARMOUR & RAMSAY,

And sold by R. & C. Chalmers, J. McCoy, C. Bryson, R. & A. Miller, and B. Dawson, Montreal; G. Stobbs, Three Rivers; P. Sinclair, Quebec; W. Brooks, Sherbrooke; A. Bryson, Bytown; W. Buell, Brockville; J. Allan, Perth; Ramsay, Armour & Co., Kingston; J. Harrison, Belleville; Scobie & Balfour, H. Rowsell, and T. Maclear, Toronto; M. Mackendrick, Hamilton; J. Simpson, Niagara; T. Craig, London.
 July, 1849.

THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

THE Subscribers have been entrusted with the Publication of an Edition of this Magnificent Work for the British American Provinces, and in order to ensure its going into extensive circulation, the price has been placed at the low rate of 12s. 6d. per part—the whole to be completed in five parts. The price in Britain of the edition published there, was £8 8s. sterling; but by the present arrangement, the Maps having been skilfully transferred from steel to stone, the publishers are enabled to offer the same work, at £3 2s. 6d. currency.

The most eminent literary and scientific men of the day have pronounced the most favourable opinion, both as to the accuracy of the Geographical details and the beautiful execution of the Plates.

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- Part 1: 1st July—Hemispheres, Northern Italy, India, Europe, Southern Italy, Palestine, South America, China, Denmark.
- Part 2: 1st August—The World, Mercator's Projection, Switzerland, Persia, Prussia, Turkey in Asia, Pacific Islands, Africa, Norway, West Indies.
- Part 3: 1st September—Canada, Austria, Van Dieman's Land, Egypt, Australia, Spain, &c., England, France, New Zealand.
- Part 4: 1st October—Asia, Ireland, United States, Holland, Belgium, and Prussia in Europe, Scotland, New South Wales and North America.
- Part 5: 1st November—Germany, Nubia, Greece, Turkey in Europe, and Malaysia; Letter Press, Table of Contents, Engraved Title, Dedication, &c.

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