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MALVOLIO. "She did praise my leg, being cross-gartered."

SHAKESPEARE.
12th Night.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1843.

No. 12.

A YOUTHFUL FAULT.

BY H. P.

Grant a good name with steadfast care;
 Once wounded, it a scar must bear,
 At which, though wash'd with bitter tears,
 The world will point in after years,
 And tell what placed it there.

THE misconduct of a day may make the misery of a life; the fate and fortune of a man are often influenced by a single passage in the commencement of his career; rectitude of conduct once forgotten—one vice indulged in, or one crime committed,—even if not persevered in but instantly repented of, will not merely leave a blot upon the conscience, but possibly darken his path for the remainder of his existence. Error is certain to bring its punishment; but who can tell how heavy that punishment may be? If we forfeit the control over our destiny which an unswerving course of virtue and prudence in some degree affords us, we resemble the magician in the tale, who is torn to pieces by the fiend he had suffered to escape his power.

Frederick Rose was the only child of a retired officer, a widower. Like many of his class, he was entirely dependent on the pittance called half pay. He spent the last years of his life in giving his son, the sole assistance in his power, an excellent education. Poor Frederick, on the eve of manhood, was left alone in the world, without even the means of studying for a profession suitable to his station and acquirements; he cheerfully, however, accepted the offer of a seat in the counting room of a wholesale house in London. His pleasing address and superior manners gained him a cordial welcome in a very respectable commercial circle.

Those who have had experience of "Life in London," are well aware of the temptations to expense which beset a youth in Roso's situation, and how easily, without even dipping very deeply in dissipation, or indulging in decidedly vicious

courses, a slender stipend may be exceeded. Of a gay and companionable turn, and without experience of the world, Frederick was often thrown into the society of persons whose income permitted indulgences he was not able to bear. Unfortunately the nature of his duties placed money at all times at his disposal: without thinking of embezzlement or dishonesty, he quickly found himself deficient in a sum which he had no means of making good. Fearful of acknowledging the truth, the imprudent young man deferred making it known till a settlement of his accounts discovered his delinquency.

The managing partner of the firm, himself a young man, and of a harsh and imperious disposition, told him in plain terms that he should make an example of him. He reprimanded him so severely that the poor fellow, in his consciousness of not having intended dishonesty, would not even beg for mercy. However, to his horror and astonishment, he was immediately placed in custody and brought before a magistrate, and after a hearing, was remanded for further examination; but in the mean time, the senior partners, disapproving of the extreme measures resorted to by Mr. Thompson, declined further proceedings, and he was set at liberty.

Imagine the feelings of a young man educated in the strictest principles of honour, who had never imagined the commission of a mean action, at having been subjected to the polluting clutch of the callous thief-taker, and the ignominy of standing a criminal at the bar of a justice room, in presence too of some of the friends and intimates by whom he had been treated with respect

and consideration. 'Twas agony, if that is not too faint a word. Lost too much in the contemplation of his disgraceful position even to feel satisfaction at recovering his freedom, he wandered the whole day through the streets in his despair, wishing even to find some chance of rushing into outrage or crime, and becoming more thoroughly the wretch he fancied himself to be. At length, late in the evening, faint and exhausted, he returned to his lodgings. He had scarcely reached home when Ned West, one of his late fellow clerks, made his appearance.

Ned, like Frederick, was an only son—the spoilt child of a snug cit who had scraped up ten thousand pounds behind a counter; but who, content with the idea that he had smoothed his darling's path through life, omitted to teach him the value of the money he had toiled for years to accumulate. Ned was a dashing city blade—a thorough good hearted, or in the phrase of this Continent, a whole-souled fellow; which implies that he spent all the money he could get, in a very disinterested manner. He was strongly attached to Rose, and was now come for the purpose of condoling with him, and with a firm determination to make a "night of it."

"Why, Fred, my dear fellow, where the deuce have you been hiding yourself? I have been hunting you these three hours."

"Begone!" replied Rose, "I loathe the sight of any one who knows me."

"Nonsense!" returned Ned; "many a good fellow has made a slip before you; but why, in the name of goodness, didn't you make this affair known to me? I've drove pretty hard on the old man lately, but I would have got enough out of him to have made it all right. What's fifty pounds!"

"West," said Frederick, "you are a kind fellow, and I thank you from my soul. I wish I had done so, but it is too late. Go and let me be miserable alone, as I deserve to be."

"Fudge! You think too much of this business. If Thompson had not been a hard hearted, unfeeling villain, you need not have been exposed in this manner. I d—d him for a scoundrel today and cut the concern; but rouse up and come along—do you think your friends will forsake you for this mishap?"

"I desire not the pity of any of my friends. I tell you again, that I will not, willingly, meet with any of you. Leave me, I beg of you, 'tis all I ask."

"I'll not stir one inch till I know what you intend to do," replied Ned, steadily.

"Heaven knows,—leave London tomorrow, at all events, forever."

West saw that it was useless to urge him fur-

ther. "At least," said he, "you will want money—let me help you."

Rose was destitute.

"If you will accept of whatever I have in payment, not otherwise, as you will never see me again."

"Well, as you please," and Ned in a moment handed over his purse containing several pounds. "If you are determined, I can't help it, but you'll think better of this soon, and I shall hear from you."

"Never!" said Frederick; "but Ned, as long as I live, I will remember your kindness;—may you never be as wretched as I am now."

They shook hands, and West departed, after again entreating his friend to correspond with him. Rose by this time became more composed, and endeavoured to comfort himself with the thought that it was not too late to retrieve the past. "I have disgraced my father's honorable name, and I will bear it no more. I will go where I am not known, and begin life again. My disgrace shall be a warning to me."

On the following morning, after exchanging his clothing for apparel of the plainest sort, he left London by the north road: his heart was lightened of half its burthen at casting off the dust of the great city: a feeling of confidence as to his future conduct, gave him new spirit, and he trudged on his way cheerfully. After a weary journey, he by chance, directed his steps to Hull in Yorkshire. Having spent the greater part of his little fund, and thinking himself at a sufficient distance from the metropolis, he determined to seek employment suitable to the appearance he bore. He assumed the name of Wilson, and engaged himself as porter in a commercial establishment. With exemplary patience he discharged the drudging duties, and bore with the rough treatment incident to this new and un congenial calling; but the education and manners of a gentleman could not entirely be concealed. He had made known to his employers as much of his history as satisfied them, and after a probation which afforded proof of his worth and ability, he was advanced to the counting house. Frederick had not forgotten his dear-bought lesson. His conduct in every particular was scrupulously correct, and step by step he became managing clerk of the concern, with a liberal salary.

But though Frederick had recovered his self-esteem, and dwelt with honest pride on the good resolutions which had enabled him to win the respect of all who knew him, and had apparently ensured him a respectable station in life, he felt pained and mortified at the deception he was committing in passing by a feigned name. He considered, too, that he had wiped away the stain

which at the time he thought would be inflexible. He was the more disturbed on this point from having succeeded in gaining the affections of an amiable girl, and nearly determined to make the disclosure, but a fear of unpleasant consequences prevented him. He married—with his wife's little fortune, and with his own accumulations, he obtained a share in the house in which he was employed. In the early part of his residence in Hull, Frederick had been at times apprehensive of being recognised by commercial people he had formerly met in town; but the obscurity of his station probably protected him. Years had now passed, and such a circumstance was not probable.

Disaster always takes us by surprise: we watch for an enemy—he comes not till we have forgotten our danger. One morning in the streets of Hull, Rose encountered a shabbily dressed man, who, with surprise, hailed him in his own name. It was Ned West. Ten years had elapsed since Ned had given his purse to assist his heart-broken friend, a time sufficient to work a change in the appearance of the two cronies—and altered they were. Frederick appeared the healthy, noble looking gentleman—West, once handsome and gallily attired, was now clothed in threadbare, darned garments, and bearing altogether the appearance which is usually called shabby genteel; his countenance, pale, though bloated, betokened at once, excess and want—his manner was still gay, even to recklessness, which was increased by the nonchalant cock of a sorry apology for a hat. With a flushed face, and embarrassed manner, Frederick gave him his hand.

"Hush—for mercy's sake," said he. The other looked steadily at him.

"I see how it is, Fred! you are too much the man I take you for to shun me for my seedy looks—never fear me, man—I am heartily glad to see that fortune has dealt better with you than she has with me, but no doubt you deserve all the difference in her regard. I was sure that you would pick yourself up again;—'you've taken arms against a sea of evils, and by opposing ended them'—the quotation doesn't apply very well, though, does it?"

Rose smiled in spite of himself. "The same wild fellow still, I see—but excuse me now, and let me entreat, mention not my name here—do me the favour to accept this and supply yourself instantly with better apparel: it cuts me to the heart to see you in such a plight—meet me this evening at the inn at the corner of this street, and I will say more with you." Good heavens! thought Rose, as he left his old companion, am I yet to be punished for my folly! my character at the mercy of this unfortunate fellow!

Shuddering at the bare possibility of the one blot in his life being discovered by his valued friends, and one more valued still, he passed the day in a perturbation of spirit he had not experienced since his misfortune; but at the same time determined to repay the kindness of the unlucky Ned to the utmost of his power: according to his appointment, he repaired to the inn and found West, who had availed himself of the unexpected help afforded him, to entirely alter his exterior, and was now with a pipe in his mouth, and a tumbler of brandy and water before him evidently making himself comfortable. The two friends again presented a strange contrast, though different to that of the morning. Rose, pale and exhausted, the other looking as if he had never known sorrow, or had "fairly driven it away."

Frederick rallied a little at Ned's improved appearance and jovial greeting—"I am pleased Ned, to see you looking more like yourself," said he kindly.

"Yes, Fred, thanks to you. Richard's himself again; good clothes and good quarters have been strange things to me lately."

"At your tricks of quotation still," said Rose.

"My dear friend, had you murdered Shakespeare as often as I, he would haunt you, depend upon it."

"Has it come to that?" returned the other. "But tell me, West, what has reduced you to this condition? I should not have thought to have seen you compelled to adopt the miserable life of a strolling player."

"Ah, Fred, there 'you have me on the hip.' My old dad was pretty warm, and used to make me a good allowance, which you know went pretty freely. He had been a wild dog in his day, and held it as a maxim, that a young man should not be shackled while sowing his wild oats. Unfortunately he went off the hook before I had completed that part of my education, and left me in possession of a handsome sum, which I scattered in as little time as it could be done decently and according to the most approved methods. Wine, cards, horse-flesh, &c. I sometimes wonder, now it is gone, how I could have been such a block-head; however, so it was, and here I am. To make a short story of it, I took to the stage, partly from fancy, partly from necessity, and 'tis but fair to say that, bad as it is, I might have cut a respectable figure but for being too much inclined to the 'inordinate cup.'"

Rose was distressed, not only at the destitute situation of his friend, but the levity with which he spoke of his indiscretion. There is risk in attempting what I had intended, thought he; but surely want and degradation have shown him the

value of steady and prudent conduct; assistance would, I trust, work wonders.

"But you tell me nothing of yourself, Fred," said West, interrupting his reverie.

"I have but little to relate; but for the circumstances you know, and my having, as I now think, foolishly changed my name, I should be a happy man. I am prosperous in the world—I have an unblemished name, and am blest with an excellent wife; and West, let me conjure you to keep my secret. I have never forgotten your friendly conduct in my trouble. I will prove it by even distressing myself to serve you, and have considered the means of doing it."

"Rely upon my prudence, I was going to say; but I have but little of that good quality to boast of, and thank you, my dear fellow, for your good intentions."

"If by a loan and credit," continued Frederick, "I establish you in a business, which I know is to be disposed of in a town some distance from here, I ask you seriously, can I depend upon you? You have excellent talents for business; with care you may again attain respectability, and I shall have the pleasure of serving in my turn a generous friend."

Ned was affected to tears at his friend's noble offer; it sobered his manner. "God forbid that I should lead you into error. I trust that you would never repent your kindness—my gratitude, I am sure, will suffice to keep me steady. Oh, Rose, had you been near me, I should not have played the fool as I did." Poor West wept like a child.

"Forget the past, then," replied Rose, "and determine well for the future. Pray be guarded, and mind that my name is Wilson."

Frederick lost no time in carrying into effect his promise; by advances from his own funds to a considerable amount, and credit from the firm, West was placed, as had been proposed, and for some time conducted himself well.

Frederick may be accused of a lack of judgment and caution, in hazarding so much in behalf of a man whom he had known a giddy and lavish youth; he might have considered that a dissolute course for several years would render him incapable of the steady exertion and regularity of conduct he vainly hoped for. Rose judged of others by himself—he thought that amendment of life would follow such severe experience of the results of improvidence and dissipation; but West had become an inebriate, and Rose had yet to learn how almost impossible it is to reclaim a man who has surrendered himself to the degrading vice of drunkenness. For a time, West, mindful of the responsibility his friend had incurred for him, struggled against

himself. He relapsed little by little. At some distance from Hull, Frederick had not sufficient opportunity to observe his proceedings; in brief, a total loss of the sum advanced, and a large debt to the firm, were the results of this unlucky experiment. Rose was thunderstruck. His own loss, though large, he cared not for; but he felt that he had compromised the interests of his former masters, to, it appeared to him now, an almost ruinous extent. Nothing less than a personal assumption of the loss could justify him, and to this determination he had arrived. But he was not permitted to be his own judge; some circumstances connected with the previous history of the unfortunate West, became known to Messrs. Bell & Clinton, and Rose was summoned formally to an explanation of the affair.

"Mr. Wilson," said the first named of these gentlemen, a worthy man, of severe morals and strict habits of business—merit from him was sure of its reward, indelicacy of but little mercy—"myself and Mr. Clinton are utterly unable to conceive the reason of your exposing us to a loss of this extent by the person called West; we are astonished to hear also, that you, aware as you must have been, that he has been for some time known as a vagabond strolling player, should have recommended him to us—the thing looks very strange, Mr. Wilson."

"What reply could Rose make to this, spoken in a manner he had never before experienced or deserved? He felt himself once more a criminal.

"Sir," he replied at length, "I am to blame, most certainly, and am willing to be personally answerable for the amount due from him."

"We do not require that of you," was the answer. "It is a very unpleasant business, and I can perceive that for some cause or other you are not disposed to explain it. The loss we will bear with, but I am compelled to say it will be necessary, in fact, indispensable, that your connexion with us should cease."

Poor Frederick trembled with emotion. Could they know all? Still his conscious integrity gave him confidence to reply with indignation:

"Gentlemen, after years spent in your service—and, thank God, I can look back with satisfaction to a review of my conduct—is this treatment deserved by me? is this harshness justifiable? I will not condescend to explain anything; I will leave you as you wish; but, understand me, not without securing to you every sixpence of this sum."

His partners, rather disconcerted, exchanged glances, and Mr. Clinton began to make a conciliatory answer. Rose had pride—interest was forgotten—in a haughty manner he added that he wished to hear no more on the subject, and withdrew abruptly.

Pride! for how much mischief art thou answerable? A few minutes reflection convinced Rose that by giving way to anger he had committed another error. He had insisted on paying a sum he was not actually possessed of, and he would not now retract. A suspicion that his partners knew more than they had told him tortured his mind. One resource he had indeed—his wife's property; but she was ignorant of every thing that had happened. His mind was soon made up; often smote at the tacit deceit he was guilty of, he saw that the time had arrived when, at whatever cost, he must confess every thing. He flew to his home, and on his knees made known to her his whole history:

"I ask you not to forgive me, Maria, for my selfish deceit towards you; but could I see in want and degradation the man who felt for me in a time of disgrace and affliction? With a wretched want of foresight I committed myself to serve him, and his abandoned folly has ruined me!"

It is bitter to find unworthiness where we expect perfection. It has been said that Mrs. Rose was an amiable woman; no couple could have been happier than they; no husband more kind, no wife more affectionate and confiding. She loved and admired her husband, and with a great degree of justice thought him above all others for truth, sincerity and honour. Is it to be wondered at that a blush of anger rose in her cheek—that resentment dwelt for a moment on her lips? "Oh, Frederick, Frederick! could I have thought that you would deceive me!—but I must forgive you."

"I will not attempt to justify myself; consider all, and judge me tenderly," said he; "but, Maria, I have not told you all: I have been taxed by my partners in a harsh and abrupt manner. I must leave Hull—I cannot remain here—I have promised to make good the debt; without your assistance I cannot leave them honourably; tell me, will you allow me to do so?" Her anger had vanished; she calmed her anguish by telling him to take all if necessary, "and we will do as we best may. I forgive you, my dear Frederick, but oh, never conceal any thing from me again."

How sudden are the revulsions in our feelings; his sorrow was turned into joy; as Frederick received the kiss of pardon from his tender partner, he felt himself a happier man than at any time since their marriage; his mind was unburdened, his forgiveness sealed.

Rose wound up his affairs and quitted Messrs. Bell and Clinton immediately. They had repented of their hasty condemnation and would gladly have retained him, but he had resolved upon leaving England as soon as he could fix upon the

most eligible destination. The late affair had given him a feeling of insecurity, which nothing, he imagined, but distance could remove. Mr. Bell, being aware of his intention, and feeling a strong interest in his welfare, as his house was connected with the West India trade, suggested Barbadoes as being a spot suitable to his views. Thither Rose prepared to sail without delay. The day before his departure he received a note as follows:

"My much injured friend,—I have patience with me till you have read these lines; let me avoid utter destruction by being near you—it is my only hope. I have engaged a passage in the *steerage* of the ship you sail in. I write this to beg you not even to see me during the passage; but when you arrive in the West Indies, I entreat you to allow me to devote my life to your service, and enable me to atone in part for my atrocious conduct."

Rose, though astonished, was not entirely displeased. The letter spoke contrition, and his heart again warmed towards the ill-starred West. It was flattering to find that he was depended on for counsel and guidance; he still hoped the best. His hopes were realized; under his eye, West was ever after an altered man; his whole energies were applied to his friend's interest, and his services were of great value for many years.

Rose left England without a single regret; the few that were dear to him (he had two children) were with him: the only circumstance that gave him disquiet was his assumed name, which it was not possible for him to abandon, furnished as he was with introductions under that appellation.

The prosperity which generally attends a course of steadiness and industry, and the respect always paid to integrity and worth, were experienced by Wilson, as we will now call him. Year by year he "advanced in the world," till he was considered as ranking among the first men in Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. No cares or anxieties had furrowed his brow. Affluent in his circumstances, and blest in his home, he was a happy man. His son, now twenty years of age, was a noble youth, and his daughter was justly considered one of the belles of the Island. If he had any uneasiness, it arose from observing an extreme impetuosity of temper, and a morbid sensitiveness of mind, in his son Charles; in every other respect he was all a parent could wish;—time had reconciled him to his change of name, and he thought but seldom of it.

The — regiment arrived in Barbadoes. A lieutenant named Thompson, a handsome and accomplished young man, represented to be the heir of a gentleman of large property in the

West of England, paid marked attention to Emily Wilson; he was well received, and with proper consideration on their part, was approved of by her parents. The domestic character and real disposition of a man are difficult to be discovered by a young female, or even by her more discreet and far-seeing guardians, if concealed by a gentlemanlike manner, which most educated men can assume, if in fact it belongs not to them. His addresses at length were carried to a proposal. Charles Wilson loved his sister as few brothers do; his pride in her was such that he could scarcely imagine a man so perfect as to deserve her; from their first introduction he had disliked Thompson. The intimacy which we have said was approved of by Emily and her parents, induced him to watch his conduct with careful jealousy. In his visits to the mess, Charles soon discovered that although Thompson gave no tangible cause of complaint, he was not esteemed by his brother officers; he felt convinced that the lieutenant possessed neither the qualities of head or heart he desired to find in the husband of his sister. He found him superficial in character, and loose in principle; but what gave Charles thorough disgust, was his obsequiousness towards his superiors, and its companion, a contemptuous and overbearing deportment to those beneath him; the disregard of the salute given by the private to his officer did not even escape his notice. Charles came to the conclusion that he would infallibly prove a domestic tyrant, and strenuously objected to his proposal; but his father could not see any justice in his opposition, fancying his dislike was unfounded, and that time would remove it. However, upon the acceptance of his offer, subject to the approval of his father, Charles did not attempt to disguise from Thompson himself his repugnance to the match, in such a manner as to disturb the peace and harmony which had hitherto reigned in the family. Thompson concealed his chagrin, in his anxiety to secure his beautiful chosen one, spite of the ill will he bore the brother, which he determined to evince at the first safe opportunity; his behaviour was for the present guarded and circumspect; and Charles, though against his conviction, could not but behave with respect towards him. Within a few months the lover received a communication from his father, in reply to his application:

"It is well that you applied for my consent; the father of this girl, whose name is not Wilson but Rose, I sent many years ago to Guildhall for embezzlement, in the concern I was at the time attached to, and but for our mercy to his youth, he would perhaps have visited a different part of the world. By accident I heard of him afterwards,

and of his taking the name he now bears. Of course I decidedly forbid you to form any connexion with this family, whatever may be the character he now bears."

The harsh proud man who penned this epistle heeded little what anguish it might cause; but little did he know how large a share of that anguish might fall on him; the recoil is often as fatal as the blow. The younger Thompson, though not the villain which novelists delight to draw was still a base, bad man: had such a communication as the one he had just received, fallen into the hands of a man possessed of a single noble quality, he must have felt a pang at surrendering the object of his wishes, even if he acknowledged the necessity of so doing. Thompson's first emotion was exultation! all regard for Emily Wilson was sunk at the prospect of inflicting a signal humiliation upon her brother. He felt that Charles despised him, and when will the ignoble neglect the opportunity to humble those under whose scornful glance they have quailed? His course was soon decided; he would break with the family in a manner best calculated to wound their feelings and leave the explanation to themselves. He immediately despatched a note to Emily, coolly stating that "Circumstances had transpired which made it impossible for him to think of fulfilling his engagement, and that perhaps it would be better for Miss Wilson not to know the reason."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were from home when this billet, fraught with disaster, was delivered. Emily in her agitation shewed it to her brother, who, with the single exclamation, "Scoundrel!" left the house. Within half an hour an officer, a friend of his, was the bearer of a demand, on Thompson, for instant satisfaction for the insult.

At the time we write of, when the whole world were in arms against each other, duels were more frequent and more sanguinary than at the present day; still, spite of the denunciations levelled against the practice by the wise and peaceful of mankind, the gentleman is expected to revenge or atone by resorting to it. We see repeated instances of persons who might give law to public opinion on the subject, submitting to the call. We have witnessed within a few years the greatest warrior and perhaps statesman now in existence, one whom it was the will of Providence to preserve unharmed in twenty battles, hazarding his existence in a duel for a trifling misunderstanding. With such examples near we be surprised that this compound of crime and folly is yet continued? The advocates of the system urge with some show of truth, the necessity of such a penalty being held in terrorem over the heads of such as would otherwise commit social outrages with impunity;

that it strips the bully of the advantage which physical strength affords him. True; but does it not give impunity to any contemptible but inalienable being who feels no dread of the horsewhip if he is able to direct the pistol with skill: that skill is of great avail, has been proved in numerous instances; men are as liable to be unfairly matched in its use as in the more manly contest of hand to hand. Modern duels, it is said, are conducted with moderation. Most true: so moderate as to become farcical; the unfrequency of fatal results is the worst argument in its favour: divest duelling of its terrors, it becomes contemptible. There seems an exquisite absurdity in compelling the injured husband or outraged brother to seek redress by exposing him to the bullet of the injurer. Opinion demands it!—but if opinion be so strong, cannot it be exerted to punish the offender, without an awful risk to those who are already wronged?

But to our story. Thompson was prepared for a challenge. "Winton," said he, "carry back this letter to your principal, and let me advise you in future to ascertain whether your friend has a right to demand such a favour at your hands. I cannot recognize any claims upon me from this boy; he is beneath my notice; and tell him to be discreet in his language, or I shall make use of unpleasant means to abate his presumption."

This contemptuous reception of his message completely mystified Mr. Winton, who returned to his quarters, where he had left Charles, and related what had passed.

"I am at a loss to account for this behaviour, Mr. Wilson," said he; "Thompson has had an affair before, and is the wrong man to flinch; he certainly considers that you have no right to call him out; you must know best if there is any reason."

"Reason!" thundered Charles, in a transport of rage; "do you mean to insult me, Sir, by supposing such a thing? Lend me a horsewhip; the villain shall find if I have claims or not."

He sallied forth, and soon found Thompson, who was in company with several brother officers. He advanced towards the youth, raising a cane he held in his hand:

"Now, Sir, your business with me?" said he, in a tone of bitter contempt.

The officers interposed instantly to prevent an encounter.

"We cannot permit violence, Mr. Wilson," said they. "But what is the meaning of this, Thompson?" was asked by one of them.

"Gentlemen," replied Thompson, "this young man has thought proper to send me a challenge; you know enough of me to be assured that I am

ready to reply in a manner befitting a gentleman to such affairs, but I cannot comply with a call made by a stripling who does not even know his own name."

"My name, scoundrel!" returned Charles, astonished at Thompson's assertion.

"Yes, sir, your name! I have no wish to expose you further unless you provoke me. Go home to your father, and ask him why he dropped the name of Rose."

Thompson's triumph was complete; poor Charles was paralysed; what could this mean? He looked from one to the other, and fancied he read contempt in every countenance: he uttered not a word, but turned, and with a bursting heart darted homewards. Thompson laughed in derision.

Emily, poor girl, saw that she had done wrong, and truly conjectured the reason of Charles' abrupt departure. In an agony of fear and surprise, she waited her parents' return; upon their arrival in a short time, she gave the note to her father, and, almost fainting, she cried—

"Oh, father! what can be the reason of this?"

Wilson read it, and instantly turned pale as death. He called to a servant, and said, "Tell Mr. West," (who was still an inmate) "I wish to speak with him this moment."

"Frederick, my husband, for mercy's sake, what has happened?" said his wife.

"You will know too soon." West entered the room at this moment. "Look at this; tell me is it so or not? Thompson! how infatuated not to have known the name before!"

"I fear," said West, "it must mean that—it must be a son of his; but my dear friend, let us hope it is not so,—and yet I can find no other way of understanding this intimation."

Emily looked on in vague terror; her mother, now comprehending the reason of her husband's agitation, burst into tears.

"Where is Charles?" asked the father. "West, this must be kept from him at present, or God knows what may follow."

Emily fell at his feet; "Oh, forgive me! I have shown it to him."

"Wilson wrung his hands; "Where is he?" he almost shrieked.

"He left the house about an hour since," replied West; "but my dear friend, calm yourself; even if it is as we suspect, you are too well known here to be injured by it. I will seek Charles immediately."

He was in the act of leaving the room, when young Wilson rushed in. His eye met his father's: Wilson, shrinking from his gaze, sank into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, groaned with anguish. West, unable to comfort him, leant over him in mute sorrow. Emily, not

daring to enquire the cause of his distress, wept on her mother's bosom.

Charles stood aghast at beholding this mournful group. His dread of something terrible and disgraceful was now confirmed—yet what could it be? After a pause of a few moments, "Sir," said he, advancing to his father, "my sister has been insulted by the scoundrel, Thompson—I have demanded redress—it is denied—my claims to the character of a gentleman have been laughed at and derided by him—I have been told that I have no right to the name I bear. Is this true? What disgrace, Sir, have you entailed upon your children?" asked he, with frantic vehemence.

"Oh, Charles! cruel, unfeeling boy!" exclaimed his mother.

"Sir!" said West, indignantly, "is this the behaviour of a son? Your father is all that is good and noble; every thing shall be explained at a fitting time; he needs comfort now."

"Do not upbraid him," said Wilson, "his demand is just. I have disgraced him, and deserve the bitterness of seeing him ashamed of his father."

Charles' sense of duty returned; softened by his father's touching tones, he knelt and humbly implored his pardon.

From this hour the once hospitable doors of Wilson were closed; the family ceased to hold the least intercourse with a single being. Many reports to their prejudice were in circulation, but they heard them not. This sudden and unexpected blow, trifling as it may appear, wholly prostrated the mind of Wilson. His family began to feel great alarm on his account, and West proposed that they should return to England immediately, as the only hope of restoring his health and quiet. But Charles' only thought was vengeance on the cold-blooded disturber of the peace of his family. West watched his proceedings narrowly, and observed that he quitted the house stealthily towards dusk; he dreaded what might happen, but was unable to determine how to proceed. He discovered, too, that he carried pistols with him. One evening he overheard a conversation between Charles and his negro servant, and, as he suspected, the man had been employed to watch Thompson's movements: unobserved, he followed Charles, with a view to prevent mischief. Young Wilson repaired to an unfrequented place in the outskirts of the town. As he hoped, Thompson approached in a short time.

Charles confronted him: "Wretch!" said he "you go no further; I will have the only satisfaction left me; do not tempt me to commit murder; take your choice," holding forward a brace of pistols.

"Stop me at your peril," coolly replied the other.

Wilson raised the butt of one of his weapons.

"Attempt violence, sir, and I will shoot you!—have a care, I am armed," thrusting his hand into his coat—Charles aimed a dreadful blow at him,—Thompson partly evaded it; he fired, and the young man was a corpse at his feet!

West, who had been observing the unhappy youth at a distance, advanced at Thompson's appearance. He was too late! Maddened at the atrocious act he had witnessed, he snatched a pistol from the ground. The look of agonized remorse cast by Thompson checked his deadly purpose.

"You saw him strike me!" cried the conscience-stricken man.

"Miscreant! you have finished your work: make some atonement," said West. He pointed to the other pistol and reloaded a few yards.

Thompson obeyed mechanically.—"Fire! I am ready," said he, regardless of life. West's pistol took effect; the lieutenant fell desperately wounded.

Frederick Rose survived the catastrophe but a few weeks. Thompson recovered sufficiently to return to England; he lingered for a short time afterwards, but died before his father's eyes.

Reader, what may be the consequences of a RUTHFUL FAULT?

DEATH.

SAY what is Death, my soul, that thou should'st fear
His quick disruption of this earthly tie,
Which long in sickness hath detained thee here,
A lonely exile from thy native sky?
He comes to free thee for thy flight on high,
Where glory waits thee in a happier clime,
Where sorrow's tears no more shall dim thine eye,
But Heaven shall 'trance thee in its joys sublime—
Joys still on the increase throughout unending time.

What is this world's applause, or what its fame,
Compared with that which waits thy presence there?
If Heaven approve, and angels laud thy name
For that which made thee fit their bliss to share,
Would'st thou, profanely, waste one single care
On what thou might'st have gained by lingering here,
Where envy points its shafts, where dark despair
So oft o'erwhelms, while happiness seems near,
And merit sinks at last, without one pitying tear?

Adieu, ye fields, and Nature's every charm
That oft were wont to set my thoughts on fire!
Without one sad regret, without alarm,
I from your presence to that world retire
Where brighter scenes shall brighter joys inspire
Where, for the feeble ray of wisdom's light
That, glimmering here, but shew'd me to inquire,
Wisdom's whole volume to my longing sight
At once shall be displayed, in darkness put to flight.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

THE HOME—BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

THANKS, many thanks, to Mary Howitt, for introducing to us Frederika Bremer, with her creations of moral beauty. We greeted "The Neighbors" with all cordiality, and now we extend also the warmly welcoming hand to "The Home, with its Joys and Sorrows," not merely for the amusement that one finds in Petrea's misfortunes, the children's jokes, and Elise's "improvised dinner," but for the healthy tone that pervades the whole, for the beautiful pictures of life made bear-able, may even happy, by the ministries of domestic love. Modern novels and tales have so long been filled with highly-wrought fictions that their readers are in danger of finding themselves in poor Petrea's situation:

Petrea read the "Magic Ring." She ought properly to have read it aloud to the family circle in an evening, and then the dangerous magic would have been decreased; but she read it beforehand privately to herself during the night, and it drew her into the bewildering magic circle. She thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, but wonderful adventures, wonderfully beautiful ladies, and wonderfully brave heroes. She was herself always one of them, worshipping or worshipped; now combating, cross in hand, against witches and dragons; now wandering in dreamy moonlight among lilies in the Lady Minnestrust's castle. It seemed as if the jetonic confusion of Petrea's brain had here taken shape and stature, and she now took possession, with redoubled force, of the phantasy world, which once before, under the gulle of the "Wood-God," had carried away her childish mind, and conducted her into false tracks; and it was so even now; for while she moved night and day in a dream-world, in which she luxuriated to exultation, in magnificent and wonderful scenes, in which she herself always played a part, she got on but lamentably in real and every day life.

The head in which so many splendid pictures and grand schemes were agitating, looked generally something like a bundle of flax; she never noticed the holes and pecks in her dress, nor her ragged stockings and trampled-down shoes; she forgot all her little every-day business, and whatever she had in her hand she either lost or dropped.

She had besides a passion for cracking almonds:—"A passion," Louise said, "as expensive as it was noisy, and which never was stronger than when she went about under the influence of the magic ring; and that perpetual crack, crack, which was heard wherever she went, and the almond shells on which people trod, or which hung on the sleeve of whoever came to the window, were any thing but agreeable.

Whenever Petrea was deservedly reproved for any of these things, she fell out of the clouds, or rather out of her heaven, and down to the earth, which seemed to her scarcely anything else than a heap of nettles and brambles, and very gladly indeed would she have bought with ten years of her life one year of the "magic ring," together with beauty, magic, charms, power, and such-like things, which she did not possess, except in her dreams.

Petrea's life was a cleft between an ideal and a real world, of both of which she knew nothing truly, and which on that account became unallegorized for the first time in her soul. Rivers of tears flowed into the separating gulf, while she now complained of circumstances, and now of her own self, for being the cause of what she endured.

But these Swedish tales—we can scarcely call them tales without smittings of conscience, for, verily, we believe ourselves to have seen and talked with the whole family of Franks—these sketches from real life shew us people in their every day dress. All the heroines, though some are pretty, do not marry; and she who is crossed in love, how nobly does she surmount it! Listen to her, ye luck-a-daisical damselfs who sing "Tell him I love him yet," &c. and neglect your friends and the claims of society, to brood over your sorrows. Listen to the beautiful creature who thus speaks: Yet stay—hear first how she loved, that ye deem her not cold-hearted, and thus plume yourselves on your superior sensibility:

"You are right, Leonore," answered Eva; "much has become closed in me that was once open. This feeling, this love for him—oh! it has swallowed up my whole soul! For some time I believed I should be able to conquer it—but now I believe so no longer."

"Do you repent of your renunciation?" asked Leonore; "it was so noble of you! Would you yet be united to him?"

"No! no! the time for that has gone by," said Eva; "I would rather die than that; but you see, Leonore, I loved him so—I have tasted love, and have felt how sweet life may be! Oh! Leonore, the bright, warm, summer day is not more unlike this misty evening hour than the life I have lived for a season is unlike the future which now lies before me."

Now for the cure:

Eva entered her father's study the next morning. He immediately left his work, and advanced to meet her with the gentlest tenderness, drew her to his side on the

suff, and placing one arm round her waist, took her hand in his, and inquired, with a searching glance:

"Do you wish anything from me, my child? Can I do anything for you? Tell me!"

Eva then unfolds a plan for founding a girl's school, with her sister, in the autumn, and beseeches her father's acquiescence:

"Leonore and I," continued she, "have this morning talked a deal on the subject. We hope that with the counsel and countenance upon which we may reckon, to be able to make it succeed. Ah, father! I am become quite anxious about it on account of my own weakness. I must speedily resort to external means, that I may overcome it. I will become active—I will work—and while thus employed, I shall forget the past and myself, and only live for the happiness of those who love me, and to whom I have caused so much trouble."

Petrea, the warm-hearted, careless, gifted girl—how many lessons does her history impart to parents! and how often is the active mind of such an one allowed to produce mainly evil in the world, because the educators of that mind neglect to supply it with material upon which its superabundant activity may be expended. We apprehend that had Petrea Frank been taken through a severe course of mathematical and classical training, accompanied by the domestic culture which all Elise's children received, the end which was partly gained at thirty would, by the blessing of God, have been attained earlier—the stockings would have been darned, the hair neatly arranged, the dress tidily put on. Oh! when will the *world* be taught what some have proved already, that thorough intellectual culture bestowed upon a woman does not lead her to step out of her proper place, but enables her to fill it with more propriety, grace and refinement—and that this effect is produced just in proportion as the spiritual training is extensive. *But in woman as well as man*

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"

perhaps somewhat more so to the softer sex than to man; but bad enough to either.

"Frederika Bremer must be a married woman," said a young matron the other day, "else could she never have described the quarrels between Bear and his wife, in 'The Neighbors.'" We made the same exclamation after reading of the jealousy of Judge Frank and his sweetly delicate rose-perfumed wife—with the cure of both. How very beautiful too, is the defence which this same judge makes of marriage. We must extract it, only promising that Emilie is an old flame of the Ernst Frank, and that madame, his good wife, has been uneasy with not a little reason:

"Because," answered Emilie, "the illusion of life is extinguished on the other side of this golden moment, and reality steps forward then, in all its heaviness and nakedness. Look at a young couple in the glowing morn-

ing of their union, how warm love is then; how it penetrates and beautifies everything; how it glows and speaks in glance and word and agreeable action; how its glory changes the whole life into poetry! 'Thou, thou!' is the one thought of the young people then. But observe the same couple a few years later. 'I, I!' and 'that which will give me pleasure,' is the one thought then. The adoring and resigning lover is then become the authoritative husband, according to whose law everybody must regulate themselves, and whom everybody must attend. And the loving, all-sacrificing bride, she is become the unwieldy and care-burdened housewife, who talks of nothing but trouble, bad sausages, and negligent maid-servants. And what are the tête-à-tête communications between these two? 'How, my dear! is the butter really used up already? Why I gave you money only the other day for butter. You must really look after things, and see what the cook does with the butter. I will not allow such extravagance in the house even if you will.' Or, 'Indeed, my love, I and the children must have new over-dresses. Little Peter's coat is worn out, and little Paul has grown out of his, and my old cloak cannot last to eternity!' People," continued the sarcastic Emilie, "may think their stars, too, if out of such interesting communications as these, no hateful quarrels arise; and if, in the happy repose of their homes, harmless yawnings have only taken place of the kisses which have left it. Contracted circumstances, the miserableness and difficulties of housekeeping, destroy the happiness of marriage, even as the worm destroys the flower, bringing bitterness and sourness into the temper; and though the married pair may continue to the very day of their death to address each other as 'My dear child,' yet, very often, *in petto*, it is 'My sour child.' Yet after all, this is nothing in fact, but what is perfectly natural; and in this respect, marriage only follows the eternal law of nature in all earthly existence. Every form of life carries in itself decay and dissolution—a poisonous snake-king has forced itself to the root of the world."

Several of the listeners, and among them the candidate, had laughed loudly at Emilie's description; but the judge had not once moved his lips, and replied when she had done, with an earnestness that confounded even her satiro:

"If all this were true, Emilie," said he, "then were life even in its best point of view, good for nothing; and with justice might it indeed be called an illusion. But it is not so; and you have only described marriage in its lowest, and not either in its best or its truest sense. I do not deny the difficulties which exist in this, as in every other circumstance of life; but I am confident that they may and must be overcome: and this will be done if the married pair bring only right intentions into the house. Then may want and care, disturbing, may even bitter hours, may come; but they will also go, and the bonds of truth and love will be consolation, may even will give strength. You have spoken Emilie of death and separation as the end of the drama of life; you have forgotten the awaking again and the second youth, of which the ancient Wah* sings. Married life, like all other life, has such a second youth; yes, indeed a progressive one, because it has its foundation in the life which is eternal; and every contest won, every danger passed through, every pain endured, change themselves into blessings on home and on the married pair, who have thus obtained better knowledge, and who are thus more closely united."

He spoke with unusual warmth and not without emotion, and his expressive glance sought and dwelt upon his wife, who had approached, unobserved, and who had

* A kind of northern sibyl or prophetess.

listened to Emille's bitter satire with stinging pain, because she knew there was a degree of truth in it.

But as her husband spoke, she felt that he perceived the whole and all truth, and her heart beat freer and stronger, and all at once a clearness was in her soul. With her head bent forward, she gazed on him with a glance of tenderness and confidence, forgetting herself, and listening with fervour to every word which he uttered. In the next moment their eyes met, and there was much, *inexpressibly much, in their glance: a clear crimson of delight flushed her cheek and made her beautiful. The gentle happiness which now animated her being, together with her lovely figure, her graceful movement, and the purity of her brow, made her far more fascinating than her lovely rival.*"

The extract is perchance too long, yet we know not how to leave it, and we should like to copy the cure for presumption as administered by Madame Frank to her young admirer, but we forbear.

This notice, which was but intended to fill a small gap in an unobserved part of the fragrant and beautiful "Garland," is so stretching itself out, that its long stem will push itself above the heads of its graceful and highly-scented neighbors where its want of their bright qualities will be but the more noticed from its forwardness. Yet can we not stay until we have from our hearts of hearts, cordially blessed the author for her perfect picture of an old maid, as delineated in Evelina Bertules. Oh! how many of those pure and elevated souls who may truly be said to live in "blessedness," single though it be—blessings to all around them—sunbeams wherever they move—rejoicing all hearts, and joying themselves in the happiness they create—how many such might confer yet another boon by giving to the world their histories. Is there not much of moral beauty in her reply to the question, why she never married?

"People say," returned Evelina, smiling, "that you had to make your selection of a husband from many adorers: you cannot then understand a case in which there should not even be one choice. But truly, indeed, that was my case. But do not look at me so amazed—don't look at me as if I were guilty of high-treason." The truth is, that I never had an opportunity to say either 'yes' or 'no' to a lover. With my sisters, who were much more agreeable and much more attractive than I, it was otherwise."

In this book there is no Bruno, but Sara reminds us of him; yet are there many Saras in the world. The workings of vanity in her mind are sketched with a masterly hand, and we can see "our eldest" with her "cathedral face and airs," giving the reproof which was needed, and, because of that need, was not well received. Altogether, this "Africa" is a more natural being than Bruno, and carries with her more of our sympathy. The account of her late repentance is inexpressibly touching, and yet more so is the fading of the mother's "summer flower."

We hardly believe that a regular course of spoiling produces such a "little lady" as Gabrielle; we should expect rather more self-will in one thus trained.

One fault we must find with this charming book, and it is a serious one, in our view. The religion has not sufficient depth. The necessity of a divine power in the renovation of the soul is sometimes slightly recognised; but not fully enough to produce the deep impression which would be effected by its broad and clear development. The employment of the Sunday morning and evening with which the story opens, are, to an English mind, rather odd for a Sabbath.

We trust even this will not deter any from reading this production, since the defect of which we complain is rather negative than positive; and the impression produced by it on the minds of the young must, we think, be to lead each perseveringly and patiently to pursue his or her course in life, endeavouring to confer happiness on all around, and thus receiving it into one's own bosom. Oh! when we, realizing how much of beauty is scattered "all around our paths," endeavor to hold this up to the view of our fellow creatures, using all as a guide upward, as well as onward, earth will more nearly resemble its pristine state of purity and happiness; love to the Creator will be the ruling principle of each heart, and the Millennium will be begun.

Z.

HOME.

BY M. W.

How wretched is the wanderer doom'd hopelessly to roam,
Who in this wide world has no spot to call his home!
Like a bark upon the waters, tossed to and fro,
Without a home, nor joy, nor comfort he can know.

When the thorns of this world have wounded our peace,
Mid the dear home circle, our sorrows soon cease,
And we hasten to the smiles that welcome us there,
Soothed by the hallow'd calm to forgetfulness of care.

Then let not those repine, on whom fortune smileth not,
(If a home, tho' e'er so humble, and kind friends are his lot;
'Tis not wealth can give true pleasure, nor happiness bestow,

But sweet home is like a paradise in this vale of tears
below.

To the heart that is lonely, or rest of social bliss,
Faith points to a home—oh, how lovelier than this
In those mansions of love, where no sorrow nor sighs
Bedim the ransomed souls of God's own, in yon skies.

"I will never forsake thee, nor leave thee," God said,
"Tho' trials, strong as ocean's waves wild desolation spread,

In the ark of my love, shut therein thou shalt be.
Behold my bow of Covenant,* bright and beautiful with thee!"

* Genesis, ix, 13.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH REBELLION.

BY R. O. H.

"Love, gentlest spirit, I do tell of thee :
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,
Thy morning blushes and thy evening tears ;
What thou hast ever been and still wilt be—
Life's best but most betraying witchery !"—L. E. L.

It was on an evening in the fair month of June, of the year 1744, that in the ancestral halls of Sombretuil Castle there was revelry and rejoicing. Its spacious saloons so brilliantly illuminated, were fitted up with oriental splendour. The ceilings, which were of fretted gold, shone down upon gay festoons of rare exotic flowers that decked the lofty walls. Giant mirrors reflected back the shades of noble youths and stately dames, and of witching and fairy forms, who, as they flitted through all the mazes of the aerial dance, seemed as spirits of a higher sphere, while the ear was intoxicated with strains of the most harmonious and inspiring music, that kept time to all the varied elegance of their movements. Others, with an easy and graceful nonchalance, reclined on rich velvet couches engaged in interesting converse ; while from the gay laugh that ever and anon resounded on the ear, it was evident that witticisms sparkled, and that the jest was gaily handled. In the flower-spread alcoves, or the deep recesses of the high arched windows, might be seen some young love-touched cavalier, breathing his tale of admiration in the not unwilling ear of the bright maiden of his fancy.

Midst the overwhelming gaiety of this entrancing scene, was one fair maiden, whose presence struck all beholders with admiration ; not only by the angelic loveliness of her countenance ; but also by a softened shade of melancholy that cast a light cloud over its brightness ; and which rendered her, if possible, an object of still deeper observation and interest. Many of the gay and noble gallants present, endeavored to win, were it only a smile from the lips of the beautiful stranger ; but where the Lady Ellen Stormont did bestow that, it was with a seeming so cold, so indifferent, that they who had the most admired, began to think that the northern beauty possessed neither soul nor sentiment. But how strangely were they deceived ! else, wherefore the shadow that overcast a countenance, whose brightness had even rivalled summer's gayest sunshine ? It was that her heart,

which had ever been the throne of the deepest sentiment, had squandered its feelings on the altar of a mistaken idol. Gentle render, take we a retrospect of the circumstances that so powerfully stamped the Lady Ellen's thought, as to lend its impress to her fair young brow.

At that period of time in Scottish history, when Prince Charles Stuart landed in the highlands of Scotland, to assert, with the aid of his still devoted adherents, his right to the crown of his ancestors, there were many who would have flown to his side, but were restrained by the too apparent desperateness of his cause, or by some other powerful motive. Of this number was George Viscount Stormont. But the moment was now come in which every Scot must declare himself for one or the other party ; and as Lord Stormont was well aware that the present government was by far too powerful to be easily set aside, he thought on the dangers that would attend his darling—his idolized child, should he incur its enmity by joining the prince. His very soul would turn in horror and sadness from the picture drawn by his parental fears ; but he loved the Stuarts ! then, alas ! how could he draw his sword against the representative of that princely house ? However, it happened fortunately that so little did government suspect Viscount Stormont of Jacobitism, that, in the present critical juncture of affairs, he was entrusted with a mission of diplomacy to the court of Versailles. He did not hesitate to accept this happy and favorable alternative, that so easily extricated him from his awkward dilemma, and as the mission was one that required the greatest despatch, Lord Stormont immediately hastened to Edinburgh, to make the necessary arrangements for his own and the Lady Ellen's departure. He had been gone but a very short time when the city became agitated with the news that the prince, with his highlanders, was making a rapid descent upon the lowlands, and that he very soon would be in Perth. Many of the citizens heard these tidings

with terror and dismay, while others did not even seek to conceal their delight. Suspense was not of long duration, for on the morning of the third day, on which these reports had been spread, the Pretender's proclamations were read to the citizens of Perth, and in the afternoon of the same day, the gallant prince, accompanied by the Duke of Perth and other distinguished noblemen, made his entry into that town that had so often witnessed the gay pomp and stately grandeur of his ancestors. His dignified carriage and princely aspect dazzled the eyes of the ever-changing multitude, who received him with loud acclamations of welcome and rejoicing. The windows and balconies on either side of the streets, through which his Royal Highness passed, were graced with noble dames and fair young maidens, who, as the Royal Stuart advanced, bestrewed his path with garlands of flowers, which they flung from the balconies. The young prince, with that courteous dignity becoming his royal house, and on his handsome features the gracious smile so peculiarly his own, bowed his acknowledgments to these fair enthusiasts.

Immediately in the prince's suite, followed a horseman, whose noble and gallant bearing well fitted him for the presence in which he was. In age he appeared to be of about five and twenty, of a graceful and manly form, and nature had too plainly stamped its noblest impress on his high and open brow, to mistake the soul that breathed within. He rode his fiery charger with knightly elegance, while his dark piercing eye wandered over the fair picture that lived before. As his looks wandered from one to another of these northern beauties, every moment undecided as to who was best entitled to the Hesperian prize, he suddenly, and with an almost irresistible impulse, reined in his prancing steed, to gaze, forgetful of all around, on the bright and lovely vision that now dazzled his sight. Almost at the same moment, the unconscious and modest object of such deep observation, gracefully inclining forward, was in the act of bestowing her modest flower on the prince's path, when, no sooner did the unknown horseman see the action, than anticipating its object, he, quick as thought, jerked his charger's rein, and dexterously seized the bouquet in its airy and rapid descent. These incidents passed so rapidly that none seemed to notice them. None! Ah yes! there was one who did, and that one, was—"the beautiful, the matchless Lady Ellen Stormont." A blush of the rose's deepest dye mantled her lovely countenance, when her deep blue eyes met the subdued and thrilling glance of the young and noble looking cavalier, and her heart leaped with a bewildering beat, when she saw him carefully

conceal in his bosom, the prize he had so lately seized. This sudden and deep impression on a mind so ardent and enthusiastic as the Lady Ellen's, was not to be wondered at, and hers was a feeling too new, too sacred to allow of its being the subject of idle observation. She therefore sought the silent solitude of her own apartments; with the half framed hope to shut out, as it were, the too great light that had beamed upon her soul. Yet was it in vain, for her thoughts fondly dwelt on all that had passed, till the scene was enacting again and again, before her excited and fevered imagination.

A few days after these events, a splendid entertainment was given by the Lady Campbellton, whose gay halls were crowded with noble lords and fair maidens, bidden to the feast from many miles around. There was promencing, feasting, and banqueting, the laugh, the song, the smile, all mingled together. But there was one who sought for her own, oppressed heart, a refuge apart from the careless gaiety of the throng. The Lady Ellen could not refuse to Lady Campbellton her presence at the ball, though she would fain have done so, for ever since the memorable moment in which her eyes had read, in those of the noble young stranger, her whole nature had become changed. She lived in a new life of things; but one thought absorbed her soul; but one image existed before her mind, till! alas! that denure and cold dame Reason would whisper—"Why dost thou cherish thoughts of this stranger? He, perhaps, remembers not ye have ever met; forget him, otherwise you seek but sorrow and disappointment." And then, the gentle girl would determine to forget him; but forgetfulness came not with the wish to do so, especially when she thought on that noble and polished brow, on the glance of that proud dark eye, which, when it fell on her, had assumed an expression of almost feminine softness; she could not but believe that in that soft and subdued look, there existed a feeling beyond the passing gallantry of the moment. Yet it was in a saddened mood that the beautiful maiden wandered from one apartment to the other, to escape from the wild gaiety of the revellers, that so ill accorded with her own troubled heart. She reached a spot which none seemed to have entered; it was a small and dimly lighted apartment, and the sweet scented shrubs that strewed the floor, spread a delightful and inviting fragrance on the air. The Lady Ellen, glad to escape from the crowd, had scarcely entered the flowery retreat, when her eye caught the sight of two tall and elegant figures, who stood in relief by the polished wall, engaged in low and earnest conversation. She was immediately on the point of retreating, when one of

the cavaliers intercepting her path, and leaning familiarly on his companion's arm, thus addressed the timid maiden:

"Ah! how is it that so fair a star should have wandered so far from the circle of her less brilliant companions? but I shall rejoice at the circumstance," added the prince, "since it affords me the pleasure of presenting to your fair ladyship, my gallant friend, the Count de Fontville, who has been most solicitous for the honor ever since the first day of our arrival in Perth; and now count," said the prince, as at this moment he saw the Laird of Gask enter the room rather hurriedly, in search of his Royal Highness, "I will leave you to conduct this lady to the scene where her charms so well fit her to preside, while I follow my good and trusty counsellor."

The Lady Ellen needed not a second glance to recognise who it was that Prince Charles had introduced to her, in the person of the Count de Fontville; but timidly taking his proffered arm, she gently requested to be conducted to the saloon. Still they lingered, and the young maidens and gallant youths said, that neither seemed particularly desirous of mixing with the throng.

We shall not attempt to relate what passed between the noble young count and the beautiful maiden; suffice it that that night they parted, plighted lovers, in pledge of which the Lady Ellen next day accepted from the gallant count a diamond ring, which he highly prized, being the gift of his mother; and inside of which he had that morning caused to be engraved his initial with the Lady Ellen's, entwined with the emphatic words—"Death, not inconstancy." They parted, he to proceed on a mission for the prince, while his fair lady-love prepared to leave for Edinburgh, there to meet her father who was awaiting her to proceed to the Court of France. They immediately embarked on board the vessel, which was ready to sail, and after a short and easy voyage safely arrived in Paris.

Lord Stormont had been in the gay capital but a few days, when his old friend and fellow collegian, the Marquis of Sombreuil, paid him a visit, and kindly insisted on his making a home of Sombreuil Castle for himself and fair daughter during their stay in Paris. This agreeable arrangement was accepted; but alas! for the gentle maiden! The marquis' eldest son, George de Sombreuil, a fiery and hot-headed youth, saw the beautiful stranger; and, thrown as he was in her sweet society, he soon loved her with all the wilfulness and impetuosity of his rash nature. In the course of conversation with the Lady Ellen, he once happened to mention the name of de Fontville; looking up surprised, she timidly asked him if he was acquainted with a Count de Font-

ville who had followed the prince into Scotland. De Sombreuil's jealousy was at once alarmed, when he noticed the deep blush that suffused his companion's cheeks, and how her sweet voice slightly faltered on pronouncing the name. He, however, lightly answered:

"Oh! that gallant knight-errant is a first cousin of mine;" but in the next moment his glance happening to fall on the lady's little ivory hand, he was awakened to madness on recognising his cousin's ring that glittered there. The contending passions of envy, pride, and jealousy, now raged in his bosom; his cousin's superior qualities both of person and mind, had ever excited his hatred against him, and now he determined, careless by what means, to supplant him in the estimation of the lady. His first step was to make assurance doubly sure, by bribing one of the Lady Ellen's maids to procure him a closer examination of the diamond. He was not mistaken; it was indeed the same, and there he saw also, what had been engraven on the inside. With fever in his veins and madness in his soul, the passionate young man rushed to his chamber, and there in the darkness and solitude of night, his ungenerous and deceitful heart composed a plan for the overthrow of the noble de Fontville.

He did not wait long for a favorable opportunity; for one day the conversation happening to fall on the conduct of a young friend of his, the Lady Ellen playfully remarked that the gentleman would never die of constancy; as it was said he was never in love for the space of one week with the same lady.

"Oh!" cried de Sombreuil with a light laugh. "the gay Maurice de St. Croix is an emblem of constancy, compared with my grand and frivolous cousin de Fontville. Why, I have known the count to be successively engaged to three different ladies, in the space of ten weeks; the last of these," added de Sombreuil, not pretending to notice the startling effect his words had on the timid maiden, "would have rivalled Canova's fairest statue, such was the great perfection of her beauty, and when I saw my fickle cousin present the lady with a diamond ring, inside of which he had got their initials engraved, A and E—Aymer and Esmeline—with the sentimental phrase, "Death, not Inconstancy," I guily looked forward to the time in which I would have the honor of saluting his belle amie as Madame la Comtesse de Fontville; but lo! ten days had scarcely elapsed, when this paragon of inconstancy was making fierce love to a fair young stranger he had met with at the Italian Opera."

"And what," asked the Lady Ellen, assuming the most perfect calmness, "did the lady, on seeing his neglect?"

"She returned him by my hands the ring that to her eyes spoke a sentiment she now felt he could never have experienced."

During the communication of his falsehood, de Sombreuil watched the effect it had on his beautiful auditee; but so well did her proud heart restrain its convulsive throbs, that were it not for the slight feverish flush which on her cheek usurped the delicate tint of the rose, he never could have suspected half the anguish his words had created. It was with scorn and indignation that, as soon as she was alone, the Lady Ellen withdrew from her finger the ring on which her eyes had ever dwelt with the fondest remembrance. Would she wear the pledge another had learned to despise? "Oh, God!" she cried, as tightly clasping her fairy hands over her gentle bosom, in a vain endeavor too keep down the painful beatings of her heart; "can it be that the noble, the seemingly high-minded de Fontville is but a vain-trifler! Ah, no! I cannot, cannot believe it." But again, she thought of what de Sombreuil had said with regard to the ring, and then she saw it was folly to doubt any longer. The Lady Ellen, with all the deep enthusiasm of her nature, had given up her whole soul to the one absorbing passion of love; it seemed to her the leading star to all that was high and noble. But when she found that her imagination and fancy had clothed its idol with qualities that it had never possessed; it was then, the brightness of her lovely countenance passed away, to be succeeded by the melancholy and gloom of disappointed love and sacrificed affection.

The mission on which Lord Stormont had come to France, not having met with the success his government had expected, he determined on returning home. It was on the eve of his departure that the ball, mentioned in the commencement of this memoir, was given by the Marquis de Sombreuil, in compliment to him and the Lady Ellen. Long ere this, George de Sombreuil had disclosed to the beautiful stranger the feelings that burned in his breast, which he was no longer able to conceal; but to his deep regret and heart-felt disappointment, he had received a gentle but a firm repulse. The Lady Ellen possessed sentiments too deep, too refined to allow her heart to admit of second impressions. She had loved once, and that love, though crushed and disappointed, would never again be replaced by another. But alas! she had not yet drunk deep enough from the cup of sorrow.

A few days after the travellers were at sea, Lord Stormont was seized with a violent fit of illness, and the Lady Ellen had watched with all the solicitude of her tender nature by the bedside of her dying parent, yet all her gentle efforts had

been of no avail to counteract the rapid malignity of his disease, and the heart-broken daughter saw her noble and idolized father die within her arms without being able to ward off the death-blow.

Alas! it was with mingled feelings of grief and despairing loneliness, that the bereaved maiden revisited again the blue hills of her own native land. On her arrival in Scotland, Lady Campbellton was astonished to see the sad alteration a few short months had effected on that heretofore joyous and radiant countenance.

The fair orphan refused to return to Perth. She could not think of seeing again that spot, which in her remembrance, was consecrated by so many deep and hallowed feelings. It was there that she had passed the happiest years of her life, under the indulgent eye of an affectionate and beloved parent; and it was there also, that her young heart had awakened to a life of sweet and fairy dreams, only to have its affections the more cruelly prostrated. She ordered her steward, a man who had grown grey in her family's service, to prepare for her immediate reception, the castle on her estate near Dunkeld. Thither the once gay, but now heart-stricken, Lady Ellen Stormont removed; and in the solitude and retirement of her castle halls inhaled those charms both of mind and person that had graced and dazzled the most polished court in Christendom.

The country was yet in an unsettled and high state of excitement, for it was but a very short time since the battle of Culloden had been fought, that so entirely crushed all the young prince's hopes, and put an end to civil war; but alas! not to civil disturbances. Every day various rumors would reach the gentle recluse, of the reckless barbarity of the conquerors. Stormont House had escaped their fury as belonging to a Royalist; but for miles around, nought was to be seen but smouldering ruins and houseless wanderers. Many were the unfortunates who stealthily obtained relief at the castle gates; and though yet absorbed in the deepest melancholy at the loss of her beloved parent, the lady would nevertheless, feel a restless inquietude, a burning anxiety steal over her thoughts, in the wish to discover if de Fontville had escaped with the prince, or if, less fortunate, he had perished on the scene of bloodshed. All enquiry from the wretched wanderers concerning the particulars of the battle was of no avail.

At length the monotony of the castle was one morning interrupted by the appearance of an unfortunate fugitive, evidently a gentleman, requesting that the lord of the castle would grant him the hospitality of his roof for a few days, until his strength would permit him to prosecute

his way. Old David humanely bade the stranger enter, until he would execute his message, without discovering to the stranger to whom the castle belonged. The castle's lady from her lone situation, felt a reluctance in admitting a stranger and a fugitive to her halls; yet she recoiled from the idea of exposing a fellow being to the merciless persecution of the government. She felt she might admit him without any danger to herself from the authorities, as they would never suspect her of harboring an outlaw and a Jacobite. After musing a while she turned to her faithful attendant, and bade him receive the stranger, and give him apartments in the further wing of the castle, "and remember," said the lady, "that you give him all that his weakened health and forlorn situation may require."

Under the assiduous care of old David, the stranger's strength was so well restored that the glow of health was restored to his manly countenance, and his limbs soon regained their former elasticity. He determined on no longer taxing his kind hostess' liberality; but before leaving he earnestly requested to see the generous lady of the castle. David bore this message to his mistress; but when he said that the stranger requested an interview to express his gratitude, she gently refused him, until, when the old man urged the request by representing that the stranger was of gentle birth, and must have held a high rank in the prince's army, a lightning thought flashed through her brain, and she finally consented to see the outlaw.

The apartment in which the Lady Ellen sat was a large and spacious saloon, in which the rays of the setting sun were darkened by the rich curtains that hung in heavy folds before the lofty windows. Its floor was of the purest Parian stone, and its walls were hung with richly silvered tapestry, on which were delineated the arms and chivalric feats of her noble ancestors. In one of the window casements sang the mournful Æolian harp, whose tones so well accorded with the feelings of its gentle mistress. At the upper end of the apartment the lady herself, habited in sable robes, reclined on a black velvet couch, while a long mourning veil, which contrasted deeply with the marble whiteness of her countenance, fell in graceful folds to her feet. The touching melancholy of her features, added to the saddened expression which now fell from her deep blue eyes, made her appear even more exquisitely beautiful than on that evening when, adorned with brilliant gems, and with the first bud of hope springing in her bosom, she had given and received her first confession of love. As the stranger's tall and manly form darkened the entrance, the Lady Ellen's heart leaped con-

vulsively, and it was only when he spoke that she became more calm. He would have expressed his deep sense of gratitude for the obligations under which he was placed, when the lady, hastily but modestly interrupting him, said:

"Believe me, fair sir, the poor attendance you have met with here, will be amply repaid if you can give me any information respecting the safety of the gallant pretender."

"The noble prince, madam," replied the stranger, in a low and saddened voice, "refused to leave the field, even after all was lost, until one of his aides-de-camps seized his horse's bridle, and was forcing him away, when a bullet from the enemy disabled his friendly arm, and laid him prostrate on the field. Another gentleman immediately undertook to conduct the prince, and I saw no more of him, for the young sufferer who had just fallen claimed the whole of my attention."

"And," inquired the lady, in a voice tremulous with foreboding anxiety, "who was the noble victim of so much loyalty?"

"Alas! noble lady," replied the unknown, "I had the grief of recognising a dear friend in the wounded soldier, who was no other than the young Count de Fontville."

Happily for the Lady Ellen the darkened light of the room concealed the rapid changes of her countenance; otherwise the stranger must have witnessed the deep and startling effect his words created on the mind of the fair recluse. He, however, continued:

"Having little hope of ultimate recovery or escape, though for the moment in a place of safety, De Fontville, in what he believed his dying moments, entrusted to my care this miniature, to be delivered to the fair original, whose name, during his delirium, was ever on his lips. Perhaps you can assist me in obeying my friend's behest."

The Lady Ellen extended her hand to take the miniature, which the stranger had taken from his vest, while a feverish flush rushed to her cheeks, and large pearly drops stood in her drooping eyelids; her temples throbbled with anxiety, and she almost feared to look on the picture, lest her worst fears should be confirmed. The courteous stranger moved towards the nearest window to remove the heavy curtain, that the fair recluse might have sufficient light to trace the likeness, when, no sooner did her glance fall on the noble form of the stranger, who had unconsciously advanced into the light, than, uttering the name of "De Fontville!" she sank back on her couch in a state of insensibility.

The young count, for it was indeed himself, quickly summoned assistance to the lovely maiden's side. When consciousness was fully restor-

ed, and the fond girl read in the tender looks of her dark-eyed lover, that forgetfulness had never been his, she sadly confessed the tale that had been too readily believed, and her proud determination to efface him from her remembrance. Then came the gentle chidings, the tender explanations, and De Fontville shewed the falsehood of the tale that had been fabricated to destroy his peace. Deeply did the Lady Ellen reproach herself for having listened to aught unworthy of her high-souled lover. When the gentle maiden expressed her surprise at the manner in which De Fontville had discovered himself, he said:

"When I arrived at this, I may say, fairy castle, for I can scarce divest my mind of the idea that all this is enchantment, I little thought I was soliciting hospitality at the hands of a lady, and that lady my own sweet Ellen. But when I discovered that I owed my health and safety, perhaps my life, to a young and tender female, who had not feared the dangerous rigor of the times, when called upon to give refuge to an outlaw, I knew that hers must be a noble heart. Judge what must have been my feelings when I learned that the generous maiden was the orphan daughter of the noble Stormont. Oh!" continued De Fontville, while his handsome countenance breathed deep and fervent love, "how my temples throbbed, and my impatient heart beat high, to think that I was under the same roof with thee! that with thine own, my eye ranged over the same fairy landscape! that with thee I breathed the same air! that it was at thy command thy gates opened to welcome the homeless fugitive! But alas! midst the excess of this deep happiness, there was one sad thought that tortured my inmost soul. I feared that absence, and the improbability of our ever meeting again, might have effaced the memory of the stranger lover; such fears restrained me when I would have cast myself at thy feet. Now faith would I, in the sunshine of thy bright smiles, forget all that breathes not of thee; but thou knowest that every moment that sees me in this persecuted land brings with it danger and death."

"Death! Ah! dear Aymer, say not so—'tis a cruel word," and the beautiful lady pressed nearer to her lover's side.

"And do you think, sweet one! that I, a foreigner and a Frenchman, would find leniency with those who did not hesitate to spill the blood of the noblest of the Scottish youth? Oh, no! and were I discovered here,—oh, God! I dare not think of it—for even you would not escape thy vengeance, for sheltering thy De Fontville."

"Then, alas! what must become of thee, my Aymer?" cried the terrified Lady Ellen.

The count answered, while his dark, piercing

eye, was fixed with a soul-speaking gaze on the countenance of his beautiful companion: "Without his own, his adored Ellen, Aymer cares not how soon he falls into the hands of the fierce soldier or the ruthless assassin."

Lady Ellen shuddered, while her lovely features took the hue of death.

"But," continued the lover, "I have this morning received a letter from the captain of a vessel, with whom my faithful servant Puschal has made a bargain to take me to France, stating that his vessel is ready to sail as soon as I shall succeed in reaching Leith. Puschal, who has succeeded, I know not how, in tracing me here, says that he will undertake to lead me thither, and trusts to his ingenuity to escape from the fangs of his enemies."

And then, with all the eloquence of a true and devoted heart, De Fontville begged the lady to become the partner of his flight, and to consent to their immediate union. She did not long refuse, but reserved her final answer until she should have seen her noble uncle, Sir Archibald Campbell, who was in command of a royal regiment, then in quarters a few miles west of Dunkeld. The Lady Ellen knew that she could trust to her uncle's honour, for not betraying the secret she intended, reposing with him. He came immediately at her request; and when he had heard the whole arrangement, and requested the presence of the young count, what was his surprise when he beheld in the person of De Fontville the same noble young cavalier who had so gallantly rescued from him the murderous knife of a plundering mountaineer, when he lay almost spent with wounds and the loss of blood on the field of Preston. Hastily advancing to meet him, the grateful veteran grasped his friendly hand, saying:

"Believe not, Sir Count, that I have forgotten the gallant officer who so generously interposed between his lawless followers and their disabled enemy. It rejoices me that fortune has given me an opportunity to evince my gratitude, by assisting to forward your dearest wishes, which is now what shall detain me here."

Every obstacle being thus removed, the arrangements for the ceremony were soon made, and before another week elapsed, the Lady Ellen, now Countess of Fontville, with her handsome young lord, disguised in the uniform of the officers of Sir Archibald's regiment, and accompanied by the gallant old knight, were journeying by rapid stages to Leith. They arrived without having met with any interruption, the presence of Sir Archibald Campbell being sufficient to allay the strongest suspicions. They were, however, obliged to remain a day in Leith, waiting

for a favourable wind, and were therefore under the necessity of lodging at a small inn by the sea shore. During the evening, Sir Archibald called upon De Fontville for the account which he had promised, of his escape after the battle of Culloden. The young count readily complied :

"When I looked around me on that fatal field," he said, "and saw that all was lost, my first thought was for the safety of our dear prince, while he, seemingly unconscious of his imminent danger, lingered on the field, in the fond hope of still retrieving his loss; but when he saw that this was all in vain, his brave soul sank under the dark conviction, and despair found vent in a passionate burst of tears, that streamed down his manly cheeks. In such a moment I knew that reasoning would be useless; therefore, seizing his charger's rein, I turned to hurry him off the field, but we had not gone fifteen yards before a bullet from the enemy disabled my arm, and laid me prostrate at my horse's feet. When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself in a neat little cottage, with my good Paschal watching by my side. 'Twas then I learned that the faithful fellow, disguised as a soldier of the royalist army, had sought and found me among the wounded and slain, and, wrapping me up in a military cloak, had got me conveyed to this place, where he had attended me with such gentle care, that, the fever having passed away, I found myself comparatively well. Our host had consented, at the price of a round sum, to conceal me from the royalists; and I determined, as soon as I could exert my strength, to endeavour to reach some sea-port, where I could find a vessel to convey me to France. The time at length came to make an effort for escape, and we travelled day and night, enduring many hardships, and ever in instant terror of being discovered. We finally reached Blair in Athol, and, spent with hunger and fatigue, I waited in a wood hard by, while my faithful Paschal, who is an adept in ingenuity, entered a hut, and, imitating the talk of the country people, asked shelter for himself and companion. The host readily granted it. We soon found that we had fallen into the hands of a humane man, and one whose principles would have honoured a nobler birth. Finding that he felt compassion for our forlorn condition, though he dared not express it too openly, I determined on offering him a high reward, to allow me to remain under his roof while Paschal, who could so well adapt himself to all circumstances, should proceed to Leith, in search of a vessel in which to effect our escape. I would have preferred prosecuting my way, rather than exposing my faithful servant alone to the dangers he would have to incur, but this was impos-

sible, as my health was so much affected by the sufferings I had already undergone, that it had become absolutely necessary for me to take repose. Paschal had not been long gone when a party of royalists entered the village where I was, from which I was therefore forced to fly. I left directions with my honest host, for the guidance of my faithful servant, and again begun my weary way. After a long and tedious wandering I at last reached thy fairy gates, my gentle dove! where surely some good angel must have inspired me to seek hospitality and protection. I trusted that its noble owner would scorn the betraying of an unfortunate."

At this moment Paschal hastily entered the room in which the noble travellers sat, and interrupted his master to say that the wind having shifted favourably, the vessel was preparing to sail, and that no time was to be lost in getting on board. De Fontville needed no second summons, but throwing a heavy shawl over the shoulders of his beautiful wife, they proceeded to the strand, accompanied by Sir Archibald. When he had seen them safely on board, the gallant old knight bade the happy lovers a hasty and affectionate farewell.

The count and countess arrived safely in France, and the gallant De Fontville, proud of his northern bride, led her to his splendid home, there to claim the homage and affection so justly due to her virtues and her charms.

DECEMBER.

WELCOME: December's cheerful night,
When the taper-lights appear—
When the piled hearth blazes bright,
And those we love are circled there!

And on the soft rug basking lies,
Out-stretched at ease the spotted friend,
With glowing coat and half-shut eyes,
Where watchfulness and slumber blend.

Welcome December's cheerful hour,
When books with converse sweet combined,
And music's many-gifted power,
Exalt or soothe th' awaken'd mind.

Then let the snow wind shriek aloud,
And menace o'er the guarded sash,
And all his diapason crowd,
As o'er the frame his white wings dash.

Ho sings of darkness and of storm,
Of icy cold and lonely ways;
But gay the room, the hearth more warm,
And brighter is the taper's blaze.

Then let the merry laugh go round,
And airy songs the hours deceive;
And let our heart-felt laughs resound,
In welcome to December's Eve.

ITALIAN NIGHT SCENE.

BY DR. HASKINS.

I.

The heavenly, holy, and beauteous night,
 With its solemn stillness, its calm moonlight;
 The fathomless depth of the sapphire sky,
 With beryl billows broad heaving on high;
 The starry gems in their twinkling play;
 The planets pure, with their steadfast ray;
 The moon all fair as a virgin bride,
 With her sister stars in their meek pale pride;
 Ocean, that seems, in his slumber deep,
 To dream of heav'n in the bow'r of sleep;
 The streamlet that pauses upon its way,
 And drinks deep love where the moonbeams stray;
 The ship, that drooping its wings of white,
 Tracks not o'er the waves its line of light;
 The forest that bending above the stream,
 Lies hush'd in a soothing romantic dream;
 The mountains uplifting their peaks of blue;
 The crags all white with silvery hue;
 The feathering woods in the moonlight grey.
 The sloping hills whence the waters stray;
 The castled cliffs that high o'er the dale
 Keep watch o'er the rest of the sleeping vale:
 All tell 'tis the soft, heart-soothing hour,
 When the soul from the skies drinks bliss and pow'r;
 All tell 'tis the hour when the spirit should be
 From earthly cares and enthrallment free.

II.

The beacon's blaze from its tow'r is seen
 Gilding the waves and yon shores of green,
 Which fring'd by foam of the sparkling spray,
 Look lovelier far than in glare of day.
 The cypress tall, with its sable spire,
 Is gild with glow of that ruddy fire,
 And o'er the white cot where lovers sleep,
 In solemn state doth its vigils keep.
 The olives bend 'neath unwonted weight,
 The vines bend low 'neath their juicy freight;
 The garden bow'rs in the lush of night
 Are clothed with a calmer, purer light
 Than the golden flood of the noonday hour;
 And the pale moonbeam o'er fountain and flow'r,
 Falls blended with sweet ambrosial dew
 That softens the scene with its misty hue;
 The fire-flies sparkle amid the leaves,
 Where the silk-worm its thread of silver weaves.
 While the light wind that sweeps o'er ocean's breast
 Scarce stirs those leaves in their delicate rest.
 The hum of the city hath died away,
 Nor whisper the waves in their voiceless play;
 But whose is that form on yonder hill,
 That stalks like a ghost while the world lies still—
 The clank of whose arms upon the ear,
 In the solemn stillness sounds strange and drear?
 'Tis the warder that moves in the moonlight above,
 Where the fortress frowns o'er yon shelter'd cove.

III.

'Tis pleasant to gaze o'er the wat'ry world,
 When not a ripple its breast hath curl'd;
 'Tis pleasant to look o'er the moonlit fields,
 And breathe of the balm the garden yields;
 'Tis sweet to behold the forest lie
 Lone sleeping in silent majesty;
 'Tis pleasant to view the reposing ship
 In the harbour's waters its white sails dip;
 'Tis lovely to see the moon rest down

Her silvery light o'er the forests brown;
 And sweet to behold the placid sea
 Reflecting the skies fair imag'ry.
 Yet there be lovelier sights I ween,
 Than man's dull eye hath on earth e'er seen:
 There is beauty and splendor that mortal eye
 Ne'er saw upon earth, in ocean, nor sky;
 Revelings of such to the soul are given
 That walks with God with a heart in heaven.

Frankford, C. W.

AUTUMN IN AMERICA.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD VOLUME.

It was autumn; fires were lighted for about an hour, every day, in the morning and evening. The nights were cold, frosty, and clear; the days were warm, delightful, and hazy;—like those of the Indian summer—that beautiful season of the south, in North America. The woods were all in bloom. The magnificent foliage of the northern wilderness—gorgeous and heavy, with a profusion of colour; changing with every cloud; fluctuating with every wind—hung down, as it were, from the illuminated skies, over all the waters, and over all the mountains—colouring the very atmosphere;—shadowing the land with a broad lucid shadow; richer than the sunshine, richer by far than a carpet of crushed moss or trodden flowers; and covering the inaccessible rocks with what appeared like the unsubstantial herbage of poetry. The mornings were wonderful, and so were the evenings.

The autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated. It is like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake there, among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountains about—all—unknown to the world; in a solitude—a quiet—profound as death—and bright as heaven; the shores overhung with a superb autumnal foliage; and a sky so wonderful—so visionary—that all the clouds and all the mountains were of a piece in the clear water, and our boat was like a balloon.

Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared with a scene of this kind—about an hour before sunset—in the depth of a great North American solitude;—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock, and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies: of their hot bright East Indian skies; of the deep midnight blue of the South American skies. We have seen them all; slept under them all; slept under a sky, like one great moon;—worshipped under them all;—seen them through all their changes, of storm and sunshine, darkness and light; and we say that, in reality,

they are dim, heavy, clouded, uninteresting—compared with our North American skies, a little before and after sunset.

And so, too, of the garniture; the superb garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear, frosty nights. The mountains—vallies—woods—all burst into flower; and all at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery lies like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth; or the changes of their colour, from season to season, are slow and gradual.

It is not so in America—North America. There the transformation is universal—instantaneous. A single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day, perhaps, all the great woods will be green—with hardly a red, or a brown, or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in at night. Before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of a whole province—a whole empire in truth—will be changed. In the morning there will be hardly a natural leaf to be found. Before a week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay brilliant scarlet—purple—orange,—with every possible variety of brown, light blue, and vivid crimson, or blood colour. Of all the trees, none but the evergreen tribe will keep their integrity; *They will show along the battlements of the mountain—darker than ever—more cloudy than ever, like so many architectural ruins, or surviving turrets—in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.*

No, no—it is not saying too much of all this beauty—of all this great magnificence—when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the season gets among the branches—after such a night—and blows up the superfluous leasing to the warm sunshine, like a tempest among prodigious flowers, tearing and scattering the tulip-coloured foliage over all the earth and over all the waters; no, it is not saying too much—merely to say—that, under heaven, throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty or show, or richness or grandeur, to be compared with it. Imagine—we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if, thereby, we may give the stranger a true idea of this appearance—imagine, therefore, a great wilderness of poppies, or tulips, outspreading itself on every side, reaching quite a way to the horizon, over hill and over valley;—or a wood literally encumbered—heavy—with great, gorgeous, live butterflies, forever in motion.

We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods—the dull evergreens—towering up—into the sky—covering whole provinces; woods, too, of stupendous oak—

each tree, if the soil were divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance—flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary place—entirely shut in by the hills—flowering all over—all the year round. But we have never met with—never heard of—never looked upon, elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty, which is to be seen every “fall” in the woods of North America; headed up, on all the banks of all the rivers—up—up—to the very skies—on the great mountains—or, accumulated over the low countries—and weltering there, all the day through, in the light, or shadow—wind, or sunshine, of the season.”

THE DYING HUNTER TO HIS DOG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Lie down! lie down! my noble hound!
That joyful bark give o'er;
It wakes the lonely echoes round,
But rouses me no more.
Thy lifted ears, thy swelling chest,
Thine eyes so lately bright,
No longer kindle in my breast
A thrill of fierce delight;
As following thee on foaming steed,
My eager soul outstripped thy speed.

Lie down! lie down!—my faithful hound!
And watch this night with me;
For thee the horn again shall sound,
By mountain, stream and tree—
And thou along the forest glade
Shalt track the flying deer,
When cold and silent I am laid,
In child oblivion here—
Another voice shall cheer thee on,
And glory when the chase is won!

Lie down! lie down! my gallant hound!
Thy master's life is sped;
And, couched upon the dewy ground,
'Tis thine to watch the dead—
But when the blush of early day
Is kindling up the sky,
Then speed thee, faithful friend, away,
And to my mistress hie—
And guide her to this lonely spot,
Though my closed eyes behold her not.

Farewell, farewell, my trusty hound!
Death comes—and now we part—
In my dull ear strange murmurs sound,
More faintly throbs my heart,
The many twinkling lights of even
Scarce glimmer in the blue;
Chill round me falls the breath of even,
Cold on my brow the dew—
Earth, stars and heavens, are lost to sight—
The chase is o'er—brave friend, good night!

There is nothing more difficult to appreciate than national character.

RICHARD REDPATH*.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER VII.

Shows what trials often preserve or destroy life.

After a long consultation with his mother, Antonio de Frueba succeeded in coaxing her into yielding an unwilling consent to Marcella's request, and the poor girl retired to her own room, to brood over her present and future misery, and to form schemes for her final emancipation, which had their origin in despair. "I will never live to be his wife," she said, as the fatal thought of self-destruction once indulged, hourly acquired fresh strength. "I am weary of life—it will be no sacrifice in me so wretched to die. Yes; I will this very night free myself from this loathsome state of bondage!" She stole softly from her bed and opened the casement. The night was close and hot. A pile of dark, smoky looking clouds rested upon the horizon; not a sound was in the air; not a breath of wind ruffled the waters; a misty moon, encircled by a large halo, threw a sickly, faint light upon the scene. The oppressive, suffocating heat, increased the dejection of the poor girl's mind; she sighed deeply, and throwing a loose wrapper around her, cautiously lifted the latch. Her bed-room door opened into the outer apartment of general resort; and from thence into the open air. Her brother occupied the loft above, her mother slept in a little closet opposite to her own; and the negress made her couch upon a mat at the foot of Madame de Frueba's bed.

As with noiseless tread, Marcella crossed the floor, one wakeful ear detected the intruder, and Ida sprang upon her with a joyful bark, which awoke Madame de Frueba, whose open door communicated with the outer room.

"Minerva! is that you?" she cried, speaking to the slave.

"It is I, mamma," returned Marcella.

"You! what do you want out of your bed at this hour?"

"Water. It is suffocatingly hot. There is a storm gathering, and I am dying with thirst."

"You will find the pail on the kitchen dresser,

Marcella; and hark you! bring me a cupful. It is, as you say, dreadfully hot."

Marcella struck a light, and brought her mother the drink she required. Her hand trembled as she bent over the bed to administer it.

"You look ill, Marcella."

"My head aches," was the reply.

"Forget these foolish words of mine, Marcella. Your brother tells me that you mean to be a good girl. Give me a kiss and let us be friends."

"God forgive us, that we should ever be otherwise," sighed Marcella, as with a desperate effort she stooped down and kissed the wrinkled brow of her selfish parent. Their eyes met—conscious of her premeditated crime, she turned weeping away.

"Nonsense! I forgive you. Go to your bed, foolish girl—a little sleep will refresh you."

"It will. I long for sleep—deep, unbroken sleep. When shall I sleep undisturbed by the phantoms of waking misery? Good night, mother—good night."

She left the room, and closed her mother's door intentionally after her. A few steps placed her beyond the threshold, and she stood alone by the waveless sea; the hot, breathless night, shedding no balm around to soften the iron purpose to which she had braced her mind.

What sad reflections of the past,—what awful and mysterious forebodings for the future—that spiritual future—the solving of the great riddle of life,—passed, in rapid succession, through the mind of the unhappy girl. Sad as her lot had been, without one sunbeam of happiness, to cheer its long desolate day of weeping, it was yet hard to die. To die, in the fresh spring of youth and beauty. Might not better times come? Was it right to rush unbidden into the presence of her God? For the murderer there is a hope that he may repent and be reconciled to the Creator, whose laws he has outraged. But the self-destroyer dies without hope. His last act is one of open rebellion against the majesty of heaven—he anticipates eternal death, and becomes his own executioner.

Full of these perplexing doubts and fears, Marcella wandered on without noticing whither—the weakness of the flesh, combatting with the stubborn wilfulness of the spirit, which had resolved to do and dare the last, worst act of human folly and wickedness. So absorbed was she by the violence of her own feelings, that she never noticed the rapid changes which were taking place in the elements by which she was surrounded.

“The sky is changed—and such a change!”

She saw not the clouds hurrying rapidly over the sky, driven onward, by the rushing blast which nearly lifted her from her feet, and made the solid rocks tremble. She heard not the voice of old ocean, rising in his majesty, and lifting up his mighty billows in answer to the awful summons of the storm. The moon was blotted from the heavens; thick darkness gathered over the earth like a funeral pall; and Marcella, startled from her visions of madness, by the vivid flashes of lightning which lighted up her path, at length stopped in her frantic career, to tremble at the storm.

Yes; she, who a few minutes before had thought little of daring the judgment seat of an offended God, now trembled like a reed before the ministering spirits sent to execute His purpose upon the earth.

“Oh, God! have mercy upon me a sinner!” she exclaimed, as sinking upon the bench, she buried her face in her hands to shut out the broad sheets of lurid flame that every moment revealed the awful scene around her.

The thunder burst in terrific peals above her head; the hurricane lifted her, long dark locks upon its broad-sounding wings, and deluges of rain poured down upon her prostrate form. But there she lay in speechless horror, the very sport and plaything of the elements. At length there came a lull, and the tempest seemed to have exhausted its fury; but a sound more mournful than the voice of the howling storm smote her ears: the signal of a ship in distress—the minute gun at sea!

Marcella raised her head; the moon was wading through the dark billows of the scattered thunder clouds, and she could distinctly behold a fine merchant vessel lying upon the reef and broken by the waves, which made at every sweep the probability of rescue more improbable.

“God help the poor creatures!” she exclaimed, “and must they perish?”

“Young woman, I fear they must!” said an answering voice near her, as an old seaman who had been startled from his sleep on the first discharge of those dismal guns, joined her on the beach.

“Is there no help?”

“None, but with God!” returned the old man, with a deep sigh. “You see, my dear, the vessel has been driven by the hurricane upon the coral reef, and the big waves that break in upon the rock, render all approach by smaller craft impossible, even if a small boat could put off to her assistance, with the wind dead upon the shore. Alack! alack! 'tis a dismal sight! the poor human creatures; and to be unable to give them the least help, it goes to my old heart. A sight like that always brings the salt-water into my eyes. Nature has her high tides as well as the ocean, and the heart is often wrecked in the storm.” He paused for a few moments, and shading his eyes with the back of his hand, looked long and fixedly upon the waters. “It's all over with her. See! she parts asunder, and her crew are struggling with the waves!”

Again the clouds swept over the sky—again the squall passed over land and wave; and when the moon once more emerged from her close veil, not a particle of the vessel was to be seen.

“What has become of the ship?” asked Marcella, with breathless interest.

“She has sunk.”

“And the men?”

“Are in eternity!” replied the old man, who was no other than Ben Waters. “Well, 'tis no worse to die so than in one's bed. Of the two, I would rather make my choice of the sea. But my good girl,” he continued, turning suddenly to Marcella; “have you a friend or a lover among your unhappy crew, that I find you abroad and alone, on such a night as this?”

“Thank God! I have neither the one nor the other,” said Marcella, “in that ill-fated vessel. Friends are scarce in this cold-hearted world. Alas! I have none to lose!”

“How! none?—and so young! Whose fault can that be?”

“Perhaps my own,” said Marcella, bursting into tears. “I cannot love those with whom my lot is cast; and weary of myself and all things under heaven, I sought this spot to die. My purpose is still the same; but I feel that my hour is not yet come. Leave me, old man, I wish to be alone.”

“No,” said the seaman, “I feel commissioned from above to remain with you. I am but a rude, ignorant man, who has ploughed the salt seas all my life; but I may be able to give you a bit of wholesome advice which may convince you that you are wrong.”

“I know I am wrong,” returned Marcella, mournfully; “there is nothing that you can say to me, which can give me a worse opinion of myself; but I am so unhappy that I no longer wish to cope with the ills of life.”

"What dreadful sins can one so young as you are have committed, that you are so eager to ensure your own damnation?" returned the old man.

"Damnation!—that is a harsh sentence."

"It is but too true, young lady. Come sit down upon this piece of rock and tell me, if you dare confide in a stranger, an old man, old enough to be your grandfather, the story of your wrongs."

Encouraged by the kind old man to unburthen her mind of its sorrows, Marcella accepted his offer, and with many sighs and tears revealed to the seaman her tale of grief. He listened attentively, and when she had ended her relation, he said:

"Young lady, you have suffered much, and your warrant is one of great misery; but it does not warrant you to commit a great crime, for which there is no repentance, either in this world or in the next. Return to your mother and to your home; submit yourself humbly to the will of God, pray earnestly to Him to forgive your great sin, and you will be instructed what to do."

"I have no home," sobbed Marcella; "I cannot—I will not return."

"You are wilful," said the old man; "and though I pity you very much, I cannot excuse your guilt. The crime you meditate is so selfish—so cowardly—and shows such a want of confidence in the goodness and mercy of God, that it appears to me the worst act of human depravity."

"It is no where forbidden in the Bible," said Marcella, who felt an obstinate spirit of resistance rising in her heart, against the admonitions of the stranger.

"You have read your Bible to very little purpose," he returned, quickly, "if you can find anything in it, which justifies an act of open rebellion against the Heavenly King. You tell him plainly by this act, that you despise his laws, and dare to resist his authority; that you consider the life He gave so little worth, that you fling it back to Him as an abhorred gift, and prefer an eternity of misery to the patient endurance of a few years of sorrow upon earth. Oh, my dear young lady, consider well before you take so fatal a step, the awful penalty which you must incur. Besides, is there not something of a revengeful feeling, which instigates you to the commission of this crime?"

"Revenge against whom?"

"Your mother."

"Nay, God forbid!"

"Do you not think that the manner of your death would shock and surprise her?—that it would fill her mind with remorseful self-upbraidings for the manner in which she had treated you?"

Marcella was silent, for she knew too well that much—too much, of this feeling pervaded her breast. She had hoped, that the mother who had never shown any regard for her during her life, would have been filled with sorrow and remorse, when she received the news of her death.

"Yes," continued the old man. "I know I am right; self destruction is too often dictated by this cruel and selfish feeling; this hope of striking to the heart of those whom we look upon as our oppressors. Ah, young lady, I speak feelingly—all have their sorrows, and I have had mine. Listen to me: I was the father of five children, ones; four stout, handsome lads, and one sweet, pretty girl, the youngest and the best beloved. My poor wife died when Lucy was in her cradle, and a sister of mine, a still, formal old maid, but a very good woman in her way, minded the house, and took care of the children. As the boys grew up they all followed the sea, and I was left alone with Lucy, the greater part of the year. I was a pilot on a dangerous coast, and earned excellent wages in my calling, and we lived very happily together. But, as I said before, man is born to trouble; one by one, my brave boys were taken from me, and filled a watery grave; and Lucy alone remained to cheer my hearth and welcome me on my return from my trips to and from London. I loved her—ah, how I loved her—the affection which had been divided between the five was now concentrated wholly in her, and the idea of losing her never for a moment was suffered to enter my mind. Well, there came to our town a smart, handsome young fellow, as waiter at the King's Arms, the head inn of the town; and he contrived to get acquainted with my Lucy, through a female friend, and from seeing her home from church on Sunday nights, he became a frequent visitor at the house. I did not like the chap, nor Aunt Mary either, and I told Lucy plainly, that I would have none of him for a son, and forbade him the house. Aunt Mary went further, for she would not let Lucy leave her own chamber, and lectured her very severely on giving her affections to such a worthless vagabond. Well, we meant all for the best; but my poor girl had been so spoiled by me, and so used to have her own way, that she took it very ill, and knowing how fond I was of her, she thought that nothing would grieve me so much as her death. I am certain that no other motive induced her to do what she did. We had some sharp words about young Warner, and I had told her that I had been informed by a friend that he was a married man; that he had run away and left his wife and two small children in great poverty in Yarmouth, a large seaport town on our coast. She was very angry and indignant at

what she considered a base libel on the man she loved, and she told me that both her aunt and I would repent of our conduct towards her before long. I paid little heed to her words then; but wanting to go on board a merchant ship that lay at anchor in the bay, I put off my boat, and soon forgot all about Lucy and her worthless lover. On my return from the ship, the wind, which had been rising for some hours, suddenly freshened, and the seamen who accompanied me advised me to run the boat ashore before the gale came on, and return on foot to the town. I followed their advice. We were just abreast of Easton cliffs, a lonely and unfrequented part of the coast. As we approached the shore our attention was arrested by a young woman hurrying to and fro, along the steep summit of one of the highest cliffs. She was without her hat, and her whole appearance suggested the idea of a person laboring under a fit of insanity. On perceiving our boat struggling forward through the surf to effect a landing upon the narrow beach, she uttered a loud cry and flung herself from the top of the cliff into the retiring billows. The partial glimpse I caught of her face and figure, as she disappeared from my sight for ever, reminded me of my Lucy; and the dreadful thought flashed across my mind—'could it be she?' I returned home full of gloomy forebodings. My house was desolate. The child whom I loved so fondly was gone, never to return. I found a few lines addressed to me, which cut me more deeply to the heart, than even the death of the writer; they ran thus:—'Father, your reproaches have broken my heart—you have killed your child.' And so she died—in order to revenge upon her poor old father the affront he offered to her pride, in the hope of saving her from ruin. In the excess of my love for her, I had wounded her feelings, and she determined that mine should bleed to my heart's inmost core. I did not weep for her—I could not weep; when I thought of her a hot, suffocating feeling swelled in my throat, and dried up my tears. My home became hateful to me; I left the cabin to my sister, and entered myself a common seaman in a vessel bound to a distant land in order to forget the past. Years have fled away; but I am still a lonely and childless man. Your mournful tale brought back to my recollection the agony I endured when I first discovered that my daughter was dead; and had died by her own desperate act,—and I doubt not but, like you, my unhappy girl fancied that I was the cruel tyrant who had driven her to commit such an awful crime."

The old man was silent, and Marcella was too much overcome by his simple narration, to speak. It was now sunrise. The storm had passed away,

and though the waves still chafed and beat upon the rocks, the dawn gave the promise of a glorious day. Marcella turned, and looked wistfully in the old man's face.

"I see that you relent of your cruel purpose, young lady. Return to your home, and sin no more."

"To that home I cannot return," said Marcella; "but I will banish from my mind the dark thoughts which led me here. The world is before me. I will seek in servitude the means of subsistence; but if I remain with my mother, she and my brother will force me to the commission of something dreadful."

As she ceased speaking she arose from her seat, and she and the old seaman sauntered on together, until their path was obstructed by the body of a young man that the sea had just thrown ashore. Marcella uttered a faint scream as her glance fell upon the pale face of the newly dead.

"Jesu!" she cried, "who have we here?"

"One of the poor fellows from the wreck," returned Ben Waters. "What an he be still alive?"

"Impossible!" said Marcella, as she assisted the old man to drag the body beyond the reach of the waves. What a fine countenance! Is it not sad that one so young and fair should be cut off in the very bloom of life?"

"You did not think so a few hours ago, when you contemplated your own death," said the seaman. "And truly you are as beautiful a piece of God's workmanship as my eyes ever beheld. But softly—the body is not yet cold. I believe that he is alive." And, taking a small case of brandy from his pocket, he poured a few drops into the young man's mouth, who, after a slight struggle, opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly about him.

"He lives!" exclaimed Marcella, joyfully.

But her delight was of short duration. Heaving a deep sigh, the young man closed his eyes, and again sunk into a state so nearly resembling death, that Ben Waters for some minutes concluded that he was gone.

"He has got some injury during his combat with the waves," he said; "if there were any house near, to which we might instantly convey the body, something might be done to restore him."

"I know a free black, who occupies a cabin close at hand," said Marcella. "It is too early for him to have left his home. Stay with the body, and I will run and fetch old Paris, to help you carry him thither."

In another moment she was out of sight, and in an incredibly short time, returned, accompanied by the negro, a hale, powerful looking man, in spite of his white head and wrinkled brows.

"What massa want?" he cried. "Aha! dead man—Paris no likes to meddle with the dead—no luck in taking to one's cabin a drowned man."

"He is not dead," said Waters; "here, lend a hand, old boy. 'Tis but a slight lad—some widowed mother's pet, I fancy. We shall not find him much of a burthen. You take the feet, and I'll support the head and shoulders. We have him nicely now."

Marcella followed the old men, and their insensible burthen, to the negro's hut, where she helped to arrange his bed, which was composed of the coarsest materials, whilst the men proceeded to restore suspended animation.

In this they shortly succeeded; but the young man's mind was wandering, and he was unable to distinguish what was passing around him.

Judging by his appearance that he was a gentleman, Ben Waters advised old Paris to take particular care of his guest, as it was not improbable that he would be well rewarded for his trouble. He then left the cabin; but not until he had extorted a promise from Marcella to stay and nurse the sick man, and give up all idea of committing the fatal act she had premeditated, and which his unexpected appearance had alone prevented.

Marcella no longer hesitated in granting the old man's request. A deep interest had been excited in her breast for the person who had thus been providentially rescued from death. His countenance was handsome and intellectual, and the strong likeness which it bore to one whose memory was very dear to her made her doubly anxious for his recovery. After adjusting his pillows, and administering a few spoonfuls of gruel to her patient, she returned home, in order to lull the suspicions of her mother and brother, and informed them that she had been hired to attend upon a sick person for a few days, from whom she expected to receive very good wages. After some hesitation, Madame de Frueba consented to part with her for a week, provided that she returned every night to sleep at the house. To this arrangement Marcella gratefully agreed; and going to the town, she laid out all her private savings in purchasing medicine and necessaries for her patient.

The person who had thus succeeded in turning the thoughts of the desponding girl into a more healthful channel, was no other than young Ingate, the nephew of old Baynes, and the intended husband of Miss Betsey. Harsh and worldly as the old planter was to others, he yet possessed strong affections for his own kindred; which was limited to two sisters—the mother of Henry and the old lady who had brought up and educated

Marcella. These women, early in life had married two brothers. The elder had accompanied her brother and husband to Jamaica, where the latter amassed a considerable fortune, but died early in life, leaving Mrs. Edward Ingate a widow with two sons; both of these lads died in youth, and their mother had adopted Marcella to relieve the weary loneliness of her solitary home. At her death, her large property devolved to her nephew, Henry Ingate, her youngest sister's only son. This lady was likewise a widow, and although a shrewd, worldly minded woman, she was a most devoted mother; and her care and attention to her sickly boy were returned on his part by the warmest love. Her wishes had ever been a law to him, and the implicit obedience he rendered when a child to her slightest commands, had not diminished the least in its force since his arrival at manhood.

Although her son, by his aunt's will, possessed enough of the world's goods to supply all the luxuries and elegancies of life, Mrs. Ingate thought it a pity that any of the property should go out of the family; and finding that her niece Baynes was heiress to a large fortune she thought that her Henry might as well enjoy it as another. She communicated her views upon the subject by letter to her wealthy brother, who entirely coincided in her opinion. A bargain was struck between the old folks, and the match concluded by the young people, who cheerfully entered into correspondence with each other. Nothing was now wanting to the consummation of the desired union, but the personal acquaintance of the parties, and Henry, having just finished his collegiate studies, embarked for the golden isles of the west, to woo and wed his promised bride.

So passive had been his obedience to his mother's wishes, that he never for a moment indulged the idea that his own feelings, upon a closer intimacy with the prescribed object of his affections, might rebel against her authority—that it was possible for him to love and choose for himself.

Retired and studious in his habits, he had never been much in female society. He had read of love, and had had some tender misgivings upon the subject. He had been the confidant of many an amorous fellow-student's passion; but had never himself yielded up his heart and reason to the indulgence of what he considered in the light of an unpardonable weakness. Then he had some odd notions, which young and inexperienced men often entertain, that one woman is as good as another; that marriage is all a lottery, and that it is impossible to judge of the character of any one before-hand. His cousin Betsey, he had heard from his aunt, was a good girl—a pretty,

industrious girl; she was rich too—he saw no objection to that—and he felt certain that she would make a good wife; his mother told him so—and he always believed all his mother said.

But the time had arrived which was to prove the truth of his creed, and reduce his cool, calculating theory, to practice, and we shall see how soon he abandoned all his preconceived opinions, and became a convert to a new system. He had received no other injury in his collision with the rocks than sundry violent bruises; but these, together with the excitement produced by his dangerous situation, brought on a low fever, which confined him entirely to his bed. For several days he took no notice of the beautiful creature who hovered about his sick couch like a ministering angel, listening with gentle patience to his complaints, and soothing, with her soft, silvery accents, the restless bed of pain. He knew that he had been wrecked. He remembered his awful struggle with the winds and waters, up to the appalling moment when the conflict ceased, and his spirit passed onward into the forgetfulness of death. He awoke once more to consciousness. He knew that he was still an inhabitant of this world; but where he was, or how, or in what manner he had been saved, was still a mystery. After all the noise and hurry of the storm, the agonising efforts for self-preservation, and the desperate animal struggles which preceded the final annihilation of hope: the deep, quiet of that little cabin was so refreshing to his wounded mind and body, that he nestled down in the pillows, as a sick infant does into its mother's breast, and slumped making enquiries which might disturb the enjoyment of his dream of rest. From this state of pleasing helplessness he was aroused by the soft, low voice of his young nurse, who, after making the usual enquiries about his health, asked him earnestly to tell her his name, and if he had friends in Jamaica?

Without answering the fair querist, Henry Ingate continued gazing upon her beautiful face in silent wonder. Who was she—and how could one so young and lovely be contented to confine herself to his sick chamber, when the world lay bright and glowing without?

"My name," he said, with his eyes still fixed upon her face, "is Henry Ingate. But who is she who deems me worthy of an enquiry—my self-constituted and disinterested nurse?"

"My name," returned Marcella, blushing, "is of little consequence; but yours, Sir, has been endeared to me by a thousand holy recollections."

"How!" exclaimed the young man in some surprise, "are we not strangers to each other?"

"We never met in this world before," said Mar-

cella; "but I was brought up by a lady who bore your name, who was as dear to me—my dearer, than my mother."

"Then you are Marcella de Frueba?" returned the young man in a lively tone: "the young lady whom my dear aunt used to write to us about. How happy I am that we have become acquainted with each other, although in a manner so strange and unexpected."

"Strange, indeed!" thought Marcella. "Ah! I wonder if this interesting young gentleman is the destined husband of old Baynes' pretty daughter?" And for the first time in her life Marcella was tempted to think the handsome young creole a very plain, vulgar, matter-of-fact sort of a girl, quite unworthy of being the bride of the young Englishman.

"I have an uncle here," said the young man; "do you know Joshua Baynes?"

"Who does not?" returned Marcella. "He is one of the richest men in the island."

"He has a daughter," said Henry; "is she pretty?"

"They say so," said Marcella, and her pale cheek grew paler still. "She is a very kind, amiable girl."

"You know her, then?"

"I have made dresses for her," said Marcella, the tears filling her eyes.

"You make dresses for Miss Baynes?"

"You forget, Sir, that I am poor, and Miss Baynes is a great heiress."

"But I thought my aunt had left Miss de Frueba above the necessity of earning her living?"

"God bless her! she did—but—"

"What has become of the money?"

"It was given to save a dear but extravagant brother from a jail," said Marcella; "but indeed, Mr. Ingate, as I never expected your aunt's munificent gift, so the loss of it never gave me the least pain. Had I possessed kind friends and a happy home, I could have resigned a larger sum without regret."

While Henry Ingate continued to gaze upon those beautiful, tearful eyes, he longed to enquire into their owner's history; and before the sun went down that night, Marcella had confided to him the trials and sorrows of her life's brief span.

Henry, who looked upon his gentle companion as the preserver of his life, listened to her tale with the deepest indignation. How he longed to take her from such a home, and make her the mistress of his heart and fortunes; but how could he disobey his mother, and by this one act overthrow the cherished hope of years? To many this would have afforded no barrier to their wishes; but it presented an almost insurmountable one to him. He did not love his cousin, although

he was greatly prepossessed in her favor; but he began to suspect that he did love, and passionately love, the sweet girl before him; and before the prescribed week had elapsed, and he was able to leave his bed, he only appeared to live in her presence.

"Let me go to your uncle and inform him that you live," said Marcella, one morning when she had spent her last dollar in food and medicine. "Our little stock of money is exhausted, and you cannot regain your health and strength without proper nourishment."

"The hour which informs him of my existence," said Henry, sorrowfully, "will deprive me forever of your dear society. Marcella, I can no longer live without you."

"But why should that circumstance separate us, my beloved?" said Marcella, as with her slender fingers she smoothed down the fair bright locks of her lover.

"You do not know what brought me to Jamaica!" said Henry.

Marcella knew too well.

"Well, if he knows that I am alive, I am bound in honor to marry his daughter. Now, my sweet Marcella, I would rather marry you; let him therefore remain in ignorance, and I continue happy."

"But we cannot always conceal it. In one fortnight more, I have promised Antonio and my mother to marry that horrid Abbot, and without I can shew my mother some return for my week's nursing, I shall no longer be suffered to attend upon you."

"Alas!" said the young man, although I possess thousands, at this moment I cannot command a shilling; but take this ring, Marcella, and pawn it at some jeweller's. It is a fine gem, and you ought to raise upon it sufficient to satisfy your mother's avarice. Next week I will seek an interview with my relations; but this week, let us be happy as long as we can."

Marcella was only too willing to grant his request, and she took the jewel to Benjamin Levi, as we have seen, in order to raise upon it enough to satisfy the rapacious disposition of Madame de Frucha. On her return from the town, she visited her mother's cabin; here she found her brother and Mr. Abbot in close and earnest conversation.

"Marcella," said Antonio, drawing her towards him, "we were just talking of you; Mr. Abbot's patience is well nigh exhausted. He humbly petitions you to shorten his term of probation, and consent next week to be his wife."

"I am not prepared," said Marcella, turning pale; "I was hoping that he would extend the period, and grant me more time. My heart is

very wilful, I cannot teach it to love on such short notice."

"I fear, miss, that you don't try," said the planter; "most young ladies' hearts are very pliable; you seem determined not to put yourself out of your way to serve a friend."

"Patience, my good sir," said Marcella; "we will talk about the matter a fortnight hence. Let me enjoy my brief season of liberty before the dark days come in which my soul can find no pleasure."

"I hope you don't mean that as a reflection upon me, miss," said the offended Abbot. "Hang me, Tony! if I am not tired of dancing attendance upon this obstinate sister of yours. I have a great mind to cut the concern altogether."

"It would be wisdom," said Marcella; "I am sure you would never repent taking such a reasonable step, whilst I should remain your debtor for life."

"Have done with this folly, Marcell," said Antonio, angrily; "I have promised my friend Abbot that you shall be his wife, and I expect that after the indulgence which has been shewn to you, you will not hesitate to obey me."

"How does your love affair prosper, Anty?" said the planter.

"It's no go," was the laconic reply. "I have given it up as a hopeless job. As bad luck would have it, young Mr. Ingate was saved from the wreck." (Marcella started). "and is now at his uncle's house. Miss Betsey is enchanted with her future husband, and they are to be married early in the ensuing week."

"Is there no way of preventing the match?" said Abbot.

"None that I can devise; if Delores were here something might be done; but your friends are always out of the way when they might be of any use. It would be good fun to carry off the bride."

"Excellent!" laughed the planter; "I would be best man, and little Marcella could act the part of bridesmaid. It would be giving us a lesson before hand of what we should have to do."

Antonio mused for a while. "The thing," he said, "is not impracticable. If Delores were here you might stand a good chance of dancing at my wedding. I will get acquainted with this rival of mine; I see him pass the counting-house every morning for a stroll in the garden with Miss Betsey. Confound him! I am sure the little jade has betrayed me, for he looks at me with such a laughing, quizzical face, as much as to say—Mr. Antonio, I have robbed you of your sweetheart. But let him look to his own; I may be able to turn the tables upon him yet."

"What sort of a man is he?" said Marcella.

carelessly; the question however was dictated by intense curiosity.

"I am a bad hand at drawing a man's picture, Marcel. If it were a pretty girl now, I could soon tell you all about her. Well," he continued after a pause, "if the truth must be spoken, he's a damned handsome fellow—almost as good looking as myself."

"He must be a perfect Adonis, then," said Marcella, affecting a laugh. "What does Mr. Baynes think of his son-in-law?"

"That there is no person to compare with him in all Jamaica. The old man is so pleased with the match that he looks ten years younger; and has not complained of the gout, or grumbled over his dinner, since his arrival."

"It would spoil his stomach for a year to come if you could rob him of his daughter," quoth Mr. Abbot.

"An exchange is no robbery," said Antonio; "I am willing to present him with a son in lieu of the lady."

At this moment Madame de Frueba entered.

"How is your patient, Marcella?" she said; "I have so much to do in the house during your absence, that I often wish him in heaven!"

"Who is the person to whom you allude, mother?" said Antonio, knitting his brows; "and why degrade Marcella into a common servant?"

"Nay, it was her own choice," returned Madame de Frueba. "Had I asked her to nurse the governor's lady, she would have sulked for a week. Marcella can tell you what he is, I know nothing about him."

Antonio twisted his mustachios through his fingers and turned a fierce enquiring eye upon his sister. Marcella saw that her visits to the negro's cabin were at an end—that her future interviews with her lover must be by stealth—that if Antonio discovered his retreat, and suspected that an attachment existed between them, it might be productive of very fatal consequences; and she answered promptly the question which she felt was rising to his lip.

"My task," she said, "is over; the gentleman whom I attended is pronounced out of danger; and here," she continued, laying eight of the ten dollars that she had received from Robert Redpath, upon the table, "is the reward of my services."

"Just the sum I wanted," cried Antonio, clutching the gold.

"Hold! give me my share!" exclaimed Madame de Frueba, seizing his arm and trying to wrench open his hand. "I have the best right to it—I will have it!"

"Yes, when you can get it," returned her son, with a knowing wink to the planter. "When

money once gets into my hands I let no one spend it but myself. Now mother let me alone—for you won't get it!"

"I tell you, Antonio, that it is mine—Marcella promised her wages to me, and I will not be robbed in that way."

"For heaven's sake, do not quarrel about such a paltry sum!" said Marcella, greatly alarmed at the enraged looks of her mother. "Antonio, I beseech you, give my mother the money."

"Hang me! if I will!" muttered the ruffian.

"She is so unreasonable, she thinks that a young fellow like me can do without money. Stand off! or by heaven! I'll lock you up in your own room till you come to your right senses;" and seizing her up in his arms he was in the act of putting his threat into execution, when his foot caught in an old ragged mat, and they both fell heavily on the floor together.

A faint shriek burst from the lips of Madame de Frueba; Marcella sprang to her assistance.

"Rise, Antonio!—for God's sake! rise—I fear my mother is hurt."

"Hurt! Pshaw! She is about as much hurt as a cat would be in falling out of a window. Hey mother!" he continued, rising and shaking her arm; "don't pretend to be in a faint—I'm up to all such tricks—you can't play the old soldier with me."

There was a pause. The young man's countenance suddenly fell.

"What is this?" he cried. "Mother, mother, for God's sake, speak to me, mother! I did not mean to hurt you; it was all a joke. Here, take the money. Good God, Marcella! I believe she is dead!"

Trembling like an aspen leaf, Marcella assisted him in lifting up the head of her prostrate parent. The young people looked doubtfully at each other; their countenances full of sorrow.

"She is dead, Antonio!" whispered Marcella.

"That blow against the corner of the old chest has struck her full upon the temple. Ah, my unhappy brother! what is to be done?"

"Few people knew of her existence, and none cared for her," said Antonio. "When night comes, you must help me to bury her."

"Better send for a physician and relate the circumstance as it occurred," said the horror-stricken Marcella. "Mr. Abbot can bear witness that although your conduct was most undutiful, you meant her no injury."

"I will do no such thing," returned Antonio; "It would ruin my prospects for life. Mother never left the house; her person is known to few besides ourselves; I will dig a grave in the mango-swamp, and bury her when the moon rises—few will look for her there."

"Oh, God have mercy upon her! and forgive you!" said Marcella, clasping her hands, and looking down upon the ghastly face of her dead parent in tearless agony. "And is it come to this, that I can look upon you dead, and shed no tear? I that can weep over a dead bird, have no tears for my own mother. This is sin—this ought not to be. Forgive me, mother! my heart bleeds for you, but I cannot weep."

"This is a dreadful piece of business, miss," said the planter; "you had better come home with me—this is no place for you."

"Would you have me leave strangers to perform the last sad offices due to her?" said Marcella.

"Let the dead bury their dead," said the planter, with a significant look towards Antonio, who was leaning against the wall of the cabin, staring vacantly at the melancholy spectacle before him, "Come home with me."

"I thank you for your kind offer, Mr. Abbot," said Marcella, "for I am sure it is meant kindly; but I prefer remaining here."

"Well, well, you are an unlucky set of people," said the planter. "I think I had better have nothing more to say to you. I hope miss that you will excuse the offer I made you. I'd right gladly be off the bargain now."

"You are your own master, Sir," said Marcella. "The sooner you leave us the better."

"Good day," said the planter, making a sudden move towards the door. "I wish you well out of this scrape, Antonio; but 'tis a queer, awkward piece of business. I hope my name won't be brought into it—I would rather have given a thousand dollars than have been an eye-witness of it."

"Thank God he is gone!" said Marcella, closing the door after him. "And now, Antonio, what is to be done? Take my advice and inform the authorities."

"I will do no such thing," said Antonio; "they will say that I murdered her."

"They will say so if you conceal the facts."

"Nonsense! who is to know it?"

"Abbot will betray you."

"Not he."

"Then there is Minerva."

"Tell her that her mistress died suddenly. There are no marks of violence upon the body to contradict the assertion. Call her hither; she will help me to remove the body into the inner chamber. Alas! poor mother! God knows with all my faults, I never meant to hurt you!" Kneeling down by the side of the body, he raised the head upon his knees and burst into tears.

How Marcella envied him those tears.

"Antonio," she said, "you loved my mother—

you had reason, for she doted upon you; and can you bear to put her into the earth without book or bell? Do you not think that she would be apt to haunt this spot, if you buried her like a dog?"

"She cared for none of these things," said Antonio. "You, Marcella, are too superstitious."

"I should not like to be buried in that way," said Marcella, who was very credulous, and believed in supernatural appearances, and supernatural agency. "I am sure I should never rest in my grave."

"You make my flesh creep," said Antonio. "Poor mother! I wonder how it will speed with you in another world; you had hard times in this. If there is a heaven, I fear that you and I will never meet there."

And lifting the body up in his arms, he carried it into the adjoining room and laid it upon the bed; and leaving Marcella and the negress to perform the last sad offices, he went to procure a coffin and prepare a grave for its reception.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Editor forced to eat his own words.

"How, Mr. Redpath, is this you?" cried Mr. Lawson, rising from his desk, and returning cordially Robert's hearty shake of the hand. "I should not have known you for the same person who spoke to me in this store two hours ago. The Jew has wrought a miracle in your favour, and made a gentleman of you at once."

"I hope it is not to him that I am indebted for my pretensions to that name," said Robert. "If it had not belonged to me before, no agency of the Jew's could have produced such a metamorphosis."

"And what did you think of him?"

"He is a strange, perverse animal," said Robert, laughing. "The less said of him the better."

"Yes," returned the merchant, "it is the wisest course to leave the hog to wallow in his own mire. You know the old adage—'You cannot touch pitch without being defiled.'"

"Is there any hope of my obtaining a situation, through your kind exertions, Sir?" said Robert.

"I have been thinking about it ever since I saw you," said the merchant. "Have you any objection to serve a lady?"

"None in the least."

"I have a niece," continued the merchant, "a smart, clever young woman, who keeps the store of dry goods at the end of the street. Poor girl! she had the misfortune to lose her husband last year in the yellow fever. He had a capital busi-

ness, and I advised her to carry it on in her own name, for the sake of her children—for she has two very small children—a boy and a girl. She has succeeded beyond our expectations, and I have little doubt but that she will realise a fortune. Her man of business died last week, and she wants a good salesman to fill his place. You say that you are a ready accountant, and are well versed in mercantile affairs. I think this situation will just suit you—that is, if you are not too unreasonable in your expectations, and are willing to make yourself useful.”

“I shall be contented with a moderate salary,” said Robert. “My wants at present are few. If I can earn enough to pay for my board, and find myself in decent clothing, I shall consider myself well off.”

“You will board with the family, and dine at the same table with Mrs. Westfall,” said the merchant. “Come, let us step across the street, and negotiate the matter with the fair widow. I think you will be just the lad to suit her.”

Lucinda Westfall (like the Americans, the West Indians luxuriate in fine names) was in the very act of shaming and scolding a mischievous imp of a boy in frock and trousers, who even at that tender age dared to resist her authority, and tell her that he “would be his own master,” when the black servant announced Mr. Lawson and another gentleman.

“Oh, uncle! I am glad you are come,” said the very pretty young creature, without raising her eyes to the faces of the intruders. “You will set this young gentleman to rights for me—he deserves a good flogging—indeed he does.”

“Then why, my dear, do you not give it to him? It is a pity that the poor child should not meet with his deserts.”

“Ah, uncle!—would you have me beat the dear boy, and he so like his father? Oh, no! he may behave as he likes; but I can never bring myself to strike my own flesh and blood.”

“That’s always the way with you, Lucinda—‘spare the rod and spoil the child.’ But what has he done?”

“Tis funny enough too,” said Mrs. Westfall, laughing; “but then ’tis so provoking. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Wood, has been staying with me for the last week, and only left this morning—she paints—yes, uncle, uses both red and white.”

“She borrows from Art to cheat Nature,” said the merchant—“that’s rather reversing the order of things. But what has her painting to do with Leonard’s ill conduct?”

“Everything. He stole his aunt’s rouge and white lead, and painted old Mr. Baynes’ monkey, which every day comes into our kitchen to see what he can steal.”

“Ha! ha! ha! I see no great crime in that.”

“No crime! Why, Mrs. Wood thought he was turning her into ridicule, and she stormed for an hour. But that is not the worst of the business. The brute scampered off before we could catch him to wash his face, and that ill-natured old maid, Amy Baynes, will set it all over the town that I paint. Now really, uncle, ’tis dreadfully provoking.”

“Dear mamma, I did not mean to offend aunt Ellen—I only thought that Mr. Pug would look so pretty painted.”

“Well, well,” said the merchant, “your mamma will forgive you this time. But harkye, Leonard, never attempt to paint monkeys again, or the old maids in the town will make mince-meat of you.”

After this important matter had been discussed Mr. Lawson introduced Robert to his niece, and entered upon the object of his visit.

Mrs. Westfall appeared greatly pleased with the young Englishman, to whom she offered a very liberal salary. Robert gladly accepted her terms, and agreed to commence his new duties on the following morning.

“That’s a nice, sensible woman,” said Mr. Lawson, as they left the house. “It is a pity that she spoils those children; and if you wish to keep friends with her, young man, you must spoil them too.”

“She is a very pretty woman,” said Robert.

“Yes—well enough. But, these children! I would not be pestered with these children for a thousand a-year.”

Robert thought he could bear the inconvenience for half that sum, although he was naturally irritable, and not over-fond of the juveniles.

“Who have we here?” cried the merchant. “The Jew, I declare! and that curly-headed, black-eyed little scamp, is taking him off to his face. Ha! ha! ha! Look at the imp, Mr. Redpath; does he not imitate him to the life?”

The personage alluded to was standing across the kennel, in which he had been dabbling with sundry dirty ducks and geese, as dirty, and as much delighted with disturbing the muddy pool, as his companions; and as soon as he saw the old Jew approach, he puffed out his cheeks, and contrived to distend his body to double the size, shouting out as he did so:

“I took a piece of pork,
And stuck it on a fork,
For the old Jew’s dinner.”

“Go home! you little scoundrel!” cried the angry Levi, shaking his cane at the boy.

“Go home! you little scoundrel!” reiterated the boy, imitating the Jew’s look and manner to the life.

"If I catch you, you young villain! I will make you laugh at the wrong side of your face," said Levi, making an attempt to run, which proving a failure, he was forced to stop suddenly to draw breath.

The boy saw that he had the best of it, and ran laughing away. "You young scamp!" muttered the editor, "I will teach you to respect your letters!"

"You must learn that lesson first yourself, before you can hope to impart it to another," said the merchant, in an aside to Redpath, as he passed.

That day Robert dined with the merchant, into whose favour he was making rapid progress, and whilst the old man indulged in his afternoon nap, Robert strolled into the town, in the hope of meeting Richard, and imparting to him his good fortune. For some time he paced to and fro, in front of Mr. Baynes' splendid mansion, anxiously watching the countenance of every slave who passed in and out, through the iron gates that led to the offices at the back of the house. At length his ears were saluted by a gay, ringing laugh. His heart leaped at the sound. It was the well-known voice of his joyous brother, who, in company with his intended bride, just then entered the balcony that overlooked the street.

Was it a dream? Could that handsome, fashionably dressed man, be the identical Richard, the despised black, whom he had sold a few days before, into the house of bondage. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Yes, it was Richard, and no mistake. He too was recognized, and the next moment his brother joined him in the street.

"My dear Richard!—"

"Hush!—I go by a new name now," said Richard. "Speak lower, or my pretty mistress will hear you. I have rebaptised myself with my change of colour, and have adopted the sentimental cognomen of Henry."

"If it is Henry Ingate whom you personate," said Robert, "I fear I shall damp all your matrimonial speculations, by telling you that he lives."

"The devil he does!" said Richard, laughing. "Then that queer old fox, Levi, was right. Well, I am glad of it. Henry was a good honest fellow—too good to be food for sharks. Let him come, I have the whip hand of him. He may keep the gold—I have the heart of his mistress."

"You are a lucky fellow, Richard. What art did you employ to secure success?"

"Oh! the natural language, to be sure. Its the most powerful language in the world; few women can resist it between the ages of fourteen and four-and-twenty. The heart claims its own then, in defiance of the world; but let the world

once gain the ascendancy, and Love may whistle his best tune to the winds. But methinks a few days have wrought a wonderful change in you, Robert. Come, tell me what you have been doing?"

Robert readily complied, and Richard laughed heartily at his interview with the Jew.

"I should like to have that fellow tossed in a blanket," he said. "It would be rare sport, to see him flying, like a plucked goose, 'twixt earth and heaven. He is such a wool-pack, that if he got a fall, it would scarcely break his bones."

"I never can laugh at such people," returned Robert. "But you have not told me, Richard, how you obtained your freedom, and contrived to wash the black-a-moor white."

"I have not found it labor in vain," said Richard; and here he gave a ludicrous account of his adventures, which made his grave brother laugh, in spite of himself.

"Well, Richard is a lucky dog," said Robert, as he took his way to the widow's house. "I wish I may prove only half as fortunate. But though we were born in the same hour, a different star must have presided at his birth."

The widow received her new manager in the blindest manner imaginable, and before the first breakfast was over, Robert felt himself quite at home.

"I hope, Mr. Redpath," she said, "that you do not find the children troublesome."

"Oh, no! not at all—I am very fond of children."

"That's fortunate. Leonard, my dear, put down that piece of bread and butter—you are greasing Mr. Redpath's coat."

"It's of no consequence," said Robert, wiping the butter from his new dress, and wishing the young lover of Greece anywhere but on the heights of Parnassus. "Will you love me, my little dear?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "I'll tell you when you have been here a week."

"I am afraid I spoil them," said the widow; "but since I lost my husband they are all the consolation I have. Elmir, my dear, come down from Mr. Redpath's knee—you will not allow him to take his coffee. There—you have spilt his cup all over his clothes. You naughty girl! I was sure you would do some mischief."

Robert sprang up, the hot coffee not proving a very pleasant shower-bath; in the hurry of the act, he overturned the cream-pot upon a portion of his dress which had escaped spoliation.

"Confound the brute!" he would have said, had not the large, soft, blue eyes of the mother at that moment met his. There was something which seemed to plead for the rude child, in that

melting glance, which quitesubdued his irritated spirit, and he turned the accident off with a laugh.

"Now mamma, Mr. Redpath has spilled all the cream—is he not quite as naughty as me?" said Elmira.

"Quite," returned Robert; "so let us be friends," and he stooped down and kissed the offender. That kiss won the mother's heart.

Order being once more restored, the parties resumed their seats at the table. A black entered with a newspaper upon a waiter, which he respectfully presented to his mistress.

"Oh! the Observer," said Mrs. Westfall. "I wonder who suffers this week. I ought not to take this paper—my uncle would never speak to me again if he knew it. But 'tis such an amusing thing." I really am woman enough to enjoy the spiteful sketches he draws of all my neighbours."

"Perhaps, madam, you would think otherwise if he had ever drawn a portrait of you," said Robert.

"Indeed he has not spared me," replied the widow, laughing. "It is not long since he put an advertisement into the paper, describing my premises, and headed with—'A sleeping partner wanted—enquire of the widow, or at this office.'"

"And did you not resent such an affront?"

"Oh! dear me, no! Nobody cares for what Levi says of them. I could not help laughing at it myself, and the whole town laughed with me. I don't know what we should do without Benjamin Levi—he keeps us all alive."

"He had better leave me alone," said Robert, "if he wishes to keep a whole skin."

There was a long silence. Robert felt rather savage, and leant back in his chair, meditating upon fat men and abusive Jews, until he felt as if the monster of obesity lay at his foot, and he was about to inflict summary vengeance upon him for all his delinquencies. His reverie was interrupted by Mrs. Westfall:

"Dear me, Mr. Redpath, I hope this is not meant for you."

"For me!"

"Yes, for you—listen now. And with an arch smile upon her lip, the pretty widow commenced:

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Yesterday morning a dirty, ragged, half-naked vagabond, entered Mr. Benjamin Levi's store, to procure a new suit of clothes; judging from his appearance that a very inferior article would suit his wants, that gentleman offered various habiliments for his inspection. To his surprise, this poor individual purchased, and actually paid for, the most expensive suit in the store. This was after he had told Mr. L. that he was one of the passengers in the Maria, and had been providentially saved from the wreck, in which he had lost HIS ALL. This 15-

DIGNITY GENTLEMAN, after paying promptly down forty dollars, could lend an idle young woman ten dollars more, without any solicitation upon her part. This fellow calls himself Robert Redpath, and is looking out for employment in a merchant's counting house. Our merchants would do well to be upon the look out, as it is hardly to be credited that the money in this fellow's possession could have been obtained in an honest way."

"The infernal old scoundrel!" exclaimed Robert, starting from his chair. "My dear madam, will you oblige me with the loan of that paper?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I will make that horrible old Jew eat his own words."

"I hope you will do nothing rash," said the lady—"nothing beyond scolding him well for his impudence. If you lay a finger upon him, he will bring an action against you for an assault."

"I don't care what he does after this," said the angry Robert; "I will make him hold his tongue forever;" and, seizing his hat and cane, he sprang into the street.

As he hurried round the corner, he ran against his brother.

"Heyday! Robert—whither away so fast?" cried Richard.

"Come with me and see!" returned Robert—"I am going to murder that lying Jew!"

"And you take me to be a witness of your sanguinary intentions?"

"Just so. Did you see that article in his paper?"

"I have just read it. It looks plausible."

"Plausible, Richard!—'His from you?"

"Nay, Robert, don't look so fierce, or I shall think you have hostile intentions against me. But what are you going to do with old Levi? Will you break his spectacles, or pull his nose?"

"You shall see what I will do," said Robert; "and even you, with all your boasted philanthropy, shall be satisfied with my proceedings."

"How wicked you look," said Richard, laughing. "Had you allowed your passion to cool, you would have seen what he said about me."

"About you?"

"Yes, about me. He calls me some artful swindler, who has usurped the name of Mr. Henry Ingate—and kindly warns Mr. Baynes to turn me out of his house."

"And Mr. Baynes—"

"Was almost as angry as you are. For my part I begin to think the old fellow is something of a prophet, for in this instance he came very near the truth."

"Where will be the best place to find him?" asked the impatient Robert.

"In the front of Mr. Bacon's store," said Richard; "I have heard that that is one of his

haunts. It is there that he harangues all the vil-
lage politicians, and advocates the glorious cause
of slavery. Where would you look for a Jew in
a better place than in the land of Ham?"

The brothers now turned into the principal
street of the town, and, as Richard had anticipa-
ted, they found Levi seated upon a tea-chest,
reading his paper aloud to a knot of idlers, who
were gathered about him.

Had our immortal Critikshanks lived in those
days, and could he have seen our Editor, what a
glorious portrait he would have made of him!
There he sat enthroned—a living, laughing, im-
personation of gratuitous mischief—his large,
prominent eyes shining like an owl's, through
his spectacles—his fat cheeks puffed out, and his
huge body looking as if it had been turned hind
part before. He was arrayed in a loose, white
linen blouse, with an immense straw hat upon
his head, his wide trousers scarcely reaching to
his ancles, and his short, fat, stumpy legs, danc-
ling carelessly down, until the toes of his broad
feet just reached the pavement, the curious man-
ner in which they were foreshortened imparting
a strange resemblance to the cloven feet with
which painters have invested his Majesty of Evil.

As the brothers advanced, Levi looked up from
the paper with a sly grin; but his countenance
changed a little when they made part of the
circle.

"Mr. Benjamin Levi," cried Robert, walking
forcely up to the Editor, "did you write that
article in the Observer?"

"Who are you, Sir, that demand this of me?"
said the Editor, with a cold, impudent stare.

"The person whom you have calumniated—
one whom you know quite well. You have set
forth in your vile paper, a malicious, willful lie;
and I call upon you, before these gentlemen, to
retract your words."

Levi looked round the circle, to see who would
back him, if he dared to vindicate the libel he
had put forth.

Sly winks and suppressed laughter plainly con-
vinced him that, however they might seek his
company, in order to afford them amusement,
they were not his friends, and greatly relished
his present dilemma. He measured with his eye
the light athletic frame of Robert Redpath, back-
ed by the stout, Herculean form of his brother,
and he wisely concluded that to try his strength
against such odds would prove no joke.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with a bland
smile, "I may have been mistaken. The cir-
cumstances, you will admit, looked rather suspi-
cious. I am willing to apologise. Will that sat-
isfy you?"

"No, Sir, it will not!" said Robert.

"I will contradict it in the next number of the
paper," said the submissive Jew.

"A poor apology to my wounded honor that,"
said Robert, surveying the cringing slave with a
glance of haughty contempt. "If you would
save yourself in a whole skin, you must eat up
your own words."

"Literally?" said the Jew with a grin. "A
queer joke that."

"Joke or no joke, you shall do it before I
quit this spot," returned Robert, tearing the pa-
ragraph from the paper, and presenting it with
one hand to the Editor, while he flourished his
cane over his head with the other. "Quick!—I
have no time to lose."

"For God's sake, put up your cane, young
man! I will endeavour to oblige you as fast as
I can."

Amidst roars of laughter, the Jew commenced
his strange repast, and as he wiped off the huge
drops of perspiration which rolled down his face,
Robert really pitied him the task he had to per-
form.

"The Jew," said Mr. Bacon, "is chewing the
 cud of repentance.

"I hope it won't poison him!" said another.

"Or injure his digestion!" said a third.

"Gentlemen," said the Editor, as he slowly
descended from his throne of state, and waddled
off, with his hands pressed ludicrously over his
stomach; "I never was troubled with indigestion
in my life."

CHAPTER IX.

Which concludes the whole matter.

UNEASY at the prolonged absence of his young
mistress, and fearing lest some misadventure
had happened to detain her, Henry Ingate enquir-
ed of old Paris the way to Madame de Frieba's
cottage, determined to go in search of her him-
self. The old negro volunteered his services,
and in less than half an hour they came in sight
of her dwelling.

Wishing to avoid observation, Henry sent the
black to enquire if Signora de Frieba was at
home, and if answered in the affirmative, to say
that a gentleman was desirous of speaking to her.

Fortunately for Henry, Antonio was absent,
and his messenger returned, followed by Mar-
cella, her face concealed in a thick Spanish veil.

"My dearest Marcella," he cried, springing to
meet her, "what has detained you?"

Marcella briefly related what had befallen her
miserable parent—her interview with Robert
Redpath—and what had subsequently passed
upon the subject of his cousin's marriage with
a stranger who bore his name, as it had fallen

from her brother, in his conversation with the planter.

"The Redpaths living," said Henry; "they were nice fellows; and," he continued, after a momentary pause, "I have a fancy that Richard, who knew what brought me to Jamaica, is my cousin's lover, though how he could have become acquainted with my cautious uncle, puzzles me to guess. I do not quite relish his assumption of my name, and although I shall be sorry to spoil his wooing, I think it but right that my uncle should be undeceived. In the meantime, my dear Marcella, what will become of you?"

"I have no home but with my brother," said Marcella; and he, I fear, will sell me to the first bidder who comes up to his price."

"Let it be mine to rescue you from this painful and degrading situation, Marcella. I will procure a license this evening from the curate of the parish, and tomorrow will make you my wife. We will then go to my uncle, confess the facts, and become instrumental in rendering my cousin and her lover happy."

"Do not talk to me of marriage, Henry, while my poor mother lies dead. It appears sinful in me to hold at this moment any conversation upon worldly affairs."

"She has not proved herself a very kind mother to you, Marcella, that you should grieve much for her loss. I do not wish, however, to disturb your days of mourning, but merely to give you an indisputable right to my support and protection."

"That were indeed a blissful change from my present miserable condition," sighed Marcella—"but the sacrifice is too great. You must not unite your happy destiny with a forlorn, indigent creature like me."

"Say that you will be mine, Marcella, and we part no more forever," returned Henry, fondly encircling the weeping girl in his arms.

"The consent of another is necessary to the consummation of that union," cried Antonio, stepping between them. "And that consent will never be given to you. Here, Delores," he continued, turning to a dark, fierce-looking man, who headed a gang of lawless-looking ruffians; "take your promised bride."

Resistance was useless. Marcella and her lover offered none. They already anticipated their fate, and felt a melancholy satisfaction in the thought that they would in all probability die together.

Not a word was spoken, as the pirate and his men hurried them down to the beach, where a boat lay rocking in the surf to receive them.

As they turned a projecting angle of rock, Marcella recognised Ben Waters coming towards them.

Afraid of speaking, lest she should expose the old man to the jealous furs of the pirates, she cast upon him a look full of significant meaning, as they passed—a quiet, almost imperceptible nod, which was noticed alone by her for whom it was intended, convinced Marcella that the old man understood the mute appeal, and would do the best in his power to save them.

They were now placed in the boat, and a signal from Delores sent the light pinnace dancing over the waves. Walking on for some time, as if he had not noticed the party, old Waters, when he considered himself beyond observation, climbed a projecting rock that commanded a full view of the coast, and beheld the pirate's vessel at no great distance, and saw the prisoners hoisted on board. The vessel lay at anchor, and after waiting some time, and seeing no indication of her sailing, he descended from his post of observation, and carried the account of what he had seen to the captain of the man-of-war, on board of which he served, who immediately gave orders to his crew to go in chase of the pirate.

Terrified, but not entirely hopeless of rescue, Marcella quietly submitted to her fate. Astonished at her calmness, the pirate, who was rather a dashing fellow upon the whole, sauntered to her side, and lifting his Spanish hat and plume, begged her not to be uneasy—that no violence should be offered to either her or her companion—that his sole wish was to render himself happy, which he was very sorry could not be effected without some inconvenience to her fellow prisoner."

"But come," he cried, "you must stand in need of some refreshment. Let me have the pleasure of introducing you to another loving pair, who are sister and brother in misfortune."

Marcella and her lover tacitly obeyed his orders, and followed the pirate into his cabin.

It was now nearly night, and so dark below, that it was some minutes before the captives could distinguish the objects before them. Seated upon the floor, with her head bent between her knees, and her long, dark locks floating loosely around her dejected figure, Marcella beheld Joshua Baynes' lively daughter; and standing near her, with his arms folded sternly across his breast, in silent defiance, Richard Redpath.

"I need scarcely introduce you to each other," said the pirate; "the ladies are friends already—the gentlemen old acquaintances. We shall have a merry bridal before midnight; if these silly girls will but dry their tears, we will make them the happiest women upon earth."

A disdainful flash from the dark, streaming eyes of Betsy Baynes, was the only reply she made to this speech."

"Woman, be wise," said Delores; "your obsti-

nacy will only provoke resistance: submit cheerfully to your fate, and no harm shall happen to your lover, beyond being sent ashore on some distant island. Resist my authority, and he shall walk the plank before morning."

Betsy raised her eyes to her lover's face, and met his calm, determined glance.

"I do not fear death, Betsy," he whispered. "Persist in your resolution, if you have fortitude enough to see me die. Remember that death, which is a bug-bear to the happy and prosperous, is ever the friend of the unfortunate."

"They may do their worst," said the hitherto spoilt and wayward child. "I will not marry Antonio de Fructa. Cousin of mine, we will die together."

"I answer to that name," said Henry Ingate, stepping forward; "my friend Redpath, I find, has borrowed it to some purpose. Give me your hand, Betsy, you are a glorious girl, and deserving of a better fate. This lady, who is now a sister in misfortune, is my affianced bride."

Betsy and Marcella threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

"This is all very fine," said Delores, "and I really, gentlemen, feel sorry for your disappointment; but as women are to be found everywhere, and I do not entertain much fear of your breaking your hearts, I cannot consent to give up the advantage I have gained. I dare say you will think me a selfish fellow; but I cannot meet with the same chance every day."

The calm impudence of the pirate forced a smile, in spite of himself, from Richard Redpath, and a saucy answer rose to his lips. But his attention was drawn off from Delores, by a strange sort of puffing and snorting, which rose from a corner of the cabin.

"What upon earth have you there?" said Antonio, who just then entered with a light.

"It is like nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath," said Delores. "It is a strange amphibious monster I caught this afternoon prowling about your premises, Antonio, either in search of a pretty girl or the philosopher's stone. If I had him in a menagerie he would make my fortune."

"Cease your funning, captain, and let me go," growled forth the dark mass in the corner. "The death of an innocent man like me will not redound much to your credit."

"Innocent!" shouted Delores, dragging the Jew into the middle of the cabin. "I wonder how long ago it is since you were weaned. Pray gentlemen and ladies, do your eyes good by contemplating for one moment this little innocent."

In spite of his dangerous situation, Richard could no longer contain his gravity, but burst into

a long continued peal of merriment, as the Jew lifted up his broad, impudent face, now white with terror, and gazed in bewildered amazement round him.

"Well, Sir," said Delores, who, pirate and scamp as he was, dearly loved the ridiculous; "have you made your peace with heaven—aro you ready to walk the plank?"

"Heaven!" said the Jew; "you have given me too short a notice ever to get there. I have not time to repent of half my sins."

"I believe you," said Richard, "it would take a whole life to do that, and in all probability you would not get there after all."

"Oh, save my life! most honorable captain!" cried the poor Editor, trying to bend his fat knees, "and I will turn Christian, and pray for the salvation of your soul."

"You are not very likely to prove a very successful pleader, Benjamin Levi," said the pirate.

"Save your prayers for yourself, I am sure you will need them all."

"And must I die, most valiant captain?"

"You must either do that, or turn parson and marry my friend and I, to these young ladies. That capacious person of yours would well become a bishop's gown."

"I accept the conditions," returned Levi, joyfully.

"Aye, you would say amen to the devil, if you thought it would save your worthless life, and that you could gain a few paltry dollars by the apostacy," said the pirate. "Benjamin Levi, I know you of old. It was your vile, malignant spirit drove me to desperation, and brought me to this. Have you forgotten Walter Mingay, and your long residence at Ilavanna?"

The Jew started as some dark recollection flitted through his black heart.

"Were I as fond of killing men as you are of murdering characters," continued Delores, "you would not breathe another moment the breath of life, or escape the damnation which you so richly deserve. But come, sir priest, up and be doing; Antonio bring the prayer book, I am impatient to call this pale sister of yours my wife."

As he spoke, a confused noise was heard upon deck, and the officer second in command, rushed down into the cabin.

"Arm! arm!" he cried, "we are betrayed—no English man-of-war is bearing down upon us!"

"Thank God!" murmured Marcella, sinking upon the floor, and weeping for joy. "I feel that we shall be saved!"

"Secure these prisoners, Ferdinand!" cried Delores, as he left the cabin. "Antonio come with me."

A gun was fired from the English vessel to bring the pirate to.

"Oh that my hands were at liberty," said Richard; "it makes my blood boil within me to be chained like a felon, when relief is so near at hand."

"Patience is our best policy!" said Henry, calmly seating himself. "We could do no good, and might endanger the lives of those dear to us. But how came you to be prisoners here?"

"Faith! I can hardly tell," said Richard; "the thing happened so suddenly. Betsey and I were strolling upon the beach, talking soft nonsense to each other, when we were suddenly surrounded by a gang of sailors, forced into a boat and carried hither. It seems that the pirate's friend, Antonio de Frueba, had long been in love with my charming Betsey, and in order to secure her person, he engaged Delores to carry her off, and drown me. I pity the pirate—he is a fine dashing fellow; but this Antonio deserves to be hanged, for he is a base scoundrel, who has sold his sister, to gratify his own selfish passion."

"They are clearing the ship for action," said the Jew. "The Lord have mercy upon us! we shall all be killed!"

He was right. Finding himself unable to escape, Delores determined to fight to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. In a few minutes the engagement commenced. First came the tread of hurrying feet, as each man sprang to his post; then the deafening roar of the artillery, which made the tight vessel rock and shiver from stem to stern. The shouts of the assailants; the yells and oaths of the assailed, the cries and groans of the dying, all mingling in one horrid and confused din. The women buried their faces in their garments, and tried to forget their terror in prayer; while the men stood with erect figures and stern pale faces listening to every varied sound with intense excitement. At length there came a crash, followed by a long wild yell, and a desperate rush, and then the firing suddenly ceased, and strange voices sounded upon the deck, and strange faces crowded into the cabin.

"We are saved!" cried Betsey, starting from the ground. "Yes, we are saved Marcella—these are friends," and overcome by her feelings, she burst into a hysterical fit of crying.

"You may thank old Waters for that, young lady," said honest Ben, as he hastened to set Richard and Ingate at liberty. "This is the first action you have ever seen, and I dare say you have had enough of it. The pirates fought well; 'tis a pity that it was not in a better cause. The captain died game—urging his men to resist to the last."

"Are they all dead?" asked Marcella, with a shudder.

"We have several prisoners, madam," replied Captain Woolnough; "but the greater part of them are severely wounded. Let me congratulate you upon your fortunate escape—my boat waits to convey you on shore."

The sun was just rising as the party were safely landed at the broad stone steps which led to the noble mansion of Joshua Baynes. The old planter, upon the abduction of his daughter, had taken to his bed, and refused to be comforted. The sight of his beloved child restored him to his right mind. He made her repent to him over and over again, the whole adventure, not omitting the most minute circumstance, always ending with—"Thank God, you are safe! I should have broken my heart, if I had lost you for ever!"

It was necessary upon introducing Mr. Baynes to his nephew, to offer some explanation of the imposition which had been practiced upon him. Henry Ingate, good naturally, undertook this difficult task; but the old man was in such high good humor at the unexpected restoration of his child, that he took it better than could have been anticipated. Besides, Richard was a great favorite, and he secretly preferred the handsome, gay-hearted Redpath, to the pale, sickly looking lad, whom nature had bound to him by the ties of consanguinity. He was not quite sure how his sister Hannah would like the match that her son had made; but the girl was a good girl, and her bad mother was dead, and the ne'er-do-well, her brother, had been killed in the action with Delores, and the poor thing was alone in the world; it would be cruel to part her from her lover, whom she had been instrumental in saving from death. Thus argued old Joshua, and the natural language, as Richard called it, prevailed. In due time the young folks were married, and half the town assembled to witness the wedding; and there was such eating, and drinking, and laughing, and singing, as had not been heard of in the island for half a century; and old Levi was not there to mar the mirth. The agonies of terror he suffered during the action, had brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which he died, and the town's people congratulated themselves upon his departure, repeating to one another, the well-known text—"when there is no tale-bearer the strife ceases."

Before the nine day's wonder was over, or Richard Redpath's wooing and wedding was forgotten, it was followed by another, and Robert led to the altar Mrs. Lucinda Westfall, who, tired of carrying on a complicated business in her own name, followed the old Jew's advice, and took to herself a sleeping partner.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER;

SHOWING HOW "CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook—

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook—

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honor—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was, with the most benevolent intentions—conscience—my conscience as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well; but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook—

Rebecca Meggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fallen on the ramparts of Tipoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye, and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ancle of his partially efficient leg;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother—(the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tipoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal

care, in her kitchen;—a scullion! And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's dernier resort: still it has its advantages—and why neglect them? Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed—

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word, Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why verily—

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being, inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his erutch; he had amassed three thousand a-year!

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out at night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdeemeanours—

Besides there was Larry the trumpeter—And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior.

he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—inmate vulgar—repulsive—double chin—tumb—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his elegant cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the-way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended: Larry the trumpeter figured in it, and the forcible expression as to Cesar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent: but on this occasion rather more so than usual. I felt hurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*bilbovy*—*rufous*—the red sea in a storm;—now it was stony—pale—implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before

had I beheld such a martinet;—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Moccassin under such intelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted; but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same field—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Moccassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my profession—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Moccassin! There's no mistake sirrah! Will you deny your own hand-writing?"

So saying, he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"Yours, ever, JOHN MOCCASSIN!"

NOTE.

The foregoing note was drawn up and sent to his cousin, by Major Moccassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted

him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following:—"Tis now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled everything with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six o'clock in the morning. If I fall——"

After considerable research, we have discovered two announcements in the public prints, which form a valuable appendage to Major Moccasin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date:—

NO. 1.

"Yesterday, at his own residence in Wimpole Street, by special license, Colonel Plinth, K.C.B. to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulpatam. The gallant colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling, having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Moccasin."

NO. 11.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant major's more fortunate rival."

It is almost needless to add, the gallant major and the dashing widow were no other than Major Moccasin and the once calumniated Rebecca Moggs!

LINES ON TWO SLEEPING INFANTS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Sweet be their rest! no ghostly spirits
To scare their dreams assemble here,
But safe beneath good angels' wings,
May each repose from year to year.

Cheerful, like some long summer day,
May all their waking moments flow,
Happier, as run life's sands away,
Unstained by sin, untouched by wo.

As now they sleep, serene and pure,
Their little arms entwined in love,
So may they love, obey, endure,
And shine with yon bright host above.

SINGING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire, by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education."

"The music master of our Academy," says Dr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and, as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred, of weakly children of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by the constant use of their lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.

SONG.

'Tis sweet at evening hour to sit,
When stars are twinkling in the sky,
When fire-flies brightly round us flit,
And gaze on woman's loving eye—

But sweeter far to steal away,
From worldly cares, when twilight comes,
Reflecting on the parting day,
And masticating sugar plums.

THE FAR COUNTRIE.

BY J. B. P.

There's a bonnie wee cot in a far countrie,
That, tho' distant, is dearer than ever to me;
The woodbine and ivy have covered the thatch,
And the roses are playing "bo-peep" with the latch.

When the sun's early beam first arose in the skies,
He look'd in at the windows, and tellt us to rise,
And at eve when he sank in the west out o' sight,
He lingered a while to bid us gude nicht.

In that dear cottage-garden blooms many a flower,
And just at the foot o' 's a cozie green bower,
And a bonnie wee burnie gangs winnlin' past.
That simmer and winter rins purely an' fast.

And the wee things are rushin' wi' joyous scream,
To lave their bit feet in the silvery stream,
And, alas! their young voices, sae glad and sae clear,
Are ringin' e'en now, upon memory's ear.

And it seems as I'd only to slip to the door,
To see all again, as I saw it of yore;
O! I canna believe it—it never can be,
That I'll no win back to that far countrie.

And near that wee cot stands the dear auld kirk—
Ye fear'd na to pass it tho' ever sae mirk,
For the very kirkyard was sae flowery and fair,
Ye could look for the spirits but blessed anes there.

O! sweet was the sound o' that Sabbath bell,
As it echoed thro' forest, an' hamlet, an' dell;
And kind were the greetings, an' cheerie, an' gay,
O' friends that forgathered ilk holy day.

Tho' the friends that surround me are kindly and dear,
There's a hope in my heart, there's a voice in my ear,
That whispers, tho' years may gang by, I'll be spared,
To lie, wi' the lave, in that auld kirkyard.

For when youth, an' its dreams, an' its visions, are past,
The fond heart will turn to its haven at last;
And where'er I may live 'tis my heart's wish to deo
In that bonnie wee cot in that far countrie.

Montreal, 1843.

TO GHOALAN CASTLE,

ISLAND OF BERRARA,* ARGYLE.

BY J. B. P.

Memento of the olden day,
Thou look'st in thy pride of place,
Like some old warder, seared and grey,
Gazing o'er ocean's space.

A nobler aspect thou hast borne,
In thy day of pomp and power,
When the banner of the House of Lorn
Waved proudly from thy tower:

When the hunters mingled in joyous throng,
Thou hast echoed the stag-hound's cry,
Thou hast echoed the fisher's chorus song,
As the skiff went bounding by.

*The sea washes the base of this bold and beautiful ruin, which, like most castles in the Highlands of Scotland, possesses its wild and melancholy legend.

Thou hast rung to the young heart's laughing sound,
Thou hast rung to the reveller's noise;
But a single step now treads thy bound,
And thou echoest one lone voice.

Old pile, thou hast no revellers now
But the spirits of the storm,
Or the withered leaves of the forest bough,
That titt o'er thy rugged furn.

Ruin has hid thy portals wide,
As a path for the midnight blast,
And thou look'st, in thy lone and lofty pride,
Like a spirit of the past.

Farewell, old pile—in instant climes
Thou'lt still on memory dwell;
Once more, thou type of other times,
All hail, and fare-thee well!

Montreal, 1843.

MARY HUME—A BALLAD.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"It will come tonight!" young Mary said,
And checked the rising sigh;
And gazed on the stars that o'er her head
Shone out in the deep blue sky.
"Heaven speed his voyage!—tho' absent long,
The painful vigil's o'er—
The skies are clear—the breeze is strong—
We meet to part no more!"

While yet she spok a sudden chill
O'er her ardent spirit crept;
A sad presentiment of ill—
She turned away and wept.
Far off the sigh of ocean stole—
The sweeping of the sounding surge—
In plaintive murmurs o'er her soul,
Like wailing of a funeral dirge.

And in the mind there is a tone
Which whispers to her sinking heart—
"Mary we meet in death alone;
In realms of bliss no more to part."
The moon has sunk in her ocean cave,
Fled are the smiles of night,
And morning bursts on the purple wave
In floods of golden light.

The sudden stroke of the village bell
Checks the fisher's song;
He pauses to hear how rock and fell
Its sullen tones prolong.
"Some soul to its last account has sped:
Dost thou hear that solemn sound?"
"Tis Mary Hume!"—his comrade said—
"Last night her love was drowned!"

The heart is a deep well of mysteries—we draw
up one bucket-full at a time: Truth still remains
at the bottom.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and des-
perately wicked.

"OH! NO, WE NEVER TALK IN FRENCH."

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MISS LESLIE.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE GARLAND

BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

OF MONTREAL.

ALLEGRETTO
CON ANIMATO.

The musical score is presented in two systems, each with three staves. The top staff of each system is for the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system contains the first four measures of the piece. The second system contains the next four measures, ending with a double bar line. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with lyrics written below the notes. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'ALLEGRETTO CON ANIMATO'.

"OH! NO, WE NEVER TALK IN FRENCH."

Oh! no, we never talk in French, it's sound no more is heard, Our

lips are now for - bid to speak the small - est foreign word. I cannot say "Mon

cher ami, Com - ment vous portez - vous?" Sur - ly re - ply, "Très bien mon ange." Oh!

*Rit^o**Tempo.*

no, it would not do. Oh! no, we never talk in French, it's sound no more is

Colla Parte

heard; Our lips are now for - bid to speak, The smallest foreign word.

SECOND VERSE.

I dare not sigh "*Pensez à moi,*"
 Or "*Soyez moi fidèle!*"
 Nor can he say "*Toujours à toi,*"
 Or, "*À ce revoir, ma belle!*"—
 And if "*Ne m'oubliez pas*" slips out,
 (As 'twill ere I'm aware,
 "They're talking French!" is scream'd about,
 Ere I can add "*Mon cher,*"
 Oh! no, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

And "*M'aimez vous*" I never hear,
 Nor dare he ever say
 "*Jusqu'à la mort,*" so much we fear
 "*To parlez en Français,*"
 All ears are open when he sits
 Beside me, after tea,
 Lest he should say "*Acceptez moi?*"
 And I should answer "*Oui,*"
 Oh! no, &c.

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THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

ANOTHER volume of the GARLAND is completed: a circumstance which furnishes us with an opportunity of troubling our readers about ourselves. The subject is one we are not anxious to thrust before them; but on the present occasion there seems to be some necessity for it.

Some complaints have reached us—few, however, we are glad to say—because there has not been an engraving in each number of the volume. We believe that even among the complainants, none have been as much annoyed about the want of them, as ourselves; for although we did not promise that every number should have a plate, we soon found that such an expectation was indulged, and we were very sorry to be occasionally compelled to disappoint an expectation we had, however innocently, been the means of raising. No one can be half as anxious as we are, to see the GARLAND, in every department, outshine every rival, in every country; for, being a child of our own, we have great delight in seeing it elegantly attired. But in this respect, we have had difficulties which few can dream of, to encounter—and, we are sorry to say, we have not yet altogether surmounted them. Engravings cannot be obtained, as yet, except from a great distance, and we have sometimes been compelled to wait until customers nearer at hand were served; and we dare not say that such will not still occasionally be the case, until the GARLAND is rich enough properly to remunerate a first-rate artist, who may take up his residence among us, and devote himself to the advancement of the Art in the Colony. This is a consummation we most devoutly wish for; and if the public will individually lend us a little assistance, we will take care that there is no time lost in arriving at it. We do hope that before long even the most exacting will have nothing of which they can reasonably complain.

We say boldly, because we say truly—and there are many who can attest the fact—that the GARLAND was commenced, and has hitherto been conducted, without any hope or expectation of making it a money-speculation. We schooled ourselves to be well satisfied if there was nothing lost by it but our own labour—and we have had need of the lesson. We cannot well afford to expend more upon it than it is expected to produce; but all its own resources we have been, and are, quite willing to apply freely and with-

out scruple, to develop the resources of the country, literary and artist-ical. Nothing within our own limited means and power, has ever been either withheld or grudging.

As far as we are personally concerned, we would decidedly prefer seeing it supported for its literary merit, rather than for any other attraction it may possess; and we believe that nine-tenths of those who pay its trifling subscription price, do so because they are satisfied that they have in its reading matter ample value for the outlay—in which we certainly coincide with them. But if they desire to see the Canadian Magazine equal in every point of view to the most elegant periodical of the day, it is very easy for them to have the laudable longing gratified. Let each one induce one or two valued friends to do as he is doing—become subscribers to the work—and we on our part, will do our endeavour to make the GARLAND, as a monthly magazine, better than the best.

In the progress of the GARLAND we have had considerable pride. Begun under the most apparently threatening circumstances, and with several well directed but unsuccessful efforts of a similar nature, staring us in the face, we felt that we could not hope to succeed without a struggle. But, aided by a host of talent, of the existence of which we scarcely dreamed, we saw the obstacles which frowned before us, charmed out of our path. A review of the contents of the GARLAND for the last five years, will convince every reader that there is in the Province no lack of literary ability—that we are, in fact, as well supplied with the materials for a magazine, as any competitor in the same field, on this continent; and, on the reasonable principle that domestic produce is to be encouraged and protected, we have almost a right to claim the support of the Canadian public, in our attempt to cherish a literary spirit in the country.

Before concluding, we very respectfully thank, and we do it cordially and sincerely, the many friends who have thus far supported the GARLAND. We can safely assure them that the efforts hitherto made to please shall not be relaxed; but, on the contrary, that they shall, if possible, be increased, until the friends of literature see “nothing to envy” in any publication of the kind in America.