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HOME.

BY THE REV. H. GILES.

If we regard home, as God designs it, as Nature guided by its truest impulses, by its highest sentiments, as Nature faithful to reason and Religion, would have it, there is nothing else that associates itself with fairer images or more radiant thoughts. The affections in which the home originates, the affections which the home contains and fosters, imply whatever is brightest in life—whatever is most lasting and most lofty in goodness—whatever is least deceitful and most sincere in the world—whatever, in the dream of an immortal hope, supplies the best analogies of Heaven. No one can despise these without despising what God has consecrated, and what man has, in his best estate, ever the most honoured.

The affections in which the home originates, or should originate, are to the opening heart its oil of gladness; and the flame which they nourish is surely the brightest that ever falls upon this lower pilgrimage. They are the poetry, the prophecy, the Religion of the present life, the vision of its beauty, the anticipation of its goodness, the religion of its love. They are the elements from which all that is richest in the ideals of our being take their forms, and draw their inspiration: which romance heaps into story; which art breathes into Scriptural and pictured creations; which the Drama reproduces in the scenes that most delight or move us; which, from the first, poetry and music have not ceased to sing, and which continue still the charm of their sweetest strains. Nor are these sentiments to be depre-

ciated, because experience sometimes disappoints and sometimes reverses them; because that in actual trial the dream of poetry often leaves but vacancy, and the hope of prophecy but apathy; because that, however happy the result, it is a happiness which must be willing to part with ardour, and to accept tranquillity—which must be ready to bear with lassitude, and even be content to suffer. These sentiments are entwined with all that gives dignity to man, and without them the life of man had been worse than brutal. For what is there that raises humanity from earthliest baseness! What is there that embellishes or softens intercourse! What is there of purest sacrifice or most heroic deed, which is not directly or indirectly associated with these sentiments, or with the relations which imply them! They are not merely beautiful, they are solemn. Accordingly, in every state of society above the most savage, men celebrate the commencement of domestic life with religious feeling, if not always with ritual ceremonies. The occasion is one of gratulations, but so, too, it is one of seriousness. Smiles melt into tears, and gladness is ripened by reflections. The vows which contain promises for life, though fraught with sincerity and happiness, are not made with exultant utterance; there is a degree of melancholy in their tones; they are not loud but deep; and, music in them as there is, it is the low, low, music of humanity. Even in the height of the feast, amidst bright flowers and joyous faces, in the chaos of mirth, in

the madness of laughter, there is that which will cast shadows on the fancy, shadows rendered the more intense by the brilliancy of the reverse. When the voices of gaiety are the most tumultuous, peals of merriment the most prolonged, whisperings of thought will often come to the inner spirit, which, with indistinct but passionate utterance, sober the heart like a distant song, and excite it to ponderings and musings that the viol and the harp cannot drive away or silence. Christianity, in this, as in all things else, consecrates the solemnity of nature. Saint Paul speaks of marriage as a mystery. The largest section of the Christian Church regards it as a sacrament. Jesus himself sanctified it with his presence.

More sacred, still, are the affections and the objects which a genuine home contains. There is conjugal affection—in its truth and its devotion; in friendship, the most constant, the most enduring, and the most inspired. There is parental affection—the nearest image upon earth of God's disinterested goodness; and like that goodness, an impenetrable mystery of love. The father under its influence shrinks from no toil; complains of no privation, and, if he can but bless his offspring, he is greatly happy.—The mother, too, is there in the strength of her love and meekness:—that love which awaits them, and receives them into life with a passion of desire: which watches them with a sleepless patience onward to maturity;—nor quits them, even then;—but still grieves or exults in their misfortunes or success: and that heart, which in the freshness of maternity took more gladness from the infant's smile than the praise of monarchs could have given it, bounds elastic from the chill of age, at any good tidings from the man or woman that once was folded to its beatings: ay, and as once it bled at that infant's slightest hurt, it still can sicken and can break for that man or woman's misery or sin. There is filial affection, also, which answers to parental, though with no equal force. There, besides, is the frank regard of brother for brother; the gentle attachment of sister to sister; above all, that peculiar, that heavenliest of sympathies,—the sympathy which lies between a brother and a sister—in which the spirits of man and woman are united with a tenderness, and beauty, and unselfishness—not found in aught beside on earth, or lower than the angels.—And there is childhood with all the graces of innocence and light around it. There it is, with its tears and smiles: there it is, with its prattle and its glee ringing sweet music upon the coldest ear: there it is, with its sorrows and its pains winning pity from the sternest bosom: there it is,

demanding toil which it is happiness to exert, and praying for it with caresses, which it is blessing to receive; there it is, unconsciously in union with the holy and unseen, in the first joy of being perfecting its Maker's praise: there it is, giving free expression to nature, and showing before perversion, how excellent that nature is: there it is, as yet un-schooled in the sophistications of the world, with its fearless speech, its bold sincerity, its colourless truthfulness; there it is, with its sensibility to the beautiful and the good, with instructive appreciation of the generous and the right; amazed at inconsistencies, which, quick to apprehend, it is, puzzled to explain, and which, the less it can understand, the more it ponders. There it is fastening itself to our hearts by its very faults; pulling down the imagined triumphs of our virtue by its simple goodness, setting at naught our boasted courage by its heroic patience and endless fortitude; shaming the varieties of our science by the depths of its untaught wisdom; there it is, exciting by turns our hope, and our fear; a hope, which our experience but too sadly overclouds, a fear which the same experience but too bitterly inspires.

The relation of home to the individual, in the lowest sense, is that of a natural necessity; but, in a higher view, it is one of incalculable moral import. The excellence of a right home for training and for example, is so obvious that it is sufficient, merely to mention, and to pass it. But the simply negative conditions of such a home are of unspeakable advantage. There is nothing in it to pervert; there is nothing in it to obstruct. Whatever the individual is capable of being, he is not hindered from being: and he has such aids, moreover, that he may best be that for which he has the most capacity.—Passing by the instances in which souls have been from the outset crushed down by death and ignorance, I am convinced that most of our intellectual and moral failures throughout life may be traced to distortions of the spiritual nature in the early home. There have been minds, I am persuaded, that nothing else could have injured, that have by this been utterly destroyed. There have been minds, which, had they been thrown naked on the world, with only their own unharmed impulses and vigour, that would have gone bravely onward, and gained, as they advanced, trophies, not only of virtue, but of genius. There have been minds which no shackle could have held in the hour of their strength, which yet could never rid themselves from the bondage of first impressions; and the very finest minds, primitively of the most

admirable texture, are the most liable to be the victims of such enslavement. And thus it is, that you will often see the member of a family the most brilliant and the most loved go off into speedy destruction, while the stolid and the selfish among them kept the common way safely if not to fortune. The creature that was sensitive, impressible, and sympathising, but not favourably surrounded, retained impressions, which the more indifferent never even felt; they festered in his soul, and they consumed, and they killed it. There have been minds, which prosperity could not have damped; which obstacles could not have deterred; which vice could not have corrupted; minds that with faith and bravery could have faced all outward and all moral evil; that would have come fresh from the darkest adversities, and pure from the worst scepticism and egotism that infest the world; that yet have sunk by youthful perversion. Persons there have been who could have borne pain, who could have hungered, and thirsted, gone bare-footed and bare-headed; who could have generously endured the insolence of office, the proud man's contumely without admitting for an instant to their feelings a taint of envy or of hatred; who could have quietly submitted to whatever came with the hour, and patiently waited for better times; but of moral deformities that had early eaten into memory; of ungraceful and unholy images that got root too soon in the plastic fancies; of conflicts and distractions that unsettle their affections; of subtle diseases from the beginning enfeebling their moral sense: all weakening, dividing, pulling down the loftiest struggles of the intellect—of these, they cannot strip themselves: they are corded and chained by them—and the strongest in their grasp are often as Sampson shorn of his might in the hands of the Philistines. But for such counteractions of what lights many minds might have been that have gone out in darkness! And, but for the absence of evils such as these, many minds would be in darkness, that now are lights forever to the world. Luther's early home was poor: had it been bad—what a change it might have had upon his destiny: instead of leading the Reformation, he might have perished as a drunken demagogue. Latimer's early home was likewise humble; but of its lowly piety he gives affecting descriptions in his own rude but heart-sweet eloquence. Had it been vicious, instead of dying a world-wide martyr, he might have died a village jester. Here then is a great lesson to woman. She it is who is most in the home: she it is who is first with the child—longest—last

In what I have spoken—brief though it be—I have given a solemn exhortation on woman's influence, a subject about which there is much vapid rhetoric, but little sound instruction. The pure, the reverential guardianship of childhood, that is especially given to woman; and than that there is nothing more holy on earth, and nothing more important.

The relation which home bears to the community is so simple that it needs but slight allusion. Home is the epitome of society; for society is but an aggregate of families. The individual is formed in the small community of home for the great community of the world. The need of authority and the virtue of obedience is first learned in home, and this is the greatest of social lessons. If individuals have cultivated in youth habits of a generous obedience; they will not in maturity regard an obtrusive self-will, either as dignity or independence; and they will temper the loyalty of good citizens with the amenity of good Christians. And so, too, the fraternal spirit of home will flow out with the wider charities of life. If not utterly depraved, we are kind to our brothers and our sisters: their good qualities we admire, and we do not look on their defects, but with pity. If they are in want, we relieve them; if in pain, we soothe them: if they sin, we use our best efforts to reclaim them; failing in our efforts, we would never punish without mercy, and at the worst we lament, when we cannot restore. If we would only carry this spirit into all our social ethics, what grace it would give to duty. Our deeds could not be in the bare letter of formal precept, but in the genial affection of family relationship; and reverence, and brotherhood, and mercy would be the ties of the family-compact.

But this is Home as Nature has made provision for it, and as right culture might render it. Taking things as they are, truth and reality demand that we should view the subject from another aspect, and this, also, we can do but partially. We say not that numbers of existing homes do not transcend in peace and happiness more than it ever entered into our heart to conceive: but so do, we fear, existing homes, or *dwellings* rather, as far transcend all we can imagine, in disorder and misery. The multitudes of the homeless are enormous; the multitudes are enormous, that are worse than homeless.

Go through the dwellings or the streets of any city. Behold the numbers of the neglected young—whose existence concerns scarcely a living heart; whose infancy had no care; whose vices caused no sorrow; whose depravity gave no

shock, whose punishment, when it comes, will move no pity; whose life and whose death are matters the most indifferent; matters which will sink together into the black and fathomless ocean of oblivion, leaving no trace of the thousand whom it daily swallows. Such there are in crowds, who have received no shelter, or to whom the kind of shelter which they had was worse than none. They have seen but ignorance, and if a gleam of knowledge has dawned upon their souls, it was quenched before it could ever kindle to a steady light. From the opening of life their senses were either blunted or corrupted: they heard few words but those of profanity and coarseness; and they learned the capacities of language only in the basest of its vocabularies. Passions, not chastened or controlled, but to the uttermost enflamed and gratified; vices, rank and deadly, yet scarcely known to be vicious, heated and poisoned from birth the atmosphere in which they lived. Their instruction in evil has been sadly in season, and they have been faithful to the instruction with a most melancholy aptitude.

Observe a scant-clad pale-faced man, whom few as they pass regard. He treads upon the earth a stranger, yet had he once a splendid residence. Luxury and pleasure hailed him for their master: troops of companions came at his summons; but a time arrived, when the summons failed of answer: luxury and pleasure disowned him for their lord; troops of companions knew him no longer as their chieftain: his fortune was exhausted and the spell was broken.—And what shall we say of others—that are in thousands homeless—oh—how terribly homeless!—thousands that live in misery and despair which there are no words to paint—thousands that once had homes—kindred—innocence—and hope—but for whom such things never shall be again—in whom beauty and purity—all that robbed the soul in light—all that gave fairness to the world—all that made experience, what it should ever be in youth, a glow of loveliness and a spirit of joy—all sullied and destroyed:—for whom the future has but darker sin, wilder madness, or at the best no consolation but life-long repentance, and no home but the grave.—It is a painful reflection, which often intrudes on our meditations—when we overlook a great city from steeple or hill-top, to think, in that mass of roofs, how many afford shelter only to suffering and to crime; when we think how many a roof covers over poverty; over cold-hearths and hunger, over degrading ignorance;—brutal passion, and fearful vices; how many a roof has beneath it wickedness completed; still more, how many a one has

wickedness in preparation by the temptations of distress or the corruptions of example. We will carry our imagings no farther, lest we should tread upon the borders, or enter within the precincts, of scenes, to whose contamination we ought not even to risk our fancy—when thus we think our souls are cast down, and we shudder in the presence of a measureless calamity. We turn our observation from buildings in the mass, to fix it on others that rise conspicuously above them. We behold a forest of steeples and towers that indicate the faith in God and immortality that uplifts the mind to heaven. We are comforted. Here are temples, we say, where for a while, at least, the indigent feel rich in spiritual professions; where the tempted poor gain support against the danger that besets them; where the lowliest become conscious of their nature's dignity in knowing that they have within them an undying life, and in the universe a gracious Father. But the comfort is of short duration: for truth soon dispels it. To these temples the poor do not come. In these temples the poor have no space. We are not uttering a censure; but stating a fact. The congregations who build these churches, the congregations who fill them, are the wealthy and the competent. Masses there are, who either have no churches or care for none: we take away our gaze from the buildings dedicated to religion, and it meets others of a different kind, but quite as conspicuous;—dark frowning edifices of cells and bolts, that overshadow the surrounding space with appalling gloom. These edifices *have*, indeed, their inmates from the destitute; these are filled and crammed from the homeless, or the worse than homeless, of our people.

But, the homeless are not limited to the vicious and the poor. They may be likewise found among the prosperous and the rich. These, too, may be the homeless, ay, wretchedly homeless: men idolaters of money or of power; women, the slaves of vanity or fashion. Superb residences they may dwell in, but they are not homeless—they may give brilliant parties; they may be the envy of those who cannot rival them, and the hatred of those whom they exclude; but of home-feelings or home-blessings they are utterly unconscious. And, who can tell the amount of misery which such a gawdy wilderness may contain! Who can tell the amount for which it may prepare! It is not possible to say, how many gifted natures are destroyed in the midst of glitter and profusion. Minds of true, ardent, generous impulses, suffer, wither, pine away, and die; minds that, allowed to live out their native

worth, would be a glory to the world, are crushed down into false positions, and condemned for life to the moral Bastille of a heartless conventionalism.

I must now conclude. I have not spoken all that I might; possibly, I have not spoken all that I ought; but, such as my speech has been, it is right at once to close it.—Within the home are the germs of all religion and all virtue. Within the genuine domestic circle the soul experiences the first care, from which it can image to itself, the goodness of the Supreme and Creative Parent. There, spring up the love and reverence, which, exalted afterwards by faith and reason, become a living and an intelligent worship. There, is impressed the earliest sense of benefits graciously received; and this, exalted by the growth of a spiritual experience, rests with holy gratitude on the Eternal Love that governs the universe. There, are learned in the sphere of kindness lessons of willing obedience—lessons of accepted suffering; lessons of holy self-denial; lessons of earnest purpose; lessons of godly consistency. There, duty becomes enjoyment, and service becomes freedom. There, grow up the habits which render the ways of God's appointment ways of pleasantness, and the paths of His commandments paths of peace. Which of the social virtues are not implied in the fraternal relations; and to which of the social vices are these relations not opposed?—There is not a virtue of either benevolence or justice, which has not a seed in some affinity of home: and there is no vice of malice or unrighteousness which is not inconsistent with every association which these affinities create. If, therefore, worldliness, falsehood, or conventional deceptions do not pervert the affections from which the home should spring; if poverty, or vice, or passion, do not stifle the affections which the home should nourish; if intellectual discipline, and moral power, and religious feeling, and religious peace rest within the home; the effects which go out from it will be blessed to the hearts that bear them; they will be blessed to the community into which they are born; every such home will be at once a sanctuary and a school: a sanctuary for piety and a school for duty, and it is only as such homes are increased in the world, that the Kingdom of Christ is extended: it is only as such homes are increased in the world, that God will be fully glorified, and that man will be completely redeemed.

THE ORPHAN GIRL

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

WINTER! a season fraught with woe!
Then, earth is covered o'er with all
The signs of death—one sheet of snow,
Her white, unblemished funeral pall!
It is a dreadful time, indeed,
For manly hearts, that inly bleed,
When want and cold have laid them low,
And shivering forms obey their call.

The rich may love his savage smile,
And all his fiercest blasts endure;
But, oh! how many forms the while
In sorrow pine!—how many poor
Behold, approaching from afar,
Old Winter's black, triumphal car,
With quailing eye?—a phantom vile,
From which they cannot rest secure!

Across the field the snow-flakes fly,
Like winding sheets that shroud the dead;
They stay not for the Orphan's cry—
They care not if the Orphan's head,
Benumbed with frost—dishevelled—bare—
In agony reposes where
The coldest blasts are whistling by:
They love to make the Orphan's bed!

She was a tender little child,
That Orphan Girl that trod the plain,
Where Winter's sternest sprites beguiled
The time, and fell the drizzling rain;
Upon her neck, benumbed, and bare,
Hung her half-stiffened locks of hair.
In dripping tresses, floating wild,
Sending a chill through every vein.

More bleak and piercing blew the gale,
The snow in heavier showers fell;
And now was heard the Orphan's wail,
More keen than tongue or pen can tell;
It was a cry of anguish, sent
To heav'n, as if the spirit rent
Its earthly house—now weak and frail,—
The soul no longer there could dwell!

Another morn, and all was o'er,
The Orphan's limbs were stiff and cold;
Winter triumphant stood once more,
And viewed the corse with features bold,
Wild blew the winds—high raged the storm—
The snow-drifts hid that tender form,
That oft, withstood their blasts before—
Whose melancholy fate is told.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON AND HER RIVAL.

BY JANE STRICKLAND.

IN contemplating the untimely death of Ann Boleyn, we suffer our feelings to get the better of our judgment. We forget the broken heart of Catherine and only think upon the scaffold, the false accusation and the severed head of her rival. We see youth, beauty, and talents vainly flinging their charms round the insensible and unnatural tyrant. We see him slandering, vilifying and thirsting for the life-blood of the woman he had "delighted to honor," and ere that blood was cold giving her name and place to another. We lament over this unhappy victim of lust and tyranny, and generously forget her crimes in her dreadful fall. We no longer view her as the supplanter of Queen Catherine's rights, as the cruel stepmother and ambitious woman. Her misfortunes fling a veil over her faults which Pity forbids Justice to remove. Truth, however, while she allows the claims of this unfortunate lady to our sympathy, obliges us to declare that she neither deserved her elevation nor conducted herself well during her short-lived possession of power. While espousing the husband of another her heart remained untouched. It was to the King, not to the man she loved, her hand was given. She was the victim of ambition not of love. The accomplished author of *De Vere* says: "We feel almost inclined to pity Henry when Ann Boleyn declared on her trial that the King never had her heart." In this point we must differ from him on the ground that the affections of an aspiring woman are little worth. Raynal in relating the elevation of this unfortunate lady remarks that, "the ambition of Ann Boleyn kept her chaste." Still her many fascinating qualities win upon us. We know not in what light to regard her character, whether to view her as the murderess of Sir Thomas More, as the cruel stepmother of Mary, or as the amiable protectress of the Protestant church. In the last closing scene, we see her as a penitent woman lamenting her errors yet asserting her innocence with becoming dignity, acknowledging with noble candour those faults of which no one dared accuse her, but maintaining her purity with the majesty of truth. Sometimes we behold the lightning of her wit bursting from the dense clouds of calumny that surround her, and illuminating with a deceitful blaze, the dark horizon along which her sun was destined prematurely to set. At other times when we see her weeping in her prison like a bereaved mother or a penitent Magdalen, we feel inclined to echo her pathetic exclamation: "Alas has Mark Lancelton died without clearing

my innocence," and like her stepdaughter, we weep over her fate and only remember her shining qualities. We forget the beheaded More, the broken-hearted Catherine, while we follow her to the scaffold.

In the character of Catherine of Arragon we scarcely discover the shades that mark the daughters of mortality, in fact we rather imagine than find them.

Perfection is far a higher state, and therefore this good and great Queen must have had faults, although the eye of the historian may have failed to discover them. Her private correspondence displays the correctness of her judgment and the goodness of her heart in the brightest colors. Yet these letters on which she did not think the eyes of posterity would look; show us at once the woman and Queen. We particularly cite that preserved amongst many others in *Ellis' Historical Letters* in which Catherine informs her consort of his victory over the Scottish King at Flodden as a beautiful instance of generous pity for the vanquished and conjugal tenderness for the victor. We see this highminded and injured lady maintaining a mild ascendancy over the heart of a tyrant, long after the charms of youth had faded (if indeed she ever possessed them) standing between him and the people like a mediating angel forbidding the axe to fall on his destined victims, nor were her learning, piety and modesty inferior to her sweetness of temper and love of justice. Sincere and single hearted herself she long believed Henry's conduct arose from scruples of conscience rather than from alienated love. Her pathetic appeal to him during her trial, at once so wise, so simple and confiding, excited his admiration, although it failed to move his purpose. He threw his better angel from his side and became the most monstrous bigot and tyrant that ever disgraced the pages of history. This great Princess, if she had lived five months longer, would have beheld the downfall of her unhappy rival, it is even probable that she heard the rumour of Henry's alienation of affection from his second wife before her dissolution. We may feel assured, moreover, that if Catherine's eyes had beheld the calamities of the fair usurper of her rights she would have dropped a generous tear over her ashes, rather than exulted in her misfortunes. The woes and rivalry of these illustrious ladies are over, they have passed into that land where all things are forgotten, and when they meet again (and surely it is no presumption to indulge such Christian hope,) may they be found as sisters rejoicing in the same glorious immortality before the throne of God.

EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We left Eva awaiting in trembling apprehension the arrival of Mr. Arlingford, but lady Huntingdon having detained the latter in conversation, some time elapsed ere he made his appearance, and that short interval afforded her time to recover her outward composure, and prepare in a measure for the trying interview before her. A firm, quick step at length resounded on the stairs, and though her heart beat with suffocating violence, the death-like pallor of her cheek was the only token of agitation she betrayed. In another moment she and Mr. Arlingford were face to face.

"Eva! Miss Huntingdon!" he eagerly exclaimed, as he grasped her hand in friendly, fervent greeting; "this is, indeed, a happy, happy meeting!"

Eva contrived to reply with tolerable calmness, and then asked him to be seated, glancing at the same time at a couch at some slight distance.

Either mis-interpreting or disregarding her wish, he placed himself directly opposite her, where not one change of her countenance, one quiver of her eye-lids, could escape him. For a long time the conversation flowed in an indifferent strain—he, speaking of what had transpired in England during their absence,—she touching on the many events that had attended their lengthened residence abroad; but notwithstanding the seeming attention he paid to her words, Eva felt all the while, that the whole thoughts of her companion were centered exclusively on herself—that his dark, earnest eyes were studying, line by line, every lineament of her countenance, every expression of her soul. Painful, embarrassing as was that scrutiny, it yet strangely surprised and gratified her to find that his manners became every moment more gently respectful, more kindly earnest. What was the cause? Was it the wonderful change that time and travel had wrought in her naturally gifted mind, enlarging and expanding it till she was now a fit companion for the highest mental spirit? Was it the sweet, sad dignity her manners and deportment had long since acquired, so different to the irresolute timidity of her girlhood? It may have been in

a measure a blending of these, but above all, was it the mournful change that had passed over that once radiant countenance, and the deep traces sorrow and care had left on that pale, quiet brow. Arlingford felt that he was now in the presence of a woman, a woman who, despite her youth and gentleness, had already passed through the fiery ordeal of earthly care and sufferings, and as he listened to the low tones of that sweet, subdued voice, the remembrance of Eva in her girlish days, bounding to meet him with sparkling eye and lip, conning her studies at his side, recounting to him all her childish joys and griefs, a remembrance so clear and vivid in his mind till then, melted gradually away till it seemed a strange, faint creation of his own fancy. Soon wearied and impatient of the cold, foreign strain they spoke in, and which seemed a mockery between two who had known each other so well, and who thus met for the first time after an absence of long years, he abruptly exclaimed:

"To speak of subjects nearer home, Miss Huntingdon," he no longer called her Eva as in days of old, "Rejoiced as I was to hear of your arrival in England, I was rendered doubly happy by the pleasant knowledge that we are to have you for a comparatively near neighbor. Leland Park is not more than a day's journey from Arlingford Castle."

"I was not aware that it was so near," coldly rejoined Eva, annoyed at the penetrating look which accompanied his last words and which his careless manner but half concealed.

"That, reminds me, Miss Huntingdon, I have not yet congratulated you on the new ties you are about to form, ties of course which are to ensure the happiness of your future life. You, are silent! Eva, forgive me, if for once I depart from the cold rules of ceremony, and tell you that it has been whispered me a happier destiny might be yours, than that awaiting the future mistress of Leland Park."

"It's a destiny, I myself, have chosen," was the calm reply. Arlingford was silent a moment, and then looking earnestly at her, he rejoined:

"My presumption deserved that reproof, but yet, much as it has wounded me, I must persevere.

I have promised those who have prayed and sued in vain to yourself, those whose earthly happiness your own generous efforts have secured and who love you as sister was never loved before, I have promised them, I say, to use all my powers, my influence to induce you to pause ere you take the irrevocable step before you. If your affections are not bestowed with your hand; if Leland has won your consent without your heart, you never can be happy with him. No, Eva, you are too unworldly, too high-souled for that. Pardon now, I implore you, my hardihood, but even at the risk of incurring again your anger, of being exiled from your presence, I will dare to ask, do you, love this man?"

In his deep, though restrained agitation Arlingford had risen from his seat and now stood fully confronting her. Slowly, Eva raised her face which was startlingly pale, unflinchingly her dark, speaking eyes met his, and then in a low though firm tone she rejoined.

"Mr. Arlingford, I do not."

"Then, why encourage, why wed him?" was the rapid, agitated question; "Tell me, now Eva, as you would have told me in childhood, as you told me of Chester Rockingham, of all your early griefs and trials, what is it that urges you on to so mad a step?"

For a moment the girl almost yielded to the persuasive accents of that entrancing, that well-loved voice, but suddenly her agonized heart whispered;

"What right has Edgar Arlingford, he who has so utterly abandoned and cast you off, to question you thus?" Coldly, almost bitterly, she replied.

"Mr. Arlingford must remember that he cannot expect to read the woman's heart as he once did the girl's."

"Eva, you are right and my presumption has deserved this, but will you not remember too, that I am still as I ever was, your devoted and unchanging friend!—still, as anxious to shield and guide you in the trials of maturer life as in those of childhood? Eva, as I once saved you from Chester Rockingham, so would I now save you from George Leland—from yourself."

His humility, his gentleness, his impassioned earnestness, all conspired to awake in her breast that chord she had striven so heroically to silence, and forgetting all her previous resolves, her coldness, her woman's pride, she bowed her burning face in her hands, murmuring in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion;

"It must be, Mr. Arlingford, even though my heart revolt in hating fear from its new ties, even

though it should break, it must be. Alas! I have no alternative."

"Yes, dear Eva, you have. One, which long years ago, I was on the point of proffering, and which, now, though unworthy, I again lay at your feet. It is, my gentle one, to become my wife!"

We will leave the reader to imagine Eva's wild surprise, her joy, which for a time seemed almost delirious; Arlingford's gentle assurances too, assurances she never wearied of hearing reiterated, "that she was far dearer to him than with her pale faded beauty, than when, as the radiant betrothed of Chester Rockingham, he had been on the point of seeking her for his bride." How intense was her happiness, when in reply to her half uttered, half implied doubts, he whispered;

"Then, Eva, you were only a child, a being to guide and protect, now, you are fit to be my solace, my companion."

Again and again had his vows and protestations been repeated, and Eva had listened without one thought, one shadow to mar her perfect bliss, when suddenly, as a thunder-clap, the remembrance of her engagement to another flashed across her. Till then, absorbed in her new-found, undreamed-of happiness, it had not even won from her a thought, and now that it recurred to her, so suddenly, so overwhelmingly, it brought with it a feeling of sickness even like that of death. In vain Arlingford repeated to her that her engagement had been conditional; in vain assured her that Leland's heart would suffer little, however deeply his self-love might feel it. Eva could not but remember that he had waited on her many a long year, been true to her when all the world beside appeared to have fallen off, and the thought strangely troubled her happiness. Whilst listening to the tender arguments with which her companion strove to dispel the shade of restless disquiet that now darkened her brow, one of those bright inspirations which sometimes flash upon us like the promptings of some benevolent spirit, beamed upon her, and with a countenance radiant in its restored hopefulness, she exclaimed:

"I have it now. We will make Sir George the unfaithful one. Mrs. Huntingdon must invite Miss Stanton on a visit to Elmswater—we will bring Sir George often there, and as he once greatly admired her, a feeling returned in some degree by the young lady herself, I believe I feel assured of escaping the painful task of breaking first our engagement."

As Eva alluded to Miss Stanton, the hint she

had once heard concerning Mr. Arlingford's attention to the latter, recurred to her, and she involuntarily glanced towards him. Whether he read that rapid, fleeting look, or that the proposition that rapid, fleeting look, or that the proposition in itself amused him, he rejoined with a smile:

"Nay, dear Eva, humble as you are, you cannot for one moment, seriously imagine that Miss Stanton could win either Sir George or any one else from you; but still your plan is admirable, and we will try it. Another thing we must endeavor to bring about at once, a reconciliation between Lady Huntingdon and your brother. They have been too long estranged. Noble young fellow! Now, indeed, may she lavish on him, without reproach or blame, the passionate idolatry which was once so utterly misplaced."

"Oh! yes, indeed," was his companion's heartfelt reply. "Nobly has he profited of adversity. Out of its stern school he has come more strengthened and purified, more courageous and hopeful than ever; whilst others, again, have weakly, sinfully, bent beneath its weight."

"Not you, at least, my own Eva," was the fond reply, "and the sunny smiles it has robbed you of, will be soon restored again. Arlingford Castle will no longer be the dull, quiet cloister it has been for years, and all the amusements, the pleasures that wealth and affection can procure, will be lavished on its cherished mistress. But you have not told me yet, my own Eva, when you will come to it. For my sake, for the sake of all, oh! tell me that it will be soon."

Earnestly, imploringly, his impassioned glance sought the averted eyes of his companion, and whilst he awaited, in silence, her reply, the door opened, and Lady Huntingdon entered. For a moment she stood as if petrified, glancing alternately from her daughter's crimson cheek, to the earnest speaking countenance of her companion, who held her hand in his, and then recovering alike her self-possession, and her voice, she exclaimed, in tones of lofty indignation:

"Mr. Arlingford! Miss Huntingdon! What does this mean?"

"I will explain all, dear Eva," whispered the latter to his trembling companion. "Leave us now. I will join you in the sitting-room in a few moments."

Eva thankfully made her escape, and Mr. Arlingford, in a few words, explained to his hostess the events of the last half hour. The storm that had at first brooded over Lady Huntingdon's brow gradually cleared off, and as he proceeded, was replaced by radiant smiles. Visions of Arlingford Castle, fitted up with regal magnificence, thronged with its master's high-titled relations, rose up

before her, and as the speaker concluded, adding with his customary high-bred courtesy, "that Eva and himself but waited for her ladyship's sanction," she instantly replied that it was freely, unhesitatingly, theirs. That her daughter might dismiss Sir George as early as she pleased, the only stipulation being that her own name should in no manner be involved in the affair.

CHAPTER XXV.

About a week after the events narrated above, Lady Huntingdon stepped out one evening on the verandah where Mr. Arlingford silently stood watching the fleecy clouds drifting over the summer sky, with an absent gaze that betokened his thoughts were far distant.

"Can you tell me where Eva is?" she abruptly asked. He started at the question and partly averting his head to conceal the meaning smile that might have betrayed, despite his efforts, his clear knowledge of Eva's whereabouts, evasively replied, that "Miss Huntingdon had probably been tempted abroad by the beauty of the weather."

Her Ladyship seemed but half satisfied by this explanation and impatiently rejoined;

"Really, Mr. Arlingford, I thought Sir George very unexacting, but your patience certainly far exceeds his. Eva's wonderful chariness of her time is enough to try the patience of a common acquaintance much less that of an affianced husband."

"Still Miss Huntingdon has many claims upon her time," interrupted Arlingford apologetically.

"Yes, the half of them imaginary, but even granting they were of the pressing importance you would fain invest them with, why are not some of her leisure hours devoted to her friends. Instead of rambling by herself, on some solitary walk as you have just conjectured, why is she not here to afford you an hour's conversation?"

"Well, we will overlook her delinquency for this once, and at the same time follow her example. The evening is singularly beautiful and a short walk would do your Ladyship good."

After a moments wavering between her ill-humor and her unwillingness to disoblige Mr. Arlingford, Lady Huntingdon consented, and accepting his proffered arm they set out together. Whilst carelessly conversing with his companion, Arlingford took good care that their path should lie in a different direction from Elmswater, whither he knew Eva had gone. After proceeding some considerable distance, an exclamation from Lady Huntingdon caused him to look in the

direction in which her own eyes had been fixed for some moments previous. A few paces from them, under the shade of a stately chestnut whose massive foliage had concealed them till then from view, were two beautiful children wreathing with flowers the graceful head of a large greyhound, and Arlingford knew not whether to bless or deprecate this chance and strange meeting, when he recognized in them the children of Augustus Huntingdon. With a vague hope that the interview might be productive of some good, that it might at last soften the icy indifference of their proud and titled relative, he drew back behind the latter, who evidently fascinated by the aristocratic loveliness of the children instantly approached them. The little girl on perceiving the intruder suspended her task and evidently awed by her repellant stateliness, clung closer as if for protection to her canine play-fellow. Her brother, however, seemed swayed by no such feeling and whilst his little hands still twined the flowery chaplets around the hound's delicate head, his bright flashing eyes were raised to Lady Huntingdon with a gaze of half-questioning, half-defiant curiosity. She, on her part, seemed spell-bound by the child's haughty beauty and as she gazed on the exquisitely chiselled features, the clustering raven hair, the brilliant eyes more irresistible to her from their, then, expression of proud questioning wonder, than even their lustrous light, a long struggling sigh, that seemed to rise from the inmost depths of her soul, escaped her.

"How like!" she murmured; "How wondrous like! There seems a spell about the boy."

Forgetful of her customary, haughty dignity, her exclusive egotism, she half knelt on the turf beside him and murmured as she passed her hand through the silky masses of his hair;

"Do you fear me, sweet child, as your sister seems to do."

A decisive negative was the immediate reply.

"Kiss me, then, and whatever gift you ask shall be yours."

Evidently but little swayed by her promise the child looked at her a moment in silence, balancing whether he should consent or not, and then, either influenced by the wonderful expression of tenderness softening those usually statue-like features, or finding, perhaps, something familiar in a countenance whose perfect regularity of outline, bore a striking resemblance to his father's, consented though with manifest indifference.

"And now," said Lady Huntingdon after a silent, but passionate carous, such as she had lavished

on her recreant son in his worshipped childhood.

"Now, my beautiful boy, tell me your name!"

"Edgar Huntingdon," was the impatient reply of the child, as his restless eyes turned again to the greyhound whose companionship he found infinitely more agreeable, than that of his present companion.

Lady Huntingdon drew back pale as death and the arm that encircled the child was withdrawn with startling abruptness.

"Huntingdon," she murmured, "I might have known it. Where else could I find that proud brow and lip that wayward, flashing glance."

For a moment her gaze rested on the boy, as he carelessly pursued his sport, with a strange expression of admiration and dread.

"Tis, useless, I cannot tear myself from him," she whispered; "He fascinates, enthral's me. Oh! what evil star brought us together, or made him so beautiful, so irresistible, so—so like his father."

A silence followed during which the speaker seemed to be revolving some mighty question for her cheek alternately paled and crimsoned and her features strangely quivered. Suddenly as if moved by some irresistible impulse more than reflection she passionately caught the boy to her bosom exclaiming:

"Say, will you not come with me, my noble child, and your home shall be a splendid palace with countless servants to wait on you, and you shall be their master, and every wish and every thought of yours shall be obeyed.

"I will go, if mamma will go with me," was the childish reply. The revolution of Lady Huntingdon's feelings was as sudden as it was overwhelming. Loosing the child from her clasp, she scornfully ejaculated, more to herself than to him;

"Thy mother! Thy low-born plebeian mother to mate with, to have even one feeling, one thought in common with Lady Huntingdon. Child, thou hast inherited as thy birth-right, her obtuse inferiority or, infant as thou art, thou wouldst have known, *that* could not be.

Nay, dear Lady Huntingdon, pronounce not so hastily a judgment, that pride may hereafter render irrevocable," interrupted the earnest tones Mr. Arlingford, who had listened in silence aside till Lady Huntingdon's sudden change of feeling and resolve, rendered his interference necessary. "Whatever failings their mother may possess, however faulty may have been her conduct with regard to yourself, you are surely too clear-judging, too generous to visit her errors on your son's innocent children."

"What! you too are a partizan then of this new candidate for the honors of the house of Huntingdon!" asked his companion with a withering sneer, and disdainfully marking the eager affection with which the children hung around the new comer and the tenderness with which he returned their caresses. I would have expected otherwise from the only scion of the time honored house of Arlingford, the descendant of the Grevvilles and the Ormonds.

"And why, your Ladyship! Is it likely that I, who befriended the father during his reckless and ungrateful boyhood, would now desert the unoffending children, because their mother bore a name less noble than my own?"

There was truth, justice, in his low, though grave accents, and Lady Huntingdon yielding despite her arrogance to their influence, rejoined:

"You are right, Mr. Arlingford, and I, of all others, have no claim to find fault with your conduct towards Augustus Huntingdon's children. Too often have I taxed your generosity, overtaken your patience and liberality on behalf of their worthless father, for that. No, your conduct towards them, whatever it may be, shall never be censured or even disapproved of in thought by myself, but there my forbearance ends. To me they have ever been, and ever will be as strangers."

"Nay, your Ladyship, for the sake of olden friendship, of past confidence, permit me to implore the revocation of that cruel sentence! Can you wilfully resign the treasures, the blessings that your declining years and feeble health might find in those beautiful children? Has not that noble boy, even whilst you were ignorant of his many claims upon your love, won from you both admiration and affection, has not his head already reposed next your heart?"

"There, it shall never lay again," was the cold, determined reply. "Whilst his plebeian mother lives—whilst he cherishes for her one feeling of affection or preference, Lady Huntingdon's heart and home will be alike closed to him. No further pleadings, Mr. Arlingford. Extend to me the privilege I have just accorded to yourself, and leave my conduct and sentiments free and undisputed."

Arlingford saw that the favorable moment was passing away, perhaps for ever, and hastily stooping over the little Edgar, he whispered something in his ear. The child proudly drew back, and with the peculiar haughty curve of lip which he seemed to have inherited from Lady Huntingdon herself, exclaimed:

"No, I will not ask her to kiss me or take me

with her. She does not like me, and I do not like her."

Again did that vivid, enthralling likeness to the wayward son over whose cradle she had watched with such deep idolatry, flash upon Lady Huntingdon, and again did that soul-subduing feeling of fascination, cause her breath to come short and quick, and the blood to mantle and fade from her cheek; but of all Lady Huntingdon's passions, her pride was the strongest, and it conquered. Turning away as if by a mighty effort, she murmured:

"Mr. Arlingford, lead me hence! Quickly!" and as she leaned heavily on the arm which he, alarmed by her mortal paleness, instantly proffered, she endeavored to fortify her wavering resolutions, by whispering low to herself: "His mother, his ignorant, plebeian mother."

A long time ensued, and a long distance had been placed between them and the children, whose inopportune sight had agitated her so strangely, ere Lady Huntingdon again spoke. When she did, the chilling calmness of her accents, the inflexible resolve of her haughty brow, betokened she was indeed herself again.

"I almost blush," she exclaimed, "for the irresolution, the contemptible emotion to which you have unfortunately been a witness within the last half hour. 'Tis so strangely at variance with my usual character and conduct, that I scarcely recognize myself in it, but I must atone for the weakness by double firmness in the future. Nay, no more entreaties, no more idle remonstrances," she hastily continued, as Mr. Arlingford attempted a few deprecating words; "You must deem me widely altered, widely fallen, indeed, from my former character, to suppose words of remonstrance from any lips could change the resolves of years. No, on this wide earth there breathes but one whose prayers or wishes could have moved me, and to him my heart is now more closed, my will more relentless than to all the world beside."

Her voice sensibly, perceptibly faltered as she spoke, but the firm passionless expression of her features, betokened the icy will was still unshaken. Mr. Arlingford convinced of the utter fruitlessness of all further attempts, at least at the time being, proffered no farther remark, and Lady Huntingdon, still shaken and irritated by the late interview, was equally indisposed for conversation. She was still pondering with what proud exultation she would have taken that noble boy to her breast, with what idolatrous devotion she would have cherished and tended him, had his mother's rank and birth corresponded in any degree with her own, when a new direction was

given to her thoughts by the approach of her daughter who was driving rapidly in a homeward direction. The recognition was almost simultaneous, and Eva instantly drew up her horse with a strangely nervous feeling, which Mr. Arlingford's kind, encouraging smile served but in a slight measure to re-assure.

"Would Miss Huntingdon have the kindness to inform us whence she comes, and where she is now going?" imperatively enquired Lady Huntingdon, who could not have been in a more unfavorable mood for the meeting.

"I am returning to the Hall," timidly answered Eva, most judiciously selecting the latter question for reply.

"Returning to the Hall," was her mother's angry retort; "Yes, after having spent the whole day amusing yourself in solitary walks and drives. Your contempt for your family and future husband, young lady, is certainly most unequivocally displayed."

"Nay, as far as I am concerned," interrupted Mr. Arlingford, endeavoring to dismiss the matter with a pleasantry; "your Ladyship need make no reproaches to Eva. The present is her time of rule, my day of power will come hereafter."

"If you are so easily satisfied, Mr. Arlingford, so little tenacious of the respect and claims due to yourself, I am not. Have the kindness to leave us till my daughter gives me the explanation, I have asked of her. Miss Huntingdon, I request, nay, I insist on an answer to my first question. Whence come you?"

Poor Eva, thus hard pressed, could only glance imploringly towards her lover, and the appeal was not long unanswered. In a cold tone, he exclaimed:

"And I equally insist, your Ladyship, on Miss Huntingdon's being freed from all farther importunities on the subject. We have annoyed her sufficiently, as it is. Eva dear, you had better drive on. We will join you shortly at the Hall."

With a timid, covert glance to her mother, followed by another of beaming gratitude and confidence towards the speaker, Eva obeyed and the feeling of security attending this first overt act of rebellion against her mother's long and absolute dominion, afforded her a foreshadowing of that happy time when she would have only the gentle sway of Edgar Arlingford to acknowledge or fear.

Lady Huntingdon at first petrified by her future son-in-law's daring mode of proceeding, was silent for some moments and then turning towards him, enquired in her haughtiest accents,

by what authority did he thus interfere between herself and her daughter?"

"I am only assuming, a week earlier, my marital rights," was the smiling but very determined reply; "Your Ladyship has often reproached me of late, with my unbecoming neglect of my own just claims, so I have asserted them to-day for the first time."

Lady Huntingdon felt the deep sting conveyed in his words, the cutting sarcasm which pierced through the thin veil of outward respect in which he had clothed his rebuke and her lips quivered with passion, but Edgar Arlingford was no weak-minded, irresolute George Leland to be ruled by a frown or won by a smile, still less was he a suitor to be trifled with or willingly, wilfully offended. No, the master of Arlingford Castle, the nephew and favorite of the powerful Duchesse of Fitz-Ormond was above all that, and when, after a moment, he again proffered his arm, remarking in his usual calm, respectful tones that "the evening air was beginning to grow chill," she accepted it without farther demur. Still ruled by the new power that had sprung up to oppose so successfully her own long undisputed sway, she addressed no farther reproaches to her daughter on her arrival at home, and a slight cutting remark regarding the happy independence of engaged young ladies, was Eva's only penalty for a fault that would have won her, one month previous, weeks of wearisome lecturing and bitter reproaches.

The following evening a pleasant little party were assembled in the drawing room at Elmswater, the beautiful residence of Augustus Huntingdon. Of course Arlingford and his affianced bride were there, and as young Huntingdon leaned over his sister's chair, jesting her on her change of suitors with much the same boyish vivacity that he used to tease her about old Humdrum, as he had titled the much calumniated governess, his young wife conversed with Mr. Arlingford whose attention was more than fairly divided by the caresses of the youthful Edgar and Eva to whom his arrival was ever the signal of entire freedom and bliss. Another couple, seated in a quiet nook at some distance were not less happy though infinitely more quiet. These were Sir George and "the charming person," and as the baronet earnestly assured her "that indeed she was as dear to him as Miss Huntingdon had ever been; at the same time entreating her like a sensible woman to consent to the immediate celebration of their nuptials, as the triumphal arches of Leland Park would be all down and the materials for the bon-fires carried off," a smile of

such perfect happiness irradiated her countenance that it rendered her plain features almost handsome. Eva's plan had succeeded admirably though as far as the actual breaking of the engagement went, her expectations had been disappointed. Notwithstanding his long stolen glances at Miss Stanton, his jealous inquisitive looks when Mr. Arlingford remained any time conversing behind her chair, Sir George had remained doggedly silent. The instant, however, Eva "requested him to free her from their mutual engagement, gently declaring her own reluctance to fulfil it," he unhesitatingly, in fact, cheerfully assented and that very night laid his fortune, whither his heart had wandered back long since, at Miss Stanton's feet. The contrast between Eva's coldness, her frigid taciturnity and Miss Stanton's smiling, though quiet politeness and ill-disguised partiality for himself, had soon wrought a wonderful change in the young baronet's sentiments and he was now, in every respect, equally well pleased and satisfied with his second choice.

Poor Helen Stanton herself could scarcely credit her good fortune. She who had attained the age of twenty-six without ever receiving one eligible offer, who had a host of unmarried younger sisters at home, that home, rendered so sad by the continual struggle between poverty and appearances, she to be Lady Leland with wealth and splendor, to have a grand mansion to place at the disposal of her poor sisters and marry them off, perhaps as well as herself, it was almost too much happiness and the feeling of partiality she had always entertained for the plain, straight-forward Sir George, now deepened into sincere and warm affection. The most perfect and unrestrained friendship reigned between the whole party none were more frank and friendly than Mr. Arlingford and his former rival; whilst Miss Stanton, who could not divest herself of a feeling of intense gratitude to Eva for having by her preference of Mr. Arlingford, given the baronet to herself, seemed to love her only second to the bride-groom elect himself.

Suddenly young Huntingdon who had been glancing occasionally from the window, whilst conversing with his sister, murmured a hasty apology and withdrew. Sir George remarking his hasty retreat, shortly after approached the casement and as he looked forth, energetically exclaimed;

"Well, by Jupiter! there's a sight. Arlingford, just look out, will you?" On the terrace beneath them, in confidential friendly intercourse, stood Lord Huntingdon and his son. The latter seemed persuading his companion to consent to some

proposal, for his handsome expressive countenance wore its most entreating look. Finally his Lordship seemed to yield, though very reluctantly, and the two disappeared immediately beneath the portal.

"Why, Mrs. Huntingdon, when did all this come round?" asked Sir George, his large eyes still dilated to twice their usual size.

"Oh! some time since!" was the smiling reply, "Lord Huntingdon accidentally met the children with their nurse, one morning, and struck by their appearance, or more probably tracing some family resemblance, enquired who they were. On being informed, he seemed equally surprised, and delighted, and emptied the contents of his purse between them. Again, either by design or chance he encountered them in the same place, when the acquaintance was farther cemented. Two or three days after, whilst passing the house, he saw the children playing amongst the trees at the end of the avenue, and dismounted to caress them, unconscious of their father's close proximity, whilst answering their childish questions and endearments, his glance fell on Augustus, who was leaning against a tree near, and who instantly advanced towards him. His Lordship could not refuse the father, the hand that had just been twined in the curls of the son, and the reconciliation was as immediate as it was complete."

"Just as it should be," was Sir George's encouraging comment: "but pardon my curiosity, Mrs. Huntingdon, have you been introduced to your father-in-law yet?"

The young wife colored, and murmured a reply in the negative.

"Then, I think you soon will be, for I hear them coming up stairs. Yes, that is his Lordship's step."

The girl drew back with changing cheek and beating heart, for Huntingdon Hall and its inmates inspired her with as much terror now as in the first days of her wedded life, and a moment after, the door was thrown open, and father and son entered together. There was a certain degree of awkward shyness about the manner of the former, and as his companion gently forced him in, he hesitatingly exclaimed:

"Well, really, my dear boy, I had rather—I had better not. What would Lady Huntingdon say if she heard of all this?" But in another moment his grand-children had sprang into his arms, his friends were around him, and all previous reluctance and doubts were forgotten. After a few moments, little Edgar, who evidently engrossed three-fourths of the new comer's attention

and admiration, raised his bright, intelligent eyes to the latter's face, exclaiming:

"But, grand-papa has not seen Edgar's own mamma yet."

"Well said, my little hero," replied his father, "Carry, dear, where are you? Here, your Lordship," and he gently drew forward his shrinking, agitated wife, "Here is Mrs. Huntingdon, your very obedient and affectionate daughter-in-law."

Lord Huntingdon's glance rested a second, earnestly, kindly, upon her, and then warmly pressing her hand, he made way for her on the couch beside him, entering immediately into friendly conversation, and evidently as much pleased with her as with his beautiful grand-children.

"Ah! Eva," murmured young Huntingdon, who, leaning on his sister's chair, watched the scene with softened eyes. "It wants but *one* to make our happiness complete."

She pressed his hand silently in reply, but spoke not, for alas! she knew how averse was that one to forgiveness or reconciliation—how she had spurned her own tearful entreaties, and haughtily silenced those of the favored Arlingford. In a low though rapid tone the young man continued:

"To you alone, my gentle sister, dare I confide the restless hopes, the bitter regrets, that delicacy enjoins me to keep secret from poor Carry, and pride forbids me revealing to the rest of the world. To you, alone, will I whisper, that in the darkness of night, the glare of day, the thoughts of that mother I so ungratefully outraged—that mother who loved me so wildly and passionately, follows me, saddening my spirits, and clouding them even whilst surrounded by the caresses of my wife and children. Eva, she was heartless towards my father, unjust, cruelly unjust to yourself, but to me she was all, everything. 'Tis only of late years this reproachful consciousness, this species of remorse, has come over me. Long after my marriage my heart was cold and ungrateful to her as before, as indifferent to a reconciliation as her own; but since I have become a parent myself—since children have filled our hearth and home with sunshine, I have learned to understand the extent of my ingratitude towards her. When I sometimes look at Carry caressing our little Edgar, as if every hope of her soul were centered in him, trembling if his rosy cheek is a shade paler, watching beside his couch through the long night, if but a childish ache disturbed his repose, I think to myself what an accursed wretch would that boy be, if, when arrived to manhood, instead of repaying her cares a thousand fold, he should turn that love as a deadly curse

against the devoted heart that gave it. And yet, Eva, I, I, have done all this, ingrate that I have been! Did not my mother love me as well as Carry loves her son? Aye! more, Eva, for no husband or second child shared her deep, concentrated love, and yet I insulted, trampled on it, and broke, yes, Eva, broke her heart."

He paused, his cheek pale as marble, his lips quivering with agitation, and Eva herself deeply touched, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him.

"Yes, sister," he hurriedly resumed; "has she ever been the same since the hour of my marriage, not that I would revoke *that* even for her, for my gentle wife is *too* infinitely dear to me now; but it was *wrong* and cruel not to have prepared her in some degree for the change, not to have softened the stroke to her if possible. Eva, I have looked on the wreck I have made, I have seen the hopeless, deathlike brow, the bowed, emaciated figure of her, who six short years ago was a woman in the pride, the bloom of life, and as I silently gazed upon her, horror-struck, agonized, a secret voice whispered, 'Her son, her only son, has done all this.' Eva! Eva! reconcile me with my mother, or an eternal shadow will brood over my heart and home."

Ere his sister could reply to that trembling, impassioned adjuration, he had hurriedly left the room. The saddening effect of his mournful revelations, his hopeless appeal lingered long after round Eva's spirits, and when she and her lover turned at length their homeward steps to the Hall the latter wondered much at the shade that rested in her soft eyes, and the melancholy intonations that, unknown to herself, lingered in her subdued voice. Still, her sorrow, whatever it might have been, was a thing sacred in his eyes, and as she granted him not freely her confidence, he was determined not to force it. On their arrival at the Hall, it was a relief to both, to learn that Lady Huntingdon was confined for the evening, to her room, by a slight head-ache, whilst Lord Huntingdon, they knew, had ridden over from Elmswater, to the estate of a neighboring nobleman, and would not be home till late.

"We will have to depend on our own resources for amusement this evening, Eva," Arlingford cheerfully exclaimed; "It will give us a foreshadowing, an idea of the future, we are so soon to enter upon."

Eva replied only by one of her bright blushing smiles, but the latter was soon again succeeded by the sadness which had at first filled her betrothed with regret, and now commenced to inspire him with a vague feeling of anxiety and

uneasiness. It vanished, however, in a measure, during the preparations for the evening repast, and as she presided, all sunshine and tranquil happiness, at the part which she was so soon to fill in his own home, his previous doubts and misgivings were all forgotten. After the tray had been removed, the grate replenished, Eva drew her embroidery to the bright blaze, and Arlingford taking up a heap of home and foreign journals from a table near, volunteered to read to her. For a time all went well enough, alternately reading extracts, commenting on them in turn, and touching at times on topics concerning themselves alone, but at length Arlingford's glance rested on some item of foreign political intelligence, which he did not think calculated to interest his companion. He glanced silently over it, and was then about to cast it aside with an apology to Eva, when a line in another column caught his attention. It was but one short sentence, and yet it caused the color to mantle brightly on his cheek, and then leave it hueless as ashes. Eagerly, scarcely he glanced towards his companion. Her white fingers lay idle on her frame, whilst the dark eyes dreamingly fixed on the flames, shone with the same shadowy sadness which had so pained him an hour previous.

"Eva," he at length asked in a suppressed voice: "Have you read these papers yet?"

His tones were calm and subdued, betraying no signs of the agitation that lurked in his quivering lip and troubled brow, and scarcely wakened from her deep reverie, she dreamily replied, "that she had not?"

Again Arlingford's color went and came, again a thousand shades of painful doubt flitted over his high brow and at length he repeated the single word.

"Eva."

The intonation of his voice, so grave, so earnest, so different to its previous accents, woke Eva suddenly, and with a startled, enquiring glance she looked up. His dark, searching eyes were fixed on her as if they would have read into her very soul, and with a cheek pale from suppressed emotion, he exclaimed:

"Eva, you are truth itself and I know will not deceive me. Look me, then, in the face, and tell me that you have not read this, that it has not caused the strange depression that has hung around you like a cloud to day."

He passed the paper to her as he spoke, his hand upon the paragraph that had caused his agitation. Mechanically Eva read it. 'Twas the announcement of the marriage at Paris of the wealthy widow of a banker, to Chester Rocking-

ham, youngest son of Viscount Rockingham, formerly of Middlesex, England.

The deep blush, the look of half bashful, half timid entreaty that succeeded Eva's first unguessed start of astonishment, somewhat calmed Arlingford's doubts, and when she returned him the paper, gently murmuring;

"In mercy! Edgar, remind me no more of the girlish error for which I have so often wept, so often blushed," he could scarcely refrain from clasping her to his heart and imploring her forgiveness for his doubts. Then, when he told them all and Eva in turn had revealed the cause of the sadness he had so strangely misapprehended, both resolved and promised that ere their own happiness should be consummated, they would, if possible secure, that of Augustus, by reconciling him with his mother.

CONCLUSION.

'Twas night and Eva was alone in her dressing room. A strange appearance of confusion pervaded the apartment. Trunks packed, drawers lying open, half rifled of their contents, jewels, ribands and laces scattered profusely around. The secret of all was revealed in the magnificent robe of white lace and satin, and the marriage wreath and veil extended on a couch near. The morrow was Eva's bridal day. She was leaning, her brow against the marble mantle-piece, wrapped in deep thought and as the light of the fire flashed up, ever and anon upon her face, it shewed that it was deathly pale. There was a depth, however, of intense quiet happiness there, that atoned for that trace of natural emotion, and once a smile, radiant though soft as moonlight, played over her lips. The striking of the marble pendule awoke her from her reverie and glancing towards it, she murmured, whilst an anxious look clouded her soft eyes. "'Tis the appointed hour. Mamma will soon be here."

A moment after, her door opened and Lady Huntingdon entered.

"Well, Eva," she exclaimed, "I have come. Willis said you wished to speak with me."

"Yes, mamma," was the hesitating, low-toned reply. "I trust I have not in any measure deranged you."

"No child, not in the least, and I can give you an hour or two to yourself if you wish, but first, let me look again over your bridal paraphernalia. I had but a fleeting glance at it. Beautiful!" she murmured as Eva held the taper for her. "Fit indeed for the future mistress of Arlingford Castle. And, these are your diamonds? Dazzling—su-

perb! such as never adorned your mother's brow, Eva, but where is that jewelled fan your future Aunt the Duchess of Fitz-Ormond sent you? In your sitting-room?"

"Allow me, mamma, I will get it," said Eva, as she hastily passed into the adjoining room cautiously closing the door behind her. As soon as Lady Huntingdon found herself alone she glanced round the apartment with a look of proud exulting triumph, murmuring: "Yes, all for *my* child. Even that," and she disdainfully touched a costly diamond bracelet that lay in an open casket on the table, "the tribute of Arlingford's haughty and exclusive cousin the Marchioness of Greville, she who could scarcely afford me a smile at our chance encounters in society for sixteen long years—more food for my pride and exultation. How I will triumph yet over her, over the world through my daughter, Mrs. Edgar Arlingford!"

In the zenith of her arrogant satisfaction her glance fell by chance on a small medallion likeness of her son, a gift from the latter to Eva, and which she had taken from its usual place to put in her jewel casket. A spectre itself could not have caused a more sudden revulsion in that haughty countenance. The deepest gloom clouded her brow, and the livid lips murmured:

"Him, ever him!"

When Eva re-entered, she found her mother seated, pale and silent, in an arm-chair, awaiting her.

"I hope I have not detained you, mamma," she timidly exclaimed. "Here is the fan."

Lady Huntingdon wearily glanced at the costly ornament, resplendent in dazzling jewels and then returned it exclaiming, "magnificent! A gift worthy of a Duchess!" but the proud light had fled from her eye, and Eva felt that some change had come over her during her momentary absence.

"Well, Eva," she continued, as her daughter silently seated herself opposite her, "You have done well indeed. I, proud, ambitious as I am called, could not have wished you one step higher and truly you have deserved your exaltation. Though I have never lavished what the world calls love on you, now at least, in the hour of our separation I can give you freely and entirely a mother's blessing, a blessing you have fully earned."

"And whilst thanking you for it, mamma," murmured Eva in a broken voice—"may I in return plead for a favor, a trifling favor? Surely, on to-night, you will not refuse it to me."

"No, child. 'Tis already granted. Speak."

"'Tis to listen to me then, mother, pleading for one most dear to us both, a repentant though an erring child."

"Eva!" ejaculated Lady Huntingdon sternly, pushing back her chair with ashy lips. "Have I not forbidden you, forbidden Arlingford under pain of my heaviest displeasure to ever mention *him* to me again."

"You did, mamma, and I entreat you to forgive me, but your promise——"

Speak on, then, I will listen, but I tell you child, your words are vain. You are but embittering me the more against him."

"Oh! mamma, mamma, say not so! Has not your vengeance been heavy enough already? Has it not followed him through long years, clinging to him in foreign lands, to him who was once so dear to you."

"Aye! there, child, is the cause. 'Tis because he was once so dear to me, because once I would have laid down my life, my happiness, my very soul, for his sake, that my love, turned back on itself, has changed to a feeling equally intense, equally absorbing. 'Tis not to you child I should speak of this. One of your yielding, characterless nature may wonder at, but cannot comprehend my words. As little as you could imagine the depth of affection, I lavished on that boy, that boy in whom every thought, hope and feeling of my ardent eager nature were concentrated, still less can you conceive the bitterness, the lasting vindictiveness to which my olden love has turned."

"But, mamma, has not Edgar told you that he has atoned fully, nobly for the faults of his boyhood; that he has gained a position in the world far higher than the one he once held, that the name of Augustus Huntingdon is now universally respected and esteemed?"

"Yes, all that he told me and more,—told me that his *parvenue* wife, the poor curate's daughter was now the friend and companion of duchesses, ranked even as high as the future Mrs. Arlingford, but Eva, if my ambition was outraged, so was my love. The one might be atoned to, the other never.

"Ah! mamma, say not so. Repentance, long, bitter repentance."

"Pshaw! child! Speak not to me of repentance, with a young blooming wife at his side and children, such children as he has, around his hearth. What is the mother who watched over his childhood to him, now? Why, even before his heart had another occupant, before he had formed another tie, he was wearied of me. Whilst I was sacrificing health and happiness

everything for his sake, losing repose and peace in anxious thought for him, in ceaseless endeavors to atone for his reckless dissipation, his spend-thrift excesses, he could scarcely afford me one moment from his pleasures, one kind or grateful word. His dogs were dearer far to him than I was. Oh! fool, insensate fool that I was, to lavish such mines of tenderness on so worthless an idol!" Her excitement was terrible and as her daughter marked her glittering eyes, her rapid, thickened respiration, she almost repented of her hardihood, but the passionate adjuration of her brother, still rang in her ears, urging her on to one final effort, whispering that the favorable moment, the moment of grace, was fast passing away for ever, and taking Lady Huntingdon's death-like hand in her own, she passionately exclaimed:

"Mamma, mamma, have patience with me, but I will, I must repeat to you that Augustus Huntingdon repents; that despite the love of wife and children, he yearns, as son never yearned before, for your forgiveness and love."

"'Tis false! Eva, and you know it," was the stifled reply; "What proofs of repentance, has he ever given? What steps has he ever taken towards atoning for the past, towards regaining his place in the heart he has robbed of its every hope? I tell you that you are either deceiving me or are deceived yourself. He does not—he never will repent."

"Mother, he does, hear him at your feet tell you so!" was the passionate exclamation of her son as he flung back the door of the adjoining apartment in which he had been an agitated though concealed listener to that entrhralling dialogue, and flung himself at her feet. "Hear him I conjure you by the memory of your olden love, by the innocence of his childhood, by your own, ardent, heroic and more than motherly devotion to himself, to extend to him again your forgiveness and your love."

Lady Huntingdon pressed her hands over her eyes, and with a faint cry fell, insensible, into his outstretched arms. Hurriedly, tenderly was she placed on a couch, and every restorative, and every tender aid applied. At length her eyes slowly unclosed and as they fell on Eva, who was leaning anxiously over her, she faintly murmured, "Alas! It was all a dream, a brief heavenly dream. I thought he was with me, whispering hope and affection, pressing me to his heart."

"Mother, he is," was the gentle whisper of her son, as his arm tenderly encircled her neck, and strained her to him in a fond, clinging embrace. "Oh! tell him that his follies, his ingratitude, his countless errors are forgiven."

Pride was silent then in the mother's heart and as she gazed for a moment in silent transport on that pleading, noble countenance, those dark, imploring eyes, filled with a tender, loving light such as she had never seen in them, since childhood, she faintly murmured, resting her fragile hand upon his glossy curls; "Come to my heart, my child, my first-born one."

Like a happy dream did that night pass to all; and when Lady Huntingdon entered the breakfast room the next morning, leaning on the arm of her son, there was an elasticity in her step and a light round her brow, that had not been hers for many a long year. Eva, too, whose prayers and efforts had effected, all was radiant with happiness and Arlingford joyfully murmured; "Thank God! my sweet Eva! that gentle brow is now free from every cloud. May no other ever shade it as Edgar Arlingford's wife!"

The same number of the Journal that contained the pompous announcement of Eva's nuptials informed its readers, though in somewhat simpler terms of the marriage of Helen Stanton, to Sir George Leland of Leland Park. Arlingford and his bride left immediately for the continent and when they returned at the expiration of a few months from their tour, they found unclouded sunshine reigning both at Elmswater and Huntingdon Hall. Not a day elapsed that some members of the two families did not intervisit, whilst the children almost lived at the Hall and the regard and politeness which Lady Huntingdon would not have accorded a Peeress in her own right, were yielded unhesitatingly to the wife of her beloved Augustus and the mother of his children, Eva, too, as the courted and flattered Mrs. Arlingford, enjoyed a degree of her mother's consideration which the latter had never vouchsafed her before; but that she wanted not now, for in the devoted and unchanging tenderness of her high-souled husband, she found all the happiness and love for which her heart had once so vainly yearned.

(Concluded.)

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are animals of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.

THE OLD DUTCH FARM HOUSE.*

A TALE OF GOWANUS.

BY H. V. C.

"WHAT'S all this?" exclaimed Myn-heer Von Sickle carefully depositing Dame Von Kortland in a seat on the stoup; and puffing a huge column of smoke from his mouth he stood in a sort of bewilderment, waiting till Meta, who followed at full speed behind her, came up. "Have the women folk gone mad," he added, "or what *der duyvel* nils ye all?"

"Oh, oh," groaned Mistress Von Kortland, "such a fright as we have had! and that beast of yours, cousin Von Sickle, oh, she is as stubborn as a burgo-master!"

"That beast!" retorted Myn-heer somewhat indignantly, for the black mare was like the apple of his eye, "she is a creature fit for the stadtholder himself to ride, Dame; but you women-kind don't know how to hold the reins; you are clearly out of your proper element careering on horseback,—she would not lead me such a rig, I warrant you." And Myn-heer very quietly resumed his pipe.

"Then she is a wicked beast to take advantage of us, father," said Meta springing from her pony and throwing the reins to a colored boy who was trained to her especial service,—“a very wicked beast to play off her airs and endanger our necks in this way;—take her away, Cuffy, she is a disgrace to her sex.”

"Ah! but the poor creature was sorely frightened, Meta," said the good Dame relenting, "that frightful *old* man that came chasing after us—goodness knows but he was a Hessian, or a spy, or something else horrible!"

Meta laughed a very merry laugh.

"A what?" exclaimed Von Sickle, laying down his pipe, who has been chasing after you? Has any one frightened you, Meta dear?"

"Not a bit, father dear; Aunt Kortland saw a big shadow in the moonlight, and took it for a goblin, that is all; for my part I saw nothing very frightful."

"Look, massa! there he come now!" exclaimed Cuffy, actually turning pale, and pointing to the path which led from the highway; and there, true enough, was the veritable horseman riding at an easy canter which soon brought him directly before the little party assembled on the

stoup. The stranger slackened his horse's speed and slightly raising his cap, bowed courteously to Von Sickle, and still more profoundly to Meta, who stood beside him.

"I crave your pardon, my good sir," he said, "but necessity compels me to trespass on your premises, and the public service admits not of dainty scruples, especially in troubled times like these. May I pass on?"

"This is neutral ground," stammered Von Sickle, who had a mortal fear of committing himself to any party, "but,—only—it need not be proclaimed abroad that you passed through my grounds, whether for King or Congress—eh sir?"

The intruder answered only by a smile, which, had Von Sickle, honest man, been skilled to read aright, conveyed a hearty contempt for his temporizing policy! but the smile was modified by a more genial expression, as his eye fell on Meta, and again bowing low to her, he put spurs to his horse and dashed off at full speed, the house dog barking at his heels, till recalled by his master's whistle.

"That youngster is speeding on some knave's errand, to night, I fear me," said Myn-heer Von Sickle looking dubiously after him! "but I wish it would please him to choose some other path than one that brings him under our very eyes; a spy no doubt; we may be questioned about the matter." and he took a long puff to settle his perplexity.

"Yes, a spy no doubt," eagerly repeated Dame Von Kortland, venturing to reappear, for she had fled at his approach, "you should not have let him pass you, Cousin Von Sickle; do tell Cuffy to call the farm people to bring him back—he ought to be arrested—he ought!" and the *goede vrouwe* was quite exhausted by her own vehemence.

"It's only ill will one gets by meddling in other people's affairs," he coolly answered, "who knows whether he is for the red coats or the Continental's! and we owe no grudge to either. One must keep one's own counsel in these unquiet times, Dame, or it will be a losing game to play."

"Yes, that's a dear good father," said Meta turning round with sudden vivacity, and for the first time removing her eyes from the horseman's

track, as he sped like lightning down the hill towards the inlet, and along the curved beach, till he was lost in the distance, or hid within the shadows of the trees, "A dear, good, prudent father you always are, continued Meta caressingly. "Perhaps the poor youth is running away, and we should not like to harm him, should we?"

"But where can he be going?" persisted Von Sickle, musingly, "he can't ride out into the bay, and it would have a bad look if he was found hiding in my fields and woods,—very bad."

"Oh, father dear," said Meta gaily, "there are a thousand ways for him to get off safely;—he can go round by the old mill if he likes and hide himself in cousin Harman's henroost. But here is poor Aunt Kortland looking so tired! ah! that wicked beast, that vixen mare of yours father has almost trotted the life out of her!" And Meta, throwing her pretty arms round the good-natured Dame's ample waist, playfully dragged her into the little sitting room, where the moonbeams threw a cheerful light, and placed her in a capacious arm-chair which had been a seat of honor in the Von Sickle family, long before it was transferred with their ancestor, the burgo-master, to the wilderness of a new world.

The family at the Old Farm House, retained a primitive simplicity in their daily habits, and among other good customs of the olden time, retired to rest at an early hour, and rose with the first streak of dawn, to pursue their various employments. We know not why it was on that particular night, that Meta, after all others had retired, lingered long at her casement, looking out on the fair moonlight scene which was so familiar to her eye; and even after she had laid down under her snowy curtains, her bright eyes refused to close, and all sort of busy fancies were flitting through her brain, and shaping out such wild little romances, as if all the merry elves of fairy land were sporting about her pillow, and whispering in her ears. The old Dutch clock placed on the stair-way to accommodate the family, had just chimed the midnight hour, when the sound of horse's feet might be heard galloping along the beach, and then approaching up the hill side. Meta listened earnestly;—every step rung out clearly on the quiet air,—nearer and nearer they came, and seemed almost to pause before the house, they passed so slowly;—perhaps the rider feared to disturb the sleeping household. Meta sprang from the bed and peeped through the half drawn window curtains;—yes, it was the same horseman—he was looking at every window so wistfully! Meta shrunk back,

lest her shadow should darken the moon-lit pane; but the old house dog sleeping as usual with one eye open in his kennel was on the alert; first an angry growl and then such a barking he set up! surely the whole house must be alarmed! Away goes the horseman, and Meta's foolish heart goes faster as she looks stealthily after him;—away, down the bridle path,—and now he has passed the red, cross-barred gate and gained the highway. Faster, faster, yet—Meta can no longer see him. Shall they ever meet again?

The evening after the little incidents just related had occurred at the Old Dutch Farm, a change came over the tranquil scene, and every mind was filled with intense anxiety and alarm. It became generally known, that the British army, lately landed at Gravesend Bay, was forming under experienced officers into three separate columns, and at any moment might be expected to advance to an attack. All night the sullen note of preparation was heard along the American lines, and watch fires blazing, and signal rockets thrown up at intervals, startled the imagination, and invested the scene with a grand and solemn interest. On the morning of the memorable twenty-seventh September, 1776, the roaring of artillery announced to the inhabitants of the neighboring country, that the expected conflict had commenced. The right wing of the British army, commanded by General Clinton and Lord Percy, had advanced, by night, to Bedford, and having seized a pass, without alarming the enemy, opened an attack on the left wing of the American army. The details of that important engagement are recorded in the graver pages of history, and require no notice here, except in reference to its disastrous result. The Americans, it is well known, were completely routed; their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, at that critical juncture, would have crushed any ordinary cause; but in *this*, it only developed, more fully, the wisdom of the sagacious leader and the resources of a people, invincible in their love of freedom.

Night threw a veil over the ghastly features of the battle field, and gave rest to the weary combatants. The royal army encamped in front of the American lines, and on either side, might be seen that mournful sequel of a battle—the wounded and the dying, writhing in every form of suffering, and the dead cast aside for hasty burial. Many brave and noble hearts were crushed in that day's strife—many generous hopes laid low; and from countless, desolate homes would soon arise the bitter cry of bereaved affection, refusing to be comforted, because those, so tenderly beloved, could return no more to them!

The dwellers of the Old Farm House, though shut out in their quiet nook, from the scene of conflict, were not beyond the bounds of sympathy for others, nor unmindful of the frightful tragedy of life and death which was enacted so near to them. Dame Von Kortland was in a truly pitiable state of mind; her imagination pictured her son in all possible and impossible dangers, and every suggestion of reason and common sense was entirely lost upon her. A constant succession of hysterics demanded Meta's undivided care, and though her own cheek grew pale, and her limbs trembled, she generously concealed her unquiet feelings, and devoted herself with affectionate assiduity to her timid and weak-minded relative. Heavily the lagging hours of that eventful day passed away, and when night closed in, and the sullen booming of artillery no longer echoed from the hills, and rolled along the quiet waters; the ominous calm that succeeded,—the intolerable suspense—the shadowy terror which seemed to burden the very air, was even more appalling than the distant strife of arms. Even Von Sickle's phlegmatic temperament was aroused, and whether from selfish considerations, or generous sympathy for others, never had he been known to manifest so much emotion.

Late in the evening, Cuffy and two of the farming men, whose age had exempted them from military duty, obtained permission to go out and gather some particulars of the battle, for as yet, flying reports only, had reached the Farm House. The English were encamped about a mile distant, holding a position between the Flatbush road, and Brooklyn heights, where the Americans had retreated, and then lay, secure for the time, behind their entrenchments. Cuffy and his adjuncts moved cautiously along in the moonlight, fearful of being surprised by the enemy's pickets, who would probably take them to head quarters for inspection. All along the road were traces of the recent conflict; for here the routed provincials had fled, closely pursued in attempting to reach the shelter of their own works. Many dead bodies were lying cold and stiff, and the country people were abroad, looking for friends, whose fate was still uncertain, succoring the wounded, and carrying off the dead for decent burial. From these people Von Sickle's men learned all the particulars that had yet transpired of that disastrous day; and they were returning gravely, homeward, when one of them almost stumbled over a lifeless body, lying in shadow by the wayside. The glitter of epaulettes, and the continental uniform, betrayed the rank and party of the wounded man. He was young, and his heart still

beat, but the blood was oozing from a deep cut in the right shoulder, which the black, who was somewhat of a leech, hastened to staunch, by binding the swollen limb in the sufferer's handkerchief, and then very adroitly making use of his sash, as a sling to support it. Water was brought from a little brook that ran brawling along, as if on purpose to refresh the wayfarer at need; and the grateful element applied to his lips and brow, seemed to revive him—he uttered a faint groan, and after a few moments, opened his eyes and looked vacantly around. Memory and consciousness slowly returned, and with them an acute sense of pain and weakness. His first impulse was a nervous attempt to grasp his sword, which lay by his left hand, to which he had probably transferred it when the officer was disabled, and perceiving himself well cared for, he faintly asked into whose hands he had fallen. Being answered that they were friends, a fervent "thank God!" expressed his grateful emotions. He then entreated to be taken, to the nearest house, as his pain was insupportable, and he was also in danger of being captured by the enemy's scouts, and thus cut off from further service to his country.

The men hastily made a litter from the branches of trees, on which was laid all the garments they could spare, and the wounded man being placed on it, they bore him slowly towards the Dutch Farm House, which chanced to be the nearest habitation. Cautiously as they moved, every step seemed to cause fresh agony, and elicited an unwilling groan from the unfortunate sufferer. Meta and her father were waiting on the stoup when the litter appeared, slowly winding along the bridle path, and on it the outlines of a human form, were plainly revealed by the clear moonlight. To both of them, the idea that it must be Harman, killed or wounded, was the first impression; and they felt thankful that his mother had been persuaded to retire, and thus escaped the sudden agony of seeing her son brought home lifeless before her. Meta summoned Gertrude, and enjoined strict silence in the house; but it is not in the nature of maid servants to remain quiet on such occasions, and directly, the whole household was in the utmost confusion. Phoebe the dairy maid rushed at once to Dame Kortland's dormitory, and broke her slumbers with the startling intelligence that her son was killed; and scarcely was the wounded officer laid on a mattress, brought hastily to the stoup, before the heart-stricken mother rushed out with open arms, and a cry that might have wakened the dead, and would have clasped him in a

frenzied embrace, for she was quite beside herself, but Meta, who was standing by, opposed her little arm, as a barrier, and almost forcibly repelled her.

"It is not Harman, dear Aunt—see! it is not at all like him!" she said in a low voice, and even at that moment, a smile flitted on her lips.

"Not Harman! who is it then? and where is he—where is my son?" exclaimed the mother, relieved, but greatly bewildered. But no one could answer her questions, only Meta, as she looked on the death-like face before her, now relaxing from insensibility, and flushed with pain,—as she felt a rush of strange emotion, now chasing the color from her cheeks, then dying them with crimson, and filling her eyes with tears,—*she* could have told a little secret, which shall be revealed to thee, gentle reader, for again the vision of her dreams, the hero of the boat, and the incog rider was before her; but she kept the secret, even from Dame Gertrude's wonderfully penetrating eyes. * * * * *

Three weeks passed away, and the wounded officer was still detained at the Farm House. A skilful surgeon attended him, as he could not be removed, but at the risk of life; for his wound, though not very alarming in itself, brought on a dangerous fever which threatened more serious consequences than the bullet of the enemy. It must be confessed that Myn-heer Von Sickle did not at first, exactly relish the presence of his involuntary guest, for he had a nervous dread, that it might possibly involve him in some disagreeable consequences; but by degrees, his kind-hearted hospitality got the better of his caution, and the stranger was cared for by all, and nursed by Gertrude, especially, with as tender solicitude as if he had been under a mother's watchful eye. What fair hands prepared his cooling drinks, and thoughtfully arranged those little comforts which refine and grace the weary sick room, daily bringing a fresh offering of pale, Autumn flowers, to give a cheerful aspect to the dim apartment, *perhaps*, he did not then surmise; though as the fever ebbed, and hours hung heavily, he came to listen impatiently for a soft foot-fall that flitted past his door, and a sweet voice that whispered an enquiry of the old nurse, and often he feigned sleep, because he knew that then there was a light figure hovering round his pillow, and he dared not move, least the lovely illusion should be dispelled.

It must not be supposed that he preserved his incognito one moment after consciousness and the power of speech returned to him. He hastened to announce himself as Captain Morris, an officer in the Continental service, and in the late action

attached to General Putnam's division. His story was a very straightforward one; not a particle of romance in it; even the little episode of the boat and evening ride, were resolved into simple acts of military duty. He had been selected to convey important information to the Commander-in-Chief, with whom he communicated through an appointed agent, with whom it was arranged to meet at a certain place and hour; and in the performance of that duty, which required secrecy and disguise, he had twice encountered Meta. He could not avoid adding that a glimpse of so fair a form, conjured up bright fancies to cheer him on his hazardous duty; and if Meta blushed in reply, it was not because the language of gallantry was new to her, but because it was uttered with an *emphasis* that for the first time wakened emotion, or left any impression on her memory.

In the ill-starred engagement of the 27th, Captain Morris commanded a detachment sent to occupy the woody hills lying between the two armies, and being driven out, and routed by a superior force, they attempted to effect a retreat to the American lines. They were, however, surrounded, and escape cut off; Morris endeavored to rally his men, and near the Old Mill, so often mentioned, they turned upon their pursuers, and a brief engagement took place. But Captain Morris received a severe wound, which disabled his right arm, and he fell to the ground, senseless, apparently dead. Pursuer and pursued swept on, leaving him to his fate, and but for timely assistance from the Farm House, he would probably have perished there alone.

About a week after Captain Morris was received into Von Sickle's family, Dame Von Kortland left it, being called home on the joyful occasion of her son's return. He had been taken prisoner in an early part of the engagement, when a body of militia were sent forward to protect a pass, and yielding to a sudden panic, fled in disorder. But they were afterwards released on parole, when a disposition was made of the prisoners; and there was no doubt that Harman would keep *his* in good faith till the end of the war, for his military ambition, if he ever cherished any, was entirely quenched by the unfortunate experience of that day. His demeanor towards Meta, however, was entirely changed. He seemed to have gained courage in his brief campaign and approached her with a confidence he had never assumed before. But alas! Meta's affections were more wayward than ever; she perversely eluded all confidential explanations with him, but still preserved a friendly manner, and a *cousinly* interest, so that, though he could find nothing in

her conduct to cavil at, he felt himself placed constantly in a very false position.

Several weeks passed away in the mean time, and Captain Morris, slowly convalescent, sighed heavily at the inactivity to which he was condemned, at a time when his country needed every strong arm and every true heart to aid in her defence. Yet it must be confessed, he sometimes found an antidote for his discontent in Meta's smiles; and as day after day glided by, and he saw her in every variety of mood, and in all the phases of a woman's true life—so pure, simple-hearted and confiding,—so warm in her affections—full of sweet contentment—joyous as a wild bird, and not less graceful—thus he filled up the measure of her attractions,—and as he daily read them with his eye, and wrote them on his heart,—the result was, a most ardent and aspiring wish to appropriate this rare assemblage of perfections to himself.

And Meta—what were her thoughts? why did her eyes fall so gently beneath his loving gaze, and her cheeks kindle as she listened to his whispered words? But, as lover's words are proverbially unprofitable to all ears but those to which they are addressed, and as the most eloquent pleading that Dan Cupid ever endited is worthless, unless endorsed by the tender glance and the low, earnest tones which cannot be transferred to paper,—we must pass over the first love passages of those two young hearts, trusting that all who wish, can supply the deficiency from own memories, or if not, they have yet a new page to turn in life's happiest experience.

Meta certainly showed no coquetry on that occasion, we mean when the moment of open confession arrived;—her clear and truthful eyes spoke more plainly than the broken words that came half audible from her lips;—and her heart which beat tumultuously, sent a shower of blushes, like crimson rose leaves, falling over her cheeks. As became a dutiful child, she referred Morris to her father, never doubting his consent, for in her new dream of happiness, the Von Kortland speculation had nearly faded from her mind.

And what said honest Von Sickle, when the proposal met his ear? Truly if ever pipe expressed astonishment, or wig stood on end with dismay, those appendages of Myn-heer's identity, testified his state of feeling, as the revelation was made known to him. Captain Morris, warm with his subject and abstracted from all extraneous consideration, took no note of the old gentleman's changed countenance, but hastened to disclose his wishes, to explain his circumstances, and finally capped the climax by modestly asserting his con-

viction that Meta's affections were all his own, and that their mutual happiness depended on his consent to their union. At this consummation, to which the lover arrived with military brevity and promptness, Myn-heer struck his pipe with a force that shivered the brittle tube into a dozen pieces, and started up with the ominous exclamation, "donner und blitzen," which with him, was always prophetic of extraordinary mental resolution.

We pass over the scene that followed: it is sufficient to state the fact, that Von Sickle resisted all the eloquence of a lover's pleading, nor were the tears of his daughter, who was hastily summoned, of any more avail. The darling scheme of his life was not to be thus baffled;—he had pledged his word to Harman that Meta should be his wife; they had grown up in the knowledge of their destiny;—and, in fine, the alliance of the farms had become a sort of monomania with the old Dutchman, and he would have his own way in the matter. To do him justice he could not comprehend the extent of the young lovers' affection; he placed Meta's tears to the account of girlish weakness, and really believed her idle fancy would pass away, and that she would be far happier as Harman's wife and the mistress of his wealthy farm, than she could be, in following the uncertain fortunes of a soldier, *der duypel* knew not where. So Myn-heer called for another pipe, and soothed by its fragrant fumes, actually persuaded himself that the matter was settled forever.

The *eclaircissement* of the lovers took place a day or two only before Captain Morris was expecting to leave the Farm House. The surgeon's leave to resume duty had been reluctantly given, for Morris could yet scarcely be considered fit for active service, but the critical state of the army at that time, in his mind, outweighed all selfish considerations. New York had been evacuated, and was then occupied by British troops; and Washington acting on the defensive, with his usual wise and prudent policy,—maintained his army in the neighborhood, and fortified and garrisoned the most important posts.

It was a lovely October day, soft as returning Summer. How calmly the golden sunlight rested on the Bay, and how lovingly it lingered on the sloping hills, and lit up the old forest trees, gorgeous with a thousand Autumn hues! Cheerful harvest notes rose on the still air,—the reapers' song,—the flail, beating quick strokes upon the thrashing floor,—burdened teams bearing the treasures of field and orchard to the granary and press,—and far off the woodman's axe,—all ring-

ing out clear and musical, as if sturdy labor had proclaimed a jubilee.

And all the long afternoon Meta walked with Morris, her arm linked in his; every woodland path was threaded, and often they stopped and looked sadly round, thinking it was perhaps the last time they might look together on the sweet scene she had so loved from childhood, and which he had loved from sympathy since they first walked there, with gay and happy hearts, in the early days of his convalescence. And how brightly beautiful it looked this day, as if in mockery of their parting sorrow! How quiet too, as they now sat together on a mossy bank!

That trickling rill seemed babbling with a hundred silver tongues, and each faded leaf was heard as it fell slowly from the withered bough! Ever and again the timid partridge flew up with startled cry, or the red breast uttered a sharp note, and bright butterflies, and swarming insects came out to bask in the brief sunlight, their myriad wings sounding like fairy harps,—and overhead the squirrel chirped merrily, bounding from bough to bough, and bearing away a store of nuts to garner for his wintry wants. Meta, burdened with sad thoughts, laid her head confidently on Morris' shoulder, and wept, bitterly. But he lifted her sweet face, and kissed away the glittering drops as they fell, and murmured words of hope and affection, in low, earnest tones, that fell upon her heart, rather than her ear, and brought back smiles, fluttering like sunshine in an April shower. Slowly they returned to the house, for it was not yet the hour of parting.

Evening came, and under its shelter, Captain Morris was to seek the American camp. A boat waited at the end of the little wooded promontory, just where one had touched the strand some few weeks before, on the evening when Meta's playful mistake gave her the alarm of a stranger's presence. And Morris again waited there;—wrapped in a similar disguise, pacing the sands with impatient steps, and often stopping and looking through the gloom, to discern if any object was approaching in the imperfect star-light. Two figures were seen, coming along silently and rapidly, and one, bounding like an eager child from her companion was received into his open arms, and welcomed with the fondest words which a right loving heart could frame into expressions of endearment. How precious were those fleeting moments, as they lingered on the brink of separation! but, beyond there loomed the dark, uncertain future!

"Meta dearest," he said, "time presses and we have but one parting moment at command.

Be strong in faith and happier days shall yet dawn upon us,—happier for the brief trials that can only test our love, but have no power to weaken it! I have no fears that your constancy can be shaken by any adverse blast, nor can I believe your father will sacrifice your happiness to a scheme of interest. Let us hope for the best; remember, love, my happiness is linked with yours, and while life lasts, no earthly power can separate them."

"Oh Morris, you know not my father's wilful determination," she said, with tears; "I see a dark shadow rising before us, and my heart almost fails me, when I think that I must be *alone* to meet it. But," and with forced gaiety, she added quickly, "I am wrong to trouble you with my foolish fears; your little Meta can be very brave for your sake, and she would deny her Dutch ancestry if she had not a spice of obstinacy."

"Dear Meta," he said, deeply moved, "it is a hard struggle to part from you thus, a hard duty which compels me to leave you in doubt and surrounded by difficulties. It is no ordinary self-denial to leave you, without seeking to persuade you to become the companion of my fortunes; but a debt of gratitude is sacred, and your father's hospitality which kindly sheltered me in misfortune, has consecrated his parental claims. Believe me it is a hard struggle, dearest Meta, and if my faith in you was not as strong as my love, my resolution would too surely fail. Give me one assurance and I shall leave you with a less heavy heart; should any unexpected trouble arise, promise to apprise me on the instant; my arrangements will make communication easy; have no hesitation—no delay, I will not fail you; will you promise this, dearest?"

"I will," said Meta firmly. "But it is not for myself I fear so much, it is for you, dear Morris; surrounded by danger as you must be, and constantly exposed to deadly strife, can I for a moment feel that your life is secure, or that we may ever meet again?"

"This is all idle talk, dear," he replied, assuming a cheerfulness which was very far from his heart, "you must not speak of dangers or you may make a coward of me, and still more you must not *think* of them, or that little tender heart of yours will grow very weak and foolish. Our parting moment is even now delayed too long; let us say farewell cheerfully, and our hearts will be lighter when we think of it."

Again and again the sad word was spoken, and the sad embrace given, and then with a fervent "God bless you," Morris consigned the weeping girl to Gertrude who waited at a little distance. Then

without daring to look again, he threw himself into the boat, and directly the sound of oars rapidly receding gave notice that he was speeding on his way to the Jersey shore.

Poor Meta! what a heavy heart she carried back to the Old Farm House! never had she leaned so heavily on Dame Gertrude's arm:—and her eyes were so red and swollen that the good nurse begged her to step at a little spring and bathe them in the clear cold water. It was well that she did so; and well that the starlight made no revelation of her pale face, though it was shaded by her, somewhat, disordered ringlets; for on the stoup reposed Myn-heer with his everlasting pipe, and beside him, Cousin Harman in a most unpicturesque attitude, sitting bolt upright with his feet elevated to the top railing of the stoup;—he also was smoking a pipe, which of itself might blunt all the arrows in Cupid's quiver—so utterly incongruous are love and tobacco.

Meta would have glided past them to her own room; but her father stopped her with some remark on her fondness for late rambles, hinting that the *morning dew* was the receipt for rosy cheeks, in the old *fader land*. Harman with officious politeness rose to make room for her between them, but she declined the offer and continued standing at the entrance. There was a pause, embarrassing for all parties; Meta tried to rally her spirits, and succeeded in making a few very *mal-a-propos* observations,—and then another attempt to pass on. But Von Sickle again interposed. He laid down his pipe with alarming solemnity, and seemed revolving some grand subject; Meta perceived there was an attack premeditated, and waited with some trepidation. At length he said:

"We were speaking of you but just now Meta, your cousin Harman and I, and we think it only right to remind you of the matter which has so long rested between you and him,—the little business I mean—you understand."

"Oh no I do not, father," said Meta turning very pale, "I can think of no business to night—my head aches—let me go to my own room."

"Stop child," said her father with unwonted energy, "you must listen to us, we can put off this matter no longer. You know well that it was determined long ago—when you were little children, you and your cousin Harman, that you should be united."

"The estates you mean, father!" interposed Meta, gaining courage.

"Yes, and yourselves also," he resumed, "as soon as you should both come to a suitable age."

"Without my consent?" asked Meta quietly.

"Of course, child, you could have no objection, and it is now high time to bring the matter to a conclusion. Harman wants a mistress for his family."

"Oh, if that is all," perversely interrupted Meta, "he can have Phœbe my dairy maid who is perfect in her vocation. I should spoil all his butter and cheese, and as for scolding the servants—men and women to keep them at their duty, my good Aunt Kortland can do that, far better than I can."

Again she would have passed on, but Harman with a very equivocal flush on his countenance ventured to detain her.

"Cousin Meta," he said, with some spirit, "you know that I have loved you long and well,—that I have waited patiently for your mood to change—have borne with your trifling in the hope that you would yet love me."

"I hope no longer," said Meta firmly, her spirit rising with the occasion; it is all in vain. Now listen to me Cousin Harman. We have been brought up, as it were together,—have been play-fellows in childhood,—our pursuits have sometimes been the same, as we grew older,—our feelings—never! It is in vain to think of it,—here and forever let the subject cease;—there are others richer than I am—fairer—more suited to you and who might learn to love you—but for me, I only ask you to leave me,—we may still be friends, but nothing more." Harman had risen and paced backward and forward with hasty steps; he stopped before her—pride and sullenness contended on his face.

"Meta," he said, "I demand the truth from you; what has produced this indifference to me? is it not that you love another—that another has supplanted me in your affections?"

"It is a question you have no right to ask," she answered with a glowing cheek, "but I will answer it frankly, truthfully. I do love another. you know it well, and if you have the feelings of an honorable man you will no longer persecute me—you will not seek a hand which can never bring the heart along with it."

No longer opposed by her astonished auditors, Meta turned quickly away, and reached her own apartment, glad to commune alone with her weary and aching heart.

Several weeks passed away, and for the first time in her sunny life Meta felt that a cloud had risen between herself and her father. The question which she had hoped settled forever was again and again brought up, and each time urged more vehemently than before. Meta had hitherto held unbounded influence over her father,

and her pretty, coaxing ways, almost invariably proved irresistible, and won from him, whatever favor she desired. But in this instance his resolution was inflexible, he had made up his mind for the match—it had been the dream of years—the old gentleman's monomania was strong upon him. And Harman—how did he comport himself? Encouraged by her father's pertinacity, his visits were daily repeated, and if he did not continue to speak of love, it was because Meta allowed him no opportunity, and he dreaded the keen rebuff that always awaited the least approach to it. He probably loved her as well as his nature was capable of loving, but his vanity was sorely wounded by her rejection, and a bitter feeling sprang up which urged him to go on with the pursuit at whatever cost.

Meta had hitherto regarded her early lover with perfect indifference: his was not a character to awaken strong emotion, nor could a sensitive, imaginative girl find any sympathy with one so common-place—one whose ideas never rose above a dead level, and who was afraid to follow an impulse lest it should compromise the established rules of propriety. It is not strange that a feeling of resentment sprang up, when she found him leagued against her, and under the shelter of parental sanction seeking to gratify his own selfishness at the expense of her life-long happiness.

Captain Morris in the mean time found frequent opportunities to communicate with Meta by interchange of letters; and once, it is said, attended by the faithful Gertrude, she bent her footsteps at night-fall to the wooded promontory, where a little boat was waiting, and a muffled figure again sprang from it, and lingered with her for a brief half hour, which seemed to them, like the rapid flight of a moment. But we cannot vouch for the truth of this report. The intercourse of the lovers, whatever it was, served to sustain Meta's hopes and spirits; still she could not believe her father would push his commands to extremity, and was unwilling to alarm Morris prematurely, but her mind was made up resolutely to resist any attempt to force her into a marriage with Harman. Dame Von Kortland, who had the love of intrigue common to most weak-minded persons, aided her son's cause to the best of her ability—not that she was ill-natured in the least, but she believed with Von Sickle, that Meta was too immature to judge for herself, and probably had not perfect faith in Meta's extreme aversion to the alliance. Persons who are not straight-forward themselves are apt to give others little credit for sincerity; and young people are so proverbially uncaudid in

affairs of the heart, that Mistress Von Kortland only erred with the rest of the world, in similar cases, when she ventured the assertion that Meta's feelings were not truly expressed. At any rate, the assumption suited her present purpose.

The Christmas holidays were approaching, and in that scene of general festivity, Meta's marriage day was appointed. She had ceased to oppose argument or entreaty to her father's will; his determination to "make her happy," as he said, "whether she wished it or not," silenced all contradiction, and she yielded passively to the arrangements that were being made for a change, to her so eventful. Amelia Vanderplank, a young friend of Meta, had come to pass the intervening weeks with her, being selected from her small circle of acquaintances to sustain the important part of bride-maid. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the two girls, both in form and character. Amelia was scarcely taller than Meta, and had greatly the advantage in solidity of form; her face was a pretty specimen of the Dutch doll beauty, clear, red and white complexion, eyes blue as the sky, and an abundance of fair hair which gave her almost a childish appearance. She was, in fact, a rustic belle, and was regarded in the village as a sort of rival to Meta, for she also was an heiress of some pretension, and her pretty farm bordered on the Von Kortland's acres. But there was no envy or jealousy between them, even when Harman praised Amelia's beauty, and she, with natural coquetry, sought to win his attentions from Meta, and fix them on herself. Her lively and somewhat hoydenish manners pleased the young Dutchman, and kept him awake, and when wearied with Meta's coldness, he turned to her for comfort, and his vanity was prodigiously soothed by the admiration she so frankly accorded him. Meta never disguised her sentiments, and only a most devoted affection, or a very perverse obstinacy, could have induced him to persist in marrying a woman so decidedly opposed to the connexion.

The Old Farm House, at that time, presented a busy scene. The *trousseau* of a bride in those days of the Anglo-Dutch colony, beside her own apparel, comprised an abundance of fine linen, woven in household looms, patched bed-quilts innumerable, and all those articles of comfort that fill the presses of a notable housewife. All the serving people about the establishment were put into requisition on this important occasion. Spinning wheels buzzed in every corner; web after web was detached from the looms, and replaced by other fabrics, and Gertrude's skilful shears were never idle. The heavy trunks to which her

mother's wardrobe had been consigned, so little worn, so long disused, were opened to furnish *matricé* for Meta's bridal garments. The fashion of them was so little changed since her day, and the fabrics, woven in the rich looms of France and Flanders, far exceeded the bravery of the native colonists. Meta looked with indifference on all those preparations, and often she turned a reproachful look on Gertrude, as the old servant busied herself with the interest of earlier years, in fitting and remodelling those dresses for her young mistress, expatiating all the time upon their fine quality, and the heap of gold they must have cost in the old country.

Meta seemed to live only in the outward air. Every day her steps turned to the little promontory, and she stood there when the cold Autumn blasts swept over the water, watching each boat that specked the waves, and hoping, often vainly, for tidings from the distant shore. The intercourse with Captain Morris had of late been more infrequent, and her mind was filled with anxiety for him. Frequent engagements of more or less importance had taken place between the hostile armies. Fort Washington had been surrendered; Fort Lee was evacuated, and Washington had retreated beyond the Delaware, pursued by the British, who arrogantly hoped to annihilate the remnant of his army. In this posture of affairs, regular communication was cut off, and Morris was obliged to trust his letters to casual messengers who were not always faithful to their trust.

Meta found the difficulty of her situation becoming daily more alarming. She had all along felt a secret persuasion that her father would relent, but now a few days only remained before the one fixed for her marriage, and still he was inexorable. She had pleaded in vain—there was but one resource left—it was to redeem her promise to Captain Morris, and call on him to aid her. Hastily she wrote a few words, and dispatched them by the fisherman who had often served as Cupid's messenger.

"Dear Morris," she said, "I am compelled to seek your assistance. I have no choice between that and an odious marriage; come to me, or send before the twentieth; after that day, it will be too late."

Yours, META.

Two days passed away—the third brought this brief answer—

"Courage, my dearest girl—I will not fail you; at six o'clock on Thursday evening, meet me at the promontory, just where we met before. My
 I have no choice between that and an odious marriage; come to me, or send before the twentieth; after that day, it will be too late."

her cordial sanction. I can only add, my grateful love." M.

Strange as it may seem, scarcely had Meta read the note, than a change came over her feelings, and she would have given worlds to recal the words she had written. Impulsive in her feelings, and driven to desperation, her only thought, for the time, had been to escape the dreaded fate before her. But directly her affectionate and dutiful feelings returned, and the startling question returned to her—"Shall I sacrifice my father's happiness—leave him in his old age, and bring the sin of disobedience on my own soul, for any selfish object whatever?"

Those thoughts perpetually haunted her. She could not evade them; but, on the other hand, her own happiness, so cruelly trifled with—her lover's disappointment—the fickleness with which she might be justly charged, and her apparent disregard of his feelings—were all opposed to those suggestions of her generous nature, and the struggle left its traces on her pale cheek and in her languid eye; one could scarce have recognized her as the joyous being whose elastic step and joyous smile had ever been the life and charm of the Old Farm House.

Yet strange to say, the principal personage of the drama seemed to remain quite unnoticed. Her father, it is true, often looked at her with a troubled face, and seemed, by no means, at his ease; but he fortified his resolution by perpetual smoking, and if Meta sat down at his feet, in her endearing way, as she had done from childhood, and looked up into his face with those changed, mournful eyes, he would get up and hasten away from her, as if afraid to commit himself to the contagion of her tenderness. As for Harman, if he ever noticed the change, it was only by a sneering or sullen remark, the ebullition of wounded pride; and Amelia, quite indifferent to anything but her own amusement, continued to keep him in good humor, during his daily visits, by giving him her undivided attention, and lavishing on him her sweetest smiles. Gertrude, who was a confidante of Meta's secret, seemed all at once strangely apathetic, and was wholly absorbed in her extensive preparations for the "young mistress' wedding."

The important day at length arrived. The whole household were, of course, in vast confusion, but Meta pleaded a headache and kept quietly in her own apartment. The mental struggle through which she passed that day was known to no one, but it resulted in unexpected calmness and resolution. She could not be prevailed upon to yield, and she would not have her father's happiness sacrificed to her own.

morning all her resolutions, sat down and wrote the following:—

"Forgive me, Morris, my heart fails me, and I dare not see you again, at least, not to-night. Not that my love is less—God knows that! but I have been rash and selfish, and now, before it is too late, I see my duty plainly before me. We shall yet be happy—I feel assured—but I cannot desert my poor old father. Fear not, I will never marry another; I will protest against it before all the world. Yes, this is what I have resolved to do—heaven has inspired me with the thought. I will appeal to the good minister who is coming to unite me to Harman, as he supposes; he has loved me from my childhood; they say he loved my mother, and for her sake, he will pity me. He cannot marry me, if I lift up my voice against it; so I will plead with my father openly, and all will yet be well. I am certain of it, dear Morris: let us trust in Providence. My father, when he knows what I sacrifice for him—when he knows that I resisted all temptation to leave him, for one who is very dear to me—he will relent, and some day, Morris, you may claim me openly. Do not be vexed with me, but forgive and love your own

META."

Meta folded this note with a trembling hand—she would allow no time for hesitation, but summoned Gertrude, and bade her hasten to the little headland, and give it to Captain Morris.

"Say to him all kind things, good Gertrude, but tell him I cannot leave my father, even for him. The smile of heaven would be turned from us." The clock was just on the stroke of six.

Captain Morris, in the meantime, true to his engagement, waited with an impatience that lovers only feel; his eye fixed on the path, and eagerly watching for the light footsteps which he was almost ready to chide as laggard to their appointment. The frozen ground and leafless trees looked dreary enough in the cold moonlight, at least, to common eyes, but in his lover-like mood, all external objects were disregarded, or appeared only in the fitting hues of romance. If any feeling of honor at that moment rose up and protested against the step he meditated, the exigence of the case justified it to his conscience; but before the question came to a logical conclusion, it was settled by the approach of a figure muffled very carefully in a warm cloak, with the hood drawn closely over the face. Morris, at the first glance, marvelled that his light-footed Meta chose her steps so carefully, and appeared so free from haste and agitation at that trying moment; but it was only a passing thought—he sprang to meet her, and took her hand with the warmth of as-

sured affection. It was hastily withdrawn, and the words, half jestingly spoken:

"Do not be making mistakes, sir," coldly met his ear.

He started back. "Good heavens, Gertrude! what is the meaning of this! where is your young mistress?" and a dismal feeling, that he had perhaps come too late, passed over him, and actually blanched his cheek.

"She sends you this, sir," said Gertrude, giving him the note—and Morris impatiently tore it open, and read it by the clear moonlight. But we must leave them there, and return to the Farm House.

On that eventful evening, the Old Farm House presented an unusually lively appearance. The "best room" was garnished in the most approved style,—china ornaments in profusion loaded the mantel piece, and grotesque images, and Dutch vases stood on the carved ebony tables, that shone with a lustre which only Dutch housewives can impart. Huge logs blazed in the ample fireplace, reflecting a ruddy light on the polished andirons, and imparting warmth and cheerfulness throughout the apartment. The invited guests, assembled in due season, were ranged in formal state, in the stiff, high-backed chairs of the day, all in full dress, and wearing solemn countenances, as if a funeral service awaited them. Wax tapers in tall silver candlesticks, shed a flood of light on the assembly; and just as the clock struck eight, Cuffy appeared, wearing a white favor, and throwing open the door with an immense flourish, the bridal train entered. Harman leading Meta who was pale as death, advanced to the farthest end of the room, where her father with Dame Von Kortland waited to receive her; and Gertrude in her best attire, stood just beside them, as privileged by her important station in the household. Amelia followed with the groomsmen; pretty and bold she looked, and scarcely able to compose her features to becoming gravity.

The clergyman already waited, and a bible lay beside him from which it was his custom to read edifying passages, suited to the occasion, the ceremony being prefaced by an extemporaneous address. As he proceeded, Meta's eyes were fixed on him,—her color went and came,—one thought alone possessed her,—she had nerved herself to it, and waited only the fit moment to protest against the marriage. But she was spared the effort. When the minister put the usual question, "do you Harman Von Kortland take this woman for your wife?" he firmly answered, "no." Every one actually started up with astonishment, as he uttered this emphatic monosyl-

lable, and turning to Amelia he took her willing hand and led her forward. Casting a look at Meta at once malicious and triumphant, he said :

"Cousin Meta I hope we shall continue good friends, as you often say, but you cannot blame me that I have changed my mind, since I have found one who is willing to give me her heart with her hand, and does not consider it the hardest task in the world to marry me."

"I bless her from my heart," exclaimed Meta in joyful surprize, and her arch smile returned to her lip as she added, "but you have only anticipated me Cousin Harman, for I was at that moment preparing to forbid my own banns."

A general laugh at this fair retort, was not very graciously received by the bridegroom, whose notable plan to revenge his mortified vanity was thus unexpectedly defeated. Myn-heer Von Sickle, whose astonishment and indignation had not yet been able to find vent in words, was just beginning to stammer out. "Do you mean to insult my daughter?" when Cuffy again opened the door with a most complacent grin, and a young officer in the continental uniform stepped boldly into the room, and bowing respectfully to Myn-heer, placed himself by Meta's side, in the place of the recreant bridegroom.

"Sir," he said courteously, "let me not disturb this goodly company, but in their presence I would briefly pray you, that the ceremony may proceed, though the parties have seen fit to change their places. I am not used to set speeches, but I am not ashamed to confess before these witnesses that I love your daughter and that my affection is returned. How my love has sped, is well known to you; and that she loves you too well to grieve you by disobedience, her own words can testify."—and he placed in Von Sickle's hand the note he had that evening received from Meta.

The old gentleman read it with deep emotion; her tender and loving nature breathed in every word—affection for her lover, struggling with love and duty—and this had conquered! Pride and obstinacy yielded to his better feelings, and taking Morris warmly by the hand he said :

"You have fairly won my daughter, and since you were driven to desperation by my folly. I forgive you both for planning to run away from me. We will now mend the matter by giving you to each other at once; it is a pity to spoil the marriage cheer. As for Harman and this deceitful girl—"

"Stay sir," interrupted Morris, "they have done us good service and deserve our thanks, and you

must acknowledge that our little Meta was not very gracious to her cousin-lover!"

"Yes sir," interposed Gertrude, "and as for Miss Amelia, it was I who put her up to stealing Mr. Harman away from his cousin, for I knew long ago that she had a fancy for him, and that it would not be very hard to flatter him into liking her, since Miss Meta was so averse to marrying him. And so I told her, what was true; that it would be a great kindness to all around if she would take him off our hands. But he knew nothing of all this, and it was his own notion to act as he has just now done."

"But how came Captain Morris here, just at this moment," asked Von Sickle, still wonderfully perplexed.

"Oh that was his own notion," said Gertrude, quite animated with her subject, "when I went to meet him to night instead of the young mistress, and gave her note to him, it threw him into a terrible fit of despair at first; but when I told him how matters stood, and that Mr. Harman had found somebody that liked him better, he made up his mind in a minute that he would come boldly forward and claim the bride that ought to be his. And this is all the story," concluded Gertrude, quite satisfied that her shrewd sense and woman's wit, had brought matters to such a happy conclusion.

"And you are a dear good old nurse," said Meta smiling through her tears, "and I am sure we shall bless you to the end of our lives. So I must forgive you for looking so happy all these days when you saw me so very miserable, but I did not think you were such a nice schemer, or could keep a secret so well."

Harman looked rather sullen, as if not quite pleased with being the subject of an imposition, besides losing the pleasure of his revenge on Meta. But on the whole he was rather pleased with his pretty bride elect, and so thought best to take the matter in good part. It is scarcely necessary to add, the double marriage was at once concluded, to the entire satisfaction of all present; and though Myn-heer Von Sickle could never clearly comprehend how it was brought about, he had never any reason to be dissatisfied with the change that was effected.

When the war was concluded, Captain Morris returned to civil life, and though possessed of an ample patrimony, he cheerfully yielded to Von Sickle's wish, and passed a large part of his time at the Old Farm House. Meta's smiling face and attentive kindness were essential to her father's comfort, and in her new relations, and enlarged sphere of duty, she never lost the grateful affec-

tion of a daughter. Myn-heer Von Sickle, as he continued to smoke his pipe on the stoup in hale old age, still often cast a longing glance towards the Von Kortland farm; and to his last hour he never ceased to hope, that some future descendants of the two families would yet unite the domains, which his ancestor the burgomaster, had so unwisely severed.

BRIGHT EYES.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Bright eyes! bright eyes! how I love to catch,
A glimpse of those wild bright eyes,
That flash, as clear as the stars that watch,
By night, in the summer skies!
I love not the eye
That is small and shy,
That shrinks from the slightest look;
My wayward muse
Would rather choose
The one that a gaze can brook.

Bright eyes! bright eyes!—though I do not mean,
The eyes of a saucy prude,
Or the forward stare of a bold young quean,
Whose gaze is both cold and rude:
But the full, bright eye,
That is neither shy,
Nor o'er apt to gaze too long;
This, this is the one!
The mid-day sun,
That inspires my humble song.

Bright eyes! bright eyes! I will ever love
The flash of those full bright eyes,
Whose soothing influence tends to move!
The soul that in sorrow—lies!
Indulgent heaven
Has strangely given
To woman, the two-fold power,
To ease the heart,
Or to fix the dart,
With a look, in affliction's hour!

THE RILL BESIDE THE WOOD.

How oft, in childhood's blithesome mood,
While guided by my wayward will,
I sported 'neath thy shade, green wood,
And traced thy course, meandering rill.

In merry pastime glided by
That time so joyous, though so brief:
Alas! its cloudless gaiety
But ushered in a life of grief.

Years, long years, since then have fled;
Yet here all nature smileth still,
Still spreads the wood its grateful shade,
And still flows on the rippling rill.

But now, the voice of friends no more
Falls softly, sweetly, on mine ear;
No kindred spirits, as of yore,
Unite in peaceful converse here.

Not long for me the rill shall flow;
Nor long the sylvan branches wave,
I tarry not, but hastening go
To join the loved beyond the grave.

O.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH BED.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With holy reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh!—change—Oh! wond'rous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

MY AUNT PHOEBE'S COTTAGE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH," AND OTHER BORDER LEGENDS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLOT.

"Then curse him not; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee;
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe, has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low?"

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

On the edge of the high point of land I have mentioned, as intervening betwixt the two adverse vessels and hiding them from each other's view, stood a lone cottage, of so humble and simple a structure that it could hardly claim a higher designation than that of a hut—a fisherman's hut, and indeed it was nothing more.

It faced, and consequently commanded a full view of the bay on the Southern side of it, while its Northern side looked out upon the wide waste of sands, which formed the deep inlet for the tide, I have so often already referred to.

The only occupant of this cottage, at the time I speak of, was an old crone, the widow of a fisherman. Her husband had come to his end in a very mysterious manner. He had certainly been murdered, for he was found stone dead one dark and stormy night near his own door, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his wife, his widow now, was thought to have had a hand in the bloody deed, so at least the rumor ran and helped to make her what her simple neighbors thought she was without its aid—"a fearsome woman." They all indeed believed her to be a witch, and many a goodly gift she got from rich and poor.

These offerings were made on the same principle that led to the far more costly and precious sacrifices to Moloch of old, and to the payment of "black mail" by the Sassenach to the wild Highlander in ages less remote, and that principle was fear. All alike were offered, not so much to conciliate favor as to deprecate wrath—not to effect a benefit, but to prevent a misfortune. Hence old Matty Deadenham, such was her name, derived from her simple and superstitious neighbours, ample means for a comfortable subsistence, lest she should cast an

evil eye upon them or theirs. Not but that she had other sources of income, and of no small importance either; and if a more minute account of her life and conduct belonged to our narrative, we could tell how much she made by telling fortunes, and how much more by secreting smugglers and smuggled goods; but it does not, and therefore suffice it to say, as we have said before, that she was a "fearsome woman."

On the stormy evening in which we were crossing the sands, on our return home from our visit to the Millway's Cottage, and a few minutes before the signal light was seen, the quick eye of our sailor guide perceived, in the fitful glances of the moon, a dark speck upon the troubled waters, and, anon, he saw, or thought he did, as it reached the shore, a moving figure, as of a tall and stalwart man, ascending rapidly towards old Matty's cottage. He was not alone—a shorter and a stouter man was by his side, and the two, as afterwards came out on the Coroner's inquest, were engaged in a conversation deeply interesting to one or both of the parties.

When they had got about half way up the hill on which the cottage stood, the latter turned back and rejoined the party in the boat that had brought them to the shore, but ere he did so, the following colloquy ensued.

But before we give it, it will be necessary to premise, that William Armstrong, the tallest of the two personages referred to, as the ingenious reader will have already guessed, had had recourse, on several occasions, to various schemes founded on the well-known constancy of woman's love, to obtain an interview with Bella Millway, his betrothed, all of which had heretofore proved abortive.

"You'll never get her to stir an inch from the house, I know, unless you tell her, and make her believe it too, that some dreadful and fatal misfortune has befallen me. Say that I have been attacked by some fearful disease—the small pox, for instance, or the scarlet fever, or better still, that I have been mortally wounded by a shot from some infamous scoundrel belonging to the preventive service, and that I want to see her before I die."

This was said by William Armstrong to his companion, one of his satellites obsequious to his high behests, as the whole crew of that doomed vessel at anchor in the mouth of the inlet, even the vessel itself, as well as all within it, being under his command.

"Fear ye not," the other replied; "but that, were she even more than the angel you have represented her to be, we'll have her here in that old witch's cottage yonder, and at your mercy, in less than two hours hence, or my name is not James Gorman."

On this compact being formed, the two *worthies* parted—the one for the boat, to row up with his crew towards Millam, where Bella Millway lived, as far at least as the ebbing tide would permit, which was not more than a mile or so, while the other pursued his onward course towards old Marty's hut.

We, of course, knew nothing of all this at the time, but my mind mis-gave me that there was something wrong, when, on reaching home, we found that Bella Millway was not there, but had just gone off with a strange and suspicious-looking man—no one knew whither.

"Something very dreadful had occurred," her fellow servant said, but what it was she could not tell, further than it was a matter of life and death, and that Bella was crying as bitterly as if her heart would break, when she told her, as she went away, that she would be back by daylight in the morning.

So far, my Aunt Phœbe's notes and memoranda,—but there is wanting here, one of those connecting links, she requested me to make, in order to show how it happened that William Armstrong's messenger reached the house before they did, and why they did not meet him on his return, with his unsuspecting victim in his power.

When first they saw him in the boat, they were, as the reader may naturally have supposed, as near the house as he was, and such indeed was the case, but when he left his boat, he was on one side of the little strip of water, left by the tide while they were on the other, so that to get round its extremest point, their path formed as it were the bow, the string of which was his, and thus, so much shorter was it, that he was back to the boat again, by the time they reached the house.

We had a long talk that night before we went to bed, about poor Bella's sad misfortune, as we all considered it, for we guessed at the truth, in looking at the whole transaction as a cunning device of her unworthy lover, to inveigle her aboard his brig, when she would be entirely at his mercy.

We doubted not, from her brother David's superior judgment in such matters, that the smuggling lugger, we had seen at anchor in the mouth of the inlet, was either under William Armstrong's command, or, that he was a high and influential personage on board of her, and could therefore, in either case, command her crew, or such portion of it, as he might require, for any adventurous enterprise, whether connected with his illicit trade or not, which he chose to undertake. These surmises and guesses, and they were nothing more, all turned out, as the sequel will show, to be correct, although attended, through the intervention of a merciful providence, with results very different from those that were anticipated.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERY.

"No Ronald, yet! though moonlight came
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watchfire's quivering gleams."

* * * * *

O! gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green!

GLENFINLAS.

The next morning's dawn, which was to have brought the lost one back, and clear up all, only involved us in deeper mystery. The servants, it appeared, had persuaded her brother David to stay all night, so that he might be on the spot to take whatever steps should be thought expedient to rescue his sister from the ruffian's hands she had fallen into, in case she did not return herself, in the morning. But, he too was gone, and the shake-down they had made him by the kitchen fire, had not been used.

Time never seems to move so sluggishly along, as when we are in suspense—when the mind is quivering in the balance betwixt hope and fear. Hour after hour, slowly passed away, and the noontide came at length, but brought to us no tidings of poor Bella Millway.

We had sent messenger after messenger to the heights that overlook the sands and the bay, to ascertain if the two vessels were still where we had seen them the night before, but not one of them returned to tell us. At last, our whole stock of patience was fairly exhausted, and our anxiety overcame our fears, and we sallied forth to see for ourselves.

As we ascended the hill, the sun shone brightly on our path—the weather was mild and even

warm, and the air as balmy as the breath of a May-day morning, the sea in the distance was as smooth and motionless as a mirror, "the winds were hushed, and in their graves," and one could hardly imagine how they and the waves, a few short hours before, had been so madly contending for the victory.

When we reached the 'topmost' point, commanding a view of all we had seen the night before, we stopped, and turned a searching look upon the sands, where from our young sailor David Millway's prophecy, the smuggler ought to be, and there, high and dry, sure enough, she was. But what could be the meaning of that crowd of men about her? or of those horses and carts that were so constantly and so rapidly driving alongside of her, and then off again with equal speed, without a stop for a single moment—what could all this hurry scurry mean?

"Another link in Aunt Phœbe's notes is wanting here. She was not aware of the fact, nor perhaps is the reader, that a horse standing still for half a minute upon these sands, or any other that the tide flows over, his feet become so embedded in them that he cannot move. The 'hurry scurry,' as my aunt calls it, which she saw, was occasioned solely by this singular circumstance."

On turning our eyes in search of the other vessel, we found that she had left the bay, and was now at anchor in the mouth of the inlet, and consequently in a position to prevent the lugger or any other craft, if such had been her wish, from passing out to sea.

While gazing with wonder and amazement on the scene before us, we saw a few men, some four or five, separate themselves from the crowd around the former vessel, and move off in a direct line towards where we stood.

On they came, and when near enough for us to distinguish their features, we perceived that the party consisted of David Millway and the servants and laborers on my uncle's farm—the messengers, indeed, that we had sent, who came not back till now.

On the party's reaching us, our first and most anxious inquiry regarded poor Bella's fate. What had become of her? where was she now? and why did she not return at day break this morning as she promised when she went away?

These like many other questions, as the sequel will show, were more easily asked than answered.

"When we reach the house I will give you a full account of all my adventures in search of Bella," was David Millway's only reply to all our queries.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAVID MILLWAY'S NARRATIVE.

"It struck me last night," he began, "when all had gone to bed, and I was left alone, that the lugger might possibly have seen the signal light, although, as you may remember, it only appeared for a moment above the bushes, and therefore be off the moment the boat returned with Bella. We all took it for granted that this was its destination. And then you know," he continued, "if the wind lulled, as it was sure to do before morning, the cutter would get round the point and be after her, and thus I should lose all chance of rescuing her. I therefore started at once for the cutter, but how to get aboard I could not tell."

"On reaching the head of the little bay, just as I was considering what to do next to accomplish my purpose, a man, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, rushed out of the brushwood near where I stood, and rudely demanded who I was, and what I was doing there, and before I could reply, another man emerged from the same hiding place and united with his companion in reiterating the question already put to me, and with still greater insolence as they saw I hesitated."

"And why did you hesitate?" we enquired.

"Because," he replied, "I did not know whether they were smugglers or preventive service men. If the former," he continued, "and I had told them what I was about to do, they would have murdered me without mercy, and if the latter, they would only take me as a prisoner on board the craft where I wished to be."

"The only reply I, therefore, made, was saucily to ask what right they had to question me."

"We'll show you that anon, ye young jackanapes ye!" returned the cutlass-man as he snapped a pistol so close to my ear that I thought he meant to shoot me. It only flashed in the pan however, and they both burst out into a horse laugh as they saw me start. This, as I afterwards learned, was the signal for a boat, and in a few minutes, I was on board the cutter."

"I requested that the officer in command would permit me to speak to him privately. He was very rough with me at first, but he smoothed down as I told him my story, and who and what I was. He even asked my opinion as to how he should act so as to secure the lugger and her crew, but more especially the notorious Armstrong, as there was a hundred guineas reward offered for his apprehension and he quite agreed with us, after I had told him all about

Bella's being taken away, that he must be on board or lurking somewhere in the neighborhood.

I suggested that all the men he could spare should be well armed and immediately put ashore, so as to be able to get to the other side of the point before day-break or they would be seen in crossing the heights. That they should hide among the bushes till the tide was out, and then pounce upon the lugger which, by that time, would be high and dry upon the sands."

"Or gone out to sea?" said the officer interrogatively.

"O yes, my plan provides for such a probable contingency. Aye, *probable*, I continued, in reply to his startled and enquiring look, for we saw the signal light upon the point, and, if the lugger kept a sharp look out, and had her eyes about her, she might have seen it too."

"She could not surely have heard the shot that brought it so quickly down again?"

"O no! I replied, the wind was high and in the opposite direction, but we, I added, although much farther off, heard it, but not distinctly."

"Well, but proceed with your scheme," he said with some impatience, "what if she has seen the signal and gone out to sea?"

"After her instantly, was my ready answer, up anchor and away, the moment the boats return from putting us ashore, I say us, I added, because I should like, myself, to be with the men that cross the point."

"And so you shall," he said, "but this wind."

"Has somewhat moderated already," I replied: and will fall still more by day-break, or if it should not, this tight little craft of yours, or I'm no sailor, can keep as closely to the wind as to gain a sufficient offing, in an hour or two, as will enable you to weather the point that separates you from the inlet.

"But it is quite unnecessary," the young man added, as he saw some symptoms of impatience in his auditory, "to dwell upon this part of my plan, as nothing came of it."

"I was put in command of the party, and off we started, but our preparations took up more time than we anticipated, or else the night was farther advanced than we supposed, as the day began to dawn before we reached our place of ambush."

"As we passed a rude sort of flag-staff, the same, I doubted not, on which we saw the signal light, one of the men told me that he had fired at the fellow who was hoisting it, and that he must either have been hit or frightened, as he instantly ran away. But we soon discovered, that he must

have been wounded, as the path, for some distance, was sprinkled with blood."

"That must have been the shot we heard, I observed, as the light went down."

"So it was," he said, and then proceeded with his story.

"Here we had a complete view of the inlet, or rather of the dense fog that rested on the ebbing tide, and we saw, with great delight, the bare poles of the lugger standing out above it."

"This fog was of essential service to us, as it prevented the lugger's crew from seeing us, either as we crossed the heights, or the intervening sands until we were upon them."

"And then the fight!" exclaimed my youngest niece, in great excitement.

"No, there was no fight," he continued; "On the contrary, we were permitted to board her, peaceably. She was busily employed, like an honest trader, discharging her lawful cargo; and although we searched the vessel thoroughly, not a contraband article could be found."

"And Bella!" we all interrogatively exclaimed at once.

"Was no where to be seen, nor William Armstrong either; but some one, under another name, as super-cargo, was missing, and we suspect that he's the man."

"Then you did not seize the vessel, and perhaps she was not a smuggler after all?"

"O yes, she's a smuggler, we have no doubt of that, but her papers are all right, or apparently so, and we cannot prove it. All we saw of her cargo was a mere make believe, and the principal and most valuable part of it is, doubtless, hid beneath the sea—they most likely had seen the signal-light, and instead of running for it, had adopted a safer method, and sunk their gin and brandy where they can find it again, when less liable to be interrupted. But I must be off again, in search of that villain, Armstrong, he is lurking somewhere in the neighborhood, I know."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Qwhen sche was mountit him behynd
(Blyth be hertis quhilkes luvo ilk ither),
Awa thai flew lyke slaucht of winde,
(Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

ELFINLAND WUD.

"I'll be ready to go with you in a moment," was poor Bella Millway's instant and unsuspecting answer to the message she received. And she hastened her simple preparations, as much as

possible, lest she should not reach her dying lover in time to tell him of the willingness of the Saviour to receive, and pardon the returning sinner.

That he was truly penitent, she took for granted, and she doubted not, but that however violent, from his mortal wound, his bodily suffering might be, it was nothing to the mental torture he endured from the first gnawings he had ever felt of the worm that dieth not, and from the fire that is not quenched; she could not picture him to herself, in any other light, than that of remorse and despair in his mortal agony.

"O! my God!" she cried in the bitterness of her heart, while the welling tear attested the sincerity of her prayer, "Have mercy on his soul!"

Thus, away they went together—the unsuspecting victim of a vile conspiracy, not only willing, but eager to plunge into the pit prepared for her, and the wretched tool, for he was nothing more, of his employer's villany.

On they sped in eager haste, through bush and brake, o'er hill and dale, till they reached the boat the messenger had left to wait for his return.

Four stalwart men soon rowed them down to the foot of the rising ground, on which old Matty's cottage stood. Here they landed, when poor Bella was put ashore, with some coarse and ribald jest, which lost its point, because it fell unheeded on her ear, her mind being occupied with far other thoughts.

Her faithless guide was landed too, for, short as the distance was, which she had to go, she could not, even in broad day-light, have found her way alone, there being no road, nothing indeed but a sheep-path, in tortuous windings, through among the furze bushes, with other similar paths, branching off or crossing it in all directions. But now, in the night, and it was very dark, she was afraid, and apparently with reason too, that they, even with the best of guides, might miss their way, and she shuddered to think of the probable consequences of such a contingency. The eternal salvation of an immortal soul, might depend upon it, so, at least, she thought.

"When, and where was he wounded?" she anxiously inquired of her guide, as they neared old Matty's hut.

"Some where about t' heart," was the ready rejoinder, which the fellow meant for wit, and laughed so loud as to be heard within the cottage, when old Matty opened the door, and rebuked the graceless and unfeeling wretch, as she called him, for thus disturbing the last moments of a dying man.

"And is he dying?" Bella eagerly asked, and, without waiting for an answer, rushed past her to

the bed side of the sufferer; and her guide, after a whispered word or two from the old woman, and an exclamation of grief and horror from himself, followed her example, and there he stood, the rough and reckless man, gazing on his dying friend, and weeping like a very child, and sobbing as if his heart would break, with old Matty's officious, but fruitless attempts to console and pacify him.

"Its varra wrang an a girt sin against God" the old hypocrite remarked to him, "thus to be fretting about the dispensations of His providence, It's His will" she continued, "and it's your duty, as a Christian man, to submit to it with resignation"

"What's His will? ye imp of the devil," rudely and passionately exclaimed the man: "and was it His will or yours," he continued, "that I, James Gorman, as honest a man, as the world goes, as could well be found, whose only act of sin, until this very day, if sin it can be called, has been confined to the landing on this very coast of a keg or two of brandy, which had never seen a Custom-House.—That I, James Gorman, I say, went to fetch away this poor girl from her quiet home, with a black lie in my mouth, to entice her to her ruin."

"It's a judgment, Miss, a regular judgment, I see it all now," he added, addressing himself to Bella, whose attention he had attracted by this mysterious allusion to her coming there, "and this was the way on't," he was going on to say, when old Matty stopped him, but after some whispering, he said aloud; "No, no! I will tell her all," and then turning from the old woman to Bella, he commenced again to do so.

"And this was the way on't; as I was saying you were to be got aboard the lugger, d'ye see, by hook or by crook, and taken across the Channel to be married, but only with your own free and full consent, mind ye, I bargained for this before I would consent to go for ye, but how to get you to come with me was the question, when I was told to say, that my poor friend Bill here, had been shot, which of course was all a lie, and of this old hag's making too, and now they've got ye here, and——"

"He has not been shot!" joyfully exclaimed the half frightened girl in her self devotion to her lover, as she anticipated the conclusion she supposed the man was about to arrive at.

"Now, while I have been away to fetch ye on this false pretence," he continued without heeding the interruption further than by emphasizing a single word, "he *has* been shot—and that's the judgment,—aye look at him," he added as he saw her turn again towards the bed to take a

nearer and a surer view and with a better light, of its moaning and feverish occupant, "there he lies, writhing in his last agony, the victim, and not the first, of this vile woman's schemes."

"Oh! an I were but a justice-o-peace," he added after a moment's pause, "I'd have her taken to the long Barrow-head and thrown into the deep, deep sea, and if she swam I'd burn her for a witch—and if she sank I would even leave her to her fate and let her drown,* and be damned to her.

Poor Bella was completely mystified and bewildered. And not a little frightened withal.

The man, her guide, had stated, distinctly enough, that the story he had told about her lover having been shot and mortally wounded was all a mere invention to inveigle her away to old Matty's hut, a "black lie," as he called it, and yet 'twas all too true,—he had been shot, and what he possibly could mean she could not tell; and ere she could ask a single question, concerning these contradictory statements, or the judgment he talked so much about, he had left the cottage, and was gone, she did not know whither; old Matty however still was there and could easily clear up all.

The patient, on Bella's entering the hut, was a little easier than he had been, and had fallen into a sort of slumber, but so disturbed was it with constant moanings, as manifestly to prove, that he was by no means free from pain. Such at least, was her first impression, as she bent over him and kissed his burning brow, but on hearing her rough guide's story, disjointed and confused though it was, it naturally created some misgivings in her mind, as to the reality of the scene before her; and she more than half-suspected, that she had been the dupe and willing victim of some deep-laid scheme of villainy.

She thought too, from what her guide had said, that old Matty had a hand in it, and she consequently, had no faith in any explanation the old witch, as she had always been taught to consider her, could possibly have given, and therefore she made no attempt to obtain from her, a development of the mystery in which she was involved.

There might be danger in it too, she thought and the conviction, at that moment flashed for the

* This mode of trying persons accused of witchcraft, even within the last hundred years, was by no means uncommon. Several instances having occurred within that period both in England, and in the United States shortly before their separation from the Mother country. This rage against reputed witches was not, however, confined to England and her dependencies, but extended over all the Christian world as the blood-stained page of its early history will fully prove.

first time, across her mind that she had acted imprudently, if not rashly, in coming with an utter stranger, and certainly unprotected; and yet, she said to herself, "I am not unprotected either," and added after a moment's pause, during which a sense of her utter helplessness was still more deeply impressed upon her mind, "at least I need not be." And with that, heedless of the witch's presence, she fell upon her knees, by the bed side of him, whose sorrows and sufferings she came to soothe, and whose soul, like an angel messenger of Redeeming love, she came to save, and poured out her soul in fervent prayer to the blessed God to turn her lover from his wicked course of life and to shield and protect herself from the perils to which she might be exposed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEARCH.

"THEY sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain till a week passed away."

THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

The circumstances mentioned in the last chapter were of course not known, either to us or to Bella's own family at the time, nor for some days afterwards, and therefore we remitted not in our exertions to find her.

Young David Millway was indefatigable in searching for her. He had called, as he said afterwards, at every hut and cottage on all that coast, as he thought, for miles away, all at least but old Matty's and how he came to miss it, he could not tell, except from the thought, perhaps but half defined, that Bella would not, of her own accord, have set her foot within the witch's door.

His strongest hopes still rested on the lugger, and he persuaded the officer in command of the Revenue cutter, to hasten off, out of the inlet, to Whitehaven or Mary-Port, or any where else, some twenty or thirty miles away, as if satisfied, from the search he had made, that all was right, but to leave with him a boat, with a crew of half a dozen well-armed men, to watch, unseen, the lugger's future movements.

Ere two days after this elapsed, she had her cargo all aboard, and stood out to sea, and that so far, as to deceive all the watchers except David Millway himself, and led them to give her up, as gone for good and all.

"Wait," he said to his impatient companions "for the ebb of the tide and night-fall, and if by

that time she come not back, again we'll watch, and wait no longer, she'll not return at all."

They did wait till then, and even an hour later, yet still they saw nothing of the long-looked for craft; but in rowing across the mouth of the inlet towards their quarters for the night, as the moon was just rising, they perceived, to their surprise and joy, the naked spars of a vessel, clearly depicted on its broad and shining disc.

She had evidently returned under the deep shadows of the hills as they were thrown far out to sea, by the rising moon, while yet she was hid behind them.

They pushed on, and were aboard of her, before the slumbering watch on deck, was aware of their approach.

To secure the man, and send him below, and to set their boat adrift upon the tide, now flowing up the inlet, was the work of a moment. They had not a hand to spare to take charge of it, and to keep it there, would have discovered all.

The crew of the lugger, consisted of nine stout and desperate men, one of them they had already secured, and the rest were out in two boats fishing up the brandy or Hollands or whatever else the kegs contained, and might return on board together where they would have the advantage of a superiority of numbers over their adversaries, this however was more than made up for, by the commanding position, the latter occupied.

By the time David Millway had donned the prisoners pea-jacket and slouched hat, and completed his other preparations for the reception of the boats, they saw them coming, not just together but very nearly so.

As the first boat came along side, one of the crew called out to the watch, to throw him a rope.

—David grumbling in pretended reluctance to obey the order, did so, when two of the crew came on deck, and the other two, after handing up to them the kegs the boat contained, followed their example, when up started David's men and seized and pinioned them, threatening them with instant death if they attempted to give the least alarm to their comrades in the other boat. The rest of the men in the other boat were soon secured in the same manner; but to David's great disappointment, William Armstrong was not among their number.

Our young sailor had now a new duty to perform and right proud was he to do it, and that was to set sail immediately for Mary-port, in order to deliver up his prize to the cutter, or to the custom-house authorities there. To this end, he ordered the anchor up, but before a leave was made

upon it, one of the prisoners told him that there were two boat-loads of kegs, and more, where those they had just brought on board had come from, and proposed that he and the other prisoners should go and fetch them aboard.

"Such a service," the man justly said, "will tell favorably on our trials, you know, and may save our necks from a halter; we'll go unarmed," he added, as he saw the young commander hesitate, "and leave old Tom Stanton here as a hostage for our sure return."

David Millway, although a full-grown man, in all outward seeming, was nothing but a mere boy, as far as a knowledge of mankind, and experience were concerned, and this indeed may easily be imagined, when it is considered, that he was only sixteen years of age. No wonder then, that he trusted to the man's promises, foolish as it may seem, and consented to his proposals.

It has somewhere been truly said, I know not just now by whom, that a man, at twenty, believes everybody,—at thirty, doubts everybody, and at forty, trusts nobody.

The young sailor's simplicity, after all, was not so much imposed upon as his older and more experienced companions imagined. He was actuated by a higher and more generous motive, but this was a secret confined within his own heart for years.

He could not brook the thought of having the blood of those poor misguided men upon his head—the crime of smuggling, in those days, was death, without the benefit of clergy, and therefore he consented to the scheme in order to afford them the opportunity, which he hoped in his heart they would avail themselves of, to escape the gallows.

The men, of course, never came back again, and there was no evidence against poor old Tom Stanton, their hostage, and no bill found against him.

This adventure of my young friend, resulted in the making of him. His share of the prize money, as the officer in command, amounted to a sum sufficient to enable him to purchase an interest to the extent of a sixteenth share in his master's brig, and was mainly instrumental in procuring his promotion to the rank of second mate, an honor he little expected when he commenced his sea-faring career.

What subsequently occurred, in the life and adventures of this young and heroic sailor, is no way connected with my tale, as it is not his history, but that of his sister Bella, that I am writing, yet still, as the reader may have felt an interest in his future fate, sufficient to excuse a few words

concerning it, I may as well, at once, tell all I know about him, the more especially as I shall not have another opportunity of again advertizing to his history.

From his sober and steady habits and unremitting attention to his duty, he soon obtained another step in his profession.

The brig was successful, to an almost unprecedented degree, in all her voyages, so that at the end of five years, he was enabled to sell out at an enormous advance upon his first outlay, and thereby to realize a sum of money which added to his savings, was amply sufficient for the purchase of a well improved and highly productive farm, within a hundred miles of Montreal, and to enable him to retire from a sea-faring life, which, he had often been heard to say, he never liked.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the third evening after Bella's abduction—we none of us looked upon her departure in any other light, her poor disconsolate father came over the sands to enquire after his son. He had taken this long walk, and it was a long one for him, on account of a vague rumor having reached him, of some dreadful fight with the smugglers, in which he was said to have taken an active part. Since then, he said, he could get no more tidings of him than of Bella, and he feared they were both gone—lost to him for ever.

We could do nothing but condole with the old man in his distress under this additional affliction, and hold up hopes to him, as regarded Bella especially, which we hardly entertained ourselves.

"Well!" he said, after a pause, "if I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved. It's very, very hard," he continued, as a big tear stole down his furrowed cheek, "to bear up under such dark dispensations of His providence, and to say with the good man in the Bible: 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good'—but I cannot say it yet—and then her poor mother" Here the old man's feelings completely overcame him, and he burst into tears.

A pause ensued, which was rapidly becoming embarrassing, when the parlor door was burst suddenly open, and my youngest niece, came running into the room, clapping her hands, and exclaiming in an ecstasy of joy:

"Bella's come back! Bella's come back!"

We all ran into the kitchen to see her; her father too. She was surprised and bewildered at the strange excitement her return had occasioned.

She had sent a message to us every day, she said, by old Matty, who had always brought back

a satisfactory answer, and we had no little difficulty in convincing her, that the vile witch had never delivered one of them, and that the answers she pretended to have received, were nothing more than fabrications of her own.

The trouble and distress occasioned by her sudden departure, and her long protracted and mysterious absence, added materially to the weight of some secret sorrow, with which, she was more seriously and deeply affected, notwithstanding she had taken every precaution in her power to prevent both.

"And David?" she said, interrogatively, "you have heard nothing of him then."

"No, nothing," the anxious father replied, and looked at her so imploringly, as if to say, can you tell me where and how he is? O yes, she could, and therefore gave him an account of the capture of the lugger, as she had received it from one of the crew, who, according to his own story, had managed, by some extraordinary exhibition of personal bravery, and determined courage, to effect his escape.

"And this man also informed me," she said, "that David had gone off with his prize to the nearest port. And thinking it possible," she continued, addressing herself exclusively to her father, "that you might be ignorant of all this, and therefore, feel anxious and uneasy, I sent old Matty the very next morning to tell you all about it, but it now appears, she never came near you."

"Never!" was the instant reply, "and I thought and feared," the old man said, "that I had lost you both: but the merciful God," he continued, "has been more gracious to both me and your poor mother, than we deserved, as indeed," he added, "He always is, and ever has been, since the world began, to every sinner like ourselves."

Poor Bella was so depressed and weak, as if worn out with weary and continued watching; and so distressed besides, as if suffering under the crushing weight of some heavy and grievous affliction or bereavement, that we could not think, that night, at least, of asking her a single question concerning her late mysterious absence.

The next morning, although not less affected with her deep and unutterable sorrow, she was more calm, so at least she seemed, and therefore, we no longer hesitated to question her concerning her adventures, since she went away.

"It's all over with him now," she cried, in answer to our anxious enquiries, "as far as this weary world is concerned, and his spirit has left its mortal tenement, and gone to him who gave it, and he who is not extreme to mark what is

done amiss by erring mortals, will judge it kindly and mercifully, and I shall yet be united, I know I shall, and that for evermore, with William Armstrong, my betrothed :

"Where pain and parting are no more,

In that sweet world of love."

We saw at once the cause of all her grief.—

William Armstrong, her betrothed, was dead.

But how came he, thus prematurely, to his end? was a question which involved in still deeper mystery, the occurrences of the last three days, and we were all consequently the more eagerly anxious to hear it fully answered.

But this was a task which Bella, from her want of knowledge, on some material points, could not satisfactorily perform.

He had been shot, she knew, but how or why, she could not tell. The ball had penetrated the stomach (by which, as we afterwards learnt, she meant the abdomen,) and lodged there: "and all the time since then," she went on to say, "till this very afternoon, when he was mercifully released from pain, he suffered dreadfully, and O! how thankful I was and still am, that I was so providentially there, to tend and soothe him in his dying moments."

"I say providentially there" she added, "because I was sent for, for a far other purpose." Here she passed lightly over the deception that had been practised upon her.

We did not like to question her further on so painful a subject, besides we did not like to detain her longer from her intended journey to her father's, to get him to see about the funeral.

However much we might sympathise with poor Bella in her distress, we could hardly regret the cause of it. To be released from an engagement, which could not well have resulted in any thing, but misery and ruin, could scarcely be regarded as a misfortune.

As to William Armstrong's penitence it would be uncharitable and might be unjust to say it was not sincere; but little reliance I fear is to be placed, under any circumstances, upon a death-bed repentance; we are not however to prescribe limits to this saving grace to the returning sinner. Nay, we have the authority of Holy Writ for a very different doctrine. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," but poor Bella was satisfied and believed that he was saved, and had we known better it would have been worse than cruel to have undeceived her,—it would have deprived her of her only remaining solace through all her after life, and broken her heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSING BELL.

HEAR the tolling of the bells,

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought, their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright, at the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats,

From the rust within their throats,

Is a groan!

EDWARD POE.

ALTHOUGH young David Millway, after the most minute enquiries, and the strictest search, could find no clue to guide him to William Armstrong's hiding place, yet, as far along that coast, as the sound of the solemn death-bell could reach, there was hardly a man, who heard it, that could not have told at once whose soul had passed away.

They well knew where he was, and what had happened to him; but as he was a smuggler, their sympathies were with him, because they themselves were little better, and they would not tell; but it was no longer necessary to keep the secret, now that the great bell, in the lone church tower that overlooks the sea, had announced his death.

The misfortune that befel him, and brought him to his end, was now openly and freely talked about, by everybody; and at length it reached the ears of the Coroner. That officer, as in duty bound, summoned a jury, and an inquest was held, forthwith, upon the body.

Old Matty Deadenham was the principal, if not the only witness that was examined, or that could throw any material light upon the matter, and she knew little more than what he himself had told her.

It appeared from old Matty's evidence, and from other sources of information, that the deceased, after giving James Gorman his final instructions about inveigling Bella Millway from her home, had straightway ascended the hill; and that on reaching its highest point, or a point at any rate, high enough to command a view of the little sheltered bay beyond it, he saw in the fitful glances of the noon, as she hurried through the broken clouds, the spars and rigging of the cutter; and then ran to the rude flag-staff on the extreme point of the headland, for the purpose of hoisting a lantern, which he had got from old Matty, as a signal, to his comrades in the lugger, that danger was near.

The officer in command of the cutter had been

aware, it seemed, that this flag-staff was there, and had set a man to watch and guard it, and prevent any one from using it for such a purpose.

When, therefore, William Armstrong attempted to hoist his lantern, the sentry leaped out from his hiding-place, under the furze bushes, and forbade him, on pain of death, to do so; but he treated his threat with contempt, and hoisted away, when the sentry fired, and down he dropped, and down came the lantern too.

This was the shot we heard, and that the light we saw while crossing the sands that very night, as the reader will remember.

The man, when he saw him fall, was frightened at what he had done, and ran away for help, but while he was gone, Armstrong so far recovered from the first sudden effects of the shot, as to be able to get on his feet again, and walk to old Matty's hut, hard by.

Here, for three long days and longer nights, he suffered from the effects of the shot, the most excruciating tortures, and yet, these were trifling, when compared to the mental agony he endured.

Remorse and despair had seized his soul, and it hung hovering on the brink of the fathomless gulf of eternal ruin, for he could not see how God could pardon a sinner such as he had been.

Bella was wretched too, to see him in this fearful state of mind, and she read to him from the Holy Book, all the hope inspiring passages she could find or think of. The prayer of the thief upon the cross, seemed to attract his attention more than anything else, and ever and anon, during his brief moments of relaxation from pain, he would ask his kind and soothing nurse to read it to him again.

This was the first indication that hope was battling with despair, and his simple instructor hailed it with delight, and again submitted to his wondering view, the riches of redeeming love.

At length he began to cry for mercy, and wept, and prayed, and ——— died.

And was his prayer heard? Poor Bella believed it was, and who shall dare to doubt it!

All else that remains of my simple tale to tell, may be summed up in a few words.

After the funeral was over, Bella was so heart-broken, and her life had now become so objectless as completely to unfit her for the active duties of her place, and she therefore returned home to her mother.

And when a couple of years more had passed away, the whole family on the advice of young David, and the offer from him of a free passage, sold their property, and emigrated to Canada, and I became the owner of,

“*Bay Wood Cottage.*”

SELF EDUCATION.

AN ESSAY ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO THE YOUNG MEN ENGAGED IN “COMMERCIAL BUSINESS.”

—
“*In malice, be ye children, in understanding be ye Men!*”
—

WITH regard to their mental culture, young men engaged in the various departments of commercial business—may with all propriety, be classified as follows:—those, who, in the first place, have, from various circumstances, been hurried to business in early life, before they could possibly acquire even a rudimental education, sufficient to enable them to sustain with satisfaction or credit, the humblest positions in Mercantile or Social life; next to this class are those, who, from more favored circumstances, have enjoyed all the advantages in early life of thorough educational training, and enter upon their business career with every prospect of honor and success, and lastly, others with still greater privileges, have had their mind well supplied from all the sources of knowledge at the college and the school—entering life fully prepared to assume and sustain the highest positions, the merchant or the man, in either commercial, social, or political life can be called to occupy; to each and all of these several classes, the study of our subject, “Self Education” is highly important, for it points out a method for supplying the “mental wants” of that class, whose opportunities have enabled them to taste, and perhaps drink deeply at the “Spring of Knowledge,” as well as those who had, perhaps, but just reached its margin, to be driven thence by stern necessity, to begin their life of toil and care in this world's busy throng—the writer cannot suppose that it will be required of him, either to illustrate or argue in confutation of the enormous idea often uttered in the phrase, “such and such an one have just completed their education!” demanding, as it does, but little thought to arrive at the conclusion, that, however ably and successfully, both on the part of their teachers and themselves, their education may have been conducted, it is very far from being completed, if by this it should be understood, that they have nothing more to learn, and that henceforward they may give up the pursuit of mental culture, by relinquishing the practice of mental application—in short, man's capacity for the acquisition of knowledge, is limited only by its finity, and the ocean of truth has no boundaries, so that the mind may toil on for years in the paths of literature and science, may ascend heights, never before attained in the acquisition of know-

ledge, and yet, like Newton, may be confounded and humbled with the mountains, yet towering above it; and with him compare itself, "to only a child picking up pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of *truth* lay unexplained before him!" But while then, our subject is deserving of so much attention by those who had begun, or, perhaps, made considerable progress in mental culture, before entering upon their professional training, how much more worthy of attention, is it not, to that class who may have entered upon their business career, without having taken the very first step towards the cultivation of their minds? It brings before them a subject of the greatest importance to their interest and happiness; shows them what they have lost, what they are losing, and what they will lose if they continue as they are, without mental culture; not only, however, pointing out what they are with regard to their mental training, but also, what they may be by the cultivation of their minds, and finally, pointing out the only way in which this mental improvement may be begun, and carried on, (engaged as they are in commercial matters,) viz.—by their own "Self Education," and, not only pointing the way, but supplying hints and directions to enable them to make rapid and permanent progress therein.

We have so far been endeavoring to lay before the different classes of our readers, the claims which our subject has on their attention, and we now desire, in beginning the following remarks on Self Education, to urge a few thoughts to their attentive consideration—not to fill them with an undue sense of their individual importance, but to thrill them with a lively sense of their responsibilities to the present and the future—feeling as we do, that he who has no just conception of his position and its responsibility, will assuredly float down the stream of life as an atom, and as an atom be lost, while on the other hand, that man who is perfectly conscious of capabilities he must employ, and for the right employment of which, he is accountable—he, who feels that his every thought and word and movement possess an influence felt, not only in time, but throughout the never ending ages of the eternal world,—will he not, with self possessed energy, endeavor to rise to his destination, and with scrupulous faithfulness discharge his obligation! We desire then to lay before our readers, their position with regard to the formation of their influence, whether for good or evil, depending as it does, on their mental cultivation, upon the character of others. During youth, the habitual tendency of the mind, or in other words, the character of the man is forming,

as we have just stated, forming for good or evil; the most subtle, the most palpable, the most direct, and indirect influences all around him, are telling on its formation, and determining its future development and mode of action—he, in his turn, will tell on the formation of the characters of others, and they on others still, stamping on minds innumerable, the features of his own, and thus having the germs of the future reposing in him, and having influences within his command that are without limit, inexhaustible and perpetual; each then in his own sphere, is multiplying himself; impressing the mould of his own being on those of others, and thus, every one becomes either a bane or a blessing; not to his own life or to the immediate range of his own actions; but extending to the most remote period of this world's history.

One more preliminary remark is necessary to prevent a wrong conception of the legitimate work of Education, that is, limiting it only to the cultivation of the intellect to the almost total neglect of the training of the higher part of man's being, his heart. We wish it to be distinctly understood, that education includes not only the training of the intellect, but also the cultivation of the heart. The age in which we live, is one that almost deifies the intellect, and worships it irrespective, or in the notorious absence of moral principle, forgetful that the intellect is not the only or the principal part of man's spiritual existence; nor is its training the exclusive or chief part of his spiritual discipline. Right education includes both—it has the happiness of the mind in view, in the perfect adjustment of its faculties in their healthy action, with regard also to the legitimate objects upon which these faculties may be employed, and not as to this world; to this state of things, to this point of man's existence, but, with regard to that never-ending and eternal state.

We would warn you then on this point, serious in its consequences if an error be made, and not by this "essay," which is devoted to only one branch of enquiry, to lead any to the neglect of the culture of the noblest part of man's being. Is there not something, we ask, unspeakably affecting in the condition, viewed in the light of truth, of a mind eagerly and anxiously enquiring into some branch of so called "secular learning," or assiduously trying to gain the greatest possible amount of information on all subjects of present utility and interest, but, which, as regards to all religious knowledge, (and that knowledge can alone cultivate the heart,) is indifferent, careless, and insensible, having no feeling akin to her who

sat at the feet of Jesus, and learnt of him, or of him, who, though without an equal in his own country, with regard to mental attainments, could say: "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord;" this knowledge all may acquire, for the means are within the reach of all—a knowledge necessary to every mind that could entertain an authorized and lasting hope of future happiness. What mind, we ask, that is conscious of present intelligence and coming immortality can or ought to be satisfied without a hope? and, into what a grievous error might the writer not lead his readers, did he not, at the very outset of his observations, urge them to distinguish between things that differ; between habits and acquisitions which are indeed most desirable and useful; between preparation for what is only a temporary state, and that which is eternal; let then a just conception of man's relationship to the present and the future, lead the mind to give to each its proper place in the pursuit of knowledge in one, and to regard education as the handmaid only of religion, and to remember that while the Poet's erring judgment dictates in the language of this world, "Man's proper study is mankind!"—*the Bible!* the word of inspired truth in the language of heaven, declares it to be God himself. Our remarks have been, and will be throughout, confined to young men engaged in commercial business. We have done so, because the members of the Mercantile Library Association, (in connection with which, this essay is written,) are composed chiefly out of that class, and we also choose the didactical style from the consideration that the above named Institution, in offering a prize for an Essay, is not desirous alone of giving an impetus to the study of those of its members who are pursuing a course of "Mental Self Culture," by exciting a healthy competition, but also in procuring something that will excite in others a desire, a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, and afford some concise and practical directions for the gratification of the same. We trust then, that the foregoing considerations will justify the throwing of our observations into the form of advice and appeal; and our forgetting in our remarks, as far as can be done, without impairing the utility of our work, the "theory of our subject," and confining ourselves to that which alone is in the true sense of the term, practical.

Some of the young men engaged in "Commercial business," when the subject of mental culture is brought under their consideration, treat it with cold indifference, and excuse themselves from its claims, to their own minds first, and those who

urge them upon their attention, by pointing to their position as a sufficient reason for not beginning and carrying on a course of mental improvement; these we trust have been concisely, but fully answered in our introductory remarks, but there are others who are all alive to its importance, willing to do anything if they knew how to secure its blessings; they are disheartened at their position, without, perhaps, a rudimental education, and with no opportunity before them of returning to *school* to supply this or other defects in their mental acquirements. They ask in earnest, what they are to do? and the only answer that can be given to them is—you must educate yourselves: you must be, if at all, under existing circumstances, "Self Educated;" you must do for yourself what the school or the college cannot now do for you. This may startle some; the greatness of the object desired may lead to magnify the difficulties, but that these difficulties can be overcome, we point for proof to the pages of the *Biographical History of Literature, Science and Art*. There it will be seen that some of the brightest men of genius that ever enlightened mankind, were men who, amidst the united vicissitudes of birth and fortune, thrilled by a desire for knowledge, have triumphed over every difficulty, acquiring even the very rudiments of education, and struggling onwards in their pursuit, have risen from obscurity to eminence and distinction, affording powerful examples of what burning thirst for the acquisition of knowledge can accomplish, under the most pressing difficulties and obstructions; but while we do urge their imitation and promise success, we do not wish to deceive by holding out to you their "giant structure" in intellectual acquirements. Yet we say, aim at high attainments—"the intent and not the deed" may be in your power—yet he who dares greatly, does greatly.

We will now proceed to lay down a few *rules of direction* for a course of self-education, hoping that their *force* will be felt and their spirit acted upon. It is well to understand rightly—1st. "That Education is the training of the powers of the mind." It is important not only to understand this, but to carry it along with you, for, by many, education is confounded with the acquisition of knowledge, and he is said to be educated who has merely accumulated a large number of facts. Now, nothing is more fallacious than this. It is true that a well educated mind will gather facts and work them up, but facts may abound in the absence of thorough true educational training. There may be a large collection of information, indicating activity in acquiring, and power of me-

mory in retaining it, yet, after all, there may be no strength of mind, and no judgment to render the knowledge useful. Education in mental culture, on the contrary, is the "bracing of the powers of thinking, and hence of reasoning from the facts, because powerful thought is the basis of powerful argument." Aim, then, in all the efforts you make at the improvement (the growing improvement) of your understanding—endeavor to tone every individual faculty of your nature, and to unite all in beautiful harmony, for union is strength in this as in every other cause, control the imagination by a well-matured judgment, and kindle into warmth the more sober deductions and logic of the understanding by the fervor of genius.

2nd. It will be requisite and wise for you distinctly to understand what is the tendency of your mind; or, in other words, on what department of study you are likely to excel. History is presenting its claim on your attention in its fascinating pages. Philosophy, too, is arguing itself with its wandering array of topics of thought; the physical sciences in their boundless variety of subjects of interesting association. *Geology* explaining the monuments of time and worlds amongst the caverns of the earth. Chemistry analysing the incessant processes of nature; mechanics determining the movement of the insect's limb, and of that mightiest wonder and greatest creation of modern times, the "Steam Engine." Astronomy sweeping on its wide and glorious glance, the arch of heaven itself. All these are claiming your attention, but your time is necessarily limited by your occupation. The range of your thoughts is thus circumscribed, and by those limitations you are precluded from the investigation of *all* subjects; hence the real necessity of choosing *one*, and hence, if that choice be made at random, the danger of wasting your powers. You may find out when too late, that you have no aptitude for the subject you have selected, and the unsuccessfulness of your pursuit may damp your ardor in another track. Endeavor, then by experiment, to ascertain what is the bent of your understanding, and select some subject congenial to it, and thus, while you are apparently fostering a predilection for one order of facts and thoughts, as some would say, weakening the mind's power by that exclusive fostering, you indeed impart to it new strength for the investigation of others.

3rdly. Not only is it necessary for the successful prosecution of mental culture to understand the bent of the understanding, and to choose a subject in accordance with it, "but also to ascertain the weak points of your mind." Some are

excessively sanguine, thinking they have fathomed the abyss of a subject, when they are only skimming the surface—and neglect the severe and slow elaborations of thought by which truth is reached. Others again have no concentration; their minds are dissipated by the variety of subjects over which they travel, and on the constant change from point to point—they lose much of their force; others have not mental decision—they know not when, and cannot muster resolution to begin a course of study, and when they have begun are easily diverted from it. Other minds have no opinion of their own reflection, but the sentiments of others—to avoid then the weakness, the folly, and the pain of any of these mental states—ascertain in which of these points your minds are infirm; if in any, struggle against it with all your might when ascertained, and attempt to impart time and firmness by discipline on these points, which hitherto have been the sources of your weakness and drawbacks on your improvement.

4thly. Your next step, after a consideration of these *mental guards*, and the choice of a subject, is the manner for pursuing the course of the study you adopt—the means are innumerable; never in this world's history were there so many or such great facilities for acquiring knowledge as at the present time; literary societies and cheap publications are among the wonders of our wonderful age. We would, however, in accordance with our plan, point out a few of the leading ones, with directions for their proper and successful employment. Among these, "Reading" is the most prominent. Your first consideration is to what books you should read. Of course select those that bear directly on the study of the subject you have adopted; select some standard work on the subject in preference to any other, for while we would not underrate the periodical literature of the day, we would advise you, as your time in mental culture is so precious, to peruse some work bearing directly on the subject—to the "Magazine" or the "Review," in which, however well and ably written, will tend from their necessary conciseness to give you but a superficial view of your subject. With regard to "novels" and works of "fiction," we trust your desire for solid knowledge will be a sufficient guard; they but dilute history and present exaggerated views of men and things, and will, if frequently perused, unfit the mind for sober thinking, and habituate the feelings to an artificial and heated atmosphere of excitement. Nothing, in fine, can be more preposterous in principle, and more incompatible with fact, than that novel reading can in any

degree contribute to the culture of the mind—an idea which comes under the same category with the once vaunted precept of the profligate and the vicious, that “the theatre is the school of virtue.”

Next to reading, as means for acquiring knowledge is “reflection.” The mere mechanical act of reading, cannot in any case secure a right of real or actual or lasting benefit, and there is scarcely more than mechanism in the manner in which works of acknowledged standard, value and usefulness are often times perused. Page after page passes in review before the eye, chapter after chapter is dismissed, and at length the volume is closed with the sagacious looking conclusion, that it is a good “book;” if it be a good book this certainly is not the way to read it, and the design of the author has not been accomplished by such a hasty disposal of his thoughts. These were intended to enlighten, inform, impress and stimulate your minds; they were intended, not only to meet the eye as words and sentences, but through these symbols to meet the understanding in the substantial form of principle and sentiment of reasoning and fact.

It is far from being sufficient, however, to understand the meaning of the writer; our duty is to judge of its correctness to compare it with the result of previous inquiry, to bring it to the test of truth, and to determine the measure of confidence or credit to be given to its reasonings and representations, we must by reflection carry our enquiries much further than the real meaning of the authors and it will be a wholesome exercise, one that will greatly tend to strengthen the mental faculties as well as to store the memory, by pausing at intervals in the process of reading, recalling the course and retracing the current of the author's thoughts to mark as you go along what seems inconclusive in argument and objectionable in statement, or what on the contrary is worthy of notice; and after you have finished the volume to record in writing, in a book kept for the purpose, your general opinion of the whole performance, with the grounds upon which your opinions rest; such a written record is important in fixing the attention in the perusal of any volume, since without this you would be consciously unqualified to pronounce upon its merits. It will bring all the leading topics of the volume deliberately under review fixing them more deeply in your memory and deepening in proportion the impression they have made.

We cannot in the circumscribed pages of an essay dwell at length on the remaining various means within your reach for the acquisition, but merely

urge you to use them with a definite point in view—let that point be the course of study you have adopted and intend to pursue; with this feeling you will fill your place in the “Lecture Hall,” attend the “Debating Society,” cultivate the friendship of others, whose mental acquirements will make their conversation profitable to you.

We cannot, however, refrain from making one passing remark on the inefficient manner in which the Courses of Lectures in our City are got up—courses hardly deserving the name; treating of as many different subjects as there are lectures—three-fourths of which are what may be termed “fancy subjects,” fitted only to tickle the imagination for an evening, leaving nothing solid that the mind can store away as part of its mental furniture; the fault, we fear, is not to be found with these gentlemen, who, with a kindness and public spirit most laudable, come forward gratuitously to fill the Lecturer's Desk; but with them who make the arrangements; it may be said, oh! we want a variety of subjects to satisfy and please a variety of people; if they said, “improve and enlighten,” that would be nearer the mark. Let “utility” and not amusement, influence the arrangement of a course of Lectures, and the result will be not only a delighted but an improving audience: may not this defect account for the thin attendance on our Lecture Hall, if so, why not try and remedy it? and now, in conclusion, remember that in the highest and best sense of the term “Education” comprehends the discipline and schooling of the thought and feeling of the man, not only for the position which he now occupies, but for any to which in his life he may hereafter be summoned, that thus if eminence be attained, he may exhibit none of the weakness, experience none of the dangers, and not yield to the perils and temptations of changes he is not prepared to meet—that the employed may become the employer, the shop-man the master, without degenerating into the tyrant or degrading himself by vulgarity of manners or ignorance of mind in the scenes in which his wealth or business may admit him; the importance of this will readily be acknowledged—the ignorant servant is most likely to become the despotic master, we might indeed expect that the recollections of his own struggles would produce some sympathy with the struggles of others, but experience shews the reverse of this to be the fact, that if not well disciplined there is a tendency to revenge on others the real or supposed injuries we ourselves endured, and if not so, there is the inflated vanity, that

struts in pomp, only making its exhibitor the butt of ridicule, and the object of deserved contempt. How important then so to train, now, your feelings and principles of action that while faithfully discharging your present duty, you may not be unprepared for the brighter gleams of future prosperity, or the darker scenes of human life. How much of your enjoyment besides, depends on this mental training; it opens up a thousand sources of happiness preventing the apparent listlessness of inaction, and thus prepares for the quiet retirement from business. Merchants have toiled perseveringly for years, and on the realization of a competency have left business, and the town for the country and its peacefulness; an object for which they have long sighed. However, it has brought no charms as a fixed scene of residence, they have carried with them the desk and its habits and associations and nothing else. Having no intellectual resources, no moral self-control, the cessation of active habits to them has been a misery; what a contrast was their conduct and circumstances to those of the well-stored minds, which hold converse with stupendous glory or the serene loveliness of creation—which step from bustle and ceaseless activity into the calm social circle as into a home, finding in their own memories and thoughts the elements of rich and indestructible pleasure, and whence is this facility of change of scene, of circumstances, of pursuits, and of joys, but from habitual culture of the spirit within, a culture, my readers, however severe in its process, and however difficult in realization amply rewarded in the internal comfort it will procure you, and the outward respect which is sure to follow in its train.

E. M.

THE HURON PRINCESS.

BY. R. E. M.

The dusky warriors stood in groups around the funeral pyre;
The scowl upon their dark brows spoke of hate and vengeful ire:
It needed not the cords, the stake, the rites so stern and rude,
To tell it was to be a scene of slaughter and of blood.
But, now, the strange and mystic dance, the death song, all is o'er,
And they fiercely burn to steep their hands within their victim's gore,
Oh! say, could aught in shape of man so full of guile be found,
As to harm the victim who there stood, in helpless thralldom bound?
A girl of slight and fragile form, of fair and child-like grace,
Though woman's earnest thoughtfulness beamed in that lovely face.

Oh! beauteous was that gentle child of a dark and rugged line,
And e'en mid Europe's daughters fair, surpassing might she shine,
For ne'er had beauty's lips been wreathed by brighter summer smile,
Or dark eyes beamed with lustrous light, more full of gentle wile.
With glowing cheek and curving lip, she stood in silent pride,
A queen in regal majesty, though a captive bound and tied,
Nor, could that sight of death, though fit to turn a strong heart weak,
Chase back the deep scorn from her brow, the color from her cheek,
But yet, it was not wonderful, that haughty, high-born grace,
She stood amid her direst foes, a Princess of her race,
And though they'd met to wreak on her, their hatred 'gainst her name,
To doom her to a fearful death, to pangs of fire and flame,
She, ever mindful of her state, her race so proud and high,
Had sternly vowed to suffer all, and nobly, bravely die.
One moment and her proud glance fled, her form she humbly bowed,
A softened light stole o'er her brow and she prayed to Heaven aloud,
"Hear me! Thou Great and Glorious One, Protector of my race,
Whom I, in the far off Spirit-Land, shall soon see, face to face,
Pour down thy blessings on my tribe, may they triumphant rise,
Above the guileful Iroquois, Thine, and their enemies;
And, give me nerve to bear each pang with courage high and free,
That dying thus, I may be fit to reign, oh, God! with thee"
Her prayer was ended and again, like young, anointed Queen,
She wore anew, her lofty smile, her high and regal mien,
The chief advanced and at his sign, two of his warriors dire,
Sprang forth to lead the dauntless girl, to her fearful funeral pyre,
But with an eye of flashing scorn, recoiled she from their grasp,
"Nay, touch me not, I'd rather meet the coil of poisoned asp!
My aged sire and all my tribe, will learn with joyous pride,
That as befits a Huron's child, their Chieftain's daughter died,"
She dashed aside her tresses dark with bright and fearless smile,
And like a fawn, she bounded on her flaming, funeral pile;
And e'en whilst still those blood-stained men fulfilled their fearful part,
They praised that maiden's courage rare, her high and dauntless heart.

OUR TABLE.

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF MADAME ROLAND.

WE have received from Mr. Dawson of the *Place d'Armes*, a copy of this beautiful work. It is a brief, but clear and comprehensive narrative of a life, which must ever be considered as among the most remarkable in the history of the world. The character of that illustrious woman, who, without the aid of artificial rank, or of wealth, but by the sole power of a transcendent genius, swayed so long, amid the horrors of a revolutionary period, the destinies of France, can never be reflected on, except with admiration and with wonder. Mr. Abbott, in the book before us, vividly portrays her singular career—from the cradle to the scaffold. He sketches rapidly the humble home of her infancy, the convent where her youth was passed, the republican simplicity of her husband, the splendor of her mansion, the brilliant assemblies of statesmen and wits who congregated there, her influence, her trial and her death. He dwells most forcibly upon the rich and varied treasures of her mind, the never-failing resoluteness of her will, her eloquence, her saintlike gentleness, and, more than all, her spotless purity. In no other instance which we now remember, has there ever existed so remarkable a combination of the noblest qualities. The influence of so sublime a character was not confined by territorial limits, and scarcely has been lessened by the lapse of time. The contemplation of that character still stimulates the thirst for intellectual improvement, still inspires the loftiest patriotism and the purest virtue, still nerves the spirit in its contest with the ills of life. In the midst of all her greatness and her power, surrounded by the most enthusiastic admirers, she was never dazzled by her brilliant fame,—she never forgot that she was still a woman. "She moved," says Mr. Abbott, "in her own appropriate sphere. She made no Amazonian speeches. She mingled not with men in the clamor of debate. With an invisible hand, she gently and winningly touched the springs of action in other hearts. She did no violence to that delicacy of perception which is woman's tower and strength. She moved not from that sphere where woman reigns so resistlessly, and dreamed not of laying aside the graceful and polished weapons of her own sex, to grasp the heavier and coarser armor of man, which no woman can wield. By such an endeavor, one does but excite the repugnance of all except the un-

fortunate few, who can see no peculiar sacredness in woman's person, mind or heart."

Much has been written and spoken respecting the causes, events and effects of the French Revolution. In one sense of the word, this biography is not necessary. It has added nothing to our previous store of historical information. But it is valuable, notwithstanding, inasmuch as it presents again to our view those virtues which humanity should never cease to imitate. Many passages, and among them that which we have quoted, are beautifully and thrillingly written. The whole work is highly creditable to its author, and, we trust, will speedily obtain a universal approbation.

ALTON LOCKE; TAILOR AND POET, AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY. YEW-YORK, HARPER AND BROTHERS. MONTREAL, B. DAWSON.

THIS semi-political, semi-religious novel has already created an extraordinary excitement in the literary world. Its object is a lofty one,—to indicate the only means by which Equality, Freedom and Brotherhood, in their proper sense, can be secured to mankind. They are not to spring from violent political agitations, from the tumultuous over-turning of established powers, not from Charters or from Constitutions, but *from within*,—from that spirit which every member of society feels at work within himself. "Not by wrath and haste," it is said, "but by patience made perfect through suffering, canst thou proclaim their good news to the growing masses, and deliver them, as thy Master did before thee, by the Cross and not the sword."

The story is by no means complicated. It narrates the successive steps, by which a somewhat peculiarly constituted mind passes from a condition of unwholesome religious restraint, first to infidelity, and then, by a reaction, to a pure and elevated faith. It is intended to ameliorate the social lot of the humbler classes in Great Britain and elsewhere, and as such it has our heartfelt sympathy. Its effect is certain, for its principle is liberal and enlightened Christianity.

Of the literary merits of this work, apart from its political and religious tendency, we need scarcely speak. Public opinion has already positively pronounced upon them. In England, for example, ALTON LOCKE has been received with an enthusiasm scarcely less than that which followed the publication of *JANE EYRE*.

ARIA No. 2.

SUBJECT FROM THE OPERA OF MEDEA.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The melody in the upper staff shows a continuation of the rhythmic patterns from the first system, with some rests and dynamic markings. The bass staff continues to support the melody with a steady accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. This system includes a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody in the upper staff becomes more complex with some triplets and sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature remains two flats and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the upper staff and a sustained bass line in the lower staff.

ARIA No. 2.

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The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of notes, including some with slurs and dynamic markings. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a more rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff shows a melodic line with some rests and slurs. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system features a change in the upper staff's melody, with a more active line of notes. The lower staff continues its accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system includes a fermata in the upper staff, indicating a pause in the melody. The lower staff continues with its accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth and final system on the page shows the concluding notes of the aria. The upper staff has a melodic line that ends with a final cadence. The lower staff provides the final accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

TO OUR READERS.

The present number closes another volume of the "Garland," the twelfth since we commenced our labors for its support. During this long term of years, we have had, amid many discouragements, much that was cheering and hopeful to sustain us in our efforts, and though at times almost ready to despond for want of that generous aid and sympathy which we felt to be our due, our motto has still been "Onward," till as we trust, the "Literary Garland" is firmly established as the Magazine, of the British Canadian Provinces.

As such, it certainly deserves patronage and support—but not as such, only,—since it possesses in itself, merit, which the enlightened and cultivated should recognize and foster. We would not take undue praise to ourselves, yet we hesitate not to say, what every candid and discerning reader of the "Garland," must acknowledge to be true,—that its pages contain articles, too numerous to particularize, which would not shame the columns of Blackwood, of the Dublin University Magazine, and other periodicals of the same character and standing;—and that, except in its exterior embellishments, it is in no respect inferior to Sartain's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and various similar Monthlies published in the neighboring States. Let the means be furnished us through a liberal subscription list, such an one as a Canadian periodical has a right to expect from a Canadian public, and our covers, and our pages shall be gemmed with delicate and tasteful embellishments, which shall not fail to delight the eyes of every lover of art.

With reference to the reading matter of the "Garland," to which we above alluded, we do not, and to our sorrow we say it, we cannot deny that there is too much chaff mingled with its wheat; but this is unavoidable so long as the avails of our Magazine are too trivial to permit our remunerating those contributors, whose articles would and dignify its character, but who cannot lavish, gratis, upon us, the rare coinage of their pen, when elsewhere they earn a gold-

den harvest for every line they write. But, whenever, by a just patronage, the increasing profit of our literary adventure enables us to be generous, we shall cheerfully and without stint give of the dross it yields, in exchange for the rich fruits of knowledge and taste gathered by classic minds from the ripe fields of elegant literature. Till then, however, much that we would wish to expunge, the free-will offerings of young and inexperienced writers, must unavoidably take the place of the more racy and finished articles, which, with a few exceptions, the circumstances we have named, at present prevent our attaining.

The volume of the "Garland" completed with the present number is now before the public, and without any boasting, we think it will stand a comparison with any that have preceded it. We will venture also to promise that the one to commence with the New Year, shall have advanced in merit still a step onward with its close, and we say this with confidence, because we have the pledge of assistance from those whose names alone are synonyms for excellence. We need only mention the Reverend H. Giles, Mrs. Moodie, Miss Strickland, H. V. C., W. P. C., R. E. M., and others equally popular and gifted, some of whom have been long favorably known to the readers of the "Garland" and all of whom will lend the aid of their pens in supporting it for 1851.

In conclusion, we beg to express our grateful sense of the favor and kindness which has thus far been extended to us, in return for which we pledge ourselves that all who have any interest in the conduct, or concerns of the "Garland," will continue unremitting in their endeavors to secure for it every possible advantage which shall tend to heighten its popularity or extend the sphere of its influence.

With renewed hope, and increased earnestness, therefore, we commence the duties of another year, asking only that, which our long struggle in aid of Canadian literature warrants us in expecting, and which we believe a Canadian public if true to the interests of letters will not fail to bestow, their sympathy, their indulgence, and their patronage.