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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.*

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER X.

A mighty forest was outspread,
 And it had gloomy shades sequestered deep,
 Where no man went.

Wherefore delay

Young traveller in such a mournful place?
 Art thou wayworn or can no longer trace the path?

KEATS' *EXDYMION*.



EMLOCK-covered knoll mentioned in a preceding chapter, was a favourite spot with Helen and her sister. Here in the summer evenings they often sat

beneath the immense mass of twisted

roots which had once supported the lofty trunk and stately canopy of a giant oak. These enormous fibres had been completely torn out of the ground by some long previous tempest, and now still closely entwined like a coil of knotted snakes, reared themselves on high, several yards in circumference, wreathed with a profusion of parasitical plants which hung their green interlacings gracefully around the fantastic contortions of the lifeless fabric. The little mound of up-turned earth underneath, was carpeted with moss and the tiny trailing pigeon-berry, while close around grew the wild rose, the scarlet berried elder, and the wood

fern with black shining stems like polished boney and light fringed leaves of a soft and delicate green. Those beautiful ferns seem to form the very ideal of a fairy bower, but those aerial beings rather love to dance their nightly revels beneath whispering old trees, whose shadows fall on green quiet dells where the moonlight plays—by the flowery margin of softly murmuring streams in which the bright stars are mirrored, or on the yellow sands of green old ocean, whose waves kiss their light foot-prints away ere the morn in the fair British Isles, and their venerable Fatherland, then amidst the pathless prairies, the dense forests, the mighty rivers of the vast American Continent. Near this, lay the pond unruffled by the slightest breeze, so deeply embosomed were its waters by the shadowing branches of the hemlocks, while the current that issued thence, when it had once crossed the broken barrier that partially confined it, tumbled wildly downward to the valley; thence it flowed more calmly, increased by various tributary springs till it was lost in the great forest sea towards which it shaped its course. Of this grand lake with its beautiful bays, points and promontories a view from the summit of the knoll had been opened by the passage of a hurricane many years before.

Here, when the excessive heat of the day was past, it was delightful to linger, while the sun was sinking behind the deep woods that surrounded the lake. Here the squirrels gambolled through the trees, their chattering calls mingling with the unceasing tap of the woodpeckers, till the coming night hushed them into silence, when the fireflies came forth to flit over the dusky water like circles of light, and the wild plaintive note of the

* Continued from page 221.

whip-poor-will, which harmonizes so well with the solitary wilderness where he dwells, and the cry of the tree-toad were the only sounds heard. There the robin and wren sang a requiem to the departed day, if not with tones so rich, varied and harmonious as the songsters of England, yet with full sweet notes which fell upon the listeners ears like voices from their native isle, and called up memory to dwell on vanished scenes and by-gone hours, till with fancy's fond faith, they dreamed that the dark gleaming lake at their feet, was the ocean which girdled their Fatherland, or followed in thought the course of its huge stream till it mixed with the blue waves, and laved the white coasts where the spirits of our exiles would fain have followed it.

In general, perhaps, the summer sun-sets of America are inferior in beauty to those of Britain, the sky being commonly destitute of those light, moist clouds, whose fanciful shapes take hues so varied, and so lovely, from the departing god of Day. But at times, the golden-haired Helios sinks with a lustrous splendor, rivalling that which Italian skies boast, as peculiarly their own, filling the heavens with heaved-up waves of gold, interspersed with a net-work of purple, rose color and aquamarine. As he drops behind the mossy of woods his rays gleam through the green canopies which veils his glories, in every variety of light and shade, while the whole atmosphere is filled with a richness and intensity of glowing beauty.

One evening, Helen gazed on such a sunset from the fallen oak, till the crimson flush of the skies faded away and the short twilight came stealing on; then the thickening dews and increasing darkness reminded her of the necessity of returning home. She called Frank, who had been playing near her, and receiving no answer, a vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of her mind. He could not have gone to the house without passing the spot where she had been sitting, and again and again she called him, but no sound answered, except the echoes of the forest which, as if in mockery, repeated her cries. Now seriously alarmed she entered the wood, wandering about she scarce knew whither, till she had passed the fringe of shrub and underwood which skirts a forest clearing, and entered its high and gloomy arches. She now regretted that she had not at once returned home and procured assistance in her search, as she had not the least idea in what direction to proceed. The thought of Frank passing the night alone in that dismal place, a prey to all those terrors which a child would naturally feel in such a situation, filled her with almost insupportable agony, independent of

the danger to which he might be exposed from wild beasts and the uncertainty of his being found in the morning. Darkness, except the faint light of the stars, had now settled over the forest, and it was with the utmost difficulty Helen could advance through the mouldering trunks of trees, fallen branches, and up-turned roots which every moment beset her path. To her excited imagination the fire-flies which sparkled before her, seemed to blaze with supernatural light, the forest seemed full of whispering voices and inexplicable sounds, and every blasted bough or skeleton trunk appeared some monster of unknown and horrible form. Each moment she fancied that snakes and toads were crawling over her feet, and the leafy twigs which smote her face, made her start as if from the tongue of a viper. Still she pressed on, for it was not for herself she feared the gorgons, hydras and chimeras dire, which her imagination had conjured up, but for the dear little fellow, every one of whose fancied fears found an echo in her bosom. At last worn out with fatigue and grief, and despairing to discover the lost one in the depths of that interminable wilderness without a clue, she threw herself on her knees beside a stone over which she had stumbled, and burying her face in her hands gave way to a burst of tears; at the same instant the bark of a dog at no great distance reached her ears.

"Surely it is Jason," exclaimed Helen, all her fatigue vanishing at the sound, and springing to her feet with renewed hope. "Can he be with Frank?"

Again the well known bark reached her ears, followed by a long drawn and melancholy cry which was repeated at short intervals, as Helen endeavored to reach the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Once more she awoke the echoes with Frank's name, and who that has not felt some similar sensation, can imagine the flood of joy which rushed to her heart as she heard his childish voice return a faint but joyous hullo! The sound seemed close at hand, and Helen no longer found it difficult to overcome the impediments in her path as she hurried towards it. The next instant, with a cry of delight, Jason sprang upon her, licking her hands and feet and whining from very anxiety to express his joy.

"Frank, are you here?" cried Helen, too much agitated to return the caresses of the faithful dog.

"Yes, I am here," answered Frank, in as manly a tone as he could assume, "and I am very safe, so you needn't cry."

As he spoke she felt his little arms round her neck, and never had she experienced such pure rapturous delight. Though with the incipient pride of boyhood he endeavoured to conceal his emotion, the delight of Frank was scarcely less. He told her that he had followed a chipmunk into the bush farther than he had ever been before, and that when he paused in his unsuccessful chase, he found that he had lost his way. In his efforts to return he had plunged deeper into the wood, and as it soon became dark, he was unable to proceed any farther and sat down on the ground quite tired out.

"I never was frightened till then," he said, "but when I saw how dark it was, I began to cry a little, for though I knew you would come and look for me, I was afraid you would never find me. Then I shouted as loud as ever I could. That you might know where I was, if you were searching for me, and at last I thought I heard somebody answer me, but when I called again I knew it was the echo. I wished very much that Jason was with me, and I thought I would call him, but he did not come, and then I began to cry. Soon after I heard something coming very fast and I thought may be it was a wolf, but when it jumped on me, I knew it was my good old dog, and I was very glad, I never cried again after he came, though I was sure I would have to stay here all night; but I thought Papa would come in the morning, so I put my arms about Jason to keep me warm and lay down to sleep, and I was going to sleep when he began to bark and cry, I thought of the wolves again, but I wasn't afraid because my dog was with me—then I heard you call my name, and Jason jumped for joy, and we were both very glad."

"And now, Frank, how are we to get home," said Helen, "for unless Jason can show us the way we'll never find it." Then turning to the dog she caressed him, exclaiming: "Home, Jason; good old fellow, bring us home!"

The dog uttered a short joyous bark as if in answer to her words, and wagging his tail moved forwards, but suddenly he darted back and laid himself down before them in the path; from this station neither entreaties nor reproaches could move him: to the former he answered by a plaintive cry, to the latter by a deep growl.

"I dare say he knows what he is doing, Helen," said Frank at last; "do you think there are wolves or panthers in the wood?"

"Oh! no, not so near a settlement," replied Helen, unwilling to excite the child's fears, though the same idea had occurred to her already.

While she was yet speaking she heard a slight rustling among the branches at a little distance; so indistinct, that if the acuteness of her senses had not been so nervously heightened, it might not have reached them. At the same time the growls of the dog became repeated and even fierce, and he made a movement as if preparing for a spring, while Helen drew Frank close to her side, when suddenly the moon, which had now attained a height which enabled her beams to pierce the leaf screen, rendered the surrounding objects visible.

At a few paces distance, leaning against the silver tinted shaft of a birch tree, stood a slight graceful youth, fancifully attired with a bow and a couple of arrows hanging carelessly from his hand. Helen, from her sister's description, recognized him as the same young Indian, whom Alice had seen a few days before, even before Frank's whisper confirmed her conjecture.

"If you will trust a stranger and one whose blood is darker than your own, I will guide you out of this labyrinth," said the young Indian, in accents soft and musical, yet haughty, "but you must first quiet your dog."

"I thank you very much," replied Helen, believing that whether he were friend or foe it was the wiser plan to exhibit no distrust. "Jason," she added, patting the dog, who since he had been able to see the object that had excited his fear had become perfectly calm, "it is a friend."

"We have met before," said the stranger, who perceiving there was no longer any danger from the dog, had approached the wanderers.

"No—it was my sister."

"Your sister?" he said, gazing more attentively in her face, "yes—it was the resemblance between your voices which misled me. And yet yours has a haughtier tone, and you look of a bolder spirit. But come, let us go on." Holding her brother's hand, and followed by the dog, Helen obeyed his directions, but after they had thus proceeded a few yards, during which he had cast one or two scrutinizing glances at his companion, he said to Frank. "Are you not tired, my little fellow? Shall I carry you? Will you trust him with me?" he asked, looking full at Helen as she spoke. Frank eagerly consented, and Helen who could hardly support her own wearied frame, was compelled, however unwillingly, to relinquish him to their guide.

"Perhaps you will be alarmed when you find that I am not taking you to your home," said the young Indian to Helen, as she walked silently by his side.

"Where then are we going?" asked Helen, concealing as much as possible the uneasiness she felt at this declaration.

"Where you will be cordially welcomed," replied her guide, "and by those whose color is fair as your own."

"But my father, my sister—"

"Shall hear of your safety very soon. But you are much farther from Hemlock Knoll than you imagine."

"So you know the name of our house," said Frank in surprise—"what is the name of yours?"

"Leafy Hollow."

"And are we going there?"

"Yes—are you not afraid to go to an Indian's dwelling?—see here is my tomahawk," and he pointed to a small Indian hatchet which hung from his belt.

"But you do not scalp people with it?" said the child wonderingly.

"Why not? Do you think I am not savage enough?"

"Yes," replied Frank, innocently.

A dark frown passed over the face of the Indian youth, but as he gazed on the soft artless features of the boy, the cloud cleared away from his aspect and he smiled. "But you are not like the Indians I saw at Quebec and Montreal, resumed the unconscious Frank; "They looked poor and dirty, and had blankets about them. You are not like them."

"But do you know why they looked poor and dirty?" asked the young Indian, again fixing his dark gleaming eyes on the English boy—"It is because people of your blood and color have taken their hunting grounds and made them their own. Before the white men came, my fathers were brave, free and happy—now they are degraded, broken-hearted and vanishing from the earth!" He paused, and then as if apprehensive that his vehemence might terrify his companion, said in the gentlest tones to Helen, "Lady, your delicate feet must be weary, but courage, you shall soon have rest."

They now speedily emerged from the forest path which they had been pursuing, into a broad and open clearing. Descending into a deep valley, laid out in fields of waving grain and meadow land, and pastures in which sheep and cattle were reposing divided by stone fences, their guide conducted them into a tolerably good road. Clumps of trees and bushes added beauty to the scene, without encumbering the land, and the murmur of a stream, whose banks were concealed by copsewood, fell softly on the ear. In the midst of this valley stood a large white-walled house, so hidden

by tall trees and embowering shrubs, that they had reached the gate before Helen was aware of its presence. The gate, with a paling at each side, was of wood, painted white, and giving his companion entrance, the young Indian led the way through a field of rich and golden maize to the dwelling. A large verandah, or in country phrase, stoup, fronted the house, before which was a grass plot and parterre, the odor of whose flowers impregnated the soft summer air. Without knocking, he opened the door, and admitted Helen into a large sitting-room filled with the bright light of a wood fire.

There were several persons in this apartment, all of whom turned their gaze with surprise on the young English girl, thus unceremoniously introduced among them, while she, her white dress damp with the night dew, her beautiful hair hanging damp and uncurled from her brow, the flush of agitated surprise on her cheek, and her hand shading her eyes, dazzled by the transition from the pale moonlight without, to the vivid blaze in the room, presented to the imaginative eye of one among them the image of some bright Naiad newly risen from the wave.

CHAPTER XI.

MEETING thee was but to meet

That without which, my soul, like th'arkless dove,
Had wandered still in search of; nor her feet
Relieved her wing till found.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

THE room in which Helen found herself, though large was low, and plainly, almost coarsely furnished, yet, notwithstanding, possessing an air of great comfort and neatness. In the upper end of the apartment was a fire-place of monstrous size; with iron dogs of corresponding dimensions, on which were disposed a number of light tops of the bass-wood the blaze from which illuminated the whole room, and as the evenings at this season are frequently chilly, contrasted with the excessive heat of the mid-day, its warmth was by no means unacceptable. The floor was strewn with the young twigs of the hemlock, and, where it appeared through that primitive carpeting, was white as snow. The chairs were beech, painted black with a scarlet and gold flowered border; the tables were of grey walnut, and two or three American rocking-chairs were not the least conspicuous articles of furniture there. The walls were of boards painted white, and were broken into numberless doors, cupboards and recesses; a cumbersome side-board stood in one niche, and a large book-case in another, on which lay a flute and two

plaster busts of Goethe and Shakspeare. Over the high black wooden mantel-piece was the portrait of a fine-looking man in a military uniform, and two or three maps and engravings hung round the room. In a rocking chair by the side of the hearth with a small Dutch clock above her head, and a table on which were a candle, a work-basket, a Bible and hymn book by her side, was a lady, who, though long past youth, still retained a great deal of dignified and intellectual beauty. She was busily knitting. At the opposite side of the fire-place sat an old man with a grave and placid countenance and thin silvery hair, playing at chess with a young girl. Her age could not have exceeded fifteen, and the form and expression of her features well assimilated with that joyous age; for she was fair and rosy with laughing hazel eyes, bright nut-brown hair hanging in curls to her waist, and a most bewitching mouth filled with teeth of ivory. Leaning against the mantle piece was a youth who, until the entrance of Helen, had been watching the chess players, but from that instant rivetted his gaze upon her face with the intense expression of one who had just beheld the embodiment of some beautiful vision which he feared would fade away, were he to withdraw his eyes but for a moment. On the hearth-rug lay two black spaniels with long pendant ears and coats of dazzling brightness.

Before Helen had time to remark any of these particulars, her guide, placing Frank by her side, advanced to the lady in the rocking-chair, and bending down said a few words in a low voice, upon which she rose and approached Helen, who still stood holding her brother's hand.

"You are welcome to my house, young lady," she said, "I am happy that you have escaped the dangers and annoyances of a night passed in the woods."

Her manner was courteous and polished, but at the same time so grave, so cold, and stately that Helen felt chilled and even embarrassed. She did not, however, forget to allude to the uneasiness which she believed her friends were now suffering on her account.

"They shall hear of your safety as speedily as possible," said the lady—"Rhoda," she added to the young girl at the chess table who had now risen from her seat, and stood hesitatingly watching her mother, "let Gottlieb Hetz take any message this young lady may choose to send to her friends."

Rhoda, who knew these words implied permission for her to act as her warm heart had been prompting her ever since the entrance of the wanderer, though her habitual awe of her mother had

hitherto restrained her, now eagerly approached Helen, and welcomed her with cordial and unaffected kindness, while the lady retired again to her seat. The old gentleman, though he spoke scarcely a word, saluted Helen with a benevolent smile and extended his hand to Frank kindly; she therefore began to feel more at ease and related the adventures which had led her to their house. Rhoda particularly listened to the recital with eager interest, and a meaning smile passed between her and the young Indian, when Helen hesitated for an appropriate epithet with which to designate her guide. At the same moment her eyes encountered a glance which, though but once seen, had been indelibly imprinted on her memory, and she saw before her the young stranger she had met at Quebec. As their eyes met, he colored deeply, and a blush equally vivid suffused the cheeks of Helen, but neither spoke. These signs of emotion were discerned by the penetrating eyes of the Indian youth, who stood at a little distance leaning over the back of a chair. As he witnessed the deep blush of Helen he fastened his piercing gaze intently on her face, while his countenance gradually assumed the expression of one from whose memory a cloud had cleared away. "It is the very same," he murmured, "only scarcely so spirit-like; something always told me that it was no creation of his fancy, but an image, stamped upon his heart. And it is I who have been fated to bring the reality before him!"

Rhoda now took Helen into another room to arrange her dress, which was somewhat disordered by her wild walk, and on her return she found Frank relating all the wonderful feats Jason had performed, to Rhoda's brother, who, smilingly listening, caressed the noble dog, and admired his grave and majestic beauty; at the same moment he caught the look of uncertainty with which Helen regarded her favorite, and at once interpreted its meaning.

"Trust him to me," he said, "I will take care of him."

"It is almost unpardonable," she said "to ask a place for so large an animal from those who do not know his attractive qualities."

"He shall have a wolf-skin in the corner," her new friend answered—"my mother loves dogs and don't care how many there are in the room."

With that natural grace and unbidden eloquence common to minds of a high and poetic order, he now entered into conversation with Helen, on the beauties and defects of American scenery and its differing features from that of Europe, from thence gliding into the regions of poetry and romance. It was evident that he possessed a deep and true

appreciation of all that delights the eye and interests the imagination in nature, joined to a rich ideality which invested all of which he spoke with "A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,"

And beheld harmonious loveliness in all creation, "Undream't of by the sensual and the proud,"

Though ever existent there.

His words seemed to Helen the echoes of her own thoughts, to whose adequate expression she now listened for the first time. True, Lord Embdenburg had often talked as eloquently, and in more impassioned and rapturous accents on the same topics, but the enthusiasm of the young noble would have seemed factitious, superficial and unreal, however fervid, when contrasted with the quiet and pure depth of feeling disclosed by the stranger, and Helen, though she drew no comparison between them, unconsciously felt the difference.

In the mean time, Rhoda, assisted by a stout young maid-servant, laid a supper table of such viands as could scarcely be met with any where but in an American farm house. Cold meats and pickles innumerable; cucumbers, tomatos and sweet potatoes; pancakes of buck-wheat flour and Indian meal, cranberry and apple tarts; peach sauce, and strawberry jam, pumpkin pies and preserved melons, appeared in the greatest profusion; and the most delicious cider and raspberry vinegar were added.

As they all gathered around the table, Helen looked round for her Indian guide, and her surprise was great when she beheld, instead, a young girl in the dress proper to her sex, whose dark glowing complexion and flashing eyes at once revealed her identity with the supposed Indian youth of the forest. Her luxuriant black hair was gathered into a species of coronet behind, and wreathed with the flowers of the wild white immortelle, and again and again Helen turned her gaze upon her, fascinated by the witchery of her gleaming eyes. The Indian girl evidently saw and understood her wondering looks, but instead of exhibiting amusement or any other emotion at her unconcealed astonishment, she met the glance of Helen with an expression of wild melancholy, as if her thoughts were occupied by some far more absorbing subject.

During supper, but little was said by any of the party, the sad gravity which dwelt on the features of the mistress of the house inspiring Helen with a feeling approaching to awe, which seemed shared almost equally by her own family. Finding that no one made any remark on the new form assumed by her mysterious guide, Helen was also silent, and Frank, who at another time would pro-

bably have been less discreet, was too sleepy and tired to notice the metamorphosis.

When they separated for the night, the young Indian girl and Rhoda's brother remained in the sitting room. The latter sat gazing into the decaying embers of the fire in dreamy mood, apparently unconscious that he was not alone, while the girl leant against the book-case; her eyes which had lost much of their wild fitfulness, and at that moment bore

"The steady aspect of a large clear star," rivetted immoveably on his face.

Thus they remained for many minutes, when a sigh, it seemed more of pleasure than pain, escaped from the youth, and he raised his kindling eyes, which met the dark glance of the Indian maiden. Hers was not the face on which his fancy had been feeding, and the wild melancholy visible in her large planet-like orbs cast a shadow over his brightened countenance.

"Fauna!" he said—"Why do you look so sad and why are you here alone?"

"Alone!" exclaimed the Indian girl, as if only his last word had reached her ear, "yes alone! Now and for ever alone!"

And without another word she left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

All they

Whose intellect is an o'er mastering power,
Which still recalls from its encumbering clay
Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoever
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards. The kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear,
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deity the canvass till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high Heaven is there
Transfused, transfigured.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"What a beautiful wreath of flowers!" cried Helen, the following morning, as she accompanied Rhoda from her chamber at an early hour and beheld the garland of roses twined round her door. "I was up before sunrise this morning," replied Rhoda with a glad smile, "and gathered these, while the dew-drops were hanging on their leaves. But do you not know that to twine the door of the guest's chamber with flowers is the custom of my country?"

"Your country?" exclaimed Helen. "What then is your country?"

"Mine is the German Fatherland!"

"That ancient that unconquered land!"

"German!" exclaimed Helen. "And yet you all speak the English tongue."

"Yes, and have done so ever since my father's death, before I can remember, for my mother loves all that belongs to England."

"And that venerable old man is your uncle?"

"Uncle Karl? yes, and though he is so grave and silent, we all love him dearly, especially my brother."

"And may I not ask who or what is my mysterious guide?"

"Oh! certainly, but Max shall tell you her story. Come till we find him."

Rhoda led the way, and opening a door at the termination of a passage, introduced her companion into a large and lofty room, containing an easel, palette, and the usual furniture of a painter's studio; a large book-case, a few plaster busts of eminent painters and sculptors, and a variety of small casts from the antique; the canvass of various paintings covered the walls, some completed, and others in an unfinished state.

"This is my brother's painting-room," said Rhoda. "It was built for him, last spring, just before he came home, for he has been studying both in Germany and Italy these several years."

"Helen gazed in silence on the paintings which gave evidence of the highest order of genius in their creator, and which her own knowledge of the art enabled her justly to appreciate. Two were of Goethe's Margaret.—In the one, she was represented standing before a mirror in all the charms of young and lovely maiden-hood, adorning herself with the jewels which Mephistopheles had placed in her closet, and gazing on her beauty with a pleased, yet childish vanity; in the background appeared the tempter with a mocking expression on his malignant visage, while an angel looked pityingly down on the frail daughter of humanity. In the other, she knelt before the shrine of the Virgin, fallen from her innocence, deserted by her lover, broken-hearted and despairing, yet with an aspect of ecstatic devotion which purified the sins that had cast so deep a shadow on her loveliness; the form of the demon was still, but more dimly seen, and her guardian angel spread his wings around as if to shield her from the blighting glance of the fiend. There, too, was the beautiful Goddess of Night, bending in passionate admiration over the sleeping form of the Latman youth as he lay beneath the tree "under which he grew old;" while the tender stars clustered around, and a gentle lustre, as of veiled moonlight, emanated from the passion-

struck divinity, and floated through the purple atmosphere of that gorgeous clime.

From these, Helen turned to contemplate Manfred, (the mysterious embodiment of that aspiring thirst after the things beyond mortality, which was perhaps the strongest attribute of his imagination's daring genius,) gazing on the sun-bowed alpine torrent, from whence the

"Beautiful Spirit, with hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory,"

which he had invoked, was rising. And Tasso, in his prison cell, his looks impassioned turned on a shadowy female figure, whom Fancy, in his painful solitude had invoked, and Love still robed with glory, while his enthusiastic and melancholy features seemed to utter the words of his most beautiful lament.

"That *thou wert* beautiful, and I not blind
Hath been the sin that shuts me from mankind.
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still!"

Several were from scriptural subjects. The Prophet Jeremiah, seated on the hill of Zion, and lamenting the desolation of his native city, was a picture of rare and touching beauty; the meek and holy, yet rapt and eloquent expression of the prophet; the union of profound dejection with undoubting faith which his inspired features exhibited, as he contemplated the fallen glories scattered around, the sad solitude of the mountain of late so full of life, but where the wild foxes now walked, and the deep gloom which brooded ever the whole scene, were brought before the mind, with a force and truth worthy of the Sacred Book, in which the exquisitely pathetic Lamentations of the seer are preserved.

Of a more sublime and awful character was Cain, flying from the wrath of God, his hand concealing that brow on which the mark of divine vengeance had just been set, and his frame, a model of masculine beauty, bowed down with intolerable anguish and remorse, while thunderclouds hovered over the lurid grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

On all these Helen gazed, entranced with wonder and delight, till at last Rhoda drew her away from a head of the ancient Goddess Mnemosyne, before which she had just paused, and removing a curtain, discovered a painting which had hitherto been concealed.

"Hush!" she said, archly laying her finger on her lip, "this is the veiled divinity of Max's worship."

It was entitled the Muse of Memory, and was in form, coloring, and expression a work of exceeding beauty; but the astonishment of Helen

may be imagined when she beheld in it the perfect resemblance of herself, such as she appeared when seen by the young artist at Quebec. Since then, her health and spirits had returned, and added to the ethereal and spirit-like beauty which the painting delineated, a loveliness of complexion and animated life which it did not possess. Still the likeness could not be mistaken, and struck even the volatile Rhoda as she gazed alternately at the portrait and its original.

"How like that painting is to you!" she exclaimed, "one would think it was your portrait, and yet my brother never saw you till last night."

Helen was saved the necessity of replying by the entrance of the young painter, whose face, as he saw his imaginary Muse standing before her picture, flushed with visible embarrassment. Helen was not free from the same feeling, but Rhoda quickly interposed, unconscious of their peculiar emotions.

"Why Max," she cried, "was it in a dream you saw Miss Blachford, that you contrived to paint her likeness without having ever seen her?"

"This is not fair, Rhoda; you should not have come here unknown to me."

"You are not angry, dear Max," said Rhoda, looking anxiously in his face.

"If Miss Blachford is not!" he replied, for the first time since his entrance meeting Helen's eyes; "if *she* forgives me, *you* are pardoned."

Helen could not affect to misunderstand his meaning, and smiling, though confused, she answered, "could I be offended at finding in so beautiful a painting, so flattering a resemblance."

A pleasant light gleamed in the deep eyes of the young painter. "It is you who flatter now," he said.

"I do not understand you," cried Rhoda, "how could Miss Blachford be offended with you because you paint a lovely face, and it chances to be like her? But it is certainly very strange and just like a romance. You paint a perfect likeness of a young lady without having ever seen her, and she loses her way in the night, and is brought to your house in the middle of the wild forest, by a strange Will o' the Wisp guide;" and she looked laughingly at Helen.

"Yes," murmured Max, "it is strange that I who have wandered over lands so long deemed the cradle and the shrine of beauty and grace, should there vainly seek the realization of my conception of those divine qualities, and in an almost savage land, where I dreamt not of their existence, find it far excelled!"

He spoke involuntarily, and with an enthusiasm which could not be repressed.

"And now to finish the fairy-tale, according to all precedent, you must both get married," said Rhoda, laughing merrily.

"Rhoda in her own family is privileged to talk nonsense," said Max, hurriedly, "you must remember, Miss Blachford, that "she is a bird of the wilderness."

Helen felt not so much embarrassment as pain at the words of the laughing girl, for they reminded her of her early dream of love and happiness, of which she now never thought without a feeling of self abasement, but at this moment her eyes fell on the direction of a letter which lay on a desk beside where she stood, and to her amazement she read there her cousin's name. A sudden light broke on her mind. "Ernest Tennyson," she exclaimed, "you are then his friend, Max Von Werfenstein?"

"I am—but you,—"

"Am his cousin, Helen Blachford."

"And how happens it that I find you here?"

"You have not heard from him lately I see," said Helen.

"Not since my arrival in Canada. I have been for some time in Italy with my uncle, Dr. Lauenfeldt, whom you saw last night, and it is probable Tennyson's last letters have gone to Venice, from which place we sailed to New York, and then to Quebec instead of coming directly here, as I wished to see the picturesque old city where Wolfe met his fate."

"Rhoda's delight on learning that her new acquaintance was related to her brother's dearest friend, was great, and while mutual explanations passed, Max secretly rejoiced that the object of his romantic admiration was not that fair Alice on whom Ernest had fixed his love.

"And now come along both of you from those musty old pictures," cried Rhoda, "come to the garden. I want you to talk to me, Helen, may I not call you so?—and I know while you stay here you will do nothing but look at those paintings."

Thus speaking, she drew Helen out of the room with the same thoughtless and girlish glee that she had led her there, followed by Max, who called her "sprite and salamander!"

"And you," she gaily rejoined, "are an Oak King, a Wood Demon, who live half your days in pathless woods inaccessible to all of merely human race."

CHAPTER XI.

The gentle savage of the wild,
Dusky like night, but night with all her stars,
Or cavern, sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell.

The sun-born blood diffused her cheek and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a livid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave!

THE ISLAND.

In the stoup were Frank Blachford and the young girl Fauna, with Jason at their side. The boy was caressing a beautiful squirrel, which Fauna held, and feeding him with cake, but vainly tempting him to leave his mistress.

The soft, yet wildly animated countenance of the Indian girl, seemed still more lovely to Helen in the fresh morning air, than it had done the night before, and as she leant against the vine-covered pillar of the rustic portico, her dark hair braided round her finely formed and uncovered head, and the scarf of brilliant colors which she wore, lending additional lustre to her gazelle-like eyes and glowing cheek, with the graceful squirrel resting on her arm, and the boy and dog at her feet, she might have fitly represented some sylvan divinity of the new world.

"Now Helen," cried Frank, springing to his sister, "surely she is not an Indian? Wasn't she jesting last night when she was dressed like an Indian and said she was one?"

"I suppose if you believed me to be really an Indian, as you say, you would like me no longer," said Fauna to the boy, in soft melodious tones, which vibrated on the ear like some sweet strain of music.

"Oh! but indeed I should," cried Frank eagerly "I should always like you, no matter what you were."

Fauna smiled and laid her small and polished though dark-hued fingers, gently among the boy's fair curls.

"Come, Fauna," said Max, "come with us up the hill."

Fauna shook her head, and walked away, followed by Frank, whose heart she had quite won by introducing him to the numerous birds and wild animals which she had tamed, and of which she was passionately fond.

When Rhoda was a child of six or seven, she had strayed into the forest, nor could any traces of her be discovered for three days. When hope of her recovery had been nearly abandoned, an Indian hunter brought her home. Madame Von

Werfenstein, notwithstanding her cold and austere demeanor, had been overwhelmed with grief for her child's loss, and was proportionately moved with joy at her restoration; and perceiving that the Indian was accompanied by a beautiful little girl, his only child, she offered as the strongest proof of her gratitude to adopt this child, and treat it in every respect as if it had been her own. To this, after some hesitation, he consented, on condition that he might be permitted to see his daughter whenever he thought proper, and that no restraint should in any respect ever be put upon her inclinations. Even to this last stipulation Madame Von Werfenstein agreed, and the little Indian girl remained behind her father with deep dejection, but without tears. For some time all efforts to dispel her melancholy were ineffectual, but it gradually yielded, and her wild and bird-like vivacity became the delight of her protectress, who treated her with the most indulgent kindness. Her disposition, though wilful and impetuous, was affectionate and generous, and to those whom she loved she was gentle as an infant. In strict accordance with her promise, Madame Werfenstein indulged her in even her most absurd and extravagant whims and fancies, and in return Fauna gave her the most devoted and grateful fondness. Still she was but a half-reclaimed savage, completely the being of impulse, and without the slightest regard to law, custom or opinion. Her father occasionally appeared in the neighborhood of Leafy Hollow, and at such times, Fauna was often absent for days, and returned loaded with ornaments, toys, or fanciful weapons of Indian workmanship. These excursions were, on many accounts, a source of anxiety and regret to Madame Von Werfenstein, but Fauna resented all efforts to check or limit them, with fits of violence and haughty anger, or gloomy and melancholy silence. Her studies, it may be imagined were of a very broken and desultory kind, but in music she made a wonderful proficiency, and took a passionate delight. In all the wild legends of poetry and romance she loved to revel; and it was often impossible to convince her that they were the mere creations of a fanciful brain, or the offspring of ignorance and superstition, robed in ideal beauty by the rich imagery, impassioned feeling and glowing language of the "Kings of Thought and Melody." Of religion, she entertained strange and visionary conceptions, the fruit of seeds sown in early childhood, which no efforts could banish from her mind. For her nation and tribe she felt the most idolizing love, and possessed store of wild traditions of their former grandeur and power, over which she would muse for hours at a

time; and on all subjects connected with her red fathers she was morbidly sensitive.

But lately a new feeling seemed to have taken uncontrolled possession of her susceptible and imaginative mind; an unbounded admiration, a passionate love for the young painter. His word was to her a sacred law, a look seemed sufficient to interpret to her his lightest wish, and the only happiness she now seemed capable of enjoying, was when she believed herself serving or pleasing him. She would sit for hours watching his looks and listening to his words, and his step was known to her sensitive ear long before a sound could be heard by any other. Yet Max, living much in an ideal world, and dwelling on the memory of one, who, though seen but for a moment had made on his soul, an impression never to be effaced, dreamt not of the deep devotion with which the poor Indian girl regarded him. He treated her with affectionate kindness, as a brother might do, and saw not that he was kindling a flame in the passionate heart of the forest-born maiden which was destined yet to consume its shrine.

A trellis-work of sweet brier, clematis, and convolvulus conducted to the garden, and opened upon a smooth green lawn, planted with flowering shrubs, acacias, rhododendrons, roses, and honeysuckles, with some tasteful rustic seats scattered over its velvet surface. This pleasant spot was bounded on one side by the painting room of the young artist; a small drawing-room opened on another; and the third was terminated by a grape-house around which lay plots of flowers. From thence the space allotted to vegetables and the smaller varieties of fruit stretched up a gentle ascent, and was separated from the orchard by a thick hedge of the cockspur hawthorn, which was now covered with branches of red berries. In the orchard were every species of fruit tree which flourishes in Canada, all laden with their summer store. The ground still continued to rise, till on a broad green terrace an oblong mound of remarkable appearance upraised itself, on the summit of which a magnificent cedar spread its broad arms around, as if to protect that simple mausoleum of a vanished and nameless race.

On ascending this mound, a scene of great beauty met Helen's eye. Below her gleamed the white house with its green blinds, and flower-covered stoup, resting at the foot of the slope, on whose side lay the garden and orchard, while a little grove of poplar and tamarack shaded the out-offices from view. Around were fields, rich with every variety of agricultural produce, and meadows sprinkled with grazing sheep and cattle. Solitary trees of gigantic size, and clumps of younger

growth, with a bright little river glancing in the sun, gave that softness to the landscape which is so generally deficient in Canadian scenery, and neither stumps nor snake fences destroyed the charm of its beauty. At her right hand, and it seemed within a bow-shot of the place where she stood, the great lake was spread out in all its majesty, on whose distant shore the tall tinned spire of a church might be discerned, glistening like a star above the wooded slopes, among which it lay. The deep forest formed the frame-work to this picture of quiet beauty, on which Helen long gazed with admiration that afforded evident delight to her companions. Max then called her attention to the tumulus on which they stood. "Were Fauna here now," he said, "she would tell you that it was the work of a nation whom her own people, superior in warlike achievements overcame, and whose very remembrance they have blotted out."

"These curious remains have at least the fascination of mystery," said Helen, "and lead the mind to dream of those ages past when the power and greatness of its inhabitants may have been proportioned to the size of this mighty new world."

"When I first beheld the wilder and more solitary parts of America," observed Max, "I was forcibly reminded of the words of Sir Thomas Browne, 'that great Antiquity, America, lay buried to us a thousand years,' for its immense forests, its vast inland seas, its gigantic rivers, the decaying masses of vegetable life which are scattered on every side, and the sombre character stamped on all, far more strongly impressed upon my mind the idea that I was gazing upon some ancient and worn-out world, than a new one springing forth into existence."

Rhoda now pointed out to Helen, a girl coming from the yard, who, mounting a hillock, "blew her horn loud and shrill" to summon the workmen to their breakfast, and speedily a train of harvest laborers appeared hastening towards the house. Thither our new friends also proceeded, and while Max informed his mother and uncle how nearly related Helen was to his friend Ernest, she remained with Rhoda in the little drawing-room examining a case of stuffed birds, beautiful and brilliant in hue as living flowers. The red bird in his flame-colored robe; the delicate blue-bird, with plumage of the purest azure; the large woodpecker with scarlet head, jetty tail, and wings of snowy whiteness; the gandy-coated jay, and the humming-bird, allied in color and grace to the blossoms on whose nectar they feed, were there among others, and they had all been stuffed by Fauna. There was also a hortus-siccus of

Canadian flowers and plants, with an accompanying drawing to each, done by Madame Von Werfenstein, except a few of Fauna's, who, Rhoda said, had taken a fancy to drawing since Max had come home.

"And you—" asked Helen, smiling, "have you nothing to show me of your own?"

"Oh! no; I don't care for such things;" answered Rhoda with an arch look.

"For what then do you care?"

"Dancing, riding on horseback, walking, singing and making cakes and sweetmeats."

"And do you ride on horseback among the stumps?"

"Yes, to be sure. I know nothing more delightful than a good gallop over a corduroy road. There is a young lady in this neighborhood who, I suppose you will see one of these days, who says there is nothing worth living for, but waltzing and riding."

"Waltzing?" said Helen, laughing, "you are not then as primitive as I believed you to be."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rhoda, with so perfect an imitation of the Yankee tone and manner that it was impossible for Helen to avoid laughing, "she was finished off at a first rate seminary at New-York, and is a splendoriferous gal, and no mistake."

"Is she one of your acquaintances?" asked Helen.

"Oh! yes. Every body knows every body in the bush; and wait till you see her brother—" and again the merry girl's laughter broke joyously forth.

On the arrival of Mr. Blachford and Alice at the Hollow, they were received by Madame Von Werfenstein with as much warmth of kindness as her grave and cold looks and manner were capable of evincing, and before they left her, she had promised to pay them a visit at Hemlock Knoll, a degree of courtesy which she had never before shown to any one in Canada.

Dr. Lauenfeldt, though he retained his general taciturn demeanor, was evidently much pleased with Mr. Blachford, and it was easy to see they would soon become friends.

CHAPTER XII.

BELIEVE me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow.

WINTER'S TALE.

On their arrival at Hemlock Knoll, Helen and Frank were met by Mrs. Grace in an ecstasy of joy at again beholding them.

"But deary me, Sir," she said to Mr. Blach-

ford, "there's a person—perhaps he's a gentleman, for I don't pretend to know what they call gentlemen here,—but whatever he is, he's in the drawing-room. It was absolutely impossible for me to keep him out."

"What is his business?" asked Mr. Blachford.

"Why, Sir, he says he has come to call upon you, I was standing at the door watching for you, when he rode up to me. "Hollo, old lady," said he "do you call yourself missus here?"

"For the sake of the family," said Mrs. Grace, with a dignified air, "I wouldn't wish to be unpolite to no one, but I couldn't help giving him rather a short answer. "Oh!" says he "I guess you're not long out from Europe, Aunty." That's what he called me, Sir; and then he pushed past me with his boots all covered with mud, and leaving his horse with Brian, I followed him into the room, for my mind misgave me whether he wasn't wanting to steal something, I thought it so odd to see him force himself into the house in so impudent a way; and when I told him none of the family was at home, he just said he'd wait for them, for he wasn't going to lose his day and get nothing for it. And then he stretched himself full length on the lounge, putting his dirty feet up on the end, and looking at me with a grin, asked me if I could get him any liquor, for he was most choked with the dust; I couldn't tell whether it was madness or impudence ailed him, but I was a little frightened, so I got him some wine. "Is this all?" says he—"though you English brag so everlastin' about your comforts you've no variety in your drinks." Then he asked me for a plug of tobacco, and when I told him you never smoked—"Nor chew?" said he.

"My master's a gentleman," said I.

"Do tell!" said he, and he gave a long whistle, and laughed till he made the windows rattle. But Brian says, Sir, that he's the first gentleman about here and owns thousands of acres."

"He said something about bees, ma'am," said Lydia, who had come out to express her joy at the safety of the wanderers, "perhaps he's some to sell."

"This remark upset the gravity of Brian, who was now in Mr. Blachford's employment, and had taken the waggon from his master, having consigned the stranger's horse to the charge of a little ragged boy, the son of a squatter, who occasionally did chores about the yard, "Lord love you!" he exclaimed, "what sort of a brain have you got in your purty little head? It's a lot of men he manes, and you're talking of insects. "Then addressing his master, "He was spakin' of a cradlin

bee, Sir, I'm thinkin. Not cradles for childher though," he added to Lydia.

"There he is at the window looking out at us," cried the girl, "I hope he didn't hear us."

"He wouldn't care if he did. He's a Yankee, and Yankees is too cute to mind what you or any one else says of'em. They've other fish to fry than to be mindin'manners, my jewel, and so you'll find when you get a Yankee husband."

"Me get a Yankee husband!" exclaimed Lydia, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, but if ever I want a husband, I'll not look for him here, nor in Ireland either."

Brian laughed, and led away the waggon, singing at the top of his voice.

"It's youth and folly makes young men marry,

For maidens' beauty will soon decay,

What cant be cured, love, must be endured, love,
So farewell darlint, I must away!"

In the mean time, Mr. Blachford and his daughters had entered the apartment in which their free and easy guest quietly awaited their appearance. A remarkably tall man was standing at the window, from which he had coolly watched their arrival; his figure was thin and bony, his complexion pale and swarthy, and he possessed a high narrow head, from which depended a quantity of long black hair, arranged with great care. His air and attitude, were, strongly indicative of that languid nonchalance which most of his countrymen possess, but his eyes were in striking contrast to the sleeping indolence which seemed to repose upon the rest of his features. They were small, restless, keen and shrewd, the pupil a bright black, surrounded by a circle of yellow. On the entrance of Mr. Blachford, he removed his thumbs from their resting places on his hips, and advanced towards him with extended hand. "Am happy to make your acquaintance, Sir," he said "I intended to have had the politeness to call before, but in this country, Sir, pleasure always gives way to business. Yes, Sir, the finest country and the freest in the world, (which, few I take it, will deny this United States of America to be,) cannot free a man from the curse of Adam. There's my card, Sir; may I beg the favor of an introduction to the ladies.

Mr. Blachford accordingly presented to his daughters "Colonel Orrin Fisk, Panther Cove House." The Colonel of course extended his hand, first to Helen, who contrived dexterously to escape the threatened infliction, and then nothing abashed, to Alice, who received from him a squeeze which that of a bear could hardly have exceeded in force,

"H'are you, ladies?" said the Colonel, "I'm

happified to see you in this fine part of the airth, which bein so near the great United States partakes in some degree of their privileges. My sister, young ladies, sends her card," and he drew forth a card-case of Indian work, and presented a showily embossed card, bearing the thoroughly Yankified name of Miss Laurinda Euretta Fisk."

"Miss Fisk," continued the Colonel, "would have done herself and you, ladies, the pleasure of calling, but unfortunately our pleasure waggon is broke. In a new country, you're aware accidents cannot be remedied just in a minute."

Having acquitted himself of this speech apparently much to his own satisfaction, he turned to Mr. Blachford. "Well, Sir, I reckon I properly skeered old Aunty when she met me at the door I opinionate she took me for one of our big buffalors dressed up in man's clothes. She wanted to keep me out, but I wasn't goin'to lose a day in cradlin'time for nawthin. I guess I'll have to fly round, as it is, to make up for lost time, and I wouldn't have come near you to-day only I'm to have a Bee on Monday, and I've come to see if you'll give a hand."

"My men shall go, Colonel Fisk, but I am a man of quiet tastes and habits, and you must excuse me;" answered Mr. Blachford.

Colonel Fisk, cast his keen little eyes at the girls and then at Mr. Blachford as if he were mentally exclaiming. "True Britishers—and no mistake!" for already, in spite of his natural and acquired self-sufficiency, he was beginning to feel the influence of that silent superiority which refinement and good breeding almost invariably obtain over vulgar assurance. But the Colonel was not one who would permit such disagreeable sensations to remain long in his breast, if they did by chance enter through its armour of ignorance and self-esteem, strong as triple mail; he therefore replied to Mr. Blachford with a greater assumption of importance than he had yet displayed;

"I calc'late, Squire, you've come out here to live secluded like most of you Britishers do. But you'll find you can't do it. You'll be forced to submit to the vox populi which the most enlightened philosophers of our day allow to be the true vox Dei, and which has always realized victory from the days of the Gracchi down to the emancipation of the Irish Catholics and the election of the present immortal President of the United States!—" and again Colonel Fisk cast his small piercing eyes around.

Mr. Blachford smiled, but answered with great politeness; "I cannot see any resemblance, Sir, between my circumstances and those you mention."

"Well, Sir, I'll make it transparent directly. You British Islanders when you come out to this mighty continent, in which your little dot of airtch might be set down and the room it would take up never be missed—you set yourselves above the voice of this great, powerful, and united nation, and this naturally riles our sovereign people."

"But *we* do not live in your great Republic, Colonel Fisk," said Mr. Blachford.

"Well, Sir, not exactly, but this particular strip of land so nearly jines it, that I look upon it as properly belongin' thereto; and though you British Islanders may kick at first like an obstinate ox, and be as crooked as snake fences, you all find in the end that the yoke's on you, and that you must conform to our free institutions—but you might better have done it at first, I tell you."

"And do you call this an inviting picture of your so-called land of liberty, Colonel Fisk?"

"It air a land of liberty, Sir! A Goddess who in that noble clime is more purely worshipped than she ever was in any republic, ancient or modern. And I Sir, I am a native born American citizen, though for a short time I choose to reside on my property on this little bit of neutral ground as I may call it, for reasons which don't consarn any one but myself. But as for you Britishers, you go on a false principle—I dont mean for to say a man should'nt help himself first. Of course he should. Why I heern minister at t'other side of the water—at Heliopolis."

Mr. Blachford involuntarily repeated the word, in an accent of surprise which evidently much flattered the native American.

"Yes, Sir, that rising City on the lake shore on the American side—that's young Heliopolis, and I promise you that when it's full grown it'll be a top-sawyer and no mistake. Well, Sir, I heern minister there preach a discourse proving that every man should mind his own things and not those of others, and I thought it the best and most sensible sarmen ever I heern since I was raised, for what was it when it was sifted but just mind number one, and that *is* the figure which every man should look at and no mistake! Well, Sir, you say to yourselves mind number one, so do I too, but *here's* the difference—you consider you'll do the job best by mindin' no other figure, but living up like a great alligator in a pond—quite secluded, whereas my maxim is, help your neighbors, live free and friendly among them, and they'll help you. They'll go to your Bees, they'll lend you their tools and other little fixin's, and if you're a cute feller, why you'll get twice as much as you give. However, you'll come round in time—you'll come round in time. You'd do it at once, if I

could only get the ladies on my side. I never knew a man yet that the women couldn't make what they chose. They always have their way by fair means or foul."

As no reply was made to this remark the Colonel applied himself to what he called old Aunty's liquor; seated on one chair with his feet on another, and occasionally leaning his elbows on the table, Colonel Fisk sipped his wine with apparent relish, and chose his sister, Miss Laurinda Euretta for his next theme.

"Well, ladies, I calc'late when you see my sister you'll allow it's not often them little Islands of yourn' raises such a spunky gal. Why she's as lively as a grasshopper, and as active as a snake, and as full of fire as a young painter* (there's a young painter not far off that hant got half her spirit, he's a new comer too.) If you seed her on horseback goin' over the fences, I guess she'd make the sight leave your eyes, and for knittin' mittens, and spinnin' yarn and making cheese and butter, and Johnny cakes, I'd match her against any gal in the two Americas; and all the time she can sit in a drawin'-room with as conceited an air, and do as much small talkin' as any of them fine squeamish cockamahoop gals from Europe, that's too fine to give the tips of their fingers to a neighbor, or to do a day's work in their kitchen, be the helps ever so busy." Then fixing his eyes on Helen as steadily as their constitutional restlessness permitted, he added;

"Well, miss, what do *you* say to that?"

"That her merits seem properly appreciated by you, Sir, and that her accomplishments I have no doubt are admirably suited to her situation."

Totally unabashed by the haughty and somewhat contemptuous tone of Helen, Mr. Fisk rose, and pushing back his chair with something between a yawn and oath replied, "I guess you're in the right box there. Them are the gals for me, and I guess there'll be no Mrs. Colonel Fisk till I get such another."

Then with an indescribable air of self-satisfied assurance, he took his leave, but whether from a consciousness that his politeness would not be properly valued, or from a desire to punish their coldness by his own disdain, he made no attempt to shake hands with Helen or her sister. On taking his horse from the juvenile squatter who had been deputed by Brian to "bould the Yankee's baste," he rejoiced his heart with a York shilling, and during his ride home indulged in the following soliloquy.

"Oceans and seas, what uncommon fine gals them

* Anglice panther.

air! but if they dont guess as much, never say I know'd a tame duck from a wild one. Well, I calc'late it must have skeered' em to see how coolly I took them with all their European airs and graces! Not that I'd object to have wan of'em myself, as I happen to be lookin' out for a wife, if I found she was willin' to jump, but I'm not sich an immortal calf as to go for to let her see into my mind all at onst, for then she'd shy back and be a million times stiffer than ever. The only way to manage sassy gals is to make'em think that beauties like them are as plenty as squirrels; and then they'll soon come round or I'm not a native American born. The father's a deep old chap, I reckon, but if he was as deep as Lake Superior I guess I'd find the bottom of him. An what an eye that tall gal has! Like the mornin' star! And she carries her head like a thorough bred three year-old! The little one's so'thin tamer I reckon, but I calc'late she's cussed sly! Darn it! all them she critters be!

CHAPTER XIII.

Oh! sweeter than the marriage feast
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk,
 With a goodly companie!
 To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men and babes and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

FROM the time of his arrival at Leafy Hollow Dr., Lauenfeldt had formed a small congregation among the neighboring settlers, who came every Sunday to join in the worship offered up by the good old man—an unordained priest in an unconsecrated temple. He had invited the Blachfords to attend this meeting on the following Sunday, and they willingly consented to go. The day was soft, clear, unclouded, as became one of the last days of the joyous summer, and as their waggon emerged from the forest path into the open valley, each with one consent uttered an ejaculation of delight. The broad arm of the mighty lake beside which this sylvan recess lay, was smooth and unruffled as if spread out for a mirror in which the blue heaven might gaze on its loveliness, and the deep rich green of the hemlocks which clothed its loftiest promontory contrasted exquisitely with the intense azure of the sky. Over its bosom sailed the wild duck and her brood, and now and again a kingfisher darted athwart the glassy surface, disturbing by his shrill cry the calm silence of the scene. A pleasant perfume was wafted from

the balsam pines and cedars by the light breezes which played among their leaves, and awoke a soft whispering music like the voices of aerial beings, while the very atmosphere appeared to dance and shimmer in the sunbeams. In the midst of the hollow peacefully reposed the snowy cottage, and in the meadows around, the glossy-coated cattle rested under the shade of some broad maple or spreading walnut; never could a Sabbath have smiled upon a scene more suited to excite feelings of holy and thoughtful calm, and lead the mind from the strife and turmoil of this working-day world to that exalted rest which the sacred day is supposed to typify on earth.

They were met at the gates by Max, and the bright countenance of Rhoda shewed itself at the door which stood invitingly open. Tripping lightly before them, the little maiden led the way into a large room roughly plastered, and lighted by one large window which looked out on a newly mown meadow sloping down to the lake, and from whence the glittering steeple of Heliopolis could just be discerned. A number of wooden forms with some bibles and hymn books scattered over them, a desk for the doctor, a Yankee clock, and a large map of the Holy land were all the furniture of this simple house of prayer. Among the congregation were wanderers from many lands; there was a family of settlers from the Scottish Highlands, scarcely able to speak a word of any other tongue than their native Gaelic, the women with sunburnt features, fair hair, and modest and downcast blue eyes, looking strikingly picturesque in their gaudy plaids, snooded hair and uncovered feet. Beside them sat several Canadians with pale sallow complexions, animated dark eyes, slender forms and black hair; and about the same number of Yankees, apparently compounded of Dutch phlegm, puritanic precision, and English hardihood, blended with southern lassitude and Indian stoicism. Four or five sons and daughters of Green Erin were also there; the men still bearing their national light-heartedness, frankness and good humor impressed on their lively countenances, despite the wasting effects of toil and sickness, which were visible on too many; the women with bright soft eyes, arch, vivacious countenances, beautiful teeth, and graceful forms, especially if they came from the southern coast of their native isle. Old England had also her representatives there in the very first inhabitants of the township; the father with all the sterling honesty and decent self respect of his nation evident in his steady features and comfortable though homely garb; his wife, a thoroughly prudent matter-of-fact, purpose-like English woman; the

sons, juvenile resemblances of their sire, and the daughters, fresh, healthy, and fair, though breathing so long the close air of the woods, and looking neat and pretty in their plain white dresses, and coarse Yankee straw bonnets, in spite of the antiquated fashion of their costume. If to these are added a couple of timid, subdued looking squaws and an Indian hunter, with the German owners and the house and their young protegee Fauna, a tolerable idea may be formed of the assembly.

Dr. Lauenfeldt stood at his desk, his mild eyes turned alternately on his attentive congregation, and on the bible which lay open before him, when the sound of a waggon was heard, and immediately after, Colonel Orrin Fisk entered, his sister leaning on his arm, and followed by a tall young gentleman whose long hair, sallow features, the glass which dangled from his neck, his elaborately worked shirt-breast and the broad-brimmed white beaver he carried in his hand denoted an American dandy. Miss Laurinda Euretta was dressed according to the latest New York fashions, and perhaps the most rigid might have pardoned the humble dwellers in that wilderness, if their eyes wandered, at times, towards the variegated feathers, flowers and blonde, from beneath which streamed the long black ringlets of the Yankee belle, the showy satin dress, and embroidered lace scarf which were, to them, objects of curiosity and wonder. Even the pretty English girls were frightened from their demure propriety into a stolen glance at the rich attire of the lady and the supercilious airs of the gentlemen.

But far other thoughts than those which perhaps Colonel Fisk had hoped to excite, filled the hearts of Alice and her sister as they listened to the voices of that simple choir pouring forth the words of a hymn.

The voice of the good old doctor, still full and powerful, leading his little congregation, the rich deep tones of Max, the sweet wild musical notes of Fauna, and the harmonizing voices of Rhoda, and the others who mingled in that hallowed chime, thrilled their hearts with a power and influence which not even the most sublime cathedral anthem in the antique piles of their own land had ever before exerted over them. The extreme simplicity of this song of praise; the people of many nations uniting in its utterance; the wild and solitary desert in which that little oasis thus hallowed by prayerful hearts and voices lay; the pure morning air and brilliant sunshine streaming into the room, not through stained glass or painted imagery, but through the boughs of the magnificent cedar which shaded the window; the patriarchal appearance of their silver-haired

pastor; the earnest and reverent demeanor of his flock—all gave a character of truthful solemnity to the scene which was even sublime.

The doctor's lecture was suited to the situation and prospects of the young colony, and discovered deep piety, a thorough acquaintance with scripture, an enlarged and cultivated understanding and that sincerity and earnestness which speak to the heart, combined with a plainness and simplicity adapted to the comprehension of the youngest and most ignorant member of his humble audience. When he had concluded, he mingled among his hearers, speaking a few friendly words to each, apparently knowing each by name, and being himself respected and beloved by all.

Colonel Fisk, his sister and friend accompanied Max, Rhoda and the Blachfords to the drawing-room, but Fauna took no part in the greetings which were interchanged. She leant listlessly against the open window, looking forth with that intensity of expression in her glowing orbs which tempts us to believe that the gazer beholds more than meets the common eye. Miss Laurinda Euretta was about seventeen, tall and slight, with pretty features, dark eyes, and a profusion of black ringlets, nor could the insipid and affected languor of her manner altogether spoil that spirituelle and intellectual expression which American women so eminently possess. She was evidently extremely anxious to impress on the English girls a high idea of her fashion and consequence. The Colonel's friend Mr. Aquilla Sparks, was rather a more favorable specimen of a Yankee than the Colonel himself; his cold taciturnity and the brevity with which he expressed himself, were in strong contrast to the loquacious boastings of Orrin; but though his pretensions to elegance were acknowledged by Miss Fisk and her brother, they would scarcely have passed current in New York.

"Now, brother," said Miss Laurinda, "I guess you had better refer having luncheon to another time. It must be considerable late."

"Well, it's just one. We're going to have a Pic-nic at the huckle-berry marsh,* and we've ordered a tent to be pitched there, and a cold dinner and all things fixed against we get there, and expect some friends from the other side to meet us. I don't ask any of your ladies or gentlemen to jine us, for I've concluded you're all too European to enjoy such a spree."

"If you're so lately from Europe you must find your present location a great change," said Mr. Aquilla Sparks to Alice, who quietly acquiesced

* Whort'e-berries.

"Of course, you have visited London," he resumed.

"Yes, very often."

"Allowing for every exaggeration of prejudice and partiality, it must be a city of great magnificence."

"I guess it's nothing to Paris,"—exclaimed Miss Laurinda Eurette, with a slight frown of displeasure.

"If you say so, Miss Fisk," answered Mr. Sparks, "I shall not contradict you."

"Oh! of course not; you're too polite. But here is Mr. Von Werfenstein—he has been in both places. I'll leave it to him,"—and she looked as if she thought the one gentleman ought to be highly flattered, and the other much mortified by her doing so.

"I have never been in London," said Max.

"Yes! Well, I thought you had been all over the world, and I'm sure you told me you were in Paris and Rome and Venice.—But I guess you'll visit London some of these days; I should like to see London." Then casting a glance at Mr. Sparks to see if her last words, spoken expressly for his edification, had had their proper effect, she exclaimed:

"I wish some one would see if the carriage is ready."

But Aquilla was apparently deaf. Miss Fisk pouted, and repeated her wish, but still he did not stir. Max was shewing Helen some minerals from the Riesengrund, and was equally impervious to her appeal. "I wish, Mr. Sparks, you would see what's keeping the carriage," she exclaimed at last, her patience totally exhausted, "it's your own vehicle you know, for our own," she added to Alice, "has never been mended yet."

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Sparks, dryly, but the entrance of Orrin to inform them that their carriage waited, intercepted his tardy politeness.

"What a fortunate gal she is!" said Orrin turning to Alice, as his sister followed by the phlegmatic. Mr. Sparks left the room, "she has not only got a spark, but Sparks. It ant every gal can say as much, I tell you."

As soon as the Fisks had taken their departure, it was agreed that Mr. Blachford should return home in his waggon alone, and that Max and Rhoda should shew their young friends a pleasant and short path to Hemlock Knoll, and accompany them part of the way. But Fauna was not to be found.

"I think I know where she is," said Max, "wait for me one moment, and I will find her."

(To be continued.)

THE DOUBLE LESSON.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

MAIDEN of Padua, on thy lap
Thus lightly let the volume lie:
And as within some pictured map
Fair isles and waters we descry,
Trace out, with white and gliding finger,
Along the truth-illumined page,
Its golden lines and words that linger
In memory's cell, from youth to age.

The young Preceptor at thy side
Had Pupil ne'er before so fair;
And though that scholar be thy guide,
He sits thy fellow-learner there.
As every page unfolds its meaning,
As every rustling leaf turns o'er,
He finds, whilst o'er thy studies leaning,
Beauty where all was dull before.

Familiar is the book to him,
A record of heroic deed;
Yet deems he now his eyes were dim,
And thine have taught them first to read.
Now fades in him the scholar's glory;
For he would give the fame he sought,
With thee to read the simplest story,
And learn—what sages never taught.

The precious wealth of countless books
Lies stored within his grasping mind;
Yet should he not peruse thy looks,
He now were more than Ignorance blind.
From many a language, old, enchanting,
Rare truths to nations he unrolls;
But one old language yet was wanting,
The one you teach him—'tis the soul's.

Full long this lesson, Pupil fair!
All Pupils else hath he forsook;
He draws still nearer to thy chair,
And bends yet closer o'er the book.
As time flies on, now fast, now fletcher,
More slowly is the page turned o'er;
The Lesson seems to both the sweeter,
And more enchanting grows the lore.

The book now yields a tender theme;
The Master loses all his art,
The Pupil droops, as in a dream,
And both are reading with one heart.
His eyes, upraised a moment, glisten
With hope, and joy, and fear profound;
While thine—oh! maiden! do they listen?
They seem to hear his sigh's faint sound!

But hark ! what sound indeed breaks through

The silence of that life-long hour !
Melodious thinkings, such as sue
For favor near a lady's bower.
Ah ! maid of Padua music swelling
In tribute to thy radiant charms,
Now greets thee in thy father's dwelling,
To woo thee from a father's arms.

That suitor comes with song and lute,
Youth, riches, pleasure, round him wait ;
Go, bid him, Paduan maid, be mute—
Thy lot is cast—he comes too late !
One lesson given, and one received,
The Book prevails, the Lute's denied ;
With love thy inmost heart has heaved,
And thou shalt be a Student's bride.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS AMIDST HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

“ Thus they go,
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too
much adored ! ”

Mrs. Hemans.

Ye are around me still,
A bright, unbroken band ; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness, yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is calling,
Urging you forth—and ye must go !

Ye will depart with glee
From the fair bowers where ye have wandered
free,

As spring's rejoicing birds ; ye will not cast
Sad looks and lingering on your childhood's dwell-
ling.

Whilst Hope of other, brighter realms, is telling :
Ye will not sorrow for the past !

Ye will go boldly forth,
With your heart's treasures, gems of priceless
worth,

To barter for the hollowness, the strife
Of human crowds ;—ah, fond ones ! little knowing
How ill your cherished dreams, so rich, so glowing,
Still the realities of life !

Ye will not learn to prize
The holy quiet of the love that lies
Deep in your hears, till ye have felt the wrong
That the cold, scornful world is ever wreaking
On gentlest spirits,—on the weary seeking
Safe shelter in its throng !

Therefore I sadly gaze

Upon you, with the thought of future days
Brooding around me ; and I fain would deem
That no relentless change your paths might sever,
That thus united ye might glide for ever
Along life's onward stream.

And solemn thoughts arise,
As now I look into your loving eyes,
And school mine heart for evil hours to come,
How may I think upon the speeding morrow,
With its impending ill—its strife and sorrow,
And trial—and be dumb ?

How will thy spirit brook
My proud, fair girl, beneath the veil to look
That hides life's hollow joys, and mocking trust ?
How wilt thou bear, from glorious visions stooping,
To own with low, sad voice, and dim eyes drooping,
Thy portion with the dust ?

And thou, my loving child,
My gentle boy, with thy affections mild,
And spirit shrinking still from boisterous glee,—
How in a world with angry passions teeming,
With Envy's poisoned words, and Pride's dark
scheming,

How will it fare with thee ?

Wilt thou find food for mirth,
My joyous one, amid the graves of earth ?
Will thine heart's sunshine to the desert bring,
A brightness not its own ? or wilt thou, failing
In love and hope, change thy glad songs to wailing,
Or silence—bird of spring ?

Ye are around me still,
A bright, unbroken band ; your voices fill
The summer air with gladness, yet I know
That Fate's cold shadows are around us falling,
That with its thousand tongues the world is cal-
ling,

Urging you forth—and ye must go !

Yet whither ! are ye not
Heirs of a higher promise ! unforgot
Of him that mindeth even the sparrow's fall ?
Be still, my heart ! the future hath its story
Of vanquished evil and enduring glory,
And triumph, for you all !

TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE STEAMER.



VARIETY of groups occupied the deck of the steamer, and early as the hour was, all who were able to leave the close confinement of the cabins were enjoying the fresh air. Some walking to and fro, others

leaning over the bulwarks, regarding the aspect of the country they were rapidly passing; or talking in small knots in a loud declamatory tone, intended more for the by-standers than to edify their own immediate listeners. Here, a pretty, insipid looking girl, sauntered the deck with a book in her hand, from which she never read, and another, more vivacious, but equally intent on attracting her share of admiration, raved to an elderly gentleman of the beauty and magnificence of the ocean. The young and good looking of either sex were flirting. The more wily and experienced, coquetting at a distance, while the ugly and the middle-aged were gossiping to some congenial spirit on the supposed merits or demerits of their neighbors. Not a few prostrate forms might be seen reclining upon cloaks and supported by pillows, whose languid, pale faces, and disarranged tresses, showed that the demon of the waters had remorselessly stricken them down.

Rachel's eye ranged from group to group of those strange faces, with a mechanical, uninterested gaze. Among several hundreds who sauntered the spacious deck of the *City of Edinburgh*, she did not recognize a single friendly face.

Standing near the seat she occupied, a lively fashionably dressed woman, apparently about five and twenty, was laughing and chatting in the most familiar manner with a tall, handsome man of forty, in a military surtout.

The person of the lady was agreeable, but her manners were so singular, that she attracted Rachel's attention.

When she first took her seat upon deck, Mrs. Dalton had left off her flirtations with Major F—, and regarded the new arrival, with a long, cool, determined stare, then smiling meaningly to her companion, let slip with a slight elevation of the shoulders, the word "*nobody!*"

"He is a gentleman—a fine intelligent looking man," remarked her companion, in an aside, "and I like the appearance of his wife."

"My, dear sir, she has on a *stuff gown!* What lady would come on board these fine vessels, where they meet with so many fashionable people in a *stuff gown?*"

"A very suitable dress, I think, for a sea voyage," responded the Major.

"Pshaw!" muttered Mrs. Dalton, "I tell you, Major, that they are *nobody!*"

"You shall have it your own way. You know how easy it is for you to bring me to the same opinion."

This dialogue drew Rachel's attention to her dress, and she found that in her hurry she had put on a dark merino dress, which in the place of a silk one, had stamped her with the epithet of *nobody*.

Now, Rachel, it must be confessed, was rather annoyed at these remarks; and felt very much the reverse of benevolently, towards the person by whom they were made.

"Do you think that a pretty woman?" she said, directing her husband's eyes to the lady in question.

"Tolerable," said he coldly, "but very sophisticated, and Rachel responded like a true woman—" "I am glad to hear you say so. Is that gentleman her husband?"

"No—do husbands and wives seek to attract each others attention in public, as that man and woman are doing. I have no doubt, that they are strangers who never met before."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more probable.—People who meet on short journeys, and voyages like this, often throw aside the restraints imposed by society; and act and talk in a manner, which would be severely

* Continued from page 235.

censured in circles where they were known. Did you never hear persons relate their history in a stage coach?"

"Yes, often—and thought it very odd."

"It is a common occurrence, which I believe originates in vanity, and that love of display, that leads people at all hazards to make themselves the subject of conversation. Trusting to the ignorance of the parties they address, they communicate their most private affairs, without any regard to prudence or decorum. I have been greatly amused by some of these autobiographies."

"Ah, I remember getting into a sad scrape," said Rachel! "while travelling to London from R—in a mail coach. One of those uncomfortable occurrences, which one hates to think of for the rest of a life. There were three gentlemen in the coach, two of them perfect strangers to me, the other a lawyer of some note, who had me under his charge during the journey; and was an old friend of the family. One of the strange gentlemen talked much upon literary matters; and from his conversation, led you to understand that he was well acquainted, and on intimate terms with all the celebrated authors of the day. After giving us a very frank critique upon the works of Scott and Byron whom he called, my friend, sir Walter; my companion, Lord Byron;—he suddenly turned to me and asked me, what I thought of the Rev. Mr. B—'s poems."

This reverend gentleman was a young man of considerable fortune, whose contributions to the county papers were never read to be laughed at, and I answered very innocently: "Oh, he is a stupid fellow. It is a pity that he has not some friend to tell him what a fool he makes of himself, whenever he appears in print." Mr. C— was stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to avoid laughing out; while the poor man, for it was the author himself, drew back with an air of offended dignity, alternately red and pale, and regarded me as an ogre prepared to devour, at one mouthful, him and his literary fame. He spoke no more during his journey, and I sat upon thorns, until a handsome plain carriage met us upon the road and delivered us from his presence. This circumstance, made me feel so miserable, that I never ventured upon giving an opinion of the works of another, to a person unknown."

"He deserved what he got," said the Lieutenant. "For my part I do not pity him at all. It afforded you both a good lesson for the future."

At this moment, a young negro lad, fantastically dressed, and evidently very much in love with himself, strutted past. As he swaggered

along, rolling his jet black eyes from side to side, and shewing his white teeth to the spectators, by humming some nigger ditty, an indolent looking young man, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, called lazily after him:

"Hollo, Blackey. What color's the Devil?"

"White," responded the imp of darkness, "and wears red whiskers like you."

Every one laughed. The dandy shrunk back confounded, while the negro snapped his fingers and crowed with delight.

"Ceasar! go down into the lady's cabin, and wait there until I call for you," said Mrs. Dalton in an angry voice. "I did not bring you here to insult gentlemen."

De buckra! affront me first," returned the sable page, as he sullenly withdrew.

"That boy is very pert," continued his mistress, addressing Major P—, "this is the effect of the stir made by the English people against slavery. The fellow knows that he is free the moment he touches the British shores—I hope that he will not leave me, for he saves me all the trouble of taking care of the children."

The Major laughed, while Rachel pitied the poor children, and wondered how any mother could confide them to the care of such a nurse.

The clouds that had been rising for some time, gave very unequivocal notice of an approaching storm. The rain began to fall, and the decks were quickly cleared of their motley groups.

In the lady's cabin, all was helplessness and confusion. The larger portion of the berths were already occupied by invalids in every stage of sea sickness. The floor and sofas were strewn with bonnets and shawls, and articles of dress were scattered about in all directions. Some of the ladies were stretched upon the carpet—others in a sitting posture were supporting their aching heads upon their knees, and appeared perfectly indifferent to all that was passing around them and only alive to their own misery. Others there were, who beginning to recover from the effects of the prevailing malady, were employing their returning faculties in quizzing and making remarks, half aloud on their prostrate companions particularly, if their dress and manners, were not exactly in accordance with their pre-conceived notions of gentility.

The centre of such a group, was a little, sharp-faced, dark eyed, sallow, old maid of forty, whose skinny figure was arrayed in black silk, cut very low in the bust, and exposing a portion of her person, which in all ladies of her age, is better hid. She was travelling companion to a large showily dressed matron of fifty, who occupied the

best sofa in the cabin, and who although evidently convalescent, commanded the principal attendance of the stewardess, while she graciously received the gratuitous services of all who were well enough to render her their homage. She was evidently the great lady of the cabin; and round her couch a knot of gossips had collected, when Rachel and her maid entered upon the scene.

The character of Mrs. Dalton formed the topic of conversation. The little old maid, was remorselessly tearing it to tatters. "No woman who valued her reputation," she said, "would flirt in the disgraceful manner, that Mrs. D. was doing."

"There is some excuse for her conduct," remarked an interesting looking woman, not herself in the early spring of youth. Mrs. Dalton is a West Indian, and has not been brought up with our ideas of refinement and delicacy."

"I consider it none," exclaimed the other, vehemently glancing up as the door opened, at Rachel, to be sure that the object of her censure was absent. "Don't tell me," she knows very well, that she is doing wrong. My dear Mrs. F—" turning to the great lady, "I wonder that you can bear so calmly her flirtations with the Major. If it was me, now, I should be ready to tear her eyes out. Do speak to Mrs. Dalton, and remonstrate with her, on her scandalous conduct."

"Ah, my dear! I am used to these things. No conduct of Major F's can give me the least uneasiness. Nor do I think, that Mrs. Dalton is aware that she is trying to seduce the affections of a married man."

"That she is, though!" exclaimed the old maid, "I took good care to interrupt one of their lively conversations, by telling Major F. that his wife was very ill. The creature colored and moved away, but the moment my back was turned, she recommenced her attack. If she were a widow, one might make some allowance for her. But a young married woman, with two small children. I have no doubt that she has left her husband for no good."

"I know Mrs. Dalton well," said a third lady. "she is not a native of the West Indies, as you supposed, Miss Leigh, she was born in Edinburg, but married very young, to a man, nearly double her own age. A match made for her by her friends; especially by her grandmother, who is a person of considerable property. She was always a gay, flighty girl, and her lot I consider peculiarly hard, in being bound while quite a child, to a man she did not love."

"Her conduct is very creditable for a clergy-

man's wife," chimed in the old maid, "I wonder the rain don't bring her down into the cabin; but the society of ladies would prove very insipid to a person of her taste. I should like to know what brings her from Jamaica?"

"To place her two children with her grand mother, in order that they may receive a European education. She is a thoughtless being, but hardly deserves, Miss Man, your severe censure," said Miss Leigh.

The amiable manner, in which the last speaker tried to defend the absent, without wholly excusing her levity, interested Rachel greatly in her favor; although Mrs. Dalton's conduct upon deck, had awakened in her own bosom, feelings of disgust and aversion.

"It is not in my power, to do justice to her vanity and frivolity," cried the indignant spinster. "No one ever before accused me of being censorious. But that woman is the vainest woman I ever saw. How she values herself upon her fine clothes. Did you notice Mrs. F. that she changed her dress four times yesterday and twice to day. She knelt a whole hour before the cheval glass arranging her hair; and trying on a variety of different head dresses, before she could fix upon one for the saloon. I should be ashamed to be the only lady among so many men—but she has a face of brass."

"She has, and so plain too"—murmured Mrs. Major F.

"Bless me!" cried the old maid; "if there is not her black imp sitting under the table. He will be sure to tell her all that we have said about her! What a nuisance he is!" she continued in a whisper. "I do not think that it is proper for him, a great boy of sixteen, to be admitted into the ladies' cabin."

"Pshaw! nobody cares for him—A black—"

"But, my dear Mrs. F——, though he is black, the boy has eyes and ears, like the rest of his sex, and my sense of female propriety is shocked by his presence. But who are these people?" glancing at Rachel and her maid—"and why is that woman admitted into the ladies' cabin—servants have no business here."

"She is the nurse; that alters the case. The plea of being the children's attendant, brought master Ceasar, into the cabin," said Miss Leigh. "The boy is a black, and has on that score neither rank nor sex," continued the waspish Miss Man, contradicting the assertion, she had made only a few minutes before. "I will not submit to this insult, nor occupy the same apartment with a servant."

"My dear Madam, you strangely forget yourself," said the benevolent Miss Leigh. This lady

has a young infant, and cannot do without the aid of her nurse. A decent, tidy young woman, is not quite such a nuisance, as the noisy black boy that Mrs. Dalton has entailed upon us."

"But then—she is a woman of *fashion*," whispered Miss Man; "and we know nothing about these people—and if I were to judge by the young person's dress."

"A very poor criterion," said Miss Leigh; "I draw my inferences from a higher source." Rachel glanced once more at her dress, and a sarcastic smile passed over her face. It did not escape the observation of Miss Leigh, who in a friendly, kind manner enquired, "if she were going to Edinburgh—the age of the baby, and how she was affected by the sea?"

Before Rachel could well answer these questions, Miss Man addressed her, and said in a haughty, supercilious manner: "Perhaps, madam, you are not aware, that it is against the regulations of these vessels, to admit servants into the state cabins!"

"I am sorry, ladies, that the presence of mine, should incommode you," said Rachel; "but I have only just recovered from a dangerous illness and I am unable to attend upon the child myself. I have paid for my servant's attendance upon me here; and I am certain, that she will conduct herself with the greatest propriety."

"How unpleasant," grumbled forth the old maid; "but, what can we expect from underbred people."

"*In stuff gowns*," said Rachel, maliciously. Miss Leigh, smiled approvingly; and the little woman in black retreated behind the couch of the big lady.

"Send away your servant girl," said Miss Leigh, "and I will help you take care of the baby. If I may judge by her pale looks, she will be of little service to you; while her presence gives great offence to certain *little* people."

Rachel immediately complied, and Hannah was dismissed; in a short time, she became so ill, that she was unable to assist herself or attend to the child. Miss Leigh, like a good Samaritan, sat with her during the greater part of the night; but towards morning, Rachel grew so alarmingly worse that she earnestly requested that her husband might be allowed to speak with her.

Her petition was seconded by Miss Leigh.

A decided refusal on the part of the other ladies, was the result of poor Rachel's request.

Mrs. Dalton who had taken a very decided part in the matter, now sprang from her berth, and putting her back against the cabin door, declared

that no man, save the surgeon, should gain, with her consent, an entrance there.

"Then pray, madam," said Miss Leigh, who was supporting Rachel in her arms, "adhere to your own regulations, and dismiss your black boy."

"I shall do no such thing. My objections are to men, not to boys. Ceasar, remain where you are."

"How consistent," sneered the old maid.

"The poor lady may die," said Miss Leigh; "how cruel it is of you, to deny her the consolation of speaking to her husband."

"Who is her husband?" said the old maid pettishly.

"A very handsome, gentlemanly man, I assure you" said Mrs. Dalton, "an officer in the army, with whom, I had a long chat upon deck, this evening."

"Very consoling to his sick wife," whispered Miss Man, to Mrs. Major F——; loud enough to be overheard by Mrs. Dalton, it must have made the Major jealous."

"What a noise, that squalling child makes," cried a fat woman, popping her head out of an upper berth; "Can't it be removed. It hinders me from getting a wink of sleep."

"Children are a great nuisance," said the old maid, glancing at Mrs. Dalton, and the older they are the worse they behave."

"Stewardess! where are you! Stewardess! send that noisy child to the nurse," again called the fat woman from her berth. The nurse is as ill, as the mistress."

"Oh dear, oh dear, my poor head. Cannot you take charge of it, stewardess?"

"Oh, la, ladies, I've too much upon my hands already; what with Mrs. Dalton's children; and all this sickness."

"I will take care of the babe," said Miss Leigh.

"That will not stop its cries."

"I will do my best," said the benevolent lady, "we are all strange to it, and it wants its mother."

"Oh, do not let them send away my baby!" cried Rachel recovering from the stupor into which she had fallen. "If it must be expelled, let us go together. If I could but get upon the deck to my husband, we should not meet with the treatment there, that we have received here."

"Don't fatigue yourself. They have no power to send either you or the dear little baby away," said Miss Leigh, "I will nurse you both. See, the pretty darling is already asleep."

She carried the infant to her own berth in an inner cabin, then undressed Rachel and put her to bed.

What a difference there is in women. Some,

like ministering angels, strew flowers, and scatter blessings along the rugged paths of life; while others, by their malevolence and pride, increase its sorrows an hundred fold.

The next day continued stormy, and the violence of the gale and the unsteady motion of the vessel, did not tend to improve the health of the occupants of the ladies' cabin. Those who had been well the day before, were now as helpless and miserable as their companions. Miss Leigh alone seemed to retain her usual composure. Mrs. Dalton could scarcely be named in this catalogue, as she only slept and dressed in the cabin; the rest of her time was devoted to her friends upon the deck; and in spite of the boisterous wind and heavy sea, she was as gay and airy as ever.

Her children, the most noisy of their species, were confined to the cabin, where they amused themselves by running races round the table and shouting at the top of their shrill voices; greatly to the annoyance of the sick women. In all their pranks they were encouraged and abetted by Caesar, who regardless of the entreaties of the invalids, did his best to increase the uproar. Caesar cared for nobody but his mistress; and his mistress was in the saloon playing billiards with Major F—

Little James Dalton, had discovered the baby, and Rachel was terrified whenever he approached her berth, which was on a level with the floor; as that young gentleman seemed bent upon mischief. Twice he had crept into her berth on hands and knees, and levelled a blow at the sleeping child, with the leg of a broken chair, which he had found beneath the sofa. The blows had been ward off by Rachel, but not before she had received a severe bruise on her arm. While the ladies slept, Caesar stole from berth to berth, robbing them of all their stores of oranges and lemons, cayenne lozenges, sharing the spoils with the troublesome, spoilt monkeys left by their careful mamma in his keeping.

Towards evening, Rachel assisted by Miss Leigh, contrived to dress herself and go upon deck. The rain was still falling in large heavy drops; but the sun was struggling to take a farewell glance of the world before he sunk beneath the dense masses of black clouds piled in the west; and cast an uncertain gleam upon the wild scenery, over which Bamborough castle frowns in savage sublimity. That was the last look Rachel gave to the shores of dear old England. The angry storm vexed ocean, the lowering sky and falling rain, were they not emblems of her own sad destiny. Her head sunk upon her husband's shoulder; and as he silently clasped her to his breast, her tears fell fast, and she returned his affectionate

greeting with heavy sobs. For his sake, for the sake of his child, whose little form was pressed convulsively to her throbbing heart—she had consented to leave those shores for ever—why did she repine—why did that last look of her native land fill her with such unutterable woe. Visions of the dim future floated before her, prophetic of all the trials and sorrows that awaited her on that unknown region to which they were journeying. She had obeyed the call of duty, but had not yet tasted the reward of well doing. All was still and dark in her bewildered mind.

The kind voice of the beloved, roused her from her gloomy foreboding; the night was raw and cold, the decks wet and slippery from the increasing rain; and with an affectionate pressure of the hand, that almost reconciled her to her lot; he whispered—"This is no place for you, Rachel, return to the Cabin."

With what reluctance Rachel re-entered that splendid apartment. Miss Leigh was the only person among the number by which it was occupied, who possessed a spirit at all in unison with her own. Short as her acquaintance with this lady had been, she regarded her with affection and esteem. It was not till after Miss Leigh had left the vessel, that Rachel discovered, that she was a connexion of her husband's, which would greatly have enhanced the pleasure of this accidental meeting. Had Miss Leigh, or Rachel, been in the habit of recounting their histories to strangers, they would not have met, and parted for ever as such.

The ladies early retired to their berths, and Rachel enjoyed, for several hours, a tranquil and refreshing sleep.

(To be continued.)

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!

Let every care and fear be hushed;

The quiet day is waning fast.

The hour of active toil is past:

Until the sky again be flushed,

Good night!

Go rest!

Shut up in sleep your weary sight;

No noise disturbs the lonely streets,

Except the watch-guard as he beats

The slow hours of the passing night:

Go rest!

Good night!

Slumber till the dawn-light break!

Sleep calmly till the morning air

Brings on its breath the new day's care;

Fear not! our Father is awake!

Good night!

THE OLD MANUSCRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.*

BY H. V. C.

"You narrow the question to an extreme point," said de Beausejour haughtily, "I am not ready to admit that my circumstances are as yet so desperate."

"I am not arguing on possibilities, but on proofs," he answered coldly. "The royal orders are explicit on the subject of these *Coureur de Bois*, and the Count de Frontenac is not a man who will abate one whit of his authority. Listen to me calmly. It is well known that the Governor General, directed by the king, issues annually a limited number of licences, by which certain persons enjoy the exclusive privilege of conveying merchandize to the Lakes. This edict was wisely intended to regulate our internal commerce which had hitherto fallen almost entirely into the hands of those disorderly *Coureurs de Bois*, to the great detriment of the Colony, and the licences are almost invariably granted to old officers, and reduced gentleman who have rendered service to the state. It is expressly prohibited on pain of death—mark the penalty—to any persons of whatever rank to engage in that service without these licences."

He stopped and looked keenly at his companion, whose countenance, even in the gloaming light, showed ashy paleness.

"Go on," said de Beausejour with forced calmness.

The Count took a paper from his pocket, and held it before him. "I have here," he said with emphasis, "unanswerable proof that you, monsieur, have been engaged in illicit traffic, and that you have unlawfully amassed large sums in private speculation. That under the sanction of a false licence, you have filled canoes with merchandize, and employed *Coureurs de Bois* to undertake these long and dangerous voyages, who have brought back enormous profits, on which you now support a fictitious state, and appear in the eyes of the world like an honest and prosperous man."

"And who will contradict the fact?" asked M. de Beausejour; "who can prove that these appearances are not what they seem? surely you my lord, who profess to hold the key to these discoveries, will not unlock a secret that must dis-

grace a name, you are even now seeking to unite with your own!"

"Suspicion" is awakened, "returned the Count, and public attention has been directed to similar practices in which you, with others are concerned;—and the Governor is determined to suppress them. Your fate, as I have told you, rests on the evidence contained in this document,"—again showing the paper,—“but as yet, it is known only to those whose silence I can command, if you will speak the word.”

"It is already spoken," replied de Beausejour sullenly; "I have already told you that this marriage is near my heart;—that I have used, and will use, every means in my power to induce Clarice to give her consent,—but if her obstinacy defeats our wishes, what more can be done?"

"Have you not authority to enforce it?" demanded la Vasseur; "In the eye of the law, Clarice is yet a child, subject in all things to your will, her hand is entirely at your disposal, and it rests with you to bestow it as you please."

"If there is no alternative it must be done!" and de Beausejour spoke with suppressed emotion, for his daughter's tearful face rose up reproachfully before him, "but it is hard, my lord, to force the inclinations of a child so gentle and obedient as she has always been;—if she can be persuaded—if sufficient time is allowed her"—

"For what?" interrupted the Count impetuously, "time to strengthen her penchant for that beggarly Valois? it is that which renders her so repugnant to an alliance with me, for if her affections were free, would she, think you, refuse the wealth and rank which I can offer her? But, were it only to humble his pretensions, and thwart the wishes he dares contest with mine, I would wed her though the whole world rose up in opposition."

M. de Beausejour was startled from his usual caution, for worldly-minded as he had become, natural affection was not dead within him.

"I think little of her idle fancy for Valois," he said calmly, "but I cannot compel her to marry a man, who, after all cares less for her affection, than the gratification of his own revengeful feelings."

"Did I say that?" asked the Count scornfully "why did I first seek her hand, if not from love?—disinterested you must allow it, since I asked no dowry, and in my choice passed by others, far more exalted in rank, who would not have spurned me, as she has done. I have loved her, and I love her still;—her very pride, the cold contumely with which she chooses to regard me, only piques my affection and fixes it more firmly. Yet, if bitter thoughts and angry jealousies have ruffled the current of my wooing, all will be forgotten when her hand is mine, and she finds herself mistress,—not only of my heart, but of my wealth with all the appliances of happiness which that only can command."

"You have my best wishes for success, and I trust Clarice may be induced to listen to reason," said de Beausejour, whose vacillating mind generally yielded to the last argument, "but," he added timidly, "I should incur much censure if I constrained her by actual force!"

"Parental authority is sufficient constraint, I ask no other. The law, as I have said, gives you entire control over her hand; and it is a wise provision, framed to hold in check the capricious fancy of inexperienced youth, which would otherwise run headlong into fatal errors."

"And the conditions?" asked M. de Beausejour, reddening through the crust of selfishness that had overgrown his better nature, at the thought of bartering his daughter's hand for sordid lucre.

"The conditions are already defined," he answered, "this paper which is the only evidence of your illegal transactions, shall be destroyed the moment I receive undoubted assurance of my own success, in obtaining the hand of Clarice. I will also use my influence in the council chamber to procure you a *valid* licence for traffic at the Lakes, and that will relieve you of all pecuniary embarrassments. What more can you desire?"

"You have said suspicious were awakened—" he hesitated.

"They can work you no harm unless sustained by direct proof, and *that* is in my own hand. It is well that the Governor has been busied with his own vexed affairs, or his keen eye would have been turned on you. He has already quarrelled with the new Intendant, and is at open variance with the Bishop and Ecclesiastics, whose ambitious domination he is resolved to humble. The Iroquois also threaten renewed hostilities, so that at present all minor causes of complaint are merged in more weighty concerns. But the evening is fast waning, and we will part here."

They separated at the termination of the avenue, and M. de Beausejour returned to the

house and slowly passed through the balcony to his own apartment.

Clarice had remained at the open window, her eyes following her father and the Count, through all their long conference, with almost as much interest as if their words had reached her ears. She could well divine the subject of conversation but as yet she had too much confidence in her father, to fear any result beyond the annoyance of daily entreaty, and sometimes angry expostulation. Her thoughts were troubled for the moment, but they gradually returned to the pleasant channel from which they were diverted by the passing incident. The night was profoundly quiet, the moon, just rising, began to silver the topmost branches of the forest trees, while all below lay in deep shadow, and Clarice could hear the murmur of leaping waters, softened by distance from the Falls of Montmorency.

Estelle still nestled at her feet, but slumber had stolen over her eyelids, and she lay like a tired child, resting her fair head on Clarice's lap. There was fascination in the perfect quietude of the scene, and its solemn starlit beauty; but, as if in startling contrast, some passing cavalier in merry mood, began singing snatches of lively songs, approaching nearer till he paused at a short distance from the window. The outline of his figure was just visible under the shadow of some trees, but Estelle, wakened by the voice started up, exclaiming:

"It is M. Mavicourt, I know it well!"

Clarice held her back and whispered her to keep silence; and as she threw her arm around her, she was surprised to feel the quick beating of her heart, and the trembling of her little hand.

"You have been dreaming, Estelle," she said, "and awakened too suddenly; but we will not let that strolling rhymist perceive us watching him!"

"Hush!" said Estelle, and the minstrel changing the air to one exquisitely tender and musical, sang the following stanzas, accompanied with a lute, which was touched by no unskilful hand.

"Star of beauty shining brightly,
Listen, while my fingers lightly,
Touch the string!
Voice and lute, awaked from slumbers
Lady fair! their sweetest numbers,
To thee bring.

Little flowers with dew are weeping,
In their silken petals sleeping,
Sweet and fair!

Birds their downy wings are folding,
Earth, a solemn pause is holding,
Earth and air!

Nestled in thy maiden bower,
Sleepest thou at this starlit hour,

Lady fair!

Bright the star of love is beaming,
Soft the trembling moonlight streaming,
Art thou there?

Pure this fragrant hour, and holy,
Come thou then in maiden glory,

Lady fair!

Rosy love thy steps attending,
Chastely every thought defending,
Angels care!

There was a brief pause, and the serenader again changing to a merry *refrain*, crossed the lawn with quick steps towards the open road, and his voice was soon lost in the distance.

Estelle listened with silent but rapt attention, and when the last notes died away, Clarice thoughtfully closed the window, and both retired for the night.

It was early morning, and the matin service had been just concluded in the little chapel of the Hotel-Dieu. Two Nuns were busily engaged in dressing an altar with fresh flowers, just gathered from the pretty garden of the Convent, and the leaves, still wet with dew, shed a rich perfume throughout the sacred edifice. They chanted an orison in low sweet voices, as they were thus employed, ever gazing with intense delight on those beautiful flowers,—truly the children of their affections. They had grown up under their eyes, and been trained by their careful hands, and they were the only earthly objects of beauty on which their affections were suffered to expand. Those blushing roses, and those pure lilies, brought from their native France, were fraught with touching remembrances,—fond hopes, and early love, and youthful pleasures,—all now exchanged for the sterile monotony of a cloister, with its outward calm, and its perpetual struggle for that beatification which earth can never realize.

No wonder that gentle sister Agnes, whose warm heart, gushing with tenderness, could not lay dormant even beneath the coarse serge of her conventual dress,—no wonder that she pressed those lovely buds to her lips, while her soft eyes rested on them with sad pleasure, and for an instant her thoughts wandered back to the morning of a bright summer day,—long ago,—when such fair flowers were gathered to deck *her* bridal altar. Then the image of a faithless lover rose

before her, for whose dear sake the world had been abandoned, and life become a penance and negation. Tears, forbidden, long repressed, stood in her eyes, as she placed the flowers in a vase beside an image of the Virgin, and a blush flitted across her pale face as she observed the elder nun direct a reproving glance towards her.

"You love these flowers too well, sister Agnes," she said gravely, "they savor of worldly vanity, and you suffer their sweet breath to come between you and heaven. Even now while adorning this saintly shrine, on this holy day of our blessed church, the frail blossoms, and not the holy duty, fill your thoughts, and thus your service is rendered vain and unacceptable."

Sister Agnes made no reply, but lifting the silver cross that hung from the rosary to her lips, she knelt meekly on the lowest step of the altar, and remained some moments absorbed in silent devotion. Ten years had she worn that sable dress, and in deeds of charity outwardly manifested, and inward strivings, known only to God and her own heart,—she had sought to forget the past, and to crush every earthly passion from her breast. Ten long years,—and she was still in the rich summer of womanly beauty,—dead to the outward world, but with a living, throbbing heart, which the waters of oblivion vainly swept; in its depths reposed images still too dear, which prayers, nor penance, nor gorgeous rites could ever efface from it.

The chapel door opened, and Mademoiselle de Beausejour with her little friend Estelle entered. Each touched her forehead with the holy water standing in a marble font at the entrance, and kneeling repeated an *ave*. They brought beautiful bouquets of choice flowers as gifts to the nuns, who loved on holidays to dress their altar with peculiar splendor. Estelle wore a very *triste* countenance, though sister Agnes received her with more warmth than she usually ventured to express, and even the sterner sister Thérèse kissed her fair cheek, and kindly welcomed her back to the Convent. Estelle loved the good nuns with all her heart, and she was a pet in the Nunnery, where her father early left her to be educated. But now she was leaving Clarice, who was dearer to her than any one else; and the brief visits she made her, when allowed to leave the Convent, were always so joyous, so full of freedom, that when she returned to her dull lessons and monotonous duties, she felt like a caged bird, and longed to fly back to her dear resting place. The Nunnery walls too were high, and guarded by grave propriety,—and no strolling minstrels of the night stopped beneath them to

sing love ditties to the inmates. Poor Estelle! when would she listen to another madrigal?

Estelle's situation was peculiar: she had no near relative except her father, and his long and perilous voyages so often jeopardized his life, that she was liable at any day to become an orphan. The nuns counted on that probability, and devoutly resolved to use all reasonable influence to retain her in their community. Every one, from the Lady Superior down to the lay nuns, would have been glad to make a little saint of Estelle—but she was far too self-willed to become a saint, and loved the outer world too dearly to think of ever taking the veil. Clarice had also received her education at the Hotel Dieu, and the intention which her parent once intimated of devoting her to a religious life, had given the nuns a peculiar interest in her early training; their kindness, ever after continued, so strongly contrasted with the cold reserve of her worldly-minded parents, was most gratefully appreciated by her.

"Benedicete, my daughters," said sister Thérèse, "you have brought a fair offering to our saint on this blessed morning, and we are bound to thank you for your kind remembrance."

"Ah!" said Estelle with vivacity, "these flowers were the pride of old Jacques, the gardener's parterres, and he would not have given them even to the saint, only that you nursed him so carefully, sister Thérèse, when he lay ill of a fever in the hospital last summer. Bless the good nuns, he says every day, their house may well be called the Hotel Dieu!"

"Praise be to God," returned the sister, devoutly crossing herself, "who makes us the humble instruments of doing good to others. Well may our lives be devoted to such a purpose, and happy are we, thus called from the vanities of life, and suffered to pass our days in calm seclusion, employed solely in our Master's service. Ah! Mademoiselle," turning to Clarice, "if you could foresee the trials and temptations, the regrets and disappointments that will surely beset your path in life, you would pause on the threshold, and return here to find that peace which a life devoted to the service of religion alone can give."

"There was a time," replied Clarice, "when your words fell on willing ears, and my heart was ready to accept the call to solitude and prayer. But now I have other duties to fulfil, and not for my own sake alone, I must strive with the world, humbly trusting that Providence will direct me, and keep me from all selfishness and error."

She spoke in a low, earnest voice, and sister Agnes, taking her hand, replied with deep feeling.

"Let conscience be your guide Clarice; God's power is every where alike, and His blessing follows all true endeavors. The sacrifice of a pure heart,—the daily strivings of an earnest will, are acceptable to Him wherever they are offered,—in the cloister or the busy world. If joyful days are appointed you, oh my sister, consecrate them to His service, and if sorrow is your lot, bear it in Christian meekness, and wait patiently for deliverance."

Tears filled the eyes of the gentle nun, and turning to Estelle with a tender yet sad smile, she said,

"To thee, fair child, and such as thou art, who are too young to feel the weight of sorrow, our peaceful Convent should ever seem like unto the Gate of Heaven. The world is yet removed from thee,—its dangerous pleasures are unknown, and the more dangerous passions of thy own heart yet slumber in repose. Thou hast no regrets to follow thee and embitter thy tranquility, and thy first and purest affections given to the service of God, His peace shall descend and dwell with thee for ever."

Estelle's countenance became very pale, for the words of the nun sounded in her ears like a prophecy of impending fate. Often had she listened to the like persuasions, and at times her heart had inclined her to remain in the peaceful asylum where her childhood had been most kindly nurtured. But of late new thoughts had stirred within her, and fitting fancies, brilliant as the passing sunbeam, filled her imagination. She had awaked from slumbering childhood into the consciousness of warm affections, and the longing for happiness, so innate, yet, alas! so rarely satisfied!—which could find no repose, and no sympathy in the cold monotony of cloistered life.

Estelle turned to Clarice, who answered her appealing look by a cheerful smile, and a warm pressure of the hand.

"My little Estelle shall not be restrained," she said kindly, "her choice is free, and when M. de la Salle returns we will beg him to send you to us, and your lessons will be all finished then. Now give me a parting smile, and in a few days we will see you again."

She answered with a smile and a tear; and when Clarice had exchanged a few words with the nuns, and the door of the chapel closed after her, Estelle leaned against a pillar, and seemed engrossed by the floral occupation of the sisters. But her thoughts,—where were they wandering!

Passing through the narrow streets, Mademoiselle de Beausejour was soon beyond the city Barrière, and had just reached a stile that led to

the enclosure of her fathers *demense*. The house was at a little distance, and dismissing the servant who attended her, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, which lay moss-grown under a drooping elm, and had often served as a trysting place for rustic lovers.

Was it chance that brought Adolphe Valois at that moment to her side, or had his eye followed her returning steps, till happy beyond his hopes, he at length found her alone, and could speak the promptings of his heart, with only the quiet heavens above, and the green earth around them? Clarice looked up, when she heard steps approaching, and a rich blush mantled her cheeks. Her heart throbbed almost audibly, for with woman's quiet perception she read his earnest and appealing look, and felt that the moment had arrived, when his deep affection, so long unuttered would find words, and the question on which their happiness depended must be decided.

Near by, the St. Charles was rolling its bright waves along between the banks, tufted with alders, and spicy birch and drooping willows, and close to the water's edge a green path followed the stream far along its course, often overhung by steep banks, and arched by the foliage of interlacing trees. The sun rose high, pouring golden light through the recesses of deep woods, waking myriads of insect tribes to the busy hum of life, and countless birds to a renewal of their daily melody. Valois and Clarice had followed that green path with slow steps and beating hearts, and their low murmured words scarce broke the silence of that deep solitude. There was no babbling echo to repeat their words; and what has the cold, outward world to do with the pure, fresh, unstudied outpouring of young, unselfish hearts? It is the free-masonry of love, known only to the initiated. Yet vows had been exchanged, in that time, tender and true, and in the dream of present happiness, all past doubts were forgotten, if a cloud hung over the future, it was rose-tinted and edged with gold. Ah! if lovers' fairy-land was only a little more substantial!

The young lovers sat down under the drapery of a wild grape vine, covered with fragrant blossoms, and already parting words had come in to mar the heaven of their enjoyment.

"It is only for a brief season," said Adolphe tenderly, "and I can now leave thee with a lighter heart since I have thy own sweet assurance that come weal or wo, no earthly power shall ever separate us."

"Never, never," said Clarice fervently, "of my fidelity, my love, strong to endure, thou hast all the assurance that woman's truth can give.

But ah! Adolphe, thou hast a perilous path before thee, and long weary months,—perchance years may pass away before we meet again. Is there no alternative? can no substitute be found to fill thy place? Alas! I fear me this is only some fresh plot to separate us, and thou art made the victim of my aversion to the Count la Vasseur."

"You think too seriously of this affair, dearest, at least so far as my safety and comfort are concerned. Painful as it is to part from you, and at the moment when my dearest hopes are realized by the sweet confession of your lips,—I see nothing in the appointment, but a simple act of duty, which it becomes me to obey cheerfully and without question. The appointment to active service is always honorable, for it implies confidence, and it is well that the Count de Frontenac selects for such undertakings those only whom he especially favors. I have only a soldier's fortune, dear Clarice, and before I claim this dear hand, I would fain win a name which shall render me worthy of it, and give me a rank in the world's estimation equal to that, borne by my more fortunate ancestors."

"I cannot blame your honorable ambition," she replied, "for it finds a response in my own heart, and I should be unworthy your regard, if any selfishness mingled with my love, and if in all noble deeds I did not aid and encourage your better purpose. But yet in these long voyages through a savage wilderness—the weary uncertainty—the dangers and delays—oh! Adolphe, my heart is weak, and dark clouds seem already gathering on our horizon."

"I see no gloom or darkness, dearest," he cheerfully replied, "except in parting from thee—were that only for a day, it would be a day of gloom and sadness. But had I no tie to bind me here, was there no gentle heart united with mine, left to suffer alone, I should accept this service as a pleasure, all its dangers, no less than its honorable distinction. There is a charm to my imagination in the wild adventures of this roving life; in the magnificence of forest and stream, of the mighty cataract and those broad lakes whose fame comes to us like an enchanted tale, in the legends of the traveller, and the simple words of the holy and untiring missionary."

"But thou goest not as an amateur of nature, Adolphe, in the conflict with savage men, and in the treachery of their wild haunts, thy life will be fearfully perilled, for they look upon the white man as a deadly enemy, for their confidence has been abused and their revenge is bitter."

"They have also learned to fear us," returned Valois, "and our interest, our very existence depends on the position we maintain in regard to them. The fierce Iriquois, who have been constant allies of the English, and are sustained by them in deeds of violence, have been lately hovering round our fort at Micklimackinac, and threatening to sound the war-whoop at our trading ports. They have been induced to carry their most valuable furs to the market at New York, to the great prejudice of our own people, and they are constantly lying in wait to seize our merchandize as it is conveyed by the *Coureur de Bois*, to the distant outposts of our settlements. The Governor General is determined to redress these grievances either by friendly treaty or by force of arms, and the expedition which I am appointed to command, is fitted out for this purpose. The command involves responsibility, perhaps some danger, but you, my Clarice, who have so noble a spirit, can understand that these only give a zest to every honorable enterprize."

"We will not talk of dangers, Adolphe, if you must leave me, go in cheerful hope, and like the fair damsels of old romaunt, I will buckle on your armor, and bid you God speed."

She looked up with a smile, but tears stood in her eyes, which she vainly sought to hide. "Love should be ever generous and self-sacrificing," she resumed, "and I would not sadden you with the burden of my own anxious thoughts. While you are with me, Adolphe, even when I meet you only in the presence of others, I feel brave in spirit, and able to bear persecution in meek endurance. But you know not the daily annoyance, the constant repetition of argument and entreaty, which is used to advance the Count la Vasseur's pretensions, and I well know that, in your absence, no means will be left untried to force me to that hated marriage."

"Oh! Clarice," he replied, "let me not be distracted with the thought that any arts or entreaties can prevail with you, or drive you to a union from which your heart revolts. I would throw from me all hopes of honor and distinction, almost my allegiance to king and country, rather than resign your hand, or yield the place I hold in your affections."

"Think you," said Clarice with a faint smile, "that I would accept a recreant knight, even if my foolish heart clung to him as the sole object of idolatry,—or rather think you that I could love one, who, even for my sake forgot his higher duties, and the promptings of knightly honor? No, Adolphe, our paths are for the present separ-

ate, but we will look cheerfully to the end, and leave the event to God and the good Saints who ever watch over us."

"If you love me, Clarice," said Valois earnestly, "let me implore you not to refuse the boon I am about to ask of you. I entreat you let the blessing of holy church unite us before I depart, and then come what will, our fate is inseparable, and your parents would yield to necessity, and forgive the disobedience to which they have driven you."

"It would be all in vain," she replied, "the marriage of a minor you know, is not legal without the consent of friends, and my father would not hesitate to exercise the right of annulling it. You little know how firmly they are resolved to wring from me a consent to their wishes. I greatly fear there is some deep reason concealed under this manifest desire to secure my worldly establishment. It is far better to wait in patience, than to rashly break the laws of filial obedience."

"How can I leave you, dearest, in this state of torturing suspense," asked Adolphe anxiously—"the fulfilment of our dearest hopes depending on the uncertain future,—our life-long happiness hanging on the chance that some miracle may save you from a sordid and ambitious marriage!"

"If woman's constancy may be called a miracle," she answered smiling, "then, believe me, it will surely be fulfilled. Cast away, I entreat you, all jealous doubts, they are unworthy of you, and injurious to my truth and fidelity. Oh, believe me, you dream not what a pure and steadfast purpose can accomplish,—what sincere and devoted love can endure, and grow stronger for the endurance. This hand, Adolphe," and she placed it confidingly in his,— "is as truly yours, as if it was already given you before the Holy Altar; and in every thought, and hope, and desire my heart is entirely yours, and in life and death will remain devoted to you."

"Oh, Clarice, I would never for a moment distrust your truth and your unselfish affection; it is not any change in you I fear, but the force of outward circumstances, the power of persuasion, and the ingenuity that will seek to circumvent when it cannot persuade. And then to leave you alone to struggle against these trials—to resist opposition by your gentle firmness—perhaps to bear persecution for my sake."

The lovers had resumed their walk, but in the earnestness of their conversation paused again beside the stream;—and at that moment a solitary angler sitting in the shelter of a little cove, his line floating idly on the water, began to sing:

Softly murmur silver stream,
While I sit beside and dream ;
Toying with the painted fly
As the cunning fish float by.

Cupid taught me thus, one day,
With his wanton bait to play ;
Idly angling for a heart,—
At my own, he aimed his dart.

Valois and Clarice exchanged a smile and walked quietly away. Mr. Mavicourts' affected conceits could not be mistaken, but apparently he did not observe them, and continued humming his quaint rhymes till they were out of hearing.

Madam de Beausejour was reclining on a couch in her boudoir when Clarice returned from her morning walk: there was an ominous cloud on her brow, and her manner was cold and severe. She demanded, as Clarice passed the door, a few moments conversation, and directly they were seated *tete à tete*—Clarice, with a full heart and cheeks very pale, but resolved, and firm in the conscious integrity of her purpose.

"You have taken an early promenade," said Madam de Beausejour. "methinks your pious visit to the nuns must have been rarely edifying, to detain you such an unusual time."

"My visit to the nunnery, mamma, was a very brief one. The morning service was over, and I only gave my flowers to the nuns, and remained long enough to exchange a few words with the nuns, and Estelle."

"And it is precisely two hours," replied her mother, pointing to a curiously chased time piece on the cabinet, "since Pierre returned and left you, as he said at your own request, sitting alone by the stile yonder,

Clarice assented by a slight inclination of the head.

"Of course you have not remained there since that time, Clarice, at least not alone."

"I have been walking, mamma, along the river side, certainly not alone."

"And your companion?"

"Was M. Valois, mamma?"

"M. Valois!" repeated Mad. de Beausejour scornfully, and with repressed anger; "he is an honorable man, Clarice, to seek you clandestinely, and in the covert of woods, to teach you lessons of disobedience, and disregard to your parent's wishes."

"M. Valois is incapable of a dishonorable act," said Clarice, with a glowing cheek, "he has uttered no words which he would not bring to your ears, and asked no favor which he would not beseech you to sanction."

"The favor of bestowing my daughter on a poor cadet," she replied, "is that what he desires; and have you, Clarice, listened to such words? Have you so far forgotten the duty you owe to us,—your own interest,—and the promise given to the Count la Vasseur, who already regards you as his acknowledged bride?"

"The Count la Vasseur can boast no such claims, for they have never been acknowledged by me," said Clarice firmly. "Oh, mamma, if you knew with what detestation I regard him,—what utter wretchedness such an alliance would bring upon me,—you would not—you could not urge me even to think of it."

She looked up with pleading eyes, and a pale agitated face; but Mad. de Beausejour coldly averted her head as she replied:

"Your foolish romantic notions cannot avail you Clarice; you are still a child, and know not what is best for you, and it is the duty of those wiser to direct your choice. M. Valois has ungenerously sought to win your affections, but for that you would better appreciate the advantages of an alliance with a man of la Vasseur's rank and wealth; as for personal appearance, few men of his age possess so many attractions."

Clarice felt stunned by the cold manner, and the selfish ideas so unkindly manifested, and for a moment her heart failed. But summoning all her resolution, as a last effort, she replied:

"I care not, mamma, for rank or wealth; what are they without inward peace and happiness! never, under any circumstances, could I love or esteem the Count la Vasseur; and it would be base perjury to take false vows upon my lips. I have always repulsed him—scorned him—and why will he thus persist in persecuting me? It is of no avail."

"He has your parents promise, Clarice, and that is sufficient; he makes allowance for the caprices of an inexperienced girl, and will generously forgive it all."

"Never will he be required to forgive aught from me, for I have no claims, no demands on him. In the presence of this holy symbol," and she kissed the cross on her bosom; "I declare my solemn resolution never to accept the Count la Vasseur as my husband. In all truth and loyalty, I have given my affections to another, and death only can cancel the vows which we have uttered."

"You rave," said Mad. de Beausejour, rising, and pale with angry emotions; "you rave, Clarice! child as you are, think you that you can thus set me at defiance? My will is as stubborn as your own. I ask not now for concessions, but a

few hours of calm reflection may, perhaps, bring you to a better state of mind, more dutiful at least."

Clarice also rose and stretched out her arms imploringly to her mother. Oh, for one word of kind relenting, one accent of maternal sympathy! They came not; and with a sudden revulsion, her heart grew cold, her limbs became rigid, and she fell fainting on the couch from which her mother had arisen. Mad. de Beausejour cast one look on her daughter's death-like face, and ringing the bell violently, passed from the room, and left her to the care of a *femme de chambre*.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE SISTERS.

On a piece of morass ground about seven miles to the north-east of Glasgow, are three large rods laid in such a way as to suggest the idea that they have been placed so artificially, which their immense size seems to render impossible. Two are on the ground and one laid across the others. They are in the centre of a nearly circular valley, of about hundred yards diameter. Tradition gives them a Druidical origin.

A lesson sage we fain would learn
In you ye sisters three,
For unto us your origin
Is reft with mystery.
Lowly ye lie, is yours the pride
That apes humility?

The leaves fall from the forest tree,
Even sooner fades the flower,
Now bud, now leaf, and blossom now,
Almost within an hour.
Like these around him man must feel,
How short his day of power.

And ye the war of elements
For centuries have borne,
Since ye were from your native rock
By what, we know not, torn.
As in times earliest years ye wake
At each returning morn.

We may not here abide, yet we
May almost deem that ye,
Even 'mid this scene so lone and wild
Are tabernacles three,
Meet for the sisters born of heaven,
Faith, Hope and Charity.

'Tis indeed well to sit and muse
In this lone spot awhile,
Yet may we not forever leave
Even bustling seats of toil,
For man's best energies gain power
Mid battle and turmoil.

Man must not turn from fellow-man
Because he hurts his pride,
But each will find it better far,
The trial to abide,
The day of storms precludes not hope
Of peaceful eventide.

In bitterness of soul seek not
The cloistered shade, although
'Tis from the social feelings that
Most painfully we know,
How much the heart of man endures
Outliving still the blow.

Have Roman legions crossed these wilds
To reach yon battlefield,
Where British chieftains nobly dared
Their country's power to wield?
Rome conquered, tho' the vanquished chose
Rather to die than yield.

Has blood of human victims here
In fire and smoke ascended?
While Druids deemed that thus they best
Their temple groves defended.
Something of rightful homage with
Dark superstition blended.

And have the floods o'erwhelming waves
Dashed o'er you on their path
To execute on guilty man
The great Avenger's wrath?
Holy and just, for me alone
The right to punish, hath.

These are not in our much loved land,
Amongst the things that be,
No blood can ere atone to him
Who rules earth, air and sea,
Save of the Ever-blessed one
Who died on Calvary.

Thus to send fancy on the wring
Along the past's dark stream,
To pierce the mystery of your birth
To some may idle seem,
As to urge memory to recall
The vageries of a dream.

Some knowledge having of the past
But little future seeing,
Too slight attention do we give
To heaven's voice decreeing.
The things of time are not akin
To thine immortal being.

And it is well in this our world
When anything is found,
Urging the thought of man from joys
Immediately around,
And onward leading him to probe
The futures depth profound.

And if in asking whence you be
Our thoughts should onward go,
To our own fate beyond these scenes
Of mingled joy and woe,
Not vain a frequent pilgrimage,
Your origin to know.

F. F. B.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN IRISH EARL OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY M. A. S.

TRULY might Lord Beaumont be called the *child of promise*, for even as Isaac crowned the old age of the patriarch, so did he make his appearance in this world of ours, just when the hopes of his parents—long protracted—were on the eve of expiring for ever. Judge Crofton was a man with whom the world had dealt most kindly; he having, by his own assiduity and perseverance, added very considerably to the domains which had descended to him in regular succession from his worthy grandsire, Sing to the Lord Crofton. Blessed with a discreet and virtuous partner, the matrimonial yoke sat lightly on his shoulders. I had almost said pleasantly, when I suddenly recollected that there was one “fatal drawback on the blessing;” notwithstanding the enjoyment of so great prosperity, there was one thing wanting which rendered all the others as it were useless. “No child was his to crown his hope,” and the vast bulk of his property, both real and personal, was in all human probability destined to satiate the voracious maws of certain expecting nephews and nieces. We know not whether even the sanctified Sing to the Lord himself could have borne this cruel dispensation of Providence without murmuring, but certain it is that his *judicial* descendant, together with his amiable consort, mourned it in the utmost bitterness of heart. Thus did each passing day, as it lessened their hope of having an heir, serve to render the judge still more morose, and his wife still more fretful and querulous, so that there is no knowing where matters might have ended, had they not taken a sudden turn.

On a certain night, (memorable for ever in the annals of the Crofton family,) the disconsolate lady “dreamed a dream,” in which some propitious habitant of the other world prophesied unto her, that if she visited the Holy Land, she would find on Jordan’s banks the blessing which she most desired. The auspicious vision was of course communicated to the judge, and in pursuance of its friendly admonition, our worthy couple set out soon after on their pilgrimage-of hope. In due time they reached “the promised land,” and beheld the thrice sanctified river rolling on its turbid course between its narrow boundaries. Not long

had they sojourned within sight of its waters, when Mrs. Crofton became suddenly sensible that her dream was fulfilled, and that she was at length likely to present her liege lord with an heir or heiress (as the case might be) for his broad possessions. Rejoicing, they set forth on their homeward way, and ere many months had past, the judge became the proud and happy father of a fine and healthy boy, who was followed in the course of fifteen months, by a girl of whom more hereafter. This son then, was afterwards my Lord of Beaumont,* and now that we have introduced him to our readers *in propria persona*, we shall leave him to speak for himself *in viva voce*, suffering his volatile and fickle lordship to “take up the wondrous tale,” when and where he deems fitting, though to the exclusion of “the hair-breadth escapes” and fantastic frolics which must have marked his school-boy days. Hear him now relate with a strange mixture of levity and right feeling the events of the meridional years of his singular life:

“I had not yet completed my first span of years,” said the Earl, “when that most mischievous urchin falsely called *divine*, but truly enough y’clept “the rosy god” pierced my heart through and through with one of his softly-feathered darts; (ungrateful boy that he is, I have been, from earliest boyhood, a passionate worshipper at the shrine of his lady mother!) And I truly “*gat my death frae twa sweet o’en*,” not “o’ bonny blue” but of jetty black; my father and mother were living at the time, and had I been inclined to commit the crime of matrimony, there assuredly was not much chance of obtaining their consent, seeing that my matchless dulcinea was anything but a fitting match for their promising son; at least, so they would have said, good old people as they were, and with a show of truth, as the

* He was raised to the peerage for certain services deemed efficient by the government of that day, and he further filled many offices of high trust, amongst others that of Master of the Rolls. In the portion of his autobiography now presented to the reader, he has studiously omitted all allusion to his official or political life, confining himself solely to his matrimonial transactions.

world now stands, as Harriet's father was but little above the better class of farmers. It chanced that she and my sister Kate were both located in a certain boarding-school, which formed the pride and ornament of our town of C——, and thus it was, that I made her acquaintance. Ye gods! shall I ever forget the novel sensations I felt, when for the first time I met those radiant orbs of hers with that quick and flashing glance which I have never, never seen but with her, and swift as the flight of the arrowy lightning did their electric fire pass into my soul. Heigh ho! poor Harriet! methinks I have never felt for another exactly what I felt for you, and notwithstanding that I am exceedingly incredulous, touching that sentimental doctrine of the indelible quality of first love, still I am bound to confess that I loved you more than all, and now, when the grave has long since closed above your stricken head, I can almost regret the misery I caused you. But what have I to do with regret, be it mine to "*drive dull care away*," and in all the past or present, ay! or the future either, let me regard but the sunniest spots! To win the unsophisticated heart of Harriet was no very great undertaking—so I thought, and so I found. Nor can I wonder that the conquest was so easy, when I recall the number of high and haughty dames, over whom my arts and persuasions have since triumphed. Day after day, then, did I urge my suit, (opportunities were not wanting, thanks to the kind connivance of my sister, who was our mutual confidant,) and day after day gave me a firmer hold on her young affections. Yet marriage formed no part of my plan, on the contrary, my hopes whispered that when once she loved me fully and entirely, she would be mine on any terms, as I could easily persuade her that our union was then utterly impracticable. With many girls of her age and station, I might have succeeded, but Harriet McDonald was no ordinary girl, and by no ordinary means could I accomplish my designs on her. Then, so great was my awe of her towering virtue, that I never once could acquire courage (or *impudence*, which!) when in her presence to breathe even a hint of my true projects, and I do verily believe that in her case, at least, I should have been fairly non-plussed had not my good (or Harriet's *evil*) genius inspired my sister to propose a secret marriage. To this I eagerly assented, (knowing what neither of the girls knew, that as we were both minors, such a marriage was in point of fact equivalent to *none*) nor did Harriet long resist our joint entreaties. My next step was to take up lodgings for *my bride*, in a wild sequestered glen, at the distance of several miles from C——, and there did she remain for five

whole years, undiscovered, notwithstanding the unwearied search kept up by her bereaved and sorrowing parents.

Harriet had in the meantime become twice a mother. One of her children survived its birth but a few hours, and the eldest, a fair girl of four years old, gave even then, promise of rare grace and beauty. She was a lovely child, my first and dearest, and as I now recall the memory of her infantile caresses and pretty playful tricks, the tear rolls unbidden down my cheek—she is dead—long dead—and the years of her life—few and brief, were unblessed by a father's care or tenderness. I have since, had several children born unto me, and some of them boasting noble mothers, courted and caressed they were, these children of rank and splendor; but none of them all was half so dear as that gentle child, that mountain floweret reared in the depth of a lonely glen, and unadorned, save by nature's artless graces—my Annie—my pale neglected primrose! Ay! even when my roving heart had been transferred to other keeping, and I had learned to regard Harriet as an incumbrance; still was her child so closely entwined around my heart, forming thus a bond of union, that it cost me no trifling effort to cast both from me, and I have traversed times without number, and when all the world was sleeping, the lonely pathway that led to Harriet's humble dwelling, merely to look upon the walls which inclosed my priceless though discarded daughter. Yes! well do I remember a certain rustic bench which stood over against the cottage, under a spreading sycamore, where I have sat many a long hour in the dead of night, gazing dreamily on the white walls of that little mansion as they reflected back the pale radiance of the lunar orb! A strange anomaly is the human heart! I was at that very time wooing another with those same fond persuasions (they were far from being as sincere, withal) which had before won that fair child's mother; and the vows which belonged of right to her were shortly to be pledged to another. My father and mother had both seen fit to take their departure from this mortal scene, my sister had bestowed herself, together with her five thousand pounds, on a certain thriving barrister, and Harriet had very naturally expected that she would be called in with her child to fill up the vacancy in the old house. Silly girl that she was, how could she have dreamed of such a thing! I had been elevated to the peerage, and *was* moreover esteemed by myself and others as likely to ascend high on the ladder of official promotion, I having actual possession of a good comfortable office, yielding both honor and emolument. *How*

could I then have acknowledged as my wife, the daughter of a mere farmer, however unexceptionable her manners, or beautiful her person. No, truly, such a thing was not to be thought of, and I now heartily repented my marriage, which I indeed regarded as nothing more than a boyish frolic, and to be considered as binding no longer than I chose to abide by it—I now ceased to visit Harriet—refused to see either herself or her child—and to many letters of hers written about this period, I vouchsafed no answer. These letters were full of the most exquisite tenderness and a pathos so touching, that few hearts could have resisted their appeal, but mine was doubly steeled—by ambition, and what was still more impregnable—indifference to the writer—the utter carelessness—the almost disgust which succeeds in minds such as mine *was*, nay *is*, to the wild ardor of passionate love. But one of her letters did I deign to answer, and though I wrote but half a dozen lines, they were to her of sybilline import, for they gave her clearly to understand that as our marriage had been clandestinely formed between two parties, *both under age*, I no longer looked upon her as my wife. As a proof, however, that I had still some care of her, and still more of her child, I proposed to settle upon her two hundred a year, for their future maintenance, hoping that I should be no more dunned by her most lachrymose epistles. To this I received a reply; the last she ever wrote me, and if mine was brief and pithy, just as laconic and sententious was hers. It ran in this wise:

“Be it as you say, and fear not that my epistles, whether sad or otherwise, shall ever again disturb your *repose*. It shall be my future care to conceal for ever my ill-starred marriage, and hence I shall take an assumed name, and pass for a widow. Think not that I covet the coronet with which you can now adorn the brow of your wife—had you a diadem to bestow, and offered it to my acceptance, I should reject it with the same superlative scorn that I now fling back your offered annuity. Keep it, then—I covet nothing of yours—forgetfulness, the only boon I crave, is beyond your power to bestow. Farewell! I leave you in the hands of Him who is mighty to punish as well as to save.

H. McD——.

Charmed by the spirit of this parting address, I was, for one moment, inclined to regret the step I had taken, while Harriet rose before me with her dark flashing eye, and sunbright smile, as when first she dazzled my astonished sight. The weakness was, however, only momentary; ambition came to my aid, and I was soon enabled to exclaim con-

temptuously, “Yes! she is but H. McD——, after all—assuredly she has done well to fall back upon her early and rightful appellation—let her, then, seek her plebeian parents and make her peace with them as best she may. And now, hey for C—— house and the smiles of the high-born Emily, who, if she be not quite a beauty, has qualities much more valuable for a Countess, than is to say, birth the noblest of the noble, and wealth wherewith to sustain her dignity. Ay, truly this daughter of the F——s, is, with all her homeliness of feature, the wife of all others for the new-made Earl of Beaumont. Beauty can be had on cheaper terms than marriage—so once more, farewell Harriet, and welcome her unconscious rival! Accordingly, before a month had passed, I carried home in triumph, to my ancestral halls, (*entre nous*, of but *three* generations!) my rich and noble bride. And here let me pause to note the striking difference between this marriage and my former one. She who now shared the honors of my house, received from the alliance thus contracted, but little increase of dignity. Born herself of a ducal house, whose ancestors were ranked for many ages amongst the princes of the land, what to her, was *my* Earldom of yesterday, and yet I am not sure but Harriet would have deemed it as even less valuable, for on her soul was stamped the true patent of nobility, raising her far above the mere casualties of birth. On the other hand Emily had been denied by nature, that personal beauty which so eminently distinguished Harriet, nor had she notwithstanding all the advantages of birth and station that winning mixture of gentleness and command, which in Harriet charmed all beholders. Add to all this, that I had loved Harriet with all the ardor of which my heart was capable, while the vows I breathed to Emily, and breathed not vainly—were hollow and truthless as the storied fruits of that Eastern Sea which hides the accursed cities of old, and you will then have an estimate of the strangely commingled feelings with which I installed my bride in the dwelling and domains of my father. And yet I could not but respect Emily, for hers were many of those virtues—those quiet unpretending virtues, which make the wealth of households, whether high or lowly—and I was often constrained to wish that she had fallen into other hands than mine—even those of some “grave and reverend seignor,” who could have sat quietly down at home and been contented to enjoy her placid society, without seeking aught more dazzling or alluring. Such was not I, (as I need scarcely remark,) and before the first year of our marriage was over, I began to wish most heartily that fate would place

between us some wall of separation. Many a hankering wish and longing look did I turn after the flesh pots of Egypt, (in my case, *liberty*.) but alas! there seemed no possible outlet whereby I might escape, so I was reluctantly obliged to remain in "durance vile," having before me, the restraining fear of convertin; the now friendly house of F——, into bitter and relentless foes—varying the scene then, as I best might, (and spending as little of my time at Beaumont, as I possibly could,) I contrived to keep up appearances with the Countess for six full years; during which time she presented me with four pledges of the feminine gender, and lastly a son. (I did not thank her for the precious gifts, with the exception of the boy,) which latter event gave me so much satisfaction, that for several months after his birth, I almost *loved* his mother, as having given me an heir for my title, which I valued even more highly than I did my fortune. While this gratified pride then retained its novelty, I was one of the most exemplary of husbands—in fact, quite a pattern of a complaisant and obliging spouse, but I soon began to yawn over this Darby and Joan sort of life, and not even the infant smiles of my boy, could longer charm away the evil spirit, which ever urged me on to fresh adventures. The young viscount had barely completed his eighth month, when I once more bade adieu to the shades of Beaumont Forest, and this time, Dublin itself could not stop my onward career—the pleasures of our own capital, and of the vice-regal court, had no longer any charms for me; so I e'en crossed the channel and sought in the Imperial city and in the gorgeous saloons of St. James's some untried stimulant for my palled and satiated tastes.

Will you believe that previous to my leaving Ireland I paid a secret visit to the neighbourhood where Harriet resided with her parents, and this in the hope of catching a passing glimpse of my little Annie, and—shall I add—of her mother? I had loitered around for the better part of a long summer's day—it was the hay-making time too—without seeing those I sought even at a distance, and was about to depart in bitter disappointment when, oh joy unexpected and therefore doubly welcome! I beheld on a sudden two persons advancing towards me (though they could not see me where I stood leaning against the trunk of an aged beech) whom I instantly recognized as those I sought. They walked slowly up—the one tall and stately as ever, while the child now some ten years old, already displayed the slight and graceful proportions of her mother. I watched them as they approached, and oh! heavens! never

shall I forget the mingled emotions of joy and pain with which I looked again upon the lovely face—ay! lovelier than ever—of my unforgotten though deserted wife, and the blooming features of that fair meek child whose eyes, in their deep azure hue resembled my own!—Poor Harriet! sorrow had accelerated and even slightly anticipated the work of time, and the flush of youth was fled for aye. but there rested on each chiselled lineament of hers a sweetly pensive grace, and her eyes if not so lustrous were infinitely more touching as they looked up ever and anon from what seemed their habitually downcast look. Faded I then saw you, wife of my young love! but never had I deemed you half so fair.—Your very sadness made you lovelier far, knowing as I did the share I had in its existence.

I looked around—it was evening, and the labourers had long since quitted their work, so that the fields were deserted—not a human being was in view, save and except the two I loved dearest on earth, and unable to resist the strong temptation (though without any intelligible motive) I suddenly stepped over the low fence, and stood right in their path. My appearance, I believe, frightened the child, for I saw her cling more closely to her mother, while the latter stopped in amazement, and seeing that I completely blocked up the narrow pathway, she addressed me, (oh! how her voice thrilled my heart,) "will you have the kindness, my good friend, to permit us to pass on? I know not why or wherefore you should thus seek to obstruct our progress!"

"But I am not so, Harriet McDonald!" I replied throwing back the broad slouched hat which had concealed my face—"as well might you ask why the fallen angels would attempt to look back upon the heaven they had lost—even so, and with a soul as full of burning anguish, look I now upon you and your child." For a moment Harriet stood before me all pale and trembling, and apparently incapable of motion, but no sooner did I, encouraged by her silence, attempt to embrace the child, than by a sudden revulsion of feeling, she acquired new strength, and darting on me one look of scathing contempt, she silently drew away the wondering child, and turned to retrace the homeward way. Now was my time to be struck dumb, and they had already gone some yards, when hearing the little girl ask, "dear mamma! who is it—do tell me!" I instantly hastened after them, "Sweet Annie! I am your father—your own repentant father—will you not intercede with your mother, that I may be permitted to look again upon your face and hers—oh! Harriet! will you not turn again, that I may take a parting glance

of that face which has haunted and will haunt my memory while life remains! I care not though your look be one of the deepest hatred, only let me see those eyes again!" She turned, and the face so pale before was suffused with a roseate hue, and the dark subdued eyes were filled with tears. "Unhappy man! I do not hate you—you are all unworthy of any feeling save contempt. But whence this intrusion; what object can you have—you, the husband of the Countess of Beaumont, the father of the young Lord C——, in visiting the humble Harriet McDonald and her daughter—the child of poverty and neglect,!— Away then, and going, take this comfortable assurance, that in giving my child to understand that her father still lives, (worthless as he is,) you have implanted in her tender heart, a thorn which may pierce it even unto death! Touch her not, I charge you—bastard as you have made her, she must not be contaminated by contact, with one so vile." There was a stern command in her look and voice, which I did not dare withstand, so that I made no further effort to detain either mother or child, though sorely tempted I was when I saw the sweet girl turn back more than once to look at me, as though she left me with reluctance. They went, and I saw them no more. Dare I ask myself whether we shall meet in another world?

Three days after, I was in London, when dropping my title for the nonce, I appeared as Colonel Crofton, (I was really a colonel of militia,) and was received into the first and gayest circles of the Imperial metropolis, my passport being the announcement that I was the younger brother of Lord Beaumont. As such I was introduced to Miss Jemima Johnson, a young lady then much celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, and the daughter of an English bishop. We moved together through the stately minuet—she was my partner in the merry *cotillon*, we conversed for half an hour between the dances, and I found myself once more in love, and brimfull of the hopeful project of obtaining possession at any risk of her who now formed the centre of gravitation to all my thoughts, and all my desires. For six weeks I pursued my query with unremitting perseverance, and at the end of that period, Miss Jemima Johnston was led to the altar of St. George's, Hanover Square, by Colonel Crofton, of the ——— militia, her right reverend brother acting as father to the bride. Soon after the happy couple set out for the bishops palace in Herfordshire, there to spend their honeymoon, according to approved custom. It says much for the charms both mental and personal of the fair Jemima when I tell you, that for fifteen months,

I neither "sought nor wished for change;" while she on her part loved me so tenderly, that where I was, there was happiness for her. Truly she did love me with all a woman's devotion, and for some time her affection was fully reciprocated, but alas! for my inconstant heart, I soon began to sigh for change of scene, and change of love, and could ill brook the tranquillity of that charming retreat—a tranquillity which I now termed momentary. Jemima had given birth to a son, who was now some seven months old, and as her own health was not of the best, I persuaded her to return with me to town, in order to consult the family physician. Soon after our arrival, I received a letter from the Countess, reproaching me for my long and unaccountable absence, and begging me to come home, if only to witness the improvement visible in her darling Henry. Even this opened a certain prospect of excitement, and renewed my desire to return to Ireland. For the present, I saw no feasible excuse for my departure, so I was obliged to content myself with writing an evasive reply, to the Countess, and for five months longer I fretted and pined away the hours with Jemima, who was now far advanced in her second pregnancy. About this time, an incident occurred, which untoward enough in itself, had the effect of breaking up at once and for ever, my connexion with that injured woman. Being one evening at the opera with her, I had addressed to her some casual observation, during a pause in the music. A gentleman who sat in the next box, quickly recognised my voice, and leaning over, extended his hand with cordial familiarity, accosting me at the same time with: "oh! how d'ye do, my Lord of Beaumont; I trust I see you in good health—" and then, as if to complete my discomforture, he went on without a moment's pause: "I saw Lady Beaumont at the Duke's house in town but a few days before I left Dublin, and I am happy to inform your lordship that she was then looking remarkably well." "Curse you and her both, 'tis that impertinent fop, Delany!" was my muttered execration, as without deigning to notice his offered hand. I turned to look at Jemima, while I heard the intermeddling puppy laughingly remark to his companions: "So, so, my good lord of Beaumont is, it seems, plying his old trade in the British metropolis."

Forgetting for the moment all else but Jemima's insuspicious love; it was with no ordinary self-reproach that I beheld her leaning back on her seat, pale as a sheeted corpse, her eyes fixed and lustreless, while her blanched lips hissed out a low murmuring sound, whose meaning smote

upon my heart: "Then you are Lord Beaumont;" and the next moment she was writhing in strong convulsions. Oh God! oh God! it was dreadful, dreadful to look upon her agony, knowing myself its fatal cause; and I had scarcely strength to request one of the many inquirers who had crowded into the box to hasten to the door where my servants were in waiting, and have some of them come to assist me. The unfortunate lady was borne to her carriage still in the same horrid condition: all that night she suffered the most incredible anguish, and the dawn of day saw her prematurely delivered of a son. Alas! alas! the intelligence reached me, together with that of her own death—she had survived her child's birth but a few minutes. The servant who bore me the fatal news, was also the bearer of a letter, sad and brief, which the ill-fated Jemima had dictated to her favorite maid (together with, it seems, an injunction of secrecy) during one of the few intervals when her pain was somewhat lessened. The letter (or rather note) was as follows:

"Fly, oh wretched man! fly ere it be too late, my brothers as yet know not the cause of my illness, they shall not learn it from me, for my lips will soon be closed in the silence of death, and this miserable heart is already broken. But yet they will not be long left in ignorance, hasten then from their immediate vicinity. May God in His mercy forgive you, and may He soften your dread punishment when at the last great day we shall meet again, the accuser and the accused!"

Such was the second *written* adieu of my wives, but I have not done with them yet. Leaving Jemima sunk in her last long sleep, and her children to the care of their uncles, I took a French leave, and halted not until I found myself on board a packet boat, on my way to Dublin. Yet deem me not insensible to Jemima's fate—I have mourned it long and bitterly—ay! and still do think of it with deep remorse.

I found my wife and children at her brother's house in Dublin, and there I also took up my abode for a time, having much official business to attend to, as the duties of my office, though little more than nominal, had during my long absence, accumulated into something considerable. Contrary to my expectations, I received from my wife not one word of reproach for my long absence, and so grateful was I for this gentle forbearance (at a time, moreover, when I could but ill have borne any additional torment of mind,) that I felt myself unusually disposed to look favorably on Emily, and vowed in my secret

heart that I would henceforward remain a true and faithful spouse. The girls had grown amazingly during my absence, and what was still more gratifying to my paternal pride, my little Henry, though not so tall in proportion to his age, was by far the handsomest and most engaging—so much for the second Earl of Beaumont that was to be—alas! for human hopes and purposes!

After some weeks spent in Dublin, and a few more at C— House, we returned to our own old home, and for a short time all went on smoothly, at least to all appearance. But for me there was little internal peace—many and dark forebodings filled my soul, and to the grief which I really felt for Jemima's early death, was added the cruel certainty of being its fatal cause. Whether the Countess noticed my unusual abstraction I cannot now say, but whether or not, she had soon ocular demonstration that some gloomy secret lay hidden in my soul. One morning as we two were seated at breakfast, I was handed a letter which, on examining the superscription, I at once found to be from Jemima's youngest brother, Mr. Allerton Johnson. With a trembling hand I turned and returned the fateful epistle without venturing to open it, and to add to my confusion, when I at last ventured to look towards my wife, I found her eyes fixed upon my varying countenance with an earnest and searching gaze.

"Read it!" she said at length, pointing to the still unopened letter, "and lest my presence may longer deter you from doing so, I shall withdraw that grievous embargo!" They were the first words of bitterness or sarcasm I had ever heard from Emily's lips, and I had not courage to answer even a single word—ah! how true it is that

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all!"

And I saw her sweep from the room with the air of one deeply offended, yet I could not even if I would, attempt to detain her. No sooner had she quitted the room than I hastened to open the letter, and was not at all surprised to find it a challenge from my *ci-devant* brother-in-law, couched in terms something similar to those mortal defiance, with which the chevaliers of old were wont in their exceeding courtesy to greet each other. There was in Johnson's letter little, exceeding little of the slang of modern duelling. "But one course remained," he said, "whereby to avenge the wrong inflicted on our family—in tenderness to the memory of a murdered sister, we can not bring you before the tribunal of justice, but yet the blot on our fair name must be effaced

in blood. Choose then your time, place, and weapons, and come prepared for a deadly contest, assured that one of us *must die*." Cowardice formed no part of my moral character, however an evil conscience might sometimes fill me with shadowy fears—when real danger came I no longer shrank from its approach. Before an hour had elapsed after the receipt of the challenge, I had posted a letter for Johnson, appointing the time—the noon of that day se'night, the place, Douglas, Isle of man, the weapons pistols, (as he wished the affair to be made decisive).

During the two days that I remained at the castle I saw but little of Emily, and that little served to convince me that suspicion had at length awoke in her usually unsuspecting mind. A few days proved that my observations were correct. I set out then according to my appointment—to kill or be killed. Had I become the victim, how much human misery had been spared—ay! even to myself; but such was not the case, and the evening of that fatal day saw me bowed down to the earth with a new crime; the fearful crime of murder. Poor Allerton! generous, high-souled Allerton! my first ball pierced that ardent heart, and set upon my miserable soul the foul mark which erst disfigured the face of Cain; the destroyer of the sister became the murderer also of the brother! oh day of woe! day never to be forgotten while life beats in this bosom!

It was almost by instinct that I retraced my homeward course, and when I once more entered my own dwelling, it was in a state of mind bordering closely on insanity. Such being the case, I was rather rejoiced than grieved on finding my wife and children absent, nor did I for some days inquire further concerning them. Plunged in a gloomy reverie I paid but little attention to outward objects, and failed to observe that a certain air of gloom and desertion had fallen upon the entire household; the servants seemed to move almost mechanically through their visible avocations, and all was dull and cheerless as my own heart. Just when I had begun to feel sensible of this, and to wish for the return of the children at least, I strolled one day into the Countess's dressing-room, its appearance struck a chill to my already depressed heart; the wardrobe lay open throughout its full extent, and ransacked of all its treasures; the tables were stripped of their usual adornments, but on one small writing-table placed near one of the windows, lay a sealed letter addressed to me. With a desperate hand I tore it open and found within the tender and consoling words which I here give:—

Before this reaches your hands, I and my chil-

dren shall have found shelter beneath the paternal roof which I quitted for yours in an evil hour! Audacious! would no meaner victim suit your hellish purpose than the daughter of a princely line! Tremble, wretch! at sight of the mischief, you have done, in implanting the loathsome mark of disgrace on an escutcheon which has for centuries long escaped the breath of dishonor! Go, vilest and most contemptible! hide your unhonored head in some obscure spot where the vengeance of F—— may not fall upon you. This I only deign to tell you, that if I seek not a divorce, it is only lest such a measure might have an injurious effect on the fortunes of my children. Your's, in all contempt and scorn,

EMILY.

Was it any wonder that, coming at such a time this letter entirely prostrated my mental energies and rendered me utterly incapable of sober reflection! Now that my entire soul was under the control of horror and remorse; when all before me looked dark and dreary, it was in very seriousness no trifling calamity to have incurred the mortal ire of the potent house of F——. My children, too, and more especially my son; was it not hard to be deprived, perhaps, during life, of him who must in any case inherit my titles and estates, and who now actually bore the chief of my minor titles: yet how could I venture to demand him, would it not be arousing to increased wrath the vengeance which might now, perhaps, slumber if unopposed. Weighed down by the weight of my many cares, I secluded myself for several months within the limits of my own domains, and when I again crossed their boundary, I went forth an altered man, not that I had become better or wiser, that I cannot venture to affirm; but much more *cautious* and *discreet* I had certainly become. I made a solemn vow never again to venture upon the dangerous ground of matrimony (which had already been to me so prolific of misfortune,) even as a *dernier ressort*, and to this vow I have ever since most religiously adhered. Nor have I mingled much in the society of the capital, for I must have encountered the F——s or their numerous connections, but in the provinces I have amply compensated myself for this restriction, and in pursuit of my ruling passion—success amongst the fair—I have enjoyed many a merry frolic, and constituted myself the hero of many a rustic bye-plot.

I am now verging upon those sober years when men most commonly shake off the lighter and more frivolous portion of their nature, and begin to gird up their loins for the dreary and desolate journey of age. I am not old, it is true, yet I feel

that the shadow of death already falls upon my path, and I can see in their truer colors the misdeeds of my past life. I can now distinctly perceive that what I was wont to term levity and folly, was neither more nor less than crime, and my spirit quails before the coming time when I must give an account of all. I have outlived all that I really loved, and that too has aided in making me gloomy and despondent as I am. Of the victims of my fatal passion few now remain, though amongst those few is Emily, still called Countess of Beaumont. Her daughters still live, but that son on whom my hopes were staked, has long slept in death—he died in France, where he had been sent for the greater advancement of his education. Just heaven! it is the eldest son of the ill-fated Jemima who is now to inherit my estates (they are not entailed,) though he cannot bear my title. I have had this boy and his brother brought up in my house from the time of my Henry's death. Of these two brothers the younger bears, and will while life remains, the fatal effects of his father's sins—that dreadful fit into which his mother was thrown by the sudden discovery of my unworthiness, gave rise to a certain weakness in his organs of speech, and made life almost a curse to him, deprived as he is of social converse. Oh! avenging God! dost thou then after the lapse of so many ages still "visit the sins of the fathers upon the children?" alas! I at least dare not doubt it.

There is one thing yet to be told—the fate of Harriet and her daughter—my earliest and most beloved. I had heard nothing of them for several years—not that I had forgotten them, but that I could not entirely forgive the severity (all merited as it was) with which Harriet had repelled my latest advances. A short time after my son's death, however, having by chance obtained a clue to their retreat, and listening to the voice of my grief-bowed heart, rather than the obstinate pride which had so long deterred me, I suddenly resolved to see them if that were possible. My daughter had married (though but seventeen) a retired naval officer, who possessed considerable property in a distant part of the country, and deeming it most likely that her mother resided with her, to her house I at once repaired. It was late on a wintry evening that I stood before my daughter's door, and pulling the bell was instantly admitted by a staid and venerable looking domestic, who ushered me into a handsome drawing-room, and retired to announce my arrival. In a few minutes he returned with a request that I would give him my name, as his lady was indisposed, and entirely unfit to receive visitors. I instantly gave my

card to the servant, and awaited the result in fearful suspense. Almost half an hour elapsed before he again made his appearance, during which time I continued pacing the room to and fro with faltering and uncertain step. At length the man re-appeared, "my mistress, sir, desires me tell you that she regrets her inability to see you, but she sends you this letter which she says, will explain all," and he handed me a small sealed packet, which I hastily thrust into my pocket, and instantly left the house, in a state of mind far from enviable. "She refuses to see me, then, my own daughter, that child whom I have never ceased to love, oh! hard and cruel sentence! I had not dared to inquire for her mother, to whose undying revenge I hesitated not to attribute this fresh repulse. Alas! how wrongly I judged, let the letter tell."

"From my bed of death do I write these lines, the first and last from me to you. Blame me not that I refuse to see you, for I verily believe, that it would kill me on the instant to look upon the destroyer of my adored mother. You will cease to wonder at this when I tell you that she did not long survive your most uncalled for intrusion on a memorable occasion. She died the victim of love as well as grief, for that she loved you through all, and after all, I can too well testify. She died with a prayer upon her lips—that prayer was for you! Nor had she ever ceased to consider herself your lawful wife, though you had thought proper to consign her to disgrace, and with her dying hands she gave me the ring herein inclosed, in order to transmit it to you if ever an opportunity occurred. You will doubtless recognize it as her wedding-ring—fatal, fatal gift to her! Adieu then once for all.

ANN TRALAWNEY.

It was even so, Harriet was already mouldered into dust, and three weeks after my inauspicious visit, her daughter was laid in the same lowly grave. Years have gone by, but they are still fresh in my recollection as when last I saw them on that fair summer evening. I cannot if I would, forget them, for even in death they are twined around my heart, and that heart itself (all worn as it is with grief and remorse) must break and be at rest ere that sad yet lovely picture—my deserted wife and child—be effaced from its first page.

"The tongue of envy costs nothing to its possessor, for it is always used at another's expense. Happily the owner does not bite it, else it would poison himself.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

“ Her haughty glance the rose may cast
O'er all the subject plan ;
The lily's humbler charms surpassed
The pomp of Judah's reign.”—*GOETHE.*

“ Hers Fame, and Love, and Beauty,
Too much, too much for me ! ”—*Corinna—a Ballad.*

THE Don Giovanni of Mozart had just been performed at the Opera-house in Paris, and the curtain descended amid shouts of applause.

Never had the part of Donna Anna been more admirably sustained; never was voice, in its exquisite flexibility, more thrillingly expressive of the different and conflicting feelings—love, hate, sympathy, revenge—demanded by the part; never were form and features more suited to embody the proud grace, the purity and passion, that are so bewitching in that lovely creation of the master. The audience were held as by a spell; so deep was the feeling excited, that after every burst of poetry or passion, profound silence ensued for a minute's space, before it was broken by the thunder of applause. And she, with what queenly grace she trod the scene! what wild fascination was in those eyes—that seemed, as they wandered over the crowds before her, to behold only the glorious ideal of the poet's world in which she was moving! to be full only of the inspiration of her own genius!

For once, to combine the most powerful attraction that could tempt the music loving public; the part of the loving, jealous, but forgiving Elvira, (the hero's warning angel,) was undertaken by Francilla, a charming singer, and a universal favourite. Even she was content, for this night, to shine as second to the brilliant star that had risen for a brief period on the musical horizon of the French capital.

“ Is she not an angel ? ” exclaimed the Duc de B—— to a tall foreign looking man who stood beside him, and had risen with him as the curtain dropped.

“ She sings well, and acts well,” was the reply of the person addressed.

“ Out on your cold northern blood! You are not fit to hear such music.”

“ Perhaps better fitted than your highness; for you are enamoured of the actress.”

“ That am I, in sooth! and Mozart would have been, could he have lived to see such an impersonation of what his genius created. I have never liked this opera so well; you, who are a well-known connoisseur, may charge me with want of taste; but I must confess that till to-night, I have never been satisfied with Don Giovanni.”

“ How, not satisfied ? ”

“ I mean; that parts have given me pleasure, but as a whole, I prefer the Idomeneo.”

The foreigner shook his head. “ That is because you took it in parts, and understood it not as a *whole*. For me, when I heard it,—it was in Germany,—it seemed as if I had never before listened to true music. The overture completely enthralled my senses; my delight increased as the representation proceeded, and the design of the composer became clear to me. The grand spirit of the work, its wonderful melody, the blending of sounds the most opposite, with exquisite skill, into one harmonized whole—its profound expression—the union of the lovely and the bold—the cheerful and the tragic—the bizarre and the terrible—and, more than all, its originality—all which renders this production unique in the world, passed through my ear into my inmost soul.”

“ Did you not prefer to all this, the passion of Belmont ? ”

“ By no means; that has never pleased me since. Don Giovanni filled the faculties of the mind, as well as captivated the senses. It has taught me also to apprehend other works, other composers. It was not till after I had heard it, that I understood the grand style of Gluck; his noble rhetoric; the deep soul of his creations;

that I rejoiced in Paisiella and Martini; that I looked into the clear spirit of Cimarosa."

"I can enter into all your raptures to-night; and I am glad to find you have reaped enjoyment as well as myself, though mine has been less intellectual. And now Count will you wend with me?"

They had passed out of the theatre while conversing, before the entrance of which stood the Duc's carriage.

"Do you sup with your actress?" inquired the Count, with a slight smile.

"Oh, no! she never receives company so late."

"She lives, then, as retired a life as in Berlin?"

"No, she is the life of many a social circle, and has honoured several private concerts. But her hours at home are shared with her intimate friends only; and to the homage of admiration—'tis with grief I confess it Count—she is cold as she is fair."

"So much the better," said the Count, thoughtfully. "And now, good night."

The beautiful prima-donna was handed to her carriage by the private entrance to the theatre; she bowed her adieux to the cavalier who attended her and seemed to be a friend, wrapped her cloak round her, and stirred not from her seat in the corner till the coachman drew up before her lodgings. Before going to her own apartments, she ascended two other flights of stairs, and tapped lightly at a door on the left hand. A feeble voice said "Entrez:" and she went in.

The room was very small, and meanly furnished. On a couch at the farther side, reclined a young girl, pale and thin from recent illness; beside the couch was a table on which stood the lamp that gave hardly light enough to distinguish objects. A number of sheets full of musical notes lay on the table.

"You are too late a student," said the prima-donna, crossing the room and taking the young girl's hand. Her cloak, as she did so, fell back from her shoulders, and the contrast of the two figures was strikingly picturesque. The one in her theatrical robes, with bare arms and floating hair, gems glittering on her brow, and the flush of excitement still on her cheek; the fire still in her eye which imparted to those expressive features a beauty almost superhuman; the other faded, exhausted with sickness and suffering, that seemed not less of the mind than of the body.

"I must insist, Louise," she said, earnestly, while her companion pressed her hand to her lips and looked up with an exclamation of joy at seeing her, "I must insist that you keep better hours. You look more unrefreshed than when I

left you. I must take away these," and she pointed to the pile of notes.

"Oh, do not, dear Henriette!" cried the girl; "or, if you take them, stay with me in their place! I have been reading them since you went, and they filled me with delight; almost as when I hear you sing."

"The excitement is too much for you now, Louise; when you are well you shall read music, and resume your lessons. But now you must be chary of your strength. Remember how ill you have been!"

"I shall never forget, dear Henriette, that I owe my life to you."

"Nonsense; but if you really love me for nursing you, prove it by obeying me, and touch no music till I give you leave. Has Basil been here to-night?"

"No, nor did I see him yesterday. He is more unhappy even than the poor Louise."

"You must both keep up your spirits, and better times will come. Basil is an excellent pianist; he cannot long want a place; and when he is able to offer you a home——"

"Oh, I fear not," cried the girl, "with the instruction you have given me, that I should ever want, if I have but health and strength; and that is daily increasing. But Basil is so proud; he cannot bear that I should go upon the stage——"

The young girl stopped short, as if fearful of having given offence, and looked really affrighted at her own imprudence. But her companion smiled so kindly as to reassure her.

"He is right, my dear Louise; you must never go on the stage; you shall not, if I can help it. When I undertook to aid you, and enable you to gain your subsistence by your musical talents, it was not with such a view. I have known too well what it is."

"Oh! if I were but as beautiful as you!" cried Louise. "The world is full of your praises."

"Not quite," replied the prima-donna; "and if it were, let me assure you I should be none the happier. My only wish is to retire to private life. But a word upon your own affairs. I hear there is a place vacant in the——Chapel, that would suit Basil. I will speak to Lablache to interest himself in his behalf."

With words of encouragement and hope did the gifted lady revive the spirits of the drooping girl, whom she had rescued from poverty, and taught for some time; and whom in her illness she had maintained and comforted; in whose eyes she seemed indeed an angel. Lovely as youth and beauty ever seems when employed in tasks of mercy and benevolence, how greatly is the

charm increased when the magic of genius is added! She who had an hour before been hailed by enthusiastic and admiring multitudes, now moved about the chamber of her invalid friend, intent on all the little offices of tenderness in which woman alone can minister. She assisted Louise to prepare for bed; arranged her couch, and set beside her the drink she would require during the night. Having done this, she read to her from a small pocket prayer-book, and giving her a good-night kiss, retired to her own rest with the blessing of the orphan upon her head.

The next morning Henriette paid her protégé another visit, and found her so much better, and so much refreshed by her night's rest, that by way of a further restorative, she indulged her with a brief lesson in music. She came into the apartment of the prima-donna for that purpose; and any one who had marked the keen delight with which the pupil received her lesson, and the earnestness with which at the close she begged for a song from her friend, would have pronounced Louise destined either to great eminence in her art, or to an early death, too often the lot of the highly gifted! To that, though her friend saw it not, she was fast tending.

The song was scarcely finished, when a visitor was announced; a visitor apparently most welcome, for Henriette rose hastily, and advanced to meet him with an expression of pleasure. He was a young man of slight figure, with light hair, and a paleness of face, that, in contrast with the fire of his large, dark, flashing eyes, betokened energies prematurely exhausted, either by disease or by his overmastering passion for art. It was Bellini, the great composer, who came to pay his farewell visit to Henriette, for he was about to leave Paris for some time.

The two friends conversed long upon subjects pertaining to their art; but, enthusiastic as Bellini was at all times when speaking of music, it was easy to observe that he was dejected and dispirited. He spoke of the new opera, *I Puritani*, which he had begun, and expressed some doubt that it would ever be completed. He was weary, he said, of the vexations incident to the representation of a new piece; he would never attend another rehearsal; it gave him no pleasure to compose.

Henriette listened with surprise; but knowing his caprice, rallied him playfully on his being out of humour with himself and the world, and offered to dissipate his sadness by one of the airs from his own *Norma*. Bellini looked pleased, and thanked her when she had done playing.

"Bravissimo!" cried a voice loud as a trumpet, at the door, and a colossal figure strode in, to which

appertained a face full of spirit and good humour. The new visitor paid his respects to Henriette, then turned to Bellini, who seemed confused at seeing him so unexpectedly.

"And, maestro! now I have found you, I must give you the chiding you deserve! What mean you by indulging in the *dolce far niente*, like a lazzaroni on the mole, when you have so much to do! You are going to leave Paris; Paris is just the place for you; it is here you are appreciated; and Paris—France—Europe is full of the expectation of your new opera. Bellini, do you hear me!"

"I hear very well, my dear Lablache; you know my sense is none of the dullest; and if it were, your excellent bass pierces one through and through! But to say the truth, friend, I am just now inclined to nothing so much as to the *dolce far niente*! my energies are gone; I feel indifferent to everything.

Lablache struck his broad hands together with a gesture of astonishment. "Do you hear that, Mademoiselle?" cried he. "Is this the youthful artist, full of enthusiasm and passion, whose burning soul went forth in his works, and startled and elevated the world! Is this he who would not pause in his toil, but strove perpetually after the best and the loftiest, and would have grasped and made it his own! Now he is turned aside from his noble pursuit by the breath of a woman's caprice——"

"My good Lablache," interrupted Bellini, colouring deeply, "you misapprehend me entirely. My health is injured by too intense application; change of scene may benefit me. I cannot work now, and do well to intermit my labours," "But where is your fervent love of Art, which no physical weakness could extinguish?" demanded his friend. "Nonsense, Bellini, you cannot deceive me; I know well where the shoe pinches you."

Bellini looked much displeased, but was silent; Lablache came up to him, and slapping him heartily on the shoulder, rallied him on paying more heed to the humours of a singer than to the admiration of the rest of the world.

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," he said, "it is all but mortified vanity. Because a certain singer, a friend of yours and mine, in the last act of the *Capuletti*, refuses to sing Bellini's music! She prefers Vaccai's."

"But why is this?" asked Henriette. "Though Vaccai's talent is unquestionable, and his music simple and touching, it is by no means to be compared to our friend's, particularly in the last act. The moving close, the '*padre crudele*,' which Vaccai has neglected entirely, has in Bellini's

something so startling and so deeply pathetic that the heart yields at once to overwhelming emotion. I cannot imagine why it should be dispensed with."

"Because," returned Lablache, "Francilla does as Maria does, and she refuses to sing it. Who knows the reason of a woman's caprice? I beg pardon, Mademoiselle. I believe *you* are above such things. Our friend, you must acknowledge, is silly to be disturbed at it; and now, to make him amends, I will sing him a song; one from his own unfinished work. Ha! how happy I shall be when he will give the thing to our good Parisians!"

With this Lablache stepped to the piano, and with a voice loud and clear, like a martial trumpet, began the allegro to that famous duet from *I Puritani*, "*Suoni la tromba e intrepido*." Bellini's pale cheek flushed; the tears started to his eyes; he joined his voice in the splendid song, and at the close, when Lablache shook him by the hand, and bade him cast disquiet to the winds, and finish *I Puritani* without further delay, the kindling expression of his whole features showed an answering enthusiasm, and he promised he should have the opera in a few weeks.

Before the two friends left her, Henriette contrived to make her request of Lablache in behalf of Basil. He informed her the place was in the gift of the Duc de B——, and promised to devise means of making known to him her opinion of the young man's claims.

It was not quite dusk, and the pretty Francilla was alone, but evidently impatient of being so. Several times she went to the windows; and when the clock struck six she burst into an exclamation of vexation. When, not long after, the door opened, and a young man entered, whose step was well-known to her, Francilla turned her back pettishly, and would not look up, even when he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"You are vexed, dearest Francilla, because I have not come so soon as I promised, by an hour or so," said the lover.

"Oh no! signor Louis, or Ludovico, I suppose I must say," answered the young lady. "It is true, I named an hour which you have not chosen to keep; now I am occupied, and you may depart whence you came."

"And whence do you suppose I came?" asked Louis mischievously.

"Not from Henriette?" demanded Francilla, looking up.

"You are not jealous of your own chosen friend?"

"Not in the least; and if you come from her, you are welcome."

"I have not seen her to-day. I come from Elodie."

"So I thought. She needs your visits, to console her for the loss of her husband, whom she has for a few weeks pretended to mourn."

"Is it not charitable, then, to console her?"

"Oh yes! and very pleasant, doubtless. Elodie is handsome."

"Beautiful!"

"I wish she were dead!" cried Francilla, stamping her foot.

"And why?"

"You can ask me! Traitor!" And she sat down on the sofa, and covered her eyes with her hand.

The hand was very white and soft, and as Louis, who seated himself beside her, drew it from her face, he pressed it again to his lips.

"My charming little Francilla! my bird of beauty and music! Come, you shall not be jealous of me. Look in my eyes, and tell me if you really think I could admire any one else. Elodie is an ogre to you, pretty one! But you have teased me so often, that you must forgive me for teasing you."

Francilla partly raised her head, wiped a tear from her eyes, and said, "Why, then, did you stay away so long? Was there such pleasure in consoling the pretty widow?"

"You shall not chide me; you know I love none but you."

"How am I to know it? If you loved me, you would do what I wish."

"And what is that, Francilla? Your wishes are always changing."

"No; I have *one* constant wish; that you should love me only; that you should talk of love with no other woman, who is young and handsome; that you——"

"Look you!" interrupted Louis; "you have mentioned *two* wishes already; and the third——"

"For the third, then, I wish that I were as insensible as Henriette."

"Ah! her time is not come yet."

"Nor ever will! Her German birth exempts her from love."

"But you know what Mozart used to say, when Saporitti thought his Don Giovanni, Italian in its passion, not allied to the cold north: 'We Germans are more reserved, but it penetrates our hearts the deeper.' Your friend may feel, though she will not speak what she feels."

"No, she tells me everything; and has often said she deemed herself incapable of love. She

has never yet seen one for whose admiration even she cared."

"Then she does not reap the sweetest reward of her exertions. What is fame to a woman without love! What were it to you, my Francilla!"

"Oh, nothing!" answered she with a blush. "Nor is it much to Henriette. She feels only the passion for Art; she is like one inspired. She needs no excitement from without, nothing but the love of music, to stir up the depths of her soul. She needs no applause, because her ideal is sufficient for her, if she reach it; if she fall short of that, no sense of gratified vanity can restore her self-possession."

"She may be more than woman," observed Louis; "but, trust me, her time will come!"

"Better it should not, if she would become as foolish and fond as I am!" murmured Francilla.

"I cannot be angry, even when I ought to be! And when we are married——"

"Then you may tease me again, as you used to do when I wooed you!" returned Louis. "No more complaint, my pretty coquette; it is time now to go to the theatre."

That night, as Agathe in *Der Freischutz*, Henriette was again the idol of multitudes. Never were her varied powers displayed to greater advantage than in the first scenes; never were the rich tones of her voice more expressive, or her action more free and graceful. But what was it, in the last acts, that seemed to recall her from her own world of imagination! Certainly there was a great change; her former enthusiasm was chilled; her movements were embarrassed; her voice, though thrilling as ever, trembled once or twice perceptibly. The eager applause of the audience had no power to animate her; she saw but one figure in the box nearest to the stage. It was that of the Count R. His eyes dwelt on Henriette till she felt the gaze in her inmost soul; yet none in the Opera-house seemed so insensible as he. He joined not in the tumultuous applause; there was an expression of sternness, almost reproachful, so Henriette thought, in his looks. It was as if he had said—"Is that magnificent beauty—are those varied gifts, employed but as the ministers of vanity? Does this radiant creature live but on the smiles of those who are her inferiors?" Strange perversion of nature's noblest endowments!" A bitterness passed, with the quickness of lightning, into Henriette's soul. She felt as if she was despised, when her heart told her she was worthy of all esteem; and pride arose in her breast. But while indignant at the imagined wrong from the only being who refused to pay her homage, she felt—such is the perversity of

the human heart—that *his* approbation alone was worth possessing! Once, as in her part she drew nigh the box where he sat, with the Duc de B. at his side, she heard the latter exclaim, in a low but impassioned tone, "Beautiful—beautiful creature!" and looking up involuntarily, met the Count's eyes. It was the first time their eyes had met; and from that instant Henriette appeared to understand his thoughts. She moved away rapidly; but not before both gentlemen had seen the quick flush that rose to her brow. This evidence of emotion the Count probably attributed to the exclamation of his companion; certain it was, that from that moment her manner changed.

"I have sung wretchedly to-night!" murmured she, when she found herself alone at her lodgings. But though vexed at her own want of spirit, and filled with bewildering thoughts, she did not attempt to analyse her feelings, or discover the cause of them. A parcel was brought to her; it was a splendid necklace, with a note from the Duc de B, begging her acceptance of it as a slight token of his gratitude for the pleasure her singing had afforded him, and requesting permission to wait upon her on the morrow. Henriette pushed aside the necklace with an expression of contempt for the giver, and was about writing an answer, declining his proposed visit; but a thought of Louise and Basil changed her determination, and she returned a more gracious reply.

The next time Francilla and Henriette were together, the latter took occasion to mention the conversation between Lablache and Bellini, and to inquire the reason of her dispensing with his music in the last act of the *Capuletti*.

"Oh, as to that," replied Francilla, "it is all Maria's fault. When she last performed it in Italy, at the moment when Romeo takes the poison, a frightful shuddering ran through all her frame, and she was hardly able to go on with her part. When the piece was over, she declared that no power on earth should make her sing Bellini's Romeo again. After that she substituted Vaccai's; but as she could not quite give up poor Bellini, she retained his first acts."

"It is very strange!" said Henriette.

"Not at all, to me; do you know I fancy Maria was half in love with the composer!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, it may be; but such was my idea. As to Bellini, you know how susceptible he always was. Born at the foot of Etna, the fire was always in his breast; and he had the softness, with all the warmth of his clime. Thus love was always his inspiration; thus his devotion to Art was aided by his devotion to Maria."

"Impossible, Francilla."

"As I tell you, I derive the opinion only from my own observation. But how could he help adoring her? Is she not the queen of song? Does she not embody his creations with a grace to which no other can attain? So thought Bellini, I warrant me; and when he composed, he said to himself, "What will *she* think of this?"

Henriette sighed, and looked down.

"Poor Bellini!" resumed Francilla; "how sadly he is changed. The fire of his spirit has preyed on his frame, and almost consumed it. He cannot live long. And it was a cruel blow to him to hear that Maria had discarded his music, and to be treated by her with such reserve as she has shown to him for a year past. The last time I saw them together, Maria behaved as if she thought him a boy! It was before she left Paris."

"Yet you thought her not indifferent to him!"

"For the very reason that she was so reserved, and seemed so cold. You do not know the nature of love, *chère amie*!"

A sudden thought occurred to Henriette, and she blushed deeply. Francilla went on:—

"All this you must not remember; Bellini has never owned his unhappy passion, for so I must call it. I cannot even tell if Maria suspects it; her reluctance to sing his compositions looks like it; but to me she never speaks of him. So much for my suspicions; now, *cara*, I will tell you of my own love, and my approaching nuptials."

We must not intrude on the confidence of the two friends with such a subject in agitation; but hasten to conclude this brief sketch.

Henriette obtained from the Duc de B. the place she desired for Basil; but his granting her the favor emboldened him to pay her many more visits than she desired, nor could the strictest reserve of manner on her part prevent the manifestation of his daily increasing passion. Count R. never accompanied him; but Henriette met him several times at concerts, and in private circles. She could not fail to observe, when he was presented to her, the difference between him and other distinguished persons who sought her acquaintance. To her he seemed superior, not only in the noble beauty of his person, and the repose and grace of his manner, but in the deep soul that frequently animated his usually cold features. It was not, Henriette thought, like the soul of a Frenchman, but something higher and more intellectual. This impression deepened every time she saw him; and in spite of herself she often felt abashed in his presence. He had not said that he had little respect for her profession; nay, his

courtesy could not, to the queen herself, have been more gracefully deferential; he had not said he thought her brilliant talents might be more appropriately employed in a more useful though more limited sphere; that the world's admiration could not console a true woman's heart for the absence of the sincere devotion of one; nothing of this had he said, yet all this Henriette felt; and more earnestly did she long to escape from what she more than ever deemed a thralldom; more sedulously did she endeavour to shun the admiration her transcendent powers excited.

To the reader it may be evident that our fair prima-donna was irrecoverably in love with Count R. But she suspected no such thing; her embarrassment in his presence was in her view only the effects of her sense of his intellect and his judgment. She thought that he alone, of the crowds who surrounded her, could appreciate her; and she could not help wishing that he understood her entirely. She knew not—alas for her inexperience! that is already a hopeless case with a woman, when such are her sentiments!

Perhaps, if Henriette's nature had been one of feeling and passion like Francilla's, if the subtler and more refined spirit had not been predominant, she would have sooner suspected the real nature of her feelings. If she had, the startling discovery would have impelled her to fly from the Count. What Francilla had told her respecting Bellini warned her of the danger of trifling with love. But her very habit of tracing the operations of her own mind blinded her; and, unconscious of danger, she stood just in its way. The veil was not torn aside till she was obliged to own that it was too late.

This happened at a soiree, at the house of Madame —. Count R. was there, and also the Duc de B., with many others of the noblesse. Henriette, caressed in private circles, as she was admired in public, was there also, and never received more devoted attention. But she could not help observing that the Count avoided her, and yielded his place near her several times to the Duc de B., whose assiduities from that moment became odious to her. At the request of her hostess, Henriette sat down to the piano; song after song was solicited, and she complied with the readiness that showed her characteristic desire to oblige. As a last favor, she was entreated to sing in the duet from the first act of *Don Giovanni*, with another celebrated musician.

When the voice beside her began, *là ci darem mano*, Henriette started, not at the light and graceful melody, but she saw Count R. leaning over her with an expression of unusual interest in

his manly features. The consciousness that he was so near agitated her; and when she sang in her turn *vorrei e non vorrei mi trema un poco il cor*, her voice really trembled. By an effort, she recovered her self-possession, and went through the air with her wonted spirit; and before she rose from the piano the Count had walked away. As she returned to her seat, a slip of paper was handed her; she turned deadly pale as she read the words—

"Louise, I fear, is dying, and has asked for you; come to her, dearest Mademoiselle.

BASIL."

Henriette turned from the room. As she hastened from the dressing-room, whither she had gone for her cloak, she was accosted by the Duc de B.

"Whither, ma Belle Henriette! We do not part so—you must take me with you."

"Will you have the goodness to let me pass? I am in haste."

"Never, till I have told you again and again how much I love you!" whispered the Duc. "Not till you consent to be mine. Go with me, my carriage is at the door: nay, I must bear you off by force, if you persist, more cruel than Helen, in repelling me!"

He had seized her arm as he spoke, to lead her out; Henriette struggled to free herself from him and almost without being conscious of it, took the arm of another gentleman, who conducted her down the steps and assisted her into the carriage. Involuntarily she glanced back, as if apprehensive that she might be followed.

"Will you permit me to accompany you home?" asked the Count, for it was he, and he seemed to understand her fears.

Henriette bowed her head, for she could not speak, nor could she suppress her sobs, overpowered as she was by different feelings. The Count evidently sympathised with her; but without noticing the Duc's rudeness, he adverted to the sudden summons she had received, and inquired if her sister were ill.

"No, it is a young friend of mine, who has been long consumptive; at least I have long feared for her," said Henriette; and even while her tears flowed afresh at thought of the danger of poor Louise, it was a relief to speak of her. She told the Count of the precarious state in which her young friend had been for some months, though of late she had hoped for her speedy recovery. Some sudden and fearful change must have taken place, or Basil would not have sent for her.

So in truth she found it; Louise had broken a blood-vessel, and was in imminent danger; but

revived a little when she saw her beloved friend and benefactress bending over her, and felt her tears drop on her hand. The physician whom Basil had summoned, interposed, saying, that all excitement must be avoided in her present condition; and Henriette left the room, desiring to be called when the sufferer should be asleep, that she might watch by her side all night.

How she wept as she descended to her own apartment, and reproached herself for having, even for a moment, forgotten Louise. The Count was still waiting, to learn how her friend was; he asked for Henriette, and received permission to call on the succeeding day.

Poor Louise lingered for more than a week; but the seeds of her fatal disorder had for years been implanted in her frame, and the help of medicine was in vain. Her friend remained with her night and day, ministering to her wants with affectionate care: Louise died with Henriette's hand in hers.

Henriette left the stage, and became the proud and happy bride of Count R. When he proffered her his hand and name, he told her that not all the brilliancy of her beauty and genius had affected him so deeply as his knowledge of the noble qualities of her heart. He had learned from Basil of her befriending the destitute girl: had witnessed her sympathy with the unfortunate; and rightly judged, that she who could turn from the homage of thousands to minister to the wants of a suffering fellow being, without feeling that she made any sacrifice, must have a heart it would be happiness to win.

In the elevated circle in which, as Countess R., Henriette now moves, and which she adorns by her talents, she has proved that the true sphere of her sex is domestic and social, not public life; that to mitigate sorrow, and to refine enjoyment, is the appropriate test of Woman's Worth.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

ONCE upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild woody dingle, there lived a certain little Brook, that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well, and been content with the station assigned to it, by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge and that content, consists the true secret of happiness, and the silly little Brook never found out the mystery until it was too late to profit by it. I cannot say positively from what source the little Brook came, but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn, and collecting together its pellucid waters so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregular margin, and slipped away unheard, almost unseen, among mossy stones and entangling branches. Never was emerald so green, never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake, and it was gemmed and embroidered too, by all violets that love the shade, 'pale primroses that die unmarried,' violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytheria's breath. Anemones with their fair downcast heads, and

starry clusters of Forget me not, less darkly brightly blue, than if the sun had kissed their heavenly azure, but looking more lovingly with their pale tender eyes, into the bosom of their native rill. And there wanted not upon that mossy brink, the broad magnificent leaves of the downy coltsfoot, nor the plummy sprays of the tree-fern, and the glossy adder's tooth springing from the roots of that old thorn, and dipping down into that dark cool water. The hawthorn's branches were interwoven above with those of a glorious holly, and a woodbine climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other, its flexile arms, knotting together the mingled foliage with its rich clusters, and elegant festoons, like a fair sister growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and by her endearing witchery drawing together in closer union their already united hearts.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!

In the year's fresh morning, in May, delicious May, or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell, and thickly scattered on the dewy moss lay the odorous tubes of the honey-suckle, flung carelessly away by the Elfín Hunters, as the last blast of their breathings wound through those small clarions, then died away with unearthly sweetness down the moon-light glade. Then came the squirrel with his mirthful antics. Then rustling through fern and brushwood stole the timid hare, half startled as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large lustrous eyes. There was no lack of music round about, for a song thrush had her domicil hard by, and ever at night her mellow voice was heard, contending with the nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists innumerable awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low tremulous call of the ring dove floated at intervals through the shivering foliage, the very soul of sound and sweetness.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!

In winter the glossy green and coral clusters of the holly, flung down their rich reflections in the little pool, they visited through the leafless thorn, with a gleam of more than perfect daylight. And a redbreast which had built its nest, and reared its young amid the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his throat at the little Brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks, and tuning his small pipe when every feathered throat but his was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which begun with the birth-day of nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath! True it was no unintercepted sunshine ever glittered in its shaded waters, but just above that spot, where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the over arching foliage admitted by day a glimpse of the blue sky, and by night, the mild pale ray of a bright fixed star, which looked down into the stilly water, with such tender radiance as beam from the eyes we love best, when they rest upon us, with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness. Forever and forever when night came, the beautiful star, still gazed upon its earth-born love, still trembled, reflected in its liquid bosom, which seemed in truth, if a wander-

ing air but skimmed its surface, to stir as if with life, in responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

Oh! faithful Star! Oh! happy little Brook! Who would not say so, who knows what it is to be the one thing cared for—thought upon—looked upon—among all the bright beautiful things of this earth? Some malicious whispers went abroad indeed, that the enamoured gaze of that radiant eye, was not always exclusively fixed on the little Brook—that it had its oblique glances for other favourites. But I take it those rumours were altogether libellous. Mere rural gossip, scandalous tittle-tattle, got up between two old grey mousing owls, who went prowling about and prying into their neighbours' concerns when they might. However that may be, though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little Brook in ignorance of their candid conjectures, it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said, which was generous, confiding and high-spirited, and acting just as one ought to act under such circumstances, and would have been highly creditable to the little Brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the engrossing influence of certain new-fangled notions and desires, which in an unlucky hour, had insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom. Alas! that elementary, as well as human natures, should be liable to mortal infirmities! But that they are, was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little Brook. You must know that notwithstanding that leafy recess was to all inward appearance sequestered in the heart of a vast forest, in fact it only skirted the edge of a vast plain, in one part of which lay a fine sheet of water—a large pond—to which vast herds of kine and oxen came down to drink, morning and evening,—and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together, during the sultry summer noon, when the waveless water glowing like a fiery mirror, reflected with magical effect, the huge forms of the congregated cattle, as well as those of a stately flock of milk white geese. Now it so chanced that from the quiet nook, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened precisely in the direction of the plain and pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been perforated by the Demon of Mischievousness, which no eye could have spied out, save that of a lynx, or an idle person. Alas! our little Brook was idle! She had nothing in the world to do, from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil. So, though she might have found useful occupation, she spent her whole time in peeping and prying about, till one unlucky day, what should she hit upon but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through the telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing with the noon-day sun, the herd of cattle, the flocks of geese so brilliantly redoubled in its broad mirror. "My Stars!" ejaculated the little Brook (little thought she at that moment of the one faithful Star) "My Stars! what can that all be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? And what can those great creatures be? Not hares sure, though they have legs and tails, but such tails! And those other white things that

float about, they can't be birds, for they've no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings! What a life of ignorance I've led! Huddled up in this dull little place visited by only a few mean humdrum creatures, and never suspecting the world contained grander things and finer company!"

Till this discovery the little Brook had been well enough satisfied with her condition, contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures, who frequented her retreat, and with the tender adoration of her own "bright unchanging Star." But now there was an end to all content, and no end to garrulous complaint and restless curiosity. The latter she soon found means to gratify, for the sky-lark brought her flaming accounts of the Sun, and the Water-Wag-Tail, a fowl of diplomatic genius, was dispatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects so bewildering to the comprehensive faculties of the curious little Brook. Back came the charge d'affairs, moving and wagging his tail with the most fantastic airs of conceited importance. "Well, what is it?" quoth my lady Brook. "Water, upon veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "a monstrous piece of water, a hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship." "And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull colour," quoth my lady. "The sun that shines full upon it," rejoins the envoy. "Oh! that great and glorious globe the sky-lark talks of. How delightful to enjoy his notice! But what are those fine creatures with legs, and those with wings but no legs?" "Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese. But you can't comprehend their natures, never having seen anything bigger than a hare or a wood pigeon." "How now, Master Malapert!" quoth my lady, nettled to the quick at this impertinent jack in office, but her curiosity was not half satiated. So she went on questioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy at Master Wagtail's marvellous relations. Thenceforward the little Brook loathed her own peaceful and unobtrusive lot; she would have shrank away from the poor innocent creatures who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And most of all, most unpardonable of all, she sickened at the sight of her own benignant star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and adoringly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless estrangement. Well, she went fretting and repining on from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humour, resolved to punish her as she deserved, by granting her heart's desires.

One summer morning came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws, axes, and bill-hooks. To work they went, lopping, hewing, and cleaving, and before nightfall, there lay the little Brook exposed to the broad canopy of Heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the intrusion of those despised, insignificant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar haunt, by that day's ruthless execution. "Well," quoth the little Brook, "this is something like life! What a fine world this is! A little chilly, though, and I feel, I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow when that great orb comes over head again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough no doubt,

and then I dare say some of those fine creatures will come and visit me. And who knows but I may grow as big as that great pond in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages." Down went the sun, up rose the moon, out shone an innumerable host of sparkling orbs, and among them, that "bright particular Star" looked out pre-eminent in stationary lustre. Doubtless its pure and radiant eye dwelt with tender sorrow on the altered condition of its beloved little Brook. But that volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled in the true spirit of flirtation with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the grey hour of dawn, without having vouchsafed so much as one glance of recognition at her old unalienated friend. Down went the moon and stars, up rose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener waxed the impatience of the ambitious little Brook. Never did court beauty so eagerly anticipate her first representation to the eye of majesty! And at last arrived the hour so much longed for. Right over her head coursed the radiant orb! Down darted his fervid fire beams, down vertically upon the centre of the little Brook—penetrating through its shallow waters, to the very pebbles beneath. At first it was so agitated and extasied by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying it had attracted peculiar observation, that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth, which began to pervade its elementary system. But presently when the fermentation of its wits had abated, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself, that the sensation, though very oppressive still was exceedingly delightful. But at length such an accession of fervor came on that the self delusion was no longer practicable, it began to hiss and hiss as if it sat on a great furnace; indeed its pebbly basin was pretty near red-hot. Oh! what would the little brook have given now for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn to intercept those intolerable rays, or for the gentle winnowing of the black bud pines, or even the poor robins to fan its glowing bosom. But those protecting boughs lay scattered around, those sweet sky songsters had sought out a distant refuge, and my lady Brook had nothing left for it but to endure what she could not alter, "and after all," quoth she, "it's only for a little while; and by and by when his majesty looks a little sideways at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favour, and in time no doubt be able to sustain his full gaze, without any of these unbecoming flutters, all owing to my rustic education, and the confined life I have hitherto led."

Well, his majesty withdrew as usual, and my lady began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again with restored complacency. What was her exultation when she beheld the whole train of geese, waddling towards her from the great pond, taking that pathway homewards out of sheer curiosity I suppose. As the goodly company approached, our Brook admired the stateliness of their carriage and thought it eminently graceful "for undoubt-

edly they are persons of distinguished rank' quoth 'she, and how much finer voices they must have than those vulgar fowls whose eternal twittering used to make me so nervous. Just then the whole flock set up such a gabbling and screeching as they passed close by, that the little Brook well nigh leap out of her reservoir with horror and amazement; and to complete her consternation one fat old dowager goose straggled awkwardly out of the line of march, plump right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling precipitation, which cruelly disordered the victim of her barbarous outrage. Hardly were they out of sight when a huge ox goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gad fly, broke away from the herd, and came galloping down in his blind agony to the woods, just beyond the new cleared spot, when the little Brook lying in his way he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, heedless of the helpless object subjected to his ruffian treatment. That one splash nearly annihilated the miserable little Brook. The huge fore hoofs fixed themselves into its mossy bank; the hind ones with a single extricating plunge, bounded bank and brook together into a muddy hole, and the tail with one insolent whisk spattered half the conglomerated mass of black defilement over the surrounding herbage. And now what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little Brook? A black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool, from which in its altered state, not the meanest creature that crawled or flew, would have condescended to quench its thirst, which defiled instead of refreshing the adjacent verdure, and was become utterly incapable of reflecting any earthly or heavenly object.

Night came again! how beautiful is night! but darkness was on the face of the little Brook, and well for it that it was total darkness.—for in that state of conscious degradation how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure forsaken Star? Long, dark and companionless was that first night of misery, and when morning dawned, though the turbid water had regained a degree of transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former fair proportion. So much had it lost by evaporation in that fierce solar alembic,—so much from absorption in the loosened and choking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin,—and so much from dispersion, from the wasteful havoc of its destructive invaders. Again the great sun looked down upon it, again the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little Brook, than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied bosom, in the day of its brightness and beauty.

But never in its season of brightest plentitude, was the water of the little Brook so clear—so perfectly clear and pure as that last portion, which lay like a liquid gem in the small concave of the polished stone. It had been filtered from every grosser particle,—refined by rough discipline—purified by adversity, even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness, which had adulterated

its sparkling waters, even in the days of its loveliness and beauty.

Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and dipping his beak once and again in the diminished fount, which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, dropped his russet wings with a slight quivering motion, and broke forth into a short sweet gush of parting song, before he winged his way forever from his expiring benefactor.

Twilight had melted into night—dark night—for neither moon nor stars were visible through the thick clouds that canopied the night. In darkness and silence lay the little Brook, forgotten, it almost seemed, by its benignant Star, as though its last drop were exhaled into nothingness—its languishing existence already struck out of the list of created things. Time *had* been, when such apparent neglect would have excited its highest indignation—but time *now* was, that it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction—and after a little while looking fixedly upwards, it almost fancied that the form, if not the radiance of the beloved Star, was faintly perceptible through the intervening darkness. The little Brook was not deceived. Cloud after cloud rolled away from the Central Heaven till at last the unchanging Star was plainly discernible through the fleecy vapour, which yet obscured its perfect lustre. But through that silvery veil the beautiful Star looked down intently, yet mournfully, on its repentant love. And there was more of pity, of tenderness and reconciliation in that dim, trembling gaze, than if the pure heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail humble creature below. Just then a few large drops fell heavily from the departing cloud, and one trembling for a moment, with starry light, fell like a forgiving tear into the bosom of the little wasting, sorrowful Brook.

Long, long and undisturbed, was the last mysterious communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt that voiceless intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity. For all that remained of the poor little Brook, was soon to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, and it would but change its visible form to become an imperishable essence. And who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly loved one, and indissolubly united with its celestial substance.

Love.—The soul that is once truly touched with the magnetic force of Divine love, can never relish anything here so pleasingly as that entirely she can rest upon it. Though the pleasures profits and honours of this life may sometimes shuffle him out of his ~~usual~~ course, yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro like quicksilver, and is never quiet within till he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness. There it is his centre points, and there his circle is bounded, which, though unseen and unperceived by others, are sought to him as nothing can buy from him.—*Feltham.*