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THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1841.

No. 8.

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD;

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

In life's long sickness evermore,
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro;
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God.

Keeble.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of Heaven in each we see,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Ibid.

"And now," said the Dervise, "what will you give me if I tell you the end of my story?"

Eastern Tale.

WHAT were the feelings of the unhappy husband as he continued to gaze and heard no sound, beheld no movement to indicate the slightest signs of life? There she lay, her face resting on the arm of the chair, her eyes closed, her lips sealed.

"Great God! she is not dead! she cannot be dead!" he exclaimed, as he knelt before her, utterly regardless of Mr. Annesley's reception, or the piercing screams of the wretched mother, who wrung her hands, calling on her child, her darling Beatrice. Herbert was the only collected one amongst them. He pealed at the bell, which soon brought a host of servants into the room, Mrs. Golding the foremost, who, the moment she beheld her lady, said:

"Do not be alarmed—this is not death—my lady has been thus once before."

Her words were like the sound of gushing waters to the parched traveller in the desert—they inspired new hopes, new feelings, while she hastened for the restoratives she knew would prove efficacious. These she gave into the trembling hands of Sir Claude, telling him how to apply them. With what tenderness he obeyed her injunctions may be imagined. After many minutes, which to those who watched seemed so many hours, a deep drawn sigh

heaved the bosom of Beatrice. Sir Claude placed his hand upon her heart, and felt its gentle beating. He marked her eyes, as they slowly unclosed and rested upon his kneeling figure. In their expression he read his fate. She fell forward on his neck; and in that one long and passionate embrace each felt that they were forgiven by the other. Could the parents, on beholding this scene, withhold their pardon? Oh no, it was impossible; and they mingled their tears and grateful acknowledgments to the giver of all good with those of their child, who now felt almost repaid for every suffering she had undergone. Herbert alone stood apart, a few lingering scruples remaining as to the reception he ought to give to one who had dared to doubt the purity of his sister, or what his companions might think of him if he passed over such an insult in silence. While he stood irresolute, his brows contracted by a frown, and his eyes flashing fire, Norris exclaimed:

"La, master Herbert, whatever is the matter, you look for all the world like a thunder cloud in a summer's day?"

"Yes, and the cloud shall burst too!" replied Herbert, in a voice that called the attention of Sir Claude for the first time towards him.

"Ah, Herbert, my dear boy, is that you?" he said, holding out his hand. "What a fine fellow you are grown, and how like your sister."

"Yes, sir, in some respects I may be—in others, wholly unlike her," rejoined Herbert, indignantly. "She has received you in kindness, forgetful of the insults and the misery you have heaped upon her, but she has left me to resent them and I accept the trust."

Sir Claude appeared astonished—the slightest smile was perceptible on his lip. He made no reply, however, but continued standing by the side of Beatrice, his hand fast locked in hers, while Mr. Annesley rebuked his son for increasing the agitation of his sister, who, in a voice hoarse from excessive weakness, said:

"Herbert, my dear brother, never let me hear

the tones of anger again, for they are terrible to me. For my sake forbear, and remember that as we hope for pardon and mercy, we must not sit in judgment upon others. Accept this loved hand in amity, and then I shall know the depth of your affection for me."

The feelings of the warm-hearted boy instantly softened. He sprang forward and returned the pressure of Sir Claude's hand, which Beatrice had placed in his, tears filling his eyes on discovering how pale and ill he was looking. Mrs. Annesley then intreated Beatrice to retire, as she seemed so very much exhausted.

"Do, my dearest love, she said, anxiously, "and then tomorrow you will be better able to enjoy the society of Sir Claude."

Beatrice resisted the advice, saying :

"Not yet, dear mamma; spare me only a few more minutes, I entreat."

But Sir Claude, who painfully marked her pallid cheek and drooping figure, added his persuasions to those of her mother, which at once won her compliance. As she rose from her chair, Herbert offered to carry her up stairs, but was gently repulsed by Sir Claude.

"This is my right, Herbert," he said, "and one that I will not consent to relinquish."

"Ah, I see how it is," returned Herbert, in a reproachful tone, on perceiving Beatrice incline towards her husband; "I shall be nobody now that you are returned; before you came I was all in all to her."

"Do not pain me my brother!" returned poor Beatrice, shedding tears; "never shall I forget your undeviating kindness to me when I so much needed it."

"Come, come this will never do," said Sir Claude, raising her in his arms and smiling. "Herbert, open the door. Obey your commanding officer, sir."

Beatrice kissed her hand to her parents, who, perceiving the happiness expressed in her sweet face as it now rested on the shoulder of her husband, mentally offered up their grateful thanks to God, that her mourning had so suddenly been changed into joy.

Sir Claude conveyed Beatrice to her own room, when placing her on a couch, he again knelt before her, while, in a voice choked by the emotion he felt, he said :

"And now that I once more find myself alone with you, my darling wife, tell me, for God's sake tell me, whether you really can forgive my barbarity on that dreadful night we parted? Could you know what my sufferings have been since that period, I am sure you would pity me."

Such contrite language from him affected Beatrice considerably.

"Can you doubt it for a single moment, my own

dearest Claude?" she replied, clasping her arms round his neck. "God knows how freely I would have forgiven far more, knowing how many provocations to anger I had given you in requital for all your kindness and affection."

"Not one that in any degree merited such treatment; but I was mad—goaded on to desperation by a fiend in human form—nor was my own heart pure enough to understand the innocence of yours. My blessed wife, what sorrows have you known since I left you! Too legibly are they traced on your angel face, that has haunted my dreams by day and by night, filling me with remorse. Is it possible that your heart beats as warmly towards me as it used to do?"

"How can I convince you, my own beloved, words so feebly express all that is written here?" and Beatrice laid his hand upon her heart, which was throbbing tumultuously.

He kissed her again and again, then rising, he said :

"I must not linger here; it is cruel to you who need repose so much. Tomorrow I will tell you all my story, when perhaps I may not appear the cold-hearted wretch your parents now suppose me for deserting you at such a time," and he shuddered.

Beatrice clasped his hand in both hers, laying down her face upon it, as she murmured :

"Oh, Claude! our children! our darling Georgie and Harry!"

"Do not name them tonight!" he quickly rejoined, concealing his eyes with his hand; "we can neither of us bear it yet. But, my Beatrice, we have a child? She is living?"

"Yes, thanks be to God! else I must have died! Would you like to see her?"

"Not tonight, love, I have already detained you up far too long, and here comes Mrs. Golding to chide me for so doing."

"Nay, Sir Claude, not to chide," replied the kind-hearted nurse, gazing delightedly on them both. "I am only too happy to see you here; but my lady had better go to bed, else Mrs. Annesley will scold us all."

Beatrice smiled, when Sir Claude, tenderly wishing her good night, withdrew, and returned to the drawing-room.

Rawlins was then summoned to undress her lady. She came, accompanied by Norris, who could not restrain the joy she felt at the change in the tide of affairs.

"I knew something wonderful was going to happen," she said; "for it was only last night that I dreamt the house was on fire; and this morning I put my cap on the wrong side out, the luckiest sign in the world. Dear me, but Sir Claude is a fine man surely."

"None ever doubted that, Norris," returned

Beatrice, too happy to take offence at the familiarity of the faithful old servant. "But have you no more dreams and omens to relate?"

"Well, it's long since I heard you laugh, my dear, dear young lady, and the sound is like music in my ears," replied Norris. "No, I don't remember another, except that cook tumbled up-stairs last night going to bed; but she has done that often after supper. If you want to hear of signs and wonders you must go to my master. He was saying something about Venus and *the major* to Master Herbert just now as I passed them in the lobby, where they were star gazing at the window."

"Norris, Norris, we must dismiss you," said Mrs. Golding; "you will make my lady quite ill."

"A good laugh never hurt any one yet, Mrs. Golding," replied Norris. "I know that, though I don't pretend to the wisdom of a London *nus*. You shall see how soundly my lady sleeps after it."

The prediction of Norris did not, however, prove correct; for the excitement and sudden transition from heavy grief to joy, together with the hysterical laughter that had been forced from her, kept Beatrice long awake, tossing about on her pillow, unable to rest in any position; and when at length she did fall asleep, painful dreams haunted her, in which she beheld her husband standing on a high mountain, with her lost children. She tried to reach them, but every step she made they receded from her. She stretched forth her arms—she strove to call them, but she could not—and in this agony she awoke, and started up, gazing wildly around. A lamp stood burning on the table, and a few embers still remained in the grate, casting a lurid light on all the objects in the room. The soft breathing of some one near met her ear, and in her alarm she called "Mrs. Golding."

"Do you wish for any thing, love?" inquired a voice that thrilled on her heart. In the same instant the curtains were drawn aside, and she perceived Sir Claude sitting in the large easy-chair close by the bed.

"Ah! my own beloved! thank God it was but a dream!" she exclaimed, while large drops of perspiration stood on her brow, and she trembled excessively.

He supported her in his arms, wiping them away, and speaking to her in gentle tones. His presence re-assured her, and resting her head upon his bosom, she murmured:

"This is Heaven! Oh! how I could sleep here!"

"Then try to do so, my darling," he replied, pressing his lips to hers; "you have been very restless and uneasy, moaning as if you were in pain."

"No, no, I must not be so selfish; you need rest quite as much as I do. Pray go to bed, dearest Claude. It is very late, is it not?"

"Nearly two o'clock, love. Now be silent—this is my post," and he placed himself in a posture

in which he could hold her, and incline easily in the chair.

Beatrice felt too happy to say more. She faintly smiled, saying:

"God bless you!" and in a few more minutes her eyes gradually closed, and the sweetest slumber she had known for months stole over her senses.

It was a bright frosty morning when next she awoke, and the sun was shining cheerily into her windows. Sir Claude had withdrawn; but on the table she saw his watch, and her heart bounded with joy and gratitude to God for the weight of woe He had removed by restoring him. Mrs. Golding was sitting by the fire, with the babe on her knee, the little thing crowing and laughing most merrily. Mrs. Annesley just then entered to see her daughter, delighted to find her so much refreshed, and in such good spirits.

"Mamma, I feel so unable to express my feelings," said Beatrice, as she was clasped in her mother's arms, "do you render God thanks for me! for indeed, indeed I cannot, my heart is so full! Oh! may we ever strive to merit his infinite mercies!"

"We will, my precious child," replied Mrs. Annesley, moved by this appeal. "How little did we know yesterday what a day would bring forth. What a different being Sir Claude appears to all I have ever thought him: so tender, so affectionate. He would not leave you till long past daylight, when I persuaded him to retire to his own room. I have desired that none may disturb him, for he has travelled from the Abbey without halting a single night on the road, and Antonio tells me that he has been woefully ill; yet nothing could induce him to remain at Norwood beyond a day, so eager was he to reach you."

"Poor fellow! and what a day he must have spent there," returned Beatrice. "Oh! how grateful I ought to be for the sweet child God has given to us! that she has been spared, through so many perils, to see her father. I hope he may love her."

"Doubt not that my lady," said Mrs. Golding; "she is too like yourself to be viewed with indifference by Sir Claude, else am I greatly mistaken."

By the time Beatrice was dressed, and had retired into an adjoining sitting room, Sir Claude re-appeared. She rose to meet him, when she was folded with ardour to his breast. He fixed his eyes earnestly upon her, distressed to see the bright and glowing cheek so changed in its healthful hue, and the round and graceful form so wasted and drooping; but her soft blue eyes beamed as kindly as ever—her smile was as sweet—indeed an expression shone in her face, unmarked before, that to him was more lovely than Beatrice in her most beautiful days. If an angel were to descend upon earth, such he thought would be the mild and heavenly aspect he would wear, bespeaking him a visitant

from a world where no passions disturbed his pure and happy mind, where all was bright, and good, and holy. The change was not in Beatrice alone; for the light of day discovered to her the ravages that grief and illness had made in her husband, and in much alarm she said :

"You, too, have been ill, dearest Claude ! suffering ! and so far from home ! How I long to hear all that you have to tell me since that dreadful night."

"You will hear a tale of bitterness and of well-merited punishment," replied Sir Claude ; "but nothing less severe could have shaken the strong holds of pride in my stubborn heart. Beatrice, you will henceforth find me an altered man. That which I have hitherto accounted virtue, God called sin, the very sin which cast the angels down from Heaven, and expelled man from Paradise—pride—undue ambition. What right have we to cherish these qualities, owing all we do to the forbearance and mercy of Him whose sufferings have redeemed us from the curse of sin. By their unlimited indulgence how many dark passions have been excited within me, producing consequences that no remorse or repentance can retrieve. Yet I must not talk thus to you," he added, on perceiving the agitation of Beatrice. "Sit down, love, and say if you have entertained no hard thoughts against me for my apparently cruel desertion of you for so many months ?" He drew her fondly towards him on the sofa as he made the inquiry.

"The power to think has but lately been restored to me, dearest Claude," replied Beatrice ; "yet God is my witness that I have felt too deeply mine own heavy aggressions to dwell upon any part of your conduct, save only your affection. The reflection that you considered me so very guilty was for some time dreadful to me ; but even this was swallowed up in heavier sorrows. Oh ! Claude, to see those dear, those lovely children die, and you absent !"

She paused, unable to say more. Sir Claude, also, remained silent, evidently struggling with his feelings. He then started up, and, in a tone hurried and abrupt, said :

"Beatrice, dear, I have not seen our daughter ; where is she ?"

Beatrice smiled through her tears as she rang the bell, when Mrs. Golding entered with the infant, which she placed in the arms of its father. The little thing had just awakened, and fixed her large blue eyes in astonishment on the face of the stranger. Long did he gaze upon her, studying every lineament to trace who she resembled, then tenderly kissing her, he returned her to the nurse, and walked over to the window. Mrs. Golding felt a little disappointment that he made no comment on the striking beauty of the babe, who she had dressed in her christening robes to set her

off to the best advantage ; but Beatrice, who could readily enter into his feelings, signed to her to take the child away, when Sir Claude resumed his seat by her side, saying :

"Beatrice, I fear you will never like to return to Norwood Abbey after all you have suffered there. Indeed I can scarcely expect you to do so, at least until time has softened the remembrance of the past."

"Do not yield to such a thought for one moment, my beloved," replied Beatrice ; "that spot is dearer to me than any other upon earth, and whenever I am strong enough to travel, it is my earnest desire to go there for the sake of our dear mother. I confess that I never wish to enter our home in Grosvenor Square again.

"Nor shall you," replied Sir Claude, affectionately. "I have never ceased to regret having exposed your guileless nature to the snares and follies of fashionable life. Henceforth I trust we may live as those who are looking for another and a better world. You see I have profited by my trials," he added, smiling.

"May God be praised !" replied Beatrice, impressively. "I trust that ultimately we may both become gainers by the salutary corrections we have received. But you have not told me what you think of our child ? Ah, Claude, will you ever love her as well as ——" Here she stopped.

"Fear it not—in a little time," he replied in his tenderest manner. "She is a fair sweet thing, whose strong likeness to you must soon win for her my love. What name have you given her, dear ?"

"Your mother's. Poor mamma wished her to have borne mine ; but I thought you might prefer that of Claudia."

"Then you thought very wrong, and must repair your error, will you not, my own Beatrice ?" and he clasped her in his arms.

The pale cheek of Beatrice became faintly tinged as it rested there. She spoke not, but her throbbing heart revealed all that she would have said, had not tears of grateful joy prevented her utterance.

In the course of this happy day Sir Claude narrated to Beatrice all that had befallen him since their unfortunate separation ; but as there were many pauses during the recital—many questions asked and replied to, which, however interesting to themselves, might prove tedious to our readers—we prefer to give his story in our own words.

The morning that Beatrice departed with her child for Norwood Abbey, Sir Claude, in a state almost of desperation, sought Lord Stepney, to wreak vengeance upon him for the misery he had occasioned ; but on arriving at his hotel he learnt that his lordship had set out at an early hour for the continent. Sir Claude stamped his foot in fury and disappointment.

"Did he go alone?" he inquired.

"No, sir; a lady accompanied him."

Sir Claude started, and turned very pale.

"A lady," he replied. Did you see her? was she young?"

"Certainly, Sir Claude," answered the servant, with a smile, for which Sir Claude could have knocked him down. He turned away with a muttered malediction on his lip, and hastened back to his own house. On entering, he was painfully struck by its silence and desolate appearance; and, with feelings insufferably oppressed, he sought his wife's dressing room, where he locked himself in. Here he reviewed all the occurrences of the last twenty-four hours—the asseverations of innocence made by Beatrice—her grief—her tears—then her proud indignant scorn, ending so fearfully in that agonized cry as she fell. This continued to ring in his ears like a knell of death. He gazed around him, shuddering while his eyes rested on the various things that recalled her image to his view. The broken-heart still lay on the ground—her casket of jewels on the dressing table—where he saw also a small book of prayer, marked in many places by herself.

"And she is gone!" he said, in a voice choked by emotion; "gone for ever! driven from my heart and home by the insinuations of an artful woman, whose word till now I have always doubted. Good God! should I have been made her dupe! But no! Beatrice owned that she had deceived me—that she had withheld from me her confidence. Is not that enough for revenge as dark as ——" He paused, grinding his teeth in the bitterness of his feelings. "May evil follow hard upon the villain!" he continued. "She who I have always looked upon as an angel for purity—who I have loved with a depth unfathomable—she to hold converse with my enemy—to listen to his praises of her beauty—to suffer him to touch, to kiss her hand! Death! I could stab her to the heart!"

None dared approach him while thus he raved, until he pealed his bell for Antonio, to whom he gave orders to be in readiness to attend him in a few hours. The traces of tears were still visible on the boy's face, and fain would Sir Claude have questioned him concerning Beatrice, whether he saw her depart from the house, and how she appeared; but pride, imperturbable pride, chained his tongue. He wrote a hurried note to his friend Major Boileau to come to him, with whom he remained closeted a considerable time, giving him instructions how to act should the result of his present intentions prove fatal.

Major Boileau, who was a sensible and a kind-hearted man, strove to reason with him, and to entreat his patience. He had heard the reports of Lady Brereton's sudden removal bruited about, and he had read the paragraph in the papers; but more

than this he knew not, though he hoped, even against hope, that the fair fame of one who he had so much admired and esteemed might yet be cleared from all the cruel aspersions that had been cast upon it. He was well acquainted with the peculiar character and disposition of Sir Claude, and felt how trying to his proud and haughty spirit such foul suspicions must prove, and he offered to bear him company in his journey, uneasy that he should go alone in his present excited state; but this Sir Claude declined, and in the course of the same afternoon the unhappy husband was far on the road to Dover, attended by Antonio alone.

On his arrival at Calais, he found that Lord Stepney had passed through the preceding day on his way to Paris, and still accompanied by a lady, young and beautiful. He waited but to write to Lady Brereton, and then proceeded in quest of his enemy, tortured by a thousand vague conjectures respecting the companion of his flight. Once the maddening idea that she was his wife flashed across his mind; but fortunately he repulsed it with indignation as a thing impossible: had he indulged it he never could have reached Paris alive. After some provoking, yet unavoidable delays upon the road, he drove into the city late at night, ill, and exhausted with mental sufferings; but no rest would he allow himself. He desired to be driven to Meurice's Hotel, where, on glancing over the books, he met the name of Lord Stepney. He inquired, with a quivering lip, whether his lordship was within. The garçon to whom he addressed himself answered him vaguely, assuming a most peculiar expression of countenance as he did so. This roused the anger of Sir Claude, who demanded that he might instantly be conducted into his presence.

"Eh bien, monseigneur, je vous montrerais le chemin," replied the obsequious garçon, bowing to the ground.

With what feelings Sir Claude followed his conductor up a long flight of stairs, and down an extensive gallery, may be imagined. The garçon paused before a door, and applied a key to the lock.

"This cannot be the right room, sirrah!" said Sir Claude; "Lord Stepney would never suffer himself to be locked in."

"Ah, pauvre homme! il ne peut pas le prevenir," responded the garçon, mysteriously.

He cautiously opened the door as he spoke: wax tapers were burning within. Sir Claude rushed forward; but, as he advanced, he started. He gazed—his sight became dim before the horrible object presented to his view. He clasped his hands, uttering a deep groan. On a bier, covered by a white pall, lay the ghastly remains of the ill-fated nobleman, a deep wound in the temple denoting the manner of his death. His countenance was frightfully distorted—the eyes glaring open—the mouth fallen, and his hair clotted with blood. The tapers

surrounding him cast an unearthly light on the shrunk and attenuated form, partly concealed by a sheet. Sir Claude quailed not at the awful spectacle; yet no exultation for a moment was felt on beholding his fallen enemy. Oh no, he was far too noble.

"May God have mercy on his soul, and judge him leniently!" he murmured with solemnity. "I thank thee, Father of Mercies! that my hand has not sent him to his dreadful account. Tell me," he added, turning to his conductor, "tell me how this occurred?"

"Two days ago, my lord arrived with a lady, at this hotel," returned the man, perfectly unmoved by the distressing object before him. "She was young and *très jolie*, and they seemed very happy together, till a great tall Englishman, six feet high, followed them the same evening, and said she was his wife. Bah! the lady cried, and swooned away; and after some loud words the gentlemen went out to fight. My lord was carried back a dead man half an hour after: the stranger came no more; and the poor lady, in despair, threw herself into the Seine, and was drowned. Her body they discovered this morning, and have conveyed it to La Morgue, where you may see it if you have any curiosity."

All this was said rapidly in French and created great disgust in Sir Claude, from the light flippant manner which accompanied the recital. He retreated from the room in silence, and with noiseless steps. He would not remain at the hotel, but removed to another, where, after swallowing some coffee, he threw himself on a couch in a fearful state of agitation, images the most heart-rending haunting his imagination through the long midnight hours. He rapidly retraced the life of Lord Stepney, which had been a career of vice from his youth upward—a professed roué—loose and unprincipled, without one spark of religion. He scoffed at its pure and holy laws, boasting that he did so; yet withal, gentle, winning, and insinuating in his manners and deportment. He had carried ruin, dishonour, and misery into many a domestic hearth; one of his earliest victims being Fanny Belson, whose name has been mentioned before in these pages. As the foster sister of Sir Claude, he severely felt her untimely fate, and in his youthful indignation, challenged and met her destroyer. From that hour they became inveterate foes; yet now that retribution had so suddenly fallen upon the wretched man, and cut him off in his sins, they were cancelled at once by Sir Claude, who reflected with awe that at the tribunal of an offended Deity he had gone to answer for them all! unrepenting—unprepared!

On attempting to rise the following day, Sir Claude found himself so feverish and unwell that he was obliged to remain in bed. Antonio wished him to see a doctor, but he spurned at the suggestion.

The misery of his mind at this time it would be quite impossible to pourtray. Racked with every painful doubt of his wife's innocence—unknowing how far she had permitted the advances of Lord Stepney, or how the story of the ring could be explained so as to exculpate her—he tossed about, like a lion in the net, maddened and desperate. He thought also on all the provocations to anger she had heaped upon him—her suspicions of his faith—her jealousies—her wayward conduct—till his heart became steeled against her, and he exclaimed:

"No, I will not return to her, neither shall she know where I am gone—tears shall be her bitter portion for the grief she has inflicted upon me in return for all my affection." Then came the recollection of his children—his widowed mother; but he would not yield to any feelings of tenderness—his determination was fixed, and to be seen in his stern, inflexible countenance, that at once warned Antonio not to oppose or even to address him, except when absolutely necessary. In despite of all regard to his health, he rose in the afternoon, with the intention of visiting La Morgue, to satisfy his curiosity respecting the unhappy lady. On entering the appalling abode, where death appears in its most repulsive form, his heart sickened at the loathsome objects that met his eye. He passed several, all of them females, and approached the one pointed out to him by his sturdy and callous conductor, and in the disfigured and pale object he discovered one who he had seen amidst the gay and fashionable throng. Good God! how the contrast struck him; what painful reflections arose within his breast as he continued to gaze. He knew that she had been trained entirely for the world by a vain mother—that she had been forced into the union whose vows she had broken—a weak creature, devoted to pleasure—and a neglected wife—where was the wonder that she had fallen a prey to a designing bad man. Sir Claude had once or twice noticed the attention paid to her by Lord Stepney, with whom she used constantly to waltz, until very lately that he had appeared to shun her. Alas! what a close to her brief life on earth—what a prospect beyond it. And such might have been the fate of Beatrice! He shuddered at the horrible supposition; and as he slowly left the mournful spot, he remembered with remorse that to gratify his own pride he had plunged her into a life where reflection is swallowed up in a whirl of dissipation—a life full of snares and dangers—where the welfare of the soul is unheeded—where the laws of God are constantly broken—His altars forsaken, and Himself forgotten.

Sir Claude was thankful to leave Paris, which he did the same evening, with the full intention of passing into Switzerland, and to seek in perpetual motion a forgetfulness, if possible, of himself. Wise would it have been had he retraced his way homeward; but his wounded, outraged affection, would

not allow this, and on he went, the fever of his mind increasing at every mile, and with it considerable bodily suffering, till at length, at the village of Pontarlier, he was compelled to halt, perfectly incapacitated from proceeding another step. Poor Antonio was in despair, for the place only afforded one miserable inn, where nothing could be obtained that was most required. But Sir Claude was now too ill to heed any thing. He laid himself down on the comfortless bed to which he was conducted, indifferent whether he ever rose from it again or not. His noble and prepossessing appearance, however, interested his hostess so much that she sent to acquaint the curé of the village that a strange gentleman had arrived at her house, who she feared would die, intreating that he would come to visit him. The curé, Monsieur St. Aubin, a most amiable and excellent man, instantly obeyed the summons, and found Sir Claude in a raging fever. He learnt from Antonio his name, and he insisted upon having him removed to his own home, a small but exquisitely neat abode, which, contrasted with the one they had left, appeared a little paradise. A cheerful, pretty room was hastily prepared for the invalid, where a bed of unrivalled cleanliness received his wearied limbs. "Emelie, the curé's daughter, attended upon him, and administered a draught, that after a while produced sleep, the first he had enjoyed for many successive days. Monsieur St. Aubin and Antonio sat with him throughout the night, during which he awoke several times, starting up, and calling for water to slake the distressing thirst that parched his throat. By the following day he seemed so exhausted that his faithful attendant began to have serious apprehensions for his life, particularly as the doctor who was summoned to his bedside appeared an ignorant man, in whom little confidence could be placed. Monsieur St. Aubin possessed some knowledge of pharmacy himself, and he exerted his utmost skill for the sake of his interesting guest, who for days and weeks languished in a highly dangerous state, at times perfectly delirious. Emelie was his gentle and attentive nurse by day, preparing with her own hands every thing he took. She was an only child, and her father's dearest treasure: mild, engaging, and simple, and withal so pleasing in appearance, that she was considered quite the belle in her native village. She owed all that she knew to her father, to whom she was devotedly attached, looking up to him as to one endowed with superhuman knowledge. She had never in her life travelled beyond her native village, consequently she considered it the most beautiful place in the world. She had lost her mother when a little child, and scarcely remembered her; yet she felt it to be a religious duty to carry flowers to strew over her grave on each anniversary of her death.

Monsieur St. Aubin was the preceptor of most of the children in Pontarlier, and great delight he took

in sowing the good seed in their young and tender hearts. At early dawn he might be seen surrounded by his pupils, all eager to receive his commendations—all equally anxious to avoid the mild rebuke, which was ever given more in sorrow than in anger, as he viewed them with a father's eye, and marked them

"Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong;
In these the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng."

On Emelie he bestowed infinite pains, and, added to the two useful acquirements of reading and writing, she possessed a fair knowledge of arithmetic, and, to the astonishment of her less gifted companions, understood a little of geography. These, since the arrival of Sir Claude, she had laid aside, to give her whole attention to him, carrying her work into his room, where she would sit perfectly still, occasionally casting anxious glances upon him if he moved, or flying to his bedside if he spoke. Her solicitude for his recovery increasing in proportion to the interest she could not but feel for one so eminently superior to all she had ever beheld; and many were the tears she shed when she heard from the lips of her father that the noble stranger must die if his fever did not speedily yield before the remedies applied.

Antonio was equally devoted in his attendance on his unfortunate master. He bitterly lamented the dissensions that had torn him from his home; but he dared not act for him, or take any steps, unauthorized, to acquaint Lady Brereton with his danger. Happily from this anxiety and doubt he was relieved at the end of a few weeks, when an amendment began to take place in Sir Claude—the fever abating, and consciousness returning—yet so reduced was he in strength as to be unable to turn himself in his bed without assistance. This deplorable weakness lasted longer than it might have done, for the want of proper remedies; but a kindly and most merciful Providence, without whose help all human efforts to save are unavailable, blessed the humble means within reach, and in another fortnight he was able to sit up for a few hours in each day. He spoke very seldom; but in the little that he did say he expressed his deep sense of the kindness shown to an utter stranger by the worthy Monsieur St. Aubin, who felt richly repaid in seeing him out of danger. Now that he required less sedulous care, Emelie did not venture into his room so frequently, unless sent there by her father, when, with gentle steps and a faint blush on her cheek, she would steal towards him to ask if he wished for any thing. Too often she found him deeply immersed in thought—his elbow resting on the table, his head supported by his hand—unheeding her approach; and when at length her soft voice gained his attention, he would raise his face quickly, gaze on her for a few

moments, scarcely remembering who she was, till she repeated her inquiry in confused accents. His lightest wish she would fly to execute, happy if a faint smile rewarded her attention—happier still if he patted her on the head, calling her a "kind little girl." When Sir Claude found himself equal to the task, he commenced a letter to his mother; for now that time for reflection was afforded to him, he began to fear that he might have acted too severely towards Beatrice, in condemning her without listening to her defence. The remembrance of her unbounded love for himself, evidenced as it had ever been in a thousand ways, rushed back upon him, and with it such a train of fond recollections, that he execrated the rash violence with which he had cast her off. His children, too, he thought of with yearning affliction. He longed to hear how they fared. Six weeks had passed since he left London—what might not have occurred since that time? As he dwelt on all these things, his mind became so troubled that he would pace his small chamber in a fever of impatience and irritation at the weakness which totally prevented at present his return to England. This, of course, retarded his entire recovery very considerably, and several more days fled past ere he was able to leave his room and venture into the open air—a proof of amended health that afforded his kind host the highest gratification. The day was very beautiful, and as Sir Claude strolled forth into the garden, and inhaled the fresh invigorating breeze, he could not but feel grateful to that beneficent being that he was once more permitted to burst the bonds of his tedious confinement, and recover his liberty. He threw himself on a bench under a spreading tree to enjoy the scene before him. Emelie was busily engaged in tying up her flowers, and as his eye fell upon her youthful figure, his countenance became overcast with melancholy; for at the moment she reminded him of Beatrice during her first visit at the abbey, where, in all the exuberance of young and happy feelings, he had beheld her similarly occupied. The moment Emelie perceived him, she ran delightedly towards him, expressing her joy at seeing him so far restored, presenting him at the same time with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she had collected in her little basket.

"Are these for me, Emelie?" said Sir Claude, receiving them with a smile. "I am afraid, in my care, they will soon wither away."

"Then I will gather more when they die," replied Emelie. "See how many I have got—that flower-bed is all my own."

"You are very fond of flowers?"

"Oh, very; they are almost my only companions. They speak to me in a language of their own."

"And what do they tell you, Emelie?"

"Many things," returned Emelie, blushing. "In the gaudy tulip, I am warned against pride and

vanity; from the rose I learn that the most beautiful things may conceal a thorn to wound us; and in the sweet lily of the valley I behold humility."

"And who taught you all this?" inquired Sir Claude, interested by her simplicity.

"My dear, dear father; he taught me every thing I know; and that in all things I may trace the hand of God, from the lowliest plant to the most magnificent tree. But I see you do not care for flowers," she added, in a mortified tone, on perceiving Sir Claude unwittingly pulling them in pieces.

"I am an ungrateful being, Emelie; you must bestow no more favours upon me," he rejoined.

"Oh! indeed, indeed I will; only tell me what you most like."

Sir Claude stroked her eager face, saying:

"Poor child, return to the study of your flowers, and seek not to unravel man's heart, since his desires are as turbulent and restless as the billows which you have never seen."

Emelie was moving slowly away, scarcely comprehending his words, save that they implied his wish to be alone, when he called her back, requesting she would go for a book which she would find lying on his table. Delighted to serve him, she flew off to execute his desire. On entering his room, she searched for the book under some papers, and in removing these, her eyes rested on a small miniature, inclosed within an ivory case. She could not resist the curiosity that prompted her to examine it. It proved to be the resemblance of a lady, young, and beautiful beyond all she had ever conceived of beauty. The long ringlets that shaded her fair open brow seemed like threads of gold, falling around her exquisitely formed shoulders—the face, portraying the dignity of woman, blended with the innocence of a child, one of most surpassing loveliness. The little figure was represented as coming from behind a crimson curtain, her finger held up in a warning manner, while an arch smile played around the lips, and beamed in the deep blue eyes. The gaze of Emelie became fascinated, and when she raised her head, and beheld her own face reflected in an opposite glass, embrowned as it was with the sun, under a large straw hat, she sighed, and exclaimed:

"Oh, what a simple girl I have been; I must go and learn a lesson from my dear humble lilies."

She closed the picture as she said this, and taking the book, hastened back to the garden, a tear gathering in her soft dark eye. She dashed it away on drawing near Sir Claude, who, having risen, appeared to be waiting the approach of Antonio, who had been on his daily embassy to the post-office. She gave the book into his hand; but his attention seemed so entirely engrossed that he scarcely thanked her.

"Are there any letters, Antonio?" he quickly demanded, as the page came up to him.

“One, sir, from London,” replied the boy, almost breathlessly, and presenting a large packet.

Sir Claude received it in considerable agitation. He tore open the envelope, which bore the post marks from several places, and found a few lines written by his banker, with letters inclosed from Lady Brereton. Hers were sealed with black, but this did not alarm him, as she had never laid aside her mourning since the death of his father, yet weak as he still was, he literally trembled, for in these he knew would be revealed all that he so earnestly desired to know. He broke the seal of the first, when a second enclosure, written in the hand of Beatrice met his sight; this he put hastily into his bosom while he commenced reading his mother's. He had not proceeded far when he started and struck his forehead, uttering a cry so piercing that Emelie, who had wandered to a distant part of the garden, rushed back and found him fallen to the ground, Antonio supporting him in his arms. In an agony of alarm she flew to call her father, by whose united efforts the unhappy young man was conveyed back to the house. That night the fever returned, and again Sir Claude raved in the most incoherent distressing manner. Antonio knew that some dire misfortune must have been communicated to his master to cause this fearful relapse, but of what nature he could not imagine; he carefully collected the letters together and locked them in his writing case, appalled at the consequences of the sudden shock he had received, while Monsieur St. Aubin, now despairing of his life, prepared his faithful attendant for the fatal termination that might hourly be expected. Poor Emelie bitterly lamented for the noble stranger, whose wild cries for his wife, his children, were most heartrending. Till now she knew not that he was married, and had suffered his beautiful image to steal into her thoughts more frequently of late than her flowers; but now she repelled the dangerous intruder, though she remitted not her attentions in his sick chamber, performing them in the spirit of a *Sœur de la Charité*, administering to his helplessness, watching by him when he slept, soothing him when he awoke, and would call on the names of his loved, his lost ones. Contrary to the expectations of Monsieur St. Aubin, the naturally fine constitution of Sir Claude once more conquered the approaches of death, his Heavenly Father having willed that through much suffering his rebellious son should be humbled from the lofty eminence he had chosen for himself, and brought to the position that every true disciple of Christ must take “low at the foot of the cross.” Pride, that great Behemoth and the idol at whose shrine Sir Claude had hitherto worshipped, must be cast down, and in the fiery furnace of affliction, destroyed ere he could be received and accepted as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. This conviction was painfully forced upon the bereaved father,

when returning consciousness brought back the remembrance of his heavy loss; and in a voice low and faint he asked Antonio for his letters. The boy seemed most unwilling to give them, beseeching his master would wait till a little more strength was granted to him.

“I know the worst, Antonio; fear me not again,” replied Sir Claude, who, supported by pillows, and assisted by his sympathising servant, once more opened the fatal packet, and read in his mother's letter the affecting account of his children's deaths, and the precarious melancholy state to which Beatrice was reduced. Many times during the perusal was he constrained to lay it down, for the heavy sobs that shook his enfeebled frame. Antonio deeply entering into his feelings, and venturing more than once to entreat he would be calm, but this was indeed difficult. Lady Brereton had spared the feelings of her son, as far as possible, in the details she gave him, but gently as she dwelt upon the mournful subject, imploring he would receive the heavy chastisement in the spirit of a Christian—to remember the *end* for which it had been sent, and to resign himself to the will of his Creator, yet did he writhe under it, and in the first bitterness of his anguish, question the goodness and mercy of his God, who had thus plunged him into the very uttermost depths of woe. The letter of Beatrice was next opened and read—she commenced it by simply and clearly stating to him how her acquaintance with Lord Stepney had become renewed; how very slight it had continued, and the manner in which his ring came into her possession. She then proceeded to say:

“I have just returned from visiting the chamber of death. Oh, Claude! what an affecting scene. Our darling George, stretched on his cold bed, silent, motionless—the voice we loved to hear forever hushed. I knelt down by his side and prayed earnestly that God might in his own time convince you of my innocence, and I feel assured that he will do so. I am more calm now, yet I wish that I could weep—how often have you chided me for my ready tears. Alas! they will not flow to relieve me.”

“Sunday—Last night I dreamt, that you had returned, and told me I was forgiven—how terrible to awake to the unhappy reality; and yet I think you will return,—I watch for you constantly from the turrets. This is the Sabbath, and I have been trying to find comfort in my Bible, I fear we have both neglected this precious book too much, and God has taken our dear child to wear our hearts from the vanities of the world. I feel very weak and low, yet not forsaken—our excellent mother is all tenderness and affection. She believes me innocent, and from the stores of her precious mind, I hear much that helps to support me. She affected me deeply by telling me how sweetly our darling Georgie would lip his prayers and hymns to her

each night; that she taught him one, in which our names and that of his brother were included, and this he delighted to repeat over and over again, even after he was laid in his crib, until he would fall asleep with the prayer upon his lips. Oh, how guilty was I in wasting my precious time amidst scenes of vanity and folly instead of leading the infant minds of my children to the God who made them; how totally unfit was I to bear the heavy responsibilities of a mother, and now that I am aware of this it is all too late. He is gone; how painful to look upon an object after death, and to remember all we might have done for them, that we have left undone—awful thought; may God forgive, and pity me."

"Tuesday—Our blessed child was consigned to the tomb, yesterday; I kissed him for the last time ere they closed him from my sight, he looked all peace—all holiness—Claude what a solemn thing is death! The silence that reigns within the house, how awful—I cannot, cannot bear it! oh, if this aching head could lay but for a few brief moments on your bosom, I could shed tears; but no—their fountain is dried up, and my brain seems on fire. In retracing the past how much have I to blame in myself, surrounded as I was by countless mercies, how great has been my sin, in not improving them,—the many times I have tried your patience, and roused your anger. I remember with remorse, my suspicions, my jealousies! oh, jealousy is the darkest deadliest passion—Lord help me to conquer it, and to rise above the evils of my nature; to live henceforth more to Thy glory, and in Thy love."

"Wednesday—I went yesterday, into the nursery, Geordie's straw hat was lying on the table—can I ever express the thrill of agony that went through my heart; yet I ought not to mourn for him—I know that he is safe and happy in the bosom of his God; he never looked like a being belonging to this earth, so mild, so gentle, so beautiful—dare I then complain that Heaven has claimed its own?"

"Harry has never ceased to weep since his brother was taken away. He refuses all food, lying in his nurse's arms, regardless of our caresses and attempts to console him. "Go to Geordie, my own Geordie," is all his affecting cry. Fully do I respond to it, for the charms of earth have faded from my sight.

Thursday.—Dearest Lady Brereton sat up with me last night: I could not prevail on her to leave me. She seems to fear something, and views me suspiciously. I am very ill, suffering from intense pain in the side, and a confusion in the head, that at times renders me incapable of thought. Yet why tell you all this, who have ordered me 'never to afflict you with my presence again.' Those words, Claude, are indelibly engraven on my memory. Oh! that your lips could ever have pronounced them! I know not why I continue to write to you

I have no idea that this unconnected journal will ever meet your eye; but still I go on—it is the only occupation that seems to relieve my heavy weight of grief.

"Darling Harry is evidently declining. God cannot mean to take him also? Oh! no, no—the thought is too dreadful! He has ceased to cry; and as he reposed in my arms this morning, he looked up in my face, and clasping his dear arms round my neck, murmured: 'Good bye, mamma! Harry going to sleep with own Geordie!'

"Claude can I bear this? Merciful Father, spare my child! else take me with him! If I am bereaved of them both, 'I am bereaved.' Farewell! I can no more!"

Here the letter abruptly closed. With what feelings Sir Claude remembered *why* may be imagined, but can never, (to do them justice), be expressed. His distress increased so fearfully that Antonio was fully prepared to expect another relapse.

"Do not suffer any one to enter my room," were the first words spoken by his unhappy master. "I wish to be left alone for the remainder of this day. Close the curtains and shut out the light; it is hateful to me."

Antonio obeyed him in silence; but unwilling to leave him by himself, he sat down in a corner of the room, scarcely venturing to breathe lest he might be discovered and dismissed in anger. Sir Claude remained perfectly still for a considerable time. Antonio then heard his voice as if in prayer. The boy wept as he listened. After a while all became again hushed, when he hoped that sleep had mercifully come to throw a temporary oblivion over his sorrows. He dared not move, but kept vigil for hours, until fatigued and worn from having lost rest for many nights, he sank into a profound slumber.

Emelie stole to the door of the patient's chamber several times throughout the day; but hearing no movement within, she did not like to enter. Both she and her father were aware that Sir Claude had received ill tidings from his home; but as he had not chosen to confide in them, they, of course, were too delicate to intrude upon him with their condolences. In the happy revival of their hopes as to his ultimate recovery, these amiable beings contented themselves, looking for no return, but the consciousness that they were performing a Christian's duty in their tender care of their stranger guest.

As the shades of evening drew near, Emelie became uneasy, many hours having passed since her patient had taken any nourishment. Antonio usually came to her for what his master required; but as he had not done so, she at length entered the room. She found Antonio sleeping soundly in his chair, and without awakening him, she approached the bed, and drew aside the curtains. Sir Claude was lying on his back, motionless, with his large eyes

fixed on vacancy--the expression of his noble countenance that of intense anguish. Emelie addressed him in the softest tone, inquiring if he would take some warm jelly which she had brought for him. He started at the sound of her voice, and grasping her hand, demanded :

"Who are you?—Speak again?"

"Emelie St. Aubin," replied the poor girl, alarmed at his vehemence.

"Then go away! I wish for nothing that you can bring me!" and he dashed away her hand, laying his head back upon the pillow.

"Take this first, for the sake of your dear wife. What would become of her if you were to die?" solicited the meek Emelie.

"I tell you girl she is dead already! I have murdered her and my children! For God's sake, leave me!" and he turned impatiently from her.

"Ah! you know not what you are saying!" replied Emelie, shuddering. "Your poor head wanders; let me prevail on you to drink this nice jelly," and she held the glass towards him.

"What ho! Antonio! who waits there?" cried Sir Claude.

The boy, roused from his slumber, flew to his bedside.

"Did I not tell you, sir, not to suffer any one to disturb me," continued Sir Claude, trembling from weakness and agitation.

Poor Emelie felt hurt; but accustomed as she now was to his strange caprices, she would not be deterred from what she considered her duty.

"Antonio, prevail on your master to take this," she said; "he will never recover if he refuses nourishment. See how faint he appears."

Sir Claude did indeed look faint and ghastly pale. To rid himself of her importunity, he took the glass and drank off the contents, when Emelie, delighted at her success, smoothed his pillows, and adjusted his bed clothes.

"I little merit this kindness, Emelie," said Sir Claude, at length touched by her gentleness and patient endurance. "You are a good girl, and may Heaven reward you."

Emelie, with grateful tears in her eyes, pressed his hand, and then glided from the room.

Sir Claude, watched her till she had closed the door, when, uttering a groan, he murmured: "My poor, poor Beatrice!" and, turning his face to the wall, he again relapsed into silence.

The extent of suffering to which he was doomed at this period was indeed terrible. His letters were many weeks old, having been forwarded from place to place, until they reached him by mere accident, and two more had rapidly passed since their receipt, spent by him in a state of delirium; and even now that reason was restored, he felt unequal to write or even to dictate a letter; each

time that he attempted either producing an excitement that warned him to desist. Meanwhile the torturing suspense in which he was left respecting Beatrice, rendered him desperate. Could he only have cast all his care upon God, saying with holy Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' his recovery would have been far more speedy; but as yet he could not receive the corrections as medicines sent by a loving Father—a wise Physician—to heal his soul from its sins. Therefore he rebelled against them, adding to their bitterness by his impatience and distrust.

Monsieur St. Aubin endeavoured to reason with him when he learned the nature of his sorrows, and would sit by his side in the long twilight hours, conversing with him upon the unchanging goodness and mercy of that God, whose perfections he seemed thus to call in question by his murmurings. At times Sir Claude would listen to him patiently, and appear comforted by his holy words; at others he would reply to them in hastiness of spirit, and exclaim:

"Monsieur St. Aubin, you possess one only treasure upon earth—your young daughter. Imagine her to be taken from you suddenly, and without any preparation, what would your feelings be then?"

"Ah! my friend, you have touched me nearly," returned the good old man, shuddering at the fearful idea. "I said not that we are forbid to mourn, but that we are forbid to murmur. There is a sorrow which worketh in us repentance, yielding forth good results: to produce these are we tried; but the sorrow of the world worketh death; and it is from this I would warn you."

Immediately that Sir Claude was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, he determined to set out on his way homeward. The day previous to his departure, a storm arose that destroyed in its fury the garden of Emelie, laying waste all her beautiful flowers, and inundating the meadows and valleys. It raged for many hours, threatening to level the humble *chaumière* of the good curé with the ground. Poor Emelie was in despair, till her father reminded her that as it came from the hands of an all-wise God, it must be for good; that perhaps it had been sent to stay some pestilence from their happy village, which would have brought misery and death to the hearths of many. In this spirit he taught her to receive every dispensation of an Almighty power, thus softening regret and forbidding all repinings.

Sir Claude could not but admire the simple piety of the worthy man, and it was with feelings of the deepest gratitude that he bade him and his daughter farewell on the morrow, receiving in return their expressions of good will, and hopes for his ultimate happiness. He felt that he never could make an adequate acknowledgment for all the Christian

kindness they had displayed towards him; yet within himself he determined on the one he would offer whenever he arrived in England.

Emelie was much affected on taking leave of him, especially when he clasped her in a fraternal embrace, entreating her pardon for all his unkind impatience during his illness. He took from his finger a valuable ring, placing it on hers, and which she told him she would never remove. With a heart full of the saddest presages, he then stepped into the voiture awaiting him, waving his hand to his friends as they stood at their door, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." In another hour the village of Pontarlier was far out of sight.

Owing to his exceeding weakness, Sir Claude found himself compelled to travel very slowly. He scarcely ever spoke except to give some order to Antonio, laying back in the carriage, a prey to every unhappy thought that arose in his mind.

On arriving at Paris, he learnt that the uncle of Lord Stepney, the Honourable Mr. St. Ledger, had conveyed the remains of his unfortunate nephew back to England for interment, having come from thence expressly for that purpose.

The weather at this season was broken and most unpleasant for travelling—the state of the roads greatly impeding his progress. At Calais he was detained by boisterous gales of wind for several days, till, in the agony of his impatience, he would have crossed the sea in an open boat, could he have found any one daring enough to accept gold, and risk their life on the stormy waters. He had written two letters to his mother, one before he quitted Pontarlier, and the second from Paris, begging she would write to him, addressing her letter "Calais—*poste restante*;" but, to his utter disappointment, he found none awaiting him: thus was he left to conjecture the very worst. At length, harassed in mind and exhausted in body, he reached Dover, with the prospect of a journey of two hundred miles still before him. Here it was that the reflection was forced upon him, that to his own impetuosity and unholy passions he owed the chief of all his heavy misfortunes. How then dare he arraign Providence or the consequences arising from his own acts, committed as they had been against reason and the laws of religion. In blind haste he had driven his wife from his presence—he had voluntarily separated himself from her—and, now that he would have given worlds to return to her, every impediment was cast in his way to prevent the fulfilment of his ardent wishes. He proceeded from Dover the day following his arrival, although a slight return of fever warned him that a longer rest at that place would have been prudent. Antonio watched his master in deep anxiety—the restless rolling eye, the irritable impatience, and

flushed face he exhibited, filling him with apprehensions. He ventured to expostulate with him upon travelling so rapidly, entreating him to halt at night; but, "on, on," was the only reply of Sir Claude; and on, on they went till they reached the gates of Norwood Abbey, one dark cold morning in November, when the dull grey clouds, sweeping rapidly over their heads, accompanied by a dense fog, wrapped all things around them in gloom. With what feelings Sir Claude alighted and entered the hall may be imagined. He scarcely noticed the kind and welcome greetings of the astonished domestics, so eager was he in his inquiries for Beatrice.

"Young Lady Brereton is at Annesley Park, Sir Claude, and my lady is not yet up; but Mrs. Pry shall inform her of your arrival, for her ladyship has been sadly anxious about you," said Jenkins, the butler.

"On no account let her be disturbed at this early hour," returned Sir Claude. "Have any accounts been recently received from Annesley Park?" The question was asked in great agitation.

"My lady received a letter from young Lady Brereton a few days ago," replied Jenkins. "She gave but a poor account of her own health; but the baby thrives nicely."

How full of interest was every word he uttered, to Sir Claude, whose worst fears for his beloved Beatrice were relieved in that she lived and was restored to reason. Mrs. Crampton having heard of his arrival, now came to welcome him, exclaiming:

"May God be praised for his goodness to us this day! How will my dear lady rejoice to see you, Sir Claude. We have had a sad time of it since you left us. But, dear me! you are looking dreadfully ill! and there is not a fire lighted in any of the rooms except in mine. Here, Lucy—Martha—" (calling to the housemaids)—"go directly and prepare the library for Sir Claude."

"In the meantime I will come into yours, Mrs. Crampton, if you will admit me, for I am miserably cold," said Sir Claude.

Mrs. Crampton delightedly conducted him there, wheeling a large chair round to the cheerful blazing fire, and hastening to obtain him some coffee, of which he stood much in need. On inquiry, he found from the good housekeeper that his letter written at Pontarlier to his mother had never reached her, and the one from Paris she had only received the day before, to her inexpressible joy and gratitude. He would have spoken of his children, but a strange suffocating sensation arose in his throat, and he could not name them. In another hour he was summoned to the dressing-room of Lady Brereton, where we dare not enter with him. The meeting was too affecting, too sacred, for us to attempt describing it. Suffice it that amidst tears, embraces, and prayers, mutual disclosures were made; after

which he was prevailed upon to retire to bed, his tender parent watching over him, trembling, and full of sorrow to see the sad alteration in his noble appearance. No entreaties could prevail upon him to remain longer at the abbey than this one day, so yearning was his anxiety to behold Beatrice, and to receive her forgiveness. In the evening, unknown to Lady Brereton, who would have besought him to postpone it, he descended alone into the chapel of the abbey, and approached with solemn steps a pure white marble sarcophagus. He gazed upon it for a few moments in silence, then clasping his hands, he knelt down, and uttered a few words in prayer, convulsive sobs the while heaving his manly breast. After which he rose and read the inscription engraven upon it, as follows :—

Beneath this spot
repose the mortal remains
of

GEORGE and HENRY,
the twin children
of

SIR CLAUDE and LADY BRERETON,
who departed this life,

one on the 15th and his brother on the 24th day of
August, in the year of our Lord 18—,
aged 2 years and 4 months :

Their happy spirits redeemed by a merciful Saviour
now rejoice together in Paradise until the coming
of their Lord, when they will receive a crown of
glory, and live with him for ever and ever.

Weep not for these dear babes so early called away,
Ere life's young fragrant morn had welcomed in
their day ;

Ere sin had flung a shadow, or care had sent the
blight,

Or heavy grief had come to turn their day to night.
Lift up the eye of faith, ye parents, and behold
Your darling ones arc safe within the heavenly fold ;
Their cries forever hushed—they have found a place
of rest—

Their dear Redeemer's arms—that haven of the
blest !”

Long, long did Sir Claude linger here, until darkness overshadowed him, when he slowly departed, and closing the door of the chapel, he returned to his own apartment, where he remained awhile alone. He then rejoined Lady Brereton in her boudoir, and sat up conversing with her till the clock chiming twelve warned them to separate, as he had ordered his carriage to be in readiness at an early hour the following morning. The evening of the second day succeeding to this found Sir Claude a penitent and an altered man at the feet of his beloved Beatrice.

Thus closed his narrative, which in giving to her he glossed over some parts, dwelling upon those, he conceived the least calculated to pain her. Intense

was the interest she felt while listening to him, and great her alarm when she found how dangerously ill he had been ; nor could she rest till he consented to see her medical attendant, who, on Sir Claude's smilingly offering to him his hand, pronounced that a good deal of fever still lingered about him, which required as much care as did his lady. Beatrice looked aghast at this opinion given in all gravity ; but Sir Claude, laughingly, said :

“ We will take care of each other, doctor, and I doubt not but we shall discover some specific to effect a complete cure—what say you, Beatrice ?”

“ Ah, dearest Claude, be in earnest, I beseech you !” replied Beatrice, her eyes filling with tears. “ Attend to your precious health, for my sake. But I will not trust to your promise,” she added, as he made her some playful answer ; “ this day I will beg of mamma to write to your dear mother, and ask her to come and help me in the task of making you obedient.”

Beatrice mentioned her wishes to Mrs. Annesley, who most cordially entered into them, and a few more days found Lady Brereton added to the happy circle at Annesley Park. Great was her delight on once more clasping Beatrice to her maternal bosom, and on beholding her sweet babe, who very soon contrived to win her way to her father's heart so entirely that even Mrs. Golding was quite satisfied with the notice and admiration he lavished upon her.

Can there be any thing so effectually conducive to health as a mind at rest ? The truth of this was verified in Beatrice, who, in a month after the return of her husband, became quite a new creature—her strength much restored—her step light and elastic—her cheek tinged with a roseate hue, and her lovely countenance calmly cheerful, to the inexpressible delight of all her friends. The recovery of Sir Claude was not so rapid : the fatigues, the excitement, added to the great mental suffering he had undergone while journeying homeward, again laid him in his bed, under a slight return of his fever ; but watched as he now was by all he loved, and attended by the most skillful physicians, he gradually surmounted it, when Beatrice felt that she had cause for gratitude, even in this additional trial, as the confinement to the house, to which he was compelled to submit, afforded her many an opportunity of conversing with him upon that subject now nearest her heart ; and, in the privacy of their own sitting-room, they would study together the sacred volume, drinking largely from that fountain of living waters to gain strength to prepare them for their return into the world—not as heretofore amongst the gay, the light, the thoughtless crowd, but with those who remember that they have souls to save, an eternal world to seek, and a God to obey.

Herbert grew strongly attached to his brother-in-law, when his true character became better known to him. He found in him a most improving and

enlightened companion, capable of affording advice, which to him, a young military man, proved highly valuable; and on parting, at the expiration of his leave, he gladly promised to meet his family at Norwood Abbey, which was to be their place of rendezvous the Christmas of the following year.

Beatrice regretted that Mary and Mr. Mortimer could not participate personally in the present happiness at the Park; but the nature of his duties precluded the possibility of Mr. Mortimer's quitting his home, and Mary would not leave him alone. Their mutual letters, however, fully expressed the gratitude and joy each felt for the rich mercies that had been showered around their path, and their earnest desire to strive and do more to evince that gratitude in their works.

Beatrice loved to converse with her husband on the past, and, when she could trust herself, to speak to him concerning their departed children; but on this theme he could seldom bring himself to dwell. Differently constructed from her, he concealed within the recesses of his heart the deep and lasting wound their deaths had made—a wound that it would require the lapse of long years to heal. Once he said to her:

“Could those dear ones only return to us, my Beatrice, how perfect would be our happiness, now that we understand each other so much better. Why, why were they not spared?”

“Reason not thus, my beloved,” replied Beatrice, raising her face from his bosom, on which it had rested, to gaze earnestly in his; “had it been good for us and for our babes, God never would have taken them away; but he saw how our hearts were bound to this earth, and he removed our children that he might draw us unto himself; ‘for where our treasures are, there will our hearts be also,’ remember.”

“Sir Claude looked on her for a few moments in astonishment, then, kissing her with much affection, he replied:

“You speak truly, my loved one; and may I only remember in humble thankfulness the treasure that remains to me below in you.”

“And our sweet Claudia,” said Beatrice, wistfully.

“Yes, dear, in Claudia, also: but I must make no more idols.”

The remainder of this eventful year soon glided away—too soon for Beatrice, who felt that the period drew near when she must once more leave her paternal home, where the happiest hours of her young life, and some of its most sorrowful, had passed. Willingly would she have lingered amidst the scenes of her childhood forever, if her husband could only have borne her company; but this she knew could not be; and she prepared to depart with the endeared companion of her earthly pilgrim-

age with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure—pain, that she must bid farewell to her affectionate parents—pleasure, that her lot had been cast with one for whose sake she could have made a far greater sacrifice.

It was necessary for Sir Claude to go up to town for a short season. At first it was proposed that he should proceed alone; but after much hesitation on the part of Mrs. Annesley, who stood a little in awe of her son-in-law, she said:

“Do you not think, Sir Claude, it would be advisable, on every account, that Beatrice should accompany you to town? your being seen together would so entirely contradict every idle report that may have been spread to her disadvantage. Indeed, in my opinion, she ought to appear at court; but I do not presume to advise you,” she added, on perceiving a slight smile on the lip of Sir Claude, who relieved her by replying:

“You are quite right, Mrs. Annesley; I entirely agree with you. Beatrice, dear, what say you?”

“That I had much rather await you here, Claude. I never wish to enter London again. If you believe me true, why care for the opinion of others?”

“There is always something due to the opinion of the world, my dear girl,” rejoined Sir Claude.

“As a woman, particularly, this never should be braved, and for my sake you must make the effort, however painful it may be to you.”

“For your sake I will do any thing,” said Beatrice, giving him her hand, and smiling through her tears—and thus ended the discussion.

When the morning came that Sir Claude and his wife were to set out, (Lady Breton having returned to the Abbey, with little Claudia and her nurse, the week preceding), Mrs. Annesley, in a tone of suppressed anxiety, said:

“And may I, indeed, trust the happiness of my precious Beatrice to your keeping, Sir Claude, without a fear?” She paused, thinking she had said too much, when he quickly rejoined:

“I ought not to be surprised at the doubt implied in your words, Mrs. Annesley; yet when we have nearly lost a treasure dearer than life itself, and it is restored to us, can you not understand the tender care with which we would henceforth watch over it?—such a treasure is this,” and he drew Beatrice fondly towards him as he spoke.

“I was wrong—I spoke in haste,” said Mrs. Annesley, touched by his gentle reproach. “In the fullest confidence do I again give her to you, and may Heaven bless you both.”

“And what can I do for you, my dear sir?” inquired Sir Claude, turning to Mr. Annesley.

“I have made out a few commissions, my friend, which I will thank you very much to execute for me,” replied Mr. Annesley, placing in his hands a paper containing a long list of astronomical instruments. “You perceive—merely trifles,” he added,

casting on him a significant look that called a smile on the face of his son-in-law.

"Now, my dear Mr. Annesley," said his wife, instantly suspecting him, "I really had hoped, after all you said to me, that you were going to bestow less time and money in the pursuit of things that only confuse your brains, and render you unfit society for any but Sir Rufus Ganzza, and a few equally stupid and absorbed."

"My dear," replied Mr. Annesley, slightly abashed, "man must have some favourite pursuit to fill up his leisure hours. Bless me! were it not for mine, you would find me interfering in all your domestic arrangements—giving directions about the making of pies and puddings; for a mind unoccupied will always retrograde."

"I am sure I wish, my love, that yours were as usefully employed, it would save me a world of trouble," returned Mrs. Annesley, tauntingly.

"Never mind, papa," said Beatrice, with something of her childish playfulness, "we will execute all your commissions, and bring you, in addition, a telescope, possessing such magnifying powers that you will be able to distinguish all the streets and squares in the moon, and even their very names."

"Go, saucy girl," replied her father, fondly patting her on the head, and smiling affectionately, "bring me back my own happy Beatrice, and I desire nothing more." And Beatrice departed.

On arriving in town, which was fast filling with all the gay and fashionable throng that year after year congregated to murder time, the spirits of Beatrice became greatly depressed, so much so, that Sir Claude almost regretted the having urged her compliance with his wishes. Her children were brought forcibly to her remembrance; and many were the tears she shed unknown to him, as a thousand recollections arose to her mind. The moment the Countess of R— and Lady Harriet Lauriston heard of their arrival, they hastened to call on Beatrice, meeting her with every demonstration of affectionate regard, and insisting that she, with Sir Claude, should remove to — House, and remain with them during their sojourn in town. This proved a delightful arrangement for Beatrice, who found in the society of the sisters all that was improving and interesting. She ventured one morning to inquire for Lady Julia Russel, and learned from Lady Harriet that Lord Morton having entirely dissipated the residue of his fortune at the gaming table, had been obliged to quit England. He had given Lady Julia the choice of accompanying him to the continent, or of going to reside with one of her married sisters in the country; that she had preferred the former, as more suited to her taste; and the last intelligence Lady Harriet had heard respecting her was that she had been seen hanging on the arm of a little dark man in the Cursal at Weisbaden, who passed himself off as the Count

Diablotin, but who was suspected to be a mere sharper to whom the earl owed large gambling debts, and that to cancel these, he had made his daughter the sacrifice, by the promise of her hand.

One of the first acts performed by Sir Claude on reaching London, had been to write to Monsieur St. Aubin, presenting, as a token of his gratitude, a handsome marriage portion to his daughter Emelie, which he entreated she would gratify him by accepting, as the gift of an affectionate brother. Beatrice begged to enclose with this a beautiful gold cross, as her offering to the amiable girl to whose devoted attentions (under a kind Providence) she certainly owed the preservation of her husband. Nor did she forget Antonio, to whom she gave a valuable watch, expressing to him at the same time her deep sense of his fidelity and attachment to his master, during his dangerous illness. He received the token in an extacy of delight, telling her that this was the proudest and the happiest day of his whole life.

The ceremony of attending the drawing-room was still to be gone through; and when Beatrice beheld herself arrayed in her court dress, her brow encircled with brilliants, and her graceful head bending beneath the rich white plume, she turned to Lady Harriet Lauriston, saying:

"What mockery all this appears to me now, dear Lady Harriet. My mind has become so solemnized by the sad scenes I have witnessed, and so entirely drawn aside from the pomps and vanities of this world, that I almost feel I am committing a sin by being thus gorgeously attired."

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," repeated Lady Harriet. "Your presenting yourself before your sovereign is a duty which, for the sake of your noble husband and your own, you have a right to perform; therefore come, my love, the carriages are at the door."

Sir Claude received his beautiful wife with a smile of gratification, and, pressing the hand she gave to him, he led her to her carriage, when they immediately drove off together to Buckingham Palace. While waiting in one of the withdrawing rooms, several friends came up to speak to Sir Claude and Lady Brereton, some with pleasure, others with surprise; amongst the last were Lord and Lady Stormont. The cheek of Beatrice slightly crimsoned as they approached; but courteously she met their congratulations upon her recovery, continuing to converse with them both until she was summoned, with Sir Claude, into the presence of the sovereign, who received her very graciously, making some kind remark, to which she replied with respectful dignity, ere she passed on through another door.

"Bravo! my beautiful one, you have behaved like an angel!" said Sir Claude, on regaining their carriage. "Yet, tell me, Beatrice, honestly, did

you not feel some slight inclination to box Lady Stormont's ears for that bewitching smile which she cast upon me?"

"No, no," replied Beatrice, with a sweet laugh; "she has studied it so long that I think she cannot help it."

"And so you forgive her?"

"Yes, from my heart, Claude."

"There is a dear girl," replied Sir Claude. "I confess that I have always felt pity for Lady Stormont. Educated under the control of a mother, whose sole aim was her aggrandisement, hers is not a natural character; every movement, every word, every look have been a study; every thought chained down to the one grand desire of being admired; and yet she is really amiable, clever, and accomplished, though wholly unlike my own guileless Beatrice, my first and only choice."

How deeply gratifying was this announcement to Beatrice, whose glowing cheek and expressive eye revealed the happiness she felt at this delicate mode taken by Sir Claude to refute the cruel suspicions infused into her mind by Lady Julia Russel, respecting his fidelity. After this, could she ever doubt again?

The doors of — House were daily thronged with the carriages of the gay and fashionable, who called to make their inquiries after Lady Brereton, her reception at court at once claiming for her their attention and notice, while hosts of invitations poured in, none of which she accepted.

For her sake, Sir Claude hastened the business that had principally brought him to town, as he perceived the anxiety she felt to quit scenes that fostered only melancholy reflections; and, taking a kind farewell of their noble hostess and her sister, Lady Harriet Lauriston, they departed for Norwood Abbey at the close of a fortnight, having previously written to the dowager Lady Brereton, to announce the day when they hoped to arrive. How changed were the feelings of Beatrice during this journey to those she had experienced the last time, when, bereft of all happiness, she had been driven from the home of her husband. He perceived, by her thoughtful brow and frequent abstraction, all that was passing in her mind, as she drew nearer and nearer to scenes so fraught with saddened interest, and he strove, by the increasing tenderness of his manner, to divert her attention from painful retrospections. Nor were his efforts unavailing; for as she felt the support of the dear arm that encircled her, and listened to his words so full of affectionate encouragement, she smiled gratefully through the tears, that would come in spite of all her struggles to suppress them. It was a bright lovely day in June when they drove up to the gates of the old abbey. Beatrice slightly shuddered and laid her face down on the bosom of Sir Claude, for the forms of her departed children at the moment

rose up before her. Too well could he enter into the feelings of the bereaved young mother; but, suppressing his own, he said to her in a gay tone:

"See, my beloved Beatrice, the gates are open, and what a cheerful scene presents itself to welcome you."

Beatrice raised her head and looked forth, when she perceived the lawn crowded with the tenantry of Norwood, who, on beholding the approach of the carriage, immediately cheered, waving their hats, and, advancing in throngs, insisted upon taking out the horses to draw it themselves up to the house. A beautiful temporary arch had been erected, adorned with evergreens and flowers, amongst which the names of Claude and Beatrice were entwined in a true-lover's knot. How instantly were the versatile spirits of our heroine elated, as she gazed around her, beholding joy depicted on every honest face that was raised trying to gain a glimpse of her and her husband as they passed.

"Oh! dearest Claude!" she exclaimed, delightedly clasping her hands, "this is enchantment!— Tell me, was it not your thought to surprise me thus?"

Sir Claude made no reply, but, pressing her fervently to his bosom, he kissed her affectionately, the expression of his noble countenance portraying his emotion. On reaching the hall door, he sprang from the carriage. Lady Brereton stood there awaiting them, and by her side the little Claudia in her nurse's arms. How soon was she transferred to those of her mother, who, overcome with the rush of feelings that assailed her, was hurried by her husband into the house, where she was welcomed with joy and gratitude by every member, from the highest to the lowest.

"Let me seek some spot to pour out the gushing feelings of my heart," she said, trembling with agitation. "When I have expressed my thankfulness I shall be more composed." With the utmost tenderness did Lady Brereton conduct her to the suite of rooms prepared for her and Sir Claude. They were the same she had formerly occupied, but so entirely changed since her last unhappy sojourn at the Abbey that she scarcely knew them again. There was a cheerful elegance in their arrangement now that particularly struck her.

"How kind, how thoughtful," she said, turning to Lady Brereton, who smiled at her pleased astonishment. "How humbled I feel when comparing my entire unworthiness with the rich blessings God has given to me in you all."

"Go in there, my child, and express your thoughts to Him who loves a grateful heart," replied the pious matron, opening the door of a small oratory.

Beatrice, pressing her lips on the cheek of her mother-in-law, glided in, when the door was closed upon her. When again she came forth, serenely sat on her lovely countenance, and, entering the

drawing room, she approached Sir Claude, to enjoy with him the scene that was being performed on the lawn, where tents were pitched in various directions, and tables spread with the good old English fare of beef and plum-pudding, and nut-brown ale. Men, women, and children, all in their holiday garbs, were ranged around them, partaking of the hospitable cheer, their merriment increased by a band of rustic musicians, who were playing under the shadow of the trees.

In the evening, Sir Claude, carrying the little Claudia in one arm, and supporting Beatrice on the other, went out amongst them, when joyful acclamations immediately rent the air of "Long live Sir Claude Brereton! Long live his beautiful lady! and may they yet see their children's children gathering round their hearth!" Dancing closed the festivities of the young people, Sir Claude and Beatrice remaining awhile to witness their agile movements. On a signal being given, they all dispersed, retreating in groups to their own homes, blessing their generous landlord under whose protection they lived, prosperous and happy.

At a later hour, when others in the abbey had retired to rest, Sir Claude sat with Beatrice in a room adjoining their bed-chamber, the windows of which were thrown open, for the night was balmy and serene. The moon shone with resplendent lustre upon the velvet lawns and shrubberies, which so lately had re-echoed to the sounds of mirth, but which now were hushed, calm, and silent, save when the light summer breeze rustled the branches of the lofty trees, or the notes of Philomel struck on their charmed ears. They appeared to have been conversing seriously together, for thought, unmixed with sadness, was stamped upon the brow of each; and as the soft eyes of Beatrice were raised to the star-lit heavens, a holy smile irradiated her speaking features, revealing a mind happy and at peace.

After a pause, Sir Claude said to her: "You have no lingering regrets, then, on returning hither, my Beatrice? You think you can be happy here, notwithstanding the melancholy associations connected with the place?"

"Most assuredly, dearest Claude," she replied with fervour. "What, ought I to regret that the Lord has willed for our eternal good? Though my weak human nature may shed tears sometimes for my loss, yet in my spirit I rejoice that I am the mother of two children in Heaven. Would I recall them if I could? Oh, no, never; they are safe, they are happy; and may we so live while we are on earth that we may hope, through the merits of our dear Redeemer, to go where they are gone, in His own appointed time. Will you not strive with me to do so?" and she placed her hand in that of her husband, as she made this appeal, looking wistfully and earnestly in his face.

Deeply were his feelings touched by her words

and manner, and, straining her to his heart, he said, in a voice of great solemnity:

"I will, Beatrice, and may God give us grace to keep our intention in all fidelity." He sealed the holy compact on her lips, nor was it ever afterwards forgotten.

In a few months from this period, Beatrice again became the happy mother of a noble boy, whose birth caused the greatest rejoicings at the abbey, where all her family were now assembled to witness the celebration of his baptism, Lady Harriet Lauriston, by her own especial request, standing as one of the sponsors, the dear and pious Mary the other; and as they knelt around the font, where Mr. Mortimer held the infant in his arms, making the sign of the cross upon his fair open brow, and bestowing on him the name of "John," devoutly they united in the prayer, with which he closed the ceremony, that "this child might live to adorn his Christian profession, and follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master, even as the beloved disciple whose appellation he bore."

"And now, dearest Claude," said Beatrice, approaching her husband with the babe, on their return to the saloon, her beautiful countenance portraying the pride and joy of her heart, "now that your wish is gained in the possession of this new treasure, you must promise me that he shall not rob our darling Claudia of the smallest portion of your love?"

"Is that indeed necessary?" replied Sir Claude, smiling as he received the babe from her arms. "I scarcely think so, Beatrice; yet if you have one doubt, freely will I make the promise you require."

"Make none," said Mr. Mortimer, drawing near them, with the affectionate earnestness of a friend and brother; "but let this rather be your surety that henceforth you will give God, (the author of your happiness), the first place in your heart; that you will look upon every new blessing He bestows upon you as another talent to be improved to His glory; that your love for each other and for your children shall emanate from your love to Him; 'that forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,' you will press on to attain the fulfilment of His promises, in that bright and eternal world, where the smallest action you may have performed, while on earth, for the sake and in the name of Christ, 'shall in no wise lose its reward.' A heart thus rightly disposed to serve and worship God, will perform every other duty in the perfection and holiness of truth."

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Beattie's Minstrel.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE EXILE VINE.

LINES WRITTEN ON OBSERVING AN ENGLISH IVY
TRANSLANTED TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WASH-
INGTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

PALE scion of a noble stock,
That, nurs'd in England's bowers,
Clings fondly round her sacred fane,
And wreathes her ancient towers.

Why droop thy dark and glossy leaves,
Beneath a stranger sky ?
Breathing no incense to the spring,
Which floats in rapture by.

Beams not the sun as brightly here,
As in thy own fair isle ?
Yet wakes no joyous life in thee,
Beneath his gladsome smile !

And kindly hands thy frail life guard,
With watchful, fostering care,
And strive thy graceful arms to weave
Around the house of prayer.

Poor exiled vine ! methinks a voice
Rings from thy stricken heart,—
“ Oh, bear me to my native isle,
I would depart—depart !

“ Vainly the sun, with genial warmth,
Steals through my purple veins,
Striving to wake with his bland smile,
Life's dull and cold remains.

“ Vainly they seek, with tender care,
My withering form to raise,
Coldly I clasp the sacred shrine,
Shunning the stranger's gaze.

“ Away, away, with joyous leap,
I'd bound to meet the skies,
Hanging my garlands, free and rich,
Where mouldering columns rise.

“ Where lordly hall, or peasant's cot,
Or holy church is found—
Or by the sea-girt, beetling cliff,
On happy English ground.

“ They tore me from the home I loved,
With stern, relentless heart,—
Oh, bear me to my native isle,
I would depart—depart !”

H. V. C.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 1.

(ORIGINAL.)

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE from the loved—those who had the first place allotted to earthly objects in our hearts—has a power to render them dearer still. Memory treasures up each word, look, and tone of the absent, and however prized they seemed when present, let time and space but intervene, and how much is the tie strengthened ? It seems, indeed, as if we never rightly appreciated them before ; and is it not true that we do *not* really know the value of any blessing until we have been deprived of it ? We cannot realize the enjoyment of health, unless we have experienced sickness.

How delightful are the thoughts of the absent ; their failings (for all have them) sink into the dim perspective, and their virtues only are dwelt upon. The mind loves to recall the kind words, the pleasant faces, in short all that is pleasantly associated with our reflections of them ; and, touched by the magic wand of faithful memory, all passes in rapid succession before our mental view. We seem to hold as it were a spiritual communion with them. Oh, who would *forget* ? For although much that is painful might be washed away by the waters of Lethe, yet who would lose, even on that condition, the remembrance of past pleasures ?—lose the pure and hallowed feelings that spring from thoughts of the loved and the absent ? It is this that adds refinement to friendship, and melts the heart into a tenderness it never knew before. As a fair landscape, with the bright rays of the sun shining upon it, is in itself pleasing and delightful to the eye, yet after the stormy clouds have cast their dark shadows and discharged their fury over the scene, its increased beauty, its charming freshness, amply repay us for “ rain and tempest ;” so on meeting again with the loved, we shall but love them better and prize them more, because we have been separated from them.

S. M.

Montreal, May, 1841.

DIVERSITIES OF OPINION.

THAT all men should be of the same mind, and agree in the same conceptions and apprehensions of things, is impossible, and no more to be expected in this life, than that all men's faces and complexions should be alike. As long as men have different educations, tempers, constitutions of body, inclinations of mind, and several interests to serve, as long as there are different degrees of knowledge and understanding in men ; in a word, as long as ignorance and confidence continue in the world, so long will there be disputes and controversies about matters of religion, even among those who yet agree in the same faith and profession.—*Dr. Calamy's Sermons.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER X.

To Alice Linhope, Sunday was a day of active employment. She was organist at the church—had the children in the school to teach—and read to the sick and infirm, who were unable to attend divine service. The day so often complained of as dull and uninteresting was never too long for Alice. The consciousness of having performed her duty gave such a serene expression to her intelligent countenance, as showed that the peace of God was within, and her face only reflected the tranquillity and joy of her innocent heart. Arthur was so much struck with this cheerful expression, when she joined them at the breakfast table, that he could not help exclaiming :

“My dear Alice, you look quite happy today.”

“I feel happy,” she replied quickly. “If sorrow has haunted me with its evil shadow all the week, and the cares of this cold world have pressed heavily upon my heart, the return of the Sabbath always affords me a temporary peace. It is the holy and blessed day of rest, which relieves the poor from labour, and calls upon all men to rejoice in the author of their salvation; the day that was set apart and consecrated from the foundation of the world, and which has been hallowed by the good of all ages. When I recall all the blessings which it brings in its train, I find so much cause for rejoicing that I cannot indulge in selfish grief.”

“You would be shocked, Alice, at the profanation of the Sabbath in some of our large cities abroad,” said Arthur. “I have often visited Hamburg, for instance, on business for my father. The tones of the violin, and the sounds of revelry, mingle with the tolling of the bells that called the piously disposed to church. The song and the dance are kept up until a late hour at night; and the gaming-houses and places of public entertainment are crowded to overflowing. The inhabitants seem to vie with each other in the madness of their mirth. You would imagine that they were a troop of ancient Greek or Roman citizens celebrating the feast of Bacchus, rather than a people professing the pure doctrines of Christianity.”

“We need not visit foreign countries, Mr. Fle-

*I received this account of the desecration of the Sabbath in the above city, from a wealthy merchant, who yearly visited and spent some months there.

ming, to seek for examples of depravity. The Sabbath is as little regarded by the votaries of fashion in London as it can possibly be in Hamburg, even by many who have made an open profession in the morning by attending church. Not that I consider the inhabitants of a great city morally worse than persons who reside in the country. They appear so when taken in the mass; but the question is, whether country people placed in the same situation, and exposed to the same temptations, would combat more successfully against the allurements of vice. But I must bid you farewell: my watch, like a faithful monitor, warns me that my children are waiting for their teacher.” So saying, she rose and left the room, followed by Sophia.

“Alice,” said the latter, as soon as they were alone in their own chamber, “I cannot go to church this morning.”

“What prevents you?”

“I have a bad head-ache, and feel quite unable to endure the fatigue of the long service. Perhaps I may feel better in the evening.”

“You were perfectly well a few minutes ago,” said Alice, unwilling to admit so paltry an excuse. Sophia looked sullen and indignant.

“How can I possibly go in that shabby old bonnet? I have been ashamed of wearing it for the last six weeks.”

“Then it is your plain bonnet that affects your head? Oh, Sophy! I blush for you—that a daughter of the excellent George Linhope should make such an excuse for staying from church! But it is better for you to stay away than profane the sanctuary, by appearing before your Maker while under the influence of such feelings of pride and vanity.”

Before Sophia could answer, the servant entered the room with a bandbox.

“Why, Miss Sophia!” cried Betty, who took a deep interest in her young mistress, and who looked forward to be the second-hand possessor of every fresh piece of finery she bought, “here’s your new hat, after all; it came last night at the same time with Mr. Fleming’s portmanteau, and I thought it belonged to him. ‘Sir,’ says I, ‘here’s a bandbox as belongs to you.’ ‘Tis none of mine,’ says he, ‘Jenny.’ ‘That’s not my name, sir,’ says I, dropping a curtsey: ‘Tis Betty, if you please.’ ‘Betty or Jenny,’ says he, ‘it’s all the same. I

have no more hats than I carry on my head: it must belong to your young ladies.' So thinks I to myself, well it must be Miss Sophia's new hat, and now she will be able to go to church, and astonish all the folk."

While Betty was pouring forth this volume of words, Sophy had drawn her idol from its case, and was gazing upon it with an air of devotional reverence. Alice turned from from both the maid and mistress with a stifled sigh, and leaving her in full possession of the mirror, tied on her cottage bonnet, and left the room.

"Well, Miss Alice is the most old fashioned person I ever seed," said Betty. "One would think that she had been born an old maid. She thinks more of that old fright of a hat she has worn these two summers, than you will, Miss Sophy, of your new hat by the time you have had it a week. I don't understand Miss Alice. She is pretty, too, but she seems to care nothing about it. If she had a hundred beaus she would never brag of one of them."

This long harangue of Betty's was unheard by Sophia. She was a full hour adjusting the unwieldy hat to please herself. When this important matter was once settled to her taste, she approached the glass, and gazed upon the reflection of her charming countenance with blushing admiration. But the studied airs and graces she adopted to suit her new hat were not natural, and instead of looking more captivating, they made her appear vain and affected. Before the farce of self-adulation was completed, she heard her mother and cousin Fleming calling to her beneath the window, to know if she were ready to accompany them to church.

It was not without a slight feeling of embarrassment that she presented herself before them.

"Why, Sophy!" exclaimed Mrs. Linhope, "what could induce you to buy such a ridiculous hat? I no longer wonder at Alice expressing her disapprobation at your choice in such strong terms. Her critique was just."

Fleming looked at his pretty cousin, and could scarcely suppress a smile, her countenance expressed such a ludicrous struggle between vanity and mortification. He knew that such hats were common in London; but on the head of his little country cousin, they appeared more odious than usual. His resentment at her sister's remark in the milliner's-shop nearly vanished.

"My dear Sophy, I hardly knew you in that ugly unbecoming hat."

Sophy bit her lips as she stammered forth:

"Amelia Ogilvie looks very well in hers, and it is exactly like this."

"Miss Ogilvie is a woman of rank and fortune, and may wear what she pleases," said Mrs. Linhope, gravely. "The world will make no comment upon her dress, for she is wedded to its fashionable follies. But I am sorry, Sophia, that you made

choice of such a hat, and that you should expose your want of taste by making your first appearance in it at church. It is quite unsuited to our rank and circumstances, and will draw upon you the ill-natured remarks of your neighbours, who will accuse you of imitating Miss Ogilvie's dress, and this supposition you should carefully avoid."

"I don't care a pin for their remarks," said Sophia; "I did not learn the fable of the old man and his ass, in vain."

In spite of this speech, Sophia began deeply to regret the purchase of the hat; and these feelings were not lessened by the uncomfortable consciousness that it was not paid for. A single debt, to persons unaccustomed to bear the servile yoke, is enough to rob the mind of peace; but an accumulated load of unsettled bills destroys hope, and with it all the enjoyments of domestic life. However poor his lot may have been cast in this world, that man is alone rich and independent who can lie down upon his bed at night with a safe conscience, calmly exclaiming: "Thank God, I am out of debt, and need not fear the face of man!" But our village beauty had neither mental nor moral courage, and her fit of repentance lasted only from the church gate until she entered the sacred edifice, and found herself the object of general attraction, to the thoughtless young creatures who, like herself, congregated there, to see and be seen. She blushed with conscious pride, as the restless eye of curiosity pursued her graceful figure as she moved slowly up the aisle, delighted with the conviction that she was the loveliest woman there.

One person, though unseen, beheld her with sorrow. The bells ceased ringing; the clergyman took his seat in the reading-desk; and the murmur of regret that burst from the heart of Alice Linhope was lost in the full swell of the organ, whose chords she swept for a few moments with a tremulous hand. All her wonted fortitude returned as the choir burst forth in one triumphant strain of praise and thanksgiving, and her own voice, the sweetest and the richest there, Fleming could distinguish amidst the gush of harmony that filled the ancient building.

Sophia Linhope soon perceived that she had attracted the attention of Captain Ogilvie, whose magnificently bound book, like her own, was merely retained as an outward emblem of devotion. Without raising her head, she felt that his eyes were fixed upon her; and a thousand schemes of visionary greatness, of titled names and splendid equipages, were floating through her mind. The golden gleam the sun shed upon the marble monuments of his ancestors, pointing out from generation to generation where slept the proud ones of his line, conveyed no warning lesson to her heart, declaring in a few solemn words the instability of human hopes. She no longer wished to ensure the regard of the Dutch

Merchant, as she now denominated her cousin. Her ambition had taken a loftier range, and she sighed to be the wife of Sir Philip Ogilvie's heir. Her mind was too much engrossed by these thoughts to pay any attention to the sermon, and it was not until the blessing was pronounced, and the congregation about to quit the church, that she hastily dismissed her day-dreams. Mrs. Linhope remained to hear Alice question the children, and Sophia accepted the proffered arm of Fleming, and left the church.

"Mr. Ogilvie is a good preacher," said Arthur, after all the salutations between his cousin and her neighbours were at an end. "Did he not give us an excellent sermon?"

"Very well: I have heard many that I admired more."

This in truth was the case, for Sophia had not listened to one word of the discourse. Had it been delivered in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, she could have given as good an account of it.

"I think I never heard that text more ably handled," continued Fleming. "But where is your mother and Alice?"

"Alice stays to instruct the children in the Sunday-school, and mamma remains this morning to hear them repeat the catechism."

"It must be a great fatigue to Alice," said Arthur, surprised that Sophia did not stay to assist her.

"Yes, I should find it so; but it makes Alice popular among the lower class; and my saint-like sister, in her quiet way, is not averse to praise."

"This cannot be her sole motive for undertaking such an arduous task," said Fleming, indignantly rejecting Sophia's insinuations. "Why do not you lend her your assistance?"

"I do not feel myself at all qualified for such a situation. I hate display, particularly in a country place like this."

"I don't understand what you mean by display, Sophia, and in this instance I fear you are strangely ignorant of it yourself. You must forgive me, my dear cousin, when I assure you that there was more display in the exhibition of that tawdry hat than in your sister's quiet performance of a duty which may confer a lasting benefit on numbers of her fellow creatures."

Sophia smiled contemptuously, and Fleming felt his respect for her greatly diminish. He was a young man of high and honourable feelings, and he scorned the least appearance of deceit. He saw that Sophia hated the trouble of teaching the children—that she was too selfish to sacrifice her own inclinations to relieve her sister from a part of the fatigue and anxiety of tuition—and that she endeavoured to detract from her merit in order to excuse her own neglect.

"What a pity my good uncle did not bring you

up to the church," said Sophia, sarcastically; "you would have made excellent sermons."

"I understand you, Sophia Linhope; my sincerity has displeased you."

There was a sternness in Fleming's tone and manner that deeply offended his volatile companion; and in spite of his fine fortune, she began to consider him a very intolerable personage. She would have given him a tart reply had she not observed Captain Ogilvie and a military friend approaching.

"That's a beautiful girl, Philip," said the officer, as they passed the cousins. "Who is she?"

"I don't know," drawled forth the captain, raising his eye-glass very unceremoniously to Sophia's face. "Yes—she's pretty, very pretty—the only *belle* I have seen in B—. She seems to know it too; and carries off her great hat with as much spirit as any town-bred damsel of quality. I wonder who she is?"

The twain passed on before Fleming's indignation could find vent in words. He turned to Sophia, to see what effect the captain's impertinent speech had produced. Her cheeks were crimsoned with blushes; but she was evidently not displeased at the coarse manner in which the man of quality had expressed his admiration of her charms. Fleming thought that her heightened colour was occasioned by real confusion and distress.

"Dear cousin," he said, pausing upon his aunt's threshold, "never wear that hat again. Had you been dressed in a more appropriate style you would have escaped the observation of those puppies!"

But Sophia was more in love with her new hat than ever.

On the lawn, enjoying the warm sunshine, Fleming found his grandmother. The old lady held out her hand, with a smile, and Arthur respectfully pressed it to his lips.

"How like you are to my dear Walter," said the old lady, gazing upon him through her spectacles with a look of fond and maternal regard.

"I am proud of the likeness," said Fleming.

"You may well be proud: few sons can boast their descent from a more upright and honourable father," said the old lady. "God bless him! I hope I shall see him yet before I die. And how did you like our old church?"

"'Tis a noble relic of the olden time. The service was well performed—the sermon excellent—and the music exceeded any thing I expected to hear in a country church. The organ is not a fine toned instrument, but it was beautifully played."

"Ah!" said the old lady, playfully holding up her finger, "you found out the organist, and say this by way of compliment. I shall not tell her your opinion of her performance, lest I should make the dear girl vain."

"You speak in riddles, my dear madam. Who is the organist?"

“Did not Sophy tell you that it was Alice?”

“Alice!” repeated Fleming, stepping back, while the surprise he felt was strongly depicted in his countenance. “How came Alice by her skill in music?”

“Industry and perseverance, Arthur, will subdue all difficulties, and overcome obstacles which the timid and indolent pronounce insurmountable.—Alice had a sweet voice by nature, and a fine ear for music, and sacred music more particularly attracted her attention. Our late organist, Mr. Hatfield, often visited Mr. Linhope. He was a very chatty and benevolent old man, and nothing would satisfy him, but he must teach Alice to play on his favourite instrument. In the course of time, she became such a proficient that many persons thought that she quite exceeded her master. When poor Hatfield fell sick, she supplied his place, and her performance gave universal satisfaction. She was so much attached to her venerable instructor that she nursed him through his dying illness with as much care and tenderness as she did her own precious father. After the death of Mr. Hatfield, our good rector wished Alice to undertake his vacant office, which she accepted on these conditions: that the salary, which was £25 per annum, should be yearly expended in blankets for the poor parishioners. Mr. Ogilvie was much pleased with this proposal, and immediately carried her charitable plan into execution. Alice has filled the office for two years with great credit to herself, and has gained the affections of the whole congregation.”

Fleming listened to this simple narration with deep interest. His admiration for the virtues of his cousin Alice was not unmingled with painful emotions, when he remembered her engagement with Stephen Norton. Checking these unpleasant thoughts, he turned to Sophia, hoping to read in her blooming face something that might encourage the idea that she was equally worthy of his regard. But the charm had vanished. He felt that she was insincere; that her smiles were studied; her affected frankness, coquetry.

“How blind most men are to their own interest,” thought Fleming, as he took up his hat and walked towards the church to meet Alice and her mother, “when they suffer themselves to be entirely guided by the personal charms of a woman in their choice of a wife. How have I been deceived in my estimate of the character of these two girls. Captivated with the beauty of Sophia, I fully deemed that her mind must correspond with her face. Her smiles are deceitful—her temper defective. She is vain and selfish, and her heart incapable of cherishing a generous or noble sentiment, or she would not so cruelly misrepresent the conduct of her sensible, unassuming sister, to gain the admiration of one whose company is already irksome to her. Alice, I do love and esteem. Alice would render

any man happy. But Alice is engaged to another.”

CHAPTER IX.

ATTACHED to Mrs. Marsham's house, a beautiful garden swept down to the river. Sailors are proverbially bad gardeners, but this little Eden formed an exception to the general rule. Roland and his mother had shown considerable taste in the arrangement of the flowers and ornamental shrubs which adorned this favoured spot. The rapid descent of the ground which formed the bank of the stream terminated in a broad green walk of emerald verdure, bordered on either side by parterres of choice flowers. The graceful Babylonian willows drooped their pensile branches to the very edge of the glossy mirror which reflected their elegant forms on its smooth surface. The waters here were dark and deep, and seemed to sleep after their stormy descent over sticks and stones from a small height above, or as if they loved to linger with the beautiful trees and flowers that smiled upon them from the green bank, and stretched forth their verdant arms, inviting them to stay.

The walk by the river side was terminated by a pretty arbor, round which Alice and Roland, in their youthful days, had assisted in training clematis and jessamine. An ancient oak of gigantic stature rose majestically above this fairy dwelling, and in its green old age looked like the guardian genius of the place.

This was old Captain Marsham's favourite retreat. Here he sat dozing away his existence during the heat of the long summer days, lulled by the lapsing of the waters, the humming of the bees among the flowers, and the songs of the happy birds in the tall branches of the oak above. The day was serenely beautiful. A free shower which had fallen during the night had softened the air, and filled it with delicious odours. The dews sparkled on the grass—the bees were pursuing their merry toil among the sweets—the birds were singing their gayest songs in the green hedgerows that skirted the lane. Nature was full of fair sights and melodious sounds, but the rude chair within the arbor was vacant: the old veteran was not in his accustomed place.

A little ragged boy, with a black shock head, was weeding among the flowers; from time to time lifting up his rosy face, and peeping between the shrubs to see if he was observed to slacken his work by Roland Marsham, who was pacing to and fro the long walk by the river, now clenching his hand, now stopping and eyeing the deep waters, with a peculiarly wild and savage air. No one to have looked upon his troubled countenance at that moment, deformed as it was by the dark working of the evil passions within, could have called him handsome.

“My stars! what can be the matter with young

master this morning?" murmured the boy; "I never seed him so cross before—though cross he often is—and too cross. He has beat me twice today for nothing; and if it wourn't for dear missus and the old master I would not stay here another day—I'd run away, tat a' wu'd. But I am but a poor parish boy, and what can I do? What a pity it is," continued the boy, shaking his black shock head, "that God ever made such creatures as parish boys. They bean't of no use that I can see, but to make foot-balls and whipping-posts of."

"What are you muttering about, Jonathan?" cried the lieutenant. "If you do not mind your work you will get a taste of what you don't like."

"P'raps I may," thought the boy, "and that would be worse than sour milk for my breakfast. Look! but I'd like to know what makes him so stinky today."

"Is your mistress at home, Jonathan?" asked a soft voice at his elbow, which made the boy start and raise his head with alacrity from the midst of a fragrant bed of thyme.

"Yes, miss, she be; but old master is not well, and young master is very ill."

This latter remark he made with a sly covert glance at Alice, which might be taken either in jest or earnest.

"Indeed!" said Alice, glancing towards Mar- sham, who was at the end of the long shaded walk with his back towards them; "I am sorry to hear this. What is his complaint?"

"What no one never dies of," returned Jonathan, with a grin, "or young master would have been dead years ago. Its a bad pain in his temper. But perhaps, Miss Alice, you know the best way of curing that?"

"Jonathan, this is not fit language for a servant to use whilst speaking of his master," said Alice, gravely. "I fear you grow an idle boy, and Mr. Mar- sham has just cause of complaint against you."

The boy's head sunk down among the weeds, and again rose to his lips the oft repeated grievance, "All the world finds fault with me, because I am only a poor parish boy!"

At the door of the cottage Alice was met by Mrs. Mar- sham, who received her in her arms—affectionately kissed her pale cheek, (at this moment still paler from agitation), and without speaking, led her into the little parlour.

"I am come at last, dear Mrs. Mar- sham; I hope your father did not think my absence originated in caprice or neglect?"

"Make no excuse, Alice," said the widow, shading her face with her hand to conceal her eyes. "I know all, and therefore perfectly understand the motives which kept you away."

"And you forgive me?"

"Oh, Alice! my heart is too full to answer you."

"Dear Mrs. Mar- sham," said Alice, taking her hand, "I know you feel deeply the termination of Roland's suit; but I am sure that you do me the justice to believe that I acted from principle."

"You cannot act otherwise, Alice Linhope; but had you possessed my warm feelings, you could not have acted so coldly, so prudently. It is not natural for a girl of your age to throw from you a fine young man, who loves you so devotedly—who has been your companion from childhood—and to whom you cannot be so perfectly indifferent. No, no, I'll not believe that Roland is discarded. The certainty of such an event would madden him, and bring me to my grave."

Silent and pale, Alice gazed upon the tears which now streamed down the cheeks of the care-worn matron; yet her resolution wavered not. A feeling almost akin to antipathy had usurped the place of pity in her bosom, and she felt that Mrs. Mar- sham was endeavouring to secure the cause of her son, at the expense of every moral feeling.

Mrs. Mar- sham was surprised that her passionate appeal produced no corresponding answer from her young companion.

"Alice," she said, raising her tearful eyes to hers, "can you witness, unmoved, a mother's tears?"

"I should not deserve to possess such a blessing as a mother if I could," said Alice, trembling violently; "but could I be so false to Roland, so unjust to myself, as to accept his hand, when I feel that my heart could never accompany the act?—Dear Mrs. Mar- sham, I have been painfully tried in this melancholy business—the natural weakness of my woman's heart inclining me to yield to the passionate entreaties of your son, against the dictates of conscience and reason. I have wept and prayed for fortitude to resist the temptation which urged me to sacrifice truth, honour, and integrity, to appease the grief of one whom I could not love, whose religious principles are so erroneous, and opposed to all that I consider as good and sacred, that it would be the height of wickedness in me could I consent to be his wife."

"Alice," said the widow, seating herself in the old captain's easy chair, and motioning her trembling companion to the seat beside her, "is this religion or fanaticism?"

"You will perhaps call it the latter," returned Alice, colouring deeply, while a feeling of offended worth for a brief moment troubled her breast, and clouded her candid brow. "Had Roland Mar- sham ever experienced the pure and unalloyed pleasures which spring from this sacred source, he would never have dared to reject his Saviour and deny his God!"

"He is very young," said Mrs. Mar- sham, "and like many other young men, has never given these things a serious thought. He is more an infidel in

speech than in practice. The influence you possess over him, dear Alice, might be exerted for his eternal good. Oh, think what happiness it would confer on a benevolent heart like yours, could you succeed in converting the sinner from the error of his ways, and become the means of reconciling the alien to his God.

"Such a change could never be effected by human means. It requires the assistance of a higher power."

"In what way?"

"By the operation of the Holy Spirit, which can alone produce that regeneration of heart, which makes a man wise unto salvation."

"And you live in an enlightened age, Alice, and can believe that the Holy Spirit still exerts its influence over the minds of men?"

"If such be not the case," said Alice, folding her hands tightly together, and looking up with an expression of enthusiasm in her deep blue eyes, "the sublime books of prophesy are but the rhapsodies of the poet—the Christian religion itself a beautiful fable. But I feel that it is not so: the Spirit of Truth beareth witness with my spirit that these things are facts, which every passing moment confirms."

"I wish I could receive them as such," murmured Mrs. Marsham, in a low broken voice, but every word fell distinctly upon the ear of her astonished auditor. Alice had never heard Mrs. Marsham express her religious opinions. She was quiet and gentle, and had borne her heavy domestic calamities with such fortitude that her young friend had concluded that she had derived her chief support and consolation from the healing precepts of the Gospel. Here then was the secret of Roland's infidelity—the indifference of his mother to those holy truths which could alone effectually speak peace to her wounded mind, and reconcile her to her bitter lot. In infancy he had been taught his prayers—a mechanical act of duty which he relinquished in after years—but a mother's hand had never pointed out to him the path of duty as portrayed in the Gospel, or led him to study the divine book as an unerring guide that, followed faithfully, would safely conduct him through the shoals and quicksands of life. "Poor Roland," thought Alice, "I know not which to pity most, you or your mother."

It is a difficult thing for a young girl to lecture a woman old enough to be her mother, however earnestly she may desire to convince her of her error. Alice felt this, and her tongue was tied. She continued gazing upon the pale face of the widow, with a look of tender commiseration, which cut her to the heart.

"Alice," she said, in a low husky voice, "I am very unhappy: pray for me—pray for my poor boy. I try to pray, but it does me no good. I am haunted with strange thoughts—strange temptations:

my head I know is not always right; and if Roland remain in the state of mind he is in just now, it will drive me mad!" She burst into a wild hysterical laugh, and Alice hurried for a glass of water. When she returned, Mrs. Marsham appeared more composed. "Alice," she said, taking her hand, "I have loved you long and tenderly; I know that you love me; and poor Roland, if you cannot love him, will you grant me one favour, to save him from despair?"

"Any thing, my dear friend, which I can do without sacrificing my principles."

"Will you promise me, dear Alice, not to accept another lover, or marry within twelve months?"

"Your request is a strange one," said Alice, "and I cannot say that I like these extorted promises; yet if it can in any way conduce to your comfort, I will cheerfully consent. But first tell me what good will it effect?"

"Much—it will give him time to reconcile himself to your loss, and he will not be tormented with the dread of a successful rival."

"If I do not love him," returned Alice, "he has no rival, and it will, therefore, be useless to make this foolish promise."

"If you love me, Alice, do not refuse this trifling request?"

"Well, it is granted," said Alice, and as the words died upon her lips, a weight of lead appeared to sink into her heart. "I have done wrong," she thought; "the monitor within tells me so. But the words are said—I would that they were unsaid. This is to act from impulse instead of from reflection. All who act from such a cause are sure to act wrong."

Whilst she stood overwhelmed in silent thought, the voice of the old captain sounded from the inner room.

"Alice Linhope! is that you?"

"My dear old friend," said Alice, "how is he?"

"In his bed," returned Mrs. Marsham. "Will you see him? His illness is of no moment. Whenever he is out of spirits now he keeps his bed."

"Oh, what a privation it must be to be debarred the sight of this glorious earth," said Alice, looking forth into the broad sunshine; "and he possesses such an active mind that the loss must be doubly severe."

"He does not feel it so keenly as he did," said the widow. "He frets more at your absence than at the loss of the sunshine. Will you read to him?"

"With pleasure," said Alice, as she followed Mrs. Marsham into the old man's apartment.

The veteran was reclining upon his bed, his tall figure entirely enveloped in a large plaid cloak. A red silk handkerchief was wound round his head, from beneath which his long gray locks escaped, and waved over his brow, and shaded his furrowed cheeks. His sightless eyes were turned as if in

mockery towards the open casement, through which the gay beams of the summer sun forced an entrance, dancing amid wreaths of rose and jessamine, and sparkling in the glassy orbs of the eyes that neither saw their brightness nor felt their enlivening influence.

"Father," said Alice, stooping down and kissing reverently his high wrinkled brow, "I am sorry to see you here."

"It's mere laziness, my child. But I am not well—not quite well—and something tells me that I shall never be well again. This old hulk has seen a deal of service, my girl—it's time that it were broken up."

"It will weather many storms yet," replied the kind girl, anxious to raise the old man's spirits, and dissipate his melancholy. "Your favourite bower is looking beautifully, and the birds are singing among the branches of the oak. I think you would enjoy yourself more in the open air than confined to this close room."

"Try if you can persuade Captain Marsham to rise, while I go and give some necessary orders in the house," whispered Mrs. Marsham to Alice.—"You don't know what a trouble he is when he gets into these fits of hypochondria."

"Is she gone?" said the old man, rising eagerly up in the bed, and grasping his young companion's arm. "Sit down, my child, I want to speak to you—to you alone—and mark well my words."

Alice sat down upon the side of the bed, and the old man turned his sightless eyes upon her face, while an expression of intense and tender interest lighted up his countenance.

"Alice Linhope, my daughter has been talking to you in loud and passionate tones; tell me candidly what was the subject of your discourse?"

"You must excuse me, my dear friend, I cannot do it."

"You call me your friend, Alice, and so I am, and yet you refuse me your confidence?"

"You misunderstand me, Captain Marsham; it is not from want of inclination that I withhold my confidence—but—but," and her voice died into a whisper, "I can find no words to express my thoughts on this painful subject."

"Silly child! I cannot see your blushes whilst naming your sweetheart. But I feel this little hand tremble! my warning is too late! You love him?"

"Oh! no, no," said Alice, "I do not, cannot love him! It was this that kept me silent. I did not like to tell you, my dear old friend, that I could not be his wife."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the old man, falling back upon his pillow. "Alice, you have removed a heavy burden from my heart. His mother would try and force you to it. Do not listen to her. Stand firm: do not be persuaded. She is kind, but weak; the tool of her more artful son. Poor soul! her

head was crazed long ago. I thought it was for the death of my gallant son; but, Alice, it runs in her family: madness is in their blood: it cannot be effaced. Roland is mad. He is just like a ship at sea in a storm, without helm or compass. If you embark your happiness with him, expect nothing less than the wreck of all your hopes. He cannot really love you. Vain, proud, and selfish—he is incapable of love. His heart obeys the wild instinct of passion; his hopes and affections all flow from this debasing source. In denying the existence of a God, he denies the existence of truth and virtue; and could never appreciate these qualities in another, whilst he continues to reject the Deity from whom every good and perfect gift must proceed. I was once young, Alice Linhope, and am now old, but I never saw an infidel happy, or his children prosperous."

"I wish he could be convinced of his error," said Alice.

"It is not you that will do that, Alice. You must avoid his company. They have laid the snare for you. Beware, my child, or you will fall into the net that is spread at your feet."

"What shall I do?" said the poor girl, now violently agitated. "I fear I have taken some rash steps already. Oh! my dear friend, counsel me! I no longer dare trust myself!"

In hurried accents she repeated the conversation that had passed between her and Mrs. Marsham, and the promise which the latter had extorted from her. The old man listened attentively, and after a long silence, he at length replied:

"My dear girl, you must leave this house, and return to it no more until Roland is at sea."

"But will not you miss me?"

"Yes, more than tongue can tell; but you must not consult the feelings of a blind old dotard, who loves you for the disinterested kindness you have ever shown him—a kindness which has never been tendered to him by those who ought to be the nearest and dearest to him. Go, my beloved child, and take my blessing with you. I cannot look into your sweet face, but I feel the tears of sympathy that fall upon my withered cheeks, and my old heart rejoices in your love. If Roland had been worthy of such a treasure, what pleasure would it have given me to join your hands; but he is not—and I would rather hear that you were in your grave than be told that you were his wife."

"Alice pressed the old man's hand to her lips, and felt satisfied that she had acted right. A heavy load was removed from her heart, and after reading to the old man for a couple of hours, she left him in a tranquil sleep, and returned home. The advice of the veteran was not lost upon her; and as she knew that he would be satisfied with the reason of her absence, she determined to visit the cottage no more, or only embrace the opportunity of doing so when Mrs. Marsham was from home. In the mean

while, the widow had communicated the result of her interview with Alice to her son, which gave rise to the most extravagant hopes in the youth, who confidently believed that Alice would never have given such a promise without her heart had softened towards him, and that ultimately she would become his wife.

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM sure Alice will not go, and I know mamma will not let me go without her," said Sophia Linhope, looking timidly up in Captain Ogilvie's face, who had called upon Mrs. Linhope with tickets for the young ladies for the ensuing ball. "I wish you could persuade her to accept the kind invitation of the gentlemen of B—; I am sure we should enjoy it so much."

"Your sister is too pretty to be such a prude," said the captain; "we must try and overcome her conventional prejudices. Are you fond of dancing, Miss Sophia?"

"Oh, passionately!" was the response. "But in this house it is a forbidden pleasure."

"Not the less sweet on that account," said the captain, with a covert smile. "It is a shame to debar you from an amusement in which nature formed you to shine. But here comes your mamma. Let us get on the right side of the old lady, and the worst half of the battle is won. Is she as strict as her eldest daughter?"

"Oh, no," whispered Sophia; "mamma is too proud of us to object to our being seen in public. It is Alice alone I fear."

"Nonsense!" said the captain; "aided by your pathetic entreaties, my charming young friend, we shall be sure to win the day."

They were now joined by Mrs. Linhope and Arthur. Captain Ogilvie received the civilities of the young merchant with a distant bow. He was the great man of the place—the heir apparent of Sir Philip's wealth, and of more than double his vanity and folly—and he wished the stranger to be duly impressed with his consequence, and assumed a great deal of pretence to assist his pretensions. When the object of his visit was communicated to Mrs. Linhope, Sophia was not a little delighted to find her mother favourable to her wishes; and Arthur even anxious for his cousins to accept the invitation to the ball.

"I will not answer for Alice," said Mrs. Linhope; "but Sophia will feel great pleasure in going to the ball. It is the first thing of the kind she will have seen, and I know that she will enjoy it."

The captain raised his eyebrows in silent astonishment.

"Her first ball!—My dear madam, is it possible?—and she so young and lovely; but one need not wonder at any thing in this heathenish place. I called upon Captain King, the other day; he insisted upon my dining with him, and actually gave

me a steel fork, wherewith to eat my dinner. Such a thing would not be believed at the west end of the town."

"I suppose it spoiled your appetite?" said Arthur, sarcastically.

"No, not exactly; it would be a hard matter to do that; but it filled me with such strong disgust that I determined I would see King kicked over the rim of the universe, before I'd condescend to dine with him again. Do they use such atrocities as steel forks on the continent, Mr. Fleming?"

"When they cannot afford to buy silver ones," said Arthur, laughing, "as I suppose was the case with your friend. They do, indeed, sometimes make use of a sort of counterfeit, called German silver, which, with a high sounding name, is composed of far baser materials than the honest steel it endeavours to supplant."

Obtuse as Phillip Ogilvie was, he had wit enough to perceive that this sarcasm was levelled at himself, and he hated the young merchant accordingly. Struck with the beauty of Sophia, he determined, if possible, to win the prize from her supposed lover, and by so doing convince him that few pretty, vain women, could discriminate between honest worth and mere pretension; that if the baser metal looked like silver, they would prize it as such. At this moment they were joined by Alice, and the conversation again turned upon the ball.

"I hope you will not refuse to accompany your sister, Miss Linhope?" said the captain; "and by this act of cruelty frustrate all our hopes?"

"Not if mamma wishes it," returned Alice, struck with the appealing looks of Sophy, who was on the very tip-toe of expectation; but if I consulted my own feelings I would rather stay away."

"On what grounds?"

"A dislike I have to all these public amusements."

"But, my dear young lady, how can you be a competent judge of scenes in which you have never mingled?" said the captain.

"I only judge of them," returned Alice, "by the effect they produce on others. I never found a young friend improve in mind or morals, who got a decided love for these public places of resort; but I have often seen them become proud and envious, and quite indifferent to the holy and endearing occupations of domestic life."

"What you say, my fair young friend, would sound very well in a sermon; but would it not be a sin," he continued, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking pathetically at Sophia, "to waste such sweetness on the desert air?"

"If you call home a desert," said Alice, "I would wish never to wander beyond its sacred precincts. Rather call the world a wilderness, and its thronged thoroughfares of strange and indifferent faces the most lonely of all solitudes."

"Well, we will not dispute about matters of taste," said the captain; "I always leave the ladies to enjoy their own opinions, as I invariably find that opposition makes them very cross, and spoils their pretty faces. Miss Linhope, do you think that you will honour the ball with your presence?"

"It will depend upon circumstances," said Alice, carelessly.

"And if those should turn out favourably," said the captain, "will you honour me with your hand for the first set of quadrilles?"

"You must excuse me," said Alice; "I never dance."

The captain smiled contemptuously. "I cannot believe you ignorant, Miss Linhope, of such a common accomplishment."

"I do not see any particular harm in dancing, if the love for it is not carried to excess; but I never felt sufficiently interested in it to learn to dance," said Alice.

"You have no business at the ball, Alice," said Arthur, laughing. "I think, however, that you are rather severe on my favourite amusement."

"You waltz, of course, Mr. Fleming?" said the captain.

"When I can get a girl silly enough to waltz with me," returned Arthur; but, for the honour of Great Britain, I have found few of her well-educated young women who are so forgetful of the respect due to themselves as to join publicly in this fascinating but immodest dance."

"You know nothing of fashionable society, then, Mr. Fleming," returned the captain, tartly. "Every well-bred woman waltzes; nor can I see any reasonable objection to the dance, which custom has rendered familiar."

"If a thing is bad in itself, the frequent repetition of it can never render it less so," said Arthur. "If the waltz were perfectly harmless, the good and bad would not have united in passing upon it such severe animadversions. I could not see my sister or cousins waltzing with a stranger without it giving rise to unpleasant feelings. If the dance were innocent, these feelings would not exist."

"It is the only dance which I really enjoy," returned the captain; "and I hope your fair cousins will not be won over to your way of thinking. But perhaps," he added, with a knowing look, "you wish to keep them entirely to yourself."

"I would wish to see them uncontaminated by the world," said Arthur; "as good and as fair as they are at this moment."

"There is one of them," thought the captain, "whose love of the world would become a passion, had she the means and opportunity of indulging her taste." Then declaring that his visit had extended beyond all bounds, he rose, and, gracefully bowing, withdrew.

"What a charming man!" exclaimed Sophy,

walking to the large mirror that hung opposite, to see if her dress and hair had been becomingly arranged. Satisfied on this point, and after flirting a little with her own pretty self, she continued: "Is he not handsome? and was it not very kind and condescending in him to bring the invitations himself? Oh, dear Alice, I hope you will be prevailed upon to go."

"I will go," said Alice, who knew that Sophia would never rest contented at home; and she thought that her presence might restrain the exuberance of her sister's spirits, and protect her from the invidious remarks of others.

"But what shall we do for suitable dresses?" said Sophy, thoughtfully. "None of our old stock will do for such a grand occasion?"

"Let me supply them," said Arthur, affectionately. "You know, my pretty little flirt, that I disappointed you about the books. Nay—do not shake your head—I can read looks. Yours were most eloquent of disappointment. I meant to give you pleasure, supposing from your letters that you preferred mental cultivation to mere show. You must allow me, my dear cousin, to rectify this mistake. You know I am rich, and shall be highly flattered in contributing the least to your happiness."

Sophy did not speak, but her eyes spoke volumes of thanks. Arthur was satisfied; and the next day presented the girls with notes to the amount of ten pounds each.

"Remember," he said, "this is my father's present; the books were my own."

The girls were delighted, and both retired to their chamber to consult about their dresses.

"We shall not want all this money," said Alice, "to purchase muslin dresses and satin trimmings to match."

"But your petticoat, Alice?"

"I have a handsome white silk slip, and so have you."

"Nonsense! I do not mean to wear such trashy things. I will buy a rich flowered gauze over white satin—it will look elegantly."

"Where will you procure it?"

"Of Mrs. Lawrence."

"But you will pay her bill first?"

"Oh—yes—I forgot that hateful bill—yes, yes, I will pay it. The dresses would hardly cost more than seven pounds, and I owe her three. Dear me, Alice, that hat was extravagantly dear: the materials never cost a pound."

"Nor that," said Alice; "but you know, Sophy, you would not be entreated, and conviction comes too late."

"We cannot buy experience too dear, I have heard," said Sophy, and with this wise old proverb on her lips, our little belle tied on her fine hat, and walked off to the milliner's, to choose a dress for the ball.

Alice was busy writing a letter to go by the post, and did not accompany her, satisfied that her sister was going to pay her old debt without contracting any new ones. We shall see how well Sophia Linhope kept her wise resolutions.

"Well, Miss Sophia, you cannot purchase a more elegant dress than that, if you were to go the first milliner's in London. Miss Ogilvie has a fine taste in dress—she would have made a fortune as a mantuamaker—I am just going to send my Julia home with this—suppose you try it on before it goes; she will know nothing about it; and I am sure you would become it better than her—the gentlemen reckon her so handsome. Well, I never could see it; she has the skin of an Ethiopian, compared with yours. But then, you know, her fortune gives her fifty thousand charms"

"Of course," said Sophia, laughing. "This dress fits me admirably, I should like one made in the same fashion; but the materials are two expensive! What did you say the satin slip and flowered blonde would cost?" This was asked at least for the tenth time.

"Only fifteen pounds," said the milliner.

"But I owe you for the hat."

"Never mind that—give me the ten pounds in part payment, and I will wait for the other eight."

"But what would mamma and Alice say?"

"Pshaw! you need not let them into your secrets—keep your own counsel. They know so little of the value of these things, living so much out of the world, that if you tell them that the dress only cost five pounds, they will think it very dear. Besides, my dear young lady, who knows what conquests you may make tomorrow night? There will be several rich young men there—I will wait for the money, provided you promise to buy your wedding clothes of me."

"That I will do with pleasure," said the thoughtless girl. Dear Mrs. Lawrence, how shall I repay you for your kindness?"

"By pleasing yourself. By the way, you will want satin shoes, and French kid gloves, and silk stockings, and one of these lovely embroidered cambric handkerchiefs trimmed with Brussels lace; it will only be a pound. I am sure you can afford to buy that on the strength of that beautiful face—I should not wonder if you were to cut out the proud heiress."

"That would indeed be a triumph," said the blushing girl, her heart beating audibly; whilst, carried away by the artful woman's flattery, she suffered herself to enlarge her debt to nearly twenty pounds, without having the smallest chance of paying it. Miss Lawrence had been informed by the Captain's valet, that his master had fallen desperately in love with the parson's pretty daughter. Hence her eagerness to involve Sophia in her debt.

Sophia would not give herself time to reflect on

the folly and imprudence of her conduct. Yet, in spite of all her affected indifference, she felt miserable, when interrogated by Alice, about her old debt; she declared frankly that she had paid it; and that the remaining seven pounds, had barely furnished the things she required for the Assembly.

"If you are at all deficient, dear Sophy, I will make it up," said Alice, with glistening eyes. "I too have ordered a sweet, modest dress, but it cost more than I expected. I have, however, five pounds left, which if you want is at your service."

"Thank you, dear Alice," said Sophy, kissing the upturned brow of her generous sister to hide her own remorse and confusion, "but I shall not want your money. You will be so pleased with my dress."

And the kind, unsuspecting Alice, was delighted with the elegant simplicity of the costly garments in which her sister looked so beautiful, happily unconscious that they had been furnished at the price of her integrity, and perfectly satisfied that they had not cost more than Sophia had told her. Her own dress looked almost as well, that had been procured for one third of the money, and she looked so chaste and lovely, that Arthur, with a swelling heart, whispered to his grandmother, that he thought her the handsomest of the two.

"I have always been of that opinion," said the old lady. "But the world will prefer Sophia; Alice was not made to shine in a crowd—she must be known to be loved; and how few are there who can appreciate worth that never speaks in its own praise."

"Oh that I could call it mine," sighed Arthur. "But whether successful or unsuccessful, it is a virtue to love such a girl as my charming cousin Alice."

To be continued.

THE WORLD GOOD ON THE WHOLE.

You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three, years over again? To which I say, Yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are indeed—(who might say nay)—gloomy and hypocondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present and despairing of the future—always counting that the worst will happen because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with hope in the head, leaving fear astern. My hopes indeed sometimes fail, but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy.—*Memoirs of Thomas Jefferson.*

IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

*Who died of consumption near Dumfries, Scotland,
in the year 1828.*

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHRESE, ESQ.

WHEN first I saw my favourite maid,
In all her native charms arrayed ;
When first upon my arm she hung,
And charmed me with her magic tongue ;
When first her eye upon me shone,
With witching sweetness all her own ;
I then knew only half her worth,
The worth that had an earthly birth.
But closer as our friendship grew,
I found her artless—steady—true—
Of manners easy—modest—free—
What every maiden ought to be.
Affection mild beamed in her eye,
And oft she heaved a deep-drawn sigh
For woes of others—not her own ;—
Such precious sighs, like seed that's sown
In fertile field, yield thousand fold—
Yield bliss too mighty to be told.
Such have we felt, and as we walked,
Of future prospects oft we talked,
And many a vision fair and sweet,
Like roses springing 'neath our feet,
Seemed formed to flourish fresh and gay,
And blossom lovelier every day.
Now crushed, alas ! before they bloom !
Too soon enshrined in endless gloom.

Her cheek could boast as fair a hue,
As ever partial nature drew ;
Her sloe-black eyes as modest grace,
As ever beamed from female face ;
And as bewitching was her smile,
As free from art, as free from guile ;
Her lily hand with ease could master
The whitest—fairest alabaster—
Its flowing veins of heavenly blue,
Seemed rays of sunshine shooting through
A fair and cloudless open sky,
Which dreads nor storms nor tempests nigh—
That snow-white hand I oft have prest,
And thought myself supremely blest,
That in this world there was one heart,
Which in my griefs did bear a part ;
Which did in all my gladness joy,
Nor e'er feel envy's base alloy.

We parted—ne'er to meet again
In this sad world of grief and pain ;
And though our hearts in union twined,
(What bond so strong as that of mind !)
Seemed like a harp of sweetest tone,
Thrilling with magic all its own,
So sweet, that if one string were broke,

By any dire unlooked-for stroke,
The rest would be as useless there,
As if they vanished into air—
So thought we, that if e'er decay
Should steal one of our souls away,
The other soon would broken be,
Or like a blasted, shivered tree.

She died—and yet I live to sigh,
Although no tear e'er dims my eye,
And though I show no marks of pain,
I feel the fever in my brain.
How melancholy thus to sit,
Indulging in a musing fit,
To fancy all the world's at rest,
Save my own wildly-beating breast ;
To hear its agonizing throbs,
To feel the grief that knows no sobs,
The tearless grief that probes the heart,
With memory's poison-shafted dart ;
To grieve alone—alone—alone—
To find no heart that's like my own,
No breast that with responsive thrills,
Beats like my own through good and ill—
No comfort near—no soothing kind,
To still the anguish of my mind—
No balm, that with consoling art,
Can heal the wound—allay the smart.—

She died—and yet I saw her not—
Was buried—yet I knew it not—
I gazed not on her lonely bier,
And 'tis as well I was not near—
Methinks that I had grieved less,
And grief had lost its bitterness :
But I have lain on her grave-stone,
And felt that all my hopes were gone,
My hopes of fond ideal bliss,
All faded into nothingness.

She's gone—then wherefore should I sigh ?—
For she has missed the ill that I
Must suffer in this house of clay,
In journeying through life's weary way—
Such ill—perhaps far more severe
Than aught she dreamt of, might be near—
For what is life ? a passing show—
A nightmare dream—a tale of woe—
A shadow, fleeting as 'tis vain,
Whose sweetest pleasures yield but pain.

Like as a child pursues a bee,
Each says, "bliss is in store for me,"
And madly grasps at false delight,
Which got, turns nauseous to the sight :
So every joy like rainbow smiles,
But shows itself, and then beguiles,
And leaves a sting more maddening far,
Than looked-for pain or looked-for care.

Her image still shall fondly be
 Engraven on my memory,
 Her last sweet pledge of friendship dear,
 I'll fondly bathe with many a tear.
 Aye when the sun withdraws his light,
 And all is throned in deepest night,
 Her lovely form around me flies,
 It never speaks, it never sighs,
 It never mourns, it never sleeps,
 It never slumbers, never weeps,
 But wears a smile of heavenly grace,
 As ever plays on seraph's face,
 And has a look of holy light
 A halo from those regions bright,
 Where Virtue doth for ever dwell,
 And Love hath never said farewell—
 This angel look does all but say,
 "Come, come with me, away, away,
 To those bright realms of endless day,
 Where holy bliss, and love, and song,
 Eternity of joys prolong ;
 Where bliss untold to mortal ears,
 Expands the soul, dries up the tears,
 And gives the fainting heart relief,
 From sorrow, sighing, pain, and grief."

O may I in that world of bliss,
 And unenshrined happiness,
 Soon clasp her to my doating heart,
 Soon clasp her—never more to part.

AUTHENTIC AND ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

AMONG those who are conversant with the life and acts of Bonaparte, it is known that the earliest experiments as to popular opinion on his secretly contemplated assumption of the "Imperial" title, were tried among his military supporters, who, from having shared the glory of his conquests, were best disposed to tolerate his views of self-aggrandizement.

The exact particulars of the occasion when it was first publicly tried, however, have not been given in any memoirs, although many persons who were present are still living, (among others Marshal Soult), besides the distinguished officer, Baron Faure de Lilatte, who was, sportively, "the first to proclaim Napoleon, Emperor," under the following circumstances:—

At the time when Bonaparte contemplated his much vaunted descent on the English coast, he had ordered encampments of troops to be formed at Boulogne, Dunkirk, Auro, and, in short, at all the little towns along that part of the French coast.

Prince Joseph Bonaparte, (now living in England as the Count de Survilliers), was then colonel of the 4th regiment of the line, and was stationed at Auro, in the "Camp de Gauche," commanded by

General Soult, since become a Marshal of France, and very lately French Minister of War.

After the camps had been some time formed, it was proposed by Prince Joseph, and other superior officers of the left camp, to give a grand entertainment to all the field officers of the other camps, and the neighbouring garrisons, including also the naval commanders on the station, and accordingly a very numerous party were invited.

Up to this time there had been no rumour, or even suspicion, as to Napoleon's intention of assuming the title of Emperor. On the day preceding the dinner party, some verses, referring to the Imperial title, were sent anonymously from Paris to the Baron Faure de Lilatte, who, though a young man, had seen much service, and was intimate with the Bonaparte family. He was surprised at the subject of the lines, and after deliberating on what he should do with them, he determined to consult Stanislas Girardin, the constant companion and counsellor of Prince Joseph. Girardin took the manuscript, with a promise of giving Baron Faure an early answer; and, on the day of the *fête*, he restored the lines, acceding to the young officer's wish of permission to give them publicity.

Accordingly, after the numerous party had partaken of a superb dinner, such as little Boulogne seldom witnesses, Baron Faure requested Prince Joseph's leave to propose a new toast. This being granted, he rose, and, to the astonishment of the majority, read aloud his mysteriously sent couplet, of which the following is an exact transcript:—

"Lorsque Napoléon, à la fière Angleterre,
 Ira dicter les lois de la paix ou la guerre,
 Qui peut lui disputer le titre d'EMPEREUR,
 Lorsque ce grand nom est déjà dans notre cœur!"

"Vive l'Empereur!" shouted the young soldier after his toast; and the sound ran like electricity among the veteran adorers of Napoleon, "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded at the same instant from all the crowded tables, and it was taken up again and again with fresh enthusiasm after each momentary pause; so that the Baron Faure de Lilatte had the triumph of thus socially being the first who proclaimed his general and brother-in-arms an Emperor!

SOPHISTS.

OF all human forms and characters, none is less improveable, none more intolerable, and oppressive, than the race of sophists. They are intolerable against all nature, against all that is called general, demonstrated truth; they attempt to demolish the most solid and magnificent fabric with a grain of sand, picked from off its stones. Such knaves, whom to tolerate exceeds almost the bounds of human toleration, avoid like serpents. If you *once* engage with them, there is no end of wrangling.—
Lavater's Aphorisms.

(ORIGINAL.)

BORDER LEGENDS.

BY A MONK OF G—— ABBEY.

NO. V.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH RANGER.

Continued from our last Number.

WHEN I awoke to a confused sense of my wretchedness, my first idea was to look for the bridge, I suppose in consequence of its having been the last which occupied my mind, when stunned by the shot; but it was no where to be seen: my next was that of wonder and amazement at the puddle of blood in which I was weltering, accompanied with an intense and burning thirst; and so overwhelming was my desire to quench it that I could think of nothing else; but how or where, I knew not: the long narrow strip of water at the bottom of the ravine was of course the salt, salt sea, having been left there by the spring tides.

After a little reflection, however, I remembered having passed, with a longing look, a crystal fountain, trickling down from the rocks on the other side, and when I had bandaged my wound, which I found to be at the back of my neck, and of little consequence, I swam over to search for it; and it was well for me that I did so, as I could not have taken a step more conducive to my safety, if that had been my object, which, at the moment, it was not, for I had no sooner inhaled the cooling and refreshing draught, than I saw, without being seen, that my implacable persecutor had arrived at the spot where he left me, although he had a distance of some three miles to travel round the end of the ravine before he could have reached it, when I observed, with no little satisfaction, from his vexed and disappointed manner, how much he was chagrined at not finding me there.

After searching about for some time, peering into every hole and nook, into which I might have crept, as if impressed with the idea that, in my wounded state, I could not be far away, he retraced his steps, as far as I could see him, when I took it for granted that he had abandoned his enterprise as hopeless, and was returning to his home, if he had one. I was right in my conjecture, but sadly in error as to where that home might be.

The moment, therefore, he was out of sight, I again plunged into the water, and was soon clambering up the rocks on the side he had left, with the real purpose now of seeking refuge in the hut. Rest, and food, and shelter, I must have somewhere, if to obtain them I should have to return back to my dungeon.

During the last twenty-four hours, my sufferings and exertions had been almost unparalleled. I had crept three times along the whole length of that noxious and subterraneous passage; had been twice shot at, and once wounded; had been in the water, or my clothes saturated with it, two-thirds of the time; had lost a great deal of blood from my wound, and was now suffering severely from the salt water having got into it; had swam the little lake twice; had travelled several miles ironed still as I was; and, what was more and more than all, the torture, the mental agony I had endured; besides, the cold, and hunger, and want of sleep, which I have never mentioned. Nature could endure no more. I reached the door of the hut, and fainted on the threshold.

But my cup of woe was not yet full, for when sense and sight returned, instead of finding myself the object of tender and commiserating sympathy, I encountered the malignant scowl, mingled with an expression of triumph, in the sinister countenance of the one-eyed wretch, who seemed to hover around me, like a bird of evil omen, with no other object than to mock me in my misery.

"Give me something to eat," I faintly exclaimed, "and I'll willingly go back to prison;" for I felt at the moment that I could even hail that as a happy deliverance from his hateful presence, at which my very soul revolted, with a loathing I cannot describe: not even now, at this distance of time, can I repeat, with equanimity, what he said, as he ungraciously complied with my request, which had not been made if I had known that I was in his own house.

When I was again handed over to the jailor, I was placed in a more secure cell, and loaded with heavier irons. But the hope of escape was never given up. I commenced making another attempt, in which I nearly succeeded, and then another and then another and another, remembering the fiend's tale I still struggled on, but I was foiled in them all.

The assizes was now came on—I heard the awful trumpet announcing the arrival of the judges—and the next morning "the judgment was set and the books were opened," and I was arraigned at the bar, when, contrary to the advice of my lawyer, I pleaded

"guilty," and the jury, with what seemed to me a cold and heartless formality, returned a verdict accordingly. Had I conformed to the usual custom, and pleaded "not guilty," I might have escaped, as the prosecutor, or, as I believe he is legally termed, the principal evidence, was a quaker, and consequently would not take an oath, and an affirmation is not taken, or at least was not then taken, in cases of life and death. My lawyer knew this, and hence his urging me so strongly to do so.

It has been said, and with justice, for it is generally true, "that one crime leads to another." Although the adage did not apply to my case, as I would not add sin to sin. I had been guilty of one heinous offence, but I was not so fallen yet as to commit another to save myself from the consequences it might bring upon me.

After two days of dreadful suspense had transpired, I was again brought into court to receive my sentence: when the judge put on the black cap of death, and then sat motionless as a statue for a few minutes, during which there was such a stagnating crushing stillness, I cannot describe it, throughout a very crowded court, as was perfectly unendurable. This was succeeded by the awful sentence—for he did not descant on the heinousness of my guilt—he could not: "You, George P——n, shall be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence, on Monday next, to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead! dead! dead! and may God have mercy on your soul." Then followed another overwhelming pause throughout the whole court, as if every one in it was reiterating the prayer in silence and sorrow. And what was then passing in my mind? Why the hope of escape from the dreadful doom was mingled with my fervent "Amen" to its solemn and affecting conclusion. I thought, even then, that I should be respited, and I was not disappointed, for before the judge left the city, he changed the awful Monday to that day month, and I could not have rejoiced more if I had received a full and unconditional pardon, although I knew that this was a prelude to a commutation of my sentence to transportation for life, a term of dread import which I did not then understand.

I was destined, with some others in the prison, to be sent to New South Wales, but remained where I was for nearly a year, still meditating and attempting my escape, though on every failure more heavily ironed and more strictly guarded; yet I never despaired, and these very attempts, fruitless as they were, did ultimately, although indirectly, lead to the accomplishment of my object.

But before I take my departure, I must give the reader some account of the mourner in that home of desolation, and want, and misery, which I had left now nearly two years; but to describe what

was felt and endured there, when I was taken away, and, above all, when I was found guilty, and sentence of death passed upon me, would be utterly impossible. With my wife, it was a quiet calm of patient endurance and resignation, as far as it was externally visible to those simple inhabitants around her, in that secluded mountain village, darkly placid and serene, like their own little mirror lake, as seen in the summer twilight, and like it, deep and measureless too. She complained not, nor wept, except when our little girl would ask when I was coming home, and why I went away? But want, that source of all our misery, was driven away from that house of mourning, by some secret benevolence which will doubtless sometime be rewarded openly. Yet still there was enough, and more than enough, for one poor sufferer to endure, for she sunk under it when the news of the winding up of the drama, as it was then considered, reached the hamlet; and though she did ultimately revive again, it was not till I had left England, as I then thought, for ever; and perhaps it was as well she did not recover from the shock sooner, as it saved us the pain of parting,—saved an additional pang in the dark catalogue of our sufferings. I frequently, however, heard from her, or from the good, and the kind, and the charitable and pious minister of the parish: "My dear, dear friend," such was his consoling address to a felon, a malefactor. But he was a sincere friend to the afflicted, no matter how the affliction originated, and to soothe their sorrows, and to relieve their sufferings, was the great and constant object of his solicitude. But he too is gone—gone to his reward. How much I owe him!—all my fortitude in my afflictions—all my incitements to exertion—all my hopes of escape—every thing, in short, that cheered my captivity: every solace—every comfort and enjoyment afterwards—all were blessings bestowed through his instrumentality; and although I may not mention his name here, yet will he live in the heart and memory of every one that knew him.

But to return to myself. I was sent off with several others, chained together in couples, like dogs, to the port of——, where a convict ship, already crowded with victims of guilt, was riding at anchor in the offing, waiting to receive us.

We were soon on board, and, being the last party to be shipped, immediately got under way, and were stowed below, and kept there till the last and loftiest peak of the highest mountain in our island home had sunk below the swell of the ocean. Oh! how many eyes, doomed never again to behold it, were strained in one last sad look to catch even a faint and farewell glimpse—but in vain; and on and on we ploughed our way through that waste of waters, for months and months, till we began to doubt if there would ever be an end to our weary voyage.

Under the torrid zone, the heat was so excessive that several of the miserable creatures sickened and died, so suddenly, sometimes, that we would find the companion, to whom we were chained, on retiring to our berths, a livid and putrid corpse in the morning, with which we were obliged to remain, almost in contact, sometimes for hours, before all the fetters could be knocked off; for, it frequently happened, that there were many that needed them no longer.*

This mortality whatever it was, extended also to the crew, so that it became necessary to liberate several of the convicts, to assist in working the ship. These mutinied and fought, and some of them were killed, and the rest were again obliged to be put in irons, and the blood, eaking and blistering in the burning sun, was left unwashed from the decks, to the end of the voyage, as the emaciated remains of the crew were hardly equal to the duties, which were absolutely necessary.

Another death among them, and what was to become of us? Yes, even thus thought those who were transported for life! and yet to that life so tenaciously cling. They perhaps, all thought as I did, that they would effect their escape.

After eight or nine months, it might be less or more, for what we could tell, as we took no note of time, we did, however, reach our destination.

We were taken ashore in the night, under a strong military guard, and sent to work, in gangs, to a small village or settlement, at some distance, from what we afterwards learnt to be the town of Sydney, where we landed. Here we remained during the rainy season, which was just commencing. When it ceased, we were despatched over the mountains, towards B——, a new settlement lately formed, to make the road to it; and whether from some mismanagement of the guard, or the nature of the employment, several made their escape. And whether my character, as a prisoner difficult to keep, or whether it was from an attempt to escape being baffled as usual, I was more carefully guarded. But as I had so frequently encouraged my more fortunate companions, and cheered them under their sufferings, with the hope of escape, and they had so long known, and so highly respected me, for the many well devised schemes by which I had attempted myself to effect so desirable an object, which, in their estimation, were accounted as so many virtues, that they concerted a plan for my rescue, and accomplished it in a most daring and determined manner.

* In Egypt, after the unfortunate affair at Rosetta in 1807, the very same thing, in all its revolting details, occurred to Commissary General F——, as well as to several of his companions in misery, while they were kept in close confinement, as prisoners of war, by that extraordinary man, who still sways the destinies of that equally extraordinary country.

One dark night, when we had been more than usually dispersed, being under no apprehensions from such a quarter, they attacked the post where I was placed, and the guard, not knowing by what numbers they were assailed, betook themselves to flight, endeavouring to take me along with them; but as I knew that my situation could not well be changed for the worse, I fell down, as if I had stumbled and fallen accidentally, but was soon picked up again by more friendly hands. The rivet of the chain that had been my constant companion so long, was cut through, with a small saw made for such purposes, in a few minutes, and I was at liberty—though an outcast with a price upon my head; but I thought of nothing at the time, but my liberty.—What extatic enjoyment did I not feel in the very word! yet how little is it thought of by those who have been always free.

This, however, was not the time to moralize, as footsteps were again heard in the distance, by the acute ear of an old Bushranger, who gave the word of command, "to the Bush and stand to your arms!" when one of my comrades, for I must now call them so, snatched up a firelock which the guard in their hasty flight had dropped, and put it into my hands, beckoning me to follow, and I did so, and was surprised, that instead of making for the woods, they took their stand close by the edge of the road; and presently a body of men, double our own number, came up, and nearly passed us, as we lay in ambush, when the person who had assumed the command, gave the word "steady, fire." A moment of silence ensued, when we heard some bustling, mingled, I thought, with stifled groans,—it was but an instant, and our fire was returned, as we supposed it would be, and were consequently prepared for such an occurrence, so that not a shot told; but the guard immediately rushed upon us, and the Rangers kept so still, that I began to think they were panic stricken, and would tamely give up the contest, as they had had time to have loaded and fired again, but had not done so; but our leader manifested better generalship than I had given him credit for, as a shot from himself at this critical moment proved: and the heavy fall which succeeded, told with what fatal precision it had been aimed. This was followed by two or three more, in rapid succession, and it may well be supposed, with a similar fatal effect upon the defenceless and unsheltered enemy, who began to retreat again to the road, which they had but just left, when the word was again given to fire, and another fatal volley was discharged upon the retiring foe; but ere they left us, in peaceable possession of the battle field, some one of their number sent us a random and parting shot. The ball had its commission, for it struck our commander ~~lifeless~~ at my feet.

We hastily put the body into a hole, formed by the tearing up of a large tree by the roots, from

which, as they stood up, we shook a little of the soil attached to them upon it, scraping together some dried leaves and dead branches over that, and this was the Bandit's burial. We had time for nothing more.

That night we had a long and tedious march to make into the darkest and deepest recesses of the mountains,—to where all our ingenuity would be little enough to elude the hot pursuit, we knew, would be instituted. So daring an outrage of the bush-rangers, as to attack the military, had never, till now, been heard of in the Colony. Besides, a jealousy for their injured honour, as we afterwards learnt, owing to a report having got abroad that we were not quite so numerous as their fears had made us, had excited them to the most determined exertions, to take us dead or alive, at any risk; and to ensure their object, they sent strong parties in all directions, with several days provisions, to lay wait for us in all the deep defiles of the surrounding mountains.

But my comrades, under the shrewd management of their late leader, having foreseen and prepared for such determined and decisive measures, had also laid up several weeks provisions for the whole party. This they had accomplished by unwearied and unceasing toil, and we had to march, not less than seventeen days journey, into the interior of that measureless country: first over a lofty range of bleak and barren mountains, very similar to those in the North of England, except for the immense forest trees in the gullies and ravines rearing aloft their thick and luxuriant foliage, so uniformly even at the top, as to be easily mistaken, by a stranger at a distance, for a richer and greener portion of the unbroken mountain side, while the crystal fountain, with its many voices, murmurs along its deep and cooling shade; then our path would lead across an arid and cheerless plain, with what is called in that country a river in the middle of it, consisting of long, narrow and stagnant ponds, with a slimy muddy bank, to all appearance, like the back of a whale, intervening, but by no means so bare and naked when the dry season became more advanced. Now it had only just began, then they would be covered with a thick and luxuriant growth of sedges and rank water weeds, some of them even without a name in Linnæan nomenclature. Then again we had to work our weary way through a dense and endless wilderness of pathless woods, with no other guide than here and there a small broken twig, hardly noticeable by its weltd and withering leaves. Here we were indeed literally 'far from the busy haunts of men,' where the constant war they wage with the brute creation was unknown, as well as the fear of man, said to be inherent in wild animals, for they would hardly get out of our way; the Kangaroo, in particular, in its innocent simplicity, would just bound out of our path, then raise itself upright upon its

haunches, and stare at us in astonishment, without the slightest appearance of apprehension or alarm; and we could also sometimes see two or three bright eyes peeping over the top of the strange bag under their fore legs, in which their young take refuge on the slightest noise. These were so numerous that we could generally calculate upon killing one for our evening meal when we halted for the night.

After threading the mazes of this dark forest, we came to another mountainous ridge, and then again an extensive valley with a deep and rapid river running through it, which tasked our ingenuity and exertions severely for two days, to get safely over; but we toiled the more cheerfully, as we were now so near our journey's end, and the same day, we successfully overcame this last difficulty, and witnessed our arrival at our new secluded home.

If the place so carefully sought out, and even then found only by accident, had been constructed according to our wishes, it could not have been more perfectly suited to our purpose.

It was a deep crater like amphitheatre on the top of a lofty and isolated hill, evidently of a volcanic origin; the bottom consisted of a bushy and verdant plain some two or three hundred yards in diameter surrounded by stupendous and precipitous

'Rocks, on rocks, in ruin hurled,
Like fragments of a former world,'

with here and there the substrata washed or worn away by the constant trickling down of the water from above, forming alcoves and grottos beautifully ornamented with stalactites of every shape and hue, in which we could shelter when other shelter was necessary than the "shadow of a great rock in such a weary land," as that certainly is in the arid and burning season; and to this, which always constituted our head quarters in times of extreme danger, there was but one entrance through a deep and narrow defile, as if formed by a rent in the rock, and so steep and rugged, that we found great difficulty, fatigued as we were, in mounting it. At the top, before it descended again into the area within, was a little wider space, or platform, and here we placed our artillery, which consisted of large loose fragments of rock, rolled near the mouth of the pass, and then, so propped up, as to be easily tumbled down, by one man; and as this might in military phrase, be considered the key to our position, we kept a sentry upon it day and night, who thus could effectually guard it against ten thousand assailants.

When we reached this secure retreat, after such a long and weary journey, we were, as may easily be imagined, hungry and exhausted. A bullock was soon slaughtered, a number of them formed a stock of provisions brought here by my comrades—a fire was lighted and part of it cooked, and in a few hours we were all sheltered upon our leafy beds or on the long grass, and sound asleep. While on our

march we had slept but little, and that only during the day or that portion of it not occupied in hunting for our subsistence, for the nights were chiefly spent in pursuing our journey, except when the way became too intricate and doubtful, in the dark.

The next morning, as heavenly an one as ever dawned upon that beautiful climate, when I awoke, my first thought, now in the morning of my deliverance, was—as it had ever been in the heaviest hour of my affliction, with one solitary exception, to which I have already adverted and can never forget,—a prayer for those who were far far away; for they were to me what formed that link of life—that incitement to hope and exertion, which nothing could break, nothing dim nor subdue.

I always thought I should see them again, and yet be happy; although the means I had made choice of or rather had been driven to adopt, seemed to tend to an opposite direction; yet there might be turnings in the dark and dreary road which would lead to the accomplishment of all my hopes and wishes and prayers.

But I shuddered when I thought of what was now before me. The leader of a band of robbers, and perhaps murderers; corrupted, vicious and unprincipled wretches, who would be or do any thing, however horrid and revolting: for I had been appointed to this dangerous and fearfully responsible post of honour, by my companions the moment their former leader, an old experienced bush-ranger, had been committed to his rude and hastily made grave; and I accepted the office in the hope that I might save them and myself from crimes of a deeper dye than those for which we had suffered so much: and I was happily, as the event proved, not altogether disappointed.

We remained nearly two months in this our fortress, but by no means in a state of inactivity, except for the first ten days, when we deemed it most prudent to remain in close quarters, lest our track should be discovered; and to this precaution, as we found out afterwards, we owed our safety, as our track had been discovered, and we were traced to within a half a day's journey of our fortress, when their further progress was stopped by the deep and rapid river already described.

We had crossed it on a small raft, which we broke up and sent in fragments down the stream; and to make this raft, for the one my companions had used for this purpose when they came out, had not been left carelessly fastened or not sufficiently drawn up on the bank, and was carried away by the rising of the river, we had to go further down as well as away back some distance from the shore, in order to get materials for another; and it was this circumstance that saved us; for the blood-hounds followed

first one track, and then another, till they were completely at fault.

The way we found this out—I and one of my men were out hunting, being and led farther out into the plain than we had ventured before, or than we would have chosen to go had we thought of it, were so engaged in the chase that we were overtaken by the night, and made our bivouac on the summit of a little hill, not far from the place where we had crossed the river.

The night came on dark and lowering, and somewhat cold, so that a fire, we thought, would contribute materially to our comfort, in more ways than one; but just as we had gathered a few dry broken branches, and were in the very act of lighting them, what was our surprise and alarm on perceiving another fire already burning brightly, apparently very near us, and we could evidently discover figures, as of men moving about it.

We crept noiselessly down the hill towards the river, for it was in that direction, in order to reconnoitre more closely, when we found it to be much farther off than in darkness we had imagined, for it was on the other side of it; we, however, then saw distinctly, that there were a number of men around it, with two or three dogs; their object of course our recapture; and the astounding fact, strange as it seemed, was no less obvious, that they had tracked us thus far into the deepest recesses of the wild and pathless wilderness.

We watched them with intense and breathless anxiety, throughout that long and weary night; and just before the day dawned retreated again to our hill, when I sent my companion home to gather the men together, that they might keep within their fortress, to double the guard on the platform, and to send two or three to my assistance, in keeping up my important watch.

All my orders and directions, after some altercation were acceded to for the moment, although the whole body, when they heard the fearful news, got into a state of almost mutinous consternation.

Some advised, in their distraction, that they should quietly deliver themselves up and sue for mercy, with the head of their leader in their hand, as the price of it;—others hinted that I might betray them—some again suggested, and after a good deal of deliberation they all concurred in the proposal, that we should retire still farther into the interior.

When those who came to my assistance informed me that such was their determination, I immediately sent one of them back again to inform them that

tions are kept or at least were at the time I speak of, and used by the military for the purpose mentioned in the text. I mention this thus particularly, because it strikes me that the fact has been denied by some one or another, anxiously desirous of saving the authorities in this colony from so disgraceful a stigma upon their character.

* It may be necessary to observe, for the information of some of my readers, that dogs of two descrip-

such a step would be worse than useless, as we were tracked by blood-hounds, which were now at fault on the other side of the river,—that that formidable barrier was still between us and our enemies; and that if we should be discovered, we could make good our defence with such advantages as we possessed, if even it came to the worst that could befall us. This pacified them sufficiently to return to their allegiance—all except the two restless and discontented malignants, from whom originated every scheme of insubordination and treachery.

But although our fears from within were nearly if not altogether allayed, not so those we could not but still entertain from without.

From the side of our little hill which sheltered from their view, we could see that another party had joined them, who immediately, to our consternation, began to construct a raft, upon which to cross the river; and then what was to become of us? To kill them all in the defile, and we could do it; but the idea was horrible, yet was it life for life, and what will not a man give for his life? Besides they would shoot us like dogs wherever they could find us.

Aware of the anxiety and suspense my companions must feel, I immediately despatched another of the four who came to my assistance, not only to convey to them the appalling intelligence, but to see that every thing was in order for the most desperate defence. He had hardly left us before the raft was ready, and about half the party on board. It would have been high time for us to have started too, but I perceived that they had neglected to provide themselves with precautions similar to those we had used, to avoid being carried down by the current, for we tied together the straps of raw hide, that secured our bundles or knapsacks, containing our ammunition and a few necessaries we could not do without, forming a lung line, which a good swimmer then took to the opposite bank and fastened to a small tree, and by hauling upon it we kept the raft from being swept away; but it was all that we could do, for when we got into the swift part of the rapid, we were obliged to pay it out again to its utmost length. But they, being ignorant of the strength of the current, as well as of the consequences of being carried down by it, depended upon poles, which I thought might either not be long enough to reach the bottom, or that they might not be able, from their not being headed with iron, to get them down, when they arrived at the deepest and most rapid part of the river; and it turned out exactly as I anticipated.

The first man who missed the bottom with his pole fell headlong overboard; the rest became frightened and confused, when the raft was whirled round in an instant at the mercy of the raging torrent, and hurried down to remediless destruction.

In the military obituary for the year eighteen hundred and ——— we read the name of a gallant

young officer of the ——— regiment, who, with a number of his men, was drowned, or dashed to pieces, at the falls of an unknown river in the interior of New Holland, while in pursuit of the most daring and determined party of bush-rangers that had ever infested the colony.

The rest of the party ran down along the shore to see and to save, if possible, the companions of their perilous voyage; but they soon returned as they went, and shortly afterwards commenced their weary march back again towards the coast from whence they had come.

We stayed on our watch till long after we had seen the last of them defile over the heights which bounded the valley of that beautiful but fatal river, and then set off to communicate the joyful intelligence to our terrified companions: although the day was so far gone, and the night so dark, for there was no moon, that we could not expect to reach them before the next day. We therefore halted for the night, lighted a fire, now without fear or apprehension, and stretched our wearied limbs before it, determined to enjoy that comfortable rest and repose, which, worn out as we really were with anxious and incessant watchings, during three successive nights and days, we certainly needed not a little.

But we were doomed to disappointment, and to pass another night in terror and dismay, for just as we had composed ourselves to rest, and were closing our eyes, about midnight, we distinctly heard the report of a gun, succeeded by a rumbling noise like an earthquake. We could not even conjecture what it meant; and, as we could not sleep, we began to grope our way towards the citadel. We succeeded in getting into the mouth of the gorge leading up to it a little before daylight, where we discovered two crushed and mangled corpses, weltering in their blood—but whether they had been friends or foes we could not distinguish, in the dim twilight—but we immediately supposed that they formed part of the detachment which were carried down by the rapids—that they had not been lost, as we imagined, at least not all, but had succeeded in making good their landing, and tracked us to our fastness, and, perhaps, had been destroyed in the defile, and that these were two of the last to enter it. This was the most feasible plan we could fall upon to account for the horrid sight we had seen, although we sometimes thought that a few might only have fallen, and the rest got in and overpowered our companions.

Daylight, however, would soon dissolve the mystery, and it was upon us while we were thus ruminating. We therefore commenced, with fearful caution, our further scrutiny, when, to our still greater astonishment, we found that they were two of our people! “Treachery! treachery!” exclaimed my two companions in the same breath, as they

recognized in one of the mangled bodies before them the features of one of those evil advisers I have already adverted to, when the intelligence reached them that our pursuers were so near, and, on a closer examination, we perceived that he was still alive.

We then gave the preconcerted signal, which was acknowledged instantaneously, and we heard it as quickly forwarded to those within.

Our meeting, I need not say, was a joyful one, for we had each the account of a happy and narrow escape to communicate to one another, they from traitors within, and we from foes without.

It appeared, that the two suspicious persons I have before mentioned, on the arrival of my last messenger, with the fearful information concerning the preparations of our pursuers for crossing the river, took their guns, and stole out of the camp the same night, purposing, when they ascended to the platform, to shoot the sentries and make for the river, with all possible speed, to join the enemy, who they doubted not, by that time, would have secured a footing on our side of it; they then intended to have led them to our retreat, communicate to them the secret of our signals, and take us prisoners, and, by this means, save themselves. All this we gathered in broken sentences, from the poor, suffering and mangled wretch before he expired.

To be continued.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the time of enterprise and hope; having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of brooding industry, and fancy that by increasing the fire we can, at pleasure, accelerate the projection.—*Johnson.*

TAXES ON JUSTICE.

We pity the barbarism of our Saxon forefathers, who established a scale of payments, by which every crime might be expiated; we forget that their pecuniary atonements for guilt, may almost find a parallel in the taxes with which we burthen every legal process. For where is the great difference between allowing the guilty to purchase impunity, and compelling the injured to purchase a right to demand redress.—*Brit. Res. No. 24. Art. Critique on MR. B. British India.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ART OF PUNNING.

BY F. PRAGMATICAL FRIG, ESQ., FUN GENT.

"Hist! turn him out! he has made a pun!"
Anon.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity!"

Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Milton.

"Verum pone moras et studium lucri;
Nigro rumque memor (dum licet) ignium.
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est depera in loco."

Horace.

THERE is a numerous class of matter-of-fact persons, who profess to hold the art of punning in great contempt, and condemn the propensity as a low habit, possessing no claims to be considered as wit. With regard to the latter assertion, we must first ascertain what wit really is. I have never met with a better or more comprehensive definition of it than that given by the learned *Dr. Barrow*, in his powerful sermon against vain and idle talking. The divine was himself distinguished for wit, and his definition will be found to agree closely with the nature of the pun. He says:—

"It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the floating air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusions to a known story, or in seasonable applications of a trivial saying, or in feigning an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly, divertingly, or clearly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a social representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or question, passeth for it. Sometimes an affected simplicity; sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being. Sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes a crafty wresting of obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth of—*one* knows not what, and springeth up—*one* can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inscrutable.

cable, being unanswerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language."

This extract is sufficiently convincing that punning is "a portion of the realm of wit," and the general prevalence of its use, since the greatest authors in their most serious works make use of it, shows the estimation in which it is held by a large majority of the most celebrated writers. The sermons of Bishop Andrews and the tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, and in the latter we frequently see the hero "weeping and quibbling" for a dozen lines together.

The conceit arising from the use of two words agreeing in sound but differing in sense, (as Addison defines punning), is by no means a modern invention. Homer mentions in the *Odyssey*, a pun of "the crafty" hero of that world renowned poem. Ulysses, when under the necessity of disguising his real character, said that he was called *Outis* (no one).

Three of the most inveterate decriers of punning were Dennis, Birch, and (I regret to say) Addison. John Dennis—a critic of the gall-and-vinegar order, and the butt of Pope, Steele, and other wits—was perhaps the fiercest opponent of the art in ancient or modern times. Unable to meet his tormentors with their own weapons, he had recourse (as is not common with such men) to low and malignant abuse. Yet Dennis once professed himself highly pleased with the couplet from *Hudibras*:

"When Pulpit—drum ecclesiastic—
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

Yet what is this but a species of pun or verbal consonance? Dennis is the real proprietor of the contemptible adage—"He that would make a pun would pick a pocket"—generally ascribed to Dr. Johnson—and little better than a direct insult to the great lexicographer. For in the faithful *Bozzy's* biography of "the ponderous Sam," we occasionally discover the doctor making an attempt at wit, and "condescending to play upon words"—to use his follower's phrase. Sometimes he succeeded, "and then," says *Bozzy*, "he would look around upon the company with an air of conscious superiority!"

Birch looked upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press, as unpardonable crimes, and thought there was as much difference between these and the starts in common conversation, as between casual rencounters and murder with malice prepense!

Addison says "the only way to try a piece of wit is to translate it into a foreign language; if it bears the test you may pronounce it true, but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun,

as the countryman described his nightingale—that it is *vox et præterea nihil*—a sound and nothing but a sound." The same author says: "There is no kind of false wit which has been so much recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art."

Steele, on the other side, says, in defence of puns, that they contribute very much to the *Sardonic laugh*, which eminent physicians consider as beneficial to the lungs. Accordingly, he advised all his countrymen of consumptive and hectic constitutions, to associate with *the most facetious punsters* of the age! If his advice should be followed even now, we should not have one half so many physicians.

Charles Lamb was a warm admirer of puns, which are exquisitely good and yet deplorably bad—a species rarely met with—for puns are like melons: none are wholly good, and scarcely one in ten is so little deficient that the bad part serves to give the whole an exquisite relish. In one of the "Essays of Elia," he says, "a pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear, not a feather to tickle the intellect." * * * The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded with a sort of stigma in one of Swift's *Miscellanies*:—An Oxford student meeting a porter who was crying a hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question—"Prithee, friend, is that your own *hare* or a *wig*?" There is no excusing this and no resisting it. * * * We must take in the totality of time, place and person; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, and the desponding look of the puzzled porter; the one stopping at his leisure, the other hurrying on with his burden; all put together would constitute a picture. Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvas.

Porson—as good a punster as he was excellent as a linguist, has left behind him several very brilliant puns in the language which occurred to him at the time of delivery. He was once defied to make a pun on the Latin Gerund. He replied without any hesitation:

"When Dido found Æneas would not come
She held her peace and she was *Di-do dumb*!!!"

Porson was notoriously fond of deep potations, and it is said that his nose was "an outward and

visible sign of an inward and *spiritual* grace." On one occasion he summoned his servant and demanded *Latine*, "A LIQUID!" When his servant entered his room afterward, in about the middle of "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal'," to inquire if he needed a fresh supply of wine and candles, Porson replied (this time in Greek, "OU TODE OU D'ALLO," "neither the one nor the other," or freely translated—"neither *toddy* nor *tallow*!")

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has perpetrated several very good puns in *Pelham*. Lord Vincent, one of his best characters in that capital novel, is a professor of the art. Like Præd's *Vicar*:

"His talk was like the stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses."

At one time when he and *Pelham* were getting in a carriage, the latter remarked that there was "a very cold wind." "Yes," said the punster, "but the moral Horace reminds us of our remedies as well as our misfortunes:

"Jam guleam Pallas, et ægida currusque parat,"

namely—"Providence that prepares the *gale*, gives us also a *great coat* and a *carriage*!"

His pun at a dinner party upon Parr and Major —, a great traveller, is still better. Parr had entered into a dispute with the major about Babylon. The doctor got into a violent passion and poured out such a heap of quotations on his unfortunate antagonist, that the latter, stunned by the clamor and terrified by the Greek, gave up. Parr turned to Vincent and asked his opinion, and who he thought right. The punster replied as usual with a Latin quotation:

"Adversis major, par secundis!"

Edmund Burke punned upon the word *majesty*, when he said that, if stripped of its externals, it became a *jest*.

Lawyers are a quibbling race, and have ever been noted for liking good living and good humour. Sheridan mentions one who wrote his puns on the back of his brief, and found them of great service in a dry cause. Mr. Burton (of the Philadelphia "Gentlemen's Magazine," until within a few months,) has preserved a few excellent puns of Judge Peters of that city; which will not suffer by republication. A gentleman presented his only son to his notice, and remarked that he was his *all*. The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your *awl*, and your *last* too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a *strapping* fellow!" When on the district court bench, he observed to a fellow judge that one of the witnesses had a "vegetable head,"

because he had *carrotty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turn-up* nose, and a *sage* look!" He was a member of the building committee of a new church. A wine merchant had made a good offer for the use of the vaults as a place of deposit for his stock. The liberal party were for accepting the offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair somewhat of a *desecration*, and wished to decline it. Judge Peters sided with the latter, and gave as a reason to his surprised friends, "that he always thought it wrong to allow any *preaching over good wine*!"

Christopher North says in his great "Maga," that the *consular horse* of Caligula must have been a most incorruptible magistrate, since he answered all improper applications with a *nay*!

A perfect pun has been very naturally attributed to the late James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club, that there were a great many in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken *priest's orders*." The real proprietor, however, is Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters as well as one of the best comic writers and finest satirists of the day.

Three gentlemen were once engaged in a literary conversation; in the course of which, one observed that he thought Boz quite equal to Sterne. A second remarked, "Sterne was a capital writer; he reminds me of Boz." "You mean," said the first, "that Boz reminds you of him." "Never mind," said the third, "he only got it *Sterne-foremost*."

John Kemble loved a pun, and above all, a very tolerable one of his own. An actor named Ryan had been hissed off the stage for his incapacity; afterwards meeting Kemble, he related the fact with a very sad countenance, and supposed he should never make an actor, "yes, yes you will," said Kemble with his *Coriolanus* shrug, "from what you have told me, we may even now call you 'the great *hissed* Ryan' (histrión)."

A farmer was once retailing vegetables from his wagon in a market-place, when a young girl asked him "if he had any flowers?" "No," said he rather rough; "I don't sell flowers." "Well, don't be so proud," retorted the girl. "I am not proud," rejoined the farmer; "if I *was* I should be a *haughty* culturist (horticulturist) and then you could have some flowers, you know."

There is a great deal of wit in a good conundrum. The following are among the best I have met with:—Why is a ship like a hen? Because (although a ship cannot lay one egg) she can *lay to*, and abounds in *hatch* ways!! Why did the English *gourmands* oppose annual parliaments? Because they could not put up with *short Commons*!

Why is a soldier like a grape-vine? Because both are *listed* and *trained*, have *TEN-DRILS* and *shoot*! Where would the devil get a new tail if

he should lose the one he is said to wear at present !
At a gin-shop, where they *re-tail bad spirits* !

A punning disciple of *Æsculapius* once prescribed *anti-mony* to a sick miser. Whether the remedy was effectual or not, history does not inform us.

The military sometimes indulge in quibbling. A young officer complaining of the smallness of his room, compared it to a *nutshell*, when a brother officer congratulated him on attaining the rank of *kernel* !

Modern writers generally appear to be too indolent to have recourse to the species of *forgery* mentioned by Horace in his letter to the *Pisos de arte poetica* :—

namely, “*Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus,*”
namely, “*Return ill formed verses to the anvil,*”

D'Israel mentions in his “*Literary Character,*” that the celebrated *Bossuet* never joined his companions in their recreation ; but following the bent of his own genius, occupied himself in his solitary task of study :

“*Concourse and noise and toil be ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped.*”
Beattie's Minstrel.

The classical boys avenged themselves for his disdain of their daring sports in a villainous pun, applying to *Bossuet*, Virgil's “*bos suet-us aratro,*” “*the ox daily toiling in the plough.*”

The two following ones are perhaps not so well known as some I have collected ; and in the blaze of their brilliancy I shall retire, well-contented, if any one who has been hitherto a skeptic will hereafter give due honour to the glorious *art of punning*.

A West Indian was disputing the question of negro emancipation at a dinner party, and asserted among other things, with respect to the food of the slaves, that it was as wholesome as that of their owners. He said that those on his own estate had every day as good a dinner as the turkey and *celery sauce* before them. “*Nothing could be worse for a negro,*” observed one of the party, “*for Horace expressly declares :—*

“*Malus celeri saucius Africo !*”

An inveterate punster was on his deathbed, when his physician was called out of the room to recover a man who had fallen down a well. On his return, the punster, unable to resist “*the ruling passion strong in death,*” feebly whispered, “*I say, doctor, is the man in WELL-being, or did he kick the bucket ?*”

J. C. G.

THOUGHTS

ON APPROACHING ENGLAND, IN THE STEAMSHIP
COLUMBIA, MAY 15, 1841.

By Miss Vandenhoff.

My native land ! There's magic in the word !
Founts of deep feeling in my breast are stirred
As I behold thee rising o'er the sea.
Queen of the Ocean ! Proud of thy monarchy !
With tears I left thee, falling fast as rain,
And now with tears I greet thy shores again.
Land of the free ! the beautiful ! the brave !
Thou peerless pearl ! set in the emerald wave.
Thy sweet spring-breeze doth softly kiss my brow.
On, on good ship, cut the bright waters now,—
Swift as yon bird, whose little wing on high
With Thought's own speed pierces the beaming sky.

• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •

Again my foot doth press the solid earth !
Again I stand on this which gave me birth !
And yet sad thoughts of that I've left behind,
With darkening shadows, fall upon my mind.

Columbia ! thou art fair. Thy streams
N'eath the golden sunshine glow :
Each wavelet crown'd with diamond seems
In its light and sparkling flow !

With majesty thy mountains raise
Their snow-capp'd heads ! and sweet
The ruyet that gladsome plays
Around their rocky feet.

Wide as thy forest land ! most glad
When Summer dies away ;
'Tis then in gorgeous colours clad.

In proud and bright array !
Thy Sun in glory passes down
Into his ocean bed ;

He leaves behind his crimson crown
And royal robes, to shed
Their pomp amid the topaz bright ;
The sky's bright evening dress,
With clouds of blue and snowy white,
Blushing in loveliness !

Columbia ! thou art fair ; and I
Shall oft in thought retrace
Thy beauty of thy earth and sky,—
The well-remembered face !

The warm kind hearts, the friendly hand
Were freely giv'n to me,
That oft I felt, my native land,
As I were still with thee !

RATIONAL CONDUCT.

MEN should be taught and persuaded by reason,
Not by blows, invectives, and corporeal punishments.
We should rather pity than hate those who
in the most important concerns act ill.—*Emperor
Julian—Epistols.*

THE OLD ASH TREE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

THOU beautiful Ash! thou art lowly laid,
And my eyes shall hail no more
From afar thy cool and refreshing shade,
When the toilsome journey's o'er.
The winged and wandering tribes of air
A home 'mid thy foliage found,
But thy graceful boughs, all broken and bare,
The wild winds are scattering round.

The storm-demon sent up his loudest shout,
When he levelled his bolt at thee,
When thy massy trunk and thy branches stout
Were riven by the blast, old tree!
It has bowed to the dust thy stately form,
Which for many an age defied
The rush and the roar of the midnight storm,
When it swept through thy branches wide.

I have gazed on thee with a fond delight
In childhood's happier day,
And watched the moonbeams of a summer night
Through thy quivering branches play.
I have gathered the ivy wreaths that bound
Thy old fantastic roots,
And wove the wild flowers that blossomed round
With spring's first tender shoots.

And when youth with its glowing visions came,
Thou wert still my favourite seat;
And the ardent dreams of future fame
Were formed at thy hoary feet.
Farewell—farewell—the wintry wind
Has waged unsparring war on thee,
And only pictured on my mind
Remains thy form, time-honoured tree!

ANCIENT LAWS RELATING TO SUICIDE.

By the law of Thebes, the person who committed suicide was deprived of his funeral rights, and his name and memory were branded with infamy. The Athenian law was equally severe; the hand of the self-murderer was cut off, and buried apart from the body, as having been its enemy and traitor. The bodies of suicides, according to the Grecian custom, were not burned to ashes, but were immediately buried. They considered it a pollution of the holy element of fire to consume in it the carcasses of those who had been guilty of self-murder. Suicides were classed "with the public or private enemy; with the conspirator, the sacrilegious wretch, and such offenders who were punished by being impaled on the cross." In the island of Ceos the magistrates had the power of deciding whether a person had sufficient reasons for killing himself. A poison was kept for that purpose, which was given to the applicant who made out his case before the magistracy.—*Anatomy of Suicide.*

SONG.

BY ROBERT TANNAHILL.

I mark'd a gem of pearly dew,
While wandering near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
It dropp'd it off into the fountain.
So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
That fans the flow'r, then dies forever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
Tho' in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art,
No, cruel fair! it cannot bear thee.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

A CERTAIN sheikh said to his wife, "I wish to have such an one as my guest," naming one of the principal men of the city. "We can ill afford," observed she, "to entertain a man of his rank: but if you must needs ask him, be sure to slaughter an ox, a sheep, and an ass." "I can understand," said the sheikh, "the propriety of slaughtering the ox and sheep, but I do not quite see what purpose is to be served by the ass." "When the great and the noble," replied his wife, "put their hand to your salt, it is fitting that the dogs of the quarter should likewise be regaled." Mansur said to an Arab of Syria, "Why do you not give thanks to God, that, since I have been ruler, you have not been visited with the plague?" "God is too just," replied he, "to afflict us with two scourges at once." Mansur was mortified at this retort, and afterwards found some pretext for putting the Arab to death.—*Asiatic Journal.*

POPULARITY.

ONE of the plagues of popularity was felt by Fox on his visit to Paris, in the applications of the French artists to take his likeness. Modelists, sculptors, and painters haunted him with all the odd vehemence of the national character. One sculptor peculiarly persecuted him to sit for a statue. Fox at last inquired whether the sitting would put him to any inconvenience. "None whatever," said the French man; "you must only take off your shirt and sit naked till you are modelled!"—*Croly's Life of George the Fourth.*

MOTIVES.

THE motives of human actions are feelings, or passions, or habits. Without feeling we cannot act at all; and without passion we cannot act greatly.

AIR DE LA MARQUISE.

BY A. ADAM.

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

ALLEGRETTO

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems. Each system has a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. The first system includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second and third systems are marked with a dollar sign '\$' and contain several triplet figures. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *pp* and an '8va' marking above the treble clef. The fifth system continues the melodic and harmonic development.

FINIS.

D.C. &

OUR TABLE.

PEOPLE'S EDITIONS OF STANDARD WORKS.

THE MESSRS. Chambers, of Edinburgh, have recently commenced the publication of an extensive series of valuable and standard works, of which there are now no copyrights existing in Britain, with the view of placing them within the reach of the great mass of readers. They have succeeded to admiration. By means of this enterprising attempt, the best works in the English language have found their way into general circulation, and the universal taste for the higher order of literature which they cannot fail to impart will speedily become a prominent feature in the characters of the people of the United Kingdom, who, by this means, will yet materially increase their intellectual superiority over their neighbours and cotemporaries.

Among a number of specimens of these "cheap editions" which have reached us, we have met with one of a recent *original* date—a series of delightful "Letters from Palmyra," published a year or two ago in the United States, and now republished by the Messrs. Chambers. These Letters, taken collectively, form one of the most elegantly-written romances of history produced in modern times,—a romance which will place its author in a very elevated position among the authors of his country, whose literature the tale before us is eminently calculated to adorn.

The scene of the events detailed in these Letters, is Palmyra—a city, of which,—to adopt the words of an excellent writer,—“the history is unknown—rising in an eastern desert, shewn to the world but for a single age, in the height of its almost unparalleled splendour, and then becoming the spoil of a Roman army and its savage leader, who laid waste in a few days what was never to be restored. After this, a cloud of obscurity settled over it, and its ancient glories were almost regarded as fabulous; till, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a few English merchants, from the factory at Aleppo, found their way to its wonderful ruins, and brought back a tale for which they scarcely obtained credit—which, indeed, caused their veracity to be questioned. Zenobia, the Queen of the city, has been a name for poetry and painting, and history represents her as a woman of extraordinary intellect and beauty, united with great strength of character; an Asiatic princess, with Grecian refinement and Roman hardihood.” The devotion of her people to her service was such as has never been witnessed by the world, either before or since.

Different in almost every respect was her rival and conqueror, Aurelian. Originally the son of a peasant, and subsequently a common soldier in the Roman ranks,—by his skill in arms, his fierce courage, and savage ferocity, he raised himself to the throne of Imperial Rome—then calling herself mistress of the world. There was nothing of the Ruler in him save the power to control the will and the actions of men—there was no desire on his part to make men either wiser or better. The only end for which he seemed to believe them born was to add to his blood-purchased fame. His nature was not, it is true, wholly devoid of generous impulse; but the sway of such feelings was but momentary, and often gave way to yet fiercer bursts of destructive violence.

The romance has its foundation in the wars and jealousies of these rival powers, and in the utter annihilation of the fated city of Palmyra.

The Roman, Piso, the supposed author of the Letters, visits Palmyra, towards the close of the third century, when, on the eve of its destruction, it is supposed to have been at its highest pitch of grandeur—when the ambition of Zenobia prompted her to cope with the whole weight of the Roman arms, and to defy the power of the soldier-leader of legions, inured to battle and conquest, and who, elated with victory and blood, looked upon all mankind as subject to his control. Her rashness, or whatever it may be called, ended in her own fall, and the erasure of her kingdom from the after history of the world.

The characters are beautifully drawn—the incidents are captivating, though not calculated to startle the reader—the city and its inhabitants are placed before the reader vividly as in a picture. There is nothing to break the illusion that the author is writing only what he has seen. The splendour of the devoted city is evidenced by its now crumbling remains, lying

in the immense desert of which they were the centre and the life. The gorgeous palaces and temples, which gave it the appearance of an enchanted land—the intense devotion of the people to the beautiful but warlike Zenobia, who is herself introduced into the living drama, in which she enacts her part as becomes one of the most wonderful women the world ever saw—the fierce ambition of the Roman emperor—every thing is drawn with a striking vividness which imparts to it a character for truth which not even the knowledge that fifteen centuries have elapsed since the time of which it treats, can diminish or dispel.

There is one feature of these Letters which imparts to them a peculiar value. They afford what may be taken as a very correct picture of mankind at the period of which they treat. The darkness of paganism is broken in upon by the light of Christianity, which then had begun to acquire strength to battle against the influences which superstition brought to bear against it. Several of the most beautifully drawn characters are disciples of what was then the "new religion," and the sublime simplicity of the pure doctrines of Christ, finds in them advocates worthy as any human advocate may be, of enforcing its godlike precepts. We quote here, from the book itself, a description of the feelings of the Roman, on entering for the first time a place of Christian worship:—

I cannot doubt that you are repelled, my Curtius, by this account of a worship of such simplicity as to amount almost to poverty. But I must tell you that never have I been so overwhelmed by emotions of the noblest kind, as when sitting in the midst of these despised Nazarenes, and joining in their devotions; for to sit neuter in such a scene, it was not in my nature to do, nor would it have been in yours, much as you affect to despise this "superstitious race." This was indeed worship. It was a true communion of the creature with the Creator. Never before had I heard a prayer. How different from the loud and declamatory harangues of our priests! The full and rich tones of the voice of Probus, expressive of deepest reverence of the Being he addressed, and of profoundest humility on the part of the worshipper, seeming, too, as if uttered in no part by the usual organs of speech, but as if pronounced by the very heart itself, fell upon the charmed ear like notes from another world. There was a new and strange union, both in the manner of the Christian, and in the sentiments he expressed, of an awe such as I never before witnessed in man towards the gods, and familiarity and child-like confidence, that made me feel as if the God to whom he prayed was a father and a friend, in a much higher sense than we are accustomed to regard the Creator of the universe. It was a child soliciting mercies from a kind and considerate parent—conscious of much frailty and ill desert, but relying, too, with a perfect trust, both upon the equity and benignity of the God of his faith. I received an impression, too, from the quiet and breathless silence of the apartment, from the low and but just audible voice of the preacher, of the near neighbourhood of gods and men—of the universal presence of the infinite spirit of the Deity—which certainly I had never received before. I could hardly divest myself of the feeling, that the God addressed, was, in truth, in the midst of the temple; and I found my eye turning to the ceiling, as if there must be some visible manifestation of his presence. I wish you could have been there. I am sure that after witnessing such devotions, contempt or ridicule would be the last emotions you would ever entertain towards this people. Neither could you any longer apply to them the terms fanatic, enthusiast, or superstitious. You would have seen a calmness, a sobriety, a decency, so remarkable; you would have heard sentiments so rational, so instructive, so exalted, that you would have felt your prejudices breaking away and disappearing, without any volition or act of your own. Nay, against your will, they would have fallen; and nothing would have been left but the naked question—not is this faith beautiful and worthy, but is this religion true or false?

What struck me most, after having listened to the discourse of Probus to the end, was the practical aim and character of the religion he preached. It was no fanciful speculation or airy dream. It was not a plaything of the imagination he had been holding up to our contemplation, but a series of truths and doctrines, bearing with eminent directness, and with a perfect adaptation, upon human life, the effect and issue of which, widely and cordially received, must be to give birth to a condition of humanity not now any where to be found on earth. I was startled by no confounding and overwhelming mysteries; neither my faith nor my reason was burdened or offended; but I was shown, as by a light from heaven, how truly the path which leads to the possession and enjoyment of a future existence, coincides with that which conduces to the best happiness of earth. It was a religion addressed to the reason and the affections; and evidence enough was afforded in the representations given of its more important truths, that it was furnished with ample power to convince and exalt the reason—to satisfy and fill the affections.

In another strain, and shewing the character of Zenobia, as in the day of her glory she may have appeared, is the following extract from the book. It is the Queen's Address to her Council, when consulting on the demand of Rome, to yield up her right to certain Provinces, formerly Roman, but which she had, by conquest, won to herself the right to rule:—

"It was my wish," said Zenobia, answering the general expectation, "before the final decision of the senate and the council, to receive from my friends, in social confidence, a full expression of their feelings their opinions, their hopes, and their fears, concerning the present posture of our affairs. My wish has been gratified, and I truly thank you all, and not least those my friends—as a philosopher, should I not term them my best friends?—who, with a generous trust in me and in you who are on my part, have not shrunk

from the duty, always a hard one, of exposing the errors and the faults of those they love. After such exposure—and which at more length and with more specification will, I trust, be repeated in the hearing of the senate and the council—t cannot be said that I blindly rushed upon danger and ruin—if these await us—or weakly blundered upon a wider renown, if that, as I doubt not, is to be the event of the impending contest. I would neither gain nor lose, but as the effect of a wise calculation and a careful choice of means. Withhold not now your confidence, which before you have never refused me. Believe that now, as ever before, I discern with a clear eye the path which is to conduct us to a yet higher pitch of glory. I have long anticipated the emergency that has arisen. I was not so ignorant of the history and character of the Roman people, as to suppose that they would suffer an empire like this, founded, too, and governed by a woman, to divide long with them the homage of the world. With the death of the ignoble son of Valerian, I believed would close our undisputed reign over most of these eastern provinces. Had Claudius lived, good as he was, he was too Roman in his mould not to have done what Aurelian now attempts. I prepared then for the crisis which has come not till now. I am ready now. My armies are in complete discipline—the city itself so fortified with every art and muniment of war as safely to defy any power that any nation may array before its walls. But were this not so, did the embassy of Aurelian take us by surprise and unprepared, should a people that respects itself, and would win or keep the good opinion of mankind, tamely submit to requisitions like these? Are we to dismember our country at the behest of a stranger, of a foreigner, and a Roman? Do you feel that without a struggle first for freedom and independence, you could sink down into a mean tributary of all-engulfing Rome, and lose the name of Palmyrene? I see by the most expressive of all language, that you would rather die. Happy are you, my friends, that this is not your case—you are ready for the enemy—you shall not lose your name or your renown—and you shall not die. I and my brave soldiers will at a distance breast the coming storm—your ears shall not so much as hear its thunder—and at the worst, by the sacrifice of our lives, yours and your country's life shall be preserved.

I am advised to avert this evil by negotiation, by delay. Does any one believe that delay on our part will change the time-engendered character of Rome? If I cease to oppose, will Rome cease to be ambitious? Will fair words turn aside the fierce spirit of Aurelian from his settled purpose? Will he, so truly painted by the Roman Fiso, who looks to build an undying name, by bringing back the empire to the bounds that compassed it under the the great Antonines, let slip the glory for a few cities now in hand and others promised? or for the purple robe humbly pulled from our young Cæsars' shoulders? Believe it not. The storm that threatens might be so ward off perhaps for a day, a month, a year, a reign, but after that it would come, and, in all reasonable calculation, with tenfold fury. I would rather meet the danger at its first menace, and thereby keep both our good name (which otherwise should we not sully or lose) and find it less, too, than a few years more would make it.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen not only of Palmyra, but of the east. That I am; I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honourable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemys and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win. Rome has the west. Let Palmyra possess the east. Not that nature proscribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right—I would that the world were mine. I feel within the will and power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer—whom have I wronged? what province have I oppressed? what city pillaged? what region drained with taxes? whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? whose honour have I wantonly assailed? whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenchoned upon? I dwell where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is writ in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love. Suppose, now, my ambition add another province to our realm? Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market. This is no vain boasting—receive it not so, good friends—it is but truth. He who traduces himself sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law as well as he who hurts his neighbour. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it. But I have spoken, that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too—you can bear me witness that I do—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, as honoured, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

We give yet another extract, descriptive of the Jews of that remote period, then as now wanderers without a nation or a country—but then as now believing with unshaken faith, that the day will come when Jerusalem shall be rebuilt, and their fathers' faith become a term of

honour rather than of reproach. The extract bears reference to a Jew, employed by the Roman to rescue his brother, a captive at the Court of Persia. On returning successful, he is rewarded with "two gold talents of Jerusalem," and on taking his departure, thus addresses the Roman he has served!—

"One word if it please you," said Isaac, "before I depart. The gentile despises the Jew. He charges upon him usury and extortion. He accuses him of avarice. He believes him to subsist upon the very life-blood of whomsoever he can draw into his meshes. I have known those who have firm faith that the Jew feeds but upon the flesh and blood of pagan and Christian infants, whom, by necromantic power, he beguiles from their homes. He is held as the common enemy of man, a universal robber, whom all are bound to hate and oppress. Reward me now with your belief, better than even the two gold talents I have earned, that all are not such. This is the charity, and all that I would beg; and I beg it of you, for that I love you all, and would have your esteem. Believe that in the Jew there is a heart of flesh as well as in a dog. Believe that some noble ambition visits his mind as well as yours. Credit it not—it is against nature—that any tribe of man is what you make the Jew. Look upon me, behold the emblem of my tribe. What do you see? A man bent with years and toil; this ragged tunic his richest garb; his face worn with the storms of all climates; a wanderer over the earth; my home, Pise, thou hast seen it—a single room, with my good dromedary's furniture for my bed at night, and my seat by day; this pack my only apparent wealth. Yet here have I now received two gold talents of Jerusalem! what most would say were wealth enough, and this is not the tithe of that which I possess. What then? Is it for that I love obscurity, slavery, and a beggar's raiment, that I live and labour thus, when my wealth would raise me to a prince's state? Or is it that I love to sit and count my hoarded gains? Good friends, for such you are, believe it not. You have found me faithful and true to my engagements; believe my word also. You have heard of Jerusalem, once the chief city of the east, where stood the great temple of our faith, and which was the very heart of our nation, and you know how it was beleaguered by the Romans, and its very foundations rooted up, and her inhabitants driven abroad as outcasts, to wander over the face of the earth, with every where a country, but no where a home. And does the Jew, think you, sit down quietly under these wrongs? Trajan's reign may answer that. Is there no patriotism yet alive in the bosom of a Jew? Will every other toil and die for his country, and not the Jew? Believe me, again, the prayers which go up morning, noon, and night, for the restoration of Jerusalem, are not fewer than those which go up for Rome or Palmyra. And their deeds are not less; for every prayer there are two acts. It is for Jerusalem that you behold me thus in rags, and yet rich. It is for her glory that I am the servant of all and the scorn of all, that I am now pinched by the winters of Byzantium, now scorched by the heats of Asia, and buried beneath the sands of the desert. All that I have and am is for Jerusalem. And in telling you of myself, I have told you of my tribe. What we do and are is not for ourselves, but for our country. Friends, the hour of our redemption draweth nigh. The Messiah treads in the steps of Zenobia! And when the east shall behold the disasters of Aurelian, as it will, it will behold the restoration of that empire, which is destined in the lapse of ages to gather to itself the glory and dominion of the whole earth."

These are extracts sufficient to shew the eloquence of the author's style. To give any idea of the plot, or of its incidents and action, will not suit with the limits to which we are restrained. The book itself, however, is altogether so excellent, and so easily obtained, that should any of our readers feel a desire to see it, there can be no difficulty in securing the gratification.

LETTERS ON ELEMENTARY AND PRACTICAL EDUCATION.—BY CHARLES MONDELET, ESQ.

We have received, with the liveliest satisfaction, a copy of these valuable Letters—which, treating of a vitally important subject, and treating that subject well, have justly commanded a very general attention at the hands of the public at large, and of the press in particular.

In the columns of one of the city journals, these Letters originally appeared, and were received with so much favour as to suggest the propriety of collecting them, in order to their more convenient preservation, reference, and circulation. In order to carry out this design, a liberal subscription was made to defray expenses, and a large edition, in French and English, was without any unnecessary delay prepared; by which means the people of both races will be placed in possession of the practical views entertained by the talented and patriotic author, upon a subject so nearly affecting the respectability and well-being of the people, and the prosperity of the country.

One of the objects—and a most honourable one—of the publication of these Letters, is to break down the unnatural barriers which separate the different races who inhabit this Province, and whose interests and happiness are inseparable. How far success may crown the effort, time only can disclose; but those who have contributed anything towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished, deserve well of the country, as having performed the part of its best and sincerest friends.

Of the Letters themselves we need not speak—we are happy to know that their circulation has been general and extensive,—we hope they will be as generally read; and whether the plan recommended in them be adopted, or give place to any other, the information conveyed in them will not be lost, or without its uses, as fitting those who pay attention to the subject to appreciate the advantages of some comprehensive and general plan to further an object so confessedly necessary to enable our people to develop, and turn to advantage and account, the resources of the country, as well moral and intellectual as physical and material.

THE NEW ERA, OR CANADIAN CHRONICLE.—EDITED BY MAJOR RICHARDSON.

WE hail with pleasure the accession of an ally so able as the author of "Wacousta," to the ranks of our periodical literature, confidently anticipating that his pen will achieve much towards placing on a footing of respectability, if not of eminence, this essential to our character for enlightenment and intelligence.

Through all the numbers yet received of the *New Era* we find continued a sequel to Theodore Hook's novel of "Jack Brag," whose adventures while connected with the British Legion in Spain, have found an able chronicler in a certain Mr. Hardquill, whose identity with the Editor of the *New Era* it is not difficult to discover. The story promises to be a good one—full of laughable incident, and caustic remark; but withal, apparently, dictated by personal dislike to the Chief of the Legion, Sir De Lacy Evans, who, under a name slightly caricatured, appears to very great disadvantage in the story. Apart from this, however, we doubt not the tale will win for itself a popularity befitting its author's fame; and as it is so printed as to be separable from the remaining portion of the *Era*, subscribers will be enabled at its close to preserve and bind it by itself—by which means, in addition to a year's excellent reading, they will each be in possession of a well-written and pleasant novel, which will, at any future time it may be referred to, afford them infinite amusement and gratification.

The remaining portion of the contents of the *New Era* consists of the usual variety—news, remarks, anecdotes, poetry, and such other matters as are generally inserted in the periodicals of the Province. It is unnecessary to say that we hope the publication may receive such encouragement as will remunerate its proprietor for the time and talent brought into requisition to produce so excellent a publication.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

THE engraved portrait of the Duke of Wellington, some time ago promised by the publisher of this valuable periodical, reached town some weeks ago, and has been distributed to subscribers, among whom it is deservedly a favourite, representing, as it does, one of the most prominent among the great men of his age and country. The likeness is acknowledged to be peculiarly striking in its general appearance, though representing "the Duke" as considerably younger than he now is.

It is in contemplation to follow up this engraving with another—the portrait of Washington. As well in this country as in the United States, the one will be held worthy to accompany the other.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

IT is with regret we have to announce the discontinuance of this excellent monthly. It had been removed to Kingston, in consequence of the removal there of the Seat of Government, but it was deemed inexpedient to continue the publication, and it consequently has not appeared.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

THIS beautiful monthly continues to maintain its superiority over the great majority of the American Magazines. The last number received is wholly original, and comprises a number of interesting tales, principally from female authors of high literary rank in the United States. Lady readers wishing an American periodical will not regret giving this the preference.