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THE MISER'S GRANDAUGHTER.

BY E. L. C.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!

Shakspeare.

The *spirit's* beauty met you there, in every line and shade,
The light that sorrow touches not when the rosier blossoms fade;
But there dwell not with her, sparkling looks, such as the careless know,
The very smiles in their sweetness told, life's cup had been of wo.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

THERE may sometimes be noticed, in the very heart of a large and populous city, a habitation, which, without being detached from the mass of surrounding dwellings, wears an air of utter solitude and isolation, conveying to the mind of the observer a sentiment of gloom and melancholy, which, if it stood alone, amid the serene and beautiful objects of nature, would not be associated with it.

A house of this description, many years since, stood in a crowded street in one of the most ancient cities of the United States,—if indeed, it be permitted to make so anomalous an application of that word. But there it then stood, one of the earliest dwellings erected by the first English possessors of the soil—perhaps it stands there still, a venerable memento of the past, with its dark, time-stained walls, its sloping gable roof, green with vegetable mould, and its small casements of diamond-shaped glass, scarcely discernible through the clustering foliage of the Virginia creeper, that hung its long tendrils in many a fantastic wreath around them. It had a small court in front, enclosed by a crazy board fence, the top of which was defended by formidable iron spikes; and above it, towered a majestic elm, drooping its green arms around the domicil, and seeming to shelter it in their kind embrace. But though a beautiful object in itself, yet from the confined space in which it grew, the tree cast so dim and damp a shadow over the place, and created such a twilight obscurity beneath its boughs, that it rather added to, than relieved the gloom that brooded over the little domain—a gloom, which, by the dwellers in its vicinity, and the passers by of every day, had ceased to be felt; but a stranger seldom viewed the spot, without pausing to marvel at the dismal and desolate aspect which it wore, and which contrasted with the busy life and motion, that flowed on around it, made it the more striking and remarkable.

The occupants of this uninviting abode were four in number,—an old man, who had well nigh fulfilled his threescore years and ten, his widowed daughter in law, his grand-daughter, and a serving woman of nearly the same age with himself. They held no intercourse with the neighbourhood, for it is in cities that man may indulge his selfish wish of living to, and for himself. Amid the beneficent influences of the country, hearts are warmer, kind sympathies more diffusive, and individual suffering becomes a source of interest to the whole community. Let the hermit seek the city, for in the country he may vainly hope to dwell without the fellowship of his kind.

The old man was known by the name of Miser Dorival, a soubriquet which his sordid and avaricious habits had justly earned for him. He belonged to a family of respectability, had been bred a merchant, and in early life married an amiable woman of small fortune, who died shortly after the birth of her first child, a son. Some asserted, that she died of a broken heart; others, that her death was occasioned by want and privation, her penurious husband denying her, even in illness, the common necessaries of life. At all events, he betrayed no grief at her loss, but from that time, abandoned himself to the entire sway of his ruling passion, the love of gold; and to increase what he already possessed, by usury, and persimony, became at once his employment and delight. He disposed of every superfluous article in his house, reserving only the barest necessaries for use, and besides depriving himself of every comfort, left his poor child, half clothed and scantily fed, to the charge of an ignorant and simple woman, of whom he knew nothing, except that she

was willing to undertake the task, for the sake of a shelter, and the "bit morsel," which were to be her only remuneration.

She proved indeed kind to the boy, and often after he had consumed his small allowance of food, shared with him her own scanty portion; for not even towards his child, did the seared heart of the old miser melt into natural love and compassion. The little fellow early become sensible of the hardships of his lot, but he endured them till he attained the age of nine or ten years, when, one morning, he was missing, having on the previous evening bid poor Phebe, such a tender "good night," that she ever after said, she "felt at the time,poor thing, that it was to be his last." The miser neither expressed regret at his absence, nor made an effort to trace his flight,—he was satisfied that the boy should seek his own fortune, and free him from the burden of his maintenance.

Young Harry, who was high-spirited and intelligent beyond his years, persuaded himself that he had been guilty of no breach of affection or duty in deserting his miserable home, since his father had never sought to win the one, and the other he had enforced by such harshness, that the child's heart had ever rebelled against the paternal requisitions. He had made acquaintance with a young sailor, belonging to a ship of war, which was lying in the harbour, just ready for sea, who had painted to him in such glowing colours, the delights and varieties of an ocean life, that the boy resolved at all hazards to enjoy it. A few hours before the vessel sailed, he contrived, with the aid of his friend, to get on board, and stow himself away in a snug corner, where he lay concealed till it was out of port, when he was dragged forth by the laughing youngster, to the utter astonishment of his messmates.

The poor boy's half naked little figure, and his famished looks excited the pity and interest of the warm hearted sailors, and the simple and unvarnished history which he gave of his brief life gained him many friends. He was fed and clothed, and his quickness of observation and intellect, his unvarying good temper and obliging disposition, soon made him a general favorite both with the crew and officers of the ship. Fortunately for Harry, he attracted the favor and attention of the second Lieutenant, who had recently lost an only son, of very nearly his age, and through his influence,he received such an education as fitted him to become an aspirant for the honours and emoluments of the profession, which, as he grew older, he resolved to embrace. In short, so great was his improvement, and so satisfactory his behaviour, that before the age of thirteen he was promoted to a midshipman's berth, and from thence he continued to rise, till he held the commisson of a first Lieutenant.

It was soon after this period that the fleet to which Harry Dorival was attached, sailed on a three year's cruise to the Pacific; but, soon after quitting Norfolk, encountered severe storms and gales, which drove it in among the Bahamas,and so greatly damaged the spars and rigging of some of the smaller vessels, that they were obliged to remain at the islands to refit, which they received orders to do as speedily as possible, and then rejoin the remainder of the fleet at Callao. The repairs, however, occupied several weeks; and they were weeks of holiday enjoyment to the young officers, who were cordially welcomed to the tables of the wealthy residents upon the islands, and were, besides, so constantly fêted with balls and other entertainments, that their stay seemed to them but as one long and pleasant gala day.

But Harry Dorival who commanded one of the injured vessels, found during his detention at the islands, an object that more deeply interested his feelings than the gaity of dance or feast, for, at the house of a wealthy planter of Jamaica, he was introduced to his adopted daughter, a portionless orphan, but beautiful,gentle and accomplished,—to whom the ardent sailor immediately surrendered his heart. The planter had one son, whom it was a favourite project with him to marry to this girl; they had been brought up together, with this expectation, and though no sentiment more tender than that of fraternal affection subsisted between them, they had hitherto regarded it as a matter of course that they were to be united.

But, when young Dorival appeared, and poured into the young lady's ear the passionate accents of his love, a new feeling awoke in her heart; she shrunk with terror from the thought of that union which she had hitherto regarded with indifference, and aware that no entreaties of hers would free her from the doom she dreaded, she yielded to the prayers and persuasions of her lover,—clandestinely quitted the sheltering roof where she had so long received the tender nurture of a child, was privately married, and fled with him to a neighbouring island, where, in a sequestered spot on the sea-shore, he had procured pleasant and well furnished lodgings for her reception. From thence, she wrote to explain the reasons of her clandestine conduct to her guardian, and to entreat of him reconciliation and forgiveness. But no notice was taken of the appeal, and when again she wrote, the letter was returned unopened. Dorival's efforts were equally successless. He felt he had betrayed the hospitality and confidence of the worthy planter, in dishonorably stealing away the flower he had reared to adorn his own garden; and he sought him prepared to make the most humble concessions for his fault, hoping thereby to win forgiveness for his bride.

He was, however, refused admittance to the exasperated old man—nay, actually driven from the door by his black slaves, and forbidden ever to approach it again. Under these circumstances, he was com-

pelled to leave his newly wedded wife. The disabled portion of the fleet was again ready for sea, and delay was impossible, but he left her surrounded by comforts, and he hoped that before his return, time would have softened the resentment of her guardian, and restored her again to his favour. He made arrangements to remit, for her use, the larger portion of his pay, and strove to cheer her by the promise of long letters, written to her by every homeward bound vessel that crossed their track.

And so he left her, before one little month of wedded bliss was past, and she felt as if with him, went all that made life lovely. But time passed on, and his letters were indeed frequent, and her heart was solaced by the tone of deep and devoted tenderness which pervaded them. And then new hopes sprang up in her breast, and she looked forward with joy to the sweet tie which was shortly to bind her more closely than before, to him she loved, and when at length her little Madelaine was born, she marked with eager delight the lapse of every day which brought that moment nearer, when he would return, and she might cast herself, with this new treasure, on his breast.

Beguiled by the tender cares of maternal affection, the hours passed on less wearily than before; the young wife's cheerfulness and contentment returned, and if Harry was still as ardently longed for as ever, yet his absence left her not so desolate as at first. Hitherto, his letters had been frequent and regular, but then came a long interval of silence, and she grew uneasy. Her nights were sleepless, or disturbed by frightful dreams of wrecks and ocean disasters. At last a letter came; it was sealed with black, and her heart sunk within her, when she beheld it,—yet with trembling eagerness to learn her fate, she tore it open, and its first lines announced the dissolution of her dearest hopes.

It was written by an officer on board the Sphinx, the sloop of war which Dorival had commanded, and conveyed the heart-rending intelligence that he was no more. A malignant fever had broken out in the fleet, and carried off several of their finest officers, and him among the rest. The unhappy wife was overwhelmed by this blow—she could not admit the thought that he, whom she loved, was gone—gone, never more to return,—without paroxysms of the wildest despair, which in turn were succeeded by the stupor of unutterable grief. Yet it was sadly true that she had been for more than three months a widow, —her child, from the day of its birth, fatherless.

The first bitter anguish of sorrow over, and thoughts and fears for the future pressed terribly upon her. She had no native energy of character, and her showy education had not tended to promote the growth of any vigorous quality or sentiment within her. Nurtured in the luxurious habits of a warm and enervating climate, she was too much the slave of indulgence, both physical and mental, to rely, in this hour of bitter emergency upon any effort of her own,—neither had she that vital principle of faith, which would have led her to raise her upward gaze through the dark cloud that overshadowed her, to the cheering ray that emanates from the fountain of perfect love, to guide and enlighten the humblest child of sorrow.

Yet selfish as Mrs. Dorival naturally was, her anxiety for her infant, in this instance, superseded all concern for herself. She had drank the bitter cup of affliction to its dregs; but how could she bear to expose that darling child to penury and want? And what else awaited it—for whither could she go to seek for it subsistence and a home? Distracted by fears for this sole remaining object of her love, she resolved to appeal once more to her guardian, who, she hoped, might be moved by her utter desolation, to grant her forgiveness and aid, even if she were still refused admittance to his home. A letter was accordingly written and sent, but shortly returned to her unopened, accompanied by a note from the overseer of the estate, informing her that in consequence of his son's marriage to a French lady, Mr. St. Clair, had disposed of all his property in the island, and removed to France, where, with his children, he would henceforth continue to reside.

Her last hope was crushed by this intelligence. She had but a trifling sum in her possession, and that was rapidly wasting away. It was the small arrears of her husband's pay, due to him at the time of his death, and had been transmitted to her by the purser of the ship,—and when it should be gone, how was she to replace it? Her present expensive lodgings at all events must be abandoned, but for what other shelter? There was none open to her, and in this extremity the recollection of her husband's father occurred to her, and the resolution was instantly formed of going to him, and claiming the shelter and support, which it was his duty to afford her. She had heard Harry speak of his peculiarities; but she could not have formed any adequate idea of his true habits and character, or, friendless as she was, she would never have thrown herself on his protection.

Time, even with Harry Dorival, had cast a softening veil over his father's failings, and he frequently regretted having violated his filial obligations, by clandestinely deserting the paternal roof. But for several years after quitting it, the impression of the sufferings he had there endured, remained so vivid, as to make him shudder at the bare thought of again recrossing that cheerless threshold. And when, as time passed on, and these remembrances lost somewhat of their painful distinctness, it was constantly his purpose to return, and make his peace with his offended parent; but the duties of his profession had allowed him only brief intervals for rest on land, and then, always in parts of the country remote from the place of his birth. He had written several times in a

conciliatory manner to his father, and given such information relative to his situation and prospects, as he thought could not be otherwise than interesting to him; but as no reply to these letters had ever been received, he determined, when his present cruise was ended, to obtain a furlough, and with his wife, repair to the abode of his childhood, and renew the long suspended intercourse with his parent.

Mrs. Dorival knew that this had been the intention of her husband, and it seemed to her, therefore, that she acted in accordance with his will, in now going thither, as to a home. Her simple arrangements for the voyage were speedily completed, and with her child, and the faithful black, who from early childhood had been her constant personal attendant, she took passage in a vessel laden with fruit, which was to sail with the first fair wind for Boston. The weather proved propitious, and in a shorter time than usual the vessel reached her destination. Sad and sorrowful was the heart of the young widow when she found herself landed, friendless and unprotected, on a strange shore; but she had no difficulty in finding out the abode of her husband's father, and in a few minutes after quitting the ship, she alighted with Sabra and her infant, at the shattered gate which opened into the miser's gloomy precincts.

It was a cold, gusty October evening, and her heart felt like lead within her breast, as she approached the desolate looking dwelling, which stood silent and dark, beneath the sighing branches of the old elm, that with every blast showered down its seared and withered leaves upon her head. But when she entered, a colder chill struck to her very soul, for all was dark, and bare, and comfortless, and it was not till she had told her tale, and attested its truth, by shewing the certificate of her marriage, and the letters of her husband, that she was bidden even to rest upon a seat—nor then did she receive permission to remain. "For a few days, till she could find a shelter elsewhere," the old miser grumbled, "she might abide there—but he was poor and destitute; he had no comforts for himself and none to give to others—nor had she, as belonging to his son, whom he had long since disowned and forgotten, any claims upon him; yet he would not turn her out that night,—but as for the blackamoor, she might budge, as quick as she pleased—he did not harbour slaves, and she should not remain another instant beneath his roof."

In vain Mrs. Dorival asserted that she was free, nd entreated him not to turn her forth to perish—he was inexorable, and it was not till old Phebe, who was still a fixture in the miser's household, whispered that she would look to her comfort, that her mistress ceased her passionate petitions in her behalf. Sabra was then turned from the door, but Phebe, under pretence of fastening the gate after her, conducted her to an outhouse, where she conveyed to her such scraps as she could collect for her supper, and made her as comfortable a bed as her means would permit: the poor creature all the time shivering with cold, and bewailing bitterly that her mistress had ever left her own warm country, to come among such cruel and unfeeling wretches.

There, for several days, Phebe contrived to conceal her, conquering the prejudices of her country and station, to administer comfort and food to the poor afflicted negress. Mrs. Dorival resolved, rather than remain in so miserable and inhospitable an abode, to seek out lodgings, where by the exercise of some of her various accomplishments, she might earn an independent subsistence for herself and child, and retain the faithful services of Sabra; but her natural indolence of disposition soon got the better of this laudable purpose, and finding that she was permitted to remain where she was, she relinquished the execution of it till spring. Sabra, in consequence, could not be restored to her, and as change of climate, terror and disappointment, were producing a visible effect upon the constitution of the black, her mistress earnestly endeavoured to prevail on her to return to Jamaica. The vessel in which they came out, had discharged its lading, and was to sail on its return in a few days, and Mrs. Dorival promised, if she would take passage in it, that she would either send for her, when she should be established in her own home, or herself go back to reside in her native island. It was some time before the attached creature would listen to this proposal, but it was urged so frequently and earnestly, that she at last consented—increasing illness, and the severe cold, to which she was unaccustomed, seemed to have destroyed all her energies, and she yielded a passive acquiescence to the wishes of her mistress, who, though she sadly missed the devoted service and affection of her humble attendant, felt inexpressibly relieved by her departure, and escape from the evils and hardships of her brief exile.

Neither was Phebe sorry to be rid of her charge,—in common with many of her rank in life, she had an unconquerable aversion to the negro race, and it was only the promptings of humanity that induced her for a time to serve, and minister to the wants of the poor outcast. She could never bear, she thought, to see those black hands caressing that beautiful child, towards whom, for she had loved its father, her long chilled and lonely heart warmed with emotions of pride and affection. Indeed, she found it so pleasant to see bright and blooming faces shedding their beauty over that desolate abode, that in fear lest they should be banished from it, she exerted all her eloquence, to impress upon her master, the "*unnateralness*" of turning his own flesh and blood, as it were, out to starve at that bleak season, and so wrought upon him, as to draw forth a grumbling, and most ungracious assent to their remaining till the cold weather was past. Elated by this success, she began to consider what arrangements she had it

in her power to make for their better accommodation, and though she could not furnish plenty for their board, she endeavoured to make somewhat more habitable, the little dark apartment which they were grudgingly permitted to occupy. Ascending to the attic, she drew forth from a mass of broken furniture, which the miser had not been able to turn to any account, several articles which she exerted her ingenuity to repair,—and then transported them to Mrs. Dorival's room, and so disposed them, as to impart to it an air of more cheerfulness and comfort than could have been thought possible by such means.

But Phebe in vain endeavoured to elicit some word or look of approbation, from her she sought to please. Absorbed by the misery of her desolate condition, Mrs. Dorival bestowed not a thought upon the poor old woman's efforts; or, if her attention was called to notice any improvement in the appearance of things, she regarded it only to contrast the meagreness of her present accommodations, with the luxury of those to which she had been accustomed in her early home, where every appliance which art could devise was furnished for her enjoyment, while groves of oranges and limes, filled with the glittering birds of the Indian isl s, stretched far away from the airy windows at which she had loved to sit, looking beyond their verdant boundaries, to the blue ocean that heaved and sparkled in the distance. And so, day after day she sat in sad and listless inaction, looking back with weak and vain regret to the past, and forward without hope, or plan, or purpose for the future.

There were times when the scowling and morose look of the old man, and the evident reluctance with which he permitted her to share his meagre viands, roused her to the determination of going forth and seeking elsewhere for a shelter. But then the question rose, of whither could she go?—A stranger in a strange land, to whom should she apply for aid?—And how, nurtured as she had been, in luxury, could she endure the scorn and contumely of the world, and expose her infant to want and cold, more pinching, it might be, than that they now endured? And then, too, Phebe loved the child, and supplied to her the place of nurse and servant, which she could not now afford to hire. With the spring, some brighter prospect might open upon her, and for pressing wants, she had still a small sum remaining, which, if necessity required, she could add to, by the sale of some, now useless, jewels. At all events, it was better to endure the annoyances and deprivations of her present home for a while, than go forth at that inclement season, in the uncertain search for another.

And thus reasoning, she lingered on through the long months of that dreary winter, resigned to, if not content with her lot. But her health suffered from the want of nourishing food, and from the severity of the climate, against which she was not protected by a sufficient degree of artificial warmth; her constitutional indolence increased, and her temper, naturally sweet and passive, became fretful and embittered by the solitude and suffering, to which she was condemned. After the first day of her arrival, her father-in-law seldom addressed any observation to her, but, by every look and gesture, he plainly indicated that he considered her an unwelcome interloper. He was not, however, sparing of his hints relative to ungrateful sons, who rebelled against their parents, and then sent home a tribe of beggars to be supported at their expense; and he always muttered these remarks with a scowl of such withering hate, that her timid spirit quailed beneath it, and deeply as she was wounded by the cruel allusions to her husband, she dared not breathe a thought, of all the many with which her heart was bursting, to disarm his anger and injustice.

He, however, spent most of his time abroad, exercising his petty trade of barter and exchange, in every low and obscure corner of the city, where he could best turn the necessities of his fellow creatures to his own advantage. He was supposed, in this way, to have amassed immense wealth; but, except some moderate investments in buildings, for which he exacted exorbitant rents, it was not known where he had concealed the bulk of his treasure. His personal appearance denoted the extreme of poverty,—his clothes were thread-bare, and mended in various places with fresher material, by the unskilful hands of Phebe. The same old red handkerchief had for years encircled his neck, and his hat, which was always rusty and misshapen, he was in the well known habit of frequently exchanging, with idle loungers about the market-place, for one a little worse in degree, himself receiving a trifling sum to make the bargain even. No one, accustomed to study human character, could remark his poorly clad, and stooping figure, his slow and cautious gait, his sharp features, with their cynical expression, his pale small eye, glancing with restless suspicion from beneath his grey and overhanging brows, his low forehead, and bald head, displaying two immense organs of acquisitiveness, without reading, at whose low and sordid shrine, he rendered the slavish worship of his grovelling and degraded soul.

The dislike which he evinced for Mrs. Dorival seemed perfectly insurmountable—even the little Madelaine, for her mother's sake, was unnoticed, and it was long before she won a beam of kindness from his eye; but not even the miser's callous heart could always resist her beauty, and her innocent and witching wiles; stern and forbiding as was his aspect, the child seemed not repelled by it, but she would wind her dimpled arms around his knees, and look up in his face with smiles and lisping accents of such angel sweetness and entreaty, that, though at first he

turned coldly from her, he was won by the unsought caresses of a thing so pure and fair, to look more gently upon her, and sometimes to utter some brief word of kindness, but this was rare, and when he so committed himself, he would instantly push her from him, and turn away as though ashamed of the human feeling into which he had been betrayed.

Mrs. Dorival fostered this partiality in her little girl, hoping, as she grew older, it would enable her to establish such an influence over the old man, as must necessarily result to her advantage. With her first accents, she taught her to lisp the name of "grand papa," and when with that word on her pretty lips, the child tottered to welcome his entrance, he for the first time slightly patted her soft cheek, then thrusting his hand into his pocket drew forth a small silver coin, which he held towards her; but just as, with a laugh of delight, her tiny fingers were about to grasp it, he snatched it back, turned it over and over, gazing greedily upon it, and muttering something, as usual, about his poverty, restored it to its place of deposite, and crept with a cowering air from the room, as though aware that he merited the contempt even of that innocent child.

Years rolled on, and still Mrs. Dorival remained a dweller in that wretched home, nor in their flight did they effect any change for the better in her condition. She had not been educated for adversity, and instead of conquering by faith and patience, and moral courage, and mental and physical exertion, the evils of her lot, she sank weakly beneath them, and lived on in supine indolence, till, long before her youth had passed away, she became a mere wreck of the blooming, the elegant and gentle girl, on whom Harry Dorival had lavished the affections of his warm and generous heart. Her bloom was gone, her health destroyed, her limbs weakened by repeated rheumatic attacks; but her spirit was not yet chastened by her trials, neither had she learned to use as she ought to have done, both for her well-being on earth, and her progress in a divine life, those faculties and endowments, which the Giver of all good bestows upon his creatures, to aid their advancement in knowledge, virtue and happiness.

Old Phebe endured her querulous complaints, and unceasing murmurs with a wonderful degree of patience,—sometimes, indeed, harsh words rose between them, for both were self-willed and obstinate; but Mrs. Dorival, feeling her dependance on the old woman's services, was generally the first to make concessions. The child, however, was a sweet bond of peace between them, and, strange as it may seem, though reared in the midst of such unkindly influences, and under the guidance of so weak and unstable a parent, yet as time passed on, not only the person of the little Madelaine, was fast maturing to the most exquisite loveliness, but her mind unfolded to a degree of beauty and nobleness, truly astonishing—truth, purity, and gentleness strikingly characterized it; but gentleness unmixed with weakness, for fortitude, and calm endurance of pain or injury, were traits that early developed themselves.

Towards the faithful Phebe, she manifested the most grateful and undeviating affection; and even her morose grandfather regarded her with more favour than aught else, except his money. True, he often lavished upon her harsh words, and sour looks, but they brought no cloud of anger to her serene brow, and by constant trifling acts of kindness and attention, she sought to give happiness and pleasure to a heart, which was closed to human sympathy and love. Madelaine's devotion to her mother was remarkable. To fulfil her wishes, to promote her comfort, was her daily study and desire,—and no sacrifice of her own inclinations was deemed of consequence, if thereby she was enabled to gratify the many fancies and caprices of her unhappy and repining parent. It was touching to hear the sweet and patient tones in which the child would strive to soothe her murmurs, quoting often with gentle seriousness, some apt passage of Scripture, or citing, sometimes with tears, the example of her Saviour, in circumstances of neglect and scorn, to which their trials and sufferings were as naught.

Mrs. Dorival, with her long cherished weakness and inefficiency, had early learned to feel her dependence, not only on the love, but on the care and judgment of her youthful daughter, who, she often said, shed a ray of light and joy over the dismal abode, where she was hourly pining away her existence. Yet Madelaine, though she never remembered the comforts of any other home, felt not less keenly than her mother, the desolateness of that wherein she dwelt; but she had a principle within, of power to guard her against the murmurs of discontent, and in the performance of her daily duties, and the ministry of a hundred little offices of love, she found the peace and joy which she imparted to others, brightly reflected back in blessings to herself.

Hitherto, Mrs. Dorival's abundant wardrobe had supplied both herself and Madelaine with garments sufficient for their use; but now it was well nigh exhausted, and she knew of no means by which to replenish it. The miser never gave them a shilling from his hoards, and her own small stock of money, she had long since expended, and had besides disposed of one trinket after another, to supply her, in illness, with absolute necessaries, till now, almost all were gone. The winter was approaching, and her aching limbs made her feel the want of more comfortable clothing, and in utter despair, she appealed to Mr. Dorival for pecuniary aid. He refused her with angry astonishment, "He gave her food and a shelter, and what more had he to bestow? he, who had nothing to expend in comforts on his own person, could not be expected to throw away the little he

had saved, on an idle and complaining woman,"—and with a growl of surly discontent, he turned and left her. From that time his hatred towards her deepened, and the unoffending Madelaine, also, seemed to have lost the little favour she had gained, for when he addressed her, it was with increased harshness, and he often threw out dark hints of their wishing for his death, that they might squander all he should leave,—but he would disappoint them, or words to that effect, which they heeded only as the effervesence of a bitter and suspicious temper.

Mrs. Dorival murmured, as usual, at the hardships of her life, but she made no effort of industry or ingenuity, to repair the evil which she had so long endured. Madelaine, too, wept that her mother should want comforts, which her delicate state of health rendered necessary; but, young as she was, she immediately began to reflect how she could contrive means to supply them. By much persuasion, she had recently induced her mother to instruct her in the manufacture of some shell-work, a few specimens of which, made by herself, Mrs. Dorival had brought with her from Jamaica, and under her direction the child had just completed two small baskets, that were really very beautiful. The shells were delicately and richly variegated, and so arranged as to produce a very pretty effect, and as Madelaine had never seen any like them in any of the shops, she thought she might dispose of them advantageously.

Lest she should be disappointed, however, she said nothing of her intention to her mother or Phebe, but, wrapping her little cloak about her, she concealed the baskets, which she had regarded with such pride and pleasure, beneath it, and stealing out unobserved, directed her steps towards a large variety saloon, at the windows of which she had often paused, to admire the beautiful articles they displayed. She entered with a timid and hesitating air, but was reassured by finding the place free from customers, and only one man in attendance, who stood behind the counter reading a newspaper. She advanced towards him, and displaying her baskets, asked in a low and anxious tone, if he would like to purchase them.

"You want to sell them, do you child?" he said, eying her suspiciously. "And pray, how did you get them? honestly, I hope."

"Indeed, sir, scarcely to save my mother from starving, would I take what belonged to another,—and I am sure I would not do such a wicked act to get food for myself," said Madelaine, in earnest yet trembling tones, while her little breast heaved with emotion, and the tears that had gathered in her eyes, rolled silently down over her flushed cheeks.

"Well, little girl, I believe you, because you look as if you would not tell an untruth," said the shopman, touched by her tears; "but still, I should like to know where you got these baskets—for I have never seen any before, made of such very curious and delicate shells."

"My mother brought the shells with her from Jamaica, sir, a great many years ago, soon after I was born ——."

"That must be a *long* time since," interrupted the man, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, a very long while," resumed the simple hearted child; "she taught me to make them into baskets, and now she is ill, I wish to get something for them that I may buy her a few necessaries before winter."

"That is right, my little damsel, and I will give you what I can afford," said the man, and as he spoke he looked again at Madelaine, and thought, notwithstanding the poverty of her dress, that he had never seen so beautiful a child. "But have you any more of these shells?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a great many of them."

"Well then, these baskets, though very pretty, are extremely small; but I will give you half a crown for each, and if you will bring me two more, twice as large as these, I will double the sum, and give you a crown a-piece.

Poor Madelaine's heart overflowed with joy, and her soft eyes sparkled through tears of delight, as promising to return within a week with the larger baskets, she took the precious coin, and dropping her pretty courtesey, hastened from the store. Scarcely could she believe herself the possessor of so large a sum,—more than she had ever called her own before—the earnings of her industry,—and more in prospect. On her way home she stopped to purchase the articles which her mother wanted, nor did she forget a paper of the "real maccaboy," for old Phebe, who dearly as she loved to indulge in the "titillating dust," often found it difficult to get the trifling wherewithal to supply her empty box. And what a lovely glow of happiness was on her cheek, when, her little arms laden with bounties, she entered like a ministering angel of joy and love, that cheerless home of want and discontent, and how rich she felt the reward bestowed on her exertions, in the fond kiss, and brightened smile of her selfish mother, and the grateful thanks and blessings of the humble Phebe.

From this period Madelaine continued to exercise her ingenuity in the manufacture of various elegant trifles, some of which she imitated from articles exhibited in the shop windows, and others, her mother instructed her to make, exerting herself, now that she tasted the fruits resulting from her daughter's industry, to perfect her in many ornamental arts and accomplishments, in which she had once been skilled, and delighted, in her days of happiness to exercise. Happy had it been for her, had she cast off her indolence, and when poverty came upon her, applied this knowledge to purposes that would have

effectually distanced that want and ennui, of which she had become the miserable victim.

As long as the Indian shells lasted, Madelaine formed them into baskets, cardracks, boxes &c., for which her friend of the saloon was glad to allow her what she deemed an ample remuneration; and when they were exhausted, her needle, her pencil, and all the little accomplishments, in which, under her mother's newly awakened zeal, she was rapidly becoming *au fait*, were called in to aid in the construction of various tasteful articles, that commanded a ready sale. And thus, many wants and comforts, which these destitute females had not known for years, were now supplied; and with comparative plenty, and constant employment, (for Mrs. Dorival, although she lent little aid to Madelaine's labours, became interested in their progress,) came peace and cheerfulness to their home, brought thither by the simple energy of an affectionate, and high principled child.

The amendment in their condition, was, however, carefully hidden from Mr. Dorival. Madelaine, indeed, whose ingenuous nature rebelled against the concealment, longed to tell him how happily she was employed, and to vary the sameness of his stale and meagre fare, with some of the more wholesome viands furnished by her industry. But her mother's entreaties, who feared that if this knowledge was imparted to him, he would withdraw all support, and send them houseless forth, to seek their own subsistance, added to the imperative injunctions of the cautious Phebe, who well understood the character of her master, prevented her from making known to him the change which she had wrought.

And so time passed on, till Madelaine verged on her fifteenth year,—and a beautiful creature she was,—with a brow on which sat purity and innocence enthroned, and lovely lips, from which ever flowed, more precious than the fairy's pearls, the winning accents of gentleness and love. No unworthy pride ever raised its barrier before her path of duty, or tinged her pure cheek with shame at the obscurity of her station, and the performance of those tasks, which her weak and worldly parent termed degrading. Mrs. Dorival, indeed, often grieved that her sweet child should be doomed to occupy so low a sphere, and should be compelled, not only to earn her bread by toil, but even to demean herself by vending the products of her industry, to those who looked down upon her, as the child of poverty and neglect. But still she so greatly enjoyed the fruits of Madelaine's industry, that she reconciled herself for the present, to what she deemed her degrading occupation, looking forward with sanguine hope to the period when their miserly relative should be called to leave his useless wealth for the enjoyment of those, whom it would restore to their proper rank in life. It is impossible to say that a vision of brighter days and a more cheerful home, did not likewise, flit at times, athwart the youthful mind of Madelaine—but she indulged no plans connected with that unknown period in the future, neither did a wish, that the term of her grandfather's life might be brief, ever find entrance into her upright and virtuous heart. She meekly, and with humble faith, left the ordering of all events to that good Being, who, she gratefully felt, had mingled many blessings in her cup, and whose chastenings had truly been those of a loving father, winning her heart to duty and obedience, to a knowledge of Him, and to a consciousness of those high powers and capacities which, in circumstances of greater ease, might have still remained folded inertly within her.

Among other elegant efforts of her skill, Madelaine delighted in the manufacture of artificial flowers. Mrs. Dorival had learned the art from a Portuguese lady in Jamaica, and at a very early age the child would spend hour after hour in striving to imitate the natural blossoms which she dearly loved, but which seldom gladdened with their beauty and fragrance, her dark and secluded home. She had often thought they would be a source of much profit to her, could she perfect herself in their construction, though as yet she had succeeded in finishing none to her own satisfaction. But a resolute will, and unwearying perseverance, will conquer mighty obstacles, and so Madelaine acknowledged, when, after long and untiring effort, she produced a cluster of apple blossoms which would bear close comparison, with those she had successfully imitated. Indeed, old Phebe was so deceived by them, that she obstinately persisted in believing them to have been plucked from the old crab tree in the corner of the yard, nor would she be convinced to the contrary, till she had pulled one of the flowers in pieces, to satisfy herself, "that it was for certain, not a rale appleblow, but only a bit of cambric and wire stuck together, as Miss Madelaine said."

Encouraged by this success, and delighted to have acquired the power so pleasantly to vary her employments, Madelaine prosecuted her tasks with such diligence, that she soon filled a box of some size with lovely imitations of nature, which, for truth and beauty, might have been compared with the most beautiful specimens of French manufacture. She lost no time in conveying them to Madame Merveille, a fashionable French milliner, who, having been disappointed by the non-arrival of her spring importations, agreed, after examining them, and praising their beauty, to purchase the whole box. But when Madelaine said they were manufactured by herself, and offered, if she wished for them, to supply her with more, the milliner gazed on her with incredulity, and actually refused to believe her assertion, unless she would attest her truth, by exactly imitating, and bringing to her, a Japonica, which she gave her to copy.

Madelaine could not feel offended at having her

veracity called in question by Madame Merveille, to whom she was an entire stranger; on the contrary, the doubt and surprise she had expressed, were a flattering testimony to the beauty and perfection of the flowers, and when, in the course of a few days, she returned to the milliner with the two Japonicas, she frankly acknowledged she found it impossible to select that which had been given for a pattern, and with true French politeness apologised to Madelaine for the wrong she had done her, in ever doubting her word.

After this, Madelaine devoted herself almost exclusively to the manufacture of flowers, in which art, as indeed in all she undertook, she attained uncommon perfection. Madame Merveille was glad to take of her as many as she could supply, as she rapidly resold them to her wealthy and fashionable customers, at exorbitant prices, though she herself obtained them at comparatively trifling cost. But Madelaine was satisfied with her gains; they enabled her to indulge, when she could relax from necessary toil, in the luxury of books, and to exercise many little charities known only to herself—to gratify the frugal wants of Phebe, and the craving desires of the parent, whom, notwithstanding her many selfish weaknesses, she loved with deep and fervent affection. In fact, she would have felt herself rich, but for that parent's foolish and idle extravagance; but the sentiment of filial reverence was so interwoven with her habits, and was so deep-rooted a principle of her heart, that she would have toiled cheerfully through the long hours of the night for the means of her gratification, rather than have withheld from her unreasonable desires, what she often felt it extravagant to grant.

About this period, Mrs. Dorival was taken suddenly ill, and after a day or two, her disorder assumed so alarming an aspect, that poor Madelaine felt all the trials of her life, had been light compared with this new and sore affliction. Mr. Dorival would not consent to have a physician called,—but finding that, in spite of her tender and careful nursing, her mother became rapidly worse, Madelaine lost the dread of his displeasure in the agonizing fear that she might be taken from her, and she dispatched Phebe, when her master was out, to summon a neighbouring physician. He shortly came, and pronounced Mrs. Dorival's disease a fever of a low typhus character; but he spoke encouragingly of her symptoms, and promised to be punctual in his attendance, and make his visits at hours when it was the custom of Mr. Dorival to be absent.

All the patience and strength both of Madelaine and Phebe, were put to the test during Mrs. Dorival's long and tedious illness, who was more helpless and unreasonable than a spoiled and petted child. But though poor Madelaine's cheek grew pale, and her eye often drooped with weariness, no impatient word escaped her lips, nor was any trifling care omitted by her, which could yield relief or pleasure to the sufferer. Day and night, forgetful of herself, she hovered around the bed of sickness, often ready to faint with fatigue, yet cheerfully sustaining herself, rather than disturb old Phebe, who slept on, unconscious that her hour had come to arise, and relieve the watch of the exhausted girl.

The expences of her mother's illness were so rapidly consuming the little hoard which Madelaine had laid by, that she felt the necessity of resuming her labours, in order to furnish the invalid with those comforting, yet expensive articles, required by sickness, and on which, perhaps her life, certainly, under Providence, her restoration depended. But her services were in such constant requisition, that it was only when her mother slept, or during the long hours of her nightly watchings, that Madelaine could make any progress in her work. This incessant fatigue and anxiety produced its baneful effects upon her health; her appetite left her, and her fading colour and languid step, attracted the notice of Doctor Moreland, who, having early penetrated the widely different characters of mother and daughter, positively commanded her to take better care of herself, and to give herself time for rest, and exercise in the open air, or he would not answer for the consequences, to her over-wrought and exhausted frame.

He also spoke seriously to Mrs. Dorival on the unreasonableness of expecting such unremitted attendance from her child, and warned her, if she did not wish to see her lying on a bed of sickness, to spare her strength, and call more frequently on Phebe. And so Phebe was called, but she was slow and awkward, and the selfish mother, in the desire to promote her own ease, forgot the Doctor's injunctions, and her daughter's exertions and fatigues. Madelaine best knew how to prepare her medicines, to make her gruel palatable, to place her pillow in the easiest position, and so Madelaine was again constantly summoned, and with her light step and her beaming smile, she came to shed joy and comfort over the languishing couch of her parent.

The unfeeling miser had never entered Mrs. Dorival's apartment since her illness, and the satisfaction with which he heard from Phebe that she was "too desperate bad" ever to recover, was sincere and undisguised. He resolved within himself, if the mother was taken off, that he would get the girl apprenticed to some milliner, and so fairly rid himself of both burdens at once. But it pleased God to render vain the calculations of his avaricious heart, for Mrs. Dorival, when the crisis of her disorder had passed, began slowly to amend, and was at length so far restored as no longer to require the attendance of her physician. On the day of his last visit, Madelaine thanked him from her heart for his skill and kindness, and requested as a favour that he would present his bill to her, which, as she had call-

ed him in against her grandfather's express commands, it was her intention to defray.

The good doctor laughingly replied that she had already more than repaid him, for all he had done, by the beautiful picture of patience, and self-denial, and unruffled sweetness which she had daily exhibited for his edification, and that, as for any more tangible reward, to which she might think him entitled, it should come out of old Mr. Dorival's coffers, and it would be time enough to claim it, when his blooming heiress should be mistress of the wealth, with which he had not a doubt, it would be her delight to gladden the wo-worn and miserable. Madelaine smiled and blushed her thanks, nor did she refuse her lovely cheek to the salute of the kind old man, who, as he took his leave, bade her, once more, to take care of her health, and remember, that whenever she stood in need of a friend and counsellor, she would be sure to find one in him.

"Oh," thought she, as the door shut him from her view, "were my grandfather like this kind and good man, how happy had been my life,—how different from what they now are, my situation and employments. But all is right," she added, with an upward glance of devout confidence, "and the discipline I endure may have saved my soul from many sorrows."

She brushed away the gathering tears, and re-entered her mother's apartment with a smile of sweet serenity. Mrs. Dorival was waiting somewhat impatiently for her restorative draught, which Madelaine prepared, and then, placing the pillows comfortably about her, as she sat in her arm-chair, she left her to the care of Phebe, and tying on her cottage bonnet—took a small basket of such flowers as she had been able to finish during her mother's illness, and set out for Madame Merveille's.

The invigorating air of a fine September morning, gave elasticity to her step, and restored so much of its wonted bloom to her pale cheek, that when she entered the milliner's show-room, glowing with animated beauty, a group of ladies who were discussing the merits of some Parisian hats and dresses that were spread out before them, exchanged significant whispers, and actually turned from the attractive finery to gaze on her loveliness. She shrunk instinctively from their prolonged, and, as she thought, rude scrutiny, and with deepening blushes was passing on to a little work-room adjoining, when Madame Merveille, who was in the act of restoring to their box a pile of flowers, which she had just turned over for the inspection of two stylish looking ladies, caught a glimpse of her, and calling her back:

"Come here, my dear," she said,—"you are just the person who can best serve us now, for these ladies are in search of some flowers, quite a quantity of them, of a particular form and colour, which I cannot furnish. Do you think you could make them, and have them ready for delivery in ten days, or a fortnight?"

"I dare say I could, ma'am, if they will have the goodness to furnish me with a specimen of such as they wish," answered Madelaine, in her low and sweet tones.

The ladies looked admiringly towards her, and Madame Merveille smiled, making at the same time an expressive French gesture in commendation of her beauty. They smiled in return, and nodded assent, and the younger of the two, a pretty, but rather insiped looking girl, with a fashionable air and costume, said very kindly:

"We will shew you in a moment what we wish,—nothing can be more simple," and unclosing the ivory tablets which she held in her hand, she began to sketch a small and delicate wreath,—but suddenly dashing her pencil through it, she said somewhat impatiently,—"I cannot give you a correct idea in this ill-drawn thing, and I fear indeed you could never succeed in giving them the highly finished appearance that distinguishes French flowers, if you were to undertake it."

"You will have no reason to be dissatisfied with her work, ladies, if you employ her," interposed the milliner. "Have you not some flowers in your basket?" she said, addressing Madelaine; "if you have, pray show them as a proof of what you can do."

Madelaine obeyed, and unclosing her basket exhibited some specimens of her skill, so exquisite as to draw forth the warmest expressions of surprise and admiration from all present. After this, the ladies seemed to feel no distrust of her ability to execute their orders, and the younger, recollecting that she had in her possession a solitary sprig of the flower which she wished to obtain, directed Madelaine to call for it at Mrs. Dunmore's, Bowdoin Square, on the following morning, and then, after making a few purchases, she, with her companion quitted the shop, and stepping into a carriage that stood waiting at the door, drove away.

Madelaine would much rather have received the necessary instructions at the milliner's, than waited in person on these fine ladies, but the voice of duty ever prevailed with her over the suggestions of pride; and accordingly, at the hour appointed on the following morning, she set forth for the residence of Mrs. Dunmore. It was a fine house, standing on the southern side of the square, with windows to the ground, guarded by balustrades of wrought iron, and looking into a small court filled with evergreens and flowering shrubs.

It was the first time that Madelaine had ever approached so elegant a mansion with the design of entering it, and her heart sank within her as she ascended the marble steps, though conscious that, had she been justly dealt by, she should at that moment have occupied a home equally luxurious and

inviting. For an instant she paused before ringing the door-bell, doubtful whether to retrace her steps or enter.

"Why," she thought, "should I seek employment from those in whose view I am degraded by it, when there are others, who also earn their bread by toil, who would grant it to me without a sneer?"

But directly the recollection of her poor mother's entire dependence upon her exertions, rushed across her, and blushing with shame at her momentary irresolution, she hastily rang the bell.

"Let them scorn me, if they will;" she said, "in the estimation of the truly noble, toil never can degrade me—it has been a means of purifying, and disciplining my heart, and if for that alone, I will bless God that I am ordained to it."

The door was instantly opened by a pert looking servant, from whose bold stare Madelaine turned her glowing face, as she asked in a low voice, "If she could see Mrs. Dunmore?"

"I dare say you can, miss, if you will give me your name," replied the man.

"Say, the person whom she met at Madame Merveille's yesterday, wishes to speak with her," said Madelaine.

The fellow gave a familiar nod, as, motioning her to enter, he left her standing in the hall, and disappeared. She sat down on one of the seats to await his return, which was almost immediate, when he conducted her up the broad staircase, past the door of a splendid drawing room, to a smaller apartment tastefully fitted up beyond, where she found the two ladies whom she had met at the milliner's on the preceding day, seated at work—the younger, Miss Maywood, drawing, and her sister, busy with her embroidery.

A young man of striking elegance, lounged in the corner of a luxurious sofa, with an open book in his hand, from which he had been reading aloud; but when Madelaine's lovely face and figure appeared before him, his voice sank into silence, and yielding to the feeling of respect and admiration inspired by the gentle and graceful girl, he threw it aside, and rising, stood while she remained, leaning in silent observation against a marble pier table.

A cloud shadowed the brightness of Lucia Maywood's countenance, as she remarked the interest with which her lover continued to regard the humble flower girl, of whom in revenge she took no notice, except to bestow upon her a haughty glance of inquiry, which dyed her pure cheek with deep and painful blushes.

"You are very punctual to your promise, my good girl," said Mrs. Dunmore, as having just refilled her needle with a new shade of worsted, she looked carelessly over her shoulder at Madelaine. "Lucia," addressing her sister, "did you find the flower you wish to have copied, in your search this morning—if so, pray show it to the young woman—it is a pity to detain her, as I dare say her time is precious—besides, we cannot tell how long it will take her to complete her task, and hours are not to be wasted now, you know."

As the fair Lucia caught the significant smile, which played on her sister's lip, while uttering these words, a slight blush tinted her unusually pale cheek, but it deepened to the scarlet hue of vexation, when, on stealing a glance at Edward Beaufort, she beheld him so absorbed in the study of Madelaine, as to be seemingly unconscious even of her presence. Turning pettishly away, she opened a rosewood work-box, and taking out a small cluster of delicate artificial flowers, alternating with green leaves of a peculiar and graceful form, she threw it across the table to her sister, saying with an air of pique, which lent no charm to her perttiness,—

"There it is,—the very sprig which Madamoiselle Dumourin gave me in Paris, and with wreaths of which, she trimmed one of the Countess de Tonnleir's bridal dresses. But I care very little for having any made like it—perhaps they will not be wanted, or if they are, others less unique will answer quite as well. But there it is, and you may do what you like with it," and turning away she resumed her pencil, and spoilt one side of a medallion basket which she was painting, by throwing on a deep shade of blue, where pale green was required.

"It is exquisite, so delicate and tasteful," said Mrs. Dunmore, taking up the flowers. "They certainly do every thing in France, better than any where else. Do you think," addressing Madelaine, "it will be possible for you to execute any thing like these minute flowers, clustered together in such exact imitation of nature?"

"I will attempt it, madam," said Madelaine; "but I should not like to promise too confidently, lest I should not succeed—for I am sensible it must be a difficult task to equal the beauty and perfection of this flower."

There was a charm in the soft low tones of her voice, that thrilled upon the hearer, like a sweet strain of music, while her pure pronunciation, and her correct use of language, seemed to place her at once above the situation in which she appeared,—even had not her air, her manner, the constantly varying expression of her beautiful face, indicated great natural delicacy and refinement, and a degree of cultivation, which surprised Mrs. Dunmore, chagrined Miss Maywood, and aroused the intense curiosity and interest of Edward Beaufort. Greatly to the annoyance of his affianced bride, his attention remained rivetted upon Madelaine, while, with gentle sweetness, she replied to the many frivolous interrogations of Mrs. Dunmore, yielding by his silent observance, a tribute of admiration to her loveliness, which aroused the resentful and jealous feelings of Miss Maywood.

During the whole scene Lucia had perseveringly bent over her pencil, scarcely looking up, except to feed her anger by a stolen glance at Beaufort, and taking no interest in the instructions which her sister was giving respecting the all important flowers. Madelaine could not but observe her unamiable deportment, and she shrank from the contemptuous looks which the young lady occasionally directed towards herself, marvelling how she could have excited her displeasure,—surprised also at the *liaison* which evidently subsisted between the petulant lady and the elegant young man, whose fine intellectual face pronounced him so vastly her superior.

At length Madelaine was dismissed, with directions to execute flowers for the trimming of three dresses, which, Mrs. Dunmore whispered, were to be given by her sister to her bridesmaids, and must be completed as soon as possible, since the wedding was fixed to take place on that day month. She was to return in the course of a few days, with a specimen of her work, and glad to be released from the trifling questions and discussions, which had so unpleasantly detained her, she made her silent but graceful obeisance and departed.

It was not till she disappeared from the apartment that Edward Beaufort fairly awakened from his abstraction. In the interesting study of her lovely and changeful face he had not noticed, and therefore escaped the annoyance of Lucia's pettishness, and Mrs. Dunmore's frivolity, but when the latter rallied him on his evident admiration of the pretty flower-girl, he saw by the frown on the brow of his lady-love, that he had fallen under the ban of her displeasure, and closing his eyes to the vision of beauty that still hovered around him, he sat himself down on an ottoman at Lucia's feet, to win back, if it might be, her vanished gaiety.

But he coaxed and soothed in vain—not a smile repaid his efforts,—not a look of kindness was lavished on him, nor even a word, beyond a sullen monosyllable, fell from her lips, in answer to his grave or gay entreaties—nor was it till her Italian master entered, a tall, mustachioed, but certainly a fine looking fellow, that Lucia Maywood's lowering brow forgot its gloom, and the child-like grace, and playful gaiety that had first won Beaufort's heart, again lent their fascination to her countenance and manner.

It was not the first time that Edward had witnessed this sudden clouding up of his mistress' serenity, without sufficient cause—but these unamiable displays, which six months before would have occasioned him the most exquisite pain and uneasiness, were becoming of such frequent occurrence, as, almost insensibly to himself, to weaken the ardent and devoted affection which he had cherished towards her. In the present instance, he could readily have pardoned her caprice and ill-humour, because he felt that, in her presence, he had for a brief space given to another, more of his thoughts and attention, than a lover on the eve of marriage has a right to do, had he not been deeply chagrined by seeing her smiles burst forth like sun-light from a cloud, at the entrance of her teacher, when all his tender and earnest endeavours had failed to elicit even one ray of good humour.

No sooner, therefore, had the elegant Signor Carzini, opened his grammar, and succeeded in engaging the attention of his fair pupil, than Beaufort rose, and with a more stately congée than usual, departed. Mrs. Dunmore followed him from the room,—she had often feared that her sister's unrestrained jealousy and petulance, would eventually alienate her lover, and noting with pain his present disturbance, she wished to soothe him, by pleading some excuse in extenuation of Lucia's conduct:

"Pray forgive her for this once, Mr. Beaufort," she said, laying her hand anxiously upon his arm, as he paused from politeness to her, on the top of the staircase. "You know, poor thing, she has always been a petted child, and really she has had many things to try her within the last two days."

"She is no longer a child, madam," returned Beaufort, "and can have no excuse for permitting every trifle that jars upon her feelings, to destroy that serenity of temper which is the surest safe-guard of domestic happiness."

"It is but a passing cloud, and will soon be dispersed," said Mrs. Dunmore, with assumed gaiety.

"If such clouds already cast their shadow over our path," said Beaufort gravely, "it will be midnight darkness before we reach its termination. No, madam, you must be aware that mutual cheerfulness and forbearance are indispensable in wedded life, and where these virtues are wanting, wretched indeed must prove the union even of the fondest hearts."

"Really, Mr. Beaufort, you view the little *contretems* of this morning quite too seriously," said Mrs. Dunmore. "But you too are in a pet,—come to us this evening and all will again be sunshine."

"I like not these April gleams," murmured Beaufort, as bowing his adieu, he ran down stairs, and issuing from the hall door, walked rapidly away.

To be concluded in our next.

INDUSTRY.

It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty feet. It could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.—*Steele.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE APOSTATE.

A POEM—BY MRS. MOODIE.

PART III.

Continued from our last Number.

Fearless of shipwreck, confident and free,
Llewellyn launched, on life's tempestuous sea,
His fancy freighted bark,—no thought of ill,
Checked his advent'rous course. Hope, smiling still,
Shed o'er the troubled deep a sunset glow,
And hid the rocks that darkly frown'd below.
A novice to the world, its aspect charmed—
The dangers that in solitude alarmed,
He deemed as fables; dazzled with the blaze
Of pomp and power, that met his eager gaze,
His captive senses in that vortex hurled,
Exulting cried, "This, this, is then the world!
The world I dreaded, which, at distance viewed,
Appeared far worse than deepest solitude;
Fool to indulge the wild fanatic fear,
Wealth, fame and pleasure meet and woo me here."
Yes, pleasure won him with her magic wiles,
And beauty charmed him with her syren smiles,
While Sullivan the warmth of friendship gave
To him who was, but knew it not, his slave!
The youth he flattered, wore no mask to hide
Those feelings which the infamous deride;
Those generous, rich, outpourings of the heart,
Which of man's nature form the better part—
The first impressions which Almighty truth,
Stamps with love's seal upon the mind of youth;
Ere the cold world's dark knowledge can control,
Or check the warm emotions of the soul.

With all the ardour that romance can lend,
Llewellyn hailed in ev'ry face a friend;
For, inexperienced in the worldling's art,
He had not learned to act a double part,
Or with suspicious scrutiny to scan,
The warm professions made by man, to man—
Deceived, but not deceiving, he became
A dupe to all who prophesied his fame—
That fame, for which he staked a brighter wreath,
His hopes of heaven, his happiness beneath.
But when the arduous race at length was run,
The goal in sight, the laurel almost won,
The world refused its partial meed of praise,
And dashed to earth the long expected bays—
Oh! when the glowing tide of thought is hushed,
Feelings that warm from the heart's fountains gushed,
Hopes torn and withered, that serenely smiled,
Like roses blooming in the desert wild,
Can Pleasure's maddening cup the anguish drown,
With which the minstrel mourns his fading crown?
Baffled—rejected—but too proud to bend,
Llewellyn sought the counsel of his friend.
He, like the world, forgot his flattering tone,
And left the bard to stem the tide alone—
Black disappointment o'er him waved her wings
And roused up passion with her thousand stings;
Then came remorse, with all her ghastly train,
To add a fiercer pang to mental pain—
But, ah! no penitential tear drops stole,
To quench the flame she kindled in his soul;
Hardened in guilt, with desperate steps he trod,
The devious paths that led him from his God!
Nor feared to sacrifice at Fashion's shrine,
The moral precepts of a law divine;
On pleasure's altar bade the hallowed fire,
Of native genius, in the dust expire.
Yet there were moments in his mad career,
When memory fondly dwelt on hours more dear;
And to his soul, sweet kindred voices came,
That breathed in crowded halls Llewellyn's name—
Bidding the prodigal repent, and prove
The deep devotion of maternal love.

Amid those lonely towers that graced the wild,
That mother sat, lamenting for her child,
Living, but lost to her. In vain she weeps,
In vain for him the painful vigil keeps;
Day after day, her anxious glance is sent,
Through broken arch and fallen battlement,
In search of him, who, severed from her sight,
Is still her widowed bosom's sole delight.
Oft at the sound of quick approaching feet,
She rushes forth her long lost son to meet;
Alas! poor dreamer! in thy aching breast,
Hope still deferred shall mar thy nightly rest.
Years fled away—and in their gloomy track,
No tender tie recalled the wanderer back;
A deeper shade stole o'er the matron's brow,
And sorrow blanched her raven locks to snow;
That son to whom her fond affections clave,
Brought her grey hairs in sorrow towards the grave.
And yet she clung to life, as loath to part
With that loved image shrined within her heart:
Her dear, deluded boy—her constant prayer,
That heaven in mercy would the lost one spare—

That she might look upon his face once more,
And bless him, ere life's clouded day was o'er,
While Elinor, who shared her pious grief,
Still cherished in her soul the fond belief,
The sweet delusive hope, that time would bring
The peace they sought upon his tardy wing;
That the returning penitent would prove
Once more the tender ties of kindred love.

Thus fancy wiled away the wintry hours,
And spring returning decked the earth with flowers;
The mountain height, and lonely woodland glade,
In nature's rich, heart-gladdening vest array'd;
And gushing forth, from torrent plain, and tree,
Rose her full choir of living harmony—
The universal burst of grateful praise,
Earth's lowly children to the mighty raise;
And, oh! shall bird and insect pour alone,
That thrilling anthem to the Eternal throne,—
And man be mute, when even senseless things
Proclaim the glory of King of Kings,—
When the wild waters in their depths rejoice,
And wood and valley utter forth a voice?
'Tis the blessed season, when the weeping eye,
Smiles through its tears upon the azure sky,
And in the flower-clad earth, and sun-bright leaf
Forgets the shades of mortal care and grief.

O'er Elinor that happy season shed
The light of early years too quickly fled;
And with it brought the mem'ry of her youth,
With all its lovely dreams and guileless truth;
When hand in hand along the forest bowers,
She wreathed with Meredith, spring's sweetest flowers,
Culling from mossy bank and broomy dale,
The purple violet, and primrose pale,
Or crimson heath, that on the rocky height
Dared her advent'rous step, and charmed her sight;
Around each spot Llewellyn lov'd when young,
Early remembrance deeper interest flung.

There was a nook within their garden bound,
Which the young minstrel held as sacred ground;
The ruin'd chapel where his fathers slept,
O'er whose low graves Time no memorial kept;
From monumental stone and column gray,
The spoiler's hand had rudely rent away
The sculptured record of a princely line,
And bade the fadeless ivy darkly twine
O'er broken altar and forsaken shrine.
He lov'd to watch the evening shadows fall,
Through roofless aisles, and o'er the crumbling wall,
Or the pale moonbeams when they softly shed,
A glory round the dwellings of the dead—
The warlike dead, whose swords, consumed with rust,
Like their possessors moulder'd in the dust,

Here Elinor retired to muse alone,
O'er hopes once cherished, now forever flown—
Fair dreams of bliss that faded in their birth,
To wean her spirit from the things of earth;
Trials, though hard to bear, in mercy given,
The surest path the pilgrim treads to heaven!

She stood beside the oriel's broken arch,
Beneath the shadow of a graceful larch,
Whose airy foliage quivered in the light,
Of that soft hour, twixt summer's eve and night,
When wearied nature sinks to calm repose,
And dew-drops glisten in the half-shut rose.
From the gay earth and rainbow tinted skies,
She turned with boding heart and tearful eyes.
Whence came that shade of care—that sudden thrill
The solemn warning of approaching ill—
That deep prophetic murmur in the soul,
That mocks weak reason, and defies control—
Like the low moaning of the distant storm,
Ere the black clouds the face of heaven deform?
The spirit answers to that whisper'd sigh,
And hears the tempest, ere its wrath draws nigh.
She gazed around—a moment held her breath,
As there she stood within the place of death;
And the fast fading daylight, as it threw
Along the ruined walls a darker hue
Of sombre twilight, and the sullen shade,
That waving bough and wreathing ivy made,
To shattered arch and crumbling columns gave
Such forms as Fancy conjures from the grave,
Serenely smiling at her causeless dread,
Again to heaven she raised her down-cast head,
And Faith triumphant, brighten'd through the gloom
The chilling mystery that involves the tomb;
Ere in the west the glowing tints grew dim,
Rose on the stilly air her evening hymn:

Hark! hark!—the awful trumpet sounds,
The Saviour comes—the dead awaken;
Through countless worlds that call resounds,
The powers of earth and heaven are shaken.

The rocks are moved—the mountains smoke,
The earth to her foundation reels;
Death bows beneath the victor's yoke,
A captive at his chariot wheels.

He comes—the graves' dark portals yield,
He calls—the heaving dust replies;
And spirits by the God-head sealed,
To meet their great Redeemer rise.

All space returns the thrilling cry,
Hosanna! to the Prince of Peace;
His arm hath won the victory,
He reigns, and sin and sorrow cease!

She ceased—and through the broken archway came,
A deep-toned voice, that gently breathed her name,
In whisper'd accents, but distinct and clear,
Smote like a death bell, on her startled ear.
The roses faded from her lips and cheek,
She sighed convulsively, and strove to speak,
Then bowed her face upon her hands, to shun
The gaze abhorr'd of hated Sullivan.
He stood before her, and she fain would deem
His well known form the phantom of a dream;
Till in her breast arose the anxious thought,
Perchance some tidings from her love he brought.
Round the supporting tree her arms she flung,
Llewellyn's name escaped her trembling tongue,
And large bright tear-drops gathered in her eye,
As breathless she awaited his reply.
"You ask for Meredith," he quickly said,
Then turned aside and sternly shook his head;
"Oh, he is well—the gayest of the gay,—
Nor casts one thought on friends so far away.
The foremost still in pleasure's reeling throng,
His sparkling wit night's revelries prolong.
The brightest star in Fashion's hemisphere,
You would not recognize your kinsman here,
With that fair bride whose hand he won by stealth,
Whose beauty far less charmed him than her wealth."
"How! is he married?" she exclaim'd, but pride
Taught her the anguish of her soul to hide.
Thick darkness closed around her failing sight,
The heavens grew black—a deep and sudden night
Of horror, veiled each well known object round,
She reeled and sank down lifeless on the ground.
He gently raised—and from her temples fair,
Put back the loosened folds of shining hair
That floated o'er her marble cheek and brow,
And fell in glittering ringlets far below.
He gazed intently on her pallid face,
And his quick eye survey'd the lonely place,
Yes, with that stolen glance the murderer throws,
Ere his raised arm the deadly thrust bestows.
She was within his power—his arm upheld
Her whom he madly loved—but heaven repelled
The desperate thought—for virtue has a charm,
A silent majesty, which can disarm
The ruffian's fatal purpose, and restrain
The sinner's hand, when mercy pleads in vain.
Returning life upon that death-pale cheek,
A moment shed a bright and hectic streak;
From the dark lash of each fair shrouded lid,
The gushing tears in quick succession slid.
As with convulsive sob, and struggling breath,
The maid shook off the ghastly trance of death.
She woke to sorrow—but her lofty mind
Subdued her grief. To heaven's high will resign'd,
What had she lost? The man she fondly loved,
For whose eternal weal her soul had proved
All the deep tenderness, that wildly springs
In woman's heart, and to her being clings—
That fond devotion which her bosom bears
To her stern partner, and his sorrow shares;
A steady light—no mortal grief can dim—
Pure—unalloyed—that only burns for him!

She pressed her hand upon her throbbing brow,
And checked the streaming tear-drops in their flow—
"Leave me," she said, "it grieves me thou shouldst see
This bitter gush of heart-felt agony—
Leave me, unhappy man!—thy presence brings
Back to my memory long forgotton things—
Sorrows in secret wept, in silence borne,
Hopes fondly cherished, early crushed and torn;
Yes, torn by thee! who, deaf to pity's call,
Bade round our home despair's dark shadow fall."

"Nay, hear me, Elinor! I fain would plead
My pardon, for that rash, unholy deed.
I loved thee, Elinor—how true, how well,
The eye that reads all hearts alone can tell—
That fatal passion in my heart entombed,
Like a destroying fire my soul consumed,
I strove against it, as the seaman brave
Fights with despair, and stems the giant wave,
Yet knows the billows, with resistless sweep,
Will plunge his corse a thousand fathoms deep.
I saw my rival in thy preference blessed,
And hatred took possession of my breast—
Say, could I calmly see a stripling share
That noble heart—and leave me to despair?
He was unworthy of a prize so dear,
In faith—in love—in friendship insincere."

"Oh, he was true!" she cried, "to heaven and me!
True—ere beguiled by thy base flattery—
Thou wert the tempter, whose insidious power
Betrayed his soul in its unguarded hour;
False to thy God! and to thy friend the same,
Dids't thou not kindle in his breast the flame
Of those unhallowed passions that debase,
And work the ruin of our fallen race?
Far better had his blood by thee been spilt,
Than soul and body perish in their guilt;
Nor think a fatal passion can atone
For all thy crimes—thy heart could never own
The pure and holy sentiment that glows
In virtuous minds, and hallows all their woes.
Thou cans't not love—thy soul must be renewed,
Thy spirit sanctified from sin, subdued
By a divine, a more exalted flame,
Ere thou can'st prize or comprehend its name.

"Yet do I pity thee, unhappy one,
Pity the desperate course thy guilt has run.
Yes, lost, degraded, wretched as thou art,
There was a time when to that callous heart

Virtue was lovely, and the holy ties
Of nature claimed their own dear sympathies;
And thou wert happy. Oh, recall those hours
Of bliss—contrast them with thy wasted powers,
Those buried talents, which thy God designed
Not for thy use alone, but for mankind.
Think but one moment on the dark account,
The fearful sum to which thy crimes will mount
On that great day of reckoning which shall seal
Time's blotted page, and heaven's high will reveal."

She paused—convulsive shudders bowed his frame,
But from his quivering lips no answer came;
Shade after shade across his features passed,
He took her hand, a moment held it fast,
While the remembrance of his early years
Flooded his heart, and nature spoke in tears.
She marked the desperate warfare of his soul,
And to her breast divine compassion stole;
His anguish touched her—and resentment fled;
For him a Saviour's precious blood was shed.
For guilt like his the son of God had wept,—
His midnight vigil in the garden kept;
For him that sacred form, by scourges torn,
To Golgotha the fatal cross had borne;
He bade the criminal repent and live,
And can she pause to pity and forgive?

"Weep on," she cried, "thine is a holy woe,—
The rock is smitten and the waters flow—
The voice of conscience has been heard and felt,
The love of God thy inmost soul shall melt;
On the chaotic darkness of thy mind,
A light shall dawn, eternal, undefined,
Whose beams shall chase the clouds of doubt away,
And shine more brightly to the perfect day.
Go, sue for mercy at the Throne of Grace,
Thy weary soul shall find a resting place;
That gracious Lord, who man's transgressions bore,
Bids thee depart in peace—and sin no more."

With spirit humbled, and with downcast eye,
He left the spot, nor ventured a reply—
On earth they met no more—but from that day
He read the sacred volume, learned to pray,
Renounced the fatal creed he held before,
And died a martyr on a distant shore.

(*To be concluded.*)

PREJUDICES AND HABITS.

THE confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life; and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others must labour on in a maze of error because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.—*Bolingbroke.*

FALCONS.

THE society of the hawks, by every lover of this ancient sport, has always been regarded with peculiar interest; nor is this to be wondered at, when once the noble nature of these birds has been experienced. Our ancestors took great pride in having them placed, especially on "high times," or days of festivity, upon their blocks on the smooth sward in front of their halls, or on each side of their door, that they might be seen by their guests or admired through the windows. This was a true old English fashion, and must have had a beautiful appearance, placed in front of some of their stately buildings. Living at hack, their society is still more amusing; their lively appearance, soaring around the house, perching about the doors or windows, following their master over his grounds, now skimming over his head, now alighting upon his fist, &c. render them extremely pleasing. It has already been observed, that in former times, they were often made the travelling companions of both ladies and gentlemen, and as such they become both faithful and affectionate ones. The following notice of a peregrine falcon, favoured me by a neighbouring gentleman, of the highest credibility, affords a very decisive proof of the attachment of the hawk to its master:—The bird was permitted to fly at large and range wherever it pleased. The summer being warm, and the sitting room frequently open, it entered at all times of the day, and was a constant guest at the dinner-table, apparently more for the sake of society than of gratifying its appetite, for, hungry or not, it attended. It evinced great attachment, liked to be taken notice of, and if neglected would get upon its master's shoulder, and pinch him gently by the ear. The bird was perfectly harmless, though at times a little merrily waggish. A flock of seventeen turkeys frequented a pasture close by the house, under the guidance of a huge turkey-cock, which had long been the bully of the poultry yard. The hawk circling above the plump of birds, would stoop with amazing velocity, and strike within a hair's breadth of the crimson head of their leader; a general panic ensued; the word was given, *sauve qui peut*, and the whole array, the old patriarch amongst the first, would fly in disorder to a thick hedge for shelter, with more than usual noise and gabble. Birds smaller than itself it never molested, but hesitated not to play off its pranks upon the largest that came in its way. A brood hen was the only individual of the feathered tribe that ever offered to resent its waggery. It, however, never attempted to injure the young.—*Treatise on Falconry—by J. C. Bellamy.*

GOOD QUALITIES.

MANY good qualities are not sufficient to balance a single want—the want of money.—*Zimmerman.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

A gentle flower of pallid hue,
Beside a sportive fountain grew,
And as the streamlet murmured by
Methought the floweret seemed to sigh,
"Yes, you may spread in sparkling track,
Your onward course nor e'er come back
And murmur still your flattering song,
To every flower you glide along;
And fancy said in tender dream,
The flower is woman, man the stream.

And Fancy still in feverish dream,
Pursued the course of that wild stream,
O'er rocks and falls, all heedless cast,
And in the ocean lost at last,
"Glide on," methought the floweret cried,
"Bright streamlet in thy sparkling pride,
And when thro' deserts far you roam,
Perchance you'll sigh for early home,
And sorrowing think of that pale flower
You hurried by at morning hour."

In the course of the ensuing week, Lord Avon called twice at Dovecot, to see Emmeline. The second time he came she was not at home; Ruth told him that "she had wandered out to her favourite spot, down by the sea shore. But, no doubt, she would soon return."

"Then I will go and meet her. Which direction did she take?" he asked.

Ruth mentioned, when he immediately proceeded to follow the instructions she gave him,—he found Emmeline sitting on a broken piece of crag, an open volume resting on her knee, from which, however, her thoughts had evidently strayed, for her eyes were fixed on the blue waters, now sparkling in the rays of the sun. Nor did she hear his approach until he addressed her, when she started round, her countenance expressing the pleasure she felt on seeing him.

"So this is your favourite retreat, Emmeline," he said, placing himself by her side. "If I have disturbed your meditations you must blame Ruth, for it was she who directed me where to find you; but are you not *afraid* of coming here alone,—there are rude and savage hearts, who sometimes frequent such places, remember."

"I have never met a soul, often as I have been here," replied Emmeline, "except indeed a solitary fisherman, from those low cabins along the sands; I have nothing to fear from them."

"Probably not—yet the less such very young ladies wander about alone, in unfrequented places, the better; you will say, perhaps, that I have no right to dictate to you," on perceiving the colour rush to her cheek; "but remember I consider you a sort of pet charge of mine—and I speak just to you as I would to a very dear little sister."

"Oh, do you indeed so consider me?—how happy I am to hear you say so," said Emmeline, with affectionate earnestness.

"Then you admit my authority."

"Most willingly—for you are so associated in my mind with all I have ever revered and loved, that advice from you will always be received with gratitude."

"Thanks, dear Emmeline, a thousand times. I feel honoured by your confidence, which you shall have no cause to repent; but why these constant tears when I see you? And this agitation when you speak to me?—I cannot help doubting your happiness under your aunt's roof."

"Oh! do not, do not for one moment; indeed, she is kind to me," replied Emmeline, with emotion. "And as the sister of my father, how can I help loving her?"

"But her friends—they cannot be suited to you, my dear girl,—at least if I may judge from the specimen I saw a few days ago," said Lord Avon.

"You mean Miss Arabella Billing," rejoined Emmeline with a smile; all our acquaintances are not like her—though I confess I have met none who remind me of dear Rosedale."

"I wish, Emmeline, you knew my sister, Lady Frances Lumley; I must make you acquainted with her some day."

"It would delight me—was that Lady Frances at church with you on Sunday?" enquired Emmeline.

"Oh, no; my sister is travelling at present," replied Lord Avon quickly, while his cheek crimsoned; then evidently wishing to change the subject, he asked her what treasure she had attached to the black ribbon round her neck.

"One that I deeply value," she replied, drawing from her bosom the golden locket he had given her when a child, and which now contained the hair of both her parents; "have you forgotten this?" she asked, holding it up to him. He took it in his hand, gazing on it, and then on her for several moments in silence. Then abruptly rising, he walked a few paces forward to the sea, where he stood in a musing attitude. Emmeline also rose, saying: "I was forgetting the time; my aunt will wonder what it is that detains me,—shall we retrace our way?"

"Stay yet an instant," replied Lord Avon, advancing quickly towards her, and taking both her hands in his. "Emmeline, it is my intention to leave Traverscourt next week, and I wish you once more to give me your word that should you need advice, assistance, or a friend, you will write to me, addressing your letter at Windermere Castle—will you do this?"

"You are then going away so soon, and I shall not see you again for months—perhaps for years?" returned Emmeline, unheeding his request, in her sorrow at the thought of his departure.

"Will you attend to my wishes?" he persisted impressively, and evading the inquiry so touchingly made.

"Yes, yes, I have already told you, I will," replied Emmeline, struggling with her tears, which at length, fell copiously down her cheeks.

"Do not weep; my dear girl, I will see you again, depend," said Lord Avon, soothingly. "Ah, Emmeline," he added, as her increasing distress threw him off his guard, "would to God, that our destinies had not been so far apart; I should have been a better and a happier man."

"I must not echo that wish, dear friend," sobbed Emmeline, "since yours is a high and prosperous one, while mine is in lowliness, and much sorrow."

"Do not imagine that rank and wealth are exempt from care, sweet Emmeline," rejoined Lord Avon, a deep melancholy overshadowing his fine countenance. "I have my full share, I assure you, and without your resignation to sustain me. But come," he continued, with a forced gaiety, as the soft dark eye of Emmeline dilated in astonishment upon him—"cheer thee, my sister, and accept this arm, while it is mine to offer you; let us begone—these meetings are not good, I fear, for either of us."

Emmeline could not comprehend the meaning of his words, but she accepted his support, when they walked on almost in silence, till they reached Miss Milman's door, when he once more repeated his promise to call ere he quitted Traverscourt. This restored the seraph Hope to her bosom, and she resolutely closed her eyes to the wide waste of waters still surrounding her, remembering that, if forsaken and left by every earthly friend, there was still an ark of mercy for the poor wandering dove—a haven for the tempest tossed, with him in whom the fatherless findeth mercy.

On once more seeking her own chamber, Emmeline naturally dwelt on the interview she had just held with Lord Avon,—upon all that he had said, enforced still more by his affectionate and tender manner.

"From none but my lamented parents have I received the same kindness that he has invariably shown me," she mentally said; "none have so entirely sympathised in my feelings, or understood them as he. Oh, that we were destined to live near to each other—but no, he is going far away, amidst the great and gay, and too soon will the humble Emmeline be forgotten—alas! when shall I find another such friend? Holy Father, forgive thy sinful servant!" she added, instantly correcting herself; as she knelt down, bowing her face to the earth. "Let me not presume to limit thy power, or put in competition with thee any human being, however good and amiable he may be,—this weak and erring heart has been ever too prone to cling to the creature rather than to the Creator, to worship the gourd under whose shadow I have rested, instead of him who formed it. Help me to watch against this evil, I beseech thee, and to remember that our blessings must be held lightly, and with a readiness to yield them the moment thou requirest them at our hands. My best and dearest earthly treasures thou hast removed—I often think because I loved them too well, and depended on them for happiness more than on thee. Never, never then, suffer another to usurp that place in my affections and thoughts which I am bound by every tie of duty and of gratitude to give to thee alone."

The strong regard that had grown up in the breast of Emmeline for Lord Avon, may readily be accounted natural, when we consider the very intimate manner in which he had been associated with her in her childhood, and the warm interest which she well knew her father had always taken in him since first their acquaintance commenced, an interest that had prompted him to keep up a correspondence with the young nobleman during his travels abroad.—These, in addition to the fraternal kindness and good feeling he had shown towards herself in those last harrowing scenes at Rosedale, riveted his claims on her bereaved heart, and taught her to lean on him for that aid and tenderness he seemed so willing to bestow,—even as the ivy, when torn from the felled oak and left trailing on the ground, will cling round the next friendly tree for shelter and support, as the storm draws nigh. And young and exquisitely lovely

as she was, with a mind moulded and attuned to every thing pure and beautiful, can it be matter of surprise that Lord Avon should take the most lively interest in her fate—viewing her too, as the child of him who had been the blessed instrument of saving him from the evils consequent upon a careless, irreligious education? Could he show his gratitude and respect for the memory of the father, better than by watching over that child, whose innocent confidence and dependence in him touched him sensibly, reminding him that as as he valued her peace, he must keep in complete subjection his own warm and naturally ardent feelings, lest he should trifle with hers. Perhaps he relied too much on the different positions they held in society, and on the barrier which he knew to be raised up between them, when he sought so repeatedly the fascinating society of our heroine. Be this as it may, with the full intention of revealing to her how he was situated, on his arrival at Traverscourt, after this, his second interview, he lost the moral courage to do so, knowing that by the disclosure he would at once check her growing affection for himself, and teach her to shun him, from a principle of duty.

One dull looking morning, Miss Arabella Billing walked over to Dovecot, principally to give an account of a grand ball which had taken place at Traverscourt, on the coming of age of Lady Barbara Guise, the only daughter of Lord Traverscourt. Here was scope for all the rancour and malignity of her nature to display itself; she had not, of course, been present herself, but as Lord Guise happened to be canvassing for votes, the invitations had been made pretty general in the neighbourhood—consequently, a few of her friends had received cards. Always unwilling to listen to tales of scandal, such as Miss Billing loved to disseminate, Emmeline, soon after her entrance, rose, requesting her aunt would allow her to visit a poor woman living on the beach, who was seriously ill; but Miss Milman, having some little task of work which she wished completed, refused her, and poor Emmeline was therefore constrained to remain, and hear many things that pained and distressed her pious mind, as she reflected to what sinful lengths the passions of human nature could be carried, when unchecked and uncontrolled by the pure principle of Christian love. And it was with a satisfaction which she could scarcely disguise, that she beheld Miss Billing, at the close of an hour, prepare to depart, having declined Miss Milman's invitation to dinner, on the plea of an engagement at home.

"Now," she thought, "I shall be able to fulfil my promise to poor Rebecca;" but the trial of her patience was not yet over.

"Emmeline, my dear," said her aunt, "Miss Billing is going into the town, I wish you would accompany her, and match this silk for me at Price's, and desire them to send it out in the course of the day."

For an instant the countenance of Emmeline expressed repugnance; the appearance of Miss Billing, with her smart pink bonnet and green silk gown, was so vulgar, and her society so distasteful, that her mild temper was severely put to the test; but she struggled to repress the rising of impatience and disappointment, and, quickly succeeding, she turned to her aunt with a sweet smile, saying:

"I shall be most happy, aunt; can I do nothing more for you?"

"No, my love, unless you call at Hayden's, and inquire whether the books I ordered have arrived yet from London." Miss Milman looked so like her departed brother, as she said this, that the warm heart of Emmeline was melted at once, and bending to kiss her, she flew off to prepare for her walk. On quitting the house, Miss Billing paused, exclaiming:

"Dear me, I hope we are not going to have rain, for I have got my best bonnet on."

Emmeline looked up—dark clouds were gathering in the heavens, while the branches of the trees waved violently, foretelling a change of weather. "It has been gloomy all the morning," she replied; "but I think the wind is too high to allow it to rain yet."

"That is poor comfort to me, Miss Emmeline, who 'ave a 'orror of an 'igh wind," rejoined Miss Billing, looking with dismay at the dust flying about the road.

"Had you not better wait until after dinner, and see how the weather will be then?" asked Emmeline, with hesitation, and blushing to think how little her wishes accorded with the question.

"No, I thank you, Miss Emmeline," was the reply; "my brother and his wife are coming to spend the evening with me, and I have invited Captain O'Ara to meet them. We can avoid the public road by crossing the fields into love-lane; it is always sheltered there." She opened the wicked gate as she spoke, and sallied forth with her young companion, whose ears she regaled, as they went along, with the fashions, lamenting that she had just altered all the sleeves of her dresses into tight ones, and that they were worn full at Lord Traverscourt's ball. "These constant changes are really too provoking," she continued, "I had a whole breadth taken out of the sweetest yellow silk to make loose sleeves only a month ago, when Lady Huntly came to P——, and appeared at church in tight ones, and I was so unfortunate as to have mine cut to her pattern. There is no keeping pace with such fantastical whims."

"Then would it not be well to save your time and silk, and cease to make the effort?" replied Emmeline, smiling:

"That might do vastly well, in a quiet 'um drum place like Rosedale," retorted Miss Billing, sarcas-

tically; "but in a neighbourhood like this, where so many 'igh people are constantly coming, it would never answer." They had already passed the last stile, and were entering love-lane, when the wind, which had been gradually rising, now blew in such violent gusts that Miss Billing gladly accepted the offered arm of Emmeline to support herself.

"Dear me, how extremely disagreeable this is," said the elderly maiden, drawing her dress tightly around her spare form. "I hope we shall meet no one—Oh, la! Miss Emmeline; I vow there are Mrs. Bunbury's cows coming down the lane—I dare not pass them, for they say one is vicious,—what on earth shall we do?"

"Do not be alarmed," returned Emmeline, half amused and half vexed at the folly of her companion; "I will prevent their coming near you."

"Nothing would induce me to go near them, I tell you," screamed Miss Billing. "Good 'eavens! do see that creature butting her 'orns into the 'edge—I am sure she is mad."

Emmeline now called to the boy who was driving the cows, to keep the way clear, which he endeavoured to do; but the animals, being in rather a frolicsome humour, began scampering about, to the utter dismay of Miss Billing, who opened her umbrella in their faces to frighten them, screaming at the top of her voice all the time. Emmeline could not forbear laughing at the absurdity of the scene, till her mirth was suddenly checked by the appearance of a party of ladies and gentlemen, mounted on horseback, who galloped into the lane, evidently with the intention of seeking shelter from the fast approaching shower.

In the foremost of the group Emmeline recognized Lord Avon and the lady Barbara Guise, who she had seen at church with him; the rest were all unknown to her. How did her heart palpitate, and the crimson rush to her cheek—rather would she have encountered any one else at the moment; but on they came, talking and laughing, the long dark ringlets of lady Barbara wildly tossed over her handsome face by the breeze. The cows ran out of their way, while Emmeline stood still, abashed and shrinking from all notice. She looked for her companion, who had rushed under a tree, almost frantic with terror, yet holding up her umbrella to defend her pink silk bonnet from the rain. Unfortunately, as they were riding past, a gust of wind suddenly inverted this propelling poor Miss Billing several paces forward, and such was the effect her extraordinary figure produced, that Lady Barbara's horse began plunging violently, and would certainly have thrown her had not Lord Avon seized the reins. He darted a look of fury at Miss Billing, and dashed on with his charge, the mud from his horse's heels splashing the mourning attire of Emmeline, who gazed for an instant after him, her young heart swelling with conflicting feelings; and then walked forward to the gate, which one of the gentlemen politely held open for her, bowing as he did so, and saying in an undertone:

"A very sweet and lovely creature indeed; I would walk many miles to look on that face again, but who is this oddity following her?" as Miss Billing, heated and annoyed, drew near, vainly endeavoring to hold her umbrella against the wind, and keep her flying garments in subjection.

"Beauteous damsel," continued the stranger in a tone of derision, "let not thy maiden coyness debar me from the pleasure of beholding the prettiest foot and ancle in the world; what though they claim kindred with Mammoth who can dispute their power to wound?—Unkind, unkind, Elephanta! The winds have more compassion than yourself."

"You are a very impertinent puppy," exclaimed Miss Billing, enraged beyond all bounds. "Miss Emmeline, why don't you wait for me? I never encountered such 'orrors in my life; my green gown is totally ruined, and my veil torn to tatters in the 'edge."

The saucy stranger laughed, repeating, as he swung the gate after her and rode on,—"Emmeline! what a pretty novel name; I must learn more of its fair possessor, I am sure I have seen her some where before."

Gladly did Emmeline at length enter the town, and seek refuge both from the rain and from her angry companion in a shop, where she hastened to perform her aunt's mission; her sweet disposition would not, however, permit her to leave Miss Billing without offering to accompany her all the way home.

"By no means, Miss Emmeline," replied the maiden, sharply, and throwing herself into a chair. "I never experienced such rudeness. Mammoth! Elephanta! what could the fop mean? Nor can I say much for the politeness of your friend, Lord Avon, passing you without a word; if you had a grain of pride you never would speak to him again. Why here is Captain O'Ara, I declare," she added, starting up, as a tall man in uniform, with a pair of enormous red whiskers, entered the shop. "How d'ye do, Captain O'Ara? You are the very person I wished to see; I hope you have not forgotten your engagement to me this evening."

"Never fear, honey, never fear," replied the Hibernian, staring at Emmeline, who hastily wishing Miss Billing good morning, glided from the shop, nor ever looked behind her till she had regained the fields approaching to her aunt's house. The wind had by this time lulled, but the rain continued to fall fast, and, undefended as she was, her light dress was soon completely wetted. Her meditations by the way, were not calculated to beguile the discomforts she experienced, and she entered Dovecot pale and

fatigued, to the great alarm of Ruth, who hurried her up to her own room to change her dripping garments, upbraiding Miss Milman all the while for having sent her out in such unpromising weather.

Pained and mortified did the young Emmeline feel as she reviewed the occurrances of the morning. Could Lord Avon really have known her when he passed her without notice? She was unwilling to think so, and yet she had encountered his dark angry eye for one instant.

"Be it so," she murmured. "Those last sad days at Rosedale, when he so beautifully performed the part of a brother would cancel a thousand faults, a thousand slights. Oh! may God eternally bless him."

In the evening, Emmeline showed symptoms of a severe cold, attended with fever, in consequence of her exposure to the rain. Miss Milman, in great alarm, immediately sent off for medical aid, conscious that she had been the first cause. The moment Doctor Sutherland beheld her flushed cheek, and the cold shiverings that pervaded her slight form, he ordered her to bed, saying that he could not pronounce upon her case until the morrow. Scarlet fever was in the neighbourhood,—it might be that.

"Scarlet fever!" screamed Miss Milman, and I have never had it,—this is what you get, Emmeline, by visiting those wretched hovels on the beach. Do go to bed directly, child, and I will send Ruth to attend you."

Emmeline smiled mournfully, for the image of her fond and anxious mother at the moment rose up before her.

"Good bye, aunt," she said, rising, "I hope our fears may not be realised."

"I hope not, indeed, my dear," rejoined Miss Milman, half ashamed of the selfish spirit she had displayed, yet unable to conquer it, for she added, as Emmeline drew near to kiss her, "No, no, not to night—go away, and God bless you." Emmeline instantly glided from the room, her eyes filled with tears.

Ruth, who had awaited anxiously outside the door, to hear the Doctor's report, expressed the highest indignation at Miss Milman's want of feeling; but was gently checked by her young mistress.

"She is weak and nervous, Ruth, and we must make allowances for her—indeed, every excuse must be found for my father's sister. Oh! my father, my mother, dear and excellent parents! where are you in an hour like this?" Deep sobs burst from her oppressed heart as she spoke. "Ruth, do you remember how they would watch by my side when the slightest illness assailed me in my childhood?—and the fervent, solemn prayers they would breathe to God for my recovery, united to their heartfelt petitions for my soul's welfare?"

"I do, I do," replied Ruth, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron; "those were happy days, but we must not speak of them just now—but hope for those to come. This morning when I saw the sun shining in the distance on the sea, while near me all looked dark and gloomy, I thought of you—for the light came nearer and nearer, and the heavy clouds rolled away; then I remembered the Psalm, "God is our hope and strength—a very present help in time of trouble, therefore will we NOT fear."

"Ah, yes indeed, dear Ruth, we have but to open our Bible in our days of affliction, to find strength, comfort, and the most animating promises to cheer us on our way. This is our sure friend, one that will never, never forsake us, in our hour of need."

On entering her room, Emmeline expressed some uneasiness lest her faithful attendant might suffer from remaining with her, when Ruth reproachfully exclaimed:

"And do you suppose I would leave you under any circumstances? No, no, God forbid that I should be so ungrateful—this is my station and my duty for tonight, and may Heaven grant sweet repose to my dear, dear young lady."

Emmeline passed a restless night, and evidently appeared worse on the succeeding day. The terrors of Miss Milman increased; she ordered every precaution to be taken against infection, not venturing near the sick chamber, although her conscience upbraided her for neglecting a positive duty, from a want of confidence in God; but Emmeline needed not her help, for Ruth watched over her like the most affectionate sister, regardless of the more confirmed opinion of her medical attendant, that it certainly was scarlet fever under which she was suffering. In the course of this anxious day, Lord Avon called to say farewell, when he was shocked to learn the sudden and alarming illness of Emmeline. Not satisfied with the account he received from Joseph, he expressed a wish to see Miss Milman, if she could be spared from the room of the dear invalid.

"Spared!" repeated Joseph, "la, bless your honor, my mistress has never been into Miss Emmeline's room,—she is afeard of infection."

"I will not, cannot believe it," rejoined Lord Avon, both agitated and highly indignant; "for Heaven's sake beg of Ruth to come to me."

Ruth quickly obeyed the summons, when the same anxious inquiries were made to her,—she confirmed the report of Joseph; indeed her distressed countenance expressed far more. She said that no decided opinion could be given until the next visit of Doctor Sutherland.

"This is indeed most truly unfortunate," said Lord Avon, after a pause; "I had intended leaving Traverscourt tomorrow, but of course I cannot do so now. Ruth, tell your dear mistress that I will wait till I am permitted to see her; or that if this is denied me, I will write to her—I must not detain you

from her now. Fare you well! and may God grant our prayers for her recovery."

He remounted his horse as he spoke, and on riding away, Ruth saw him dash a tear from his eye. She hurried back to Emmeline, to whom she repeated all that he had said—a gleam of happiness passed over the sweet face of the invalid while she listened. There was one still left to take an interest in her fate; she then raised her eyes, while her thoughts ascending from this earth to the world of spirits she wished to be there with all she had loved and lost, safe from the cares and anxieties of this troublous life.

Ruth ventured not to disturb her meditations, but sat down quietly at one of the windows, her heart flying back to dear **Rosedale**, and the old farm house, where dwelt her **parents**; and the cottage in the woods, and the woodman's son, William.

Towards noon, Emmeline fell into a gentle sleep, from which she did not awaken until a late hour, and so much refreshed, that when the Doctor saw her again, he at once relieved the worst fears of her friends, by saying that the symptoms which had alarmed him had entirely disappeared.

"But she is a delicate plant," he added, gazing with the interest of a father upon the pale and beautiful creature, "and must be guarded from the damps and dews of our changeable climate; and she is worth guarding too, or I am much mistaken."

"She is—indeed she is," cried Ruth, sinking on her knees in devout gratitude, "never did I know till this moment how dearly I loved her." Emmeline was overcome by this display of affection in her attendant, and throwing her arms round her neck, she softly murmured:

"Let us praise God for his goodness, dear Ruth, in wisdom and in love; he directs our ways, he saw it right to bring me here to make me feel the uncertainty of all things below, that in the midst of of life we are in death,--how important it is that we should live in a constant state of preparation, trimming our lamps while yet it is day—and not waiting until night, when no more work can be done. May the solemn lesson be impressed on both our hearts, and then it will not have been sent in vain."

The moment Miss Milman learned that there was no more apprehension of contagion, she hastened to her niece's room, a little humbled at the selfishness she had exhibited; but the affectionate reception she received from her amiable niece, soon relieved her, and she strove by every attention and kindness to make amends for past neglect, offering to read to her, or to send for any thing she might wish or fancy.

In a few more days, Emmeline was sufficiently recovered to leave her chamber, and enter a small sitting room, which her aunt had given up entirely for her use. And where with her books and many little treasured mementos from her own dear home, she was wont to spend much of her time, the window on one side of this room commanded a splendid view of the sea, always an object of interest to her, and from the other the grey towers of Taverscourt were seen rising in the distance, from amidst the dark foilage of the trees. In that direction had the eyes of Emmeline frequently wandered of late, but today they were sedulously averted--her heart and thoughts elevated in adoring gratitude to her heavenly father, would admit of no intruder to chase them away. While reclining on her couch, the Bible, which had once been her mother's best treasure, lying open before her, Ruth entered to say that Lord Avon was below, wishing he might be allowed to see her.

"Is my aunt at home?" inquired Emmeline, the rich colour passing over her before pale cheek, as she raised herself from her recumbent position.

"Miss Milman is walking in the shrubbery, in close confab with Miss Arabella Billing;—perhaps you would wish me to call them both in," replied Ruth, slily.

"No, no—if my aunt is engaged do not disturb her," rejoined Emmeline, smiling. "I thought she had been alone; Ruth what shall I do?"

"You had better tell his Lordship that although you are so much recovered as to leave your room you cannot take the trouble to thank him for calling daily to enquire after you, particularly as he is going away, and you may not see him again for ages." Ruth said this in a tone of pique.

"Ruth, Ruth, I have spoiled you," answered Emmeline, half playfully. "Request Lord Avon to come up; I must not refuse him."

"I should think not, indeed," quoth Ruth, with a pretty toss of the head, as she left the room and returned in a few minutes ushering in Lord Avon, who hastened forward to prevent Emmeline from rising to receive him. He pressed her hand affectionately in his, saying with much feeling: "This moment repays me for the anxiety I have suffered in the last few days, dear Emmeline; my nights have been sleepless since I heard of your illness and all that was apprehended."

"I am afraid they magnified it to you, my kind friend," she replied, much gratified by the warmth of manner he displayed; "I have been mercifully watched over and saved from the evil dreaded; all I have now to contend with is a little remaining weakness. You are going to leave Taverscourt immediately, are you not?" The question was asked in a faltering tone.

"I am, dear, and should have left it ere this but for you," replied Lord Avon still retaining her hand, as he sat down on a chair by the side of the couch; a short pause ensued, during which he gazed on her in tender affection. She was indeed an object of deep interest at this moment, with her pale sweet face turned towards him, her soft dark eyes filled with tears, and raised timidly to his—while the

long fair ringlets that clustered in rich profusion round her neck gave her the most child-like appearance.

"Emmeline," at length he said. "If I could only recall the years that have flown since I dwelt under the same roof with you, when you would take my hand and ask me to walk with you in the fields, I would be strongly tempted to carry you away with me now, for I find it painful to leave you."

"Then what must I feel who will miss your friendship more than ever?" returned Emmeline, considerably affected. "But it is right as it is," she added, struggling for composure. "My beloved father used to tell me that if I desired to find happiness I must look beyond this earth to obtain it; and this I know is true—for if ever I have neglected the precept, and allowed my thoughts to cling to any thing below, I have been chastened for my sin. No, no! go away—I wish you to go," but the gush of tears that followed seemed to contradict this assertion.

"Emmeline," replied Lord Avon very seriously, and with an evident wish to control his feelings, "if I were master of my own actions, never would I obey you; I would remain near you, with you forever; but this cannot be—yet I shall have your prayers—your good wishes—your affection, dearest, I trust."

"You merit these—they are all I have to give in return for your kindness to the poor desolate orphan;" her agitation now became so great that Lord Avon, fearing the effect it might have in her present weak state, sought to change the subject.

"See," said he, after addressing to her a few soothing words; "See what I have brought you as a little remembrancer—will you wear this, Emmeline, for my sake?" And he produced a small gold watch exquisitely wrought, which he placed in her hands. She received it, unable to answer him, as she looked in his face with a melancholy smile.

"Ah, I required no remembrancer such as this," at length she said; "Nor do I know what to say to you—or how to thank you. Beautiful token, you will indeed be valued," she continued, gazing on the watch; "for you will teach me many a lesson, on the importance of time, how I ought to spend it,—improve it,—all for my divine Master's glory, and never never waste, what I cannot recall."

There was an expression so seraphic in her countenance as she said this with upraised eyes, that Lord Avon could not forbear exclaiming:

"Emmeline, you are a lovely being; would that it had been my lot to have you as my sweet guide and companion!"

"Flatter me not, dear friend," replied Emmeline, shading her eyes with her hand. "You do not know what a sinful nature I have to contend with; but for the grace of God there is not a day nor an hour in which I could say 'I have thought or done no evil.' No, dear Lord Avon, let this inspired volume alone be your guide,—all others are false,—I hope you read it sometimes."

"I have continued to read a portion of the Bible daily ever since your excellent father advised me to do so, Emmeline," replied Lord Avon. "But I confess I do not take that pleasure in it which you appear to do; I read it rather as a duty than from inclination, I fear."

"Ah, that is not the way! You may go over it again and again thus formally, and not find the treasure hid in the field. You must pray that God's Holy Spirit may enlighten you, and teach you the necessity of a renewed heart, before you can receive Christ as your all in all. The Bible never should be taken up as a cold duty, but as our dearest, happiest privilege; what strength—what comfort—are to be received in all our anxieties, from its blessed promises: what assurances of eternal happiness, if we accept the atonement made for our sins; what encouragement in tribulation—in dangers—in every trial—but you have never been afflicted," added Emmeline, softly; "therefore, you have not flown to the only refuge for help. Till we feel our need of God, few, I fear, draw near to him. 'Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.' Oh! may you do so, my dear kind friend, and experience that peace which the world cannot give."

"Amen, sweet counsellor; pray for me Emmeline," said Lord Avon, earnestly. "Prayers such as yours must avail, and indeed I require them, for I feel a void here," placing his hand on his heart, "which not all the rank, the fortune and prospects I am heir to can fill up. Emmeline, I am far from being a happy man, although you think me one."

"It grieves me to hear you say so," replied Emmeline, struck by the melancholy cast of his countenance, "yet it does not surprise me, but only convinces me more and more that the fictitious joys of earth are unable to satisfy the longings of an immortal soul, which is ever looking for what it has not yet attained, and is never satisfied with the present. Yes, dear Lord Avon, I will pray for you, that God may bestow on you a saving knowledge of his Son Jesus Christ. And that the truths contained in the Bible, which now you merely assent to, may become your highest joy and your salvation through his merits."

Lord Avon had risen while she was speaking, and taken her hand in his, he felt that he ought not to linger too long by the side of one so interesting to him. The colour went and came rapidly over the cheek of Emmeline, and her heart beat almost audibly, as she saw him about to leave her. She too, rose—they gazed on each other for one moment, when suddenly he clasped her to his bosom, forgetting all his resolutions, and addressing her in words of the fondest endearment, as he pressed her repeatedly.

Then recollecting himself, he uttered an incoherent apology, and with a flushed and agitated countenance, added: "Emmeline you have made a woman of me, but the weakness has passed,—God bless you, my sweet girl; write to me as you promised, should you need my services in any way, and whatever you may hear against me, believe it not, till my own lips confirm it,—judge leniently, and keep me in your kindly remembrance."

"Surely that caution is unnecessary, good and kind friend," replied the sobbing Emmeline; "may Almighty God shower his choicest mercies on your path; may you learn to see His hand in all your blessings, and prove a faithful steward of his gifts. Farewell, and let us keep constantly in our view, that bright and happy world, where there are no more partings—no more tears. Again, and again, may Heaven abundantly bless and reward you."

A few more words were uttered—many more tears were shed, ere Lord Avon, clasping her for the last time in his arms, tore himself away, when she, confused, perplexed and full of sorrow, sank on her knees, burying her face in the pillows of the sofa, the low murmur of her voice indicating that to Him she had flown for refuge, who has said: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

About one hour after this touching interview, Miss Milman entered her niece's room, accompanied by Miss Arabella Billing; they appeared to have been conversing confidentially together, for the latter held up her finger to her friend, saying, "silence, remember." Then advancing to Emmeline, she congratulated her upon her recovery, adding: "but I cannot say much for your good looks now, Miss Emmeline—dear me, how ghastly pale you are, and your 'and trembles like an aspen leaf."

"Are you not feeling so well, my dear child?" inquired Miss Milman, alarmed at her appearance; "you had quite a colour in your cheeks when I left you this morning."

"Yes, dearest aunt, I am quite as well—but a very little agitates me at present—and—and ——."

"Lord Avon has been here," concluded Miss Milman. "I thought so—what have we here?" she continued, taking up the leather case and opening it, "a beautiful watch—was this his gage d'amitie?"

Emmeline bowed her head, unable to reply.

"And a very valuable one too," said her aunt; "upon my word, you are fortune's favourite, Emmeline—see Bella, is not this exquisite?"

"I am no judge of such things," replied Miss Billing, who, envious of any good gained by another, vented her spleen, by assuming an air of contempt. "In my opinion, Lord Avon, with more propriety, might have withheld his gift, when all the world knows he is engaged to Lady Barbara Guise."

The start which Emmeline gave, and her increasing perturbation, could not pass unnoticed.

"You speak only from report Bella," said Miss Milman, feeling for her neice. We have no right to give credence to every idle tale.

"Idle tale do you term it?" retorted Miss Billing, with great asperity. "I never repeat things except from undoubted authority, and it was the 'ousekeeper at Traverscourt who told Lady Huntley's maid that her young lady was to be married to Lord Avon at Christmas, when the family were all going to Windermere Castle. Now, what say you?"

"Well, well, to us it is of little importance who he marries," rejoined Miss Milman. "He is a fine young man, and with his rank and expectations will naturally form a high alliance."

"All is not gold that glitters; he is insufferably proud, at least if we may judge from his rude behaviour in love lane, when he passed Miss Emmeline because he was with his 'igh friends, and looked on me as if I were something 'orrible; but all men are alike—I would not trust one of them."

"What, not even your friend and favorite, Captain O'Hara?" said Miss Milman, smiling, and thinking to divert Emmeline, who as she lay on the sofa, had covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Name him not the 'orrid wretch, never will I speak to him again," screamed Miss Billing in a voice that made the poor girl gaze on her in much astonishment.

"Why what can he have done—the pink of courtesy and politeness, as you have so constantly affirmed?" enquired Miss Milman. "Enough to destroy him in my estimation forever! Would you believe it in answer to my polite note requesting the pleasure of his company to tea, the other evening, he brought his whole band of soldiers; and when I asked him almost fainting what he intended, he replied in his detestable brogue, 'Why sure, did'nt you ask for the pleasure of my company, and hav'nt I brought every mother's son of them, even to the drummer,—what more do you want, my jewel?"

"But that was only a mistake, Bella," said Miss Milman, much amused. "Surely you ought to pardon him for his country's sake."

"No mistake at all," retorted Miss Billing, her whole person vibrating with the indignation she felt. "For while he spoke to me, I saw him cast a significant glance at one of his officers, who was laughing in the most ungentlemanly manner, and on my ordering him and his abominable people away, he desired the band to play the 'girl I left behind me,' and marched then helter skelter over my garden, treading down my beautiful border of 'love lies bleeding,' and the 'look up and kiss me,'—that sweet blue flower you used to admire so much. I thought I should have died on the spot for shame, for the noise brought every one in Paradise

Row to their windows, and set all the dogs barking in the place. My sister-in-law, who is in a delicate situation, was so terrified that she fell into violent 'ysterics, and Tom in his 'aste to fly to her assistance, upset the tea table, scattering all the muffins on the floor, and scalding my darling dog Tidy; but it appears to amuse you, Miss Milman," added Miss Arabella, piqued at the mirthful effect her story produced; "I really gave you credit for more sensability."

"Forgive me, Bella, I entreat," replied her friend, endeavouring to recover herself. "And are all your flowers destroyed—I am *so* sorry," in a tone of mock condolence.

"So it appears," retorted Miss Billing, angrily; "I could forgive every thing, only some one has caricatured the whole scene; I saw it myself in 'Ayden's window' as I came. If Tom had a spark of courage he would resent the affront put upon his sister, and challenge that audacious Irishman; but the Billings never were famous as 'ero's, and he says we had better pass it over in what he terms 'dignified silence;' but I will have my revenge some how, I am determined."

"Your brother is perfectly right," replied Miss Milman, now endeavouring to soothe the ire which her laughter had increased. "The story will soon be forgotton if you treat it with indifference, and the contempt it deserves—but by shewing your annoyance you only gratify the authors of the plot."

"Well, there is one consolation, I am not the only person vexed and annoyed this day," rejoined Miss Billing, spitefully; "Mrs. Davenport has her troubles, and richly does she deserve them too."

"Surely that cannot be a subject of satisfaction. What has happened to her?" inquired Miss Milman.

"Why her daughter Annie eloped with Mr. Curry last night; the little 'ussey jumped out of her window, and drove off with him in a chaise and pair, and before Mr. Davenport overtook them today, 'ymen's knot was tied. What think you of that?"

"It is only what might have been expected from a weak, silly, uneducated girl, such as Annie Davenport certainly is," replied Miss Milman. "Her mother took no pains to control her or teach her better things; she was suffered to go where she liked—to do what she liked, and to choose her own friends—the result is natural: poor thing, I pity her, for Mr. Curry is a very wild young man, without a shilling. A sad prospect, therefore, awaits her."

"Mrs. Davenport will give up dancing now, I suppose," said Miss Billing. "They told me that at Lord Traverscourt's ball she made herself quite ridiculous, gallopading like any young girl, while Annie, taking advantage of her mother's not attending to her, romped the whole time with Mr. Curry in the balcony: I never heard of such doings—they quite shocked *me*; but I must go and condole with her, poor soul," added the spinster, rising; "and it will be but charity to take her that valuable little book 'Hints to Mothers,' by Miss Prim. Good morning, Miss Emmeline. I hope Lord Avon will at least pay you the compliment of inviting you to his wedding, when it takes place. Dear me, she is asleep I declare—fare you well," to Miss Milman, who had followed her to the door. "Tomorrow you shall have the papers for your signature: Tom is busy preparing them at my 'ouse even now."

After a few more brief words in a whisper, she departed, when Miss Milman approaching her niece sat down by her, pained to perceive tears stealing through the long silken lashes of her closed eyes.

"You are not asleep, Emmeline dear, I am sure," said her aunt, taking her hand. "I fear we have fatigued you!"

"I *am* a little tired," replied Emmeline, now raising her head; "but I hope, after another good night, to be a new creature tomorrow."

"I trust, Emmeline," said her aunt, after intently surveying her dejected countenance, "that you are not yielding to a romantic attachment for Lord Avon, since nothing could be more hopeless, more unfortunate for your peace."

Emmeline's tears now flowed more copiously, while, with much agitation, she said:

"Do not ask me to analize the nature of my feelings for Lord Avon at present, my dear aunt, for I scarcely understand them myself. I wish to view him only in the light of a brother and a friend, yet when Miss Billing talked of his being engaged to another, her words went like an arrow to my heart."

"Then that at once warns you of the state of your heart, Emmeline; and must put you on your guard," replied Miss Milman. "You have sense beyond your years—make use of it to help you to rise above so vain and visionary an idea, as that the only son of Lord Windermere would ever stoop to wed a humble individual like yourself?"

"Oh, I never thought of that—never for an instant," quickly rejoined Emmeline, writhing under the cutting words of her aunt, while her cheek, her brow, became like scarlet; "say no more on the subject, aunt; it has distressed me to take leave of him from whom I have experienced the affection of a near and dear relation: surely I may feel thus without being considered so very presumptuous?"

"If you confine your feelings within sisterly regards, certainly," said Miss Milman; "but take my advice, Emmeline, think of Lord Avon as an engaged man; one whose interest for you will become lessened, as other more absorbing ones open before him."

"I will strive to do so," softly murmured Emmeline, bowing her beautiful head over her clasped hands; "and God will help me in the hard lesson."

"You do not think me harsh and unkind for what

I have said?" observed Miss Milman, touched by the sweet resignation of her neice.

"Oh, no, my dear aunt, you have only performed your duty, and I thank you," returned Emmeline, gazing affectionately in her face; "but, I beseech you, say nothing of what has passed to Miss Billing—it would so mortify me?"

"I promise you I will not, my love; I know how far I may trust Bella; she is a good soul, but her fondness for gossiping renders her at times unsafe; yet I believe her to be warmly attached to me; and this makes me view her foibles leniently."

Emmeline made no reply to this, for she could not agree in the opinion of her aunt, and where she could not praise, her father had taught her always to remain silent.

Ere the close of another week our young heroine had entirely recovered from the effects of her late illness, and was once more enabled to resume her accustomed active habits. The first use she made of her liberty was to visit the poor people who lived on the beach, amongst whom she was well known; but since the caution she had received from Lord Avon, she had never gone thither unaccompanied by Ruth. It was her delight to gather the little ragged children around her, and talk to them simply, and beautifully about their Redeemer, and all that He had done and suffered for their sakes; and in one or two instances her labour of love had been abundantly blessed, affording her encouragement the most cheering, and convincing her that there is no spot on earth so dark and so benighted but that God's Spirit can illumine it, and pierce through the thickest clouds of ignorance and sin; or, no instrument, however humble and mean, that, when He deigns to make use of it, may not become all powerful in completing the work He has willed it to perform. The caprice of Miss Milman, in a great measure, crippled the usefulness of Emmeline, as she entertained fears of her bringing home infection from these abodes of squalid poverty; but she did what she could, and she knew that that was enough in the sight of Him who would reward the gift of a cup of cold water, when offered for His sake.

She was preparing to sally forth one fine day on some kindly mission to a poor family, when she was prevented by the arrival of Mrs. Larkins, the wife of a wealthy merchant in the neighbourhood, and her two daughters, Lucy and Maria. The matron came rustling into the room in a rich satin pelisse, which she drew carefully aside as she placed her ample person on the sofa by Miss Milman, and looked a little contemptuously at that lady's plain attire. Her daughters sat close to each other, answering the remarks made to them by Emmeline n monosyllables, and tittering between themselves at their own. They were considered by their mamma highly educated, having been placed for some years at a fashionable boarding school, where every branch of study had been taught them, with what profit will be seen. Since their return home they had been launched into constant scenes of gaiety and amusement by way of finishing their manners, and affording them opportunies of making good alliances, Mrs. Larkins taking especial care to permit no intimacies but with young men of fortune or family. She was a proud, vulgar-minded woman, looking down upon all who vied not with herself in the splendour of their establishments; and valuing no aristocracy save that of wealth. Goodness, talent, or beauty—unless they rolled in their carriages, were of little worth in her estimation, and few things excited her indignation so much as to hear of a poor but amiable girl obtaining a rich husband. She had condescended to pay some attention to Miss Milman, since she heard of the repeated visits of Lord Avon, with whom she wished to become acquainted, and she had come this morning to invite Emmeline to accompany her to see Traverscourt, in the absence of the family.

"You are very kind, indeed, to think of me," replied Emmeline, when she learned the purport of her visit; "but I think my aunt cannot spare me so long away."

"Yes, my love, I can," said Miss Milman, not perceiving the reluctance which lurked behind this excuse. "I have some little business to transact with Mr. Thomas Billing, this morning, and wish to be alone,—pray, therefore avail yourself of Mrs. Larkins' kindness: the drive will do you good, and you know you have often expressed a wish to see the grounds of Traverscourt."

Of course nothing more could be said, and Emmeline, most unwillingly, prepared to accompany Mrs. Larkins; her heart fluttering with a thousand strange emotions, as she entered the handsome carriage of the rich citizen, and drove off.

The young ladies, who had felt under some restraint while in the presence of Miss Milman, now began conversing most volubly together, upon the subject of balls, beaux and parties—repeating many pretty speeches, they had listened to with pleasure: Miss Lucy *affirming*, that her last partner had said *every thing* to her *except* making her an offer, which, she had no doubt, he would do the very next time they met. Emmeline, whose thoughts were wandering far away, looked so grave that Mrs. Larkins thought it right to check her daughter.

"La, Lucy," she said, "you will shock Miss Milman, who is almost a stranger to you." Then in an under tone, she added to our heroine: "She is so artless, and natural, that she says every thing she thinks; but it is delightful to me to be so entirely in their confidence as I am."

A sly look between the two girls rather contradicted this assertion; but Mrs. Larkins saw it not

for she was bowing and smiling to a gentleman, who passed them on horseback.

"Oh, there is dear, delightful Dashwood, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Maria, "how handsome he is looking; I hope he is going to Lady Huntly's tomorrow."

Emmeline was struck by the familiar appellation, it sounded so unfeminine, to her chaste ears—"he may be a relation," she thought; but when the names of others were as lightly mentioned; she knew it must be a habit, and a bad habit; and she wondered that their mamma did not notice it.

"Handsome, do you call him, with that horrid colour?" replied Miss Lucy, who wished to be considered sentimental. "I cannot endure his face, which is always on the broad grin, to show his white teeth. Lord Avon, if you please, is a handsome man; I met him a few days ago, walking up and down on the beach, looking so melancholy, with his eyes bent on the ground; I was determined he should notice me, so I dropped my bracele', *en passant*, but he was so absorbed by his own thoughts that he never saw it. On his return, however, I pretended to be looking for it, when he inquired what I had lost, and assisted me in the search; I allowed him to find it, and he presented it to me with such a sweet smile, that he quite won my heart,—I am so sorry he is gone away, for there is no one else worth looking at, except Fitzmaurice."

"You are acquainted with Lord Avon, I believe, Miss Milman," said Mrs. Larkins, so unexpectedly that Emmeline's cheek instantly became crimson.

"Yes—I have known him for some years," she softly replied.

"Some years!" repeated the matron, viewing her confusion most suspiciously. "Dear me, I was not aware of that,—pray, may I ask where you first met him?"

"In my father's house," returned Emmeline, raising her intelligent dark eyes, and fixing them on the inquisitive face of her interrogator.

"Indeed! was he then a friend of your father's?"

"A most sincere one," replied Emmeline, tears now filling her eyes; "I was a little girl at the time, when he came to Rosedale, to study with my dear father."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Larkins, evidently quite relieved, "Your father then received pupils,—I thought it strange that Lord Avon should be so intimate, but that accounts for it at once."

There is a germ of pride in every human breast; perhaps Emmeline was ignorant that hers harboured any, until this speech roused her to say with some dignity:

"My father never received pupils, ma'am. To oblige Lord Windermere, with whom he had been acquainted at college, he received his son, preparatory to his going abroad."

"I understand, I understand," replied Mrs. Larkins, a slight smile curling her lip, and turning from our heroine, she addressed her no more.

On arriving at the gates of Traverscourt, the party alighted from the carriage to walk up the avenue: the day was very beautiful for the season, and the fine fresh air had an exhilirating effect on the spirits of Emmeline, who would have been well pleased to wander from her companions, and indulge in meditation amongst the sylvan shades of the beautiful place,—for most incapable were they all of enjoying the fine views, the streams, the groves—from which they turned with indifference—to prattle their own lisping folly. Presently two gentlemen overtook them, on horseback, when Lucy whispered to her sister:

"I thought they would come; I told Fitzmaurice the hour we should be here—how delightful—I hope mamma won't suspect."

"This is a singular coincidence," said Mrs. Larkins, in answer to the salutation of the strangers, who had dismounted. "Are you riding through the park?"

"We came with that intention," returned Mr. Fitzmaurice, a tall, slight young man, who was encouraging a moustache on his lip; "but if you are going to view the place, perhaps you will allow us to join you."

"Certainly sir," said Mrs. Larkins, a little stiffly, for Mr. Fitzmaurice was a briefless barrister, without interest. "Lucy, do not go so near Mr. Fitzmaurice's horse, you are too venturesome," she added, as her daughter threw her arms round the animals neck, and kissed it most affectionately, then looking up in the face of its master with the assumed innocence of a child, said:

"What a dear creature! I am so fond of horses, and mamma won't let me ride."

Mr. Fitzmaurice smiled, as he gave his horse to the groom who accompanied them, and offered her his arm, saying a few sweet words in a very low tone. His friend wisely took charge of Mrs. Larkins, in consideration of the frequent dinner parties, and champagne suppers, at her house; while Maria, choosing the character of a romp, frisked on before, stooping to gather all the wild flowers that grew by the wayside, or chasing the butterflies that glittered in the sunbeams. The grounds of Traverscourt were laid out with great taste; and, notwithstanding the folly of her companions, Emmeline enjoyed her walk in a spot where each object upon which her eye rested, teemed with interest, associated as it was with him, who so recently had wandered over the same. The head gardener, happening to meet the party, politely invited them into Lady Barbara's flower garden, where the rarest plants and exotics were to be seen in rich profusion. Here the delight of Emmeline expressed itself in words; and to the surprise of those who had considered her stupid from her silence, she could give the botanical name of all, and descant upon their different species, in a

way that clearly displayed her acquaintance with the science.

"What a very lovely girl your friend is?" said Mr. Fitzmaurice to Lucy; "till I saw her face animated, I had no idea of its fascination."

"La! do you think so?" drawled Lucy, by no means pleased. "She gives herself horrid airs, which I am sure she has no right to do, for her father was only a tutor at Rosedale. But how nicely your moustache is growing," she added, gazing with the utmost simplicity on the promising appendage; 'you don't know how handsome it makes you look. I hope you mean to go as the corsair to Mrs. Wiseman's fancy ball, on Thursday; it would suit you so admirably?"

"What can you hope from me that I will not delightedly perform," replied the gratified beau, pressing the arm he supported, and casting on her a glance the most tender. "Come let us go down this shady path; it seems made for lovers?"

Mrs. Larkins, perceiving their intention, now complained of fatigue, calling Lucy back in rather a sharp tone, when the party entered the house, where they were received by Mrs. Trimmins, the housekeeper, a very smart lady, in a black cap and crimson roses, who ushered them into the saloon, saying most affectedly to the panting matron:

"Can I offer you any refreshment, me'em?"

"Not any: I am much obliged to you, ma'am," replied Mrs. Larkins, with equal affectation, as she drew her satin pelisse aside, and sat down fanning herself with her handkerchief.

Lucy thinking this a good opportunity for a scene, suddenly clung to Mr. Fitzmaurice, imploring for a glass of water, as she was going to faint: all became instant confusion, while Emmeline, who was ignorant of the devices of young ladies, really felt alarmed on beholding the apparently helpless condition of the poor girl. After a considerable time she ventured to recover, and raise her languid eyes to those of her supporter; but the effect was very much marred by a scream from Mrs. Larkins, on discovering that the sal-volatile had been thrown over her satin pelisse.

"How very provoking!" she exclaimed. "Lucy you always choose such times to faint; the same thing happened over my amber satin dress at Lady Winterton's. What can I do with it?"

"I think I can give you something to ameliorate it, me'em," said Mrs. Trimmins, who was fond of using fine words; "we shall find some of Lady Barbara's expunging essence in her ladyship's room."

But the expunging essence unfortunately failed, and rather spread the calamity. Mrs. Larkins looked flushed and angry, casting on Lucy a glance that seemed to forebode a scolding in private. Maria, perfectly unconcerned, maintained her character of a romp by jumping over the richly canopied bed, and running out to the gentlemen, who awaited them in the lobby, to laugh at mamma's distress. Goldsmith has said that "though the society of fools at first amuses us, it never fails at length to make us melancholy." And Emmeline began to feel the force of this remark, as her spirits gradually sunk under the influence of all the folly that was passing around her; and it was a relief when the condolences over the stained pelisse had ceased, and Mrs. Trimmins offered to conduct them to the picture gallery. This proved a great treat to our heroine, who had never witnessed such splendour as she here beheld; yet she walked up the magnificent room with as much ease and grace as if she had dwelt in palaces all her life. A very valuable collection of paintings, from some of the ancient masters, called for her admiration: but one portrait had attracted her at once, and she stood as if spell-bound before it. It was of the Lady Barbara Guise, taken in her court robes: the face and form were faultless—the finely chiselled features full of expression and intellect—but in the large eyes there was a fire, which gave to the whole a sternness that made our young heroine almost shrink as they were rivetted upon her; yet such was their basilisk influence, she could not turn away, but continued gazing in profound admiration, united to a fear that seemed almost prophetic of the sorrows she was destined to cause her.

"What a splendid creature!" said Mr. Waldron, the elder of the two gentlemen. "Happy will the man be who obtains that fair hand."

"It is said that Lord Avon is engaged to the Lady Barbara: is there truth in the report?" inquired Mrs. Larkins, turning to the housekeeper.

How did Emmeline tremble and turn pale as she listened for the answer.

"Many think there is, me'em, but as it has never been publicly announced, no one knows for certain," replied Mrs. Trimmins. "Lord Avon was staying here lately, but he did not pay my young lady more attention than the other gentlemen: Sir Harry Clifton and Count de Romera were more assiduous, we thought."

Emmeline seemed to breathe more freely, and the words of Lord Avon to herself "believe nothing you hear of me till my own lips confirm it," added strength to the hope that began to revive within her breast. She ventured to inquire if Lord Traverscourt's family were not now gone to Windermere Castle.

"No, me'em," returned Mrs. Trimmins, glancing superciliously over the simple dress of the beautiful girl; "my lord will not go there until Christmas, when the birth of Lord Avon will be commemorated: why his father should be fond of keeping that day in remembrance, I cannot understand,—at least if all the stories told about him are correct."

The countenance of Mrs. Larkins expressed curi-

osity as the housekeeper said this, while the rest of the party, attracted by the conversation, drew near to listen. Emmeline could ill disguise the deep interest she felt in a subject so immediately connected with her friend, though she thought any further questions would be improper—not so Mrs. Larkins, who enquired:

"Is there any tale of mystery, attached to the birth of Lord Avon, which your words would imply?"

"Rather a tale of cruelty, so dark that one would wish to give it no credence," replied Mrs. Trimmins, her self-importance rising as she perceived the eager countenances of her auditors.

"Good gracious! what can you mean?" said Mrs. Larkins, sitting down on a richly carved oaken chair. "I have always noticed a melancholy in the appearance of Lord Avon: can you account for it?"

"I never was at Windermere Castle myself, me'em; and the strange tales I have heard from time to time, were told me by Mrs. Burford, Lady Barbara's woman, who obtained them from the housekeeper, Mrs. Cumpton, an old lady, who has been in the earl's family these forty years. She is very close and reserved, usually; but after she has taken her supper, Burford says she is quite another creature, and talks freely of many things. They were sitting together one stormy night over the fire, conversing about the report of my young lady's engagement to Lord Avon, when, suddenly she said: 'Well, Mrs. Burford, if it is true, I only hope they may live more happily together than the earl and my late lady—God rest her soul—though it was no fault of hers, for there never existed a sweeter creature: gentle as a lamb—kind and good to all. He little deserved such a treasure.'

"Burford was surprised to hear her talk so, as she had always spoken of the earl with great respect.

"'La! Mrs. Cumpton!' she replied; 'I have often thought he would suit my young lady as a husband far better than Lord Avon. She has spirit enough to match his—aye, and pride to boot.'

"'May the Lord save her from such a fate!' said Mrs. Cumpton, raising her hands and eyes. 'No woman could be a match for him, Mrs. Burford; as sure as I live, he is an emanation from I won't say who!'

"'Mercy me! don't frighten one so!' said Burford, drawing her chair closer to her companion, for the wind moaned through the trees so dismally, as Mrs. Cumpton spoke, that she began to feel nervous.

"'It is very true,' proceeded the housekeeper, whose heart, warmed by the hot negus she had been taking, became quite communicative; 'and though it is not my place to speak of my betters, I cannot close my eyes and ears. My lord, as a master, is generous; as a man, he is awful. Oh, Mrs. Burford, what think you of his turning my lady out of doors just on such a night as this, and she expecting her confinement daily?'

"'Say: why I cannot believe it!' replied Burford, horror-struck. 'The earl never could have been so cruel.'

"'Believe it or not, it was the case,' returned the housekeeper, mixing herself another tumbler;—'never shall I forget it while I live. No one dared to interfere. The weather was bitter cold at the time, with snow upon the ground. We would have let her in by a private entrance, only we knew the earl would discover it, and we dared not; so all we could do was to throw a blanket out of the window, in which the sweet soul wrapped herself, and wandered as far as O'Neil's, the gardener's, cottage; where, on the following morning, she died in giving birth to my young lord.'"

Emmeline, who had listened with profound attention to this frightful tale, now started, and losing all self-command burst into a flood of tears; but the rest were too eager to learn more, to heed her emotion.

"Mrs. Cumpton seemed in a great fright after she had made this confession," continued the housekeeper, for, swallowing her negus, in haste she arose, saying: 'but here we are talking, and it is past twelve o'clock, I declare, I was forgetting myself.'

"Burford tried to tempt her to say more, but she could not succeed, and whenever she alluded to the subject afterwards, she always cut her short by telling her it was only a terrible dream she had had at the time of Lord Avon's birth, for that her lady died in the blue chamber. Mrs. Burford never felt quite comfortable at the castle, all the rest of the time she staid there; she says it is the most gloomy lonesome place in the world, and that the earl sees very little company."

"What a charming romance," said Lucy, as the housekeeper ceased; "how I should like to see this blue beard earl."

"La, Lucy, how can you say so, the very idea of such a monster makes me shudder!" returned Mrs. Larkins. "Well, some men are abominable, that is certain; how fortunate I ought to think myself."

"I don't think so at all," retorted Lucy; "I would much rather be married to one like the earl than to a dull, matter-of-fact person, who has not a thought beyond a good dinner and his ledger. There would be some interest in being turned out of the house on a dark stormy night—but none upon earth in seeing a large fat man snoring in his chair all the evening, however worthy he may be. I hate your comfortable couples."

"Lucy, Lucy, you speak too fast," said Mrs. Larkins, pursing up her mouth; "you see how artless she is," she added to Mr. Waldron, "always betraying her thoughts. I am quite shocked ——."

"That she betrays them, or that she has them?" asked Mr. Waldron, smiling.

"Oh, she is all guileless, like a child," retorted the matron, not understanding the sarcasm. "Indeed both my girls are perfectly unsophisticated, and hide nothing from me; treating me more as if I were their sister than their mother."

"You look more like their sister," politely returned the beaux; "I never should imagine you the mamma of such tall daughters."

Mrs. Larkins bridled and smiled at the compliment, then accepting the arm offered to her, she proceeded with her party to view the rest of the mansion. This occupied nearly another hour, after which they prepared to depart. Mrs. Larkins presented a douceur to the housekeeper for all the trouble she had taken, whispering to Mr. Waldron, as he assisted her into her carriage, that he would receive a card of invitation to dinner for the ensuing week, which she hoped might find him disengaged.

"You are right," said Mr. Fitzmaurice, on remounting his horse, when the carriage had driven away. "Be civil to the elders, when you wish to gain an entrée into a house. Now here have I been looking unutterable things at that little fool Lucy, and talking such trash for the last two hours, and what have I gained by it, 'she hopes she will meet me tomorrow at Lady Huntly's ball,' (mimicking her voice,) while, you for telling old mother Larkins that she looked as young as her daughters, are invited to partake of turtle and venison—it is really too bad."

"You can at least profit by the lesson I have taught you, another time," replied Mr. Waldron, laughing. "Did you ever see such vulgar people in your life,—they are an odious family; but the old boy gives capital feeds, therefore we must tolerate the ladies on that account,—en avant!"

With these words the two worthies rode away, to flirt and talk nonsense with the next damsel they might chance to meet, who was silly enough to believe them.

On Emmeline's return home, she found her aunt in high spirits, so much so that she could not forbear remarking it to her, and expressing her pleasure at seeing her so unusually well.

"Yes my dear, I am thankful to say, I feel quite another creature today," replied Miss Milman, "how have you been gratified by your visit to Traverscourt?"

"Oh, very much indeed, aunt; it is far more magnificent than I could have conceived, and I saw such a beautiful portrait of Lady Barbara Guise."

"Did you obtain any confirmation of the report Miss Billing gave us of her engagement to Lord Avon?"

"The housekeeper was very communicative to Mrs. Larkins," replied Emmeline, deeply blushing; "but she does not appear to know much concerning her lady's affairs."

Emmeline shrunk from any further allusion to this delicate subject; nor would she repeat the dark story she had heard of Lord Windermere.

"She may hear it from others," said the amiable girl, mentally, "but it is not for me to traduce the fame of my beloved friend's parent. I cannot believe it true."

Miss Milman appeared too much absorbed by her own pleasing reflections to notice the reserve of her niece, for after a pause she said to her:

"How would you like, Emmeline, to leave this cottage for a handsome house in the town?"

"Oh, aunt, I hope you are not going to give up Dovecot!" exclaimed Emmeline, sorrowfully, "surely it is large enough for us."

"It may satisfy you," retorted Miss Milman; "but for me who am such a constant prisoner, it is by far too small."

"Yet is not the air finer, and far more salubrious here than we would find it in the dark, dull, noisy town. I think, aunt, you would repent the change," expostulated Emmeline.

"You need not make yourself uneasy, my dear, since I have decided upon nothing as yet; in a few days you shall know more," said her aunt; "but really, I have long wished for some change in my establishment, now that my acquaintance amongst the fashionable people of the place has increased, and I trust the day is approaching when I shall have the power to make it. At present I have such a vulgar set about me, that I am constantly mortified—only imagine Jacob, answering the door to Lady Huntly, this morning, with his shirt sleeves [illegible]ed up over his elbows; and when she inquired how I was, he told her 'his missus was quite fierce today.' I heard him myself."

"We must pardon his country manners, for the sake of his fidelity," replied Emmeline, smiling. "I would rather have an unpolished diamond than a piece of cut glass: I am sure Jacob would go to the end of the world to serve you, aunt."

"Confine him to his stable, and he is all very well," returned Miss Milman; "beyond that I never wish to see him, and I have this day advertised for a smart, intelligent footman, of genteel address."

After some further conversation, Emmeline retired to her own room, full of conjectures as to her aunt's meaning, and far from pleased at the new acquaintances she was forming amongst the gay and thoughtless in the neighbourhood. She knew that Miss Milman had not fortune to maintain a larger establishment, that she had frequently expressed fears of being obliged to lessen her present one.

"I must be satisfied to wait till she thinks proper to confide in me," said our heroine, after many vain surmises. "Happy is it for us that our Heavenly Father is at the head of our affairs, and will guide them according to His own wisdom, and not in agreement with our wayward fancies, which too

frequently desire what would tend to our ultimate misery in this life, and our ruin in the next."

Another week passed, during which Emmeline perceived that her aunt was very restless, and full of anxiety. Miss Billing and her brother frequently came to Dovecot, and remained in close conference with her for hours together; but our heroine was not admitted into their confidence. Something important seemed pending—Emmeline knew not what, —but her spirits sunk under the influence of Miss Milman's increased fretfulness. At length one morning, she surprised her aunt in tears; this touched her affectionate heart at once.

"Oh, my dearest aunt!" she exclaimed, "I am convinced you have some cause for uneasiness; will you not tell it to me,—are you ill or unhappy?"

"I am both," replied Miss Milman, laying down her head on the shoulder of her niece, and yielding to a violent burst of grief. Emmeline felt inexpressibly shocked.

"Ah, my aunt! trust me, and unburden your mind, for that you have a secret I am certain; and who ought to feel an interest in all that concerns you, like your own grateful niece?"

For several minutes Miss Milman was unable to speak; at length, raising her head, she said:

"Yes, Emmeline, you are worthy of my confidence, would that I had given it earlier,—now I fear it is too late. Instead of being thankful for the competence, which it pleased God to bless me with, in my haste to become rich, I tremble lest I have brought poverty on us both. You may well start, Emmeline—my mind is in a state of the utmost bitterness: I know not which way to turn, or where to seek for peace!"

"Seek for it in Christ, my aunt—in the world you shall have tribulation—but in Him all peace, all happiness, all that is really needful: if He is for us, who shall be against us?" said the pious Emmeline, surprised but not dismayed by her aunt's confession. "Now explain to me what is it you have done?"

"Alas! I have sold all my little fortune out of the funds, and risked it in a speculation, by the advice of Mr. Thomas Billing, who, you are aware, is my trustee," replied the agitated Miss Milman. "Before I did this, however, I took the precaution to inquire from others how far it was safe to do so, and I was informed that I could not employ my money to more advantage. Relying implicitly on the probity of Mr. Billing, who I have known for years, I placed it at his disposal: he left some days ago, promising to write to me immediately after he arrived in town, which he has failed to do: this, I confess, added to a few little circumstances, has shaken my faith. I may wrong him, but I cannot help yielding to the greatest anxiety, for should he have deceived me, I am a beggar; the bare thought distracts me," and she clasped her hands tightly together as she spoke.

Emmeline stood silent for several minutes, scarcely comprehending the magnitude of the misforture; but when, by degrees, the whole truth flashed upon her, she sought to soothe her aunt by every argument—beseeching her not to despond—that something might have occurred to delay the expected letter —that Mr. Billing could never act so dishonorably.

"Cast all your care upon God, who careth for you, my beloved aunt," said the affectionate girl. "In the darkest hour he is near to protect you—nor will he suffer you to bear the weight of one feather more than is needful."

"Ah, Emmeline, I have sadly, sadly neglected my God," returned Miss Milman, mournfully. "I have been content to serve Him by a daily routine of duties, coldly and heartlessly performed, while my thoughts have been given to the world; and now He is punishing me."

"Oh! say not so, my aunt! God's chastenings are ever in love—to draw us to Himself—He knows the happiness He has prepared for His own people; and when He sees them wandering away from the paths which lead to their Heavenly rest, He calls them back in the way His wisdom appoints, casting down those idols that stood between them and the bright prospect beyond, and purifying them in the furnace of affliction, to make them meet for the glory He desires they should inherit. Till I was in trouble I never knew the full value of His holy word, or the consolations abounding in His precious promises; but now I can apply them to myself, and make them mine: and I would not exchange the happiness I derive from them for the wealth of many worlds."

"You are a good and a pious child," returned Miss Milman, kissing her. "Yet, Emmeline, should my fears be confirmed, what is to become of us?"

"'Fear not, for I am with thee,'" repeated Emmeline, solemnly. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, make your wants known unto God. 'Seek first His kingdom, and all things needful shall be added unto you.' Oh, aunt, how delightful to hang on such words as these —to believe and to trust in Him, to feel assured that every dispensation He orders, will tend to advance our eternal interests."

"I wish to think as properly as you do, my child," said the distressed lady; "but it is difficult when we are writhing under the stroke, to meet it calmly. My mind is so bewildered and excited, that I have no power to reason or reflect, or receive comfort from any source. I must lie down awhile, and see whether sleep will grant me a short respite from my cares, for my head is aching to agony?"

Emmeline shook up the pillows of the sofa, and assisted in placing her aunt in an easy position; she

then sat down by her side, her beautiful countenance beaming with the devotion that reigned in her heart, while her lips continuad to breathe forth ejaculations for help from above, and that all which now looked gloomy and unpromising around them might be dispersed by the sun of righteousness.

The evening proved a very wet one--pools of water were running down the street before Paradise Row. Every door and window in which was hastily closed against the comfortless scene without, while taper after taper glimmered from within; when suddenly the dogs, cats and parrots, belonging to the maiden community of this scandal loving place, were aroused to an unusual barking and screaming by the sound of carriage wheels driving rapidly past, and stopping before number five. Many an eager curious face endeavoured to pierce through the mist, and discover who the late visitor to Miss Arabella Billing could possibly be. After much vain conjecture, one old lady in spectacles said it was Malone's jaunting car, and appeared to be waiting for some person. The surprise increased.

"Why, where could Miss Billing be going to in such a night?--surely not to Lady Huntly's ball, or they must have heard of it."

Presently forth came the maiden, enveloped in a cloak, desiring, in shrill tones, to be driven with all speed to Dovecot.

"And mind you keep close to the 'edge as you pass the gravel pit, for it is very dark," she added.

"Never fear, never fear," replied Malone, lashing his already jaded beast, when the car moved on, and the old ladies were left to imagine the rest as they pleased.

"Cannot you drive faster?" screamed Miss Billing, as Malone, in a little time, stopped, and seemed puzzled which way he was to proceed.

"Is it faster you'd go whin there's a big hole in the road?--and by the powers I don't remimber on which side!" replied the man, scratching his head for information.

"An 'ole! for mercy's sake, take care. Oh, la! I am frightened to death! I wish I had brought my lantern!"

"How bad ye are!" rejoined Malone, who had jumped off to grope for the safe side; and having discovered it, resumed his seat, and dashed on.

The terrors of Miss Billing increased as they approached the spot, where she knew there was a deep gravel pit.

"Keep close to the 'edge," again she vociferated. "You will certainly upset me. Never, never would I have come out such a night, only I was so afraid they might hear it all before tomorrow, and I wished to be the first to tell them. Good 'eavens! why don't you mind me, and drive near the 'edge?" as Malone pertinaciously kept near the dangerous pit.

"Tare an' ouns! is it over you'd go?" said the man, impatiently, and goading his unwilling horse still nearer the fatal brink.

"I shall die of fright! I shall never recover this!" shrieked Miss Billing. "If you don't cross over to the other side this moment, I will summon you to appear tomorrow at the court of conscience."

"Whew!! the other side? Why, thunder and and turf! didn't you orther me, as plain as tongue could spake, to keep close to the edge?" said Malone. "I thought you might wish to commit shuiside--but it's the hedge ye meant."

"You are an Irish savage," whimpered Miss Billing, "to treat an unprotected lady with such impertinence, and I have half a mind not to pay you a single farthing."

"Two must agree to that, honey," returned Malone, with the most perfect indifference, as he continued to smoke his pipe and sing between every puff:

"For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming:
Yet, oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney."

From the state of the roads it was very late when Miss Billing, fatigued and agitated, reached Dovecot, where, after disputing with Malone about an extra sixpence for driving so fast, she dismissed him, and entered the house, inquiring eagerly for Miss Milman, who she found in her bed room, reclining in an easy chair, Emmeline reading aloud to her, and Ruth engaged in making tea. Miss Milman started and turned pale at the unexpected sight of Miss Billing, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm:

"Bella, you have important news for me, I am convinced: for God's sake keep me not in suspense! Have you heard from your brother?"

"I have," replied Miss Billiug, deliberately taking off her cloak and bonnet, and drawing a chair close to the fire; "but my news is for your own particular ear."

"I have no secrets from my niece," rejoined Miss Milman, her lips quivering with emotion. "Bella, I desire you to tell me at once all that you know."

Miss Billing fixed her little keen grey eyes upon her, in which a gleam of satisfaction was just visible, as she replied:

"Well then if you must know it, Tom is off to America: I received a few lines from him this morning, in which he wished you 'ealth and 'appiness, and so there is an end of your fine speculation. Your servants in livery and red plush. Jacob will not lose his place after all."

Miss Milman heard not the latter part of this unfeeling speech, for, uttering a loud scream, she

fell back in her chair perfectly insensible. Emmeline and Ruth flew to help her, applying those remedies they thought the most likely to be successful in restoring her; but long, long was it before the unhappy lady appeared conscious of their presence. They placed her on a bed, where she remained moaning most piteously. Emmeline knelt down by her side, and taking her hand, softly said:

"My dear, dear aunt, did you not promise me you would receive the confirmation of your loss with fortitude? Turn to Him who will abundantly recompense you—if even it were greater than it is."

"Ah, Emmeline, I hoped to the last, but now despair seems to have seized me: poor, poor child, and you must share my beggary!" groaned Miss Milman, covering her face in the clothes of the bed.

"Call it not beggary, beloved aunt: have I not enough for us both? Oh! look up, and we shall yet be happy?"

Miss Milman mournfully shook her head.

"All my pleasant things must be parted with," she murmured. "We must quit Dovecot; and, alas! where can we go?"

"God will provide a place for us, my aunt—He who takes thought for the lilies of the field, and without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground. Think you He will desert us in our hour of need? Oh! no, no; you cannot believe it!"

Miss Billing, who had placed both her feet upon the fender, and stretched forth her hands to the blaze, now turned to Miss Milman, saying:

"There is an 'ouse vacant in Paradise Row, number seven—it is rather out of repair, and you would get it for a mere trifle. Shall I inquire about it for you?"

Poor Emmeline shrunk at the hideous proposal; but was instantly relieved by Mis Milman replying with some dignity:

"No, Bella, I never will live in Paradise Row; nor will it surprise you when I say that after the dishonorable conduct of your brother, I must decline any further intercourse with you. I cannot believe for an instant that you were aware of his intention, but your presence could only keep alive in my breast feelings that were better hushed to rest. I shall pray to God to help me to forgive him; but, depend upon it, misfortune will follow hard upon his turpitude. 'He that hasteth to be rich, hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.'"

"Then, I suppose, I may walk back through mud and rain, since, for the faults of another, I am to lose your friendship," replied Miss Billing, in a whining tone.

"I am sure my aunt would never wish that, Miss Billing," said Emmeline, answering for Miss Milman, who appeared too much exhausted to say more. "Ruth, have the goodness to prepare a room, and let me know, whenever it is ready."

"And Ruth," said Miss Billing, following the girl to the door, "will you bring me some hot water, with a very *leetle* drop of brandy in it, for I feel quite chilled after my drive."

"You had better mix it yourself, ma'am," replied Ruth, in no very conciliatory tone. "You know best your own allowance."

"It is a thing I very rarely touch, except medicinally, when it is 'ighly valuable," retorted Miss Billing, who, on leaving the room, suddenly turned back to say: "Oh, la, I had nearly forgotten to tell you, Miss Emmeline; I saw the intended marriage of your friend Lord Avon, to Lady Barbara Guise, announced in the papers today. They are all staying at his brother-in-law's, Sir John Lumley's, Fairy Hall, where the greatest festivities and entertainments are going forward. I wish I had borrowed the paper to show you the account,—it fills nearly a whole column."

"Thank you, Miss Billing," replied Emmeline, with a quivering lip, and a heart almost breaking with the agony of the moment. "At present I have the duty of consoling my aunt to perform, and all other thoughts must yield before that,—good night."

But when the door had closed upon her, the fortitude of the poor girl gave way, and she cast herself on the ground, weeping bitterly.

"Emmeline," said her aunt, "come hither:" Instantly was she obeyed. "Emmeline, I would wish to see Mr. Grosvenor, for I do not think I shall ever rise up from this bed," added Miss Milman. "Let him be sent for early in the morning,—nay, weep not my child,—our lives are in His hands: kneel down by me and let us pray together. Of that comfort, at least, none can deprive us."

"And it is the best," sobbed Emmeline, gathering fresh courage in her extremity; "who can help us like unto our God? And though it has pleased Him to humble us in the dust, yet let not our faith in his goodness fail; if all should forsake us, he will be near,—'they may forget, but He will never forget. Then bear up, dearest aunt, and for my sake, talk not so despondingly of yourself, for it adds sorrow upon sorrow—I have indeed much to indure, but were I to lose you,—Oh, it would break my heart!" And the affectionate girl clasped the slender form of the sufferer in her arms, and wept bitterly.

To be continued.

SIMILAR VIRTUES AND VICES.

PEOPLE will despise their own virtues, and censure their own vices, in others. Nobody laughs at the folly of another so much as a fool; no man believes another so little as a liar; no people censure the talkative more than great talkers. Misers daily condemn covetousness; and squanderers rail at extravagance in others. If one lady calls the chastity of another in question, she gives suspicion of herself.—*The Reflector*, 1750.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DETECTED BRIGAND.

BY ———

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a dreary evening in the month of March, and the wind murmured hoarsely as it swept through the yet leafless trees that partially surrounded the antique mansion of Sir Eustace de Grey. Sir Eustace was the earliest and most valued friend of Miss Herbert's father; it was to him he consigned the guardianship of his household treasures—his wife and infant daughter—when joining the fatal expedition where his life terminated. Scrupulously faithful to the trust reposed in him, the worthy Baronet never through the long series of intervening years, remitted in the attentions he deemed due the widow of his friend. In the last hour of her life he stood beside her, and renewed to her the solemn pledge he had given eighteen years before to her husband, to watch with parental solicitude over the welfare of her child.

Wealth may procure much to gratify the fancy, to delight the taste, and win the smiles of summer friends, but it never yet purchased the heart's best cordial—Sympathy in the hour of trial and sorrow. Miss Herbert's affluence failed to afford her an instant's solace in her keen anguish. The most destitute child of misery could not feel more acutely her isolated state than poor Isabella did, when the grave closed between her and the remains of her beloved mother; but the tenderness and sympathy with which she was received into her guardian's family, soothed her troubled spirit, and the looks of benevolence and affection that beamed upon her, made life appear less desolate. Time in its tardy operation was producing its insidious, though in this instance, beneficial effects; her mind had already attained some degree of composure when the Count d'Altino arrived. He was received by Sir Eustace with all the courtesy due to the nearest relation of his lovely ward; and on this particular day of March a party assembled in his honour, were indulging in the convivality that usually succeeds an English dinner. The Count, however, took little pleasure in festivities foreign to his tastes and habits, albeit they were neither simple nor refined; retiring early from the noisy revelry, instead of joining the ladies, as was his usual custom, he retired to the luxurious apartments assigned him by his hospitable host. His confidential attendant had preceded him, and was reclining on a low couch, drawn opposite a fire that blazed so clear and brightly that it sufficed to light the spacious chamber; on hearing footsteps approach, he raised his swarthy face, but seeing it was his master, he resumed his former position.

"Ha, Gaetano, it is well you are here," said the Count; "I have escaped from these boors, and shall be glad to have an hour's uninterupted talk with you." As he said this, he locked the doors, looked around the apartment to see there were no intruders, and satisfied that all was safe, he threw himself into a fauteuil opposite his unceremonious attendant. "Yes," he resumed, "They are but half civilized."

"And how long does your countship mean to do penance amongst the barbarians?" interrupted Don Gaetano, who while-ere played the part of valet, but now assumed his true character. "For my own part I cannot endure this state of things longer—I am frozen—petrified—the marrow of my bones runs cold, when I hear the chill winds beat on this old building."

"Aye," said the Count, "but the marrow may thaw again as you feel the influence of that cheerful fire, and press your sides to the cushions on which you rest, my good Don; it was not on such couches you reposed in Abruzzo."

"I care not for their couches," replied the moody Italian; "I could rest better upon the green sward, beside my good steed, with the sky of Naples above me; but let me tell you, Count, ten days have satiated my passion for servitude. The frolic was good enough, yet as experience in a walk of life which I do not particularly admire, is the only advantage I am likely to derive from the adventure, I think it time it should terminate; you promised me a rich harvest; but I see, if there is any thing to be got, it must be of my own gathering. To be very plain with you, Sir Count, if you prolong your dalliance with those English dames, I must relinquish my office, and take to my own profession, if it was only to keep me warm. I find there is an ample field, and not overstocked, in my particular calling."

"Come, come Gaetano," said the Count, "have a little patience; my promises shall be redeemed in good time, and after all your angry invective, what have you lost, and wherein are you the sufferer? When you volunteered your attendance, it was to indulge your curiosity; I accepted your offer, because I could rely upon your shrewdness and courage, if in any emergency I might possibly require your assistance. You cannot complain that I have taken

advantage of your assumed character. In private we have maintained the same equality as when coursing over the plains of Apulia—our relative positions but little altered—the subtile head still here to plan—you the resolute unswerving hand to execute. Now listen to me, Gaetano; I have employment for you tonight, that I know will drive away these vapours from your brain, and would reconcile you to a month's sojourn in this bleak region, if the attainment of our object required the delay; but it will not—as the deed you will undertake, if properly executed, must expedite our departure. You know I have been detained beyond the time I had prescribed, hoping some lucky chance would rid me of the *cortège* these silly people wish to impose upon me; one or two attendants with the lovely Isabella, would be no great incumbrance, especially as I am to resign the pretty Abigail Rosetta, to your keeping; see what a gift is there, Gaetano, and how unjustly you reproach me with neglecting your interests."

"Thanks to you, my generous patron," sarcastically answered the equivocal valet; "the prize I've won you will kindly suffer me to keep—it as a fair instance of your bounty—you will next tell me that Englishmen have gold in their possession, and if I get a share, I may make free to use it."

"And if I further pointed out the means by which to get it," remarked the Count, "would it not be doing good service? Now this brings us to the point I have in view. As I said, I have no objection to your pretty friend, or to one or two more if needs be, to accompany us in that capacity—but this lady companion, the bosom friend of mamma, as the fair young Isabella designated her to me, she must be dispensed with—I have taken an invincible aversion to the woman. Her keen and scrutinizing glance almost disconcerts me, and I sometimes fancy she has penetrated my design—to prevent worse results, we must proceed to extremities. I have laid the plan, and I know too well your love of adventure and your dauntless courage to doubt your prompt acquiescence."

Don Gaetano turned upon the Count a look of deep and pleased attention. He continued. "She leaves this at ten o'clock tonight for Auckland, in a travelling chariot, attended by an outrider, postillion and coachman, besides some stripling who is to occupy a place beside her. Family affairs of which she received intelligence about an hour ago, have caused her precipitate departure; at the moment this arrangement caught my ear I was gazing abstractedly upon her, revolving in my mind how I should throw her from the phaeton in which I was to have driven her tomorrow. I no sooner learned that she was to leave this tonight, than my measures were taken. You will instantly to horse, Gaetano; precede the chariot, about half way—select a fitting place to stop it—your judgment and experience will not fail you there."

"You do not want me to choke the hag?" enquired the surly desperado.

"By no means," answered his more courteous confederate; "use her very gently, but contrive to fracture a limb or dislocate a shoulder, or some such trifle; but be very cautious not to inflict any vital injury. Her life being placed in jeopardy might derange the plot I have devised. It is a delicate affair, and to your discretion only could I entrust such an undertaking."

A mingled smile of incredulity, and gratified vanity brightened the countenance of the singular looking person the count so readily flattered to his purpose, as he answered, in a tone of ill-assumed displeasure:

"I am to encounter four men, fight them together or seperately, as may suit their convenience—and all to do you the pleasure of breaking an old woman's neck."

"Not her neck, I pray you," said the count. "Beware of what you are about, bear in mind that in this affair you hold the cards to win a brilliant fortune; be wary not to spoil the game. I know the chief of the bold Vardarilli cares little for the number and nothing for the poltroons he is to assail, whatever he may affect. I have seen you unaided put to flight a score of enemies,—scatter the entire guard of a Masseria,* and ride triumphant through the enclosures."

"And you may see me do so again," he replied, as he arose and deliberately adjusted his disordered dress; "but let me whisper a word of caution," he continued. "With all the trouble you are taking to secure your prize, you may be disappointed. I have had a secret entrusted me since noon."

"A secret!" eagerly repeated the count.

"A secret," responded the valet, "and on a subject about which you are most anxious. Fate has not designed you to teach the Lady Isabella her first love lesson. She has had an accomplished preceptor in that pleasant science: the nephew of this old Sir Eustace has forestalled you, and if my informant be correct, the impressions made will not be easily effaced. To speak simply, it is said if he were here she would not leave England without a husband's protection."

"So, the wind sets in that quarter," said the count musingly, whilst his malignant eyes assumed a more evil expression; "well, the greater the need for dispatch. To horse, Gaetano, attend to my instructions, and doubt not you will have an ample

* Masserias,—large enclosures to be seen on Apulian farms, where the husbandmen employed in cultivating these extensive tracts of land are lodged; and where also the cattle are kept for security and shelter during the winter season.

reward. Away—I have yet some hour's business before me."

The following morning the greatest consternation prevailed in Sir Eustace de Grey's family; intelligence had arrived before the breakfast hour, of a sad disaster that had befallen the amiable and respected lady, who had left them the preceding night. The messenger could not give a very clear account of the accident. He said, it was supposed that some object on the road had startled the horses: they took fright, and ran with such impetuosity that the driver lost all control. In a short time the harnessing was broken, and the body of the carriage, separated from the iron works, was thrown with the travellers on the road side. The coachman was much injured, and lay for a length of time unconscious of what was passing; but the postillion maintained his seat till the mad career of the animals abated. There were two circumstances attending the accident, that caused much surprise: the leather attaching the carriage to the pole and other parts, gave way almost immediately—this saved the carriage from being shattered in pieces, and its occupants from probable death. It might have been regarded as a merciful interposition of Providence, if the other incidents did not lead persons to surmise a preconcerted outrage. The young lad already noticed, had gone, as soon as he collected his scattered senses, in search of assistance; when he returned, and the bewildered servants came up to where the carriage lay, they found the lady in a state of insensibility, her arm broken above the wrist, and her shoulder dislocated. On being restored to consciousness, she told them, in their absence a fierce looking fellow compelled her to give whatever money and trinkets she had on her person, and she had no doubt, that whilst contending with him she received the injury in her arm. There was no one more earnest in expressions of sympathy for the sufferer, or more ready to condole with her friends, than the Count d'Altino. He accompanied Miss Herbert in her immediate visit to her suffering friend, and we must admit there was some sincerity in his professions of delight, on finding the injuries less dangerous than had been represented. In the midst of the confusion, incident to this distressing occurrence, the count received letters from Naples, requiring his immediate presence there, for objects of state interest; at the same time he presented a letter from the countess to her niece, written in terms of the tenderest affection, and still soliciting her with increased warmth to visit Italy. The gentle hearted girl could not resist the pleadings of one she had been taught to love from infancy, and that now stood to her in the place of her revered mother. Sir Eustace had at once acquiesced in the propriety of his ward's visiting her relative; but it was with manifest reluctance he saw her depart without the sensible and experienced friend, who was to have been the companion of her journey. The lady was already in a state of convalescence, and a short time would have restored her health sufficiently, to fulfil her first design; but the count had other objects in view, and he was not the man to relinquish a scheme that had cost him so much trouble to accomplish. His plausible representations to Sir Eustace, of the impossibilty of further procastination, succeeded. The good old baronet resigned his personal guardianship with many expressions of affectionate solicitude to the count, who, profuse in promises, readily undertook the charge.

CHAPTER V.

THE spring and summer had passed, and the autumnal tints were stealthily displacing the vivid hues of life on leaf and flower, since Isabella's arrival at the count's magnificent residence. The entire seclusion in which the countess lived, appeared to her a just tribute to the memory of her deceased parent; and the grief, which even time failed to assuage in her sorrow stricken relative, drew more closely the bonds of affection between them. She found ample occupation for her time in the cultivation of her talents, and particularly in the employment of her pencil, in copying the beautiful models, by which she was surrounded. Nor did she fail to experience all the pleasure a young mind can derive from novel impressions, in a country crowded with objects of engrossing interest, and replete with lofty associations.

A visit to this land of classic fame had been long looked forward to by her, as an event to yield her unmixed delight. The unsettled state of the continent alone prevented Mrs. Herbert undertaking a long contemplated journey thither; that Isabella was now deprived of that beloved guide, gave a deep and a melancholy interest to every object which she had heard her mother dwell upon, as worthy of observation. Time passed thus tranquilly, till the period arrived to which her visit had been limited. To her surprise she found there were many obstacles opposed to her return to England, that she had not contemplated. It had been arranged that a party of friends, who were visiting the Levant, should take her under their protection *en route* to England; but either they took another direction, or neglected their engagement,—other tourists equally eligible as travelling escorts, had visited Naples without apprising her of their arrival or departure. The count besought her, in his blandest tones, to wait patiently a little time, till relieved of his onerous duties to the state, he should be at liberty to restore her in person to her friends; but the paternal attention he at first manifested towards his charge, had gradually assumed a lover-like devotion; and, without being able to account to herself

for the cause, Miss Herbert felt an invincible repugnance to placing herself under his care.

There was certainly nothing in his deferential regard to her slightest wish, to lessen his claims to her friendship; neither did his looks or sentiments betray anything to alarm her delicacy; and yet his assiduities were offensive to her, and his presence insupportable. Her English friends appeared to have almost forgotten her; their letters for some time past, were less frequent, and worse still, far less affectionate than formerly. She had written to Sir Eustace for instructions how to proceed in her present dilemma; his unvarying kindness led her to hope that he would yield his love of ease to the affection she believed he entertained for her, and be himself her conductor home. His reply painfully dispelled this hope; it was cold and guarded, referring her to the relatives with whom she dwelt, for advice and guidance in every emergency, and representing their claims to guardianship as entirely superseding his own. This letter deeply wounded her feelings; she could have borne the loss of fortune without repining, but the diminished affection of friends she loved devotedly, was a sad trial to her ardent nature.

Disquieted and unhappy, her spirits lost their elasticity. She became languid and depressed; and for several weeks past had neglected those occupations in which she had previously taken delight. Her pencil was thrown aside, music had lost its charm; and some attempts she was making in Mosaic composition were abandoned. The Countess, who deeply participated in her anxiety, sought every means to divert her from the painful thoughts that exclusively engaged her mind.

"My love," said she, to her one day, seeing her more dejected than usual; "try and finish that exquisite copy you are making from Domenichino. I am interested, as I hope you will not refuse to leave it to me, as a memento of your genius and industry."

"Dearest aunt," said Isabella, "how kindly you flatter me by such a request; I shall certainly exert myself to finish it. Let it remain in some dark nook of your cabinet."

"I shall keep it, dear Isabella, wherever I can have it most frequently before me. Such things will be a poor substitute for your society, but this, and every object hallowed by association with your name, will afford me the best companionship when you are removed far from me. I do not urge you to a prolonged sojourn, but you will not repine, my love, at your deferred departure, when you remember that every hour passed with you, is to me like time redeemed from sorrow."

"I shall not repine at any thing that makes you look happy, my dear, dear aunt," said the affectionate girl, gently leaning over and kissing the pale brow of her relative; "and now I shall prepare my neglected materials, and proceed to work. You see," she continued playfully, "what an easy conquest flattery has achieved over indolence. What talent fails to effect, vanity at least will inspire me to attempt."

With a light step and a happier smile than had for many days played on her lips, she proceeded, attended by a domestic, to the church of the Ascension, to which the masterpiece she copied from belonged. Engaged in her delightful task, the hours sped on unheeded, till the gorgeous rays of the setting sun threw its mingled tints of crimson and gold upon the nearly breathing figures she gazed on, reminded her the day was fast declining. Still she lingered absorbed in contemplating the new beauties with which the glowing light of the hour invested the painting, and occasionally, as improvements suggested themselves, retouching her own performance. The shades of evening advanced, and her labours must cease. Yet,— the time and scene had charms for her; her feelings were in unison with the gloom and solitude of the place, and she sat for some time in deep meditation. A hand lightly pressed on her arm, aroused her from a train of sad reflections; on looking up, she beheld, closely bent to her, the features of the young woman who had accompanied her from England. Don Gaetano, as he promised, had succeeded in his wooing. Rosetta was united to him shortly after her arrival in Italy, and had gone with him to his native place, on the other side of the Appenines.

"Rosetta, is it really you?—how delighted I am to see you," were the exclamations from Isabella, her voice trembling with emotions of pleasure, as she held forth her hand to her late attendant. "Tell me when did you arrive, and why have you followed me hither; you must be weary?"

"Hush, dear lady, speak low," interrupted the woman; "I have much to tell you, but I fear this is no fitting place—yet whither can we go."

"Come with me, of course," said Miss Herbert, "I have something to tell you too—since you left me I have not seen a familiar face, and I long to talk to you of England."

"I must not—I dare not," she hastily answered. "Oh! would to heaven, my kind, good mistress, that I had never left you,—I have been cruelly deceived; but it is not to bewail my own sad lot, that I am here. I have journeyed far, and ventured much, to apprise you of the danger by which you are beset."

"Danger, Rosetta!" incredulously repeated Miss Herbert; "what danger can possibly await me, of which you could obtain a foreknowledge? I am not superstitious; though in truth I am very sad."

"It matters not, my lady, through what source my information is obtained,—believe me that wicked minded men have devised evil against you. Spies are around you—the creatures of an enemy, you little suspect,—your letters are intercepted, forged ones delivered to you, and every means used to break your ties with England. It was only last

night I learned that a project is entertained of removing you from this place, and forcing you into an alliance, which must prevent your ever returning to our dear country."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Isabella, "can such injustice be meditated against an unoffending person?" How have I drawn this persecution upon me; surely—surely—I have never injured these men? Rosetta, tell me all, be explicit—who are they you allude to? and what object do they hope to gain by making me wretched?"

"You are rich, my lady," said the woman, "and Count d'Altino and his associates would pledge their souls to Satan for gold. Beware of him, and let nothing induce you to leave the palace, or to undertake any journey he proposes. I must now leave you, my dear young lady, and may God keep you under his protection."

"Rosetta—dear, dear Rosetta—do not abandon me," cried the terrified girl; "by the fidelity you and yours owe to my beloved mother, do not forsake her child in this terrible day of trial."

"Heaven knows, I would willingly sacrifice my life to serve you," said the woman, and the fast falling tears attested her sincerity; "but it would avail you nothing—I may perchance be of use to you where my evil destiny has led me; remaining by you here, would only involve others and myself in one common ruin,and hasten a calamity to you that prudence may avert. Farewell, my lady—do not think me ungrateful or unfeeling; God sees that my heart bleeds for you, though it has its own dark sorrows too."

Isabella warmly pressed the hand that she had not for a moment,during the interview, relinquished. She continued. "I have travelled many leagues since morning, and I must retrace my steps before tomorrow dawns. Be of good courage; Heaven will direct and preserve you—and restore you to your country—for me there is no hope. She fervently kissed the cold and almost pulseless hand of her mistress, and left the church.

It was not till the porter, going his usual rounds, respectfully informed her that the hour had arrived for closing the edifice, that Isabella aroused herself from the stupor terror had induced; on rising from her seat her alarm was not diminished, on seeing the Count leaning against a pillar, patiently awaiting her movements. Shocked and nearly overpowered she knelt for a moment, and humbly petitioned the throne of Grace for strength of mind to bear her through the perils that encompassed her. Speedily it was granted, for with wonderful self command she joined him, and although her heart beat audibly and her step was unequal, she proceeded with him to the palace, without betraying the least emotion. Seeking the Countess, she immediately imparted to her the alarming intelligence received from Rosetta.

Her consternation exceeded Isabella's, for she too well knew of what deeds the Count was capable, and that little time was allowed to elapse, between the conception and execution of his unhallowed designs. Concealing her fears from the terror-stricken girl, she resolved to arouse her dormant energies, and take some decisive measure to rescue her niece from the perilous situation in which her weak reliance on a wicked heart had involved her.

It is at this injuncture the story opens. The day following Rosetta's appearance, the Countess sought her husband in the ilex grove,to discover if possible his ulterior views, and induce him,if indeed her voice could have any weight, to restore her niece to her country. The Count was rapidly walking to and fro, his eyes gloomily bent to the earth, evidently revolving in his mind something of a disagreeable, if not a dreadful nature, as at times an expression of such stern malignity darkened his brow, that it made the beholder shudder. With the fiend thus darkly stamped upon his countenance, he raised his eyes and encountered those of his meek and sorrowful wife; a glance of deadly hatred rested for a moment on her, whilst in a voice, husky and low with contending passions, he demanded wherefore she had intruded on his privacy. For the first time since her fatal union, her resolution rose superior to the fear with which that stern look was wont to inspire her.

"I have come," she quietly but firmly answered, "to inform you, that a British man-of-war is now anchored in the bay; I am told that in a few days she sails for Portsmouth. My niece, who you are aware, is anxious to return to her country, means to take advantage of this conveyance, and it is my intention to accompany her."

"Your niece go to England, and you to bear her company!" interrupted the count, "and dare you," he added, whilst he fixed upon her a withering look, "dare you indeed make such a proposition to me. No, madam,—Miss Herbert remains in Italy; but for you—go whither you please. Hold a moment—let me caution you to speak no evil of me—beware that you do not prejudice her mind against one disposed to be her friend."

"He was turning abruptly away, but she passed before him, and steadily encountering the fierce glance that sought to quell her spirit, she exclaimed. "Tyrant! listen to me,—listen to a voice that has never before been raised in opposition to thine. During the long winter of my wedded life, I have had but one solitary consolation—the consciousness that through all changes and sufferings,—in despite of outraged feelings and trampled love, amid all the wrongs you have heaped upon me,—and I appeal to your own conscience, as the witness of their number,—in all—through all,—I have endeavoured to fulfil the duties my willing vows at the altar imposed.

Yes, Count d'Altino, you might have won a lovelier bride, but could never have had a truer wife" He was about to interrupt her; "Listen," she repeated, and her manner assumed the energy of passionate declamation, "I have fathomed your designs upon the lovely and innocent girl you have, by the basest artifices, lured into your toils, and resistance to your will has now become a higher duty than submission has ever been. You dared to tell me not to prejudice her mind against you. Fear it not—the foul deeds of that dark heart are locked within this breast. Fear not that I shall now drag them forth to light, and least of all that I would sully the purity of a guileless mind by imparting such unholy knowledge; but I tell you boldly and fearlessly that I shall do all a merciful providence may place in my power to shield my sister's child from the machinations of the wicked, and sooner shall I be laid a corpse in the dark catacombs beneath me, than aught of evil or injustice shall reach Isabella Herbert, whilst under my protection."

The Count was spell-bound by the unwonted energy of his subdued and broken spirited wife. He had been for so many years accustomed to her uncomplaining submission to his most arbitrary mandates, that he deemed this late defiance of his power the effect of madness, and he suffered her to proceed without interruption, and depart from his presence without reproof. It was not till she had disappeared in the long vista of the alley, that his thoughts broke forth in words.

"And so," he muttered, "the reptile has turned on the limb that crushed it. Poor worm! she should have known better than to cross upon my path—madness has inspired her—but no matter—her doom is sealed—why should she live to mar the pleasure of a life too fleeting for its capability of enjoyment? She is willing to yield her life to secure the happiness of her lovely relative. It is right well resolved, and I shall aid her in the deed of charity."

CHAPTER VI.

The shades of evening were closing in,—the count had thrown himself upon a seat after the departure of the countess, and darkness, congenial with the unhallowed designs he brooded over, crept on. A gentle knocking at a side gate, that gave entrance from an outer court, aroused him; he instantly obeyed the summons, and gave admission to a light and fairy figure, whose dark eyes in the dim light shone lustrously upon the demon, who, in the guise of manly beauty, warmly welcomed her.

"Ma mignione," he said, "you have tarried long, but I shall not chide thee: my soul springs with rapture to meet thee, come when and where thou will."

He took both her little hands in his, and led her to the seat—"And what think you, my little queen, I have been musing on during the tedious hours I have awaited your coming?"

The hands he held trembled violently in his; her efforts to withdraw them from his clasp, and the agitation of her manner, made it evident that such assignations were not familiar to her. She answered in tremulous accents his playful enquiries.

"Count d'Altino, I am sorry to have detained you beyond the appointed time, and am grateful for the courtesy that has prompted you to wait on so insignificant a person as I am; but it was not to divine your thoughts I came hither at such an hour; nor is it to listen to courtly compliments that I have perilled a possession that alone raises me above the life I have chosen. Reputation is dear to me; and, believe me, the influence is powerful that has led me to a step which may sully its lustre. You have promised—nay, you have sworn—that if I would meet you here, you would reveal to me my parentage. In pity—in mercy—gratify the yearning that absorbs my being;—tell me if my parents live—tell me their country and their name. Be brief!"

"My sweet friend," he said, seizing the hand he had relinquished, "you will forgive the little artifice that love has prompted me to use, and extend your pardon to the impetuosity of manner that has needlessly alarmed you. The irrepressible delight I experienced on seeing you, could not be controlled; you will surely forgive an involuntary error, springing from deep devoted love."

"Nay, count, it is not to hear such language I am come."

"Nay, sweetest, it is for this, and this only, I have lured you hither. The information you solicit might be disclosed in a few words. Another place would serve as well; but the deep emotion that agitates a heart you seem to scorn, can better be imparted in this soft hour, and in this solitude. You have told me just now that every feeling was absorbed in the cold, the frigid hope of discovering parents you have never known,—mine have been wholly engrossed with the warm and ardent wish of winning the heart of the loveliest and most beloved of her sex,—of raising her to a station she is formed to adorn. Yes, dearest girl, since I first beheld you in the perfection of womanhood, every other object of life has yielded to the hope of making you mine in honour, the partner of my name and title—the ornament of a court, the companion of a queen."

The young and thoughtless girl, whom the tempter thus assailed, was not deficient in virtue, or destitute of a sense of moral rectitude,—but she was vain and ambitious. In consenting to this clandestine interview, she deemed her integrity equal to every trial. She could have properly resented libertine advances; she could laugh to scorn the unmeaning compliments the count habitually paid her; but the subtle tide of flattery he now used, subdued, for a moment at least, her sense of every

just and honourable feeling. So bewildered was she by the dazzling prospect, that she but indistinctly recollected another stood between her and its fulfilment, and that other, was her benefactress. She no longer repelled his insidious advances; her hand lingered in his, and if poor Zillah did not fall in the snare so adroitly spread, it was not her human strength preserved her. Her guardian spirit interposed. The moon had now risen, and her pale beams partially penetrated the deep shade of the orange trees. The count, perceiving his advantage, continued with renewed ardour his professions of unceasing love. He dwelt upon the worthlessness of life without her, and his resolution to quit existence if she denied him hope. A stray moonbeam fell obliquely on his visage whilst yet the sentence lingered on his lips. She raised her eyes and met his cold and calculating glance, little corroborative of the passionate words he uttered. With the quick perception of her sex, she felt that she was duped; but, conscious of the danger of her position, she dissembled her thoughts, and casting the yielding weakness from her heart, she resolved to brave the peril of the hour with caution and with courage.

"There exists but one obstacle," continued the count, "to our mutual bliss—one hated accursed obstacle."

"The countess," murmured Zillah. "Alas! she is my benefactress—the friend, the mother of my helpless infancy."

The tremulous tones in which this was uttered confirmed his belief in the ascendancy he acquired over a willing instrument.

"Believe it not," he said—"believe it not. It is to her intrigues you owe the destruction of your parents—the ruin of your house; but another time I shall explain all this. She your benefactress! She, who would have consigned you in jealous terror to a cloister? No, you owe her nought but vengeance! Even now her baneful image arises between me and happiness, and dispels the sweet influence your presence cast around me. It must not be so. Speak, sweet one! Say you will repay in smiles the hours of anxious pain—the days of doubt bordering on despair—that you have caused me. Say," and he pressed closer to the trembling girl, and whispered blandly—"say, fairest, you will aid me to dissolve the odious tie, that keeps two loving hearts asunder."

"What would you have me do?" she murmured. "What do you require of me?"

"Give me but a token," he quickly answered, "that you will do as I direct: place but that soft hand in mine." He extended to her his open palm, and she frankly placed her hand within it. "By this precious bond I swear that, bound as I am in the double debt of love and gratitude, the day that frees me from my present shackles, shall behold me thy wedded husband at the altar's foot, in the assembled presence of Naples' fairest dames and proudest nobles."

Again the envious moon-beams fell upon his sinister glance, and again his companion detected the lurking lie. Tomorrow you will visit the palazzo. Zillah, let it be tomorrow! Take this phial—nay tremble not. Remember distinction—honour—love—depend upon your firmness. You have a mind superior to the superstitious fooleries your old monk sought to inculcate. I know it, else I would not trust you. Life was given for enjoyment, and it is following the dictates of nature to remove that which obstructs it. Is it not so, my sweet friend?"

"It may be so, or may not; I am but a poor casuist," she mildly answered. The time is wearing fast, and I must be gone. You asked me for a token,—I have given it; I now only wait your full directions."

"Take this phial," said he, placing it in her hand, "you will give the contents to the countess; to your own ingenuity I leave the manner of administering it. You have often waited upon her, and it is likely some occasion will present itself,—if not, make one,—but give it fearlessly; no evil can result to you. Years of unclouded happiness, and a heart that is all your own, shall repay you the little service."

"I comprehend the mutual obligation," she answered, "and now farewell, Count D'Altino; I must retire without pressing for the information I sought from you, but I carry with me a weighty mission." She proceeded to the door by which she entered; in passing, the count gently detained her.

"Will not my lovely friend—my plighted bride, I should rather say,—yield one salute to seal our compact?"

"When the conditions are fulfilled," she replied. You may command me. Till then we are strangers."

She passed the gate, and was soon lost to sight in the distance.

To be continued.

KNOWLEDGE.

LET no man boast of his intellect, knowledge, or understanding, in coming to just conclusions; but let him first consider what may be his local prejudices of the age, his country, or education. The grave opinions and decisions of the most learned men at the bar on the subject of witchcraft, only two centuries ago, are now exploded and redicaled as having no real foundation; and how can we of the nineteenth century be certain that our opinions and decisions may not some of them be equally erroneous now, and in future ages be alike ridiculed and dispised.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," "TALES OF THE HEATH," &C. &C.

(*Concluded.*)

ELVIRA fulfilled her engagement of writing frequently to her young friend Maria Wilmot; her father was pleased with the correspondence, by which he had been able to form a pretty correct judgment of the young lady's character, and accomplishments. He readily yielded to a request from his daughter that she should be invited to pass the summer months with them at their villa; this however, was declined, with many expressions of regret by Maria, on the plea that she was about to accompany her mother to Ireland, where her father had arrived with his regiment, and whom she stated to be in precarious health.

Elvira lamented her own disappointment on the occasion, but more deeply sympathized with her friend on the subject of her parent's indisposition. She wrote an affectionate letter of condolence, in which she enclosed a suitable present, which she hoped would obviate any inconvenience their limited income might otherwise subject them to in travelling. To this she received no answer, but was grieved to see by the Gazette some time after, that Lieut. Wilmot was numbered with the dead.

Notwithstanding Raymond's son would be heir to a large property, his father decided upon his studying for a profession. He had chosen the church—for which, to prepare himself, he was removed from his paternal roof to Oxford, there to pursue his Classical studies. At the same time Mr. Raymond decided upon taking Elvira to London for the winter, hoping that the change would be both pleasing and beneficial—her mind he believed to be too well formed to be in danger of suffering by the allurements of its follies. She had been early taught to admire nature, and love virtue; her father therefore had no sort of apprehension, although he strenuously condemned the practice of introducing young ladies from the nursery or schoolroom into a routine of worldly gaiety and dissipation; he thought that it distracted and vitiated the taste—endangered the understanding, and, not unfrequently, rendered the most promising dispositions insensible to the true enjoyment of domestic life. The sudden emancipation from perhaps too rigid discipline, into the bustle of assemblies, and theatres, is more than the young mind can bear. It is an overpowering subversion of all notions of regularity, and is often succeeded by a ruinous infatuation, and thirst for empty and frivolous pleasures, which destroy the natural relish for more social duties. But Elvira could enter into the amusements of London without the danger of falling a sacrifice to them; she estimated them as they really deserved, for she knew they would only afford transient enjoyment.

It was soon after their arrival in the great metropolis that Mr. Raymond and his daughter were proceeding to the Italian opera, and their attention attracted by the young female for whom they were so deeply interested.

On the following day when Elvira met her father at the breakfast table, she said: "Dearest papa, I suggest that we go this morning to the Haymarket, and endeavour to learn from the poulterer the residence of the poor young creature who last evening so strongly impressed us in her favour."

"I accede with pleasure to your proposal, my love," replied Mr. Raymond, "for I feel an anxiety about her for which I cannot account."

The carriage was ordered, and they soon arrived at the poulterer's door. Elvira inquired of a person in the shop, if he could inform her where the young woman resided, whom she had observed the previous evening purchase a chicken at his counter, and empty her purse in payment.

The man replied, he did not know who she was, or where she lived, but she had been frequently to his shop to buy a fowl, and he had observed that she appeared in distress, but as she had never asked charity he had not thought proper to tender relief.

"Can you give us no idea of her residence?" anxiously enquired Mr. Raymond.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot," answered the man. "Such customers seldom give us much concern, but here is my boy, perhaps he can tell you."

At that instant the lad entered, and the man demanded if he knew where the young woman lived who bought the stale chicken last evening: "O, yes, come with me and I'll show you," exclaimed the good humoured urchin, who ran out of the shop followed by Elvira and her father. As he turned the corner of the street pointing to a green grocer's shop. "There she lives," said he, "and a kind lady she is, but she must be very unhappy, for they say her mother died last night, and she has no friend left."

As the boy finished, he dashed from his eye a falling tear, which was not unobserved by Raymond, who slipped half a crown into the boy's hand, and thanking him, proceeded to the humble dwelling, at the door of which stood a vulgar looking woman, with a countenance expressive of every thing but the charities of life.

"Pray," said Elvira in a tremulous voice denoting the terror she felt in addressing such an individual;—"Pray is there a very interesting female lodging here, who appears to be in ill health?"

"Interesting, forsooth," exclaimed the woman. "I know nothing interesting in her, except that I am likely to lose two months lodgings, and that is not very interesting to me I assure you; but I believe she is up stairs, if you wish to see her."

"How much is the young creature indebted to you?" mildly inquired Mr. Raymond.

"Forty-five shillings; but I shall never get it."

Upon this remark he drew out his purse and presented the amount to the woman, asking at the same time if she had any further demands.

"No sir," was the reply, with a wonderful transition of countenance from the "harsh to the mild," and repeated expressions of thanks.

"Will you then allow me to make some further inquiries respecting the young person in question," continued Raymond:

"With pleasure,—will you please to walk into the parlour?" and the woman led the way into a little back dark room, honoured by the appellation of parlour.

"Has the young person been long your inmate?" said Elvira.

"It is about four months since she came here with her mother and hired my first floor—and mighty genteel people I then took them to be,—to be sure I have nothing now to say against them, only that they are very poor; yet I believe they are honest, and have strove very hard for a living,—and as I say, have seen better days, for the young woman has supported herself and her sick mother by selling her own drawings and paintings to the bazaars and fancy shops, and little enough, I dare say, she gets for them now-a-days."

"And is her mother still an invalid?' inquired Elvira. "O no, Miss, it is all over now; the poor creature died last night in the arms of her daughter, who I understand has not a shilling left, having paid her last, to purchase a fowl to make broth for her mother,—but it's now of no use, so my husband is gone to see if he can get the parish to bury the corpse!"

Elvira had listened to the recital with emotion, she could no longer conceal; but leaning on her father's shoulder, gave vent to feelings that did honor to her heart; nor could Raymond suppress the big tears which rolled down his manly cheek; he had been accustomed to sympathise with the afflicted, but he had never felt commiseration so deeply as at this moment!

As Elvira regained her self-possession, she said: "Dear papa, by thus indulging my own feelings, I am, I fear, prolonging the misery of the poor sufferer, who so much needs consolation and assistance; let me lose not a moment in conveying to her an assurance of immediate relief, and afford her the power of performing the last sad duty due to her departed parent."

"Yes, dearest Elvira," said Mr. Raymond, regarding the streaming eyes of his daughter, "Such acts are indeed worthy of you; they add a brilliancy to your character which renders you valuable indeed! Here is my purse, my child; go, do justice to the feelings of your heart!"

"I think," said the amiable girl, "it may be better that I enclose it to her, and say with her permission we will call upon her tomorrow."

Mr. Raymond acceded to the suggestion, and in a few minutes the woman was despatched with an appropriate note and a liberal enclosure to the young person, whose name Elvira now inquired, of a little girl who entered the room.

"I am not quite sure what the lady's name is ma'am," replied the child. "I think it is Wilmot, —her mother used to call her Maria!

Mr. Raymond and his daughter regarded each other with intense enquiry; at length the latter said: "O, no papa, it cannot be *my* Maria!" At that instant, they heard an exclamation of "O, God! where is she my Elvira, my guardian angel!" In an instant the door flew open and the two friends were encircled in each other's arms!

We will in silence draw a veil over the heart-rending scene that ensued, added to the astonishment occasioned by so unexpected a meeting under circumstances so distressing.

In the emaciated though beautiful countenance of Maria, Raymond thought he beheld a perfect semblance of her whom he so deeply mourned;—and it was with great effort he could suppress the emotion which the appearance of this young creature occasioned: but as soon as he could recover himself, he said:

"My dear Miss Wilmot, Elvira and I equally rejoice that Providence has directed us to your wretched abode. We will not part again, and I trust our united endeavours will tend to restore you to comfort and happiness."

Though still filled with tears, Maria's eyes spoke the grateful sensibility of an overflowing heart; but her lips were incapable of giving utterance to her feelings.

As Mr. Raymond requested that the carriage which had been waiting might be summoned to the door, Maria entreated that she might be allowed to continue in her present lodgings until the remains of her dear mother were removed for interment. But her friends dissuaded her from the purpose, assuring her, that a proper person should be appointed to remain with the corpse, and that the funeral should be conducted with every possible respect.

To a proposal so replete with kindness and consideration Maria could not object; but, accompanied by her benefactors, she repaired to the mournful chamber, to bid a final adieu to a parent whom she had most tenderly loved, and for the last time she pressed her burning lips on the cold forehead of the lifeless corpse.

Mr. Raymond saw the feelings with which she was contending, and with all decent diligence hurried her from the dreary scene, requesting that she would take only such relics as she might hold sacred! Alas! these were very few—dire necessity had obliged her

to part with all that was valuable ! There was left a small trinket box, which Mrs. Wilmot had given to her daughter only a few hours before she expired, desiring that it might not be opened until after her death, but Maria knew nothing of its contents ; this, however, she carefully took with her in her hand.

The benevolence of Raymond and Elvira soon supplied their newly found friend with every comfort she could desire, and as her mind became calmed, she related to them the misfortunes with which she had been overwhelmed.

"Immediately after receiving your invitation to the villa, my dear Elvira," said Maria "we quitted London for Ireland, where we arrived only in time to witness the parting breath of my poor father; from that moment our troubles began. An unrestrained love of pleasure, combined with the necessary expenses attendant on a military life, had deprived my parent of the opportunity of making any provision for his family beyond his pension ; we were therefore left without the means of future subsistence ;—my dear mother had also led a life of profuseness, and had no idea, even in her then forlorn situation, of economy ; very soon subsequently to our sad loss, I urged the propriety of our return to England, under the impression that our united efforts, combined with industry and frugality, would enable us to move in at least a respectable mode of life. But alas ! my poor infatuated parent could not be prevailed upon to quit a country with which she was so much pleased.

"The Irish are a generous and a brave people ; this character is attested, I believe, by every one who has resided among them.—That ardent sensibility which so peculiarly characterizes them—which renders them zealous in friendship, in gratitude, and in kindness—that warmth of disposition which renders them honest hearted and unsuspicious, occasions them to be quick also in their resentments, and prompt to revenge. Some circumstances which I must beg at this time to be excused reverting to, involved my mother in difficulty with our landlord, a man whose unprincipled character bore the stamp of degradation ; presuming on his power, he desired that I might be given to him in marriage, and upon refusal, he ordered my mother instantly to quit her residence, and seized the whole of her little remaining property, to pay the arrears of rent. All entreaty was in vain; his obdurate heart exulted in vengeance, and we were pitilessly driven into the street without the means in our power of procuring either lodging or food ! Unconscious of our path we walked for some hours bending our steps towards the sea, when accidentally we met the captain of the vessel which brought us from England. Our streaming eyes too plainly told our tale of sorrow, and the generous hearted Scotsman needed no other appeal to his benevolence. He delicately avoided any obtrusive questions, but addressing us in the mild accents of friendship, inquired if he could in any way serve us. My mother expressed a desire to return to England, 'But alas !' said she, 'I have not the means of paying my passage.' The tear of compassion started in the eye of the noble minded sailor. 'Ladies,' said he, brushing away the tear with the back of his hand, 'it will make me happy if you accept from me a passage to your native land ; my best cabin will be at your service ; the second will do very well for us, for my wife is on board, she is an excellent woman, and will, I am sure, have equal pleasure with me, in making you comfortable. Come ladies, come,' continued the good man, without waiting our reply ; 'accept my arm, the boat is near, and my Betsy will be glad to see you on board to dinner.' We found no language at all adequate to express our feelings of gratitude ; in silence, therefore, we accepted the proffered arm, and accompanied our benefactor to his ship. On board, we found as had been described by our worthy guide, a cordial reception from his amiable wife. If friendly assiduity and kind attention can calm the wounded mind, we met it in its rarest excellence while we remained dependent on the bounty of these benevolent people. We had a good passage to Liverpool, where, by the entreaty of our friends, we remained their guests until the ship was again ready for sea, when we took our departure for London in the hope that my mother would obtain my father's pension.

"That tear, dearest Elvira," continued Maria, "speaks your admiration of our generous friends, but how much more will that admiration be heightened when I tell you, that they not only engaged and paid for our passage by the stage to the metropolis ; but at the moment of our departure in the bustle and distress of taking leave, the good woman slipped into my mother's hand a small parcel which she said contained a trifling memento of her friendship and regard. The parcel was not opened until we had reached two or three stages on our journey, when the other passengers alighted to take dinner ; but considering ourselves, with scarcely the means of paying for such an indulgence, we retained our seats, and finding ourselves alone, my mother broke the seal of our little parcel, in which to our astonishment we found a purse containing twenty guineas, with a note from the captain and his wife, requesting that we would accept the sum either upon loan, or as a gift, which ever was most congenial to our feelings ; but never to think of repaying it until fortune smiled plenteously upon us."

A conflict of emotion for some moments deprived Maria of the power of continuing her narrative ; but after an effectual struggle, she proceeded :

"I will not speak of our unbounded gratitude, which could only be excelled by the happiness which must inhabit hearts so interwoven with all that is generous and kind. Upon our arrival in London we engaged the lodgings in which you found

me, my poor mother was shortly after taken ill, when in procuring medical attendance and other necessaries our small funds were soon exhausted: it became a matter of serious consideration how we were to subsist, when an idea suggested itself that I might make something by my drawings. I immediately commenced my labours, and after finishing a few specimens, went out to offer them at the bazaars and fancy shops for sale. Some professed to admire them, but did not wish to purchase, others rejected them with contempt saying they were not good enough for *their* establishment; at length, exhausted with fatigue, and half distracted at my disappointed efforts, I turned towards my miserable home; fortunately, however, I made one more attempt, and entered Ackerman's repository; in trembling agitation I opened my port-folio and presented my drawings to the proprietor, who happened to be in his shop: with silent but minute attention he examined them, and then enquired how soon I could finish him half a dozen pairs of hand-screens in the same style! Perhaps I never felt joy so exquisite as at that instant. "I will do them immediately, sir," I rapturously exclaimed, while the tears of grateful pleasure chased each other down my cheek—which did not escape the observation of the humane tradesman, who rightly judged the cause of such emotion, for he delicately offered to supply me with the materials for commencing my work, and then said, he would advance part of the payment if I pleased; the latter favour I gratefully declined, and hastened to convey to my dear mother the intelligence of my success. At the appointed time my work was finished, and with payment, received the additional gratification of an encomium from my employer, with the promise of constant employment. My mother's health now became my chief anxiety; debility had taken such entire possession of her frame that she required my whole attention, and for some weeks previous to her death I found it impossible to pursue the occupation from which we had of late principally derived our subsistence: happily for my dear parent, Heaven in its mercy snatched her from a state of intense poverty, which in its train of evils must ultimately have brought both to utter starvation!—and you, my benevolent friends, in the hands of Providence, have rescued me from all impending evils!" Maria's spirits were exhausted by the recital, and she sank almost senseless on the sofa, until tears came to her relief.

"Your sufferings, my dear girl," said Mr. Raymond, "have indeed been of no ordinary nature; but I trust they are at an end. Confide in the friendship of Elvira, with whom I will now leave you, while I proceed to witness that proper attention has been paid to my orders about the funeral, for it is my intention that my family shall pay the last tribute of respect towards your departed mother, by wearing the ordinary mourning."

Maria thanked her benefactor, and begged to be allowed to pass the remainder of the day alone in her chamber.

To this very proper request her friends acceded, hoping that after the first impulse of intense feelings had subsided, they might be able to contribute more materially to her happiness. Most fervently did they unite their prayers for the future felicity of the sorrowing orphan. And, as fervently did they return humble thanks to that great Disposer of events who had so wonderfully enabled them to rescue her from her late miserable condition.

While so engaged, the door suddenly opened and the cause of their meditation entered in great agitation, and presented to each a sealed letter. She had opened the box given by her mother at her approaching death, and within which, she doubtless expected to find some sacred relic of maternal love; but how great was her disappointment when she found only two letters, one addressed to Mr. Raymond and the other to Elvira, with a single line to herself, desiring that she would, under any possible difficulty, deliver the letters with her own hand. As she presented them, her grief-worn countenance expressed the contending emotions of her heart, and seating herself on the sofa, she wept most bitterly.

Mr. Raymond hastily broke the seal of his communication. What pen can describe the expression of his features while reading the following words! "Forgive, dear sir, the penitent criminal, who thus throws herself on your mercy! Forgive the unhappy woman who from vanity has dared to impose on you, and rob you of your child! The supposed Elvira whom you have so fondly nourished, is not your offspring; she is my child, and I,—I blush to say it;—I am her unnatural mother! Vanity, that treacherous deluder! induced me from the great beauty of *your* Elvira, to impose upon my hubsand, who, being absent at the birth of my child, I presented him your infant as his own. The death of your wife enabled me to continue the deception, and on your return to England, I resigned to you my own Maria, in lieu of your daughter, whom you had never seen; you can no longer doubt the truth of my dying assertion, when you gaze upon the features of your own child, and witness her perfect resemblance to her mother! I now assure you, in regaining your Elvira, you recover an invaluable treasure, her mind is even more angelic than her features. Although I cannot now palliate my offence, I solemnly declare that I have loved your child with all the parental fondness; and I pray that my crime may not diminish your regard for my unoffending Maria." During the perusal of this letter Elvira had been endeavouring to soothe the new grief of her friend, and consequently had not read her own epistle. But observing the agitated countenance of her father, she became alarmed, and affec-

tionately said. "Dearest papa, you are ill; do tell me what has caused this sudden change!"

Raymond could no longer suppress his feelings: the big tear rolled down his cheek, and with a trembling voice he said: "Prepare, my child, for so I must call ever you, to hear a truth which will give you some momentary uneasiness. I say momentary, because I know my dear girl is too generous to repine at justice, and too honorably disinterested willingly to usurp the right of another. Know then, most amiable, and most excellent girl, that you are from this moment my child only by adoption. This letter will fully explain the imposition under which my darling Elvira has been suffering, for you, taking Maria by the hand, are my *own* daughter; and you the amiable, and to me ever dear Maria Wilmot! Much as I rejoice in the restoration of my child, yet be assured you will never know a jealous and contending rival—and I am too well convinced of your innate generosity to suppose you will object to a sharer in my affections!

The fond father now most tenderly pressed to his parental bosom the two weeping girls—who were still unable to unravel the mystery, until the letter was again resorted to, and explained by Mr. Raymond.

Maria Wilmot now threw herself on her knees saying, "Dearest sir, never—never can I forgive myself for being so long, though innocently, an impostor on your bounty!"

"Rise, noble minded, dearest Maria," said the agonized Raymond. "You have been to me an invaluable treasure, and the only additional proof you can give me of your affection will be to consider me ever as your parent; my three children shall equally share my love,—but in order that I may know no distinction you must continue the name of Raymond.

To which privilege the amiable Maria soon had lawful claim. Henry Raymond hurried to London to meet his new found sister—and confessed to his father that he rejoiced in the discovery, for he so tenderly loved Maria, that he longed to give her, if it were possible, a more endearing name than that of sister. To this proposal Mr. Raymond joyfully acceded and in a few months he had the inexpressible delight of seeing Maria the bride of his beloved son.

That they might pass the honey-moon in retirement, Mr. Raymond resigned to them the villa, while he and Elvira made a journey to Liverpool, to visit the benevolent Scotch Captain. This noble tar had just returned from an ill-fated voyage, having been shipwrecked on his passage from Quebec. Mr. Raymond told him that his visit to Liveroool was for the purpose of purchasing a ship, and knowing that he was a better judge in such matters than himself, begged his advice in the buying of just such a one as he would like to command. As the broom was at the mast head of several in the dock the choice was soon made, and being paid for, Mr. Raymond presented it to the captain, requesting in return that the ship might be called "The Good Elvira," which, before leaving Liverpool, they had the pleasure of seeing handsomely fitted up, and ready to take her departure for the West Indies, under the command of her happy and generous owner.

One of the public journals lately announced the marriage of the amiable and accomplished Miss Raymond, to Sir W. B. a gentleman of distinguished rank, and unblemished character; we may therefore cherish the hope that the cloud of sorrow is forever passed, and that the sunshine of happiness will in future cheer the path of the deserving Father and Daughter.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MISS ——.

Fair breaks the light from morning's brow,
And sweet the lingering blush of even,
The wimpling burn and placid lake,
Throw back the smiles of earth and heaven;
And dear, as shines the first pale star,
The gowan'd brae and flowery lee,—
But fairer, sweeter, dearer far
Is she, I daur na name, to me.

Thrilling the warbler's matin song,
And sweet the hum of housing bee;
Low winds that woo the flowers, or move
The trembling string to melody:—
Sweeter the strains of music swell,
Than harp, or voice of bird and bee,
As far more thrilling falls the spell
Of her, I daur na name, on me.

RUSSELL.

Montreal, 23d February.

INVESTIGATION.

THERE is no proper boundary to human investigation but the capacity of the human mind. Whatever the faculties enable it to understand, it ought to examine without any restraint on the freedom of its inquiry, and with no other limit as to its extent than that which its great Author has fixed, by withholding from it the power to proceed farther. When the means of conducting the human understanding to its highest perfection shall have become generally understood, this freedom of inquiry will not only be universally allowed, but early and anxiously inculcated *as a duty* of primary and essential obligation.—*Dr. Southwood Smith.*

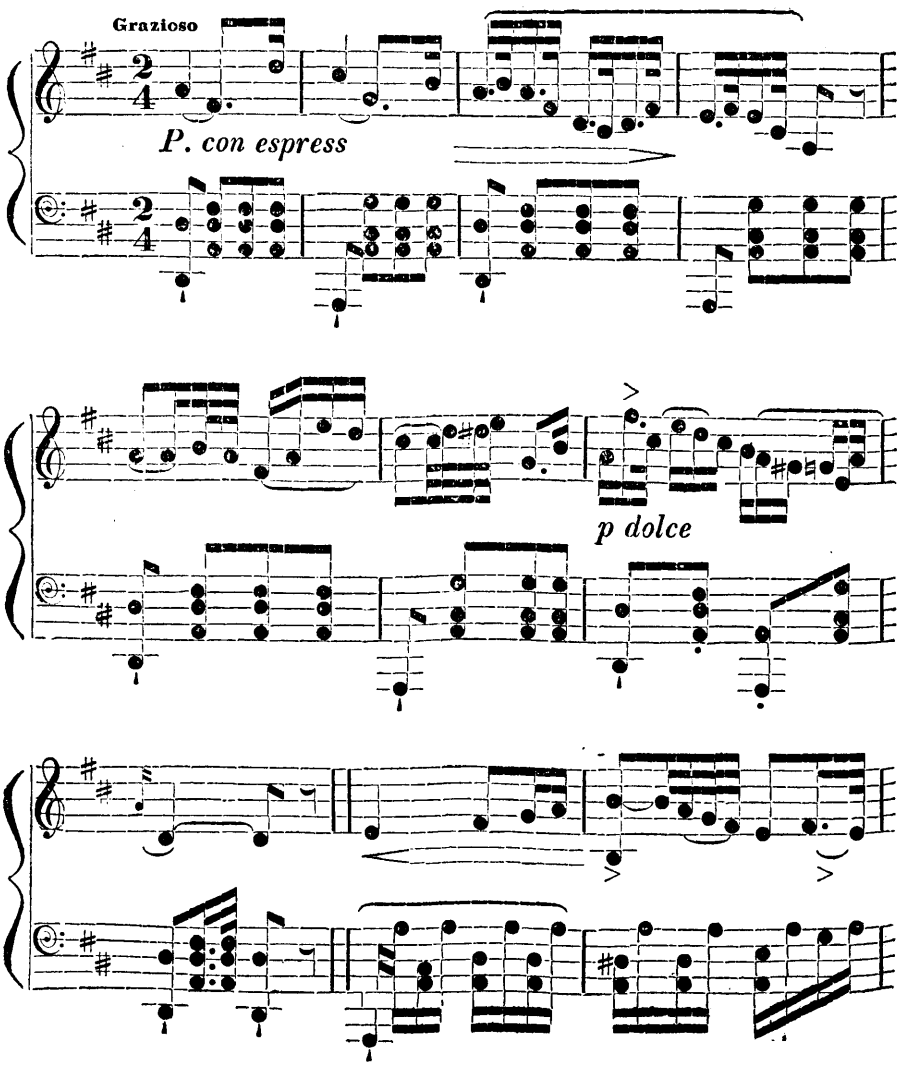
HONOUR.

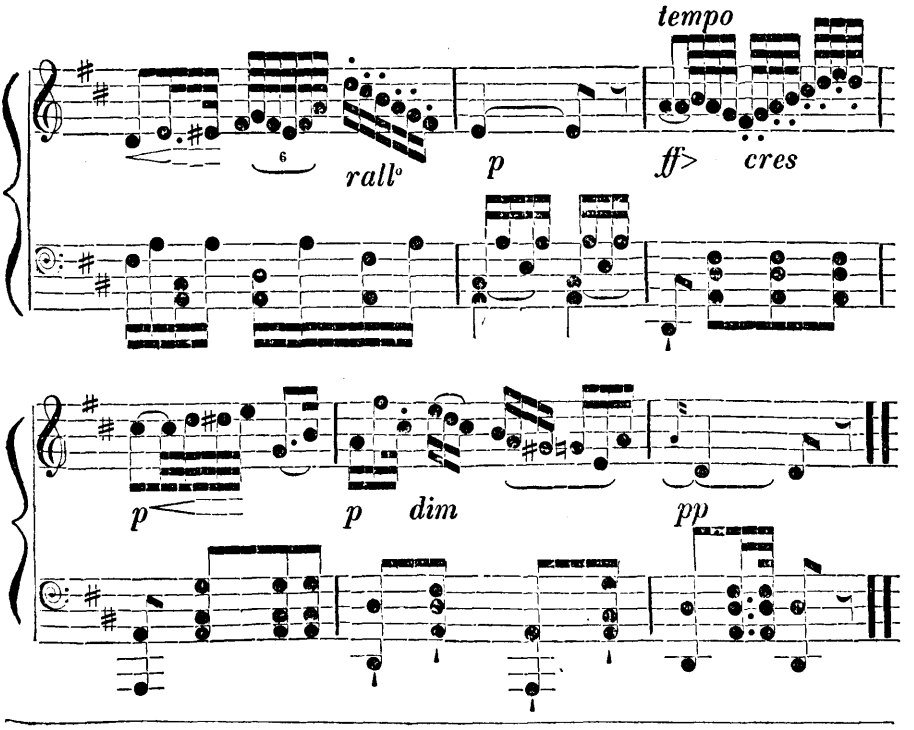
HE is worthy of honour, who willeth the good of every man; and he is much unworthy thereof, who seeketh his own profit, and oppresseth others.—*Cicero.*

THEMA.

BY WEBER.

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





(ORIGINAL)

TO SCOTLAND.

How brightly glows on memory's page,
  Home of my childhood's joy,
Each stalwart knight and maxim sage,
  Traced whilst a gladsome boy;
I've lived in many a sunnier clime;
  Trod many a prouder hall,—
Thy rude wind tolled the sweetest chime,
  That roof outshone them all;
Ne'er waked the proudest hall such fear,
Ne'er sunk the softest breeze so sweetly on my ear!

Sea-lakes far loftier mountains bar
  Which dark frown back their gloom;
Thy heath-clad hills are dearer far,—
  Their ever fadeless bloom,
Seen in thy sleeping waters fair,
  Blue skiey mountains seem,
While, from that shadowy waving air,
  Bright sparkling stars outgleam*—
Wild scenes that never tire the eye,
That wrap the enchanted soul in dreams of mystery.

On every storied hill and glen
  A witching spell is laid,
The soughing wind, o'er moor and fen,
  Seems voices from the dead,
And visions of the hoary past,
  With wild and solemn air,
Throng on the spirit thick and fast;
  Brand, spear and claymore waving high,
Stern, plaided hosts rush "red wat shod"
  To death or victory;
And iron-hearted men pass there,
Again to do, or *die* for Liberty and God.

Can I forget thee though I roam,
  Far in this stranger land?
Never! my joyous childhood's home,
  While memory's magic wand
Can start the blissful days of youth,
  Or toils of manhood's years;
'Till my heart steeled shall love not truth—
  'Till dead to hopes and fears,
I cannot cease to love, whose soul
Thy very name makes thrill with thoughts that spurn control.

RUSSELL.

Montreal, 23d February.

*Such has often appeared to me the bloom of the heather reflected in the still waters of some mountain loch.

WISDOM: A LACONIC.

NOR men nor days unborn, untold,
Shall ever witness WISDOM old;
For she alone, refreshed by time,
Still marches onward to her prime;
Doomed, like the lines herself can teach,
T' approach it never—never reach.

OUR TABLE.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS TIMES—EDITED BY T. CAMPBELL.

WITH some surprise we have fallen upon, in late English and American reviews, a number of notices of a book under the above title, the Editor of which is the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Hope." With some surprise, because the world has never given Campbell credit for any of the talents which must have been necessary to the compilation of such a book as, from the extracts which are copiously given, this appears to be. It is described as an accurate and carefully written history of the eventful times during which the destinies of Prussia were swayed by the Great Frederick and his son the eccentric and *original* Frederick William.

The work commences with an able exposition of the state of society in Europe at the time of which it treats—the beginning of the eighteenth century, and enters largely into the minutiæ of the private life of the Prussian Monarchs, and the doings at their courts, mixing up with the graver matters, many amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the characters of the kings and those who basked in the sunshine of their favour. The book is a very entertaining, as well as an instructive one, and promises to be very popular among the great mass of readers.

LIFE AND TIMES OF RED JACKET—BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

WE are indebted to one or two critical notices of this work for a knowledge of the fact that it has been published. It is said to be a cleverly written book, worthy of the author of the Life of Brandt, although the subject of it is confessedly one of the least romantic among the Indian Sachems. Colonel Stone is well known and much respected both as an author and as a man in this province, and it will afford satisfaction to his friends to know that he is still laboring in his vocation, and adding to his well-earned reputation as a writer of "Indian Biography."

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS—BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, AUTHOR OF "VOICES OF THE NIGHT," &C.

THE little volume of poems which, under the title of "Voices of the Night," we have formerly noticed, has now reached a fifth edition. Encouraged by this success, its author has given a new volume to the world, and he has called it "Ballads and other Poems." It contains many very excellent specimens of poetry, mixed up, we regret to say, with some that are altogether unworthy of his reputation as an author. Professor Longfellow has written many pieces which, in beauty of composition, and richness and originality of thought, will rival any effort of the most gifted American bard: it is a pity that the beauty of these should be marred by association with mere school-boy effusions, such as are some of those which appear among the pages of these "Ballads." The muse of the Professor seems to be very variable in her humour; but did he possess the tact necessary for separating the gold and dross, and the courage to consign the latter to the flames, he might reasonably expect to occupy an eminent rank among the poets of his country.

MILLER'S RURAL SKETCHES.

WE have frequently had the pleasure of calling attention to the works of the Northamptonshire Basket-maker; but we have never done so with more satisfaction than on the present occasion. His rural sketches are decidedly excellent, clothed in pure, simple, and beautiful language. A very well got up American edition is already published, and those who have the opportunity will not regret supplying themselves with a copy.

NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA—BY GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUR.

MANY histories of this memorable campaign have been given to the world. This one, from the pen of an eye-witness to many of the horrors and miseries of the French army, is only a re-production of what already the whole world is familiar with. It is, nevertheless, an interesting book, and one likely to be generally read.

WE have to apologize to our readers for the non-appearance in this number of the conclusion of the article entitled "Antique Gems and Modern Imitations." We have been disappointed in our expectation of receiving it from the author, who is absent for a short time from his residence in Kingston. We hope to be enabled to supply the omission in the April number.