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(ORIGINAL.)

WOODLAND MANOR; OR, THE DISPUTED TITLE.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Captain Sidney Forester had a friend in the same regiment with himself, a Major Stapleton, who was several years his senior, and who had unfortunately been his intimate associate since the day he joined. We say unfortunately, because Major Stapleton was a man of unrestrained habits, without one ray of religion to guide him—yet his sins being concealed from the world under the most specious and gentlemanlike manners, his society was courted by those, who, looking not beyond the outward man, beheld in him only the agreeable and amusing companion—he attached himself to Forester, who he soon discovered was weak and easily led, and he quickly acquired a powerful influence over him. The previous education of Forester had not been such as to prove the basis of strong and good principles—his father was an excellent soldier, but this, in his opinion, comprised all that was necessary, and except the army list, no book was ever seen in his hands. From his mother, Forester could gain nothing that was improving, since she was vain, silly, violent, and most supremely selfish—thus were those years in which a Christian parent endeavours to sow the good seed while the soil is tender, suffered to lay waste, producing no fruit. What wonder then, when he was launched at the age of seventeen, his own master, on the busy sea of life, without rudder or compass, that he should steer unheedingly among shoals and rocks, since no friendly beacon light warned him from their dangers, or guided him in the way he should go—and is not the case of Forester that of thousands. How mournful it is to a feeling heart which has learnt the deep importance of divine knowledge, to behold the reckless career of those, who, had religion been early instilled into their minds, might have pursued a long and happy course on earth, ending in immortal joy, wasting their days in riot and dissipation, ruining their healths and forfeiting their best hopes. Alas, and for what!—let them look through the vista of time, and behold, and surely they will own that the misguided and wicked Jews who cried, “not Jesus, but Barabbas,” were scarcely more culpable, more madly ignorant of their eternal weal than they—for

in the spirit of the letter do they not make this awful choice, each time that, to gratify some sinful indulgence, they close their hearts to the voice of conscience, which is that of the Holy Spirit of God, and thus crucify their Saviour afresh.

It was to this friend that Forester confided his attachment for Rosetta, and its hopelessness, and from him received such advice as might have been expected, and which he was but too ready to follow. He urged him to write to Rosetta in the most powerful language, expressing the unhappy state of his mind, and the fatal consequences that would ensue if she would not see him.

“You need not tell her how you console yourself,” added Major Stapleton, laughing; “but you must really take some pains to win this fair girl and her money, which, of the two, you require the most, as your father refuses to honour any more of your bills. I will help you with my counsels; they have been useful to you on more than one occasion.”

The letter was accordingly written, and intrusted to Lumley, who promised to convey it to her young lady, and advocate the cause of the unhappy innamorato. Many were the tears that Rosetta shed over the affecting account of his sufferings, which she most firmly believed were beyond even what he expressed. Her first impulse was to show the letter to her mother, and implore her to take pity on them both—but fear withheld her. The emotions its perusal called forth were entirely new, and she felt at the moment that she could brave any misery, any privation, rather than forsake him. Hers was a highly romantic mind, and though Lady Neville had endeavoured to sober this down by a healthful course of reading, and a solid education, still she could not wholly succeed in reining her imagination within the bounds of reason and reality. Rosetta viewed all things as she wished, rather than as they were—she would study her Bible, or any other good book, which her mother placed in her hands, to please her; but they engaged not her heart, and she would lay them down again with a feeling of gladness that the task was over. She could not understand the nature of that happiness which her cousin

Blanche derived from religion—she had learnt its forms from her earliest childhood, but she had yet to feel its renovating power in her heart. As the child of many prayers, Lady Neville always looked hopefully forward to the time when these would be answered and blessed.

“Assure me of her soul’s salvation, while I am on earth,” would the fond mother mentally cry; “spare her from sorrow, if she can be brought to thee without it—yet if she needs chastisement, she is in thy hands—oh, Lord, do that which seemeth right in thy sight.”

Rosetta, we repeat, was affectionately attached to her only parent and to her cousin, and till she knew Sidney Forester, not a thought had been withheld from either; but from the day she beheld him, a newer and a brighter existence seemed to open before her, for in him she discovered the hero of her fairest dreams—his handsome appearance attracted, while his lively manners pleased her; these, added to the exclusive admiration which he bestowed upon her, soon won her young and inexperienced heart. Could his have been bared to her, how would she have mourned that she had lavished one thought on him, who was in reality totally unworthy. Since the night that Blanche had so seriously admonished her, she felt that she could no longer sympathize with her, and she determined to confide in her no more—as the result had proved so destructive to her wishes. She tried to think her cousin too strict in her notions—but in this she was not successful—while the affectionate endeavours of Blanche to win her to reveal what was so evidently weighing on her spirits, seemed to reproach her for her ingratitude—how much more the redoubled kindness of her excellent mother. The letter of Forester she placed beneath her pillow, and read and re-read until every word was engraven on her memory. All her sacred duties were at this dangerous time neglected, save those which she mechanically performed, in the presence of Lady Neville, who watched her with the deepest anxiety. Thinking to divert her, she drew her friends more frequently around her at the priory, indulging the hope that one like Lord de Melfort could not long be viewed with indifference—but her penetration quickly discovered his preference for Blanche, nor did it surprise her, though she sighed to see her fondest hopes thus fading before her. But sorrow having taught her the mutability of all earthly desires, she resigned herself to the will of her Heavenly Father, praying only that he would preserve her child from the evil to come.

Rosetta reflected some time ere she replied to the letter she had received. There were moments when she felt inclined to cast herself on her mother’s bosom, and reveal its contents to her—then the form of her lover would seem to rise up before her, and upbraid her for her cruelty to him.

“What can I do,” cried the unhappy girl; “whichever way I turn, misery haunts me—if Blanche was in doubt or sorrow, prayer would console and strengthen her—but to me it brings no relief.”

Rosetta forgot that it is only when we pray aright that God hearkens to us—she implored no guidance, or if she did, it was with a predetermined will of her own. How then could she expect a blessing?

By the advice of Lumley, (alas, what a counsellor to choose,) she at length wrote to Forester, expressing the struggles she felt between her sense of duty and her affection for him. Lumley would have urged her to meet him, but this her instinctive delicacy forbade, and she positively refused to do so, telling him that if even it were practicable, her consent to such an act would never be given. Forester was severely disappointed with her reply, and in his chagrin, showed it to his friend, Major Stapleton, who at once perceiving the advantage that had been gained over her by this first act of concealment, said:

“She has not betrayed you to her mother, therefore you have only to press your suit with more vehemence, and rest assured the prize will yet be won.”

It is needless to say that Forester did so—but not even his influence could avail to shake the determination of the innocent Rosetta, who experienced a shock at the very idea of such a dereliction from all she had been taught to consider correct and right—he was obliged therefore to have recourse to stratagem.

Lumley entered her room one morning, telling her that Lady Neville had sent for her to join her in her walk in the grounds.

“Why, mamma rarely goes out so early,” replied Rosetta; “I left her but a little while ago, and she was then going to write letters—where is she?”

“In the elm walk,” replied Lumley; “here is your bonnet, Miss Neville.”

Rosetta hastily tied it on, and left the room through the glass doors which led by steps from the balcony—the elm walk was at the very extremity of the grounds, and opened on to the road. On reaching it, Rosetta looked for her mother, but not seeing her, she called to her—when a quick footstep was immediately heard, and in another instant Captain Forester stood before her. Rosetta screamed, and would have fled, but he detained her, when such was her terror that she fainted—he carried her to a bank and threw water over her face from a small brook, over which a slight bridge was constructed. She looked so like a child as she lay in this helpless state, that his heart for an instant smote him, as he reflected how ill this fair young creature would be able to cope with the dangers and hardships which might fall to her lot, were she united to him. When again her eyes unclosed, and

rested on the anxious face of her lover, she burst into a passionate flood of tears, nor could all his endeavours soothe or tranquillize her.

"Rosetta," he said, pressing her fondly; "is this my only welcome—why exhibit such intense grief on finding me here, instead of her you sought? If you knew all I have suffered since last we met, you would pardon the deception used to bring you hither."

"Oh, no, no—it was very wrong, very cruel—it only makes me still more unhappy," replied the agitated girl, sobbing violently; "I should fear to tell mamma that I had seen you, and yet the idea of deceiving her, so good and kind as she is, would be even more terrible to me than her anger."

"Come, come, be composed, dearest, and dry these foolish tears," returned Forester, rather petulantly; "they make me think you have ceased to care for me—what is it you fear?"

"I fear to remain here an instant—I fear that you should be discovered—I fear to do what I know is wrong, in listening to you—do let me return to mamma."

"Rosetta, this is folly, absolute childish folly," said Forester, in a tone of increased impatience; "why did you show the ring?—if you had not done so, we might still have been permitted to meet openly."

"My cousin advised me to it, and she was right, Forester."

"Your methodical cousin was it; I have much to thank her for, truly."

"Oh, do not blame her—would that I were more like her—for she is good and happy, while I am miserable;" and again the tears of Rosetta burst forth.

"Say not so, my beloved girl," said Forester, his voice and manner softening as he perceived his influence decreasing by his petulance; "have you no pity for me—think how dear you are to me, and what I must feel at the thoughts of losing you forever. Rosetta, you must not let them divide us—say you will not consent to it—that you will see me here again. Nay do not turn away; I must have your promise ere we part."

"I dare not promise—detain me not, I beseech you—every instant I expect some form to start up," and the trembling girl looked around her with dismay.

"If you will only pledge me your word to come hither once again, you shall go directly," said Forester, holding her firmly by the wrist. "Rosetta I fully expect to leave E—shortly; you must not deny me another interview—say when shall it be?"

"Oh, I surely hear the sound of voices—Forester this is cruel," and she struggled to free herself.

"You promise then on Thursday—say Thursday, you will meet me here at the same hour."

The footsteps were drawing nearer.

"Yes, yes, Thursday—I promise."

"That is a dear girl—fare you well."

The moment she was released, she sprang like a frightened fawn away; while Forester, with a smile of triumph on his lip, withdrew over the bridge, through a small gate, and mounting his horse, which awaited him, dashed off with the speed of an arrow. The intruder proved to be one of the under gardeners, who had come to sweep away the leaves.

Had Rosetta followed the dictates of her conscience, she would have instantly sought her mother, and confessed to her the manner in which she had been deceived into meeting Captain Forester—but on gaining her own room, panting and agitated, she found Lumley, who replied to her approaches with so much contrition, beseeching her not to betray her to Lady Neville, that the weak girl was won to silence.

"I must have been made of stone, had I withstood the entreaties of so beautiful a gentleman, whose heart seems breaking for you, Miss Rosetta," she said. "Well, I do think it is a cruel thing to part such true lovers."

Lumley forgot to mention the influence which gold had possessed over her tenderness and her rectitude.

It was the custom of Rosetta, previous to her retiring for the night, to enter her mother's room and receive her blessing, but on this she dared not do so. She pleaded a headache and went to bed at an early hour, the words of her cousin ringing in her ears: "Beware of the first step in deceiving those who we are bound by every holy tie to love and reverence." This had been passed, and the bitter reflections which followed saturated her pillow with tears of heartfelt agony. Lady Neville had perceived her increased depression and agitation throughout the day—and the sight of her young and lovely face, which had hitherto been all smiles and happiness, wearing so sad an aspect, filled her with anxiety:

"Yet, the chastening is for her good," said the fond mother; "my decision may cause her temporary pain—but she will thank me in after years—were I to gratify her inexperienced wishes, and give her to that young and thoughtless man, misery would be the portion of her whole future life."

A few evenings subsequent to this, Mr. Neville and his daughter set out with the intention of walking over to the Priory, as they had not seen Lady Neville or Rosetta for several days, a most unusual break in their constant and familiar intercourse. Mr. Neville proposed their taking the path through the wood, but Blanche expressed a preference to go by the common.

"Why, my child, that is more distant and less beautiful," said Mr. Neville; "but be it as you like, so long as our pilgrimage is performed together and leads us at last to the same haven, no matter whether our pathway be strewn with briars or roses."

Blanche affectionately pressed the arm which supported her, while for an instant her mind dwelt on the real meaning of her father's words—she then replied, smiling :

"But the common has its beauties too, dear papa—its bright yellow furze-blossoms—the harebells and the wild heath, all are to me lovely; and then the deep glen where the gipsies are encamped—how truly picturesque it is."

"You say truly, my child," returned Mr. Neville, "all the works of God are beautiful, from the mighty ocean—the grand cataract—even to the minutest flower which grows beneath our feet—and if this world ruined and marred as it is by the entrance of sin, is still so lovely, what will be the perfection of the one to come, so glowingly described by the Prophet Isaiah—and again in Revelation, where we are told that neither sun nor moon will be required, but where the glory of God and of the Lamb will be its light—what a prospect is this to cheer the way-worn traveller, who, after all the trials and sorrows he is doomed to experience in this lower valley, looks with an eye of faith through the glass darkly, and beholds the joys which await him in the presence of his Creator, and of all those whom he has lost and loved on earth—yes, 'thrice blessed are they whose strength is in thee, O Lord—in whose hearts are thy ways, who going through this vale of misery can use it for a well, and the pools are filled with water—they will go from strength to strength and unto thee appeareth every one of them in Sion.'"

"But I am forgetting where we are," continued the good minister, checking himself, "and am actually preaching a sermon like any itinerant on the open heath; yet when the heart overflows with gratitude it must find some channel to discharge its abundance."

"And how gladly do I receive its outpourings, my dearest father," replied Blanche; "the altar of praise you raise up by the way side is to me always delightful, and gives me many a subject for useful meditation when I am alone."

At this moment two horsemen appeared in view—and as they drew nearer, in the one, Blanche discovered Lord De Melfort; her cheek instantly became crimsoned, and her manner confused as he advanced towards her and her father, at the same time, dismounting and introducing his friend Colonel Lennox; "Are you going far?" was his enquiry.

"Only to the Priory," replied Mr. Neville; "we have not seen my sister for several days, and to us that is an unusual circumstance."

"I have also been a stranger there of late," said Lord De Melfort; "I know not how it is, my days have seemed to fly since I came to Woodland. I never can perform half that I have planned for myself in the morning."

"And yet I hear of much being done to which your name is attached, my lord," returned Mr.

Neville, gazing benignantly on the fine animated countenance of the noble young man—"I see the smoke wreathing from many a cottage—and I hear the sound of many happy voices, where all was cheerless and desolate before the return of Lord De Melfort, who does indeed seem fully to comprehend the meaning of that text which has so often been misconstrued and misunderstood; 'make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,' for you employ your riches (so often a snare) in your Divine Masters service—instead of converting them into your bitterest foes by wasting them in sinful indulgences."

"The absentee has a double duty to perform," replied Lord De Melfort, carelessly, and with a flushed countenance—"when the power is given to confer good—and it is left undone—a fearful account will be required; but I thought your nearest road lay through the wood—you have wandered from the right path, have you not?"

"My daughter beguiled me," replied Mr. Neville, smiling; "I came this way to please her—but as it has procured us the gratification of meeting you I cannot regret it."

Lord De Melfort had turned his horse's head and continued walking by the side of Mr. Neville, while speaking, accompanied by Colonel Lennox, whose countenance expressed interest in all that had passed, though he spoke not. Without being handsome, the appearance of the stranger possessed that high military bearing, that gentlemanlike deportment, which must ever command attention; to these were combined the qualities of the refined intellectual man—the gallant soldier—above all, the good Christian. He had been the companion of Lord De Melfort's travels, to whom he was warmly attached, and by whom his friendship was duly appreciated; in years he was six his senior. The little party had now reached the glen, when they were immediately assailed by several ragged gipsy children, whose sparkling black eyes and merry faces told how lightly poverty weighed upon their young hearts. They eagerly stretched forth their hands for the usual offering.

"Why you young rascals, what would you do with money?" enquired Colonel Lennox, goodnaturedly opening his purse and giving a trifle, an example which was quickly followed by his companion.

"Buy food for mammy, now daddy is gone away," replied the grinning urchins, running down the side of the glen tumbling over each other, and hallooing in the exuberance of their joy. In the same instant a wild figure started up from below, her long white elf looks streaming in the wind, her bronzed and withered face deeply lined with the marks of age, while her piercing black eyes were turned alternately on each—Lord De Melfort's horse seemed startled at her sudden appearance, and endeavoured to break away from his hold, rearing

and plunging violently; Blanche for an instant forgetting her presence of mind, clasped her hands exclaiming:

"Oh, let him go, let him go—he will hurt you."

Lord De Melfort's pleased astonishment as he looked at her, recalled her to herself, and she deeply blushed while he, giving his horse to his servant who rode up to take him, said with a smile:

"The gipsy has earned a broad piece of gold for calling forth your kind solicitude—I gave you credit for more nerve and less sensibility—what say you to the charge?" Blanche stammered some reply as her eyes fell beneath his, when the keen witted gipsy approaching her, addressed her in that tone of voice so peculiar to her tribe, saying:

"Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty lady; great good is coming to you; you are loved by one who has ploughed the seas in a ship laden with gold—you will meet many crosses, for enemies are abroad—the eagle builds high, yet may he fall as soon as the sparrow—the bow is strung—the arrow is pointed—but fear not when the bird gathers the red berry from the ash, and the knarled and knotted oak, is stripped of its leaves, and stern winter is come, then shall your hopes draw near their fulfilment—and by the fall of another will you rise." She uttered this with rapidity; but was checked in proceeding by Mr. Neville, who leading his daughter away, said:

"Silence, woman, your words are presumptuous; the future alone belongs to God, who has thus spoken: 'boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth,' here take this," he continued, producing a small Testament from his pocket; "some of your people can read—in this volume you will learn what may benefit your immortal soul, long after this world, with its pomps and vanities, shall have passed away."

There was a solemnity in the manner of the good minister which gave weight to his simplest words, the gipsy received the sacred volume with a profound curtsy and in silence, while Lord De Melfort slipped a piece of money into her hand as she glided past him, turning away to avoid her thanks; he then drew the arm of Blanche within his, and walked on without speaking until they reached the avenue gate belonging to the Priory.

"We must not part here," said Mr. Neville, as they paused before it; "our visit will be doubly welcome to my sister, if you will accompany us and introduce your friend."

The proposal was too agreeable to Lord De Melfort to be declined, and desiring his servant to take back the horses to Woodland, he turned playfully to Colonel Lennox, saying:

"Now, Lennox, beware—you are treading on enchanted ground—some unseen shaft from the hands of a fairy may wound you ere you have time to defend yourself."

"Let it come, my dear fellow," replied his friend laughing; "the only wound a soldier shuns must be aimed at his back—and here that can never be." His eyes were directed towards Blanche as he spoke.

Lady Neville received her visitors with a smile of pleasure. "This is indeed an unexpected treat," she said; "I was beginning to fear you had all forgotten us. Blanche, dear, your cousin has been longing for you all day; she is confined to the sofa with a severe cold." They entered the drawing room as she spoke, where they found Rosetta reclining on a couch supported by pillows; Blanche flew forward—in an instant, they were clasped in each other's arms. Rosetta laid her burning cheek on that of her cousin's as she whispered in a low husky voice: "This is a gleam of happiness, dearest Blanche, the days have been long and dull without you; what has kept you away?" She rose in some confusion on perceiving Lord De Melfort and a stranger.

"Here are only friends, my child," said Mr. Neville, bending to kiss her; "how have you contrived to become an invalid; your hand feels quite feverish."

"She was so imprudent as to continue walking in the grounds during the rain this morning," replied Lady Neville, "and returned home quite wet—I was not even aware that she had gone out, but supposed she was in her own room reading."

A thrill of agony pervaded the whole frame of Rosetta; at these words she covered her eyes with her hands; and turned away her face; none noticed her emotion, save Blanche, who was struck by it as she sat down by her side. Lord De Melfort also drew near her and began talking in a lively strain, to divert the melancholy which on a closer view he perceived had overcast her usually bright and happy countenance. The manner he had adopted towards Rosetta, almost from the first, was that of a brother to a younger sister—playful and affectionate, while invariably he called her by the familiar appellation of Rose. How different to the more deferential way in which he treated Blanche—to casual observers the former would have been thought the chosen one, but then they marked not the peculiar interest expressed in his fine intellectual face, whenever the voice of Blanche was heard speaking, or how earnestly at times he would fix his eyes upon her, as if he desired to penetrate her inmost thoughts. His conversation he seldom directed to her, unless he could draw her apart from the group, when he would converse in low tones, on the theme he only ventured to dwell upon with a few—his departed mother, who he fancied she resembled; he would also consult her taste in all his projected improvements at Woodland Manor. There was one subject alone on which he was silent, though his manner too often eloquently expressed his feelings—but Blanche had always repelled any advances on his part with so much coldness,

that it checked them instantly, and sent him to the side of Rosetta, whose vivacity amused while it called forth for the time being a corresponding light tone in him—but this evening he was concerned to see her so changed; her eyes would fill with tears whenever he spoke to her, while her whole deportment expressed anxiety and sorrow.

“She has more feeling than I imagined,” he said, after watching her attentively; “would that her young affections were not so hopelessly wasted as I fear they are.”

Lady Neville had drawn the rector aside, and appeared conversing confidentially with him, their eyes occasionally directed towards Rosetta, whose hand was linked in that of Blanche as if she dreaded her leaving her. Colonel Lennox viewed them both with interest—wondering at the display of grief so apparent in the young and beautiful girl, at whose age all is usually sunshine. His was a gifted and a noble mind. Allied to a high family, and perfectly independent, he was much courted amidst the gay world, but unspoiled by its flatteries and follies. He beheld the vices and failings of mankind in pity rather than in anger, and while he abhorred the sin he had compassion on the sinner—he was a real patriot, who gloried in his country, and viewed with honest indignation those excited and seditious leaders of faction, who deluding their ignorant countrymen, enticed them from the peace and contentment of their homes and their useful labours, to follow their wicked counsels—filling their minds with fancied wrongs and causing them like Esop’s dog, to lose the substance in grasping at the shadow—well he knew that internal disunion must eventually bring ruin on the land so cursed—and that brother rising against brother in unnatural strife, being in opposition to the Divine commands of Christ, can never receive his blessing or his sanction. His notions with respect to women were unusually refined—the slightest dereliction on their part from what he conceived of propriety and becoming reserve lost for them his esteem, although he never was heard to breathe a word of censure, thus the difficulty to gain his good opinion, rendered it still more valued when once it was obtained—affectation and all the little trickeries by which they so often endeavour to fascinate, he despised and laughed at. He wished to behold in them companions, not playthings—nature and not art, holy truth and not its semblance.

Lady Neville now came forward and addressed her attention entirely to him, when soon his polished and prepossessing manners won for him her regards. By degrees the spirits of Rosetta seemed to revive under the cheerful influence of her companions; again her soft blue eyes were lighted up with animation, and her smiles repaid those who sought to amuse her. They would have left early on her account, but she entreated them to remain, and urged Blanche to sing some of her favourite ballads, which

were listened to with intense delight by Lord De Melfort and his friend; at length when the hour approached for the little party to separate, Rosetta held her cousin back as the rest were leaving the room; and clasping her in her arms looked for an instant in tearful agony upon her.

“Rosetta, my beloved cousin,” said Blanche, much affected, and kneeling down by her side; “something is pressing heavily on your mind; be it what it may, as you regard your future happiness, and that of your only parent, reveal it to her this night, I implore you.”

“Blanche, I dare not; it is too late. Oh, you know not what terrible consequences would follow—even the death of another,” and the unhappy girl shuddered as she spoke:

“Rosetta, the consequences are in higher hands than yours,” returned Blanche in her most serious tone. “It is unfaithful to confine God’s power within our own limits, whatever you feel to be your duty, perform it fearlessly; promise me this, my sweet cousin, and I shall depart full of joy. My aunt is approaching; oh, Rosetta, remember all that you owe to her; speak, for I must leave you—Tell me you will open your heart to your truest earthly friend.”

Rosetta faintly smiled. She returned the pressure of her cousin’s hand, but she could make no reply, as her mother, who had followed her visitors into the anti-room, now returned.

“Remember,” softly whispered Blanche, once more embracing the agitated girl; and then affectionately bidding good night to her aunt, she ran after her father, who she found waiting for her in the hall. The moon was careering high in the Heavens as they emerged, from the avenue on to the heath. Lord De Melfort had again resumed his charge of Blanche, and on their passing the gipsy camp, they beheld their dark forms cowering over the fire they had kindled to dress their evening meal, while ever and anon some old crone would raise the lid of the caldron to see how it fared.

“I should like to know,” said Lord De Melfort, laughing, “how much of my good venison is seething there—the keepers make doleful complaints of their missing sundry deer, and I confess these are suspicious neighbours.”

“Now, I will not have you say so,” returned Blanche, “from my very childhood I have taken an interest in the whole gipsy tribe. There is a romance attached to their wild wandering habits which interests me, and I do think it is hard to see them hunted from place to place, as if they had no right to rest the soles of their feet upon any spot of earth. Are they not God’s creatures as well as we; their poverty and rags, place no barrier between them and us in His sight, who looks with compassion and mercy upon all—let us rather seek to inform them and lead them to Him, than drive them like beasts from their lair.”

"My sweet pleader," said Lord De Melfort, amused at the earnestness with which she spoke, "the gipsies shall be my peculiar care from henceforth; I am not clear but I may send them one of the finest bucks from the herd tomorrow."

"That would be a dangerous experiment," returned Blanche, smiling. "What has never been ours cannot be missed, and you would lessen their content by increasing their desires."

Mr. Neville, who was walking a few paces before them with Colonel Lennox, now turned to say.

"Here, I apprehend, we must part company, since our road home lays in an opposite direction to yours."

"But our wishes follow the same, my dear sir," said Lord De Melfort, "and these I generally attend to; so, with your permission, as I have got on my seven leagued boots tonight, you must allow us to accompany you all the way. Lennox, I am sure will gladly agree to this."

"Most readily," replied his friend, with a quiet smile, full of meaning, as he glanced his eyes on Blanche. "I have been performing dwarf to the giant with you for the last six years, till I am now perfect in my part. Shall we take the path through the wood?"

"If Miss Neville has no particular objection?"

"I will answer for her this time," said Mr. Neville; "I came by the common to please her. I must return by the wood to please myself. I would not miss the song of the nightingale for much."

"How delightful it is to see your father so alive to the simple beauties of nature," observed Lord De Melfort as they once more proceeded. "He seems to preserve all the freshness of youth, united to the sense and judgment of maturer years."

"He is all excellence," said Blanche warmly, who upon the merits of her father was an enthusiast. "I scarcely know one to whom I might compare him."

"And for that reason I could have wished to cultivate his friendship more intimately," returned Lord De Melfort. "He is endeared to me on many accounts, but you are such a gad-about," he continued playfully, "that I begin to despair of ever meeting you at home." The crimson rushed to the cheek of Blanche at these words, but she made no reply.

They had now entered the wood, where in some parts the trees were so dense that their path lay in darkness, then again the moon beams piercing through the branches would reflect their long shadows on the ground, and make them assume a thousand fantastic forms.

"Listen to the nightingale," said Mr. Neville, pausing, "how sweetly her notes fall on the ear in this solitude; who would forego a scene like this for the excitement of a gay crowd, where mirth is so often forced without being felt."

"None who have hearts to estimate the delights of this," replied Lord De Melfort. "Miss Neville, I trust yours responds in unison."

"Can you doubt it?" said Blanche, impressively, while her whole soul beamed in her eyes, as she met his earnestly fixed upon her.

"God bless you," he murmured, pressing her hand; "are you aware," he continued, when they again moved on, "that you vexed me much a few days ago, and put me out of humour with myself and every one around me?"

"I am sorry for that," replied Blanche, colouring, as her thoughts reverted to their meeting in the game-keeper's cottage; "I should have scarcely thought that possible. Papa, did you not see some strange object flit across our path just now?" But Mr. Neville was talking so earnestly to Colonel Lennox, that he heard her not.

"Can you tell me how it is," proceeded Lord De Melfort, without heeding her observation, "that although I made your acquaintance and your cousin's at the same time, yet we are on such different terms of intimacy?"

"Rosetta views you as her mother's most valued friend; she was taught to feel an interest in your name from her very childhood," returned Blanche, slightly confused; "while you feel none."

"Is that the case?" asked Lord De Melfort, "You do not answer me," he continued, after waiting her reply; "you are an inexplicable being—yet there have been moments when I have thought otherwise, when your hand has trembled within mine, aye even as it does now; when you have listened to me with evident pleasure, and displayed an emotion on my suddenly appearing before you, all of which signs seemed promising to me. Blanche, I earnestly covet your affection—you realize the brightest dreams of my youthful fancy—you are the model of all I ever conceived good and beautiful in woman, and your resemblance to one who was your very counterpart has completed your conquest over a heart not easily susceptible." Blanche during this speech had become powerfully agitated—every chord in her young heart was touched by this flattering declaration from one who on all accounts she looked up to as a superior being—she dared not meet his penetrating gaze—as she struggled for composure; but the remembrance of Lady Neville's secret wishes at length gave her strength to reply as she withdrew her hand:

"Lord De Melfort, how sincerely I appreciate your high opinion, you will scarcely credit when I entreat you not to revert to this subject again. I cannot tell you my reason for such apparent insensibility—I only pray you not to judge me harshly."

Lord De Melfort remained silent for many minutes—pride, disappointed affection and astonishment, all striving together within him; his voice was changed and tremulous when next he spoke:

"And this is your answer—well be it so," he said, "you are the first who ever had the power to humble me; but perhaps it is right—you think mine an unfortunate name to bear—it has been so, I am too well aware—yet I think I could have made you happy."

"Oh, spare me, spare me, I beseech you," returned Blanche, whose distressed countenance he could not behold as she listened to words uttered in a tone the most melancholy—you little know the pain you are inflicting."

"Tell me only one thing," said Lord De Melfort pausing, and with increased agitation; "has another been so fortunate as to obtain your affections?"

"Oh! no, no, no! believe me never."

"And yet you deny them to me. It is well. Miss Neville forget my words, henceforth I shall carefully avoid a subject so hateful to you."

The tears of Blanche were falling fast—but he knew it not—her silence convinced him of her indifference, and he suffered her to relinquish the support of his arm without endeavouring to detain her; at this moment a strange dark object suddenly emerged from the thicket and ran before them; Blanche screamed, while Lord De Melfort again flew to her side. The whole party stopped, when the creature, uttering a wild discordant laugh drew near them; in figure, height, and deformity he was another Flibbertigibbet, while in the vacant expression of his hideous face, as he grinned upon them, the idiot was at once revealed. Blanche, almost sinking with terror grasped her father's arm; at the same time Colonel Lennox laying his hand on the shoulder of the hunchback demanded:

"In the name of all the goblins, from whence do you come, and who are you?"

"I am Lord De Melfort," replied the creature in a hoarse voice, and with another wild laugh.

"I wish your lordship joy of your title," returned Colonel Lennox with a low bow; "who then is this?"

The dwarf glared on Lord De Melfort a few moments with distended eyes and open mouth, then pointing at him with his long bony finger, muttered: "He—he is mad."

"I have often thought so," returned Colonel Lennox, laughing; "I give you credit for your discernment."

"Poor, poor creature," said Mr. Neville, looking on him with compassion; "who can behold a human being reduced to so abject a state without pity, and a feeling of thankfulness that we are blest with the noblest gift of Heaven—reason. To whom can he belong? it is highly improper that he should be suffered to roam abroad alone."

"Oh, do let us hasten on, papa, the sight of him is dreadful to me," cried Blanche, covering her face with her hands, to shut out the hideous object.

"He is perfectly harmless, rest assured, Miss

Neville," said Colonel Lennox; "do not be alarmed." A shrill female voice now called from a distance.

"Hugh, you idle varlet, what keeps you,—come hither, sir; I have lost my way in this infernal wood."

"Hark, there is granny," cried the hunchback, in a tone of alarm; "she will beat me, for I have gathered no sticks for her fire." And wildly tossing his arms above his head, as he continued to gabber some unintelligible folly, he darted back into the thicket and was immediately lost to their sight.

Mr. Neville then proceeded with redoubled speed, on account of Blanche who trembled violently; a few more minutes brought them to the verge of the wood where stood the game-keeper's cottage; lights were still burning within it, but no sound was heard save the baying of the dogs. The spirits of our little party seemed to have gradually become depressed and all except Colonel Lennox maintained a profound silence until they reached the gate of the Parsonage. Here Mr. Neville turned to thank his escort, inviting them to enter and take some refreshment, which they both declined—he then said to Lord De Melfort:

"Should we not endeavour to learn who this unfortunate being is tomorrow, in order that we may place him in some asylum where he would be taken care of?"

"Certainly, and I shall be most happy to aid you in your kind intention, sir," replied Lord De Melfort. "Good night."

He slightly touched the half extended hand of Blanche; then abruptly turning round he walked rapidly away, followed by his friend. The moment Blanche found herself alone with her father in their peaceful home, she threw herself on his bosom and burst into a flood of tears.

"My dear child, what can have produced this emotion," enquired Mr. Neville, in a tone of astonishment; "surely the sight of that poor harmless idiot, who is only an object for pity, cannot have so moved you."

"Oh, no, no," returned Blanche, sobbing bitterly; "I am unhappy, my father, and sadly want your advice."

"Blanche, have you a thought concealed from me," enquired Mr. Neville, seriously; "your words surprise me. I have observed you of late to be more grave and silent, at times even sad; but as I conceived you were anxious about your cousin, I made no remark. It touches me more nearly that you should have a grief in which I share not."

"My dearest father, I could not have kept it from you another hour," replied Blanche; "but till I felt more assured of the real sentiments of Lord De Melfort, there seemed a vanity bordering on indelicacy in speaking on the subject."

Mr. Neville looked still more astonished, he drew

his daughter towards the couch, where they both sat down, and affectionately encouraging her, she poured into his ear a full confession of her attachment to Lord De Melfort—her admiration of his character, and the declaration he had just made to her of his affection :

“With what feelings of unalloyed happiness I would have listened to him I cannot express, had not my aunt confided to me her wishes for Rosetta,” continued the weeping girl ; “but it seemed so ungrateful to become the barrier between her and her long cherished hopes, that I could not reconcile it—the sacrifice has however tried me more severely than I at first anticipated. If I am right I hope I should have strength, through God’s help to be steadfast ; but it is this doubt which so adds to my distress.”

Mr. Neville had listened to her with the deepest interest—much did he feel gratified by the preference of Lord De Melfort for his beloved child ; he endeavoured to close his eyes to all the worldly advantages resulting from it, which, for a moment dazzled him, he mentally prayed for the Divine direction, ere he caught her to his bosom, and said :

“Thrice am I blessed, my dearest one, for the magnanimity you have displayed, which convinces me that all your actions would be equally guided by principle ; yet I think you have laid too great a stress on the vague words of your aunt, and have denied that deference and consideration to Lord De Melfort, which he has in every way a right to expect. Had he shown a preference for your cousin, and you had endeavoured to supplant her, then indeed you would have been wanting in strict rectitude ; but we ought not to cast away the blessings which a bountiful Creator offers to us or strive to disconcert his plans ; your motive is so pure and good that I cannot blame you ; yet let me entreat henceforth, that you will never act without the advice of your aunt or of mine—there is an enthusiasm in your character, my dear girl, which needs being watched over,” added Mr. Neville, smiling, as he fondly stroked her head ; “sound judgment is required with such a quality to keep it within the bounds of reason. In this instance you have given it the reins, and have suffered it to carry you beyond what was kind towards the feelings of one, who, independent of the advantages he possesses in rank and station, is of all others I have hitherto met deserving the highest esteem—but enough of this tonight—go now to your rest while I commend you in prayer to the holy keeping of God, whose decrees are not to be altered by our impotent attempts. ‘Cast all your cares upon him who careth for you, and remember that whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe and happy.’ ”

Blanche knelt to receive the blessing of her pious parent. In disburdening her mind she felt considerable relief, while his words cheered and comforted her ; before they parted he warned her not to allow

earthly cares to engross her thoughts too exclusively.

“In a few years hence, my child,” he said, “it will be of little importance to you whether your lot has been cast in pleasant places or hedged up with thorns. Receive with thankfulness the good. Mourn not at the evil, since all things are ordered with reference to your eternal happiness. Serve God faithfully, and leave the future in confidence to him, praying for help, to say from your heart, ‘Thy will and not mine be done, oh, my Father !’ ”

On the morning which followed, a hurried note from Lord De Melfort, evidently written under the effects of strong agitation, was put into the hands of Mr. Neville ; in it he was requested to proceed to Woodland, on an urgent affair. The rector felt surprised, but, unwilling to alarm Blanche, he abstained from showing it to her, and ordering his pony—he left a message for her, that he had been called away on duty, and instantly hastened to obey the summons. On alighting at the door of the magnificent hall, Mr. Neville inquired for his lordship. He could not help perceiving an unusual look of sorrow in the countenances of the domestics, particularly in that of Mr. Lewis, his lordship’s confidential attendant, who, as he ushered him to the door of the library, said :

“If the story be true, sir, this is a bitter day for us all.”

“Good heavens ! what can you mean ?” said Mr. Neville, gazing in alarm on the venerable old man, who was devoutly attached to his lord. There was no time to answer him, for the door being thrown open, he immediately entered. He found Lord De Melfort pacing the room, apparently in great perturbation, deep anxiety marked on his fine expressive face—Colonel Lennox only was with him. He approached Mr. Neville, apologising for the trouble he had given him, at the same time placing in his hand a paper, which he begged him to peruse with attention.

“If that is correct,” he said, with a quivering lip, “I am no longer my father’s heir.”

Mr. Neville started in dismay. He opened the paper, which was soiled and torn, and in parts nearly effaced, and read with unfeigned astonishment the marriage of Edward Henry Lord Drummond to Clara Fitzosborne, dated several years prior to his union with the mother of Algernon De Melfort, and of his succession to the title of his father. Mr. Neville, stood like one petrified, he examined the paper in every direction, to see there were no erasures or fraud, and after the minutest survey, he looked up, and in a voice trembling from emotion, he inquired :

“And who has appeared to dispute your claims, my lord ?”

“Who but the hunchback we met in the woods last night,” said Colonel Lennox, in reply, for Lord De Melfort was unable, from distress of mind, to

speaking; "he came this morning, attended by his nurse, who it appears has always had the charge of him since his birth, he having been an object of abhorrence to his parents. On his account the Earl De Melfort, then Lord Drummond, took a rooted hatred to his wife, and never would live with her, or own his marriage. He remained abroad until her death, when he returned to England, and married the beautiful Amelia St. Aubin, the mother of my friend."

"All gracious God," exclaimed Mr. Neville, clasping his hands; "mysterious are thy ways, yet as thou hast promised that all things shall work together for good to those who love thee, we shall presently see the meaning of this fiery trial. But tell me how is it that this creature never made his appearance before, where has he been concealed in all these years?"

"In a remote part of Wales," replied Colonel Lennox. "His nurse always received from the late Lord De Melfort a handsome allowance for his maintenance, on a strict injunction of secrecy, and that she should adopt him as her own, giving him her name; but unhappily he left no provision for him, and since his death she has suffered great poverty. The present Lady De Melfort, to whose character you are no stranger, happened to be travelling through—, where meeting with an accident which detained her in the village for some days, she encountered the dwarf, and traced him to his home—there she learnt his story, and delighting to have an opportunity of distressing my noble friend, she immediately supplied the woman with money, advising her, now that his father was no more, to lose no time in substantiating his claims to the title, which would insure wealth and comfort to herself for the remainder of her life. She gave her full instructions how she was to act, and to fulfil them has the woman come hither. She has been in the neighbourhood for several days, making enquiries relative to Lord De Melfort. She appears extremely ignorant, and there is a dogged obstinacy about her which is difficult to gainsay."

"And where are they now?"

"They are in the house—his lordship is at present in the buttery, regaling himself," continued Colonel Lennox, in a tone of irony; "he seems half famished, and evidently stands much in awe of his nurse."

Mr. Neville now went up to Lord De Melfort, who had thrown himself into a chair, with his face bowed down on a table, his arms thrown listlessly across it—his attitude bespoke intense mental suffering.

"My dear young friend, I beseech you be composed under this trying dispensation," said Mr. Neville in his most soothing tones, and taking his hand; "God afflicts not willingly; His motives are at present hid from our view, but in a little while

hence they will all be revealed to us, and then shall we behold the perfection of those things which now appear so contrary to our notions of right; here is an exercise of your faith—had he not seen a need for it, he would not have tried you, believe me."

Lord De Melfort looked up, an ashy paleness had overspread his face, and his voice faltered as he replied:

"It has come upon me so suddenly that I confess I was unprepared to meet it; even now it appears like a frightful dream. Good God, is it, can it be really the truth—did you ever hear it hinted that my father had been privately married prior to his union with my mother?"

"Never, I only succeeded to the living of Woodland a few months previous to her lamented death, and I had no personal acquaintance with Lord De Melfort beyond my duties as a minister."

"Well do I remember your first visit here," rejoined Lord De Melfort mournfully, while his eyes filled with tears; "it was a night to be impressed forever on the memory."

"Yet are there many delightful associations connected with its sorrows, my friend," returned Mr. Neville, feelingly; "since the same hour which witnessed the departure of that dear saint from earth, beheld her a glorified happy spirit in Paradise."

"Would that I were already there with her," said Lord De Melfort, now considerably affected; "since every hope which welcomed me on my return to the home of my ancestors has departed, and left me a solitary desolate outcast."

"Speak not thus despondingly; you cannot know what may be in store for you—when the rich young man was required by our blessed Saviour to sell all that he had and follow him, he shrank from the test of his sincerity—but could he now be permitted to return to earth, would he make again the same choice which he then did? No, he would cast away as dross all that hindered him in the race for an immortal crown, and beholding only these joys purchased for him by the sufferings of his Redeemer, he would cry: "what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Your Lord now requires the same sacrifice from you—bear up bravely, and act as the rich man ought to have done, rather than as he did."

"I feel your excellent advice most deeply, my dear sir," returned Lord De Melfort, warmly pressing the hand which held his; "yet believe me, I do not selfishly mourn my loss on my own account individually—I feel that my sphere of usefulness is about to be lessened, and that my desire to redeem my father's name from the obliquity which has overshadowed it too long is destroyed. Had a brother risen up, of whom I might be proud, whose friendship I could have cultivated with satisfaction, great would have been my consolation—but a creature so

below even the brutes in intellect, and a monster in appearance—to see him fill my place, is a crush to my pride insupportably galling,” and he wildly struck his forehead as he again rose to pace the room. “Yes,” he continued bitterly, “I have been doomed within the last few days to have my tenderest feelings wounded. In the plenitude of high birth, riches, and perhaps of acquirements, I fancied that I had but to put forth my hand to obtain all that was beautiful and desirable on earth; but how cruelly was I deceived! Like a vision of the night all is faded and gone forever.”

“The lesson is most severe, yet salutary, my friend,” persisted the good minister; “and you have yet much left to be thankful for—the unhappy creature who is made the instrument in Divine hands to chasten you, will doubtless, (if his claims are confirmed,) be placed under your guardianship—the title and estates will be his nominally, but entirely at your disposal, to act as you think proper; thus the power to do good will still be yours, and is not that a blessing worth living for?”

“Come, cheer up, De Melfort, my good fellow,” said Colonel Lennox, taking his arm and walking with him towards the window; “this incubus cannot haunt you for ever; like Sinbad’s old man you will shake him from your shoulders, and appear again in all your honours—that old crone, that Sicorax his nurse, told you his health was much impaired.”

A melancholy smile stole over the fine face of Lord De Melfort.

“No, no, all abhorrent as he is, Lennox, I cannot wish his death,” he replied; “poor creature, I must not forget that he is human, and my father’s son—as such I will cherish him.”

“Nobly spoken,” said Mr. Neville, “and worthy of Algernon De Melfort.”

A brief pause ensued, during which the eyes of Lord De Melfort were fixed on the gorgeous scene without, in sad earnestness. The beautifully shaded lawns, the smooth clear lake, and the rich umbrageous woods in the back ground, whose dark spreading branches were occasionally intermixed with the silvery stemmed birch, all now had a painful association attached to them—he pressed his hand for an instant over his sight, and then turned away—but to repine was useless, while to act was necessary—and from Mr. Neville, at his earnest request, he received advice how he ought to proceed in so singular and trying a case. Before they parted, it was arranged that he should immediately endeavour to obtain witnesses to the marriage of his father, and proceed to London, where the legality of the dwarf’s claims to the title would then be tried.

Lord De Melfort warmly wrung the hand of the minister as he was leaving the room, expressing his grateful thanks for the kind interest he had taken in his concerns.

“God bless you, my lord,” replied Mr. Neville; “my humble prayers shall not be wanting in your behalf—He who loves you immeasurably more than your dearest earthly friend, will doubtless rule all things with reference to your best and highest interests.”

During his ride home, great part of which lay through the magnificent Park of Woodland Manor, Mr. Neville had ample subject for serious meditation. To a mind ill regulated and wanting in proper reliance on Divine Providence, what scope was there for murmuring and calling in question His justice. Ever since the return of Lord De Melfort, his whole time and attention had been devoted to acts of the most extensive charity—what return had he received? His best intentions were suddenly warped—his hopes cast down—his pride humbled and trodden in the dust. But while Mr. Neville thought on all these things, a placid smile sat on his benevolent countenance—not from want of sympathy in his friend’s distress, but that he well knew how differently God sees to what we see, and that we must not measure his actions according to our finite reason—“for has he not chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, the weak and despised, to confound the mighty, that no flesh should glory in his presence,”—we must therefore “walk by faith and not by sight,” while on earth, and wait till the veil is removed, ere we can behold him in all his perfections.

Blanche perceived on the return of her father, that he was unusually silent and thoughtful. It was generally his custom to recount to her all that he had seen or heard during his visits amongst his parishioners; but now, after addressing a few words to her, he retired to his study, where he remained until their hour for dinner. It was not until the evening, as they strolled together in the little flower garden, that her father gently disclosed to her the interview he had held with Lord De Melfort—Blanche started at the mention of his name, but as Mr. Neville proceeded, and she was made to comprehend the whole truth, her astonishment and agitation knew no bounds. For Lord De Melfort’s sake she grieved that his newly acquired honours were thus soon to be yielded in favour of one so totally unfit to bear them—but for her own, she thought only of his going away, and she wept tears of heartfelt sorrow. She felt that by her coldness she had cast away the affections of one of the noblest and the best, and that the power to tell him she was not the heartless being he must think her, was no longer hers. Her father endeavoured to console her, as she laid her aching head upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud.

“Be of good cheer, my child,” he said, “as you have acted with the best intentions, no remorse can be attached to your regrets, consequently they must lose their sting—spread all your hopes before your

Heavenly Father—perform every duty to him with redoubled diligence, and leave to his divine will the answer to your prayers, and its time.”

The next day Blanche was bending over her embroidery frame, engaged in tracing a beautiful group of flowers which she intended as an offering to her aunt. Her soft dark eyes were intently fixed upon her work, while her small and delicate fingers mechanically pursued their task; occasionally she would pause and seem immersed in deep thought, then start and resume her occupation. Presently a sharp quick knock resounded at the entrance door; it was not her father's, for well she knew that, and loved to hear its cheering sound, when he would return after an absence of some hours. A slight agitation pervaded her, on hearing a manly voice inquire for Miss Neville. Footsteps approached—the heart of Blanche palpitated—in another instant Newton entered, announcing Colonel Lennox. A blank look of disappointment overcast her beautiful face, as she rose to receive him, while he came forward with the frankness of an old friend to meet her, saying:

“I had permission from Mr. Neville, who I met on his way to the Priory, to call and pay my respects to you, as I leave Woodland with my friend De Melfort, the day after tomorrow, and I was anxious to know that you had not suffered from your alarm the other night.”

“You are very kind,” replied Blanche, whose emotion could not be concealed. “Lord De Melfort then departs so soon. He will be detained a long time—will he not?”

“I fear so,” said Colonel Lennox, watching her varying countenance intently and with deep interest. “You have heard no doubt of the extraordinary cause of his departure, and as it will be necessary to summon witnesses and obtain papers, to corroborate the rights of this unwelcome claimant to his title, much time will be involved in the investigation.”

“How is Lord De Melfort? I earnestly hope that his mind is more reconciled to the idea of his loss.”

“My friend bears up nobly; yet I, who know him well, can perceive beneath the apparently smooth surface an under current which too strongly betrays the internal tempest. His feelings have been sorely tried, Miss Neville.” The eyes of Blanche fell beneath the fixed gaze of Colonel Lennox as he spoke; when she raised them again they were filled with tears. He seemed not to notice these, as he continued: “There is in the character of De Melfort a perfection which I never before met. I have now known him six years, and in all that time never beheld his temper ruffled, or heard from him a sentiment that did not redound to his honour: in him are combined, a grandeur of mind—a gentleness of manner, united to so many winning qualities, that while he commands our veneration he gains our love; for myself I would go to the very verge of the world to serve him.”

Blanche was deeply affected by this warm eulogium. She strove by a painful effort to command her voice, as she said: “His beautiful character as a child gave promise for the future, and well has he realized the bright hopes indulged by his friends; his anxieties will be shared amongst them all; yet God will watch over his own and bring them back, I trust, in safety and happiness.”

The earnestness with which she uttered this could not fail being remarked by Colonel Lennox.

“He takes your best wishes then, Miss Neville?” he inquired.

“He takes my fervent, heartfelt prayers,” said Blanche, impressively, and clasping her hands. “Do you leave Woodland at an early hour on Monday?”

“I should scarcely think till noon,” replied Colonel Lennox. “De Melfort is now engaged with his steward, examining all his father's papers, in order to discover some document relative to the unhappy idiot, who, strange to say, has already shown a fondness for him, and seems very proud of his new clothes, which have certainly improved his appearance.”

Blanche now became rather abstracted, while Colonel Lennox rose to admire her work. He continued conversing, as he stood, on various topics, till her vague answers made him smile. He then drew towards the door, saying: “Have you any commands that I can execute for you, Miss Neville?”

“None, I am obliged,” returned Blanche, still struggling for composure. “Do you return to Woodland with Lord De Melfort?”

“No, when I leave him I intend going to Nice, where I have a sister residing. De Melfort wishes me to revisit Woodland at Christmas. But I am intruding on your time, I fear, and I promised to accompany him to the Priory—farewell.”

Blanche accepted his offered hand, and warmly pressed it. This short interview had gained for him her esteem. She would have spoken, but at the moment her heart was full. He paused as if waiting for her reply, then, with a smile, saying “God bless you!” he bowed and left the room.

Willingly would Blanche have now retreated to the privacy of her own room, but after ushering out the stranger, Newton returned, her whole countenance expressing curiosity and surprise, as she exclaimed:

“Good heart alive, Miss Blanche, what wonderful news is this up at the Manor House. I walked there last evening to see Mrs. Gibson, who is always very civil to me, and as I found her at tea, she invited me to take a dish with her, when she told me the strange story about a little ugly monster being brought there by an old woman, who says he is the rightful Lord De Melfort. Mrs. Gibson takes on about it sadly, for she doats upon my young Lord, and says she is sure the idiot will prove to be an

unnatural son of that wicked old Lord. I am sure he is unnatural enough in appearance, for while we were sitting at our tea as comfortable as possible, he burst into the room, and eat up a large plate of muffins, before Mrs. Gibson well knew he was there, I thought I should have died at the sight of him. He seems mortally afraid of his nurse, who beat him with a stick, and drove him away. Mrs. Gibson says that my lord has ordered all his people to be kind to him, and to treat him with respect; but they are so *aspirated* against him, that they are more inclined to do him a mischief. One gives him a sly pinch, and sets him bellowing—another calls him my lord, and then kicks him. Harman vows he will set a man-trap to catch him. Dear heart, Miss Blanche, what do you think of it all?"

"I think it highly improper to ill-treat the poor creature," replied Blanche; "and I am sure Lord De Melfort would be greatly displeased were he to know it. The claims of the unfortunate being on our pity are great, and should be considered sacred. How many whom God has blessed with reason deface that noble gift, by sinful indulgences, and dark wicked acts. Think you these are not more degraded in his sight than the idiot, who cannot be considered accountable. Let us remember the mercy shewn to such unfortunates by our blessed Saviour, when he walked on earth, healing the sick and afflicted, restoring sight to the blind, and raising the poor maniac from his abject misery among the tombs—and then dwell on those words 'to whom much is given, much will be required.'" As she uttered this, Blanche passed into her room, and gently closed the door.

We must now return to Rosetta, and explain the cause of the distress under which she was labouring the evening Blanche had visited the Priory with her father. It was on that morning that the promise extorted from her by Captain Forester to meet him clandestinely had been fulfilled, and even were we to attempt it, no description could convey the conflict in her mind, ere she dared to break the holy command which enjoins obedience to parents. Every kind look or word from her unsuspecting mother, seemed like an arrow in her heart, while he for whom she was to make the sacrifice, became of less value and esteem in her eyes, in proportion to the sorrow he made her feel. Lady Neville felt astonished and deeply pained by her increased melancholy, and the nervous feverish excitement she displayed, particularly as she had never given her credit for any depth of feeling, and she could not forbear making the self enquiry, "am I right in thus casting a blight over her young and happiest days?" Then would come the reflection, how unfit a guide Captain Forester would prove to so youthful and beautiful a creature, whose religious principles not being surely fixed, might become even weaker, until none remained save the cold outward forms. On

what a precipice would she then stand, surrounded by temptations and far from her parent; for well Lady Neville knew that woman's only safeguard is piety. "No, no, come what may, I must persevere," said the anxious mother, "since my conscience tells me that I am fulfilling a high duty to one dearer to me than life itself."

While thus she reasoned, Rosetta, with trembling steps, and accompanied by the unfaithful Lumley, stole from her room and proceeded towards the elm walk, where she found Captain Forester awaiting her. He seemed much struck by the evident distress depicted on her countenance, and reproached her for it—he used every art to strengthen the ascendancy he knew he possessed over her, and represented that if she would only consent to a private marriage, he would immediately return with her to Lady Neville, implore her forgiveness, which she could not long withhold, and then what a path of happiness would lie before them. He knelt to her, and poured forth protestations of the most fervent love, in tones which vibrated on her young and sensitive heart. She gazed on his deep blue eyes, now filled with tears, yet she strove to resist their appeal.

"Oh, dearest Sidney," she exclaimed, as with hands clasped in his, she attempted to raise him; "come with me to mamma even now, and let us cast ourselves at her feet, reveal all, and receive her pardon—think how far, far happier, to go with her blessing to the altar."

He sprang to his feet, as he vehemently replied:

"Never, never, Rosetta, this moment choose between us, consent to my wishes and be happy, else return to your mother alone and doom me to despair."

As he uttered this, a dark cloud which overshadowed them, began to fall in heavy drops of rain.

"Let me leave you now," said Rosetta, alarmed at his wild looks and manner; "and I will promise to reflect on your proposal; see how heavily it rains. Mamma will be inquiring where I am."

"Rosetta, I have come hither with a fixed determination to hear from your own lips my fate," replied Forester, firmly; "beware how you drive me to desperation. I must be everything to you or nothing. I will have no hovering between your mother's claims and mine. Do you see this! and he drew a pistol from his bosom. If you deny me what I have urged—this shall for ever divide us—and when the grave has closed over me you may repent too late having broken a too faithful—too trusting heart. Speak! what is your answer?" And he pointed the pistol at his breast, as he spoke:

The terrified girl uttered a cry of horror, while her cheek became overspread with an ashy paleness. She tottered towards him and, falling on his neck, cried: "Forbear, oh! forbear. I consent to all you wish, I will brave everything for your sake. None on earth shall separate us."

He clasped her with ardour in his embrace, and repeatedly pressed his lips to hers, saying hurriedly :

"Tomorrow then, my beloved, meet me at this hour, when we will concert measures for a private union ; nay, look not so alarmed, you have saved me," and he replaced the pistol in his bosom ; "but good Heavens, you are quite wet, Rosetta—return immediately to the house. Shall I accompany you a little way?" for she continued trembling so violently, that she was unable to stand without support ; she shook her head mournfully, and attempted to move away. He now called to Lumley, who had remained at a little distance—and casting on her a significant glance, consigned the misguided girl to her care. He saw her removed from his sight ; then quickly retreating through the gate, he said with a short unfeeling laugh :

"Poor silly child, to believe that it was loaded—but there is nothing like throwing in a little despair on these occasions. Stapleton was right—and I have won the prize. Confound it, I shall be late for parade. No matter, it is not the fashion to keep time. If the old boys choose to do so, why let them wait, that is all."

On regaining the house, Lumley assisted Rosetta to take off her wet dress, while she attempted during the operation to soothe and reconcile her to herself ; but this was beyond her power.

"Silence," said the agonized girl, in a tone which astonished her attendant ; "I have no excuse for deceiving the best of mothers. My heart is broken ; leave me."

She threw herself on her bed, attired as she was in her loose dressing gown, and buried her face in the pillows ; nor could all the solicitations of Lumley draw from her another word. Had Lady Neville entered at that moment, all would have been revealed to her ; but she, supposing her daughter to be engaged in reading, would not disturb her ; and when they met again, Rosetta remembering that to betray herself would be entailing death on Forester, set a seal on her lips.

"Oh ! that I had never, never, beheld him," exclaimed the poor girl, wringing her hands ; "how happy, and how comparatively innocent should I have been ; but the die is cast. I have gone too far to recede ; I have deceived my best friends, and I must pay the penalty of my sin. I dare not break my promise to Forester now, for there is a violence in his character of which I had no conception. Oh ! why has he taught me to fear him ;" and she shuddered at the recollection of his threat.

Lady Neville watched over her child this day with more than her usual tenderness ; she expressed much uneasiness at her having been exposed to the rain, which she discovered by seeing her wet things—and she used every maternal precaution to avert any ill effects. She sought to draw her from her own melancholy thoughts, so painfully traced in her sweet face,

by reading aloud to her ; and more than usually welcome was the society of Blanche and Mr. Neville that evening, who, with Lord De Melfort, so materially assisted her affectionate endeavours—but after their departure Rosetta sank into the same abstracted mood, and when Lady Neville drew near her couch she found her in tears. She made no remark at the time, but summoned her household, as her custom was, to evening prayers—the portion she selected from the Scriptures, was the story of the Prodigal Son, which she read with much feeling, and as she closed the book she enlarged upon the subject of a parent's enduring love through every trial of its strength, with such touching eloquence that the sobs of Rosetta were distinctly audible ; a short prayer followed, in which she earnestly implored a blessing for her child, and that the light of God's holy spirit might guide her in all things, until she was safely brought to the haven of rest, where her beloved father had gone before.

The voice of Lady Neville faltered while she uttered this, and as Rosetta beheld her upturned eyes, and the holy expression which irradiated her fine countenance, a sudden conviction entered her heart, and she rushed forward, exclaiming, as she threw herself at her mother's feet :

"Forgive, oh, forgive !"

Lady Neville, greatly agitated, waved the servants from the room, then raising her daughter in her arms she held her there, while she mildly asked :

"What have I to forgive, my child ?"

Such violent sobs now shook the delicate frame of Rosetta that for some time she was unable to give utterance to a word. Lady Neville trembled for her, and spoke to her in such soothing gentle accents, that at length, on the maternal bosom Rosetta gained courage to confess her delinquencies. No start of surprise was exhibited by Lady Neville, although the most profound melancholy overspread her features. In a deeply solemn voice, she said, as her daughter ceased speaking :

"May the great and eternal God be praised, that he has heard the widow's cry, and spared her only treasure from the misery she so wilfully sought. Rosetta, by your confession you have removed a weight which was breaking my heart. I knew that the mental anxiety from which you have been suffering, could only arise from the stings of conscience—for some time past you have striven to avoid me—you have evaded my inquiries—I need not say how fervently my prayers have been offered for you, that you might see and feel your errors ere it was too late. I confess I never once suspected that you had met Captain Forester in secret, but I will not reproach you, since your heart has so bitterly done so already. Let me feel thankful that my petitions have been granted, and that I may now look to the future in hope. Rosetta, you know not from what you have escaped or the character of the young man for

whom you would so cruelly, so ungratefully, have sacrificed your mother—he is altogether unworthy. Your uncle, at my request, has taken infinite trouble to learn the truth respecting him, and he tells me that his habits are dissipated and highly irregular—his temper extremely bad, and that he is deeply involved in debt. You think, perhaps, you might have reclaimed him—but would the blessing of God have accompanied you to His altar which you had profaned by breaking one of his highest commands? Never, never! You tell me that Captain Forester promised to bring you back immediately to me; but in this he deceived you; as he is under immediate orders to leave E—. Would to God that he had never entered it. Oh, Rosetta, when I look back on your infancy, and remember all the care and tenderness with which I watched over your helplessness—the sleepless nights, the anxious days I have passed for your sake—what a return would you have made me, and what a reproach would you have cast on the religious instructions you have received, the immense privileges you have enjoyed, both in the admonitions of your uncle, and in the pious example of your cousin.”

“Oh spare me, my beloved mother, I beseech you, spare me!” exclaimed the penitent Rosetta, sinking on her knees, and burying her face in the folds of Lady Neville’s dress; “I see it all now as you would have me, and I hate and loathe myself. Your prayer this night, through God’s mercy, has preserved me. It seemed to pierce my inmost soul, and at once make me conscious of my enormous sin—can I hope for your pardon?” and she looked so beautiful as she gazed pleadingly in her mother’s face, that unable to resist the appeal, Lady Neville clasped her in her arms, where they mingled tears with their embraces, until Rosetta felt as if a mountain had been suddenly removed from between her and all that was bright and happy on earth.

“Only one thought oppresses me now,” she murmured, as her head rested on the same pillow with her mother one hour afterwards; “he threatened to destroy himself if I refused to consent to his wishes. Oh, my mother, will he do so?”

“Rosetta, my dear child, learn to have faith,” replied Lady Neville, kissing her affectionately; “you have done what is right—leave the consequences to Heaven.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

No 10.

“I dare say, Bill,” cried Dick, in knocking At number ten, “you’d think it shocking, To say that we should buy our spouses At cattle fairs, or public houses;— But,” pointing to the door, “in short *There is a number says one ought,*” Psha, Dick! the door—you can’t see thro’ it— Says plainly *No one ought to do it!*”

(ORIGINAL.)

THE KNIGHT AND HIS LADYE-LOVE.

BY MRS. H. SYLVESTER.

There came from the wars of Palestine
A knight with his banners streaming;
And with him there came a noble train
Their keen falchions brightly gleaming.
The rolling drum and the trumpets shout,
The victor’s presence greet;
But while he conquered the Saracen
He sighed for his ladye sweet!

He entered the halls of his ancestors,
Where the banquet and dance await;
And soon he’s seated in lordly pride
Midst the gorgeous and the great.
The cymbals clash and the horns resound,
All are joyous but he:—
’Till his ladye-love the brave knight has found
Happy he cannot be!

The wine cups pass; the night is wearing,
From the wassail the knight doth rise;—
Alone he seeks her, whose heart endearing,
Is all that on earth he can prize.
Let cymbals clash and the horns resound,
Let all now happy be,
For the true knight his ladye-love hath found,
And anon will the bridal be!
Peterboro’.

SELF-INTEREST AND LOVE.

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Far as the poles asunder are two things,
Self-interest and undesigning love;
Yet no two things more like, to see them smile.
He is a conjuror, Christina, then,
Can tell you which is which! Shall I be won,
Because I’m valued as a money-bag,
For that I bring to him who winneth me?
No! sooner matins in a cloister than
Marriage like that in open church! ’Tis hard
To find men out; they are such simple things!
Heaven help you! they are mostly bird-catchers,
That hold aloof until you’re in their nets,
And then they are down upon you and you’re caged,
No more your wings your own.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I saw faire Chloris walk alone,
When feathered rayne came softly downe,
And Jove descended from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thawed into a teare;
Thence, falling on her garment’s hemme
To deck her, freezed into a gemme.

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day, my friend bade us adieu. Had he expressed the least wish to that effect, I would have accompanied him to France; but he did not—and we parted, never to meet again—he died abroad; and Charlotte became the inheritor of his large fortune. Her grief, for the loss of her truly estimable brother, nearly brought her to the grave. Change of air was recommended by her physicians, and she left London, to spend some months in Devonshire. This was announced to me, by a long, and as I thought very cold letter from her aunt, begging me not to follow Miss Laurie to Devonshire; that as no actual engagement existed between us, it was better only to view each other in the light of friends, until the expiration of the time which would make Miss Laurie the mistress of her hand and property. I could not mistake the purport of this letter. Then, and not till then, did I feel all I had lost by the death of my dear friend. Charlotte had repented of her affection for the low born Philip Mornington. She was a great heiress now, a match for the first nobleman in the kingdom; and, I——I crushed the letter beneath my feet, and felt within my breast the extinction of hope. I suspected that Robert Moncton, and his son were the authors of this fresh outrage; nor was I mistaken. It was strange, that among the whole range of my acquaintance, I never had met with this scoundrel, and his son. They effectually worked my ruin, but it was in the dark. The loss of Charlotte made me reckless of the future; I plunged headlong into the scenes of dissipation, and pleasure; wine, women, the turf, and the gaming table, by turns intoxicated my brain, and engrossed my thoughts. I was goaded on in my career of folly, by a young man of fascinating person and manners, but of depraved habits and broken fortunes. From the moment William Howard was introduced to me, he haunted me like my shadow. He flattered my vanity by the most sedulous attentions—he echoed my sentiments, and hung upon my words—copied my dress, and imitated my manners. These arts might have failed to produce the desired effect, had he not wound himself into my confidence by appearing to sympathize in my mental sufferings. He talked of Charlotte, and soothed my irritated feelings, trying to inspire me with hopes of ultimate success. Profligacy and extravagance slowly undermined the principles of the man for whom he expressed the most devoted friendship. A young man, of one and twenty, is easily led astray, particularly when he has wealth at his command, and no fixed religious principles to guide him, in his perilous voyages across the treach-

erous ocean of life. Alas, Geoffrey! I chose for my pilot, one, who not only had shipwrecked others less artful, and more credulous. When I look back upon that disastrous period, my soul shrinks within itself, and I lament my madness, with unceasing bitterness. All that I have since suffered, appears but a just retribution for those three years of weakness and of vice. Little did I suspect that the infamous Howard was a sharper, hired by the still more infamous Robert Moncton, to lure me to destruction. In the meanwhile, I had occasionally written to Charlotte, at first constantly, but had never received any answer to my letters. I called repeatedly at the house, but she was still from home. As long as I received no positive rejection from herself, I clung to hope, and maintained the character of a gentleman, and a man of honour. I had not yielded up my soul and body to the perfidious tempter, whom I cherished in my bosom, and whose heartless extravagancies were supplied from my purse.

I was just ready to start off with a party of gay young men for Newmarket, when I heard that Charlotte and her aunt had arrived in town. I had several bets to a very large amount, pending upon the success of the favorite horse; and my immediate presence on the race-course was required. In spite of all this, I could not rest till I had obtained, if possible, an interview with Miss Laurie, and learned my fate from her own lips.

Contrary to my expectations, on sending up my card, I was instantly shown into the presence of Charlotte. She was alone in the drawing-room, and I think, I never beheld her looking more lovely. She advanced to meet me, but not with her usual frankness; and instead of speaking to me, she burst into tears. I was greatly distressed, and endeavoured to take her hand; but she drew proudly back.

“Mr. Mornington,” she said, firmly repressing her emotion, “I have long wished to see you; I wished to hear from your own lips an explanation of your extraordinary conduct; your long silence, and neglect gave me no opportunity of speaking to you on this painful subject. And though this meeting must be our last, I could not part with one for whom I entertained a sincere affection, without endeavouring to convince you that the separation was effected by yourself.”

“I endeavoured to explain my conduct; I told her how deeply wounded I had been by the tenor of her aunt’s letter, and begged to know if she had been privy to the contents?”

“It was written by my own request, and accom-

panied by one from me, begging you to remain in town during my absence, as the suspicions of my guardian were aroused; and your constant attendance upon me would subject us to many unpleasant remarks. To this reasonable request you returned no answer—nor, in fact, to another letter which I wrote soon after my leaving town—whilst your subsequent conduct, Mr. Mornington, has forever placed a bar between us.”

It was in vain I assured her that I had never received a line from her; that I had written repeatedly, and that her silence had driven me to desperation, and involved me in the dissipated pursuits to which she alluded.

She listened to me with an air of incredulity.

“A man of integrity,” she said, “could not so easily be warped from the path of duty; that she could no longer love one whom she had ceased to respect.”

I pleaded my suit with the most passionate eloquence—I promised to abjure all my idle habits and pursuits—to devote myself entirely to her. She listened to me with tearful eyes, but she remained firm.

I became desperate, and in the agony of the moment, I reproached her with fickleness and cruelty, and called heaven to witness how unjustly I had incurred her displeasure.

“These are awful charges, Mr. Mornington,” she said gravely; “permit me to ask you a few questions, and I entreat you to answer them briefly, and without evasion.”

I gazed in silent astonishment upon her kindling brow, as she continued:

“Are you in the habit of frequenting the gaming table?”

I felt the colour rush to my cheek, my eyes dropped involuntarily, as I replied:

“I have—but—”

“No prevarication, Mr. Mornington, for such courses there can be no excuse—you are an infidel.”

“Not exactly, Miss Lauric; I have doubts—in fact I have never thought twice upon the subject.”

She sighed deeply.

“You have associated yourself with bad characters—your constant companion is a notorious gamester, and you have forfeited the respect of all honourable men. Ah, Mr. Mornington, how can you expect that any virtuous, well educated woman could place her person and happiness in the keeping of one, who has shewn such little self-respect—I pity you deeply, sincerely pity you—but we can meet as friends no more.”

She glided from my presence, leaving me a self-condemned and miserable wretch. In a spirit of reckless depravity, I returned to the company I had quitted—I betted and lost—plunged madly on—staked my whole property on a desperate chance,

and returned from the race course forsaken by all my gay companions, and a ruined man.

On returning to town, I entered a coffee house little frequented by the persons with whom I had been in the habit of associating. The place was ill lighted and solitary—I threw myself into a box, called for a cup of coffee and a paper, and was soon lost in bitter reflections on the insanity of the past.

From a sort of half sleeping, half waking trance, I was roused by the entrance of two persons, who took the box near me. Feeling little interest in any thing beyond my own misery, I folded my arms in my cloak, sunk my head on my breast, and was again half asleep.

“So his mad career is ended at last, and he is a ruined man,” said one of the strangers, in a voice which struck me that I had somewhere heard before; the reply was in one but too familiar to my ear.

“Yes, we have settled his business for you, and as our success has been great, we expect our reward should be proportionably so.”

“I shall fulfil my promise, but nothing beyond—you have been well paid by your dupe. He has realized the old saying, ‘light come, light go’—yours has been an easy victory—I thought he would have given you more trouble.”

“Hang the foolish fellow!” returned the other, “he was so warm hearted and generous, so unsuspecting too, that I feel as if I had committed a moral murder—and what, Mr. Moncton, must be your feelings?”

“Hatred! deep unmitigated hatred!—he is the son of an enemy, and I will follow him to the death.”

“He will spare you the trouble, if I read my man aright—the morning will witness an act of suicide—he will finish his folly by putting a pistol to his head.”

“Tell me that tomorrow, Howard, and it will be something to stake at hazard before night.”

Moncton left the box—I rose to prevent him—but the opportunity was lost—the younger scoundrel remained a moment, to settle with the waiter. As he turned round, I confronted and stared him full in the face—he pretended not to know me.

“Let me pass.”

“Never,” I exclaimed, “until you have received the just reward of your treachery. You are a mean contemptible cheat, the base hireling of a baser villain.”

“Mr. Mornington,” he said, “this intemperance is perfectly useless—you are a disappointed and a desperate man. If you require satisfaction, you know where to find me.”

“I will neither meet nor treat you as a gentleman,” I cried, losing all control over myself; “you are an outcast from all honourable men.”

“The son of a drunken huntsman has a far greater claim to gentility,” sneered the sharper,

bursting into an insulting laugh; "your mother, perhaps, may have given you an indirect claim to a nobler descent."

Stung to madness at this taunt, I flung myself upon him—I was young and strong, the attack was unexpected, and he fell heavily to the ground. In my fury I spat upon him, and trampled him beneath my feet, and in all probability would never have left him alive, had not the people in the house interfered. I was taken into custody by the police, but as no one appeared to make any charge against me, I was released after a short confinement, and suffered to return home.

Home—I had now no home—about £100 was all that remained to me of my fine property, after my debts were paid. My disgrace had not yet reached the humble abode of my childhood. A state of mental suffering brought on a low fever. I was seized with an indescribable longing, an aching of the heart, to end my days in my native village. Pride in vain combatted with the feeling, against all the suggestions of reason. Nature triumphed, and a few days saw me once more under the shadow of the great oak that canopied our lowly dwelling.

As I approached the cottage door, my attention was arrested by a low mournful voice, singing in sad and subdued tones. The words of the ditty ran as follows:

I once was happy, blithe, and gay,
No maiden's heart was half so light.
I cannot sing, for well a day!
My morn of bliss is quenched in night.

I cannot weep—my brain is dry,
Deep woe usurps the voice of mirth;
The sunshine of youth's cloudless sky,
Has faded from this goodly earth.

My soul is wrapped in midnight gloom,
And all that charm'd my heart before;
Droops earth-ward to the silent tomb,
Where darkness dwells for evermore.

I unclosed the door. Alice rose with a faint scream; the work fell from her hand, and she stood before me, wild and wan—a faded spectre of past happiness and beauty.

"Good Heavens! Alice, can this be you?"

"I may return the compliment," she said with a ghastly smile. "Can this be Philip? misery has not been partial, or your brow wears its mark in vain."

"Unhappy sister of an unhappy brother," I cried, folding her passive form in my arms, "I need not ask why you are altered thus?" The fire that had been burning in my brain for some weeks past, yielded to softer emotions, I leant my head upon her shoulder, and wept long and bitterly. Alice regarded me with a mournful glance, but she shed no tears.

"I fear, Alice, you have been deceived by that villain?"

She shook her head.

"It is useless to deny facts so apparent. Do you love him still?"

"Too well, Philip; but he has ceased to love me."

"His life shall answer for this outrage." The blood rushed to the pale wasted cheek of the once fair girl, her eyes flashed upon me with unnatural brilliancy, and grasping my arm fiercely, she cried:

"Utter that threat but once again, and we become the bitterest enemies. If he has injured me, it is not in the way you think. To destroy him, would be to deprive me of hope—to drive me to despair. It would goad me on to commit some act of desperation. I can bear my own grief in silence, and therefore beg that you will spare your sympathy. I would rather be reproached than pitied for sorrows that I drew upon myself."

She sat down, and resumed her work. In a few minutes the needle fell from her hand, and she looked up earnestly in my face. "Philip, what brought you here?"

"I have been unfortunate, Alice. I have been the dupe of villains, who robbed me of my property, while my own folly has deprived me of my peace of mind. Ill and heart-sick of the world, and its vanities, I could not overcome the strong desire to return to my native place, to die in peace."

"There is no peace here, Philip. I, too, fain would lie down on the lap of mother earth, and forget my misery. But we are too young, too wretched to die. Death comes to the good and happy, and cuts down the strong man, like the flower of the field, but it flies the wretch who courts it, and grins in ghastly mockery on the couch of woe. But take my advice, Philip Mornington; danger besets you here, lose no time in leaving this place."

"You speak in riddles, Alice—do you think I fear the puny arm of Theophilus Moncton?—the base betrayer of innocence!"

"Spare your reproaches, Philip, I cannot calmly listen to invectives uttered against the man I love. You have offended my grandmother—Dinah loves you not; it is her wrath I would warn you to shun."

"Nay, Alice, do you think I am such a coward as to tremble at the peevish malice of an old woman."

"You laugh at my warning, Philip; you may repent your rashness when too late. The fang of the serpent is not deadened by age, and the fancour of the human heart only increases with years. Dinah never loved you, and absence has not diminished her dislike."

"I am not come to solicit her charity, Alice; I have still enough to pay her handsomely for my board and lodging, until my health is sufficiently restored, to seek my own living. If Dinah hates me, she loves money. Where is she now?"

"In the village; I expect her home tonight."

"And Miss Moncton," I said, hesitating, how is she?"

"I don't know," said Alice mournfully, "the hall is no longer open to me."

As she ceased speaking, Dinah entered with a market basket on her arm. After the first surprise at my unexpected appearance was over. I told her I was ill, and had come to the home of my infancy for change of air and good nursing; and ended by putting into her hand a purse well filled with gold. The old hag chuckled at the sight of the money, and told me that I was welcome. She bade Alice to get my supper, and prepare the inner room for my reception. Whilst undressing to go to bed, I was seized with violent shivering fits, and before morning was raving in a high fever.

CHAPTER XV.

I HAD never suffered from severe illness before. I had been afflicted in mind, but not in body. I now had to endure the horrors of both combined. For the first fortnight, I was too ill to think. I was in the condition of the unfortunate patriarch, who in the morning exclaimed, "Would God it were night," and when night came, reversed the feverish hope. But there were moments during the sleepless hours of these burning nights, when the crimes of the past^s and the uncertainty of the future, rushed before me in terrible distinctness. When I tried to pray, and could not; when I sought comfort from the word of God, and found every line a condemnation. Oh, those dreadful days! when I stood a hopeless, self-condemned expectant of misery, shuddering on the awful brink of eternity. May I never again suffer in flesh or spirit what I then endured! The poor lost girl, who watched beside me, beheld my agonies of remorse, with icy apathy. She could neither direct nor assist my mind in its awful struggles, to obtain one faint glimmer of light, through the dense night of infidelity and guilt. Death, natural death, the mere extinction of animal life, I did not dread. Had the conflict ended with annihilation, I could have welcomed it with joy. But death—the extinction of moral life, the separation of the soul from God—all its high and noble faculties destroyed; while all that was infamous and debasing remained to form an eternity of despair, was a conviction so dreadful, that my reason for a time bowed before it. I could not express my repentance in words; I could only weep; but He, who looks upon the heart, accepted my sincere repentance. As the heart thirsteth for water brooks, so my thirsty soul panted for the waters of life. In feeble tones, I implored Alice to read to me from the New Testament. My eyes were so affected with the fever, I could not see a letter in the book. The request was distasteful to her, and she evaded it for several days, saying, I was too ill to bear the fatigue of reading. This was dreadfully tantalizing to one so eager for Scriptural knowledge.

The next morning when she brought me a cup of tea, I looked wistfully in her face: "Dear Alice, you could give me something that would do me more good than this!"

"Some broth, perhaps?"

"Read me a few lines from the Book of Life."

"Do you mean to turn Methodist?"

"I wish to become a Christian."

"Are you not one already?"

"Oh no, no, Alice! All my life long I have denied the word of God and the power of salvation; and now I would give the whole world, if I possessed it, to obtain the true riches. Do, dear girl, grant my earnest request, and may the God of all mercy bring you to a knowledge of the truth."

"I hate cant," said Alice, discontentedly; "but I will read to you, as you ask it so earnestly."

She opened the Bible at the Epistle to the Romans, nor would I suffer her to lay down the book until it was concluded. How eagerly I drank in every word, and long after every eye was closed in sleep, I continued in meditation and prayer. A calm and holy peace came down upon my soul. I renounced the world and its follies, and devoted myself to the service of the living God. That night I enjoyed the first refreshing slumber I had known for months, and in the morning I was considerably better, but for many days I was too weak to leave my bed. I spent most of this time in reading the bible. Alice had relaxed much of her attention, and I only saw her during the short periods when she brought me my medicines and gruel. I felt grieved at her coldness, but it was something more than this. Her manner was sullen and disagreeable; and I thought she was rather sorry than glad, that I was in a fair way of recovery. I often heard her and Dinah hold confused whispering conversations in the next room; and one evening, I recognised the voice of a man. I tried to catch a part of their conversation; but the sounds were too distant, and hearing the hoofs of a horse strike on the gravelled walk of the park, I crawled from my bed, and perceived that the horseman was no other than Robert Moncton, who was riding towards the village. A dread of something, I scarcely knew what, took possession of my mind, and remembering my weak helpless state, and how completely I was in the power of Dinah North, I turned to my bed, and for some minutes gave myself up to vague apprehensions of approaching evil. Ashamed of my weakness, I took the sacred volume from behind my pillow and soon regained my self possession. Shortly after I fell asleep, a thick dark rainy night had closed in for some hours, when I awoke.

I had not taken any nourishment since noon, and I felt both faint and hungry. In a few minutes the door opened, and Alice glided in, with some bread and butter, and a large tumbler of hot wine, on a small tray.

A ghastly smile passed over her pale face as she sat down by the side of the bed.

You have slept a long time, Philip. It is time you took something; I have brought you some fine mulled sherry, which will do you good, and strengthen you."

"I do not care for it—give me a cup of tea; I am dying with thirst."

"Nonsense. The wine is more nourishing—taste it, and see how good it is."

"I tried to comply with her request. A shudder came over me as I put the tumbler to my lips. It's of no use—I cannot drink it."

"If you love me, Philip, try—if only a little." As she bent her large bright eyes upon me, I thought her countenance wore a strange, dubious expression; I looked earnestly in her face. She changed colour and turned away. A sudden thought darted into my brain, and rising slowly in the bed, I grasped her strongly by the arm.

"Alice, we will drink of that cup together—you look faint and pale—the contents will do you good. Drink the half, and I will swallow the rest."

"I never drink wine," was the brief reply.

"You dare not drink that wine."

"What should hinder me, if I liked it?"

"You could not like it, Alice—it is poison!"

A faint scream burst from her lips. "God in heaven! who told you that?"

"Flesh and blood did not reveal it to me. Oh Alice—how could I expect this from you."

"How indeed!" exclaimed the wretched girl, weeping bitterly. "She persuaded me to bring it to you. He mixed the wine; I—I—had nothing else to do with it." She flung herself on her knees beside the bed, and raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes, implored me to forgive her, and she would do any means not only to save my life, but remove me from the cottage.

Though greatly shocked at such an awful instance of depravity in one so young, I freely forgave her. "But, Alice," I said, "I know not how you can forgive yourself for assisting in trying to take away the life of your brother."

"Philip, you are not my brother, or this deed would not have been attempted."

"Who am I then?"

"I cannot, dare not tell you. Escape from this dreadful place, and time will reveal all?"

"How can I escape, without awakening the suspicions of Dinah?"

"Listen to me, I will tell you." She rose from her knees, and gliding to the door of the outer room, she gently unclosed it, and looked cautiously round: satisfied that no one was listening, she returned to my bedside. "I must deceive Dinah into the supposition that you have drunk this wine; in less than two hours, you will, in her estimation, be dead. Not a creature knows of your being in the house but

Robert Moncton, who bribed Dinah to commit this deed. She will dig a grave in the shrubbery, which is seldom visited by any one, to receive your body, which I will agree to drag in a sack from the house to the spot of interment."

"But how can you deceive her, she will most likely insist on inspecting the body?"

"I will prevent her. At the worst, I have hit on a plan, which managed well, will lull her suspicions to sleep. You know the marble statue of Apollo, which lies at the entrance of the lodge; it once ornamented the summer-house in the hall gardens. It was broken by some accident, and Sir Alexander gave it to me for my garden. I will convey this to your chamber, dress it in your night dress, and cap, and draw a sack over the lower part of the figure. The mutilated limbs will not be seen, and by the dim uncertain light of a dark lantern she will never discover the cheat. In the meanwhile you must be prepared to fly, when I come to fetch the body to the grave."

I felt very sick, and buried my face in the pillows.

"Do not doubt me now, Philip," said the unhappy girl, clasping my cold hand to her heart, and covering it with kisses; "I do indeed wish to save your life."

"I do not doubt you, Alice."

"That dreadful man, worked upon my feelings—I promised to offer you the wine, but at the same time I hoped you would not drink it. But hush! I hear Dinah's steps—lie quite still, and sometimes make a feeble moan—I will tell her you have taken the potion."

She left the room, and the door ajar behind her; I heard Dinah say:

"Did he drink it?"

"He did."

"Ha! ha!" cried the old fiend, laughing, and rubbing her withered bony hands together; "You came Delilah over him, and our pretty Sampson is caught at last. Let me see—how long will it be before the poison takes effect?—about two hours. How long has he drank it?"

"About an hour. He is almost insensible—I heard him groan slightly—the struggle will soon be over."

"And then my bonny bird will fear no rival to wealth and power. What your mother's folly lost your wisdom, my beauty, will regain."

This speech was to me inexplicable—I heard Alice sigh deeply. The old woman left the cottage, but quickly returned.

"Alice, where's the spade?"

"In the out-house—you'll want the mattock to break the ground?"

"No, no, child; my arm's strong—the heavy rain has moistened the earth—the spade will do. Light me the lantern, and when life is extinct, drag

the body to me—I shall soon get a hole made to hide it."

"Monster!" I muttered to myself, "the pit you are digging for another, ere long may open beneath your own feet."

I heard the front door shut, and presently Alice re-entered my chamber.

"Now, Philip, now—lose no time—rise and dress yourself. Take what money you have, and leave this accursed place."

I endeavoured to obey her mandate; but, exhausted by long sickness, I fell back, nearly fainting, upon the bed.

"Stay," said Alice, "you are weak for the want of nourishment; I will get you food and drink."

She brought me a glass of brandy, and a few sandwiches. I ate these with avidity, took a small portion of the brandy, and was able to leave my bed. The hope of escaping lent me an artificial strength, and after dressing myself, and securing my little fund of money and a small bundle of linen, I kissed the pale agitated girl, and stole out into the dark night. When once I breathed again the fresh air, all my former vigour of mind returned, and I felt an insatiable curiosity to witness the interment of my supposed body. I had no sooner formed the wish, than I proceeded to carry it into execution. The shrubbery lay at the north end of the cottage, and was divided from the road by a lofty clipped hedge of yew. One of the angles had been cut to represent an old watch tower, and the boughs here and there were eropped into small square loop holes, through which, I had often, when a boy, made war unseen, upon the blackbirds and sparrows. From behind one of these green loop holes, I could observe from a narrow foot path that turned off from the main road, all that was passing within the shrubbery. Cautiously stealing along, guiding my steps by the thick hedge, which resembled a massy green wall, I at length reached the angle where it turned off into a lonely paddock. Stepping upon a stone, which had been used for mounting horses—I raised myself several feet from the ground, and applying my eyes to the small aperture in the hedge, I could distinctly observe all that was passing below, without being seen.

A faint light directly beneath me, gleamed up in the dense drizzly darkness, and revealed to me the hideous features of that abhorred old woman, leaning over a shallow grave, which she had just completed. Her arms were resting on the top of the spade, and she scowled down into the pit that yawned at her feet, with a smile of derision.

"It's deep enough to hide him from the light of day. There's neither shroud nor coffin to take up the room, and there he may rest till the judgment day—the worm for his mate, and the cold clay for his pillow. I wish the same bed held the whole of his accursed race."

A light step rounded on the path, accompanied by a dull lumbering sound. Dinah raised the lantern cautiously, and said in a low whisper:

"Alice, Alice, is that you?"

"Whist! whist!" returned the other, "I have brought the body—it is so heavy, help me to drag it along."

The old woman placed the lantern on the ground, and helped her grand daughter to drag it forward to the grave.

"Shall I roll it in, mother?"

"Not yet—let me look at the face."

"No, no—you must not—you shall not!" said Alice, struggling for the light; "he makes a frightful corpse; I cannot bear to see it again."

"You need not look upon it, foolish child—but I will."

At this moment the light was extinguished, and Alice gave a loud cry of horror, as she rolled the stone figure over into the grave.

"Oh, mother, mother, the light! what shall we do for the light?"

"Go and get another."

"I dare not go alone."

"Stay here, and let me go."

"Oh, not for worlds!—I hear him moving in the grave—he will rise, and drag me down into it. Look, look! I see his eyes glaring in the dark hole; there, mother, there!"

"Curse you, for a weak fool!" said the hardened wretch, throwing some clods into the grave; "now come with me and get a light, you will see his dainty face no more."

"I shall never lose sight of it again," said Alice, acting her part with terrible fidelity to nature; "oh, let us leave this horrid place."

"I will return and cover the grave myself," said Dinah; "you are such a coward, you frighten me."

I heard the sound of their retreating footsteps, and regaining the high road, slowly pursued my way to the next village. It was near the dawn of day when I entered a small tavern, and asked for breakfast and a bed—I was so greatly altered, that no one recognized me. After taking a cup of tea, I retired to rest, and overcome with mental and bodily exhaustion, I slept till noon, and in the evening took the mail, and arrived the next day in London.

During my journey, I had calmly pondered over my situation, and formed a plan for the future, which I lost no time in putting into practice. From what had fallen from the lips of Alice Mornington, I felt convinced that some mystery was connected with my birth, and the only means to solve these doubts was to gain more insight into the character and private history of Robert Moncton. Sometimes the desperate thought flashed into my head, that he might be my father. My mother was a strange character, a woman of very slight moral principles—I scarcely know from my own experience if she

possessed any—and I determined to get a place in his office, and wait patiently till Heaven, in its own good time, should clear up and expose the whole tissue of villainy. Robert Moncton was advertising for an engrossing clerk, of strict moral character, and quiet, sober habits. I had learned at the school at York to write many sorts of hands, and had always made extracts in my commonplace book, in what is called an engrossing hand. It required no knowledge of the law to copy mere parchments; and as I was personally unknown, as a man, to Robert Moncton, I boldly presented myself before him, showed him specimens of my hand, and got a benevolent merchant, to whom I had formerly been known, to vouch for the respectability of my character. Providence favoured me—you know the rest. Our friendship, dearest Geoffrey, rendered my situation far from irksome, while it enabled me to earn a respectable living. At present, I have learned little which can throw any fresh light upon my sad history. Alice Mornington still lives, and is about to become a mother, and Theophilus, the dastardly author of her wrongs, is playing the gallant to the beautiful Catherine Lee, the deeds of whose fine estates are in the hands of Robert Moncton. From the conversation which passed between him and Dinah North, in your chamber, I suspect Alice is less guilty than she appears. That old wretch has some deeper motive than merely obliging Robert Moncton in wishing to help him to substantiate your illegitimacy. I feel confident that this allegation is an infamous falsehood, and I advise you to leave no stone unturned to frustrate their machinations.

“How can I best effect this?”

“Go to Sir Alexander Moncton: tell him the tale of your wrongs. He can no longer be prejudiced by the infamous father and son. He will befriend you, and perhaps, Geoffrey, you may be the means of reconciling your poor friend to his old benefactor. But this must be done cautiously—Dinah North must not know that I escaped her malice.”

My heart instantly embraced his proposal; and I thanked Harrison, for so I shall still call him, again and again, for his confidence and advice. His story had made a deep impression on my mind—I longed to serve him. Indeed, I loved him with the most sincere affection, regarding him in the light of a beloved brother. In a fortnight, I was able to walk abroad, and was all impatience to commence my journey to Yorkshire.

Harrison was engaged as a writer in the office of a respectable solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and we promised to correspond regularly with each other. He generously divided with me the little money he possessed, and bidding God bless me, from his very heart, I mounted the coach one fine spring evening, and for the first time in my life, bid adieu to the smoky walls of the huge metropolis.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH what delight I gazed abroad upon the face of nature! Every scene was new to me, and awakened feelings of curiosity and pleasure. Just recovered from a sick bed, and after having been so long confined between the narrow dusky walls of a mean, ill-furnished chamber, my bosom actually bounded with rapture, and I drank in health and hope in the fresh breeze that swept the hair from my pale brow and sunken cheek. Ah, glorious nature! beautiful parent of all that is pure and holy in *our nature*—thou visible perfection of the invisible God! I was young then, and am now old, but never did I find a genuine love of thee dwelling in the heart of the deceitful, wicked man. To love thee, we must adore the God who made thee, and however sin may defile our corrupt nature, when we return to meditation and to thee, the erring heart overflows with gratitude to the munificent Author of our being, and penitential tears flow freely on thy holy altar.

Nothing remarkable occurred on my journey. The coach in due time deposited me at the lodge in which my poor friend Harrison had first seen the light. An involuntary shudder ran through me, when I recognized old Dinah North standing within the porch of her cottage. She instantly recognized me, and drew back with a malignant scowl. Directing the coachman to leave my portmanteau at the village inn until called for, I turned up the broad avenue of oaks, and proceeded to the Hall. The evening was calm and lovely: the nightingale was pouring his first love song to the silent dewy groves; the perfume of the primrose and violet made every swelling knoll redolent with sweets; and I often paused and gazed around me, overcome with the beauty of a scene so new to me. These noble hills and vales, that bright sweeping river, those swelling woods, just bursting into verdure, and that princely mansion, rising so proudly into the clear blue air—all would be mine could I but vindicate my mother's honour, and prove to the world, that I was the child of lawful wedlock. I felt no doubt myself upon the subject. Truth may be obscured for a while, but it cannot long remain hid. I felt a proud conviction of her innocence, and that the time was drawing nigh which must solve or confirm all these doubts. Full of these reflections, I quickened my pace, and a few minutes brought me to the Hall. My name gained me immediate admittance, and I was shewn into the library, where I found the Baronet engaged in a game of chess with his daughter. He rose to meet me, with evident marks of pleasure, and introduced me to Miss Moncton, as his nephew, and one with whom he hoped soon to see her better acquainted. With a soft blush, and a smile of inexpressible sweetness, the little fairy, for she was almost as diminutive in stature, bade me welcome. Her countenance excited in me considerable interest, but it was neither striking nor beautiful. The expression which



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gave to her features the greatest charm, was a noble mixture of dignity and truth. Her large deep-seated eyes beamed with intelligence, and were soft, pensive, and singularly beautiful. Her complexion was very pale, and the rich ruby of the full lips, and the dazzling white teeth within, formed almost a painful contrast with the pure white cheek, surrounded by the dark cloud of raven ringlets, that parting on either side of the lofty brow, flowed in rich curls down her snowy neck and marble shoulders. Her figure was the miniature of all that was graceful and lovely in woman, and her frank and unsophisticated manners rendered her, without being a perfect beauty, very attractive. After exchanging a few sentences, Miss Moncton withdrew; and, finding myself alone with the Baronet, I lost no time in explaining the reason of my visit, and the base, ungenerous conduct of my uncle. I reminded him, modestly, of his friendly offers of service, and hoped that he would forgive the liberty I had taken in applying to him for advice in my present distress. He listened with great interest to my recital, often expressing his indignation, by striking the table violently with his clenched hand; but when I came to that part of my narrative, in which Robert Moncton put the finishing stroke to his dastardly tyranny, by tearing my indentures, the wrath of the old man could be no longer controlled, and grinding his teeth together, he exclaimed:

“Curse him! the scoundrel! the mean cowardly wretch! May his name become a bye-word to all honourable men. Never mind, Geoffrey, my boy—give me your hand—I will be your friend—I will restore you to your rights, if it cost me the last shilling in my purse—aye, or the last drop of blood in my veins. Let the future for a short space take care for itself. Make this your home—look upon me as your father, and we shall yet live to see this villain rewarded for his acts of darkness.

“Generous, noble, Sir Alexander,” I cried; while tears trembled in my eyes. “How can I ever hope to repay you for such disinterested kindness?”

“By saying nothing about it. Give me back the love your father once bore me, and I shall be satisfied.”

“I looked at him enquiringly—he guessed my meaning, and ringing the bell, ordered up wine. Then drawing his easy chair resolutely to the table, and pushing across the bottle, continued:

“Geoffrey, I loved that wild, mad cap father of yours, better than I ever loved man; but he suffered one rash action to separate hearts which were formed by nature to understand and appreciate each other. When your grandfather, in the plenitude of his worldly wisdom, for he had a great deal of the fox in his character, bequeathed his two sons to my guardianship, he did not rightly estimate my qualifications for such an important office. I was but one year his senior, and he died in the very prime of life.

Having married a wealthy heiress, when very young, his sons were scarcely twenty years his junior. I was turned of forty, it is true, but possessing strong health and great animal spirits, I appeared more like the elder brother than the uncle of the young men. Alas, Geoffrey, my expensive and dissipated habits, I fear operated unfavourably upon the open, generous heart of your father—with a thousand good qualities, and possessing excellent talents, he was easily led astray by the example of others. He gave me his whole heart without reserve; and I loved him with the most entire affection; but, I had not sufficient moral courage to give up my vicious course of life, and together we plunged into scenes of gaiety and vice. Poor Edward, I would give worlds to recall the past; but the mischief was done, and in time we both reaped the bitter fruits. With all my vices, I was never a gambler—women, wine, and extravagant expenditure were among the first of my follies. But even here, I was never a drunkard, nor a seducer of innocence, but I frequented haunts where both characters were constantly found; and in moral guilt, was perhaps as bad, or even worse, than my weaker associates. How vain it is for a man to boast of not being a drunkard, because nature has furnished him with nerves, which enable him to drink, in defiance to reason, quantities which would deprive the larger portion of men of their senses.

Your father thought, boy-like, to prove his title to manhood, by following in my steps; and too soon he felt the evil effects of such a course of life. He wasted his substance in debauchery, and wine maddened him. The gaming table held out its allurements. He wanted fortitude to resist the temptation. I was told of this by a mutual friend; and very consistently, imagined it a far greater crime than any I had ever been guilty of. I followed him to his favourite haunts. I tried to drag him from the dice and reproached him bitterly for his folly. Mad with recent losses, and more than half intoxicated, he retaliated; high words ensued, and he struck me a violent blow on the face. Geoffrey, I felt that blow in my heart. The public disgrace was nothing to me in comparison to the feeling that it came from his hand—the hand of the man, that, erring as I was, I had loved so fondly. I could have returned the injury with tenfold interest—but I did nothing. I turned from him with a dim eye, and swelling heart; and left the spot. The world demanded of me as a gentleman, to ask satisfaction. I set the world at defiance. I returned to my lodgings, and wrote him a brief note telling him that I forgave him, and gently remonstrating with him, on the violence of his conduct. To that letter, I never received any answer. Your father left London; but it had the good effect of winning him from this pernicious vice. I was too proud to solicit his friendship and perhaps as the injurer, he never forgave himself for that rash

act. That circumstance wrought a moral miracle on me. It opened my eyes to my wicked and useless mode of life. I renounced my past follies, I married a virtuous and lovely woman, and became a happy father and husband, and I hope a better man."

The Baronet paused a few minutes, then continued thoughtfully:

"It has often since struck me, that your father did write to me, and that Robert Moncton intercepted his letters; at all events, his estrangement formed the saddest epoch in my life, and in remembrance of my own share in his ruin, I will never forsake his son."

How grateful I felt to the worthy Baronet for this frank confession of his own faults. I thanked him sincerely for his kind intentions, and we parted at a late hour, mutually pleased with each other.

A few days found me quite at home at the Hall—I rode with the Baronet in the evening, played backgammon or chess with him of an afternoon, and, in turn with my gentle, lady cousin, read aloud to him the most fashionable periodicals of the day. Except occasional formal visits to the neighbouring noblemen and gentry, Sir Alexander lived entirely alone. If his youth had been dissipated, he courted retirement in his age; and many hours were daily spent in private devotions. During these hours, Margaret and I were left to amuse ourselves, in walking or riding; but she generally preferred the former exercise, and being well read and extremely clever, these walks proved very delightful to us both. I loved—but only as a brother, the enthusiastic girl, who leaned so confidently on my arm, whose glorious eyes lighted up from the very fountain of passion and feeling, were raised to mine, as if to kindle in my breast, the fire of genius that emanated from her own. Her vivid imagination, fostered in solitude, seized upon every thing bright and beautiful in nature, and made it her own.

"The lips of song burst open,
And the words of fire rushed out."

At such moments, it was impossible to regard Margaret with indifference, and I could have loved, even adored, had not my mind been pre-occupied with another and a fairer image. Margaret was too great a novice to the world to notice my coolness. My society afforded her great pleasure, and she wanted the common place female tact to disguise her feelings.

Dear, lovely, confiding Margaret, how beautiful does your simple truth and disinterested affection appear, when I look back through the long vista of years, and find in the world and its heartless votaries, none to resemble thee.

One evening, after wandering for hours through the most beautiful avenues in the park, reposing ourselves under every favourite tree, throwing peb-

bles into the glassy brook, and watching the deer bounding through the forest glades, Margaret turned playfully to me, and asked me if I could sing?

"To please myself," I replied, laughing; "but I play much better on the flute. I have a tolerable good ear—am passionately fond of music, and have studied lately with some of the first masters. If I had my flute here, I should feel great pleasure in playing to you."

"The flute is not here," returned Margaret, "and you must sing me a song, suitable to this lovely hour and season of the year."

"Then it must necessarily be a love song—youth and spring being most adapted to call forth the joyousness of love."

"Call not love a joyous feeling, Geoffrey—it is a sad and fearful thing to love. True love is a hidden emotion of the heart, too deep for words, and is most eloquent when silent."

I started, and gazed anxiously in her face—what right had I to be jealous of her? I who was devoted to another; yet jealous I was, and answered rather pettishly:

"You talk feelingly, my fair cousin, so young as you are—have you experienced the bitterness of disappointed passion?"

"I did not say that," said Margaret, blushing deeply; "you choose to infer it."

I was silent, for Harrison rushed into my mind—was it possible that she loved him. I was determined to find out this, and willing to turn the conversation, I commenced singing a little air poor George had taught me:

Ah, believe not that wealth in the heart can give birth

To one lofty emotion, one rapturous thrill;
There is not a holier feeling on earth;

Than the love, which adversity's grasp cannot chill.

My lot may be lowly, and thine may be cast

With the great ones of earth, but our hearts are the same;

I heed not distinctions that soon will be past,
I love thee uninfluenced by riches or fame.

Then, dearest, be mine—and devoted for ever,
To love, and to cherish, I pledge my deep troth;
That union no frown of misfortune shall sever,
Whilst the blue sky in beauty bends over us both.

I sang my best, but no encouraging smile from my gentle cousin rewarded me. Her head was bowed upon her clasped hands, and tears were streaming through her slender fingers.

"Margaret, dearest Margaret! you are ill. Do speak to me?"

She slowly raised her head, and essayed to smile through her tears.

"Not ill, dear Geoffrey—your song was only too

well sung. It went home to my heart, and called up a thousand sad recollections. But see, whilst we have been loitering here, the storm has been busy, and has arranged a host of black banners against us—let us return to the Hall."

I gave her my arm, and we followed the course of the stream in our homeward path.

"How still and deep the waters lie; there's not a breath of wind to ruffle them, or stir the trees," said Margaret. "The awful stillness which precedes a storm, inspires me with more dread than when it has launched forth all its terrible thunder bolts. Hark—there's the first low peal of thunder, and the trees are all trembling and shivering in the electric blast which follows it. Oh, Geoffrey! how sublime! beautiful is this magnificent war of elements."

In spite of the large drops of rain, that began to fall, first slowly, and now with impetuous violence, to the earth, Margaret stopped, and with the eye of a poet, surveyed the noble scene before her.

"Margaret, dear cousin, you will get wet. The fishing house is at hand—we had better stow ourselves away with your father's nets and tackle, until the storm is over-past."

"With all my heart, Geoffrey. We can sit in the porch, and watch the progress of the storm."

We crossed a rustic bridge, which at this spot spanned the stream; and gained a small hut, built to resemble a hermitage, with gothic windows, and covered with ivy, and other creeping plants. A flight of rude wooden steps led direct from the porch, down the steep bank of the stream, and from these steps, Sir Alexander, in rainy weather, generally followed his favourite sport of angling. Margaret bounded up the steps, and we were both soon seated within the rural porch, the honeysuckle hanging its rich perfumed tassels profusely round us, and the delicate clematis, and briar rose, giving out to the shower a double portion of delicious incense.

The whole scene was in unison with Margaret's feelings. She was too happy to speak; and sat with eyes brimful of love and adoration, contemplating the aspect of nature, which varied every moment. Now all was black and lowering, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder reverberated among the distant hills; and now, a solitary sunbeam struggled through a rifted cloud, and for a brief space lighted up the wood and stream.

Presently, I felt Margaret's hand clasp my arm convulsively—I followed the direction of her eyes, and beheld a tall, slight female figure, dressed in deep mourning, pacing to and fro the bridge we had recently crossed. Her long fair hair was unconfined by cap or bandage, drenched with rain, and streaming in wild confusion round her pale and wasted features. Regardless of the pelting of the pitiless storm, she continued to hurry backwards and forwards, striking her breast, or throwing her clenched hands aloft, with the air of one possessed.

"Who is this?" I said in a voice scarcely above my breath.

"The wreck of all that once was beautiful," said my companion. "Alice Mornington; I have not seen her since she forsook the paths of virtue. My heart has yearned to do so, but my father forbade me on pain of his displeasure. Poor, poor Alice! God knows what I have suffered on your account, what tears I have shed, what prayers put up for you. I cannot witness her misery any longer; I must speak to her."

With noiseless steps, she descended the steep bank, and gained the bridge; but the quick eye of the maniac, for such she appeared to be, had detected the movement, and with one appalling scream, she flung herself into the water.

It was but the work of a moment, to plunge into the stream, and as she rose again to the surface, to bear the wretched girl to the shore.

Brief as the act had been, she was already insensible, and with some difficulty, I succeeded in carrying her up the steep bank into the hermitage. It was a long time before suspended animation returned; and when at length the large blue eyes unclosed, Alice found herself supported on the bosom of the fond and weeping Margaret."

"Oh, Miss Moncton," sobbed forth the poor girl, "why did you save me, why did you not let me die? The bitterness of death was past. Why did you recal me to a life of misery?"

"Dear Alice," said Margaret. "What could tempt you to commit a deed like this?"

"The neglect and cruelty of those I loved best on earth."

"Do not reproach me, dear Alice," said Margaret, almost choking with emotion; "my heart has been with you, but I dared not disobey my father. But lose no time in walking home and changing these dripping garments. You will get your death, if you remain here."

"No, no, I will not return yet. I shall lose the blessed opportunity of speaking to you. It will ease my full heart. Indeed it will, dear Miss Moncton."

"Do not call me Miss Moncton, Alice; call me Margaret, your own sister Margaret. Come home now, and I will come and talk to you tomorrow."

"Will you, will you indeed. God bless you for that; but then, she will hear us," continued Alice, shuddering; "tonight, or never."

"Then come to the Hall, Alice—I will talk to you there, and no one shall hear you but your own Margaret."

This promise seemed to pacify the poor girl—she suffered herself to be led between us to the Hall—and Margaret directed me to unlock a private door, that led to a suite of rooms occupied by herself and her own female attendants.

I assisted in conveying Alice, now completely exhausted by her former violence, into a small but

elegantly furnished apartment, and lifting her into the sofa, retired to my own chamber, to change my wet clothes.

The next morning I received from Margaret a circumstantial detail of what had passed between them.

After we undressed and got her to bed, she fell into a deep sleep, from which she did not awake until past midnight. Hearing her moving, I went and sat down on the bed :

“How do you feel yourself, Alice?”

“Better in mind, Miss Moncton, but far from well.”

“Shall I send for Dr. Stephens?”

“Oh, no, no! mine is a malady of the heart. If my heart were at ease I should soon get well. But I do not wish it. The sooner I go hence, and am no more seen, the better.”

“Alice, I cannot bear to hear you talk thus. It is not only wrong, but very sinful.”

“You are right, Miss Moncton, and I am a great sinner; but I cannot repent. All is dark here,” she continued, putting her hand on her breast, “thick darkness—darkness that can be felt—could I but see one ray of light, I might cherish hope, but I am too proud to pray; God has forsaken me, and left me to myself.”

“There was something so awful, Geoffrey, in this description,” continued Margaret, “that I could not withhold my tears. Alice regarded me with a look between pity and scorn, and the latent insanity, under which I am sure she is labouring, kindled a glow in her deathlike face. Rising slowly in the bed, she grasped my arm. “Why do you weep?” You think me guilty of that nameless crime, Margaret Moncton—you should know me better. I am too proud to scowl a guilty eye, or to bear the brand of shame. I am *his* wife, his lawful wedded wife. He dare not deny it—and yet,” she continued, falling back upon her pillow, and closing her eyes, to repress her tears: “he spurned me from him—*me*, his wife, the mother of his child—yes—he spurned us from his presence with hard words, and bitter taunts. I could have borne the loss of his love—but this—this has maddened me.”

“His wife—Alice, is this possible?”

“’Tis true!” she exclaimed, throwing open her night dress, and showing me a plain gold ring, suspended by a black ribbon round her neck. “With this ring we were married in — church. I have the certificate. He cannot, dare not, deny that.”

“Good Heavens! you surprise me. And your child, Alice—where is your child?”

“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;” continued the poor girl, at last bursting into a passion of tears. “He caught cold on our long journey on foot to London, and died three days ago. They have put him out of sight—I shall see him no more till the earth gives up her

dead—and the desolate heart of the forsaken, is doubly desolate.”

A long fit of weeping, which I did not attempt to interrupt; knowing that it would afford her relief, and soften the aggravated bitterness of her grief, seemed to tranquillize her mind—and after taking some slight refreshment, she unfolded to me the tale of her wrongs. Oh, Geoffrey! what a monster that Theophilus Moncton is! It may be wrong to say so, but I almost grieve that Alice is his wife. It appears, after using every inducement to overcome her virtue, rather than give up his victim, he proposed a private marriage. This gratified the ambition of the unfortunate girl, who eagerly closed with his offer. They were married by the Reverend Mr. Wilton, in our own parish church, but so privately, that nothing transpired. All the parties being sworn, or bribed to secrecy. For a few months, Theophilus lavished on his fond confiding bride, great apparent affection. During his visit to the Hall, their meetings were very frequent. Alice, who had always been treated with the greatest kindness by me, now grew forward and familiar. Her altered manners greatly displeased my father. Her connexion with Theophilus was suspected. It was rumoured abroad that she was his mistress. My father removed me to London, and wrote to Alice, demanding the truth of these reports. She refused to give any satisfactory answer, and in consequence was forbidden the Hall. I wrote to her myself, in the most affectionate manner, telling her, that I did not believe the stories in circulation, and begging her to vindicate her honour, if possible. She returned no answer to this appeal, and all intercourse between us ceased.

A few months after this, we heard she was likely to become a mother, and my father forbade me to mention her name. It appears, that from this period she seldom saw her husband. That repenting bitterly of his rash act, he treated her with coldness and neglect. That Dinah, who was unacquainted at that time with the marriage, took a journey to London, to try and force Mr. Moncton to induce his son to marry her grand-daughter, threatening to expose conduct of his, which would not bear investigation, if he persisted in a refusal. Her mission was unsuccessful—and my dear father pitying the condition, of the forlorn girl, sought himself an interview with your hard-hearted uncle. He found the son had been sent abroad—and the father threatened to curse and disinherit him if he dared to take such a step—to which, he swore, he would never give his consent. In the meanwhile, the wretched Alice, withering beneath the blighting influence of allied affections, and hope deferred, lost her health, and by her own account, at times her reason. About a month ago, she gave birth to a son. Hearing that her husband had returned from the continent, she wrote to him a letter full of forgiveness and love, informing him of the birth of his child—to this letter, she re-

ceived the following brief and brutal answer. I cannot read it, Geoffrey—read it yourself.”

The letter ran as follows :

“Why do you continue to trouble me with letters—I hate to receive them, and, from this time forward, will return them unopened. Your best policy is to remain quiet, or I will disown all connexion with you, and free myself from your importunity by consigning you to a madhouse.

“T. M.—.”

“Unfeeling scoundrel !” I exclaimed. Surely this precious billet must have destroyed the last glimmering of affection ?”

“Alas, no !” said Margaret ; “willing to make a final appeal to his callous heart, directly she was able to bear the journey, she travelled on foot to London, and succeeded in gaining admittance to her barbarous husband. You have heard the result. He spurned the wife and child from his presence. The infant is since dead, in consequence of the fatigue sustained in that journey ; and the wretched mother is dying of a broken heart.” Margaret paused for a moment, and looked me earnestly in the face, her beautiful eyes full of tears. “And now, Geoffrey, what had best be done ?”

“Inform Sir Alexander of these particulars. Let him procure the proofs of this unfortunate girl’s marriage, and force this base Theophilus—this disgrace to the name of man and Moncton, to acknowledge her publicly as his wife.”

“You are right, Geoffrey. I will loose no time in following your advice.”

“In the meanwhile,” I continued, “I will write to her brother, and inform him of this important disclosure.”

“Her brother !” exclaimed Margaret, turning pale as death. “Do you know Philip Mornington ?”

“Not under that name, Margaret. He has long been my dearest friend.”

“Thank God ! he lives. Oh, Geoffrey, I thought him dead.”

“Dear Margaret,” I said, leading her to a chair, for we had been standing during our conversation, in the deep recess of the library window ; “will you be offended with me, if I ask you one question ?”

“Not in the least, cousin.”

“And will you answer me with your usual candour ?”

“Can you doubt me, Geoffrey ?” she replied, trembling violently.

“Do you love Philip Mornington ?”

“I do, Geoffrey—I have loved him from a very little child—but not in the way you mean—not as a lover—I could not love him with any idea of his becoming my husband. No—it is a wild, strange interest I feel in his destiny—I feel as if he were a part of me, as if I had a natural right to love him. He is so like my father—so like you, Geoffrey, only

milder, and less impetuous, that I cannot help thinking, that he is Sir Alexander’s natural son—and consequently my brother.”

Struck with the probability of this myself ! I felt relieved in my mind, that the dear tender-hearted girl before me, was not likely to wreck her peace in loving one whom she could not wed. Yet that she did love, I felt certain—but this was no time to prosecute enquiries of this nature, when the happiness of others was at stake, and I left Margaret to write a long letter to George, and inform him of all that had occurred since I left London.

To be continued.

(ORIGINAL.)

FRANCIS I. AND THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

“The king, desirous of doing him signal honour, received the order of knighthood from his hands. Wherein he did wisely ; for by one more worthy it could not have been conferred on him.”

Life of Bayard.

On Marignan’s victorious field, a youthful monarch stood,

’Mid thousands of unburied slain, and garments rolled in blood ;

A conqueror’s pride was on his brow, and in his eagle glance,

While o’er him waved its silken folds, the Oriflamme of France.

Around him ranged his chivalry, his kingdom’s flower and boast,

And silent, listening for his words, waited the victor host ;

They had won laurels from that field where noblest blood was shed,

Where Boisy, Talmond, Bourbon slept, in honour’s gory bed.

“My lieges brave,” the monarch said, “fair knighthood’s golden spurs

“Ye well may claim, a guerdon meet, for valour such as yours,

“But e’er my hand crown your deserts, I for the boon must sue,

“To him, ‘sans peur et sans reproche,’ Bayard, the wise and true.

“I of a noble realm am king, and wear a goodly crown,

“Yet now before this warrior bold I bend me lowly down,

“Waiting the stroke of his tried sword, victor in many a fight,

“That I may rise, in valour’s name, a spurred and bolted knight.”

Not, worthy Sire," brave Bayard said, "my hand
to deal such blow,
"Since nought, to princely rank like thine, can added
pride bestow;
"Monarch of realm so broad and fair, thou'rt knight
all knights above,
"Noblest and bravest, as this day thy virgin sword
didst prove."

"Nay," quoth the king, "no rank I boast, not
clearly, fairly won,
"And if this day, as soldier bold, thou deem'st my
duty done
"I charge thee as a loyal knight, a subject firm and
true,
"With willing heart, and ready hand, my royal
mandate do."

Quick from its scabbard leaped the sword of that
brave chevalier,—
"Thy lightest wish, my sovereign lord, to me," he
said, "is dear,
"And since such honour thou decreest to my un-
worthy blade,
"Once shall it strike, nay twice, and thrice, if so
my duty's paid.

"And thus I knight thee, noblest prince, that e'er
wore spur of gold,
"Rise, bravest flower of chivalry, and be thy name
enroll'd
"With those that in fame's galaxy, still sparkle from
afar,
"Champions of truth, serene in peace, and thun-
derbolts in war.

"And now, good sword, this service done, no meaner,
humbler task,
"I, of thy tried and trenchant blade henceforth will
dare to ask,
"Rest in thy scabbard, honoured steel, nor e'er
leap forth to light,
"Unless, perchance, in God's own cause, the infidel
to smite."

A thrilling blast the trumpets blew, the drums roll'd
long and loud,
With joyous shouts that armed host before their
monarch bowed,
While he, his knightly sword drew forth, and with
bland smile and word,
On all who bravest fought that day, fair knighthood's
rank conferred.

And long the star of chivalry that gallant monarch
shone;
From war's red fields, and learning's bowers unfading
laurels won;

And though he loved fair woman's smile, the joyous
song and dance,
He better loved to meet the foe 'neath the Oriflamme
of France.

E. L. C.

Montreal, February 25, 1840.

(ORIGINAL.)

OUR HOME, OUR HOME!

BY WILLIAM OSCAR BUELL.

Our home, our home!—if we were there,—
The longings of the heart to soothe,
To grasp the hand of our dear sire,
To quell this tide of lonely love—
For one short hour—'twould change the face,
And smiles of frowns would take the place.

Save the poor watch-dog's honest bark,
This dark, lone night, no sound we hear,
No—nor light tread of sister's foot,
Nor sound of voice doth charm the ear;
Not so; we're *here*,—we would be *there*,
The hopes, the joys, of home to share.

Where on this earth's a happy spot
For sinful mortals, beings born
To hope and fear, to sin and care,
To joy and flourish for a morn,
If home, their childhood's home, be not
A treasur'd, cherish'd, kindred spot?

Mayhap the lover treads the glade
Where pretty one hath been with joy,
His cheek may flush, his heart beat high,
Because of loving maiden coy,—
But Home's the spot, oh! Home's the spot,
Remember'd 'tis when glade's forgot?

Our childhood's home, can we forget,
In eve or morn, while life shall last!
The world is strange, it may be so,
But the die on memory's cast!
Beneath yon star, would *there* we were,
Beneath yon star, our home is there!

SYMPATHY IN MONARCHS.

SYMPATHY does not become a monarch, for he is
the father of his country, and his subjects he fairly
looks upon as his children. Now a father does not
always sympathize with his children, for he often
knows far better than they do what is best for them,
and his settled purpose to promote their welfare
enables him to carry out what he is persuaded is for
their good, without regard to their approval or dis-
approval.

POSTHUMOUS fame, like echo, retains only the last
words that a man utters.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.

From that evening Reginald began to convalesce, and so rapid was his recovery, that in rather more than a week he was able to join the family circle at their simple repasts, and to unite with a glad and grateful heart in their devotions. He was still weak, but tranquil, and happier than he had been for years, charmed with the gentle and beneficent pastor, and with the beautiful and graceful beings, who called him father. Their history he had not yet learned; a brief outline of his own had been given, and he longed to know all that related to them. He was not long kept in suspense,—on the first day in which he was permitted to walk into the open air, the pastor led him to a little vine-covered alcove in his garden, which was, he said, his favourite retreat. A rude table, furnished with writing materials, and a few ancient looking books, stood within it, and a mossy bench offered a commodious seat to any who might there wish to rest.

“This is my study,” said the pastor—“here I come to commune with myself, and with my Maker,—to learn submission to His will—to trace His hand in every event that has befallen me, and to praise that goodness, which has watched over me in sore trials, and crowned me with a thousand blessings—and hither, my son, I have led you, to relate the short and simple story of my life. You doubtless think it full of mystery; but in contains none, and I have only waited till I saw your strength established, to tell you all my history; for though it gives me some pain to recall the past, the effort is due to you for the candour with which you have told me whatever concerned yourself. My name, as you already know, is Duvernay, and in me you behold one of those unfortunate men, whom the cruel edict of Nantz banished from France, my native and beloved country. I was the happy pastor of a small and faithful flock on the confines of Switzerland, who, when the decree went forth against the Huguenots, fled to the mountains, or fell victims to the barbarity of the soldiers. Accompanied by my wife and two children, I left my little possessions, the scene of my Christain labours, and fled from place to place, seeking rest, but finding none. My wife, who belonged to a Catholic family of rank, had married me against their wishes, and they henceforth disowned her. Even in the hour of our bitter extremity, they refused to see her, and triumphed in our misfortunes—our children were taken from

us, our little wealth wasted away, the ties of kindred and country were broken, and in moment of utter despondency, we bade farewell to our native soil, and took passage on board a vessel bound to the shores of the new world. We landed, after a boisterous voyage, at Coaquannock, where some parties of Dutch and Swedes had already established themselves. I preached to the poor natives the word of life—I made excursions into their territories, and spent day after day in studying their habits and language, and in striving to teach them the arts of civilization. I ever experienced kindness at their hands, they came to me for advice in difficulties, and for aid in sickness. They learned to love me, and they entreated me to dwell with them in their forests, and offered to construct for me a wigwam resembling the habitations of Europeans. In one of my excursions I rambled to this spot—its beauty charmed my eye—I saw at one glance what it was capable of becoming, and the thought arose within me, that here I might find rest from my wanderings, and a sphere of usefulness for my labours. There were then partial openings through the trees, and half a dozen wigwams were scattered here and there, in the valley. Their occupants seemed a peaceful and home-loving race, and during a sojourn of a week, that I made with them, they became so accustomed to my presence, that they made loud lamentations when they saw me preparing to quit them. I promised to return again, and I kept my word; my wife was easily prevailed upon to go back with me, and accompanied by three Huguenot families of my former flock, who had fled with us from persecution, we repaired to this lonely valley, and here laid the foundation of that little colony, which on the first morning of your arrival, you saw worshipping in nature’s ample temple, vaulted by the glorious arch of heaven. In the fine days of summer we want no nobler cathedral—but when the weather is inclement, and during the cold of winter, we convene in the building which you see standing in the little recess at the foot of yonder hill. The base of the hill indeed forms one of its sides, but rude and unfinished as it is, it serves to protect us from the elements, and is hallowed by the heartfelt devotions, of which it is the scene. We have never been molested by our warlike and predatory neighbours; but many mutual acts of kindness have formed between us a connecting link. We could not lure them

within the pale of civilized life, but they have occasionally sojourned with us for awhile, and we have traded with them in such articles of merchandize as were requisite for our comfort. The few whom we found located about this lake, have remained among us—they have embraced our faith, and been washed in the baptismal waters of redemption. Their children have joined with ours in the holy bonds of marriage, and we are now but as one people, united by the same interests, and worshipping in heart and spirit, the one bountiful and indulgent Father of the Universe.

“Among those, whom on our arrival here, first awakened our sympathy, and won us from a selfish indulgence of our own sorrows and regrets, was a young Indian girl, of extraordinary and touching beauty. She was a wild untutored thing, but she possessed the lofty spirit of her race, chastened by an intuitive delicacy and refinement, which not often characterizes the uncivilized children of the forest. Previous to our arrival, a European stranger had found his way to the valley, and stolen the affections of the innocent Kelaya. He left her with promises of soon returning, but from that period he has never been heard of. We have reason to suppose he was a Spaniard, from the motto on an ornament of value which he gave her, and from an imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, which he had endeavoured to teach her, and in which she loved to express herself. She was pining for her faithless lover, and refused to be comforted. We took her to our home, and sought to console and enlighten her by the aid of that pure religion, which had been our own support in the dark and bitter hour of adversity. Kelaya listened and believed. She learned to read with facility, and when she could understand its contents, the word of life was seldom laid from her hands. But as her intellect strengthened and expanded, her physical frame declined. Her beauty daily lost its earthly, and assumed a spiritual character, and she seemed awaiting only one event, to bid adieu to earth and all its cares. At length she gave birth to a daughter, the same dark-haired maiden, who dwells beside my hearth, and who is scarcely less dear to me, than the child of my own lost and beloved Julie. But from the hour of her infant's birth the young mother rapidly declined, and when in a few weeks subsequent to that period, my wife presented me with a daughter, Kelaya was on the verge of the grave. Both children were held together over the baptismal font, and we gave to ours the name of Adèle; but when Kelaya was asked for that which should be bestowed on her's, she answered in the language of Naomi, “call it Mara, for it is the child of bitterness and sorrow.” In less than a week from that time, the turf covered her. She died full of peace, resting in the joyful hope of a resurrection to eternal life, and assured that her little one would be fondly cherished by those to whose care she confided it. And

so, in truth, it was. The tender heart of my wife overflowed with love and pity towards the helpless orphan—she nurtured it at her own bosom, and it became equally with Adèle the object of our parental solicitude and care.”

The pastor paused for a few moments, then with a heavy sigh proceeded in his narrative.

“Seventeen years have passed since these events occurred, and fourteen of them glided away in serenity and peace; in happiness, I might have said, could we have banished from our minds, all memory of what had previously befallen us. But then came that bereavement, inflicting on me a sorrow deeper than any I had ever felt before. My beloved wife, the mother of my child, the kind companion of my joys, the tender sharer of my griefs, was taken from my bosom, and had not God supported me, I should have sunk beneath the blow. My children were inconsolable; but they saw me kiss the rod that had chastened us, and they, too, knelt in humble submission to the Divine will. We laid her dear remains beside those of Kelaya, and her grave is still watered by the tears of the little community, to whose spiritual and temporal necessities, it was the business of her life to minister. I sent the tidings of her death to those cruel relatives, who had disowned and neglected her in an hour of bitter trial—but no intelligence reached me from them, till about a month since, when letters addressed to me, were received from her youngest sister, Madame De Rochemont. She wrote, intreating me to return with my daughter to France, informing me that on his death-bed, her father had lamented with tears the injustice of his conduct towards his daughter and myself, and bequeathed us, as some slight atonement for past injuries, a portion of his fortune, and a valuable estate in Normandy. I have as yet written no reply to these letters—they came too late to yield me pleasure. Since she for whose sake I would gratefully have acknowledged this tardy bounty, and have gladly revisited the scene of our early happiness, has left me, I would fain cling to the spot which contains her ashes, and where every object speaks to me of her faithful and enduring love. Here, for seventeen years I have dwelt among simple and pure hearts, shut out from the storms of a turbulent world, giving and receiving happiness, and enjoying in abundance the rich and daily blessings of a bountiful Providence, and here, if it were His will, I should be content to die. Yet for my children's sake, I may even be tempted to depart, though as yet we have come to no decision, and whether we go or stay, God only knows. He casteth the lot into our laps, but He only hath the ordering of it.

The old man ceased, and a deep silence of several minutes succeeded his interesting narration. It was broken by the appearance of the two maidens, who, arm in arm, and busily conversing, had reached the entrance of the alcove before they perceived it was

pre-occupied. They paused irresolute when the figures within met their view—but the pastor reassured them. “Enter my children,” he said, “our invalid has come forth to gaze upon the fair face of nature, and inhale the healthful breezes of our valley—and I have been wearying him with a detail of all that has fixed us in this isolated spot.”

“For which I owe you deep and heartfelt thanks,” said Reginald—“thanks, which would have been poured forth on the instant, had not the emotions awakened by a recital of so much interest, chained my tongue in silence.”

“I will spare you the expression of them, my son,” returned the pastor; “and lest the approach of evening should prove prejudicial to your yet feeble strength, let us return to the house. Tomorrow is the Sabbath, and I have some preparation to make for its approach,” and he moved forward by the nearest path towards the dwelling.

“Oh surely there can be nothing baneful in the soft air of such an evening as this, even to the most sensitive,” said the sweet Adèle. “Look but at the blue heavens, and the glorious sight will bring you health,” she added, fixing her speaking glance upon the face of Reginald.

“And at the green valley and chrystal lake,” rejoined Mara; “and rejoice in the goodness of Him, who spreads out such lovely objects before our gratified senses.”

“I can but look upon the beautiful and ingenuous faces beside me, and my heart is satisfied,” returned the young man, with emotion.

A slight blush crossed the cheek of Mara, as he spoke; but Adèle bent on him her sweet sunny eyes, with a smile, that long, long after, dwelt upon his memory, and beamed on him like a ray of sunlight, through the gloom of many a sad and lonely hour.

The following morning ushered in the Sabbath, and with a glad and grateful heart, Reginald felt himself well enough to join the little congregation in their accustomed place of worship. It was a circular spot on the borders of the lake, enclosed with ancient trees that interlaced their umbrageous arms, forming an almost impervious screen around it, excepting on the eastern side, where it lay open to the lake. Seats, formed in the turf, accommodated the small assembly, and on a slightly elevated eminence of living verdure, canopied by the luxuriant branches of a native grape, that threw its arms from tree to tree, stood the venerable pastor, his long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and his mild devotional countenance reflecting the unruffled peace that reigned within. The services were simple, yet full of solemnity—and during their performance, Reginald felt his heart more deeply touched, his devotion kindled with a warmer and a purer fervour, than they had ever been, even when amidst the pomps and splendours of those gorgeous temples, where he had been wont to utter the lan-

guage of prayer, and bend the knee in homage to his Maker. Never, he thought, had he heard the feelings of a humble and pious heart poured forth in language so eloquent and impressive as that which fell from the lips of this isolated and devoted pastor. Never had the sublime swell of the organ, when its loftiest peals awoke his rapturous delight, so elevated and entranced his soul, as did the simple melody bursting from those wild untutored voices, and rousing the before silent echoes of the hills and lake, to repeat and prolong, the sweet and thrilling strains. There was something in this touching music, that acted like a spell upon his soul, unlocking all the cells of memory, and opening every hidden fountain of emotion, till bending his face upon his hand, tears gushed unbidden from his eyes, and gave relief to his overcharged and bursting heart.

Day after day passed on, and Reginald's health was perfectly re-established,—yet still he lingered in the valley. The thought of leaving its sweet seclusion, for the cold and selfish bustle of the world, which here seemed to be shut out, almost from remembrance, gave him intense pain. He found, too, a charm in the society of the good pastor, which produced a most soothing and salutary influence on his mind. His calm and tranquil temperament seemed to diffuse its own quiet peacefulness on all within its sphere. His mind was a vast store-house of learning, of which he made no selfish application, but used equally for the instruction or amusement of others, as for his own benefit. He was truly a Christian philosopher, whose religion was an ever active and governing principle, and of so beautiful and benignant a nature, that it invested every object with its own lovely hues, giving even to the clouds of trial and disappointment that darkened his earthly horizon, the rainbow coloring of faith and humble hope.

Educated by such a teacher, the minds of Mara and Adèle were pure and beautiful as their persons. Though reared in profound retirement, their manners were exquisitely sweet and graceful, and if unobservant of that etiquette, which is too apt to degenerate into burdensome and idle form, they possessed a native delicacy, an intuitive sense of propriety, which lent an irresistible charm to their language and deportment. It was impossible for a young man in Reginald's situation, not to feel, and deeply too, the power of such females. The sweet familiarity with which they treated him, the interest, which they sought not to disguise, which indeed they unaffectedly avowed, could not be received by him with indifference. Sometimes he would sit silently gazing upon one, and then again upon the other maiden, with emotions too intense for utterance. There was a nameless witchery about Mara that fascinated him. Her intellectual face, that magic smile, brief and brilliant as the summer lightning, her imaginative, and somewhat su-

perstitious cast of character, her lofty sentiments, softened by the peculiar pathos and tenderness of her mind, and the inexpressible grace of every gesture, combined to render her an object of deep and continued interest to Reginald, who made her a constant study, and delighted to draw forth the treasures of her rich and cultivated intellect.

But from the contemplation of Mara, he turned, with a buoyant and happy feeling, to that of the beautiful Adele. Perpetual sunshine dwelt around her; smiles were ever in her sunny eyes, and music on her lips. Her light and airy motions, so incessant and so graceful, resembled those of some gay creature of the elements, or of that exquisite, insect-like bird, whose name the Indians had bestowed on her. And Reginald thought, when he saw her hair wreathed with flowers, and her fairy form adorned with gay ornaments, wrought with the skill and neatness of Indian ingenuity, that she well deserved the playful appellation she had won. Her bounding step, the almost childish beauty of her face, shaded by clustering ringlets of soft brown hair, her low musical voice, and above all, that sweet beseeching tone and air, so captivating in a lovely woman, awoke joy and kindness in every heart, but over that of Reginald they exerted a mysterious and resistless power.

Yet it would have been difficult for an observer to have decided, which of the two maidens was preferred by him. The fruits and flowers that he brought them, were equally bestowed. The hand of each rested on his arm in their walks, and when he told them tales of other lands, or recounted the trials of his short life, he sat at their feet, and looked alternately on the faces of both. Adele's soft eye met his with unshrinking sweetness, but Mara's drooped beneath his gaze, her hand trembled when it met his, and her colour deepened whenever the tones in which he addressed her, were more tender, or impassioned than usual.

Of late, the pastor had renewed the subject of their contemplated voyage to France, and it was at the close of a day when they had discussed it more freely than usual, that the little group sat in the rustic portico, through whose climbing vines, the glowing twilight was shedding its rich and changeful hues. A fragrant dew was falling on the earth, and from every blade and flower, arose the incense of perfume. The hum of insects was on the summer air, and the song of birds, and the lulling sound of waters, mingled with the merry laugh of children, sporting beside the lake. All spoke of peace, and all was in keeping with the serene and quiet beauty of the earth and sky. The pastor gazed in silent thought around him, and one familiar with his face might have seen by its placid yet melancholy lines, that his heart was full almost to overflowing. Reginald sat between the maidens, but his eye looked not abroad; it rested not on the finely sculptured,

soul-lit features of Mara, but dwelt with a tender and passionate gaze on the breathing beauty of Adele's seraphic countenance. A thousand thoughts were stirring in his heart, but love, deep and intense, was tripping over all, and he whose affections had once been wrecked by the perfidy of woman, was again about to lay his fondly cherished hopes upon her shrine. A silence of many minutes had prevailed, when Reginald's feelings, spurning longer control, found utterance in words.

"Father," he said, for so the good old man was wont to be addressed by all, "father, have you not proved by experience, that the heart may find its home in any land where the objects of its affections abide with it? Or rather, is it not easy to forget the ties of country, where those of love and friendship remain unbroken?"

"Where those ties continue to exist, my son, happiness cannot wholly depart," replied the pastor; "yet years may roll on, and blessings surround the path of the exile, but still his heart turns with yearning hope to the land of his birth. Once more, he longs to tread its soil, and revisit the well remembered scenes of his childhood, and the last feeling which becomes extinct in his breast, is that which speaks to him of his father-land."

"But there are circumstances," said Reginald, "which may, I think, forever extinguish this attachment. To me, the whole earth seems a desert, and this quiet spot, where peace has fixed her abode, the only place of refuge from the selfishness of men."

"My son," said the pastor, "you speak under the influence of chagrined and disappointed feelings. He who has duties to fulfil in the world, has no right to bury himself in retirement. For me, I was driven from the society of my fellows—I was the pastor of a simple flock, the teacher of a pure and humble faith; and when my country cast me from her bosom, I came here to seek out a new sphere of usefulness—and God has so blessed my efforts that I trust I have not laboured in vain, but have been the unworthy instrument to win many souls to righteousness, who shall be set as seals in my crown of rejoicing."

"And if I cannot here do good to others," exclaimed Reginald, "I may at least learn to discipline myself; to rise superior to the trials of life, and go forth armed with wisdom and fortitude, to meet its disappointments and chagrins. Yes, it shall be so—my hopes and wishes are bounded by the green circle of these hills, and within their protecting shadows will I dwell. Adele, Adele," he continued, in a low and passionate accent, "speak, and tell me, if here my dream of happiness may not be more than realized?"

Adele started at the sudden fervour of this appeal—her eye for an instant met his with a look of inquiry and surprise, then sank beneath his burning

glance, while the crimson blood mounted to her very temples, and her bosom throbbed with strong and violent emotion. But Mara, the unhappy Mara, read at once the hearts of both. Those words, that look, which called the eloquent blood to the cheek of Adèle, curdled it in the veins of the Indian girl. The ripe tint of her lips and cheek, became blanched to an ashy paleness, her eyes were fixed upon the earth, and her motionless figure, so fine in its contour, so perfect in its proportions, might, in that waning light, have passed for the matchless *chef d'œuvre* of some unrivalled artist.

The spell which seemed to have fallen upon all, was in a few moments broken by the appearance of a stranger, who came forward with rapid steps, and with a brief salutation to the pastor, drew forth from his breast a packet, and placed it in his hands. The man was an Indian messenger in the employ of the English, and he now came from the governor of Pennsylvania, with despatches for Reginald. They had just arrived by a vessel from England, with directions to be speedily delivered, and the pastor no sooner read the superscription, than he transferred the parcel to its rightful owner. Reginald tore open the envelope, and a black seal met his eye. With breathless haste he read the contents of a letter from his brother's steward, which announced the tidings of that brother's death, without heirs, and entreated his immediate return, to take possession of the ancestral estates, which had so unexpectedly fallen to him. Tidings so unlooked for, seemed for a few moments to paralyze the mind of Reginald, and leaning his head against the latticed frame work of the portico, he yielded to a burst of natural grief and affection. But it was of short duration, and though no unmanly triumph for an instant swelled his generous heart, he could not shut out the bitter remembrance of all the wrongs he had received at his brother's hands. It was he, whose perfidy had crushed his fondest hopes, whose licentious course had mortified his virtuous pride, and shocked the noblest feelings of his heart—whose coldness had chilled the fervour of his young affections, estranged him from his father's house and love, and exiled him from the land of his birth. And with the consciousness of all these wrongs, it was not in nature to cherish deep or permanent regret. His views and prospects had undergone an immediate change; the future was no longer a blank—wealth and station awaited him on his native shores, and one darling wish accomplished, he felt that he must bid adieu to the new world, and renounce forever his visionary plan of an Arcadian life among the simple dwellers in its forests. As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, he turned again towards the little group, who, each occupied by their own peculiar emotions, sat silently around him, and abruptly addressing the pastor:

“Father, I must leave you,” he said; “this letter,

which brings me intelligence of my brother's death, calls me to new duties and a responsible station, and I must reluctantly say farewell. I would willingly have lingered out existence in this lovely spot, but God wills it otherwise, and may He reward you and yours for the Christian kindness, the tender sympathy, you have shewn to a wanderer and a stranger, binding up, with gentle hands, the wounds of an almost broken heart, and winning it back to life by the charm which your piety and affection have shed around his desolate being.”

One stolen glance at Adèle's lovely downcast face, as he ceased speaking, added new warmth to the passion with which she had inspired him, and he vehemently continued:

“Father, I go, but withhold not from me one more blessing which I humbly crave—give me your Adèle, and earth will possess nothing that I covet—and oh, beloved Adèle,” he said, passionately addressing her; “condemn me not for my presumption—and you, sweet Mara, plead for me with your sister.”

He grasped a hand of each as he spoke. That of Adèle remained passive in his, but Mara withdrew hers with a shudder. Reginald, surprised at the gesture, looked earnestly at her—her face was deadly pale, and she made a slight effort to rise. It was unsuccessful, and she sat a moment in silence, then rose precipitately, and darting through the open door, disappeared within the dwelling.

“Mara is ill, and I must go to her,” said Adèle, looking after her with concern, and moving forward as if to follow her.

“Wait yet a moment, sweet Adèle,” said Reginald, entreatingly; “and say, if I may hope—or if the gifts which fortune is bestowing on me, are to be rendered valueless, by your refusal to enjoy them with me.”

Adèle raised her speaking eyes for an instant to her father's face, then bent them to the ground in silence—but in that eloquent glance, the pastor read the wishes of her heart, and with a benign smile, he took her trembling hand, and placed it in that of Reginald.

“Shall it be so, my child?” he asked.

Again she raised her blushing face, but with a sweet and bashful smile, which gave assurance to the happy lover that he had not hoped in vain. The good pastor was much moved, but he conquered his emotion, and said, though with a trembling voice, as he still held their united hands clasped in his:

“Then be it so, my children; and with a father's blessing, I commend you to the God of love. May his smile be upon you, and may this union prove to you both a source of present joy, and of eternal blessedness hereafter.”

Adèle's tears gushed freely forth, as the pastor, with tender solemnity pronounced these words, and disengaging her hand from the impassioned clasp of

Reginald's, she fell upon her father's bosom and wept. He murmured blessings and endearments over her, and when the first burst of emotion had subsided, she slid from his arms, and hid herself in the retirement of her own apartment. The pastor, as was his wont, when agitated by joy or sorrow, walked forth to calm his ruffled mind, among the tranquillizing objects of nature, and Reginald was left alone to revel in the luxury of thought.

The vessel which brought Reginald's despatches from England, was to depart on her homeward voyage in a fortnight, and it was his design to take passage in her for his native land. The pastor, deaf to his entreaties, refused to give him Adèle till she had visited France, for which country it was his determination to embark in the autumn, should an opportunity occur for his putting his design in execution. There, it was arranged, that Reginald should meet them during the course of the ensuing winter or spring, and he was then to receive his promised bride from the hands of her father. It was in vain that he opposed this plan, even Adèle refused to become his immediately, and with a reluctant heart he was compelled to accede to their arrangements. It was now necessary for him to repair to Philadelphia, in order to make preparations for his voyage, and that he might again return and spend what time remained, with his friends, he resolved to depart without delay. It seemed hard, so soon to quit his Adèle, but as it was not a final parting, they each of them strove to bear it with cheerfulness. Yet the five days of his absence, seemed to both, weary and interminable; but when they had expired, and he again found himself approaching the spot which contained the dearest object of his affections, his impatience could scarcely be restrained, and every hope and wish of his heart, seemed concentrated in the one eager desire of again beholding her.

The sun was just setting, when his boat touched the shore, at the foot of the high hill, which on that side bounded the valley, and leaving the boatman to secure it, he began to ascend the path which led to its summit. Hector, recognizing his former haunts, bounded joyfully forward, leaving Reginald far behind—but soon he returned to meet him, uttering a low and plaintive whine, and showing by the significance of his gestures, that he had discovered some object of interest, to which he was impatient to conduct his master. Reginald hastened on, his heart full of Adèle's image, whom he each moment expected to behold, and still following the footsteps of the dog, towards the spot, which the good pastor had consecrated as a place of burial. As he came within sight of the graves, he thought he saw a female figure beside them, but he was startled by its attitude; an undefined fear took possession of his heart, and with a sudden bound he sprang towards it. But how were his fond anticipations chilled by the spectacle which there met his view! Stretched upon the turf

that covered the remains of her unhappy mother, lay the motionless form of Mara, lifeless and insensible. The long tresses of her raven hair, escaped from their confinement, fell in wild disorder around her face and neck, rendering still more pallid by the contrast, the inanimate features, which to Reginald's agonized gaze, seemed fixed in the rigid repose of death. Even Adèle was for the time forgotten, as throwing himself on the turf beside the lifeless Mara, he called upon her name, he clasped her hands in his, and vainly strove to recal her again to consciousness.

Twilight was deepening around him, and almost persuaded that she was really dead, he raised her in his arms, and regardless of the burden, descended the hill, crossed the valley, and gained the pastor's dwelling, before he paused to rally his well nigh exhausted strength. Adèle was just issuing from the door as he approached it, but she would have retreated at the sight of Reginald, being unable through the gathering darkness, to recognize his well known features, or distinguish the strange burden he carried. His voice quickly arrested her steps, and she sprang towards him with an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"Adèle, my sweet Adèle," he said, sinking upon a seat in the portico, and still supporting Mara upon one arm, while he cast the other around his betrothed, and drew her fondly to his heart; "this is a sad cloud to darken the joy of our meeting—see here our Mara, whom I found dying on the grave of her mother."

Adèle started from his arms, with a shriek that drew the pastor to their side, and alarmed at the death-like swoon of Mara, he took her from Reginald, and laid her on her bed, immediately applying such restoratives as he judged to be most efficacious. Adèle hung over her with anxious love, chafing her cold hands, and so engrossed by cares for her, as almost to forget the presence of him, whose return she had so earnestly desired. It was long before Mara revived to consciousness, and when at last her eyes slowly unclosed, they rested with a bewildered look upon the face of Reginald—for an instant they remained fixed there, then as intelligence once more lighted them, they suddenly closed again, and a deep flush crimsoned her colourless cheek, which almost instantly retreating, left it, if possible, paler than before. For an instant she seemed struggling with some inward emotion, and then turning her look towards Reginald, she gave him her hand with that bright peculiar smile, which was wont to light up her features, with almost unearthly radiance. He took, and raised it to his lips, expressing his joy at her recovery, while Adèle stooping over her, kissed her cheek, and whispered how much they had all suffered for her sake. Mara looked tenderly at them, and answered by a smile—but it was a sad smile, and when she spoke, it seemed that her

mind was nursing strange fancies, and rapidly losing the firmness and elasticity of its tone.

"Dear Adèle," she said, "bring hither yonder rose buds," pointing to a withered bunch that lay upon a table, "and place them on my pillow."

"But they are withered, dearest Mara," said Adèle, "they have lost their fragrance, and I will pluck you fresh ones, now that the dew and the moonlight are both upon them."

"No, dear Adèle, I must have those," she said, "I pray you lay them on my pillow, for—" and she whispered in a low mysterious tone, "they have each a canker in their heart—they shadow forth my fate, and you may strew them on my grave when I am dead. Promise me, Adèle, or I shall think you do not love me, since——"

She paused abruptly, and cast a timid look towards Reginald, but Adèle heeded it not—her fears for the sanity of Mara's mind, absorbed every thought, and overcome by the utterance of her strange and wild fancies, she burst into a passion of tears. Anxious to spare both Mara and Adèle any farther cause of excitement, the pastor motioned Reginald to withdraw the latter from the room, which after some little persuasion he effected. Tenderly he led her forth into the calm and fragrant air, and sitting down beside her, strove to soothe her agitation. But she would not be comforted. She feared for Mara's reason, she said, and even for her life—she had seemed an altered being ever since the day their father had declared his intention of going to France. She believed she had not long to live, and constantly implored him not to take her to a land where cold looks awaited her, and where no tears would be shed over her grave. Her former pleasures and occupations were neglected, and she loved to wander forth alone into solitary haunts, or to sit musing hour after hour, upon the grave of her mother. When she returned home after a long absence, her eyes were often swollen with weeping, and at times she wore a wild and melancholy look, that filled them with alarm.

Reginald listened with pain to this account of Mara's situation, and was utterly at a loss to what cause, to ascribe the sad change in her mind and habits. None had then read the treasured secret of her soul, and least of all, did Reginald suspect it. But deep, deep in her impassioned heart, she cherished for him a fatal passion, that was undermining both her peace and life. Yet firmly did she struggle against it, resolving with the lofty feeling of her race and sex, to die sooner than reveal it. Constantly she strove to think of him as belonging to another, to content herself with the calm and tempered affection that he proffered her, and to rejoice in the happier destiny of Adèle. But the contest proved too mighty for her strength, as her rapidly declining health, and the wayward fancies of her

overwrought, and imaginative mind, gave sad and striking proof.

The ensuing day betrayed to Reginald's observation the melancholy change, which even during the short time of his absence, had been wrought in the person and mind of Mara. Her figure was attenuated, her eye downcast, and her cheek colourless, except when from sudden emotion it glowed with unnatural brightness. Her gaiety was gone, and shunning the society of all, she stole away into solitary places to nurture her distempered feelings. At times, a fervid light burned in her eye, and wild words, which betrayed an excited, if not a disordered intellect, burst from her lips. Reginald was deeply concerned at her situation, and affectionately strove to penetrate the cause of her malady,—but she seemed to shun his presence, and as yet he had found no opportunity to converse with her.

It was on the second day after his return to his friends, that he found her sitting alone in the little alcove, where the pastor had related to him the history of his life. She sat with her head leaning upon her hand, and her eyes fixed upon the same cluster of withered rose-buds, which she had requested Adèle to lay upon her pillow, and which she still cherished with superstitious fondness. Reginald entered the alcove and placed himself on the seat beside her, before she was aware of his approach. Her cheek crimsoned when she saw him, and her hand trembled as he clasped it in his, but she did not attempt to withdraw it,—neither did she raise her eyes to his face, but continued silently gazing at the rose-buds on her lap. Reginald saw that some mysterious feeling was connected with them, and he gently attempted to remove them.

"Let me cast away these faded things," he said, "they are not worthy of your care—nor are they not fitting emblems of our young and lovely Mara."

"Not of what she was, Reginald," she answered in a low and trembling voice, "but now, ——" and pausing abruptly she turned from him her face.

"And what has wrought this change, my Mara," asked Reginald in a tone of tenderness that thrilled through every fibre of her heart. "Let me pray you to strive against the evil influence, whatever it may be, which is threatening to wreck your peace, and that of those who love you."

She raised her eyes with a look of sweet earnestness to his, as though imperfectly comprehending his words. Then after a momentary pause:

"Speak to me again, dear Reginald," she said; "it is sweet to hear your voice, for its tones bring back to me those first days of our intercourse, when there was no cloud to darken our enjoyment!"

"And is there any now, dear Mara," he asked—"tell me I entreat, what secret cause of grief is corroding your peace, and withering the hues of health upon your cheek. It is your friend, your brother,

who implores, and will you refuse to answer him?"

A flood of tears burst from her eyes at this appeal, but hastily drying them, she replied with somewhat of her wonted calm and natural manner.

"Reginald, speak to me of yourself, of Adèle—but touch not on my griefs—they will die with me—and while I live, their utterance shall not throw a shade over the sunlit path of those I love."

"Mara, this must not be," he said. "If not to Adèle, if not to your father, at least to me, who would peril life for your happiness, unfold the burden which rests upon your mind."

"My dear Reginald," she said, with much agitation, "do not urge me to speak of myself, you see that I am ill, and need I say, that my mind shares the weakness of my body—it is unsettled and disordered, and at times I hear such sounds, and see such sights, that I think I am almost on the borders of insanity. I have, perhaps, cherished feelings and hopes, that were sinful—at all events they were vain, and even in this early morning of my youth, the charm of life has vanished. I see before me a short and narrow path, leading to that silent house, where I shall soon rest in the long and dreamless slumber of the dead."

Reginald was much affected, but he strove to conceal his emotion. "Mara," he replied, "these sad forebodings are the offspring of a diseased imagination—exert, I pray you, for all our sakes, the native energies of your mind, and cast such idle fancies to the winds."

"They are not idle fancies, Reginald, but sober, sad realities," she answered. "The springs of life are sapped, its hopes are withered, and wherefore should I struggle to resist my doom. While yet a child it was foretold me by an Indian propheticess, and a few weeks since, in one of my lonely rambles, I met again the same mysterious being. She knew me, and repeated all she had before revealed, much of which has already been fulfilled, and the remainder is fast hastening to its accomplishment."

As Reginald listened to Mara's words, he thought he had detected the secret source of her disorder. Her mind, as we have said, was highly imaginative, superstitious, and susceptible, and it had been acted upon by an agent, who well knew how to exert her power over such a subject. It was therefore his wish, if possible, to counteract the mischief wrought by the cunning propheticess, and restore health to the mental and physical powers of the too sensitive girl. To this end, he still pressed the subject, saying after a short pause, and in an incredulous tone:

"And think you, Mara, this propheticess, of whom you speak, is gifted of Heaven, with power to pierce into futurity? How else could any mortal mind, and least of all, one rude and uncivilized as hers must be, foretell events, which God in his providence ordains to befall his creatures?"

"I know not, Reginald," she answered,—“there are many of my wandering race endowed with wisdom which seems not of this earth; I thought not of her,—I laughed at the tale she told me—till this second meeting, when the events she predicted came fast upon me, and crushed both life and hope from my heart.”

“Of what events do you speak,” exclaimed Reginald, with eagerness. “Mara, your words contain a mystery, which, if you regard the peace and happiness of those who love you, you will not hesitate to explain.”

Mara saw that in the excitement of her feelings she had well nigh betrayed the secret of her heart, and it was not without embarrassment that she replied:

“Is it not enough, dear Reginald, to know that I must die, now in the very bud and spring time of my youth, and lie down with darkness and the worm; I, who have so loved the blue heavens and the green earth, the fragrance of its morning dews and evening twilights, and all the sweet melodies of nature, must soon quit them forever, and be forgotten as though I had never been, by all who have been dear to me?”

“Sweetest Mara, cherish not presentiments like these,” said Reginald, brushing away a starting tear that would not be repressed. “You talk of death as though it were at hand, but I see about you no signs of its approach. This illness is but transient, springing from the morbid indulgence of a distempered fancy—we will medicine that with the balm of love and friendship, and all will then be well.”

“Ah, Reginald, it is too late!” she said, in a sad and tremulous voice. “I am destined to an early death, it was my mother’s fate—and before another moon visits our hemisphere, I shall be laid in silence by her side.”

She bent her face upon her hands, and when Reginald saw the bright tears trickling through her slender fingers, he could control his emotions no longer. He rose and stood at the entrance of the alcove, when, seeing Adèle approaching, he advanced to meet her, and, leading her back with him, placed her gently by Mara’s side.

“Comfort her, my Adèle,” he said; “for you, if any one, can lure her back to peace and happiness.” And thus saying, he departed, and left them together.

Day after day passed on, and wrought no change for the better, in the health or spirits of Mara. It was too true that she was rapidly hastening to the grave. The seeds of early decay were implanted in her constitution, and the evil influence of the propheticess acting on an overwrought imagination, combined, with the unhappy passion which preyed upon her peace, to bring them prematurely into action. Yet as her health and strength declined, her mind acquired a calm and tranquil tone, and the subdued quiet of her air and manner was such, as suited one who was

so soon to enter the eternal world. Many had been her struggles to attain this frame of mind, and frequent had been her conversations with Reginald, with the pastor, and Adèle, on the subject of her decline and on the dread realities of the unknown futurity, which was shortly to be unfolded to her view. During these conversations, the treasured secret of her heart had been betrayed to all—some inadvertent word, some look eloquent of love, had more than once told the cause of her fatal malady, and displayed the bitterness of those conflicting feelings, which it had cost her life to subdue. The knowledge thus accidentally obtained, deepened the tenderness of her friends towards her, and added intensity to their sorrow. Reginald still remained with them, as the departure of the vessel, in which he was to sail, had been delayed for an indefinite time, in order to repair an injury she had sustained on her voyage out. He was most grateful for this delay, and since Mara was ignorant that he possessed her secret, he could share, without causing her pain or embarrassment the cares of Adèle, in supporting her feeble step, and ministering to her comfort in a thousand little attentions, which affection loves to bestow.

As she approached nearer to the world of spirits, the objects of earth lost their hold upon her heart. Her father, Adèle, Reginald, were still inexpressibly dear to her—but it was with a chastened feeling that she loved them—and when their tears flowed at the prospect of soon losing her, she calmly soothed their grief, and spoke with gratitude of all they had enjoyed together, and with cheerful hope of the purer happiness, which would be theirs, when re-united in that world, where partings are unknown.

One evening, when she had been more than usually cheerful through the day, she sat supported by pillows at the window of the little parlour, looking forth upon the moonlit landscape, and conversing as her strength permitted, with the pastor and Reginald, while Adèle sat almost in silence on a low stool at her feet. Her heart was full to overflowing, for she felt that Mara, the sister and companion of her life, had not long to remain with them, and her tears flowed fast, as she looked forward into the desolate void, her absence would occasion. The tone of the conversation increased her anguish, for Mara, with unaccountable tenacity, dwelt upon incidents which they had enjoyed together, and spoke of their favourite walks, with something of her former animation.

“And think you, dear father,” asked Mara, pursuing the train of thought to which the subject led, “that the disembodied spirit will be permitted to revisit the scenes of its earthly love? In that far off and brighter world, will it not still delight to hover over the dear objects of its affection, to frequent the rocks and streams, and rest beneath the shades, which were its chosen haunts in the brief days of its mortal pilgrimage.”

“My child,” said the old pastor, brushing from his eyes a starting tear, “these are questions which man cannot answer. We know not what will be the spirits perceptions or employments in that world of bliss, to which the good are hastening. We are told only, that perfect and inconceivable joy awaits it there, joy such as the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard; but in what this happiness consists, we are not permitted to learn, till the veil of mortality is rent from our eyes, and we awake in the blessed regions of eternal light.”

“And what a glad awakening will that be, my father,” she said, with an upward look of rapturous delight, “freed from the pains of the body, from the sorrows of the mind,—soaring aloft on seraph’s wings, and listening to the sound of seraph’s harps! Reginald, Adèle, why do you weep, when I am making an exchange like this?”

“It is for ourselves we weep, dear Mara,” answered Reginald. “How can the hearts that love you, forbear to bleed at the bitter thought of losing you—you who have so long cheered and blessed their home?”

“Forbear, dear Reginald, to say aught that shall win me back to earth. How I have struggled to free my spirit from its thrall, God only knows, but he has lent me his aid, and I have not striven in vain. I am comforted to know, that you will fill my place in the heart of dear Adèle, and that my father, my more than father, blessed in his children, will not shed unavailing tears for the early fate of his Mara.”

No voice replied to her—every heart was too full for utterance, and Adèle’s sobs only broke the sad silence—Mara appeared exhausted and laid her head back on the pillows that supported her. Reginald rose and tenderly adjusted them, and the pastor held to her lips a draught, which she eagerly swallowed. When she recovered a little, she was conveyed to bed, and her friends watched through the night beside her, scarcely hoping she would live to behold the light of another morning. But she survived till the following evening, sometimes conversing rationally, then wandering in mind, or sunk in a lethargic slumber. The last words she addressed to the pastor were characteristic of the sensitive being who had so early fallen a victim to the depth and excess of a feeling and passionate nature.

“Do not,” she said, “bury me in the glare and pomp of day—wait till the evening shadows have fallen, and the moon looks silently down upon the quiet earth—then lay me beside my mother—write my name in the turf, and mingle the tears of affection with the dews that fall upon my grave.”

She was obeyed—and beneath the pale and melancholy light of the moon, the remains of the young and lovely Mara, were consigned to the quiet keeping of their mother earth. The little procession wound in sadness through the valley which she had so long cheered by her presence, and the tears and

regrets of all who had known and loved her, followed her to her last home.

Adèle was inconsolable, and her father and Reginald, alarmed at her melancholy, hastened their preparations for quitting those scenes which had witnessed her bereavement, and served to nurture her grief. But it was a sad day for her, and for her father, when they bade adieu to the quiet dwelling, the trees, the lake, the graves of those they had loved, and the affectionate and simple people among whom they had so long dwelt. The hope of a return, soothed the pain of parting, and leaving the care of his flock to an old man, who had often been his assistant in the discharge of his clerical duties, the good pastor embarked with Reginald and Adèle for England, from whence they were to proceed to France, when Reginald, in his own country, had received the hand of his bride.

* * * * *

Years rolled on, and the aged pastor returned not to the scene of his former exile. Shortly after quitting America, death had sealed his labours, and Adèle, happy as a wife, found new ties and new duties, too engrossing to permit her attempting the voyage. But her heart ever turned with the fondest affection to the spot of her birth, and the cloud, which the early death of her beloved Mara, cast over her young mind, still lingered there, chastening its native buoyancy, through many a long year of uninterrupted happiness.

The ravages which time and neglect wrought in the sylvan valley, were aided by the fury of the elements, and the incursions of the neighbouring Indians. A furious storm tore up the trees, and swelling the lake to a mighty river, washed away many of the dwellings—while the savages, no longer awed by the presence of the pastor, committed deeds, which terrified the peaceful inhabitants, and drove them to seek a home, and shelter elsewhere. Some repaired to Philadelphia, attracted by the mild sway of its governor and founder, and some returned to the haunts and habits of savage life; but all dispersed, and within five years after the departure of the pastor and his family, not a trace remained of the former beauty and cultivation of his once loved home—nothing to tell that civilized beings had dwelt there, save only the faintly delineated outline of the graves, where, struggling with the rank and tangled grass, still grew a remnant of the flowering shrubs, which the hand of affection had planted over those, who slept beneath.

Montreal.

DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE.

There's nothing bright above, below,
In sky, earth, ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know;
And thee, love, thee, o'er all the rest!

(ORIGINAL.)

THE THREE VISIONS.

To love and be beloved! Who would not rest
Contented with his lot, when a bright being,
Whose spirit is heaven-born, on him softly looks,
And with expressive glances doth permit,
That interchange of thought—of feeling rather
Through whose blest medium two kindred souls
Commune? But then these souls must harmonizè,
Must have been born as 'twere one for the other;
So that their sentiments together when
Combined, make up but one—one only heart.
When all things are propitious, and the man
Has found a mate who will his love receive,
Yielding her best affections in return,
Who with his every joy—his every sorrow
Can truly sympathize; then, what a flood
Of heavenly ecstasy doth deluge him:
His palpitating frame seems changed; and light
As gossamer, he is bouyed up on air,
Till raised to her—not she brought down to him—
He reaches those fair spiritual spheres
Where sense is utterly—entirely made
Subordinate to soul. Living but in
Her smiles, he loves to breathe this purer air:
Apart, he languishes and feels a void
He knows not how to fill.—Together linked
In holiest, happiest unison they ride
In fairy car drawn by swift-winged doves;
The Graces and the Hours—a merry train—
With carols blithe attending on their course.

But oft a cloud
Of jealousy, athwart man's sky will shoot,
Casting such darkening shadows o'er his mind,
As to bereave him of his dearest joy,
And foster mad despair.—A short time since
I fell a musing: when, methought I had
A rose-tree—graceful plant—on which there grew
A healthy bud. I tended it with care,
Striving, though feebly, with a watering pot,
To mimic evening dews. My chief delight—
Was to hang o'er it, and with care to watch
The tender brownish leaves turn vivid green,—
And ope their eager leaflets to the sun.
But when the bursting calyx half disclosed
The blushing petals, that seemed wondrous fair,
And with refreshing odours filled the breeze,
A vile worm nipped the bud—and then it shrunk,
And withered all. My hopes went with it.
When suddenly the scene was changed—

And lo!

A lamb stood in the rose's place. This lamb
Quite frolicsome appeared, inviting me
To lively gambols with its own sweet self:
I could not but indulge it in its humours,
And join its sports. It soon became so tame
That it would follow me where'er I led,

And joyed in my presence. When I left
This gentle one, to follow daily toils,
Its spirits sunk—it moped—felt solitary,
And scarcely stirred till I returned again
To cheer it up. This lamb so gay grew ill.
A dire disease—the scurf—broke o'er its skin,
And robbed it of its soft and snowy fleece ;
By whose rude ravages deterred, I fled,
And to its fate abandoned the poor thing.

Again the scene was changed—a snow-white dove
Appeared, and casting full upon me, eyes
Of radiance divine, seemed to entreat,
With that mild beaming look I love so well,
That I would pity her lone state.—I did—
I laid her in my bosom and there left
A space for her to nestle in : but none
Would I allow her sweet repose to break,
Or enter there beside her. Often soothed
By her soft cooing, I no longer cared
For chattering magpie or for raven hoarse,
Though both desired to drive her from the nest.
To disappointment was I doomed—for when
I viewed her as my own—my lawful prize,
Had shielded her from every chilling blast,
And kept off enemies, she seemed to think
She had repaid me by a forced stay.
Spreading her wings upon a sunny morn,
She flew away and left me lone—bereaved.

By these three loses maddened, I became
Quite reckless, and of reason near bereft.
No longer was I able to control
The crowd of fierce emotions, that had been
Subdued hitherto. Now breaking down
All barriers,—within my breast they rushed
To battle, and for mastery here strove
With bellowings horrible, whose sound can be com-
pared
To nought, save ocean's roar, when'er a gale
Has swept the ripples into surges high,
And lashed them into foam. My bosom chang'd
Into volcano grim, did heave and toss
With short convulsive throes, occasioned by
The rise and fall of roaring fires within.
The melted lava in its bulk increased,
At length did seek an opening to discharge
Its glowing, pent-up mass. Long time it strove,
With rushes forwards and reboundings back,
Through the encircling chest to force a way ;
But 'twas of no avail. For the stout walls
And breast-works firm, impenetrable stood ;
Heeding no more these onsets than if they
But puffs of wind had been. One effort more
The baffled fluid did decree to make ;
When all its strength collecting for the task,
With concentrated force it sprang aloft
In leap terrific, till it reached my mouth,
Where gaping vent it found. Proclaiming loud

In hissing voice its joy at being freed,
It broke the spell and roused me from my trance.
For now I found—with joy indeed I found—
That, though I had the rose—the lamb—the dove,
The rest had been but conjured from my brain—
A dream with open eyes. The lamb was well :
The rose in bloom : the dove had merely left
To view the world and bring me back the news ;
It had returned with *my tle*-branch to plead
For its escape.—And all was right again.

SYLVIO.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A RAT.

Now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Henry IV. Part I.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Ee'n ministers they have been kenn'd,

In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And naill't wi' Scripture.

Burns.

IN this scribbling age, when every man, woman
and child, whether of mature or of pygmean growth,
aspires to the dignity of authorship—when rebels and
chartists publish treason, and cupid-stricken maid-
ens and love-sick swains preach sentimentalism—
when honest tailors print “the fa-bions,” and little
misses write verses—when angry politicians, discuss
constitutions, and aspiring students vie for immortal-
ity—when the whole world has become a theatre of
letters, and every moving thing in it an object wor-
thy the philosopher's analysis or the historian's narra-
tion—the poet's lay or the novelist's tale—I consid-
er it incumbent on me, in imitation of the laudable
example of my literary contemporaries, to commu-
nicate to an inquisitive and news-loving public a few
of the incidents connected with a romantic and
eventful history.

Peradventure there are those who will startle at the
bare idea of holding converse with a very rat ; but
the classic reader requires not the philosophy of Py-
thagoras, to be enabled to comprehend the pheno-
menon. Who does not know that Xanthus, the fa-
vourite courser of Achilles, “broke eternal silence
and portentous spoke ?”^{*} Moses relates of Balaam,
that his life was preserved by the timely admonition
of a faithful ass.† The *parlance* of his brother in
sagacity, surpassed even the comprehension of Tris-
tram Shandy.‡ The world is familiar with the ex-
ploits of the “gallant Bruin,” who

*Iliad, Book XIX.

†Numbers, XXII.

‡Tristram Shandy, vol. IV. chap. 13.

Was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite ;*

And within our own circle many empty heads are
filled by the monthly discourses of an intelligent
Grub.† Our genius,

——not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking glass,
yet envies not in others a reputation which it does
not itself enjoy. Boileau, the French biped, whose
every sentence has become an apothegm, has honest-
ly written :

“Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs
soins, ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus ou du
moins.”

Nor may you, Miss Prudence, smirk at the opinion
of the satirist, for the accomplished Pope has declared
that

“Every woman is at heart a rake.”

And if you have perused Don Juan—and I hope
you have—you must have read of “stormy waves
and stormy women.” But to my narrative ;

It was on the sullen and stormy evening of the
17th of March, ——, as I have been often informed
by my kind and indulgent mother, that I first inhaled,
the “caller air.” From the day of my first articula-
tion to the present time, Montreal has been ever re-
membered in my orisons, as the birth-place of Caleb
Farrigo—for such was the euphonious appellation
given to me at my baptism. It will be sufficient to
know that my parents were of very respectable fami-
lies, and could boast as many ancestors as the most
potential nobleman in Christendom, if they could
but reckon up their names ; in proof of which it may
be mentioned as an undeniable fact, although it is
not noticed in the Book of Genesis, that one of our
species, and from whom I claim descent, was the very
first to volunteer to, and did in fact, accompany the
Noah family, in their expedition over the mountains
of Ara-rat.

At an early age, I was intrusted to the *surveil-*
lance of a much prized relative, by whose uniform
kindness and attention I was enabled to make con-
siderable advancement in the several branches of a
liberal education. My appearance, I have reason
to know, is sufficiently fantastic to be much admired
by the fair sex, and my address is greatly approved
by the learned. I can either preach a sermon or
sing a psalm—dance a galope or play the guitar. I
can write well, and discourse eloquently—walk with
becoming gracefulness, and fence with punctilious
dexterity. Of these accomplishments and a thousand
more, which my extreme modesty will not allow me to
disclose, but which many of my friends will remember
more faithfully than I can relate, I am perfect master.
I possess, besides, great versatility of talent. I some-
times amuse myself with writing verses of the ludi-

* Hudibras, canto II.

† Lit. G.

crous and gayer kind. I compose comedies ; divert
myself with pantomimes ; read the lyric poets, and
enter into the spirit of the most wanton muse. In
short, I am nothing averse to pleasantry, mirth, and
gaiety ; and, like the humorous Menenius of old,
always spend my malice in my breath.

Being, however, of a wandering disposition, fonder
of novelty than of sedentary pursuits, and more
desirous to learn the ways and practices of the bipeds
than to con the cold and insipid philosophy of our
pedagogues, I early began my pedancous peregrina-
tions, accompanied by a waggish companion of about
my own age. Unfortunately for the unrestrained
exercise of our perambulatory propensities, an unac-
countable hostility exists between our larger bre-
thren and our race ; and, as can be easily imagined,
the “hair-breadth ‘scapes” of my friend and myself
were numberless. The tocsin of alarm sounded ever
and anon ; and on more than one occasion did I owe
my safety, nay, my life, to my “grim aspect, and
large proportion of my strong-built limb.” In the
course of our perilous excursions, I enjoyed the pecu-
liar advantage of viewing “men and manners,” from
“a hole in the corner.” Unobserved, I beheld the
crowd in its *true* character, and unheeded, I noted
my observations thereon. To communicate a narra-
tive of all that I have seen would be a tedious, and
indeed, an endless task ; but to make known the re-
sult of some of my remarks is now my intention.

On reference to my note-book, I find that our first
adventure abroad was to the mess-room of a distin-
guished regiment. How vividly do I remember the
occasion ! Indelibly is, and ever will be, impressed
in my recollection the occurrences of that memorable
day—for truly memorable it was to me. Of “a mess-
room scene” I had heard often, and much from my
father ; and having learned that this day was the anni-
versary of some by-gone victory, I determined, at all
hazards, to witness “the fun,” and, if possible, to
taste the “dainty dishes.” My resolution having
received the cordial approbation of my companion,
we set off on our adventure a short time before the
hour of dinner. In our march we fortunately experi-
enced no molestation, and having stationed our-
selves in a very favourable observatory, awaited, with
nervous anxiety, the commencement of the ceremo-
nies. Nor were we long detained in a state of ne-
science, for, at the appointed time, with a punctuality
well worthy imitation, the several members of the
mess made their appearance. There were to be
seen gentlemen of short and long names—of
dark and lank complexions—of small ad-
measurement—of tall and short stature—and of
voracious and slender appetites. As will be readily
believed, the repast was most sumptuous—such as
would have reflected the highest credit on the taste
of Mæccenas and deserved the praises of his bottle-
friend, Horace. On the removal of the cloth, the
hilarity of the evening may be said to have com-

menced. The kindly spirit that "cheers the heart o' drooping care," and the martial guests appeared to be on the most friendly terms; and the exhilarating complexion of the one was radiated by the smiling countenances of the other. To describe the amusive and miscellaneous conversation that now opened upon our attentive ears is indeed far beyond my powers of delineature; and if it were possible, it would still be useless to narrate it. Some were relating "deeds of days of other times," and others were talking of essaying "to pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon"—some were praying for breaches, ambuscades, and a brush with the Yankees, and others were proclaiming the praises of their regiment—some were declaring the pleasures of the turf, and others were anticipating the sports of the season—some were denouncing the severity of a hyperborean winter, but most were thinking of "shampooing" the ladies. In this gladsome manner was extinguished "the buttock of the night;" and "the forehead of the morning" still found these sons of Mars in the same joyous mood, conversing as familiarly of "grim-visig'd war,"

"As maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs,"
and toasting their friends in "a cup of hot wine,"

"'Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all.

My patience was at length entirely dissipated, and I was on the eve of returning home, when I heard a voice call out, "Halloo, Pinckerton! this is dull work—come, give us your song."

"It's a bargain," replied the warm-hearted and good-natured Pinckerton. "I am always ready and willing to sing, for my heart responds to the call:

THE WAR-WORN CHIEF.

Now adieu to the chief—the war-worn chief,*
Who oft for his country hath bled;
He goes to enjoy from toil a relief,
And rest on a full-laurel'd bed.

Long life to his Queen—our young virgin Queen,
Now crowning with honours the brave;
Thus smoothing the path that still lies between
The land that he loves and the grave.

Fell Discord that late so ravaged the land,
Enshrouding its fair fields in gloom,
Is gone—now banished the myrmidon band
All nature will burst forth in bloom.

Eagles may soar in their element, air,
And stars too may twinkle on high;
But the Lion's domain, guarded with care,
We'll defend, and inroads defy.

Then adieu to the chief—the war-worn chief,
Who oft for his country hath bled;

He goes—but, in parting, soothed be our grief,
To rest on a full-laurel'd bed.

Pinckerton's song was loudly *encored*; but to my great mortification I could not await its repetition.

The all-cheering sun already displayed his illumining beam in the furthest east, and began to draw the shady curtains from Aurora's bed; and knowing that my affectionate parents would be uneasy at my unwonted absence, I deemed it advisable and prudent to be take myself home with the least possible delay.

It was not very long after the excursion I have just related that my insatiable curiosity induced me, one very pleasant forenoon, to undertake a ramble, I cared not whither, and knew not wherefore. I sauntered about for some time, undetermined as to the direction I should next wend, till at length I espied a number of portentous sceming bipeds, whose visages betokened self-assured consequence, and whose habiliment evinced them to be, at least, *professional* men, hastening, some with bundles of undusted papers, and others with tomes of well-used books, to a spacious edifice, whose exterior, although wanting much of the splendour and gorgeous magnificence which the poet's description awards to

"Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers,"

showed it to be a building of considerable note. I resolved to follow suit, and, without much difficulty, found myself in the assembly of those whom I subsequently discovered to be more remarkable for possessing "a mint of phrases in their brain," than for the inflexibility of their consciences. I had hardly introduced myself when my attention was awakened by a cry of "silence" from a surly-looking Dogberry-clerk, and immediately three "reverend grave men," with white teeth and washed faces, made their appearance, and, with a most courteous salutation, seated themselves in an elevated position. I could not avoid being forced into a contemplation of the scene which I now witnessed before me. It was new and strange to me; and it has engraved in "the table of my memory" an impression which the obliterating finger of time will never be able to efface. I beheld seated above the rest, and arrayed in the pomp and dignity of judicial grandeur, sage men, whom Right and Wrong appeared to have considered more wise than their compeers, and had chosen as the arbitrators of their mutiny. I beheld others with mute, and pallid and fear-stricken countenances, and whose lank and sorry semblance exhibited the baneful effects of a litigious disposition. Others I beheld, with complexions of different hues—of manners the most obsequious, and in character notable for pertinacious importunity. These were the ministerial ministers of the former; they held in their right hand what they termed "the Rules of Prac-

* Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton.

lice," and in their left a surcharged "Bill of Costs"; they were laboriously unfolding the quillets of a mystic involution, if the expression may be used, and strenuously urging the legality of "a fee."

"————— Their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate."

But I was not long permitted to enjoy my meditative humour. The music of their own vain tongues seemed to fascinate the disputants like "enchancing harmony;" and the proceedings of the "sittings" had been scarcely commenced, when the "wordy torrent" became so intolerable as would have

"Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

Plutarch's account of the means employed by Caius Gracchus to prevent himself from being excited by his passion into a too loud and tumultuous tone of speech, I was forcibly reminded of; and sincerely did I regret the absence, on the present occasion, of a similar pitch-pipe or instrument to that which regulated the voice of the Roman orator, and immortalized the name of his faithful servant Lacinus. It is passing wonderful that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued; and until it or some equally efficient substitute be introduced into our public Halls, I am fully determined never again to venture myself within their limits.

The sequel of my history presents many other, equally interesting with the foregoing, adventures an account of which, should leisure permit, I may be induced to lay before the public at some future period. Meanwhile, kind reader, I wish you all manner of happiness, and, in the hope that my narrative has contributed to your amusement, bid you good night.

(ORIGINAL.)

APRIL.

Hark, to the silvery sound
Of the soft April shower!
Telleth it not a pleasant tale
Of bird, and bee, and flower?
See, as the bright drops fall,
How swell the tiny buds
That gem each bare and leafless bough,
Like polished agate studs.

The alder by the brook,
Stands in her tasselled pride;
And the pale willow decketh her,
As might beseech a bride.
And round the old oak's foot,
Where in their wintry play,
The winds have swept the withered leaves,
See, the Hepatica!

Its brown and mossy buds
Greet the first breath of spring,
And to her shrine, its clustered flowers,
Their earliest offering bring.
In rocky cleft secure,
The gaudy columbine
Shoots forth, ere wintry snows have fled,
A floral wreath to twine.

And many a bud lies hid
Beneath the foliage scar,
Waiting spring's warm and wooing breath,
To deck the vernal year.
When lo! sweet April comes,—
The wild bird hears her voice,
And through the grove on glancing wing,
Carols, "rejoice! rejoice!"

Forth from her earthy nest,
The timid wood-mouse steals,
And the blithe squirrel on the bough,
Her genial influence feels.
The purple hue of life,
Flushes the teeming earth,
Above, around, beneath the feet,
Joy, beauty, spring to birth.

But on the distant verge
Of the cerulean sky,
Old winter stands with angry frown,
And bids the syren fly.
He waves his banner dark,
Raises his icy hand,
And a fierce storm of sleet and hail
Obey his stern command.

She feareth not his wrath,
But hides her sunny face,
Behind a soft cloud's fleecy fold,
For a brief instant's space,—
Then looketh gaily forth
With smile of magic power,
That changeth all his icy darts,
To a bright diamond shower.

Capricious April, hail!
Herald of all things fair,
'Tis thine to loose the imprisoned streams,—
The young buds are thy care.
To unobservant eye,
Thy charms are few, I ween,
But he who roves the woodland paths,
Where thy blithe foot hath been,—

Will trace thee by the tufts
Of fragrant early flowers,
That thy sweet breath hath waked, to deck,
The dreary forest bowers,—
And by the bursting buds,
That at thy touch unfold,
To clothe the tall tree's naked arms,
With beauty all untold,—

Will hear thy tuneful voice,
 In the glad leaping streams,
 And catch thy bland, yet fitful smile,
 In showers, and sunny gleams :
 Then welcome, April fair,
 Bright harbinger of May,
 Month of blue skies, and perfumed airs,
 The young year's holiday !

E. L. C.

Montreal, April 11, 1840.

A TRAVELLER WHO HAS SEEN NOTHING.

I REMEMBER to have heard an anecdote of a facetious barber, who, while operating upon the chin of a customer, commenced catechising his victim on the subject of his foreign travel. "You are an army gentleman, I believe, sir, pray were you in Egypt?" "Yes." "Really! then perhaps you saw the Pyramids?" "Yes." "Travelled a little in Greece, perhaps, sir?" "A little." "Pleasant place, Greece, I've been told; Athens, and all that. I dare say you fought in the Peninsula?" "Once or twice." "Charming country, Spain, I've heard, sir; indeed I've read Gil Blas, which gives one a very pretty notion of it. Plenty of oranges in Portugal, sir?" "Plenty." "Vastly nice; indeed, quite a favourite fruit of mine. Did you ever serve in the East or West Indies, sir?" "In both." "Really! why you're quite a traveller. Of course, sir, you've seen Paris?" "Never." "Never seen Paris, sir!" exclaimed the man of suds and small talk: "never visited the French metropolis! why, dear me, sir, you have seen nothing."

THE COUNTRY.

A SHORT trip into the country, even for a single day, is exceedingly beneficial, by diverting the mind from the ordinary objects of contemplation, and removing from it for a time the load of anxious cares, which if suffered too long to remain, destroys its elasticity. At least once a-year, a jaunt of a week or two should, if possible, be taken by every one; the communications by land and water to every part of the country are now so abundant and economical, that there are few indeed who could not afford it if they wished; in the end such expenditure would probably be the means of saving a large sum, by improving the health, and enabling men to engage in the various occupations of life with greater energy.

ANCIENT GIANTS.

JULIUS CAPITOLINUS and others report of the tyrant Maximinus, (who murdered and succeeded the good Alexander Severus,) that he was so strong, that with his hands he drew carts and wagons full laden. With a blow of his fist he struck out a horse's tooth,

and with a kick broke his thighs. He crumbled stones betwixt his fingers, he cleft young trees with his hands; that he was surnamed Hercules, Anteus, and Milo. Trebellius Pollio writes of Caius Marius, a cutler by his first occupation, (and who in the time of Calienus was chosen emperor by the soldiers,) that there was not any man who had stronger hands to strike and thrust than he. The veins of his hands seemed as if they had been sinews; with his fourth finger he stayed a cart drawn with horses, and drew it backward. If he gave but a fillip to the strongest man that then was, he would feel it as if he had received a blow on his forehead with a hammer. With two fingers he would wrest and break many strong cords twisted together.

MATERNAL PATHOS.

THE following touching evidence of maternal love is copied from the New-Orleans Picayune:—"The sable mantle of night hung over the scene, black as the dunest smoke of hell." The wild roar of the pealing thunder mingled in frightful discord with the shriek of the midnight tempest that seemed struggling to uproot the humble dwelling of Ambrose. Again and again the rattling crash of contending elements shook the "firm set earth," as if heralding the crack of doom, when pale-faced Ellen snatching her helpless infant from the floor, rushed up the stairs, exclaiming. "Good gracious, the bed-room window's open!"

A PLAIN TRUTH.

THERE is a plain but solemn truth in the quotation which we here make:—"Where one individual walks voluntarily into crime, a thousand are deceived into it by unsuspected villany, or forced into it by the pressure of irresistible misfortune." Let us be charitable, then, towards even those who are apparently the greatest criminals, for we know not but that, after all, they are the wronged. It is better to err with charity, than to run the least risk with its reverse.

APOTHEGMS.

DIFFICULTIES.—The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.

GREECE.—Of all people upon earth, the Greeks dreamed the loveliest dream of life.

THE WORLD.—This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

INGRATITUDE.—Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness. I have never seen an able man who was ungrateful.

HISTORY.—The great advantage of history is the enthusiasm it inspires.

QUADRILLE.

BY J. MAFFRE,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, AND DIRECTOR OF THE BAND OF THE 71ST REGIMENT.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the final note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line from the first system. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, featuring several chords and a fermata over the final note.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with a fermata and a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) below the staff. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords and a fermata over the final note.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords and a fermata over the final note.

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

————Came winter then,
 With his rugged brow and aspect stern,
 And his rough winds swept over all, the young
 Nor aged sparing: and some grew bold,
 As if their youthful thoughts found kindred joy
 In the frosty crackling sound which followed
 Their light footsteps. Some had seen him come
 And go, and come again, adding wrinkles
 To their now deeply furrowed brows, till time
 'Gainst nature would prevail, and sweep them off,
 Each after each, to be remembered never.
 Then came the blithesome spring in her gay robe
 Attired, and with her came a whispering dark,
 Forboding tidings ill: it told that friends,
 Dear friends, must part! Alas, too true, for once

Was rumour with her hundred tongues—she said,
 A friend indeed, who had in need proved such,
 Whose ready hand was e'er outstretched to soothe
 The fever'd head, who toilsome watched o'er the sick
 And restless, wishing for light to drive away
 The deathlike image of the night; whose aid,
 Unasked for, was bestowed e'en on the DEAD;
 Fearful, that on the solitude of grief
 There might intrude a thought of disrespect,
 To those whom God had called to live with him;
 Would go with all he held most dear, and leave
 Behind a friendless blank.

B*****.

Montreal, 25th April, 1840.

OUR TABLE.

THE COLONIAL MAGAZINE—NO. I.

THE above is the title of a new periodical, published in London, which promises to be a useful addition to the magazines of the day. It is generally political in its bearing. The editor is Mr. Montgomery Martin—a gentleman well and favourably known to the Colonists. The papers in this number are excellent, and we would fain hope, they will set the public right on many subjects connected with the power of England, on which partizan writers have recently been sacrificing truth to party spleen—gratifying England's foes by representing her power as on the wane.

We have not space at our command, (our limits are so literally crowded with original contributions,) to enter into a lengthened review of the various papers, even did they come within our sphere, but we cannot pass over without quoting the following patriotic conclusion of an excellent article entitled "the present position and future prospects of England," the whole of which we will, at some future time, endeavour to lay before our readers:—

England, even now, may claim the designation of the queen-mother of nations; by a just policy, the offspring of her loins will become the sinews of her strength, until, like the banyan-tree of the East, every fibre and shoot more and more effectually, shields, upholds, and adorns the parent state.

Amidst the thousand millions of human beings that inhabit this earth (independent of the myriads it is still capable of containing,) there cannot be one uninterested in the future progress of England, if England act up to the Christian principles which are the foundation of her religion. Those principles are the preservation of peace, the liberation of the slave, the judicious extension of rational freedom, and the permanent establishment of Christianity.

It was doubtless for these great and holy objects that this small island has been permitted to rise from a barbarian colony of heathen Rome, where her children were sold as slaves, to her present exalted state; and if she be but true to the dictates of that divine creed which has been revealed to man for his temporal as well as spiritual welfare, we cannot contemplate an end to her power, nor a boundary to her happiness.

It is not, therefore, for the sake of the small territorial speck called Britain, that we seek the extension and the permanence of her supremacy; it is because we believe that the destinies of mankind are intimately blended with her weal or woe, and that an awful responsibility rests upon the course which, in the exercise of a free agency, she may for the future pursue.

Cheerfully do we confess, that we feel no gloomy forebodings; there are within even this small island, too many good Christians to suffer despair to creep with its noisome weeds around the heart; we believe that the salt of the earth is in Britain, and that it contains the little leaven which will yet leaven the entire mass of mankind—among whom our revered ministers are everywhere spreading the light of a pure gospel, and preaching its comforts and blessings in every known tongue.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

THIS neat and well conducted weekly, we are glad to say, maintains its excellent character. The articles are generally selected, but an occasional original of merit, shews that the genius of Nova Scotia is not confined to the few literary magnates, whose labours are so generally known to the world. The *Pearl* is indeed a gem—would that such were less rare, as well in the Canadas, as in the neighbouring Provinces.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, FOR APRIL.

WE have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of this elegant monthly, which with this number completes its eleventh half-yearly volume. In addition to the attractive character of its literary contents, it contains a very fine engraving of "the Young Mother." This magazine has a circulation larger, we believe, than any other American original, and we need scarcely add that it deserves all the encouragement it receives.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

THIS beautiful periodical continues to sustain its eminent character, as well for the excellence of its contents as the beauty of its typography. There have been lately given in it several exquisite specimens of wood engraving, by a young artist of much promise in New York. These efforts are scarcely second to any which have come under our notice as engravings on wood.

HAMILTON, AND OTHER POEMS—BY WM. A. STEPHENS.

To this neat volume, of which mention was made in our last number, we again refer, for the purpose of quoting from it a few passages, illustrating the "metal it is made of." The reader will observe that the descriptive power of the author has come fully into play—the extract being taken from the second book of the leading poem—Hamilton—and being introductory to the main portions of the author's picture. The whole has a "strikingly dramatic effect," and the scene depicted scarcely wants the pencil to place it before the eye. The terrible sublimity of the "Deluge" is a theme worthy of any pen—and the courage of our author, in grappling with it, was itself an earnest of his success:—

Down pours the flood, while earth's wide opening
womb

Pours forth a foaming deluge to entomb
Herself and offspring. See yon chieftain's brow,
How pale and wan! where is his courage now?
His voice of vict'ry and his eye of fire?
Gone with his army's fierce contending ire.
His foaming charger wildly tries to brave
The roaring flood, then sinks beneath the wave,
While dead and dying, mingling friends and foes,
Are swept away, as down the deluge flows.
Hundreds of brides that day had deck'd their charms,
To grace their proud, exulting bridegrooms' arms;
All stricken now with wild terrific wonder,
At that fierce flash and dooming earthquake thunder;
They sink aghast, all terror-blighted, wan,
Into the arms of nerveless, powerless man:—
All struggling now they sink beneath the wave,
In lock'd embrace, their bridal bed and grave;
While human agony in wildest power
Is heard where hills and forests vainly tow'r:
No lofty hill, or tree, or tower, can save,
Above them sweeps the overwhelming wave,
Which drowns their cry, and drowns the bellowing
roar
Of flocks and herds, whose feet can find no shore.
The eagle, tow'ring late on boldest wing,
Is screaming now, a drowning helpless thing,
The mighty lion, monarch of the wood,

His empire lost, is flound'ring in the flood,
As helpless now, and feeble in his pow'r,
As e'er was lambkin frighten'd by his roar.

True to his nature, see yon tiger grasp
A struggling infant with his latest gasp,
Swept with its mother on the raging flood,
His last fierce act to steep his jaws in blood.

A crowd of giants gained with efforts vast
Yon mountain's summit; 'twas their only, last
Wild hope of succour from the with'ring blast
Of God's tremendous anger, and while there
A troop of lions struggling from their lair,
Tigers and elephants, by instinct urged
To reach the ground that last would be submerged,
In wildest panic dash among the crowd
Of congregated giants, while aloud
Above the storm was heard the shriek and roar
Of trampled agony, wild floods of gore
From man and monster pour'd upon the ground,
Whilst terror, slaughter, madness, raged around,
And as they fought, the angry sky was riven,
And in full volume from the vault of heaven
A cat'ract rushes with o'erwhelming wave,
And man and beast are swept in one promiscuous
grave.

Thus perish'd all the tribes of earth and air.
All ended now their struggling and despair.

From the "miscellaneous poems" attached to the volume, we make the following brief selection, as shewing the author in a different walk. It will be read with pleasure:—

THE FAIRY AND THE DEW DROP.

The sunbeams changed to gem of light
A dew-drop on a flow'ret bright,
A Fairy saw the dazzling prize,
Which rivalled elfin beauty's eyes,
He touch'd the gem with magic wand,
Then took the di'mond in his hand,

Which, petrified by mystic power,
He bore away to elfin bower,
Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light
He found his own dear lady sprite,
And gave the gem—then snatch'd a kiss,
Tho' chid by pouting faery miss.

We cannot close our brief notice of this pretty collection, without congratulating the author upon his success, and expressing a hope that some of his future "hours of idleness," may be as pleasantly devoted to the entertainment of his friends, who doubtless are, the whole Province in which he resides.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

WE have to congratulate the city upon the recent establishment of one of these associations, which, under such or similar titles, have been so useful towards the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, in the various towns of the old and of the new world.

The gratifying and auspicious circumstances under which the labours of the Institute have been commenced, argue well for its future usefulness; and so general has been the kindly feeling expressed in its behalf, that time only is now wanting to render its usefulness fully equal to the warmest hopes of its most sanguine friends.

On the cover of the present number of the *Garland*, the reader will find a list of the office-bearers of the Institute—at the head of whom stands the Governor General of the Canadas.

It is gratifying, indeed, to find one occupying so high a station, giving his encouragement and support to associations such as this, and no less pleasant to observe the same feeling so prevalent among all the classes of our fellow-citizens—none of whom have been laggard in coming forward to aid the efforts of the infant society.

Already many valuable donations have been received—and a most interesting lecture, on the objects, merits and uses of such associations, delivered—many gentlemen have become life members, whose contributions will much assist to render the institution available to its promised end—and an address to the public has been prepared, which although it has been already published, we subjoin. A committee has been appointed, to solicit assistance from the public. Their names will be found appended to the list of officers, on the cover:—

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

The disadvantages under which not only the mechanic population, but all except the wealthier classes of this city, have hitherto laboured, as regards facility for intellectual improvement, rendering it imperative to adopt some means for their removal, an attempt has recently been made to organize a 'Mechanics' Institute, which, it is gratifying to state, has, so far, been crowned with complete success. The design of this Society is to promote, by every means at its command, a knowledge of natural and experimental philosophy—of the arts and sciences—and of their application to the ordinary business of life—in fact, to place within the reach of every one, the improvement of whose mind is to himself an object of solicitude, the ready means of doing so.

The important consequences which must result from the operations of a Society thus constituted, and under proper management, are self apparent. It is the duty of every man to give his attention to the attainment of knowledge—for no one can know the benefits which may accrue from his individual labours. The important discoveries in art and science, which have hitherto been made, have been the result of long and patient study, by those who theoretically and practically understood the principles of their professions. Were it necessary to adduce examples, it might at once be asked what would have availed the discovery of a Savary without the perfecting genius of a Watt? But even such a result is of little moment, compared with the alleviation of human suffering, secured by the simple, yet beautiful discovery of the safety lamp, which of itself would have been sufficient to have rendered illustrious the name of Sir Humphrey Davy? This was the result of studious investigation and perseverance, by one intimately versed in the principles of science, and is perhaps a better example than any that could be adduced of the direct application of knowledge to a specific end. That such results can only follow from the labours of those who are qualified to study the properties, and understand the qualities of the natural bodies that surround them, is a truism that comes with persuasive force to the most sceptic mind.

The mysteries of science—the creative powers of art, by which the labour of men's hands may be abridged, enabling them to give a portion of their lives to the acquirement of that wisdom which it has been the work of ages to garner up, are studies worthy of the greatest—studies which, exhibiting the grandeur of the human intellect, in its illimitable flight achieving wonders today, which yesterday we dared not hope for, have yet placed no barrier beyond which it might not pierce. New paths have, with each new discovery, been opened, in which it might essay its wings—new regions which it might not in vain explore. It shall be the duty of the Mechanics' Institute to encourage and to aid those who endeavour, humbly it may be, to search yet deeper into its mysteries—to add their mite to the great treasury of knowledge won by genius and accumulated by industry.

Independently, however, of these great advantages, which are of rare occurrence, and far beyond the individual benefits which mark the labours of such associations, it may with confidence be anticipated that the common prosperity of our city, and its advancement in respectability and wealth, will be a portion of its natural consequences—nay, the good of which it may become the minister will be reflected in the new being which it will infuse into the intellectual man, and become felt among the whole mass of our colonial brethren, who justly look upon our city as the heart and centre of Canadian prosperity.

The Institution recently organized, and pledged to the advancement of science, and the promotion of a taste for literature, is yet in its infancy—is deficient in means for carrying its views into effect—is without a library, museum, or philosophical apparatus of any kind, and, of consequence—its present sphere of usefulness materially abridged. As a member of society, and responsible according to his position in it, and the advantages which he may possess, it becomes the imperative duty of every man, who lays a claim to the character of a philanthropist or a patriot, to endeavour as far as possible to ameliorate the condition of those around him. The Institute, therefore, feels satisfied that a generous public, appreciating its intentions, and sensibly alive to the benefits which may result from its active operations, will cordially cooperate with it, and takes this method of stating its wants, under the firm conviction that the appeal will not be made in vain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to return our best thanks to our able correspondent "A. R." for the Retrospective Reviews with which he has favoured us. The reason of their non-appearance is, simply, that previous to their receipt, the whole disposable space was occupied.

Several other accepted articles have been left over from the same cause, for which we beg the forbearance of our contributors.