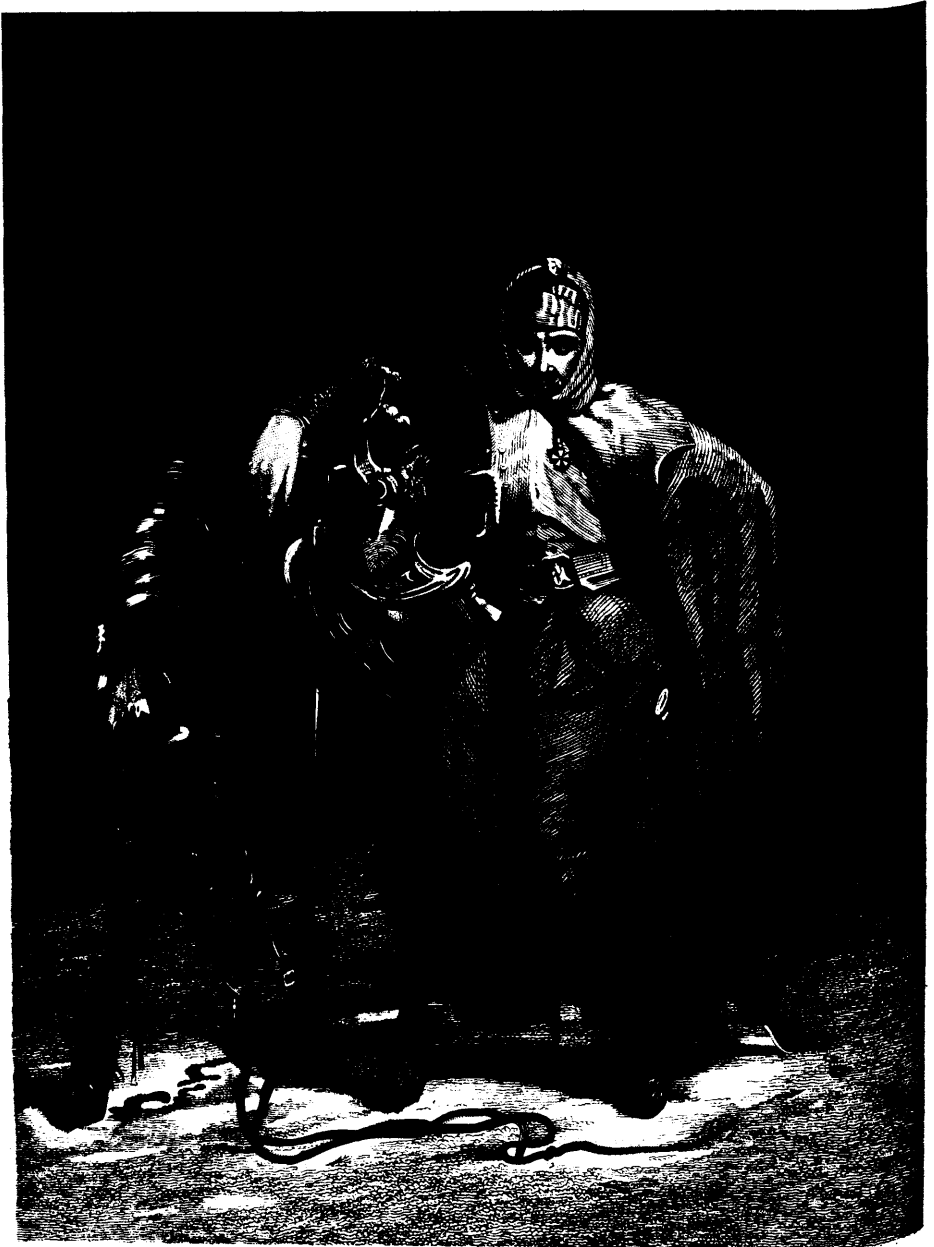


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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1844.

No. 6.

MILDRED ROSIER.*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER VII.

The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows and cannot cease to flow.

BYRON.

How that visit to B—Lodge saddened the young heart of Mildred Rosier! She returned to her solitary old fashioned home, deeply impressed with all she had seen and heard. Secretly wondering who the interesting young stranger was, whose sudden appearance had so violently affected the calm, pale girl, who, judging from her statue like immovability of countenance, Mildred had supposed to be beyond the control of human hopes and fears; was it love, despairing of the attainment of its cherished idol, that had wrought such a change in one so fair and young? or was it the fanatical belief in a stern and rigorous creed, which led her to imagine that she had committed the unforgivable sin, which had for ever closed the doors of mercy against her? Mildred knew not. She only knew that her poor young friend was unhappy, and that was enough to ensure for her all the sympathies of her generous and unsophisticated heart.

"I must—I will know the cause of her grief, that I may share it with her," she said. "But I hate to go to that dull house. That cold, proud, old man; that clever, lady-like, but pragmatical woman. How patronizing she is; what scornful pity she shows for my ignorance; how small and insignificant I appear; I believe that she considers me as a perfect alien from the commonwealth of Israel. I think I could love religion and religious people, but not her nor her religion. Yet

I heard some things last night which made me feel sad—feel that the world, beautiful as it is, ought not to engross all my attention. I thought I should be amused by their solemn foolery; but no, their tragic acting has left a pang behind,—a cloud has passed over my summer sky, which has chilled my heart with its portentous shadow. When will the sun burst forth and dissipate this gloomy vapour?"

Mildred presented herself at the breakfast table, pale and out of spirits. This gay, happy child, was not used to look thus. Mrs. Rosier missed the blithe lively tones of her gladsome mirth, and she returned Mildred's serious salutation with—"Are you ill, my darling?—what ails my child?"

"I am well, dear mamma; but —"

"But what?"

"I feel as if a good fit of crying would be of more service to me than my breakfast," and suiting the action to the words, Mildred sank down in her chair, and for a few minutes wept very heartily.

"God bless the child! what ails her?" cried old Abigail, dropping the plate of toast in her fright, and bustling up to her young lady. "Why, Miss Mille! Miss Mille! I have not seen you go on in that way since master Sydney left us to go to sea."

"I am very silly to let my feelings get the better of me in this manner," said Mildred, wiping her eyes, and hastily rising to kiss her mother and the faithful old servant, and dissipate their fears.

"That prayer meeting has robbed me of all my happy thoughts. I wish I had stayed at home."

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"Nay, my child," said Mrs. Rosier; "if it has been the means of arousing you to a sense of your danger, and finally leads to your conversion, I shall bless God for his mercy, in conducting you thither. Mr. Strong's prayers were most beautiful and effective."

"They were," returned Mildred; "they made me feel that I was a sinner. I meant to hate that man, with his red hair and coarse features; but I was forced to like him against my own inclination. I think that he is a good man and a sincere Christian. But that Mr. Death——"

"Seemed a pious, excellent person," rejoined Mrs. Rosier. Mildred thought quite the reverse, and she boldly declared him to be a cutting hypocrite. Her mother was shocked at her decision; but Mildred maintained her opinion, turning him all the while into the most pointed ridicule, and ended by saying, that Death in any shape was so repugnant to our feelings that Mrs. Rosier must not wonder at the dislike she felt in coming so nearly in contact with him—that he was the Life in Death described in Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*—and that she hoped that she might never meet him again.

Old Abigail thought her young mistress very clever and very witty; but Mrs. Rosier shook her head, and said that she was too satirical, and that whilst we had faults of our own, we should not be too severe upon others. And so the breakfast passed on; and, strange to say, neither the mother nor daughter made a remark upon the extraordinary termination of the meeting, although it was uppermost in the thoughts of both. Mrs. Rosier did not think it prudent to discuss the matter, or to waken too deep an interest in Mildred's breast for the unfortunate lovers, whose history she had heard from Florence Darnham; and Mildred was so much affected by what she had witnessed that she could not trust her voice to speak about it. When the tea-things were removed, she asked permission to take a run on the beach, and call on her way home upon old Gardiner.

She readily obtained her mother's permission, and glad to get into the open air, she bounded away, and springing down the flight of steep steps that led directly to the beach, soon lost in the tumultuous dash of the billows the dull and oppressive weight which had hung upon her spirits.

The wind was high, blowing a perfect gale, dead upon the shore, and the tide was coming in with unusual violence. The clashing of the foaming waves, as they rolled up every moment further upon the narrow beach, was music to the troubled mind of the young student of nature. She gloried in the beauty and the majesty of the scene, nor apprehended the least danger could possibly lurk in her path. The lofty range of

steep cliffs gradually became lower, until they terminated: for about a mile in a dead flat—a salt marsh, which was full of broad ditches and slime pits, and at this period was partially covered with snow.

The increasing width of the beach appeared to give Mildred new zest and spirit for her walk. The wind blew her bonnet back upon her shoulders, and scattered her long fair tresses over her face, calling the brightest of nature's roses into her glowing cheeks; and could she have seen herself at that moment, she would have blushed with delight at her own charms. There was health and freedom in the rude gush of fresh air, that seemed to bear her onward upon its rustling wing; and with feelings almost allied to extacy she paused in her rapid motion to enjoy at one glance the wide tumultuous eternity of waters rolling in majesty at her feet.

What has blanched her cheek—a moment before so brilliant and glowing? Why is her hand raised with a gesture of terror, and why does she cast such a hurried and despairing glance around her? While she has been only alive to the feelings of enjoyment, the sea, like a treacherous friend, has been gaining an unfair advantage over her. Wave after wave has rolled in upon her path, and the narrow beach she had so shortly quitted is covered with angry billows, racing and leaping up against the cliffs they would fain undermine in their fury. All hope of retreat in that quarter is at an end, and with a faint cry she turns to look ahead. The sea has already taken possession of the beach, and is driving her every moment farther and farther towards the dangerous marsh, and she well knew that not many minutes could elapse before the spot on which she stood would be covered by the waters, which would rapidly spread themselves over the surface of the ground.

"Great God! what am I to do! what will become of me! My mother!—my dear mother!" were exclamations which burst spontaneously from her lips; and then the unspoken thought—the bitter, heart-crushing conviction, that came with sickening force upon her mind—"To die so young, away from all near and dear to me! My fate to remain a mystery!—a ghastly uncertainty!—a hopeless anticipation!—a hopeful despair! Alas! alas! what shall I do! Father in heaven! have mercy upon thy poor lost child! Saviour of the world! lift me above these choking waters and place my feet upon the rock that is higher than I!"

The winds raved on—the waves lifted up their hoarse voices in angry murmurs: this was the sole reply to her unspoken address. The love of life was strong in her young breast; the fear of

death dreadful—and rendered still more dreadful by the thought that she must meet and grapple with it alone. Her figure was light and active, her limbs, though slight, were strong. She might yet be able to reach the steep cliffs she had just quitted before the waters entirely cut them off. She turned her face towards the ruined city, and commenced her flight homewards. The wind met her in the face; its force, which had so agreeably hurried her on, now greatly impeded her progress. Her heart beat tumultuously. She gasped for breath, and repeatedly stumbled and fell. The waves have reached her feet. Her dress is drenched with the spray. She retreats to the very edge of the broad marsh; it is six feet deep and too wide for her to attempt to spring across. Ah! what will she do! every wave sweeps over her now powerless feet. She stands rooted to the spot. Despair holds her heart in his iron grasp. She no longer attempts to fly. The conflict is over. She has yielded to her fate.

At this moment of unutterable agony, a strong arm is passed around her. A strong frame lifts her gently from her feet. The ditch is cleared by one bound, and some one with rapid strides bears her onward, beyond the range of the pursuing waters. Mildred uttered no cry. She neither struggled nor fainted; but she clung to the neck of the unknown deliverer without venturing to raise her eyes, shivering with the cold, reaction and utter helplessness which succeeds great mental excitement. Her only feeling was thankfulness to God: It filled up every cranny of her breast, and gushed forth in floods of tears.

The person who bore her along as lightly as if she had been an infant, now breathed hard like one ascending an eminence, and pausing at last to rest, he released his precious burden, and with a smile bade her look up.

Her eyes unlosed upon a glorious spectacle. She was standing upon the very summit of the East Cliff. A hundred feet below the waters chafed and ragged, like hungry monsters roaring for their prey. The marsh, converted into a wide lake, told how near she had been to death; and with a sudden cry she turned from the beautiful but appalling spectacle, to thank her generous preserver for her rescued life.

He, anticipating her thoughts, briefly replied to them:

"Do not thank me, Miss Rosier; I am glad that my arm has been made instrumental to your preservation. Fortunately I saw you descend to the beach, and knowing the danger of the road during a high tide and a storm like this, I followed, in the hope of rendering assistance, should you require it. I was almost too late. Great

God!" he continued, with emotion, "five minutes longer and you would have been lost!"

"Oh, Captain Tasker!" said Mildred, the danger from which she had escaped becoming tenfold on a retrospective glance; "but for you, where should I now be? and my poor mother! I can find no words to thank you. I wish you could look into my heart."

"It is open to my view—pure and clear as day light," returned the seaman. "God bless that young and unsophisticated heart. Its goodness and candour almost reconcile me to a world which I hate, and against which I have for years waged an unsparing war. Your tears distress me. I can meet the boldest man in his strength; but a woman's tears unman me quite. You are weak and fatigued, Miss Rosier; step into this cabin. I know the person to whom it belongs. She will give you a glass of water and a crust of bread."

"I gladly accept your offer," said Mildred. "I really feel so giddy and faint, I cannot walk a step further without rest."

As she ceased speaking, Captain Tasker lifted the latch of a rude hut, composed of wreck of the sea, and thatched with sea weed and slabs of broken plank; and ushered his young companion into a low, forbidding looking apartment, whose walls of unwashed clay were black and sticky with the smoke and dust of years. An old deal table occupied the centre of the earthen floor, which, minus two legs, was propped up by flat stones, gathered from the neighbouring beach. A rude, clumsy bench, which had been gashed in all directions by the knives of idlers who had had nothing else to employ their time, was dragged before the cold, wide chimney, on whose clay hearth two large roots were slowly smouldering away. On this comfortless looking seat an old woman—so old, that she looked as though she might have numbered a hundred winters—was sitting, slowly spreading her withered hands to the feeble fire, and rocking to and fro, as she chattered to herself in unceasing, shapeless sentences, and smiled and frowned, as the visions which presented themselves to her dreaming eye, were grave or gay. A faded red handkerchief was tied over her capless head, which kept the long tangled masses of grey hair from falling over her wrinkled face, and her dress of brown camblet, which had twenty years before belonged to the parson's lady, hung in loose folds around her skeleton form, while its hundred rags fluttered in the wind which forced its way through the countless apertures in the walls and roof of her miserable dwelling. She had been netting (or braiding as it is called in Suffolk, a large herring net; but the wooden needle had dropped from her feeble grasp, and she appeared only intent upon a little

black tea-pot, which was simmering upon the ashes; and she half muttered, half sung the following voluntary, as the wind, which roared round the cabin, and shook it to its very foundation, inspired her with a theme:

The wreckers are out—the wreckers are out!
From Hazeboro' gap I hear their shout,
Through the driving seaud they mark their prize,
A mastless ship on the Coquet* lies.

The sea runs high—the gale raves loud,
The foam on the Burnet shall weave a shroud
For the bold and brave, who for many a year
Have ploughed the salt waves to perish here.

From Eastern cliffs to Orford ness
Their signal-guns tell their dire distress;
No help from man that bark can reach,
No boat can leave the foam-strewn beach.

Ha! ha! the jovial wreckers cry,
The storm sweeps on, no aid is nigh;
The peasant reaps the golden grain,
Our harvest field's the raging main.

The old crone looked up. Her keen, black eye, brightened with a ghastly, unnatural, icy gleam, and she laughed and clapped her withered hands in a sort of horrible extacy. Mildred turned very pale; but Tasker laid his finger upon his lip to enjoin silence, as the old woman, resuming her crouching attitude, began again in a sad, wild strain:

Son of mine, I ne'er shall see,
Nor nurse a grandchild on my knee;
All this withered body bore
Graveless lie, far, far from shore.
All I loved in life's young day,
The hungry waters swept away.
Oh! my weary heart and brain,
When shall I be young again?
Never! never! never! never!
Age has but one dreary night,
And the hearts in youth that sever
Only meet in heaven's blest light.

There was something so touchingly sad in the lonely desolate creature's mad reminiscence of the melancholy event which had destroyed her reason, that Mildred, unable to restrain her feelings, burst into tears. Her vainly suppressed sobs reached the ear of the old dreamer. She slowly rose up, and lifting her hands, exclaimed:

"I heard the sounds of human grief. Who weeps for Rachel Lagon?"

"I do," said Mildred, sinking down upon the rude bench which the old woman had quitted, and covering her face with her hands. "I am sorry for you—sorry for all who suffer as you have done."

"Poor child," said the witch, regarding her with

a kindly glance. "You are young and fair; keep your tears for yourself; the dark days are coming, when you will need them all."

"The young lady is ill," said Captain Tasker. "Can you give her a cup of cold water, Rachel?"

The woman answered by pouring out a cup of the tea she had been so anxiously watching, and with true courtesy, presented it to the grateful Mildred, adding, however, in a sarcastic tone—

"Dare you eat or drink with a witch?"

"You are not what you say!" said Mildred, a cold chill creeping through her frame, as she looked up into the wrinkled countenance of the hag.

"I have skill—but if it is of the devil, I learned it through his best agent, man. Ha! ha! a witch! it would take a clever woman to be that. Satan looks for his pupils among the wealthy and learned of the earth; he is too much the god of this world to care for such a penniless forsaken subject. Had he been my friend I should have been rich and powerful, not despised and poor."

"Do tell us something about yourself?" said Mildred, who felt a deep interest stirring at her heart for the forlorn creature before her.

"Aye, the sorrows of a long life can be told in a short time," returned Rachel. "A few minutes can contain the trials and agonies of years. The madness, too!—for I am mad sometimes. But it comes and goes, and by exercising a strong will, I can dismiss the fiends that torment me; but they amuse my solitude, and teach me to sing and converse to myself; and the winds and waves bear me company. You want to know something about old Rachel. Young lady, the blood which warms your heart was drawn from the same fountain. Your great-grandfather, Roger Rosier, who owned all the arable land in this neighbourhood, was my father."

"Gracious heaven! are we related?" said Mildred, not exactly pleased with the circumstance, which appeared to her like a calamity. The old woman marked her change of countenance, and replied, with a sarcastic smile:

"Poverty! poverty! How it separates hearts which blood ought to unite. Yours runs cold at the very thought of being akin to an old, aspersed, and miserable woman."

"Forgive me, Aunt!" said Mildred; "it was wicked and weak. I will try to love you."

These words, uttered in a sweet, unaffected voice, produced a strange effect upon Rachel Lagon. An universal spasm shook her whole frame, and large tears burst from her eyes.

"Tears!" exclaimed the crone, as a bright drop fell upon her own withered hand. "God is merciful! I never thought to have shed a tear again. Oh! what years have passed since my

* A rock near Orford ness, famous for causing ship-wreck.

brain was moistened by such blessed dew! Not since the night when I saw my husband and my three fine lads perish, and no boat put off to save them. My thoughts are wandering far astray, child of a Rosier! I must sit down and collect them."

After a long silence, the old woman raised her pale face, and continued:

"My father was a wealthy man, and I received a good education; and while he lived, I and my brother Robert, who were his only children, lived happily enough together. But he was proud, and expected me to make a good match among the neighbouring gentry. Like you, Mildred Rosier, I loved to have my own way; and day after day, I wandered along the sea-shore, in quest of amusement. I sat by the old fishermen whilst they watched their lines, and listened to their tales of far countries, and the wonderful adventures which had befallen them. I preferred these rambles to the formal visits of the neighbouring families, and drew upon myself the anger of my brother, who constantly taunted me with my want of self-respect, and my low, unladylike propensities. These insults, instead of making me yield to his wishes, roused up a spirit of opposition, and I did every thing in my power to thwart and vex him. Such conduct was sinful, and it recoiled heavily back upon myself.

"I often passed upon the beach a young and handsome fisherman. There was something about his easy, good-humoured countenance and carriage, which captivated my fancy. I could have shunned his path; but an irresistible desire to attract his attention threw me constantly in his way. We wooed and wed in secret, and our marriage, though every way disproportioned, was a happy one.

"My brother, when he discovered what had taken place, turned me from his doors, forbidding me ever to enter them, or claim kindred with him again—though he, in his turn, married his servant, and wasted his inheritance, until he died comparatively a poor man. Such contradictions are to be found in human nature, and are too common to require comment. I and my husband lived in a small cottage near the beach, and he earned a comfortable living by herring fishing. His father left him a good boat, and my own industry soon furnished him with nets. In the winter evenings, I taught him to read and write; and so loving and kind was my mate, that I thought myself the richest woman in the world.

"There were times, however, when I felt I had degraded myself, and lost caste. Whenever I happened to pass any of my old friends, or wealthy acquaintances, and they regarded me with such cold, supercilious glances, or turned con-

temptuously out of my path, a deep regret would, against my better reason, force itself into my heart. The next moment I could laugh at my own folly—but the blow had told. The sting of the serpent remained rankling behind. These feelings became stronger, as my three handsome, clever boys, grew towards manhood. They had talents, which, if cultivated, might have placed them in the first class. They were the sons of a poor man. The want of means cramped their energies. Without the power to advance or better their condition, they were indigent and despised. The very circumstance of their mother having been born in a higher class made them objects of suspicion and envy to their fellows. I saw my error when it was too late.

"The boys were now old enough to help their father. They had made many trips with him, and their good conduct and industry were rapidly improving our home comforts. I gloried in their beauty and strength. I watched them with pride, preparing the nets for their last fell trip. I helped them to launch the fatal bark, with my own hands. Where was my second sight on that accursed night? The powers which they tell me I possess, of calling the tempest up from the depths of ocean, or wrapping the blinding rook like a wet sheet round the waters, and lulling them to sleep—where were they then? Woe to the witch who saw not the danger that lurked in her own house of life! Woe to the wretch who went out full, and came back empty and desolate! They went—but they never came back to gladden my eyes and heart. The storm came that night—a full moon high tide and heavy sea. I saw the boat founder, and go down upon the *Coquet rock*. I rushed down to the beach. I called upon the pilots to put off the boats, and save my all from death! I knelt, I implored, in vain! The winds and the waves laughed at my strong agony. The aid of man was useless in an hour like that.

"Years passed away. I wandered from door to door, begging my bread, a houseless maniac. The ravings of sorrow were termed by the foolish, witchcraft, and the superstitious came to me to tell their fortunes, and to register, as supernatural warnings, the bitter outpourings of a broken heart.

"My misfortunes had made me hate the world. I felt a pleasure—a wicked pleasure—in deceiving my cruel species. I learned to live upon their credulity—to mock their weakness and exaggerate their fears. It was a relief to my wretchedness to make others wretched. I took possession of this deserted cabin, and lived upon my infamous reputation. A foreigner, whom I saved from ship-wreck, taught me some curious natu-

ral secrets. I studied animal magnetism. By a strange and simple process I made persons reveal the state of their own minds; and could transport them to any part of the world, and make them describe to their comrades, while under the influence of magnetic sleep, all they heard or saw. This was the only magic I practised; but it was enough to render me the terror of the simple people around. This secret which made me the mistress of the minds of others, I can impart to you."

Mildred was excited. Without knowing it herself, she loved power. She longed to test the truth of what the old hag had communicated.

"I am not afraid," she said; "teach me your secret?"

A meaning glance passed between Captain Tasker and old Rachel. She motioned him to advance.

"Should you like to hear him utter, while under the influence of a deep sleep, your own thoughts? To hear him describe the scenes, which he never saw? In fact, to think with your mind, see with your eyes, and describe with his mouth, words which were formed in the depths of your heart?"

"It is impossible," said Mildred, affecting a laugh, while something more allied to terror, held her spirit in a chain.

"Try it," returned the witch.

"How am I to begin?"

"Give him your hands."

"Well," said Mildred, trembling and blushing, "what next?"

"Let him hold your thumbs against his for a few minutes, and look steadily between the eyes, in a short space he will become as weak as a child."

"I cannot do it," said Mildred, struggling to free herself from the captain's grasp.

"Do not be frightened, dear girl. Look but for one moment steadily at me. Do not laugh and cry in the same breath. Look up with that bright glance, and I become powerless as infancy."

Mildred did look up. A strange fascination held her charmed gaze. The steady, searching glance of those dark, powerful eyes, benumbed all her faculties. Her breath became short—her bosom heaved—tears streamed involuntarily down her pallid cheeks—strange, thrilling sensations rushed through her arms and fingers—the pulses rapidly sunk—the dull, filmy eye closed—the limbs became rigid, and she lay before them in a deep mesmeric sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LA PENSEROSA.*

BY DR. HASKINS.

There sits a dark-hair'd girl, with pallid brow,
Like marble, and a cheek which crimson stains—
As if the blood of roses filled her veins;
The bright clear flush that in suffusion now
Tinges that cheek, is warm with eloquence,
Speaking of passions, thrond' within the heart,
Too strong, too deep, too deadly, to depart,
Till life hath freed its wings, and soar'd from thence.
Her eye—large, round, and black as blackest night,
Yet dazzling in its pow'r, as morn's unclouded light,
Looks over the blue ocean. On its orb—
Deep lost in thought, and memory's musing dream—
The sunlight falls: and, as that glorious beam
Floods all the chamber with its golden gleam
The dead or distant seem her soul t'absorb.
Still through the casement o'er yon blue expanse,
Intensely doth she gaze with wishful glance.
What seeks she there? Haply, her lover's gone,
To some far foreign land, and her eye traces
The fearful tide that severs their embraces:
Haply to Palestine some noble youth
Hath sped with vows of chivalry and truth—
O'er the wide waves, by Glory's star led on—
While she is left alone to watch and weep,
And long and vainly gaze over yon awful deep.
She seems of those romantic, by-gone days,
When Chivalry and Beauty wore the bays;
Some baron's daughter—proud of bearing, high,
Yet with a heart all love, as tells her eye,
How beautiful that black and ebon hair,
In raven ringlets shades her bosom fair,
That seems all snow, yet wags th' enchanted sight,
Pure as the pillow cloud where sleeps the dawn-star
bright.

How doth Love speak in that seraphic smile,
Fresh from the soul which tearful thoughts beguile—
Half sad, half joyful. Sweeter than the morn—
Than flow'rs on Nature's blushing bosom borne—
More exquisite than aught to Bard reveal'd
In Fancy's visions, from the world conceal'd—
Blest Beauty!—fairest work of skill divine—
Woman!—what pow'r—what loveliness is thine!
What deep enchantment, spells and magic lie
In the heart-stealing softness of thine eye;
What melody in each entrancing tone,
Breath'd from the heart that Love makes all his own!

How vain is beauty!—how unworthy aught
Of outward charms, if all within be naught!
But with a soul and heart of kindred worth,
How bright is beauty!—far too fair for earth!

OURS is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or French phrase, when a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered for high treason against his mother tongue.—*Southey*.

*The above, with some other poems which lie by me was composed as the commencement of an imaginary Picture Gallery, which was to have consisted of a considerable number of short descriptive pieces. Circumstances prevented the prosecution of the idea.

THE UNREVEALED.

I stood in anxious suspense by the side of Agnes, contemplating her sufferings, and silently ruminating upon all the occurrences of the evening. My thoughts took a turn, which seemed to correspond with, and explain, my own secret conclusions. When we believe we have at last seized one end of the clue which unravels a mystery, a thousand trivial circumstances rush in upon us with the force of resistless evidence. They pass for nothing at the time; but they swell into certain truths, seen through the medium of our preconceived notions. I was as firmly convinced, at the moment, I could pronounce the past fate of Agnes Mandeville, as that I then saw her stretched before me its melancholy victim; and my heart—what shall I say? It bled—it ached—it trembled for her.

I was on the point of yielding to my wife's repeated solicitations, and sending for our medical attendant, Dr. —, when Agnes, heaving a deep sigh, and pressing her hand upon her forehead, exclaimed, in a low voice—

"Where am I?"

I spoke to her.

"Are you alone?" said she, after a long pause, which made me apprehensive she would relapse into a state of insensibility.

"I am, now," I replied, as my wife and daughter quitted the room, in obedience to a motion of my hand.

Another and a longer pause ensued, during which I watched intently the expressive workings of the features of the beautiful girl. A limner might have caught from them the finest expressions of the passions; and any one accustomed to read the human mind in its best interpreter (where dissimulation is not the master art), the human face, might have perused, as I did, the struggle between amazement, fear, and hope.

"You will not deceive me," said Agnes, as she wiped away the first tear she had shed. "Who was the person who stood behind me at the organ—that whispered in my ear a NAME which only one, save myself, could so pronounce, and that one, must have come from beyond the grave to do it—or else—but that cannot be! Who was it?" Her manner was dreadfully agitated, as she re-

peated a question to which it was evident she could not receive the answer she expected without dismay. When I replied that Mr. Seymour was the person who stood beside her at the organ, she interrupted me—

"I did not ask you," she exclaimed, "by what name he is known; but who he is—whence he came—and, if you can tell so much, why he came here to breathe a word of madness into my slumbering soul?"

I attempted to remind her of what I had mentioned respecting Mr. Seymour, when I told her he was coming. Again she interrupted me.

"Good God!" she cried. "Can you not understand me better than to tell me Mr. Seymour is your friend's friend, and has been your guest to-day? I know all that—but I shall never, never know how the thing that shook me so came to pass, if you can tell me no more than that. You call him Seymour who never bore that name; him, too, who is now as nameless as the cause why I am the wretched being you see—him who is in the grave! Yes, yes; of that I am at least assured, no matter how incomprehensible the visit I have had. But it is terrible to think there is no impassable barrier for the dead; that they can come back, and without the power to be of this world again, can rekindle in the depths of a heart from which they are dis severed, the smouldering passions which first started into life at their call. Oh! this is fearful! From henceforth I shall live in hourly expectation of horrible visits like this one—coming I know not when, nor how, nor why?"

I reasoned with her, and she listened to me with seeming attention. I related how I had become acquainted with Mr. Seymour; repeated all I had learned respecting him from my friend; assured her it was he, and he alone, who had stood by her while playing; and concluded by mentioning what Frances had observed, that he bent over her, and whispered something in her ear.

"I remember," said Agnes, as if speaking to herself, rather than replying to my discourse. "that beautiful morning in early spring, when we walked, by the margin of the quiet stream that flowed through my father's grounds! He had

me swear a mutual oath, that whose first should die, and after death, find it permitted to return to this world—in whatever strange mysterious way permitted—should reveal the secret at such a time and manner as might be. And I remember the summer evening, when I played to him that wild insufferable air, which has no meaning in it for those who love the set harmony of studied sounds, but to which he listened with emotions kindred to the feelings that inspired my own touch, the trembling hand he laid on mine, and said, 'Do you forget your oath?' Then I trembled too, as I looked at him; for in his eyes there was a marvellous expression, and his face grew suddenly pale; but before I could answer, he continued, 'If ever my spirit comes to thee, Agnes, it will be when strains like these summon it!' I have played them often; and they have heard no say (wondering, I doubt not, wherefore,) that I had been holding converse with the past, having miraculous speech with the dead! But never, till this night, did I hear the dead! Never till this night did the voice that enthralled me fall upon my ear, other than in the excited imaginings of my own rapt senses. Oh, God! What a space has been blotted out, carrying back my soul to a period which now seems to embrace it again with all the fresh and lively horror of but an hour ago!"

She wept. I suffered her tears to flow without a wish to check them. I knew they did not augment her anguish; and I believed they might assuage it. I could have mingled my own with them; but that far other feelings than those which vent themselves in tears had been awakened; and it required all the mastery over myself which I could command—all the influence of the solemn promise I had given—all the dread of those darkly foretold consequences, if I violated that promise—to restrain me from putting the questions they prompted. I did exercise that self-control; and though I doubted, at the time, whether I was not keeping faith almost beyond the obligations of honour, I have ever since confessed that whatever virtue there was in my fidelity, it has had its reward in that consoling peace of mind which is the fruit of knowing we have spared the unfortunate pangs greater than they could have borne.

When Agnes ceased to weep, I perceived that she had resigned herself to the silence of her own thoughts. Gradually she sunk into repose, exhausted by the violent agitation of her feelings; and during her perturbed slumbers I gently retired, considering that when she awoke, the presence of my wife, whom I sent to watch by her side, would be more desirable than mine.

The next day I saw my friend. He had a tale

to tell, that matched well with the extraordinary incidents I have related. Arrived at Mr. Seymour's hotel, he found him already there; but he had given strict orders, if any one inquired for him, to say he was not to be disturbed. My friend urged the necessity of an immediate interview, though but for five minutes. Mr. Seymour's servant declared he dared not disobey his master's commands. "Will you," said my friend, "take up my card to Mr. Seymour, and if it be impossible I can see him tonight, learn at what hour I can do so tomorrow morning?" After much persuasion, and with great reluctance, he consented to this, returning with an answer, that at nine o'clock next morning Mr. Seymour would be happy to receive him to breakfast.

My friend was punctual to his appointment. He was ushered into a room where the breakfast table was spread; and where in a few moments, he was joined by a venerable looking man, dressed in deep mourning. Breakfast was prepared; they sat down to it.

"Do we not wait for Mr. Seymour?" said my friend.

"My name is Seymour," replied the stranger, politely.

"There must be some mistake then——"

"We will talk of the object of your visit presently," interrupted the stranger. "Do you take coffee or tea?"

There was an air of mild dignity and collected self-command about the stranger, which, while it increased the perplexity of my friend's situation, prevented him from saying another word about *the* Mr. Seymour, whose presence he expected and desired. He fell insensibly into the conversation which the stranger seemed solicitous to maintain; while it was evident, from the tone of his remarks, as well as from the language in which they were conveyed, that he was a person of superior breeding and requirements.

"My young friend," said the stranger, when breakfast was over, "whom you wished to see last night, has quitted London. You seem surprised; and I am myself unable to account for the suddenness of his departure. I am as little able, also, to account for some other things which I shall mention. He came to me about three months ago, and represented that he was interested in a law-suit which required that he should have the advice of an eminent solicitor. He did not explain, nor did I ask, seeing he was reserved upon the subject, the nature of the suit; but I recommended a gentleman who has for many years transacted all my own business. He objected to this person, and named yourself as the only one to whose hands, from all he had heard of your high professional eminence, he should like to confide

his interests. I had not the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, though I was no stranger to your reputation; and I knew my friend Sir Edward Croton was one of your clients: I therefore proposed that Sir Edward should be the channel of introduction. He assented; but with much earnestness he entreated that I would permit him to assume *my name*. He assured me he had no reason for making this request which was inconsistent with perfectly honorable views—that he desired to conceal his own name only for a time, while he ascertained the probable consequences of certain disclosures he must make to you, and satisfied me, that in wishing to take the name of Seymour, it was for no objects which that name would serve, more than any other which he might have selected. It was with some hesitation I yielded to this proposition; nor did I do so at last without the condition, that I should be free to avow the truth at any time, or under any circumstances, which I might consider called for the declaration. Hence the course I am now taking."

"His real name, then," said my friend.

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Seymour (for so I may now designate him)—"I cannot yet see my way with sufficient clearness in this strange business, to go further than I have. I am the intimate friend of his family—I have known the young man from his cradle—and though I feel I could not do less than I have done, in the situation in which he has placed me, I must pause before I do more, in justice to unknown parties, who may, or may not be implicated, to an extent which I cannot at present discern, were I to disclose what it is quite natural you should seek."

My friend bowed a silent assent, and Mr. Seymour proceeded:

"I introduced him to Sir Edward Croton under his assumed name, and by Sir Edward he was afterwards introduced to you. Here arises a blank which I cannot fill up. You must best know the matters upon which he consulted you; and I am aware the deep responsibility of professional confidence binds you to silence respecting them. I come, therefore, to the more immediate cause of our present interview. At a late hour last night (so late, indeed, that it was after I had retired to rest on my return from the opera), I received a note from (I must still employ the periphrasis) my young friend, inviting—I might also say imploring—me to breakfast with him this morning at eight o'clock. I returned a verbal answer, that I would attend, and I came; but you may guess my surprise by your own, when, on my arrival here, I was informed he had set off for the country at five o'clock—that he had not been in bed all night—and that he had left a letter

for me on his table. This letter I will read to you."

Mr. Seymour drew the letter from his pocket and read as follows:

"I am entangled in my own net—but not till I have defeated the snare that was laid for me. I have been the dupe of a vain confidence in myself—the betrayer of my own secret. Oh, my friend! There is a knowledge, compared to which, the belief of whatever is most dreadful, most appalling, is as nothing. I grasped at that knowledge—gained it—and am lost!—God of heaven! are thy Judgments always just? My rebellious heart cries no—but man, bold, impious man, in the pursuit of vengeance, is often made the purblind instrument of Thy wrath upon himself, while he thinks he is dealing out punishment on the guilty. What can you, my friend, find in all this raving? Can you pluck out the mystery that lurks beneath it? Can you exclaim, 'And is it come to this!' as if you had fathomed, in a moment, the deep and hidden torment of my soul? You can but wonder, as ignorance teaches us to do, at what we cannot understand.

"Let me be calm, while I instruct you in the last office I shall ever claim at your hands. Within this letter you will find another; it is for Mr. —: he is an honorable man, whom I have used for his purpose, and meant to use further, had not my own rash hand plucked off the veil that shrouded me. It is done, however. The spell is broken. He has just been here. See him? Madness! He comes again tomorrow at nine. I would fly to the earth's end rather than meet him. I cannot face the venomous scorn of a lofty mind, privileged to trample on a base one—base in seeming, at least, whatever it may be in nature. Receive him for me; give him—what is written for his eye alone; tell him—ay, tell him just so much as will exonerate you, and leave all the burden of dishonour upon myself. I am content it should be thus, for there is no world to point at me with its hideous grin of contempt because I am a villain! I meant to be calm, temperate, composed—but I shall grow frantic if I pursue the theme."

"This," continued Mr. Seymour, when he had finished reading the letter, "was addressed to me—and this," he added, drawing another letter from his pocket, "was its inclosure, and is meant, you perceive, for your eye alone. In fulfilling the wishes of my young friend, I have nothing to say for myself. I have my own reasons for the total silence I shall maintain upon the communication I have had to make; and I request, as a favour, that you will not read, in my presence, the letter I now deliver to you."

My friend received the letter, and complying with the request of Mr. Seymour, put it into his pocket without breaking the seal. At home, he read it. I can only give his own words to me with regard to its contents, after he had related the particulars of the above interview.

"My profession," said he, "frequently brings me to the knowledge of extraordinary circumstances in the conduct of my species, and I have often thought, no writer of fiction can *imagine* such things as are disclosed in the confessions

which men have to make to their confidential advisers, when they are beset by the consequences of their actions. But never in my life have I read, or heard of, or become acquainted with, a case so extraordinary as that which constitutes the mystery, the sufferings, and the fate of Agnes Mandeville. Comfort and sustain her in this new crisis of her fate. She is to be pitied beyond any human being upon whom the hand of affliction has been laid most heavily, beyond any child of sorrow that heaven ever visited with earthly calamity."

Alas! she needed comfort! I know not where to find language adequate to express the degree to which she needed it. All solace was gone from her. Her music was abandoned; reading to her became distasteful; conversation was unheeded. For hours together she would sit, in the loneliness of her brightened condition, musing in deep silence upon things of which she spoke not. In these long and mournful abstractions, all that denoted the dark complexion of her thoughts were heart-broken sighs, and sometimes a wringing of her hands, as if the pain she felt were intolerable. Not a tear flowed. At times she would suddenly start, and listen, and strain her sightless eyes in the direction of her listening, with an agony of countenance the while, that showed what fearful images were present to her imagination. The self-created phantom of that fatal night haunted her incessantly. The delusion that she had received a spectral visit from the world of shadows had taken fast hold of her mind, and she lived, as she had said she should, in hourly expectation of its horrible return. I once endeavoured to persuade her to take her seat at the organ, and play the air she had performed when Mr. Seymour (for so I must continue to call him) was present. I thought the experiment might be successful in destroying the delusion under which she laboured; but I never repeated my request. The convulsive emotions that seemed to wrench every fibre, to plunge her feelings back again into all the appalling dizziness that then assailed her, convinced me that had she been compelled to make the trial, she would either have expired beneath it, or retired from it in a state of frenzy!

It soon became too evident, indeed, that this latter calamity impended over her; but before its symptoms assumed any decided character she was removed from my care. I expected this, and at a much earlier period than it took place; I doubted not the same means, whatever they were (and I could never discover them), by which the individual who placed Agnes with me, had learned every circumstance that endangered the privacy of her situation, would enable him to know the

visit of Mr. Seymour and its consequences. It was above three months, however, after that occurrence, that I received, from the aged female who paid her stated visits to Agnes, the following note:

"I have been well satisfied with all you have done. I cannot exclude from this declaration an event which, however much I may wish it had never taken place, I should be unjust if I reproached you with it, as an evil that might have been avoided by greater circumspection. That event has only hastened, not produced, the course I have to pursue. Agnes Mandeville will be removed from your house tomorrow evening; but I enjoin you to say nothing of it to her. I require also, that her departure may be allowed to take place without any communication between her and the rest of your family. Every thing she leaves behind you may retain as memorials of her; while the enclosed, which discharges all our reciprocal obligations, will be received by you, I hope, as a sufficient testimony, on my part, of the satisfaction I feel, and an adequate consideration for the delicate trust you have so honourably executed. Hereafter, it is possible you may know more. Your past conduct is the best guarantee I can have, that you will not meanwhile seek for information by circuitous paths."

The enclosure was a munificent donation—a bank-note for five hundred pounds. I would have given thrice that sum—(I hardly know, indeed, the price within my means which I would not have given at that moment) to prevent her departure. The deep interest I felt in her fate—the attachment, the sympathy, the veneration almost, with which she had inspired me—and the intense curiosity which I could not restrain, though I forbore to obey its dictates by seeking to gratify it—made me view our separation as an overpowering calamity. I am not ashamed to say I shed tears; tears that flowed from I know not what obscure and undefined anticipation of afflictions that awaited the ill-starred girl, and which I fancied my continued care of her might either avert altogether, or mitigate if they came.

In order to avoid explanations which the then state of my mind would not have allowed me to give, and the better to comply with the injunctions of my unknown and mysterious correspondent, I contrived that my wife and family should be out the following evening. I too shunned the presence of Agnes. I sat alone, in my own room, ruminating upon what was about to take place, and anxiously wishing, as it *must* take place, that it were once over. Poor Agnes! Heaven knows what *her* thoughts were, to find herself so unwontedly deserted. Perhaps, as is often the case, they partook of what we call presentiment—that strange foreboding of ill, which slings dark shadows upon the brooding spirit, as if there were faculties within us, which have a secret intercourse with the future, too dim and obscure to take the form of knowledge, but marvellously

responsive to the unseen approach of that which comes to bring us misery!

The clock had struck eight. The evening had nearly closed in, for it was the beginning of May. No hour was fixed for her removal, and I was beginning to get restless at the idea of the protracted solitude in which Agnes had been left, when I heard the sound of carriage-wheels stopping at my door. I went out to meet the person. It was, as I expected, the same that brought Agnes to my house three years before. She said nothing; and I was silent. She ascended the stairs, while I returned to my room in a state of agitation which I will not attempt to describe. I paced up and down, like one waiting for dismal intelligence, from which he knew he could not escape, yet dreading to receive it. In about ten minutes I heard them descending. Yes, I am sure it was Agnes, sobbing violently! I was upon the point of rushing out—and to mingle my prayers and blessings with my farewell! While I stood irresolute, the door closed, the carriage drove away, and I never beheld Agnes Mandeville again!

SEVEN YEARS elapsed between what I have described, and that which I am about to relate:

I was travelling in Wales, and had extended my pedestrian excursion almost to the northern boundary of South Wales, roaming with a delighted spirit, amid its wild mountainous scenery. In one of my walks, after traversing a long, narrow, dusty lane, rough and rugged, and bounded by tall hedges on both sides; a gradual ascent of about two hundred yards brought me to the brow of an eminence, where a scene of vast magnificence burst suddenly upon me. On the left appeared the ocean, and stretching along its margin, as far as the eye could reach, fine level yellow sands. Immediately below, at the foot of a winding precipitous descent, lay the beach, and inhabited by fishermen and their families. In the extreme distance, towards the north-west, rose the lofty mountains of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire, Snowdon towering like a giant above them all. Contracting my view, I beheld an amphitheatre of hills of various elevations, and infinite varieties of form, enclosing a spacious tract of dark morass, which spread out to their base. A fine effect of mountain landscape was produced by the singular disposition of the lights and shades on the tops, sides, and hollows of the circumjacent hills. The sun was shining brilliantly, but the sky was covered with detached masses of fleecy clouds, which mottled, as it were, the surfaces of the hills with fantastic patches of colour, so numberless, and at the same time so picturesque, that the effect was exquisitely beautiful.

When I had gazed my fill, I slowly descended to the beach, and soon after struck off by a mountain-path, in the direction of —, a small village, where I arrived towards evening. After regaling myself sumptuously upon some bacon and eggs, barley-bread and a mug of *cerw da* (good ale), and settling with mine hostess of the Swan for the use of her best bedchamber for the night, I strolled out to enjoy the sublime scenery by which I was surrounded. I had not wandered far, ere I came to the churchyard. My knowledge of the Welsh language was too slender to enable me to read the few monumental tributes that met my eyes; but I felt as keenly that I was treading upon dust which had once been dear to those who had recorded their sorrows for its loss, as if I could have perused all their grief inspired.

In one corner of this churchyard, apart from the other graves, fenced round by a plain wooden railing, and overshadowed by a large yew-tree, which time had split into several dark clasms, stood a tomb whose appearance, simple and unadorned as it was, denoted that its occupant, when alive, moved in a higher sphere than the rustic generation that slept in peace around. I advanced towards it. It lay in deep shadow. The bright radiance of the setting sun, which shed a mild lustre over every other part of the churchyard, and upon the gray dwarf walls of the little church, which every Sabbath gathered within its narrow space, the scattered population of the surrounding hills, penetrated not to this lonely dwelling of death. It seemed as if that obscure nook had been purposely selected to escape notice. No path led to it. No chance step could conduct the traveller thither. No passing eye could dwell upon it, in going to or from the house of God. They who would know whose burial place was there, must do as I did, scramble among the thickly-twisted and rank weeds that grew profusely around it.

I did this; and how shall I describe my feelings when I found that I stood by the grave of AGNES! It was even so! On a newly-erected stone, I read these words:

TO THE MEMORY OF
AGNES MANDEVILLE;
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
APRIL 14, 18—;
AGED TWENTY-SEVEN.

Blest be that hand divine which gently laid
My heart at rest:

"Mystery upon mystery!" I exclaimed, as I stood, with my eyes fixed upon this inscription, while my thoughts travelled back to all those touching circumstances which had hallowed her name and misfortunes in my recollection. I did

not trouble myself to conjecture how it had befallen, that here, in this remote part of the empire, in this lone spot, she should be buried; I remembered only what she was—and reflected only—that she was dead! I could not call back my thoughts. I could not release myself from their thrall. I saw her—I spoke to her—I heard her soft melodious voice—I beheld that face of surpassing loveliness, dimmed and shaded as its delicate beauty was by grief—I stood before her, even as I had done, when upraising the veil that covered it, she exclaimed, in thrilling accents—“What have I to dread?” These images presented themselves vividly to my imagination; and the transient remembrance that she was then mouldering into dust at my feet, was too fleeting to destroy the momentary impression of their reality.

I was awakened from this dream by the approach of a grey-headed old man, who advanced respectfully towards me. I did not wish to be interrupted, and turning round, with the intention of rebuking the intrusion, I saw tears standing in the eyes of aged rustic. This was a language to which my heart at once responded. I could not mistake its meaning. Chance had not brought *him* to the grave of Agnes; then wherefore those tears? Because he had known the living mourner. And who could know her, and *not* weep, as he did, to think of her sorrows, her angelic meekness under them, and her untimely fate? Grief is infectious. His tears were the signal for mine; monitors, I might more properly call them, reminding me I had not paid that tribute of affection to the unhappy—that sacrifice of pure selfishness, mourning what we have lost, as poor ignorant worldlings, avaricious of earth's happiness, instead of rejoicing that those we loved have gone before us to receive their inheritance of perfect, imperishable felicity.

“You are the first who has visited the stranger's grave since we laid her in it,” said the old man, shaking his head sorrowfully.

“The stranger's grave!” I exclaimed—

“So we call it,” he replied; “for save her name and age, we knew nothing of the poor soul but her misfortunes, and they were heavy enough, God knows.”

“By whose direction, then, were those words engraven on her tombstone?”

“Her own. Parson Morgan wrote them down from her own lips the night she died. She was not mad then.”

“Mad!” I ejaculated, while the dreadful import of the word seemed to stun me. “Good God! And was thy cup of affliction, poor girl, filled even to that? Mental darkness as well as visual! Blind and insane! Well might thy sorrowing spirit,

when at last its weary pilgrimage was drawing to a close, cry, ‘Blest be that hand divine that laid my heart at rest!’”

“You knew her, sir,” said the old man, after a pause, “and are come, perhaps——”

“Yes, I knew her; but I knew not she was dead—I knew not that in wandering hither I should learn the closing story of her life. But I will speak with you upon that subject presently,” I continued, turning away, to seek in silent thought a relief from my feelings.

“Mystery upon mystery!” I still repeated to myself. I had reason to do so. If any one had asked me, an hour before, where Agnes Mandeville was, I should have answered boldly, in Switzerland. Such I believed was the fact; because I learned it by means which had *not* before deceived me, as to her real name, her parentage, her family, and her extraordinary history. It was incomprehensible. I returned to the old man, and questioned him. His answers convinced me—for I almost staggered under doubts of her identity—that it *was* the same person, and that she had been brought to this place very soon after her removal from my house. Thus far satisfied, I listened with painful interest to his narrative, as I drew it from him by successive interrogatories. I will give it in a connected form, and as nearly as I can, in the simple phraseology of the narrator.

“It is now about six years, or a little more, that a gentleman, taller, and thinner, and much older than yourself, arrived at the town of —, fourteen miles off. He was accompanied by an elderly lady; and a young one, who was blind, and, as was soon reported, mad. They hired a house, and lived in it for several months: this was in the summer. They were strangers to every body, and continued so; for, during the whole time they stayed there, they did not make a single acquaintance in the neighbourhood. They went by the name of Glanville; that is, the gentleman called himself Glanville; I never heard what the old lady was called, and the young lady was only called Agnes. As the winter approached it was expected they would go away again; for it was thought they had come, as many persons do from England, to pass the summer season among the mountains. Towards the close of autumn, however, inquiries were made, in every direction, for a comfortable family who could take charge of the young lady, with a handsome allowance for her board and lodging. These inquiries reached the ears of my daughter, Betsy Owens, who lives with her husband, David Owens, in that farmhouse which you see just beyond the foot-bridge, on the right. She had only one child, a son, who died when he was nine years old. He never either

walked or spoke, from the hour of his birth, and sometimes he would cry for twelve hours together, and then sleep for twelve hours. She was never weary of attending upon him, poor fellow; and while he lived every thing went on well with them: every thing which David Owens undertook prospered; but when he died, from that moment there was a change, and nothing prospered. Well; Evvan Owens was dead at the time I am speaking of, and their troubles were beginning to grow burdensome, just as they heard of these inquiries, and the handsome offer that was made to any person who would take care of the mad young lady at —. It was a temptation. So my daughter and her husband went over the hills to —, and saw Mr. Glanville; and he came the next day to look at their house, and to judge for himself whether the young lady would be comfortable. They talked about the matter, and at last it was settled that my daughter should have her; and in less than a fortnight after she was brought here."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Glanville," replied the old man; "but before he returned into England, the old lady came several times, and talked with my daughter about what she was to do, and how the young lady was to be treated, and the care that was to be taken of her. Poor soul! She wanted no other care than kindness, in seeing that she was fed when she was hungry, and let go to bed when she was sleepy, and led out on warm sunny days to sit in the shade."

"Did Mr. Glanville remain long at —, after Agnes had been placed with your daughter?"

"No, sir. The very next week he and the old lady went back to England."

"And how did you receive the money, as it became due? And when did you again see Mr. Glanville, or hear from him?"

"We never saw him again, and we never heard from him. The money was paid regularly through the bankers at —, where, if we asked any questions, we were told to hold our tongues, and take what we came for; with a hint that if we were curious, we might lose it altogether. Curious enough we were, as you may suppose; but after a time we gave up all hope of being able to make out matters, so we did our duty by the poor creature till she died."

"She was with you, then, about six years, and in all that time no inquiry was made about her, no human being came to know how she fared?"

"Not one!" responded the old man, dejectedly. "Had she been a child of the grove and brake, she could not have been more alone in the world. To be sure she knew nothing about it; though she would sometimes weep, and sigh grievously, as if her very heart would crack. And when

there was a thunder-storm, her shrieks and sufferings were terrible. We could never account for this, nor for the strange prayers she used to put up, calling upon God not to punish her again."

"Was her death sudden?" I inquired.

"It was, in a manner, though I was sure it was about to take place, more than three weeks before it did."

"How so?"

"Ah! sir—I saw her corpse-candle carried to this very spot, where we are now standing. I followed it, and watched where it disappeared. It went down just here," continued the old man placing his foot on the grave of Agnes: "just here it flickered bright and strong for a moment, and then slowly, slowly, slowly, sunk into the ground! It was a dark stormy night, I remember, and I was returning home as I saw the *canyell corpse-glide* from the door of my father's house. I did not know any body was ill; but after I had followed the light to the churchyard, when I went back, I found that Agnes had suddenly fallen into a fit; and then I knew it was her own spirit that had carried the funeral light to the place where she was to be buried. I was right! She had many fits afterwards, and grew weaker and weaker after each. But as I have told you, the night before she became all at once as sensible as you are, and talked, as rationally as could be, to Parson Morgan, who attended her. She said nothing, however, except to rejoice that she was going. Ah! it was an edifying sight to see her die; and if there are angels in heaven she is among them!"

The old man drew his hand across his eyes as he uttered these words. For myself, I had neither tears nor words. The sun had gone down; and in the dim twilight of that summer's evening I have described, I cast a parting look upon the "stranger's grave," and quitted the churchyard.

* * * * *

And who was Agnes Mandeville? And what was her history? There yet lives one besides myself, capable of answering these questions. His feelings I may not harrow up. Death, when it releases him from the earthly tribunal of man, will give me the right to REVEAL what, till then, mercy, if not justice commands should be shrouded in the mystery of THE UNREVEALED! Even while I write this, I know he lies in agony of mind and body: before what I have written shall be read, that agony, perhaps, will have passed away, as far as this world is concerned. Let it be so, and my task shall be finished: the injured shade of AGNES MANDEVILLE shall be appeased!

REFLECTIONS UPON AN OLD COAT.

BY JOHN SMITH.

I WILL lay thee aside, my coat; thou art growing old, and must pass the remnant of thy days in some peaceful retreat, without hereafter suffering the daily indignity of the brush and the besom. "And is it because I am old," thou might'st exclaim, "that thou must lay me aside? Will thou dismiss thy old friend so unceremoniously, to take up with a mere acquaintance, whose character may be as black as his colour?" True; thou art an old friend—very; but the world says thou art no longer fit to be seen—that thou hast lost thy glossiness—thy fine texture—that thou hast no longer the freshness of thy youth, when with pride I bore thee along. Thou and I must therefore part. Such is the selfishness of human nature! But I will not bid thee an eternal adieu—far from it; for we will pass many an evening together, in spite of the world and its opinions; we will talk over ancient times and by-gone adventures. Thou must not brand me with ingratitude. No! for I will acknowledge thy manifold services, both by day and by night; how thou stuckest like wax unto me, in winter's frost, and amid the howlings of the pitiless storm, in which, napping, we were sometimes caught; how thou gallantly borest the brunt of summer's dust and autumn's mud, which thou hast encountered and overcome; and, I will bear witness, such quantities of it as frequently raised my *choler*. Yet, in spite of all, thou still lookedst respectable. Thou hast seen two autumns, my coat; no wonder, then, that thou art seely! I will not, as is the wont of some respectable-looking acquaintances of mine, and whose acquaintanceship shall not ripen into friendship—I will not, as they would, my coat—for a miserable sum, consign thee, for vile lucre, like a base *turn-coat*, into the hands of—! D—n the thought! it is too atrociously venal to be set down! Thy greatness has gone by, my coat—the rain has shrunken thee!

But thou hast been a friend to the back-bone! Alike in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and in health, thou clungest to me. Would that I could say as much of several false and perfidious friends who knew me only in the first and last states, my coat. But I forgot; my cellar is empty and the weather rather hot. In summer the warmth of thy friendship was as remarkable as towards winter that coolness which unaccountably sprang up between us. Thy friendship was the more pure and valuable that there was no tie of interest to keep us together. No! my coat. I never paid for thy friendship in any shape! But the truth, bitter as it is, must be told. Thou art,

me-seems, gone! The thread of thy existence is cut short! Thou art on the *edge*—no! I will not *upbraid* thee! Thou couldst "a tale unfold," wert thou able. How many evils hast thou had, and *wholly* on my account! Thou sometimes fillest me with gloomy thoughts, my coat; for when I see that rent in thy arm-pit, I involuntarily think of my landlord! But I will always speak of thee with respect; for there is a kind of *holiness* about thee, my coat!

When I look upon thee, I cannot forbear parodying the exclamation of Marlborough in his dotage, viewing a picture of himself in his prime: "That was a coat!"

COST OF A WATCH.

DURING the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's shop, in the city of New York, and handed out a small French watch to an ingenious artist, demanding how much the repairs would come to. The watchmaker looking at it, said it would cost him more for repairs than the original purchase. "Oh, if that's all, I don't mind that," replied the sailor; "I will even give you double the cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it, and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

NIAGARA.

MEASUREMENTS have been made of the volume of water of the Niagara river, from which it appears that the "motive power" of the cataract of Niagara exceeds by nearly forty-fold, all the mechanical force of water and steam power rendered available in Great Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery that suffices to perform the manufacturing labours for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power employed in transporting these products by steamboats and steam-cars, and their steam ships of war, to the remotest seas. Indeed, it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy, than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery on the habitable globe.—*Silliman's Journal*.

The cultivation of the vine in France gives employment to 6,000,000 persons, and the annual produce is worth £20,000,000.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

No. I.

KOHLE'S "IRELAND."

BY EDMOND HUGOJONST.

Is thus assuming the pen of the reviewer, it may be considered incumbent upon us to give some explanation of our views in undertaking the task, and the motives which have urged us thereto.

We do so with no hope or intention of laying down *dicta* which are to be deemed infallible, or of attempting to lead the readers of the *Literary Garland* to see with our eyes, and hear with our ears. Preferring no claim to be considered a "Sir Oracle"—indulging no desire to mould at our will the judgments of others—our aim, in the series of communications now commenced, shall simply be, to lay before our readers a brief *resumé* of some of the most popular and interesting publications of the day; to present such extracts as we may deem best calculated to display the style of the author, or illustrate the subject treated of; and to connect these with such explanatory remarks as may be necessary. Not that we shall by any means withhold our individual opinions as to the merits of the work before us, or preclude ourselves from giving that share of praise or censure to which we may conceive the author entitled; but we pledge ourselves that, in all cases, such opinion shall be accompanied by sufficient materials, to enable each reader to form his own independent judgment.

Our principal motive, in presenting the analyses of which we have spoken, is to render our fellow-colonists better acquainted with the literature of that land whose children we are, and whose language we speak; and if we can contribute to this object, however humbly, we shall be satisfied.

The importance of general education has, of late years, much occupied public attention, and in most civilised nations, measures have been taken by the respective governments, to place within the reach of every man the means of elementary education. So far as this goes, it is well; and, if conducted on right principles, must

eventually be productive of great benefit to mankind. But we ought not to stop at the commencement; we are not to consider a journey finished because the first step has been taken. Having produced the capability of reading and enjoying the emanations of genius, are we not bound, in reason and in justice, to supply wholesome food for the appetite thus created, which will otherwise batten on any garbage that may fall within its reach?

And yet this want, absolute and imperative as it is, has met with little consideration from governments, or even, till within a very recent period, from individuals. Among the first to recognise its existence were Messrs. William and Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh; their series of cheap publications had so favourable a reception and so rapid a sale, as to induce others to follow their example, as a mere matter of speculation; and the revolution thus begun among the publishers, is now proceeding steadily onward. These reprints were, of course, almost exclusively of works, the copyright of which had expired, and though eagerly sought after, could not satisfy the demands of the class we have mentioned. They were anxious to keep pace with the literature of the day, and to form some acquaintance with recent works of genius. This is forcibly represented by the Messrs. Chambers themselves.*

* Such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes; the public looks with indifference on the offer of *Rasselas*, and the *Simple Story*, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of *Dulwer*. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of *Falconer's Shipwreck*, when they want to become a little acquainted with *Wordsworth*? The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up the deficiency.

* Chambers' Journal, New Series, No. 1.

The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste, if they could be got."

Such speculations as these may be somewhat distasteful to the fathers of "the Trade," but they must ultimately prevail; and publishers themselves will see greater advantage in selling twenty thousand copies of a work, at a profit of eighteen pence, than in disposing of two thousand with a gain of half a sovereign.

In this colony the deprivation is felt even more than it is at home. A large proportion of the emigrants who annually land on our shores, and are gradually extending our settlements, have brought with them tastes and feelings fitted for the enjoyment of the highest class of literature. The cause of education, too, has prospered here. The rising and the risen generations alike demand sufficient intellectual food. And yet, few, very few, of the productions of the literary genius of Britain, are presented at a price sufficiently low to place them within the reach of the great mass of the people of Canada, till long after the excitement and interest occasioned by their first appearance, have died away and been forgotten. True! Some publishers, more enterprising and clear-sighted than their fellows, have recognised the policy of supplying our colonists with intellectual provision, at once cheering, invigorating, and accessible. Mr. Murray, of London, for instance, proposes to furnish such in his "Home and Colonial Library," which has commenced nobly with Borrow's "Bible in Spain," a work scarce a twelvemonth published. Nor must we forget Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, of Montreal, who have earned the thanks of the Canadian public, by their republication of the Waverley Novels, and other similar instances of literary enterprise, in the prosecution of which they have been readily aided by some of the most eminent home publishers, whose sagacity has shown them the advantage of this course, as well to themselves as to the reading public. All honour, we say, to these Pioneers of Literature!

Still, the relief thus afforded, is but partial, and it is our hope, by means of the wide circulation of this Magazine, to possess many of our countrymen with the spirit and substance of some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of modern English literature, whose very titles would never otherwise have reached their ears. This, we conceive, the most rigid proprietor of copyright could not object to, the more especially, as it is a plan pursued without remonstrance, by several of the home periodicals.* Nay! on the other hand, it is

to be hoped that the specimens afforded in these pages (which the limited space at our disposal will render scanty at the best) may awaken sufficient curiosity to induce many, whose means admit of it, to possess themselves of the volumes cited.

The work we have first selected for illustration* is not indeed of purely English origin, being, in fact, a translation from the German; but we have been induced to select it, not only from the intrinsic merit of the work itself, but from the great popularity it has attained, and the high testimony that has been given to the correctness of its statements, by those best qualified to judge.†

In these days of steam, to be a traveller is nothing; it forms the rule rather than the exception. Any one may now traverse the whole continent of Europe, from Finmark to the Morea, or from Galicia to Orenburg, at little more expense of time or money than would have been requisite, a hundred years ago, to convey him from London to Paris. Great has therefore been the rushing to and fro on the face of the earth, and numerous have been the consequent volumes laid before the public, as "Journals," "Diaries," "Adventures," "Rough Notes," and so forth, to the enrichment of printers, but—in most cases, it must be added—to the impoverishment of unwary publishers. Though every one may travel, to his own pleasure and improvement, very few have the talent of making their travels interesting to others. For this there is requisite a keen and observant eye, a habit of minute investigation, and a facility in recording the incidents of the journey, or the reflections excited by them, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the previous history of the place described. All these qualities are fully possessed by Mr. Kohl, and the circumstance of his being a foreigner gives a peculiar value to his observations. To describe any country fully and minutely, an intimate acquaintance with its scenery and characteristics, such as can only be acquired by a residence of years, is no doubt necessary. But where only a general outline is intended, the peculiarities of social condition can be detected with greater discrimination by one, to whom the subject is comparatively fresh, who is warped by no local prejudices, and whose acquaintance with other countries enables him to institute a comparison of its principal features, with those that prevail elsewhere.

* "Ireland," by J. G. Kohl.

† During the recent debate upon Irish affairs, in the Imperial Parliament, it was quoted more than once by the speakers—Mr. O'Connell among the number.

* Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, in particular, has been noted for its full, yet succinct abstracts, of recent publications.

So well recognised is this principle, that several of our most celebrated writers have sought to give additional interest to their observations on English manners and customs; by presenting them through the medium of some fictitious personage, a native of some foreign country—the more remote and unknown, the better for their purpose. Hence the origin of such works as "The Citizen of the World," "Hajji Baba in England," or "The Letters of a Turkish Spy;" and the result has generally justified the foresight of the author.

Of German parentage, birth and education, Mr. Kohl has, by many years travel, rendered himself, in some degree, a true citizen of the world. Austria, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, and other countries of Continental Europe, have successively been the scenes of his peregrinations; and his published descriptions of these countries, particularly of the two first-named, have met the unanimous approbation of the critical world. It was therefore with no small eagerness that we opened this volume, anxious to see in what light the social and scenic characteristics of "the Green Isle" were displayed, by one so well qualified for the task. We have not been disappointed in our expectations, high as they were, and we trust, ere we have done, to make our readers in some measure partakers of our gratification.

Our author landed at Kingstown, in the autumn of the year 1842, and proceeded to Dublin, which he left shortly after for Edgeworthstown, the residence of the amiable and talented Miss Edgeworth.

Mr. Kohl's notice of this lady is very short, and confined simply to her literary labours; his apology for the meagreness of his sketch is well worthy the notice of those gossiping tourists, who delight in recording, for the public delectation, their private conversations with noted personages.

"And now, I have no doubt, many of my German readers will expect of me a very Daguerreotype of the amiable, cheerful, intelligent and witty authoress, and a precise description of the little corner by the window of her pretty library, her usual sitting room, and of the little writing-table, and of all the comfortable and agreeable dependencies of the place where the *Moral Tales*, the *Popular Tales*, *Belinda*, *Leonora*, *Griselda*, *Castle Rackent*, *Helen*, and all her other delightful narratives, were imagined and put to paper. All this, I can easily believe, might be made extremely interesting; but I feel so invincible an aversion against speaking in my books of living persons who have hospitably received me under their roofs, that I shall persist in my old practice, and shall merely invite my readers to accompany me in my walks about Edgeworthstown, where they will find much that is characteristic of the

country and its inhabitants, things with which I occupy myself at all times more willingly than with mere personalities."

These walks give him an opportunity of remarking upon some of those evils, which have so retarded the progress of Ireland.

"It often happens in Ireland that a farm, originally sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a man and his family, becomes divided, after a few generations, into a number of holdings, each father giving a piece of the land to each of his sons to set him up in the world. This subdivision is one of the many causes of the poverty of the country. Every man is anxious to have a bit of land of his own to till, and, laudable as this desire is, it may, if carried too far, as is the case in Ireland, become the occasion of many evils. An Irish farmer with a large family cannot prevail on himself to show more favour to one child than the rest, and always endeavours to divide his farm in equal shares among all his children, whatever may be the tenure by which he holds it. The effect of this system is, that at last the land is divided into such small fractions, that a man and his family, on their diminutive holding, are always just on the verge between existence and starvation. If the farms were preserved in their original extent, and the younger sons were sent out into the world, the elder sons would have more interest in the improvement and good cultivation of the land, and the younger sons would in the end be the better off, for they would be spurred on to exert their ingenuity and industry in some other pursuit.

"The system of middlemen is another gigantic evil under which agriculture suffers in Ireland. Absentee landlords, not to have to do with a large number of tenants, but to receive their money conveniently in large sums, often let large tracts of country to small capitalists, who either let the land out to the actual cultivators, or to other middlemen. In this way there was often between the landlord and his tenant a whole row of middlemen, none of whom had any great interest in the land, but whose object it naturally was, to squeeze from the poor tiller of the soil the greatest possible amount of rent. The most atrocious part of the system was, that if a middleman failed, the landlord might come upon the tenant for his rent, even though it had already been paid to the middleman. The Subletting Act, passed in the reign of George IV., has interposed a check to the worst evils of this system, but could not be made to apply to contracts of an antecedent date, and there are leases in Ireland for terms of an almost indefinite length, on which this law can operate but slowly. Besides an evil practice is not always to be suppressed immediately by an act of parliament."

Since Mr. Kohl's visit, a commission has been appointed by government to enquire into the tenure of land in Ireland; and there is every reason to hope that their report will result in the amelioration of the evils here complained of.

A very interesting account—but too long for quotation—is given of some ancient remains in the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown, the Monte di Lieserdowning, or the Centre of Ireland, as it

is also called, and the Monte-o'-Ward, the erection of which is unanimously ascribed by the neighbouring peasantry to the Danes. We shall have occasion afterwards to allude to Mr. Kohl's speculations on the subject of these "Dane's Mounts."

From Edgeworthstown a jaunting-car conveyed the tourist to Athlone, and the state of the habiliments of the peasantry, as observed on the route, give rise to the following observations:

"There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no rags are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows and at all the other corners of the body the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, or the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at last unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion. And it might appear a wonder how to many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat."

"What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance that his national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress, of the coats worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes with us wear either straight frock coats, or, when at work, short round jackets. In Belgium, France, and some other countries, the working men have a very suitable costume in their *blouses*, and a very similar garment, the smock frock, is worn in most of the rural districts of England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouse, or the short jacket, not elegant enough for him, so he has selected for his national costume the French company dress coat, with its high useless collar, its swallow tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rail gentleman*. Now it is impossible that a working man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hinderance to him in his work, yet it is generally prevalent throughout the island. It is said that a mass of old dress coats are constantly imported from England, where the working classes never wear them. If so, the lowness of the price at which they are sold may have induced the Irish peasants to purchase these cast-off habiliments, and, laying aside their original costume, which cannot but have been more suitable, to mount the dunghill in a coarse and tattered French ball costume. The fact, however, is, that most of these coats are not imported, but are made in the country, of a coarse gray cloth called 'frieze,' from which the coats themselves derive the name of 'frieze coats.'

"It is only on Sundays, and among the wealthier peasants, that the frieze coat is seen in its complete form, with four buttons behind and six

in front. On working-days, not only the buttons are wanting, but the whole gear resolves itself into that indescribable condition of which I have endeavoured to communicate some notion. Often the one half of the swallow tail is gone, and the other half may be seen drooping in widowed sorrow over its departed companion, whom it is evidently prepared to follow, on no very distant day. It seems never to occur to the owner, when one of these neglected flaps hangs suspended only by a few threads, that half a dozen stitches would renew its connexion with the parent coat, or that one bold cut would at all events put it out of its lingering misery. No, morning after morning, he draws on the same coat, with the tail drooping in the same pity-inspiring condition, till the doomed fragment drops at last of its own accord, and is left lying on the spot where it fell. This tail is generally the first part that is lost of the coat. Is it not strange that a hint so often given to him should still be thrown away on the Irish peasant, and that he should not long ere this have thought of exchanging his coat for a jacket? If he did this, he would not so often, while some blush of novelty is left upon his coat, be obliged to tuck up his tail while at work, or to tie it round his body with packthread."

"The head gear harmonizes with the ball-room suit. Paddy scorns to wear a waterproof cap, but in its place he dons a strange caricature of a beaver or silk hat, that many a time and oft—how often heaven alone knows—has been reduced to a complete state of solution by the rain, and then been allowed to dry again into some new and unimagined shape. How millions of working men can have endured for so many years to wear so inconvenient and absurd a head-dress, is quite inconceivable to me, and utterly irreconcilable to that sound common sense by which the masses are generally characterized. Paddy, it must be owned, pinches and flattens and twists the uncomfortable appendage into a fashion of his own. He pushes up the brim away from his face in front, while behind it soon hangs in festoon fashion. The crown in time falls in, but being deemed an important part of the concern, is kept in its place for some time longer by the aid of packthread. The crown goes, however, at last, and the hat, one would then suppose, would be deemed useless; no such thing, the owner will continue to wear it, for a year or two afterwards, by way of ornament."

"It is impossible for a stranger to see a peasant at his work, thus accoutred like a decayed dancing-master, and not be tempted to laugh at so whimsical an apparition. I say whimsical, for in his deepest misery Paddy has always so much about him that is whimsical, that you can scarcely help laughing even while your heart is bleeding for him."

At Shannon Harbour Mr. Kohl embarks on board a steamer for Limerick, passing through "the lakes that like so many rich pearls are strung upon the silver thread of the Shannon," Lough Ree, Lough Bodarrig, Lough Allen, and, picturesque above all, Lough Derg.

"Well may the Irish speak of the 'Royal Shannon,' for he is the king of all their rivers. A foreigner, when he thinks of some of our large con-

fluvial streams, may at first consider the epithet somewhat of an exaggeration, but let him go down this glorious river and its lakes, and he will be at no loss to understand that royal majesty, in the matter of rivers, may be quite independent of length or extent. The British islands certainly can boast of no second stream, the beauties of whose banks could for a moment be compared to those of the Shannon.

"Flowing out of a lake, and forming several other lakes in its progress, the water is extremely clear and beautiful. The movement is in general equable, excepting a few rapids which are avoided by means of canals. The banks, too, are pleasing to the eye. Large green meadows stretch along the sides of the river, and villages alternate with handsome country seats, surrounded by their parks. Herons abound along the margin, and many of these beautiful birds were continually wheeling over us in the air, their plumage glittering in the rays of the sun."

In pursuing, among his steerage fellow-passengers, his investigations into Irish character, he finds a remarkable confirmation of the reputation for learning generally assigned to the men of Kerry.

"I saw a man reading an old manuscript in the ancient Celtic character in which the Irish is still written. The manuscript consisted of a multitude of sheets stitched together, and the several parts, to judge from the appearance of the paper, must have been written at very different times. It was brown with age, but had evidently been preserved with great care. A part, the man told me, he had added himself, the rest of it he had inherited from his father and grandfather; but some of it, he believed, had been in the family long before their time. I inquired about the contents. They were the most beautiful, he said, of the old Irish poems, some histories of remarkable events, and some treatises of ancient authors. Among others, there was a translation of a work by Aristotle on natural history.

"On inquiry, I found there was another man on board, a native of Clare, who had a manuscript of a similar character with him. I asked the reason why they carried these relics with them on a journey. They said they did not like to lose sight of them, and then there were times when they might read a bit of them. In the sequel I found many manuscripts of the kind in the hands of the common people in Ireland. I was told there were some on parchment of extreme age, but I never saw any myself except on paper."

The mention of a German settlement in the neighbourhood of Limerick is gratifying to the honest and patriotic pride of our traveller, from the testimony given to what have been the unvarying characteristics of his countrymen in all climes—their unwearied industry and strict integrity.

"It was with much regret that I forbore from visiting a German colony, that settled in the county of Limerick about the beginning of the last century. The settlers were from the Palatinate, and their descendants are still called Pa-

latinates,* though they have lost the language of their fathers. They have not, however, lost the German character for good order and honourable dealing, and are looked on as the best farmers in the country. 'They are most respectable people,' said an Irish lady to me, 'and much wealthier and far better off than any of their Irish neighbours.'

"It is a constant subject of discussion in Ireland, between the Irish patriots and the adherents of the English, that is, between the Celto-manes and the Anglomanes, whether the misery and poverty of Ireland ought to be attributed to the tyranny and bad government of the English, or whether the indolence and want of energy of the Irish themselves be not in a great measure to blame. Now the prosperity of this German colony, though subject to the same laws and influences as the native Irish, would seem not to decide the question in favour of the friends of the Celts."

The inference here drawn is further supported by his observations on the appearance of Limerick :

"In the new parts of the town, the streets are broad and imposing, and the houses large and well built. St. George-street may vie with Sackville-street in Dublin. St. George is an English saint, and the whole of this new quarter is called the English town. Galway and many other Irish cities are divided, in the same way, into an English and Irish town. The Irish town is generally full of dirt, disorder, and decay; the English quarter, on the other hand, reminds one of the better parts of London. The inhabitants of the two quarters live in a sort of constant opposition to one another. In this way every large city in Ireland has been adorned by the English with a cleanly and comfortable quarter, and the Irish have returned the favour by hanging on to most of the large English cities, a dirty and disorderly quarter of hovelts. In Manchester there are said to be 60,000 Irish, in Glasgow 50,000, in Liverpool 40,000, in Birmingham 25,000, in Leeds 12,000, and in London more than 100,000. In almost every large English town you find a quarter that reminds you of St. Giles' in London. The English complain much, and with good reason, of the habits of the Irish. The Irish have also many well-founded complaints to make of the English; but when the Irish sum up their grievances, they ought also to remember the advantages for which the stand indebted to the English. It is the English that improve the navigation of the Shannon, urge the draining of the bogs, and gradually drive the Irish elves and fairies into the sea; it is the English who enrich the Irish towns with clean, comfortable, and civilized quarters; it is the English who constitute the soul and pith of the British power, and it is to them that the Irish owe it, if they are able to participate in the wide spread commerce of Great Britain, and to share in all the opportunities and advantages that stand open to a British subject. The vigorous, speculative, and persevering Anglo-Saxons force the indolent and unenergetic Celts along with them on the road of glory and national greatness; they pull them forward, somewhat rudely perhaps, but they do pull them forward."

* This is a mistake, either of Mr. Kohl or his translator. They are called *Palatinates*.

From Limerick Mr. Kohl proceeded, by way of Kiltrush, Tarbert, and Tralee, to the Lakes of Killarney, the fame of whose scenery has incited so many enterprising Englishmen to dare even the dangers of an Irish jaunting-car.

"From the rocky ridge (of Macgillivuddy's Reeks) we looked into another valley, still more romantic, wild and desolate, than the one we had passed. It also contained lakes of black water, and far and wide nothing was to be seen but huge craggy rocks and bogs. Here and there lay lonely little huts distinguishable by the blue smoke rising from them; but alas, no fields, trees, or gardens lay round them. In all these wild glens the people speak only the Irish or Erse language.

"The effect of the Lakes of Killarney, with their banks of soft meadow land and the rich fringe of trees scattered over them, is greatly increased by their lying in the midst of this rocky wilderness. They are also sprinkled over with a number of little grassy and wooded islands, and peninsulas running out far from the main land into the bosom of the lakes, and forming a never-ending variety of straits, bays, and harbours of fairy proportions. On many of these, wealthy amateurs, delighted with the fantastic and solitary character of the place, have built ornamental cottages, and thrown picturesque bridges over inlets of the lake. The whole crescent of the lakes, from one end to the other, is not more than about nine miles long, and forms undoubtedly one of the most varied and agreeable excursions one can take. The water appears, when looked into, of a dark golden brown colour, but as clear as crystal, so that one can see to a great depth beneath it. When taken up in a glass, it shows no colour. We had a crew of six rowers to our boat, for in Ireland there are always six pair of arms used where two would suffice.

"Along the upper lake lies a range of small rocky islets, all surrounded, as well as the shores, with a black stripe, about four or five feet broad, pointing out what has been the height of the water in summer. Immediately above the black stripe, and in sharpest contrast with it comes a streak of white, of the moss I have already mentioned in speaking of the Gap of Dunloe, and over this again another of yellow furze, which seems to flourish amazingly in these boggy grounds.

"Above all comes the beautiful foliage of the arbutus and the oak, the former making, indeed, one of the especial attractions of Killarney. These beautiful shrubs are nowhere so numerous and flourishing as on the lakes and islands of Killarney, and the finest specimens may be seen shooting up among the rocks. The autumn is said to be the most favourable season for viewing them, on account of the endless variety of colours then exhibited by the leaves, and as besides the advantage of this season I had that of fine weather, an uncommon one at Killarney, where it almost always rains, I certainly had reason to consider myself fortunate."

The boatmen, who conducted the travellers through the upper lake, had many a tale to tell them of the eagles whose eyries are built on the hold cliffs of the Glenna mountain; but when they entered the lower lake, these were exchanged

"— for traditions of a certain renowned O'Donoghue, once a powerful knight or king, who lived ages ago, in a beautiful castle on its shores. His castle lies in ruins, but the fame of his deeds still lives in the memories of the people; and in the fantastic variety of forms assumed by the rocks and crags, they fancy they can still find traces of his domestic life. One rock goes by the name of O'Donoghue's pigeon-house; another, a cavern, now almost filled with the omnipresent bog stuff, is called O'Donoghue's prison; but the most curious of all is O'Donoghue's library, which presents a number of thin, narrow, rocky shelves, with torn scattered fragments lying on them, that really have some resemblance to confused heaps of books. "Even the Holy Bible lies there at the top," said one of our rowers, pointing to a thick stone shaped very much like a large book, and "that's his Lexicon" said another, "and a number of hard words there is in it."

"On a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to scatter the night fogs from the bosom of the lake, O'Donoghue himself, I was told, comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, to look after his household business, while fairies hover before him, and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches, everything returns to its former state of magnificence, and his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house, are restored to a perfect state. Whoever has courage to follow him over the lake, can cross even the deepest parts dry-shod, and may ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures are concealed, and from which, in such a case, the daring visitor may expect a liberal present; but before the sun has risen, O'Donoghue again crosses the water, and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle."

This district abounds in those very interesting remains of antiquity—"Round Towers," or "Pillar Temples"—the origin and uses of which have so defied the researches of antiquarians.

"In all parts of Ireland these singular buildings are found scattered about, all resembling each other like the obelisks of Egypt. Sometimes round towers are found in solitary islands, sometimes on the side of a river, or in a plain, or some secluded corner of a valley. The whole number of them, according to the map of Ireland published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is, at present, 118; of these, 15 are in a perfect state of preservation, and of 36 little more than the foundation remains.

"These Round Towers are built of large stones, and when seen at a distance look rather like lofty columns than towers, being from the base to the top of nearly the same thickness. They are now indeed by no means all of the same height; many of them have fallen into ruins, but those which remain tolerably complete are all from 100 to 120 feet high, from 40 to 50 in circumference, and from 13 to 16 in diameter. At the base the wall is always very thick and strong, but becomes slighter towards the top. Within, the tower is hollow, without any opening but a door, generally eight or ten feet from the ground, and some very narrow apertures or windows, mostly four in number, near the top. These windows are usually turned towards the four cardinal points of the compass."

The Round Tower of Inisicattery is one of the most celebrated of these, and in his account of it, Mr. Kohl gives the following notice of the various speculations as to their original intent :

"Very diversified have been the opinions respecting the use for which the round towers were intended, and on this subject some strangely absurd doctrines have been advanced. Some people have supposed them to have formed chains of telegraph stations spread out over the whole island ; but the absurdity of this notion is sufficiently shown by the position of some of the towers upon low ground, in the corners of valleys, and on remote and solitary islands, whence nothing could well be seen, and nothing therefore made known. This opinion is, nevertheless, still entertained by many. Others suppose the towers to have been fortresses, erected in the early ages of Christianity, as places of refuge, in case of danger, for the priests and their church treasures. I can hardly think, however, that any people could have selected such a style of architecture for places of defence. The defenders within would have had to stand upon each other's heads, and their only means of annoying their enemies would have been the four small openings at the top, 80 or 100 feet from the ground. Besides, had the round towers been military places of defence, they would probably have all been destroyed in the course of the constant wars by which the island has been afflicted, whereas the round towers have evidently been preserved by the people with great care, and have ever been looked on by them with the greatest veneration. The notion that the round towers were built by the early Christians as steeples to hang their bells in, is equally untenable, for though they are frequently found in close vicinity to the ruins of churches, yet no kind of steeple could be worse constructed for such a purpose, as the sound of the bells would scarcely have been heard through the small apertures at the top, except by those who had already assembled around the tower.

Many other opinions have been hazarded, but all at variance with the popular tradition, which represents the round towers to have been the temples of the old fire-worshippers from the east, who came over with the Phenicians. The poet Moore and other Irish antiquarians are disposed to adopt this tradition, the more so as the pyreus of the Ghebers, according to the account of several travellers, bear the closest similitude to the Irish towers, and because the worship of fire is known to have been at one time the prevailing religion of Ireland. The dark interiors of these towers must have been well calculated to show the sacred fire preserved there to the greatest advantage, and the height of the entrance door from the ground would be explained by the sanctity of the place, to which only a few were probably allowed to have access. The great height of the towers has been objected to as entirely superfluous, supposing them to have been applied to such a use ; but it may have been customary to place the sacred fire in an elevated position, as an additional mark of respect, and then the towers may have answered more purposes than one ; from the windows at the top signals may have been made to summon the faithful to prayer, or the apertures may have been used for astronomical observations, intended to fix the time of the religious feasts."

The next resting-place was Cork, from the notice of which we extract the following, as being of peculiar moment to all interested in the exports of British North America :

"The city of Cork carries on a flourishing trade in the importation of timber, and all around the bay lay large timber wharfs full of planks and beams, many of which were even lying on the water. The timber is mostly American ; for though that of the Baltic is much preferable, it is of course dearer than what is grown in the American colonies. It is said that the American timber decays much sooner than that of the Baltic, probably because the 'go-ahead' young colonists of Canada, intent only on making a clearing and getting rid of their wood, do not treat the timber with as much care and foresight as the landowners of the Baltic Provinces do. The dry-rot of the American timber is a particular subject of complaint in England and Ireland, and was so, even more than it is now, a few years ago, when the outcry suddenly became loud and universal, and all the world took fright. Long articles about dry-rot filled all the newspapers, and these whose houses were built of American timber began to be afraid that the roofs and walls would fall in and bury them. Many people actually were so terrified by the alarm, that they pulled down their houses, and had them rebuilt with Baltic timber. Remedies were proposed against this formidable dry-rot, and at last an Anti-dry-rot Company was formed, which, after the discussion of various schemes and projects, presented a petition to parliament praying for the abolition of the tax on Baltic timber. This, indeed, was the object of the whole dry-rot bubble. There were, probably, a few jobbers and speculators in Baltic timber, who, by articles in the newspapers and by other means, raised the whole outcry."

From Cork we are carried rapidly through Clonmel, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Wexford, back to the Metropolis ; the principal variations of the route being visits to the Lakes of Glendalough and the far-famed Vale of Avoca.

The Museum of the Dublin University—"the Silent Sister,"—as it is somewhat contemptuously denominated by the *alumni* of Oxford and Cambridge, is well stored with subjects of scientific research, particularly in the department of National Antiquities. Of these last the Irish bogs seem the great store-houses.

"These bogs are the very best preservers of antiquities that any country can wish for, and almost every information that Ireland desires to have respecting her ancient condition, she must be content to look for at the bottom of her marshes. Not only the beads of gold and amber, worn in remote antiquity by the ladies of Ireland ; not only the bodies of men, but their very clothes, and the butter that they eat, and samples of the weed which they smoked, before they made the acquaintance of tobacco ; even the bodies of extinct races of animals—all have been covered by the turf-bogs with a preservative matter, which, among the relics of a remote antiquity, has even kept unchanged the furrows drawn by the plough centuries and centuries ago."

"All these collections of Irish antiquities, the care taken to preserve them, and the studious examination of them, are of very recent date. The zeal that at present prevails for draining the bogs leads daily to the discovery of new specimens of antiquity, and will likely continue to be found, and will contribute to make these collections yet more interesting than they are. Among the objects hitherto obtained from the bogs, are complete human bodies, of which a specimen is to be seen at Dublin, with the skin dried and tanned brown indeed, but with all the features distinctly to be traced. From the costume in which this man was found arrayed, it is concluded that he must have lain at least 500 years in the bog in Galway, where he was discovered. For the preservation of animal matter, the Irish bogs, it would appear, might compare with the great icy masses of Siberia; but the latter, it must be allowed, possesses yet greater powers, since they preserve, not only the bones and skin, but the flesh also."

Most people are aware of the large proportion of the surface of Ireland which is occupied by these marshes or bogs, but it is not so generally known that many of them are of comparatively recent formation.

"It would seem that there was a time when, if not the entire island, at least portions of it, must have been better cultivated, and less covered with morasses than at present, for there are large tracts of bog, under which the soil shows the most distinct traces of former cultivation by the plough. Nay, some Irish historians point to certain districts, which, after having been laid waste by this or that English general or chief, rapidly became converted into a morass."

At the present day, as has been already noticed, much of the land is rendered unfit for habitation or cultivation by this *super stratum* of morass.

"Mountains and valleys, rocks, ravines, and plains, nay, sometimes even the caverns, are all covered with bog in Ireland. Where cultivation ceases, the bog begins, and the whole island may be said to be a bog with occasional interruptions. There are parts of Germany, France, and the Netherlands, which also seem to have a decided tendency to the formation of bog, but nowhere else is this so much the case as in Ireland. Our Harz Mountains have some bog it is true, but in Ireland the very summits of such mountains are covered with bog, and wherever cultivation recedes, the bog resumes possession of the abandoned ground. The humidity of the climate, I suppose, is the chief though not the only cause of this phenomenon. The decayed vegetable matter, which in other countries dries and resolves itself into dust, leaves here a considerable residuum, which is augmented in the following year by the new residua of decayed plants, and a rapid accumulation thus takes place, a quantity of moisture being held in absorption, till gradually immense compact masses are formed. A young bog, one that is yet but in its infancy, is called a 'quaking bog'; but in time, when the mass becomes more compact, and assumes a black colour, it is known as a turf-bog, or peat bog. The vegetables, whose

residua go to the formation of these bogs, are of course of infinite variety. The mosses, as they decay, form a loose spongy mass, often so tough that the turf-spade will not pierce it, and it then goes by the name of 'old wife's tow.' Sometimes the bog is formed almost wholly of mosses, sometimes of mosses mixed with the remains of other plants. Hence arise two principal descriptions of morasses in Ireland, the red or dry bogs, and the green or wet bogs. The former yields a light spongy turf that quickly burns away, the latter a heavy, black turf. Some of the green bogs, however, are so wet, that no turf can be obtained from them at all.

"A remarkable phenomenon connected with these bogs is the manner in which they develop themselves sometimes in their centre, and then overflow their banks in all directions. The sides of a bog, for instance, will often become dry and hard, and form a rampart round the middle part, which continues moist, and therefore continues to grow. The middle, naturally, soon rises to a higher level, and this elevation of the middle of the bog may be seen at a glance as you pass through the country. In general there are some brooks or rivulets, which carry away the surplus water from these bogs, but not always, and when this is not the case, as soon as the accumulated moisture has grown beyond a certain volume, it breaks its way, and overflows fertile fields, burying houses, trees, and often men, in its progress. Accidents of this kind still occur in Ireland, and have probably done so from the remotest times, affording a ready means of accounting for the vast extent of country which the bogs have in time been able to cover. Many articles still found in the bogs seem to bear testimony to the suddenness of some of these eruptions: trunks of trees, human skeletons, implements of husbandry, and the bones of animals no longer to be met with in Ireland; for instance, those of the elk. The most remarkable substance found in the bog is the bog-butter, as it is called, and which the common people believe to have been really butter; though why butter should have been swallowed up in such vast quantities it would be difficult to say.

"The Irish bogs are at once a source of wealth, and a cause of poverty to Ireland. They yield fuel to the poor, but at the same time cover much fertile land, which they withhold from cultivation, and they spoil the water of the rivers, fill the atmosphere everywhere with a turfy smell, and infect the air with unwholesome exhalations; they are often a great hindrance to internal communication, and have long served as places of refuge to the thieves and outlaws of Ireland, who, according to Boate, could not exist without the bogs. The object of the Irish ought to be to subject to a wise system of economy those bogs that yield good fuel, and to have all the others brought under cultivation."

"These immense tracts of sterile country have long cramped the energies of Ireland, and retarded her prosperity; but there is now a prospect of better days. An English company has been formed for the express purpose of draining bogs, and rendering them cultivable; and although their progress has hitherto been small, in comparison with the vast work before them, a begin-

ing has at all events been made. *C'est quo le premier pas qui compte.* A step has been made in the right direction, and the success which has attended similar efforts in Scotland, gives good augury of the future. On the estate of Blairdrummond, in Perthshire, large tracts which were overspread, fifteen or twenty years ago, with ten feet of moss, or bog, are now thickly studded with farm standings, and covered with flourishing crops of grain.

From Dublin our tourist proceeded northwards, to Drogheda, the vicinity of which presents many Druidical monuments and other remains of antiquity. The most interesting of these is the *cairn*, or sepulchral monument, of New Grange, situated in the same valley where the Battle of the Boyne was fought.

"This hill is composed of an enormous mass of flint stones, is about fifty or sixty feet high, and about 200 paces in circumference. The number of stones of which it consists, is, therefore, incalculably great, particularly as the majority, at the summit at least, are not larger than common paving stones: Round the base of the hill, in the form of a circle, stand a number of large stones, all resting on their heads. Some of these have already fallen, and others have totally disappeared. As the hill is completely surrounded by arable land, many of the stones may have been removed by the farmers, to be applied to some domestic or agricultural purposes.

"The outside of the hill is now overgrown with grass, bushes and trees; for, in the course of time, a covering of soil has naturally been deposited there. At the summit the grass and soil have been cleared away in many places—probably to gratify the curiosity of visitors—and there the composition of the mound may be seen clearly enough; indeed it may be traced all up the sides of the hill, by any one who will take the trouble to remove a little of the soil that has accumulated during a succession of ages."

The great antiquity of this tumulus is vouchsafed for by the Cyclopean construction of the internal chapels, a style of architecture the most rude and simple that can well be imagined.

"In the manner of the building, the architects appear to have followed the plan adopted by children, in making houses of cards. Large flat stones were placed on their edges, to form the side and back walls, and others were laid over them to form the ceiling. In this way, at least, the three lateral chapels were constructed, leaving the side open by which they communicate with the central chapel. One of these dependent chapels is towards the east, one towards the west, and one towards the north. Towards the south is the opening to the passage described above.

"The main difficulty with the old Cyclopean architects was to construct the vault of the central chapel. This difficulty has been solved thus: On the four firm bases presented by the roofs of the three lateral chapels, and by the colossal gateway to the narrow entrance passage, large flat pieces of rock were laid, but projecting a lit-

tle inward. On these, again, were placed similar masses of stone, projecting a little more inward; and this operation was repeated three or four times, the flat stones being let into each other, something like the fingers of a folded hand. The small hole that, at the end, remained at the top of the chapel, was closed by one gigantic stone, as a crown to the whole work. The weight of the enormous mass of flints by which the chapel was in time covered, only increased the solidity of the stones overlaid in the way I have described, and the whole stands indestructibly there, a pile to which eternity alone can assign a limit."

To Fingal, or Fin Mac Coul, seems to have been assigned, by the peasantry, the piling and fashioning of all the fantastic rocks throughout Ireland, that can be considered to bear any resemblance to the work of men's hands; to Cromwell, the demolition of all old ruins; and to the Danes, the construction of all monuments, the origin of which is not sufficiently ascertained.

"When we had at last emerged into the open air again, we met a few Irish peasants, whom we questioned as to whom they imagined to have been the builders of these caverns. They answered "the Danes," the usual answer given by the Irish, whenever questioned as to the origin of any of their ancient monuments. It was the Danes, they say who dug the moats; the Danes who built the old ruined castles, the Danes who erected the great barrows and cairns. Even the round towers are sometimes attributed by the common people to the Danes; and among the minor vexations of the antiquarian and the curious traveller, it may be mentioned that there are not wanting persons of cultivation, who ought to know better, and who yet ignorantly and thoughtlessly acquiesce in the common opinion.

"The Danes did not come to Ireland before the ninth, tenth, or eleventh century, and many of the monuments, ascribed to them are of much older date. Besides, the Danes never occupied any but the eastern part of Ireland, yet the antiquities ascribed to them are found in every part of the island, and in such extraordinary numbers and variety, as alone to render the common conjecture highly improbable. On the other hand, however, the Irish are not wanting in bold imagination, and are prone to boast of the vast antiquity of every thing belonging to them; so that if no foundation at all existed for their popular theory, their national pride would probably have led them to imagine a far more remote antiquity for their ancient monuments.

"These various considerations combined have led me to an hypothesis which, as far as I am aware, has never hitherto been entertained by any Irish antiquarians; it is, that the Irish people have confounded the *Danes*, commonly so called, with the much more ancient nation of nearly the same name, that of the *Danaans*, who inhabited Ireland long before the birth of Christ. These Danaans, or Tuatha-de-Dananns were, according to Irish chronicles, the third race which colonized Ireland. Of these Danaans, Thomas Moore, repenting the popular tradition, gives the following account: "They were a people much famed for necroman-

ey. They had for some time inhabited Greece, where they had learned the art of magic, and whence they wandered to the shore of the Baltic, and to Scandinavia. Here they came into the possession of many wonderful treasures, among others the stone of Destiny, the Magician's Spear, and the Magical Kettle. Armed with these marvellous gifts, the Dunian race gradually found their way to Scotland; whence finally, under the guidance of their chieftain, Nuad of the silver Hand, they sailed over to Ireland. They landed secretly, under shelter of a magical mist raised by their wonderful arts, and spreading themselves rapidly over the country, they fought and defeated the inhabitants at the battle of Moytura, otherwise called the battle of the Field of the Tower. Now, since the Danzans were so famous for their skill in arts, they may have covered Ireland with these monuments, with all of which popular superstitions are still connected; and since their name is pronounced almost exactly like that of the Dames, how likely is it that many of the works commonly attributed to the latter, may really be relics of the older race!"

On entering Ulster, as Mr. Kohl does, *en route* for Belfast, he is much struck with the change in the appearance of the people.

"On the other side of these miserable hills, the territory of Leinster ends, and that of Ulster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating, when I say that everything changed as suddenly as if struck by a magician's wand. The dirty cabins by the roadside were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought that at all events the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counterchange, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry, and from Newry to Belfast everything continued to shew me that I had entered the country of a totally different people—namely, the district of the Scottish settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians."

Mr. Kohl proceeds to draw a striking contrast between the territory he had left and that which he had entered. The melancholy condition of the former he attributes, in a great degree, to the misgovernment of which, for many centuries, the people of Ireland have complained. This, however, is a subject which belongs to the political writer, and we will not follow him in his discussion of it.

The principal feature of Belfast is the Linen Trade, which is carried on there to such an extent. The north-east of Ireland abounds in linen manufactories, and Belfast forming the shipping depot, exports all the products of these, as well as the large quantity of that article manufactured in the town of itself. The preparation of the

linen, too, for the various markets, supplies occupation for many hundred work people.

"Linen is exported from Belfast to London, to Spain, to Brazil, to the United States, to British America, and lately also to China. Every market is partial not only to some particular kinds of linen, but also to particular ways of packing, and particular external decorations to the packages. The plainest packages goes to London. At the London market no ornamented packages are saleable, and every decoration of the linen would only awaken a suspicion of its quality. At the same time the Londoners are very particular about the quality of their linen, and consequently London always receives the finest linen in the plainest packages. An opulent linen-merchant of Belfast, who had the goodness to shew me his store and counting-house, in the linen-hall, related to me how the above rule had once been inadvertently neglected by his house; a bale of linen having been sent to a London linen-draper, of which each piece bore some trifling ornament on the outside, a few silver threads drawn through the band, or something of that kind. The inadvertence immediately drew forth a murmur from the London shopkeeper, who demanded a trifling deduction from the invoice, merely on account of these ornaments, alleging, that he had not ventured to produce the linen thus decorated before his customers, and had the trouble of packing it all afresh. This very precise London shopkeeper possessed only £500 sterling at that time, but is now worth £300,000, partly probably on account of his accurate knowledge of the whims and predilections of his London customers.

"The North American market forms a strong contrast to that of London; for the linen intended for the former, cannot be too highly decorated. It is made up in papers of the gayest colours, and is decorated with stamps of birds, flowers, &c., which stand out prettily from the snowy linen. 'American linen must be more dressed,' said my friend. The whole of South America, from Mexico to Brazil, is accustomed to German linen, and the Belfast speculators are therefore always eager to give the linen they intend for Santa Cruz, Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, &c., a German appearance. They imitate the exterior decoration of the Swiss and German linen; particularly the Prussian eagle with outspread wings. 'Every market has its whim,' is the motto of the Belfast merchant. A great deal of linen is exported to Hamburg, only to be re-exported as genuine German linen; for linen being cheaper in Belfast than in Hamburg, and no duty being charged upon it, it is worth the cost of transport to persuade the South Americans that the German-stamped linen which they receive from Germany is real German produce. This false stamping is not called cheating, but only giving the linen a dress."

After a short, but interesting excursion along the coast of Antrim, to Carrickfergus and the Giant's Causeway, our traveller returns to Belfast, and embarks on board the steamer bound for Scotland. In his journeyings through that "land of the mountain and the flood," we hope, on some future occasion, to accompany him.

The two principal points in the moral features

of Ireland, which are dwelt upon by Mr. Kohl, are Repeal and Temperance—O'Connell and Father Mathew. The thoroughly political character of the former topic forbids its introduction here; but we feel that our notice of this work would be incomplete without some allusion to the latter. We shall therefore conclude our extracts with the following passages on this important subject.

At Kiltush, Mr. Kohl was introduced to "the Apostle of Temperance," whose portrait is here given:

"He is decidedly a man of a distinguished appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them, and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall, he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is, throughout, well built and well proportioned. He has nothing of the meagre, haggard, Franciscan monk about him; but, on the contrary, without being corpulent, his person is well rounded, and in excellent condition. His countenance is fresh and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected, and altogether he has something about him that wins for him the good will of those he addresses. His features are regular, and full of a noble expression of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large, and he is apt to keep his glance fixed for a long time on the same object. His forehead is straight, high and commanding, and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat too aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned, and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon's."

The recent "temperance movement" in Ireland was set on foot by some benevolent quakers of Cork, in the year 1838; Father Mathew, a Franciscan monk, devoted his exertions to the cause at their request, and established a Total Abstinence Society on the 10th of April in that year. The society rapidly increased, so much so that in 1840 it numbered a million, and in 1842 five millions of members; forming an average of about three thousand new members enrolled every day! Of course, out of such a number it was to be expected that there would be many, acted upon by a mere momentary enthusiasm, and whose professions would not stand the test of time; but it cannot be denied that very much good has been effected.

"I do not remember to have passed through any Irish town," says Mr. Kohl, "in which I did not see a spick and span new school-house, and a distillery either shut up or going evidently to decay. In Wexford there were formerly seven breweries, of which only one is now in a prosperous condition. In New Ross, whence we came, and in Enniscorthy, whither we were going, the

principal distilleries had all been closed. These are the facts to make a man cry 'Hear, hear!' and 'One cheer more!' These are things that, to a traveller whose heart is in the right place, convey more real enjoyment, than the contemplation of the finest scenery or the most magnificent monuments."

The future prospects of the temperance cause, especially as to its dependence on Father Mathew, are thus displayed:

Every one must wish for a long continuance of the good and able man's life, but his last hour must come sooner or later, and then, the question is, will the good work long survive him? The past history of the Irish people affords us no clue to guide us to a solution; we are reduced to mere speculations, based on the national character and on the nature of the reform itself. The former holds out fewer hopes to us than the latter. The Irish have at all times been addicted to excess and extravagance; they are naturally deficient in energy, and they live under great oppression. These are all calculated to seduce to drunkenness, and the main features of a nation's character are not easily changed. In the next place, an Irishman is endowed with an astonishing fund of superstition, and a belief in the divine mission of Father Mathew may have quite as large a share in the restraint which the people at present impose upon themselves, as any virtuous resolution they may feel to correct their vices. If so, the disappearance of the great magician from the scene may relax the bonds that now hold the temperance men together, and every thing may sink back into the former chaos.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the temperance association has for the last three or four years exercised a salutary restraint on the majority of the Irish nation. This period has been quite long enough to make the people feel many of the advantages resulting from their altered manner of life. Improved health, domestic peace, reduced expenditure, improved condition, all these are blessings of which the temperance man soon becomes conscious after having taken the pledge. Other advantages there are, but of a nature less evident to the multitude. Such as an increased taste for information, an improved education of children, and thus eventually of the whole nation; and eventually a certain emancipation of the humbler classes from their present servile and depressed condition. The leisure which the drunkard spent in a state of brutish insensibility, is employed by the temperance man in reading, and thus both time and taste are gained for mental cultivation. His own more refined tastes cannot fail to be communicated to his children. Intelligence and knowledge constitute, however, in themselves a vast political power, and in proportion as temperance leads to habits of economy, and these to increased worldly wealth, another great element of power will be formed. Much of what O'Connell demands so boisterously, and yet with such entire futility, the English and the oligarchs that rule over Ireland will not feel it safe to withhold from a sober, intelligent, and economical people, that comprehend the nature of the rights they ask for.

The power of habit, too, is often greater over

the human mind than the best resolutions. Should, therefore, Father Mathew's life be prolonged, and his benevolent mission be exercised long enough to enable the temperance movement to bring about such a change in the habits and manners of the people, as may modify the national character, the battle will be gained, and the good cause permanently triumphant."

God grant—we say it with all solemnity—God grant that this may be the case! that the *incubus* of intemperance, which has so long preyed upon the vitals of unhappy Ireland, may be for ever driven off; and that her children may take that rank among the nations of Europe, as a sober, moral, religious, and therefore happy, people—which can never be secured to them by any mere political agitation.

The analysis we have now given, so far exceeds our assigned limits, as to preclude our offering any lengthened remarks in conclusion. We can, however, safely say that the reader who may be induced, by these extracts, to turn to the work itself, will be amply gratified by the important and interesting information contained therein, as well as by the lively and pleasing manner in which that information is conveyed.

In judging of the merits of this work, we must bear in mind that it is here presented to us in a different dress from that in which it left the hands of the author. The translator has certainly executed his task with much spirit and vigour, and also (from the testimony of those able to judge,) with strict accuracy; still, in the process of transference much of the aroma must have exhaled, much of the peculiar phraseology, which stamps the impress of originality on any work of genius, must have defied translation. Even with this drawback, however, we have derived more pleasure and instruction from the perusal of this volume, than from any "Home Tour," whose title graces "the Publisher's Circular" of the last few years—a feeling of gratification which we trust we have also succeeded in imparting to the reader.

Mr. Kohl's style of narrative, though plain and simple, is very fascinating; his sketches of nature are vivid and life-like, and fully entitle him to be denominated, in the phrase of his Father-land, a "word painter." If we have any fault to find with him, it is an occasional straining after effect in his diction, very common with all German writers. For instance, an aged beggar he denominates "a human century," and in his description of a provision warehouse, the shelves loaded with cured pork appear as "vast libraries of bacon." This trifling defect detracts nothing from the real intrinsic merits of the work; and we take leave of Mr. Kohl with the sincere wish that he may long be spared to write, and we to read, such interesting travels as those with which we have now been engaged.

COOMSIENANE.*

BY DR. HASSINS.

Rises a cliff among the mountain steep
Of Cummeera—where the lone eagle builds
His airy nest, and the eternal storm
Hoarse music wakes amidst the slatter'd rocks—
Magnificent, like a stupendous wall
Rear'd by His hand—the One supremely great;
Sternly it stands—dark, awful and alone,
'Mid mountains that its frowning aspect chills
With horror, while from their surrounding thrones
Afar they gaze and sadden at the sight;
So grimly doth its black and marble brow
Above the murky mists look deeply down
Into the glen, as though it sought the grave
Of Nature slumbering in her final sleep.
Yet hath its fearfulness a solemn tone
That vibrates thro' the soul, when from the verge
Of the o'erhanging height we gaze below.
Away—ye weak! Ye of firm heart—draw high
Its dizzy brow; along whose sullen steep
Rises a ridge of rock of granite grey,
Like a low barrier wall not half breast high;
Over whose battlement and fearful parapet
Th' advent'rous climber peers into the void
With shudd'ring awe. Look where the thin grey cloud
Like the dim veil upon futurity,
Parting its silvery fleeces gives to view—
Th' dim and indistinct—what lies below.
'Tis as a dream downward to cast the sight
A thousand feet, yet deeper, deeper, still,
As with a plummet reach yon lurid lake
That black in shadow of the mountain lies.
Up from the chasm the hollow gusty wind
Sounds like a warning—"Mortal! come not near!"
Studders the soul to think how dire a death
It were to fall, by some o'erpow'ring force
Hur'd from the height; or clambering too close,
Did footing fall us, and while chance presented,
E'en at that madd'ning moment, some frail root—
Clutch'd with instinctive energy—the grasp
Of nature's horror—slowly, one by one,
To feel its fibres part. Away, dire dream!
Happier thoughts, Imagination! bring.

LADY, AWAKEN!

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

Lady, awaken! The moonlight is glowing,
Beamy and bright, from the pure azure sky;
Lady, awaken! The night breeze is flowing,
Fitful and fresh, from its chambers on high.
Lady, awaken! the night-bird is chanting,
Fondly and wildly, his soft serenade;
Lady, awaken! Thy beauty is wanting
To bless this enchantment before it shall fade.

Lady, awaken! The night-dew is steeping,
Softly and sweetly, the meadows afar!
Lady, awaken! The night-wave is sleeping,
Oh! waken and list to thy lover's guitar.
Lady, awaken! The night-bird is chanting,
Fondly and wildly, his soft serenade;
Lady, awaken! Thy beauty is wanting,
To bless this enchantment before it shall fade.

* A perpendicular precipice in the Cummeera mountains, County Waterford, Ireland. It is eleven hundred feet high.

THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XI.

Each step in thy wild way thou makest
The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
And shout in triumph o'er thy path
The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.
In this thine hour yet turn and hear;
For life is brief and Judgment near.

SCOTT.

The great lawsuit, as it was designated by almost the whole country, to which I have had occasion so often to refer in the course of my little history, whatever crimes and misfortunes resulted from it; was certainly productive of one good effect. If evils seldom come alone, they happily as seldom come upon us without at least a slight admixture of good, to qualify, in some measure, their baneful effects. This world is not, after all, so bad a one as the fretful and unfortunate would lead us to believe.

The circumstance to which I allude, and which incidentally led to these observations, was nothing more important, however, than the establishment of a new solicitor in the county town of Westmoreland.

In the course of the trial, enough had been elicited to satisfy Mr. Robert Grassenthwaite; a well educated and promising young man, gentlemanly and civil in his manner and deportment, who had assisted the solicitor employed by the Musgrave in managing the cause, that he might establish himself at Appleby with every prospect of success; a measure, which, after consulting several gentlemen of wealth and influence in the county, from whom he received the most flattering promises of patronage and support, he lost no time in carrying into effect.

Mr. Grassenthwaite had hardly got himself seated in his new office, when he was employed by the Wintertons to conduct the prosecution against two criminals who had been already taken; as well as to aid and assist with his counsel and advice, in concerting measures for the apprehension of Hudson, their instigator and principal.

His visit to Hellbeck Hall, at so unseasonable an hour as eight o'clock at night, we must leave to himself to explain. It was he, as the reader may have guessed, who was waiting all this time in the withdrawing room, to see Mr. Moreland, to whom he had long been well and favourably known.

"Ha! Mr. Grassenthwaite!" exclaimed Charles, with as much pleasure as surprise, as he saw who was there, on entering the room, holding out his hand to him; "whatever has brought you here at this hour, I can assure you that your visit is a most fortunate one, and can promise you that you will not be allowed to leave this house to-night; you may be thankful if you be permitted to get a few hours sleep in it. This is a sad, sad business; of course you have heard of it, as I take it for granted you are the new lawyer that I heard only this morning had come to Appleby."

"O yes!" said Mr. Grassenthwaite, in answer to the former question, "I certainly have. It was to speak to you about it, I came here tonight."

"But how knew you that I was here?" asked Mr. Moreland, with some surprise.

"A messenger came from the Hall to inform me." Charles looked still more surprised, which Mr. Grassenthwaite observing, continued: "But he was not sent by any one. He is an odd creature; not exactly right in his head, I think, but I can hardly make out what he is. The varlet, however, has attached himself to me with a strange and unaccountable pertinacity. He is delighted when I employ him on the most trifling errands. In short, he has been very useful to me. He knows every body, and seems imbued almost with the power of ubiquity."

"He must be," interrupted the other—"if he be the person I should have suspected, had I known of his possessing such a quality, for he was here not an hour ago—Billy Stone!"

"The very same; but I think it must be more than two, since you have seen him."

"Why, I think he's here now," said Charles, doubtfully, thinking there must be some mistake.

"I think he is," replied the other. "I passed him not a league from hence. He was returning at a rapid pace."

This somewhat explained the mystery, when Charles proposed to go for his friend.

"Not just yet, until I have told my errand to you. The Wintertons, together with many others, suspect that the late Mr. Netherby, as well as his solicitor, was accessory before the fact, or that he knew of, and connived at the perpetration of the crime—that his son knows this, and is therefore aiding and assisting this fellow to escape. His keeping himself shut up in his mansion so closely during all this stir and turmoil about it, gives strength to the suspicion. I have often wished those two days past that I could see you, and I must have said so in the hearing of this messenger of mine, although I do not remember that I did, in order to get your opinion on the subject."

"It's all a false and malicious scandal, as far as my friend is concerned, as his future conduct will prove, for he's off himself tomorrow morning after him, and I go with him. We have received more than a hint as to his whereabouts. Mr. Netherby will leave no stone unturned, to bring the fellow to the gallows. Indeed he feels convinced that nothing short of this will clear up the dread suspicion about his father, which he himself entertains; and this is what has preyed upon his mind and made him apparently so inert. But I believe it's all a bugbear of Hudson's own creating, to frighten him from joining in the chase, and not only so, but to induce him to use his utmost efforts to hush the matter up. His letter, however, produced the very opposite effect."

"Letter! What letter?" exclaimed Mr. Grassenthwaite, in amazement.

"Why, Hudson's letter to Mr. Netherby; but I will go for him and it."

In a few minutes he returned with his friend. After an introduction to his new guest, who, it was soon settled, should remain there all night, they went into the study. Here the letter was put into Mr. Grassenthwaite's hands; who, after reading it, asked what they meant to do.

"Do!" exclaimed master Harry; "why off after him to Liverpool, to be sure."

"If I might advise," replied the solicitor, "I should have suggested Hull or Whitby, as places

where you would be more likely to find him; had he not been known to have started in the direction of those seaports; all things considered, I should prefer looking for him in Whitehaven, or in some of the little ports on the coast of Cumberland.*"

The two friends looked at each other in utter bewilderment, which said as plainly as looks could speak:—"He is either endeavouring to mislead us, or testing the sincerity of our professions of zeal for Hudson's apprehension."

Mr. Grassenthwaite observing this, replied with some embarrassment: "We lawyers, I am sorry to say, are, from our profession, so much better acquainted with the deceitfulness of human nature than other people, that we become accustomed to look at documents like this with a jealous and suspicious eye. For instance, why should he gratuitously inform Mr. Netherby where he may be found, when he tells him at the same time he is not to communicate with him? Besides, he was heard to say, at the Punch-Bowl Inn on Stainmore, that he was on his way to Hull, and Mr. Winterton is after him in that direction, where, doubtless, he'll find himself at fault. All things considered, my firm opinion and belief is that he has gone across the country to Kendal, and so either down the great north road by Shap and Penrith, or back by Windermere, Ambleside and Keswick, and then on to Whitehaven, where I think you'll find him, unless he's lurking somewhere in the Fells; though that is hardly likely: he's too well known among them.

"As to what he says in this letter," he continued, addressing himself to Mr. Moreland, with reference to the conversation he had just before held with him upon the subject, concerning the late Mr. Netherby's participation in this horrid crime, "I should consider very strong presumptive evidence that he knew nothing of it. Hudson never meant this document, you must pardon the presumption implied in my assertion, to come before a lawyer. He doubtless never thought it would, or he would have sent some letter, or an attested copy—to prove his vile insinuation."

Old John made his appearance at this moment to announce that supper was on the table. This was then a meal I need not say of more importance, than in these degenerate days, as my good old grandfather would have said. This interrupted the conversation, and they all followed him to the eating room.

* To the reader, unacquainted with the locality of my story, it is necessary to explain that Hull and Whitby in Yorkshire, and Whitehaven on the coast of Cumberland, are more than a hundred miles apart, and in opposite directions from Appleby; while Liverpool is as far out of the way to either as it well could be.

Here a cheerful hour was passed.

Poor Harry's mind had been relieved from a weight which crushed his broken spirit to the earth. And Charles Moreland, rejoiced to see his friend restored to something like his former self, shone forth in all his wonted brilliancy of jest, and pun, and repartee: in which their new and stranger guest, at least to Harry Netherby, chimed in as if the Hall had been his home for years. Even John the butler, as he waited at his master's beck, could hardly refrain sometimes from joining in the merry laugh, malgré all the horrors of the haunted room.

Next morning, long before the early sun had peeped above the top of Crossfell, the three friends, as we may now call them, were in the saddle and away—Mr. Grassenthwaite to his office in the county town; the other two to Strickland Hall to breakfast.

Charles Moreland had managed to give his legal friend the necessary instructions concerning the marriage settlements, the primary object of his visit.

Young Geoffrey Strickland was delighted at the prospect of some adventure, to vary the still monotony of the life he led, cooped up within his father's hall, as he had been for months at that dull season of the year. Off they started for Penrith and Cockermonth, on their way to Whitehaven. This place they duly reached some hours before the sun had set.

My manuscript, which I have kept by me for nearly forty years, without caring much about it, is here so fretted, and torn, and mutilated that for a page or two it is altogether illegible, with the exception of a word or two here and there. These throw some light upon the interesting occurrences that transpired during the three days our friends remained at Whitehaven, I shall therefore give them to the reader, disjointed and unconnected as they are:

—*—*—Stranger on board—*—knew
from the description—*—concealed—
—ship——for Ireland—*—
today—*—channel—*—magistrates
—revenue cutter——officer—*—
anchor—*—pilot—*—sea—*—hand
over hand—*—rhauled—*—
n gun—*—love-to—*—alongside—*—
unconcerned—*—leaning—*—taffrail—*—
Hudson—*—ladder—*—scuffle—*—
—board——main fore—*—sailors
into the boat—*—*—stopped the
blood—*—broken arm—*—nd
cliffs—*—constables—*—te-
haven again—*—Hurrah! we have
him—*—les Moreland—*—Harry

and his cousin—*—beck—*—
sheriffs—*—conveyance for prisoner to
Cockermonth—*—

—*—Early next morning they reached Penrith. Here they remained an hour for rest and refreshment; and then, after crossing Lowthen Bridge kept straight on instead of turning to the right—the road they had come; passing "Bony Brougham Ha," or the "Bird's Nest," a splendid mansion on the summit of a small eminence, peeping out above the rich green foliage of the thick grove that surrounds it up to the very walls; formerly belonging to the Birds (hence its name), who now dispute the title of the present owner, Lord Brougham.

On they went at a furious pace, and passed without observing

That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's pow'r,
The silent sorrows of that parting hour.

At Temple Sowerby they hired fresh horses, and on again they sped; nor paused to look at hall or tower till they had safely reached the Gallows Hill.†

Here, from some unaccountable cause or other, as if a messenger bird had carried the news, all Appleby came out to meet them, sending the air with shouts of triumph for the Netherbys, and master Harry waved his hat in answer to the compliment, and felt its import too, as he wound his devious way through the dense crowd with his two friends and their prisoner to the door of the jail.

They had no sooner delivered up their charge than master Harry Netherby received the most heartfelt congratulations from all who knew him, and from many indeed who did not. Among the foremost of these was young Winterton, who had returned, I need not say, unsuccessful, from his journey to Hull. The elder Winterton, too, readily came forward with an apology for his former rude behaviour, as he himself termed it, when he saw him at Forest Hall; assuring him that, if he would but pay him another visit, he would redeem his character for hospitality.

"No wonder," he said, "if the first friendly visit of a Netherby at Forest Hall, for more than three hundred years, should have been but awk-

* Early in the seventeenth century this pious heiress of the Cliffords, who, by marriage, became Countess of Pembroke, erected a pillar on the road between Penrith and Appleby, which is still standing, with a suitable inscription, to commemorate her last interview with her "blessed mother," as she usually designated her, and to whom she was most enthusiastically attached; and left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor on the spot annually for ever.

† About a mile from Appleby—the place of execution for condemned criminals.

wardly received. But come!" he added, as he familiarly placed his arm within that of his new friend; "come along—the dinner or the supper waits:—your appetite I'm sure will not be very particular about the designation. And you, my young friends," addressing himself to Charles and Geoffrey Strickland; "or rather, I ought to say, sons of the friends of my young days, I'm sure are hungry too—I hope Master Geoffrey's honored father and beautiful sister, as well as Mistress Margery," turning to Charles Moreland, "are all well? Of course! of course!" he continued, on receiving satisfactory answers to his kind enquiries, "I might have known it; it must be so, when on the eve of so important an event as will unite your neighbouring halls so much more closely to each other. You must tell us all about your wondrous adventures," he added quickly, turning the conversation on another topic, when he saw the blush come mantling to each young man's cheek, "by sea and land, on flood and field, for 'tis whispered that you caught the fellow, as the poet hath it,

"On ocean's billowy tide."

They told him all the reader knows, or rather, would have known, but for my torn and damaged manuscript.

Not that all this little converse passed between them, as here set forth, but by fits and starts during the little intervals of the repast, the "pauses 'mid the tempest's scowl" of rattling knives and forks.

The Crown Inn was a joyous house that day; and Appleby a gladsome town. The boys that came to school that morn, with or without their tasks, rejoiced to find it was a glorious holiday. And Billy Stone, for he, of course, was a prominent performer in that busy scene, had, with those boys' assistance, established a line of telegraphic communication, of his own invention, along the road for several miles, to announce the prisoner's approach. Through his officious instrumentality, a well-founded rumour had obtained throughout the whole community, though no one knew, and none enquired, on what slight grounds it rested, that Burley Hudson would be brought that day a felon prisoner to the jail. Hence, the holiday at the school—the crowd at Gallows Hill—as well as the grand repast at the Crown Inn:—while all that our friend Billy knew, was, that Master Harry had gone away down the northern road, to some far off place, to fetch this fellow back to Appleby. Why he should have decided on that particular day for his return, was not, nor will be, ever known. It was doubtless, purely, an accidental coincidence, as all the reason he could assign for it

was, that as he did not return yesterday, he must do so today.

On the morning after this eventful day, Harry Netherby, with his cousin and Charles Moreland, who had stayed with him all night at the Hall, were to ride over to Appleby, to call on Mr. Grassenthwaite. They were anxious, too, to hear if anything further had transpired, relating to their prisoner. To this end they also intended to call on Dr. Romney. This gentleman had been requested to examine the prisoner's broken arm, as well as other hurts he had received, in the desperate scuffle that ensued upon his refusing to submit to the constables' authority. The arm had been hastily, and, as it appeared afterwards, clumsily set in Whitehaven; or the jolting on the journey had deranged it. Hudson was very feverish, too; and had sunk into a morbid state of melancholy. All these things considered, Harry Netherby was very anxious about him. He was afraid lest he should slip through their fingers, before his trial could come on, and thus lose perhaps the only chance of clearing up the doubt that rested on his father's memory. Harry's friends, though not so deeply interested in the prisoner's fate, had reasons of their own, as the reader knows, which induced them the more readily to accompany him in his morning ride.

Just before they started, two gentlemen were observed wending their way along by Eden's side, within the precincts of the park, then turning up the avenue to the Hall; and Mr. Winterton and his son alighted at the court-yard gate. The three friends stood there to receive them, while Lanty, Billy Stone, and the gardener, were taking back their horses to the stables.

"Having just heard," said the elder Mr. Winterton, on dismounting, and entering the mansion, after the most cordial salutations had been exchanged, except that a little stiffness and formality might have marked the host's reception of the younger guest—"having just heard from my friend, Mr. Grassenthwaite, that you three gentlemen have received a commission from the Government, to enquire into the late riotous proceedings in Ravenstonedale, which, although now happily over, and never partaking of the character their fears had given them, it may be as well that you should meet, if you will pardon my advising such a step, in the suspected territory. You would thus shew your zealous loyalty at this momentous crisis. You ought indeed, I think, now that you've the opportunity, in safety, to date your report from the very stronghold of the Arch-Rebel himself—the den of the lion. We therefore came over to entreat, as a particular favour, that you would honour us with

your company at Forest Hall, next Monday, or whenever else would be more convenient. Nay, no denial—I insist upon it," he continued, as he saw Master Harry commencing a demurrer, "I am interested in carrying my point, I candidly tell you, by other motives than the pleasure your spending a few days with me will afford. Besides, my niece, I can tell you, will be very happy to see her old play-fellow at Kirkby-Stephen. Then say next week," he added, when he found they consented, as my son Jansen goes off to join his regiment in General Oglethorpe's division, the week after, and I should like him to be at home, in order that he may become better acquainted with those in whose society he will have to spend his whole life, after this mad fit of soldiering is over, if he survive it. Therefore, it's all arranged. And now I must tell you the news about the prisoner."

"The very thing we were just going over to Appleby to enquire after," replied Charles.

"Well, if that be all," returned our talkative friend, I could save you the journey; but now, I think of it, you may have some other little business there, so, to horse and away—we will not detain you a moment longer. We can talk along the road.

"But surely, you'll take some refreshment, Sir," replied the host; "and I'll order the horses to be brought out."

"No! no!" returned Mr. Winterton; "tis too soon after breakfast; besides, to let you into the secret of all my little plans, I've ordered an early dinner at the Crown, for six; that is to say—the two Wintertons, Harry Netherby, Charles Moreland, Geoffrey Strickland—I was sure I should find you all here—and my friend Grassenthwaite, whom, when you know him as well as I do, you will as highly esteem."

"We do already," replied Charles; "he is an old acquaintance of mine."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I did this," Mr. Winterton continued, "because I was sure you would all be at Appleby this morning, to hear the news, and an early dinner would leave us time to return home afterwards before sunset. Then my son put it into my head to ride over here thus early, so as to catch you before you started, and give you timely notice of my plan—so let's be off."

On their way, Mr. Winterton informed them that their prisoner had passed a very feverish and restless night; and that when the doctor was asked his opinion, he had answered with a very ominous shake of the head, saying that there was a compound fracture of the arm, which had been but partially and blunderingly set—that the cut on his temple appeared to be a fear-

ful contusion—and that the febrile symptoms, superinduced in a great measure by the patient's perturbed and excited state of mind, were so inveterate, that he considered his convalescence more than doubtful; adding that the poor broken down wretch himself, thinking he has but a few hours to live, had sent for the priest, made a clean breast of it, and confessed all——"

Harry turned pale at this announcement, and writhed with the most painful anxiety, for the particulars which Mr. Winterton proceeded to give.

"Among other things he has acknowledged, that your late father," here addressing himself particularly to Mr. Netherby, "did not in any way participate in the dreadful scheme; on the contrary, he wrote to him in the strongest possible terms,—for it appears, from some cause or other, he had entertained a suspicion that his solicitor might not stick at trifles—that he the issue what it might, he would infinitely rather lose the suit than that recourse should be had to any dishonourable or unlawful means. 'No! no!' to make use of the poor penitent creature's own words, 'I have no one to blame but myself!' Besides, it now appears, that he obtained this document, whatever was the nature of it, to subserve his own private ends and purposes. He had some vague and confused ideas, grounded upon I know not what, of becoming himself the purchaser of Forest Hall. He says something, too, of deceiving you; but his confessions on this point were so confused, and mixed up with Mr. Moreland's name, who could have nothing to do with it, that we could not comprehend his meaning—for I was present myself, having been sent for in the middle of the night, to hear what he had to say. We therefore concluded that his mind was wandering, and confounding the subject with his apprehension.

Here Master Harry explained to Mr. Winterton, that his friend, as the reader knows, had something to do with it.

Early that evening, without anything having transpired connected with our history, while the sun yet lingered over the head of the mighty Blackcomb, the little party had separated on their way to their several homes—all, at least, but Harry, who called with Mr. Grassenthwaite upon Dr. Romney, to enquire after the prisoner. The doctor informed them that he had just come from the jail, and had found him much more tranquil than in the morning; but that some time must elapse before he could pronounce him better.

On their way back to the office of Mr. Grassenthwaite, master Harry Netherby desired the young lawyer to make out, in Alice Musgrave's

favour, a renunciation of his claim for a certain sum of money—the amount of the judgment in his favour—being a portion of the proceeds of the sale of Forest Hall, still in the hands of the Sheriff—conceiving, now, since these discoveries had been made, that he had no right to it. This, the other, in perfect amazement at so noble an instance of generosity, gladly promised to do; and hoped he would allow him to be the happy bearer of the instrument to Forest Hall, on the following Monday. He also was to be there that day, to assist the Commissioners in making out their report. To this Harry readily assented.

“This is enough,” muttered Mr. Grassent-waite to himself, when left alone, as he stood musing upon the extraordinary act—“its enough to start the old litigants from their graves again!”

CHAPTER XII.

AT dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or scree'd his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray;
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls
And Arthur sallies from the walls.

BRIDAL OF TRENAISE.

MR. WINTERTON, the brother of Alice's mother, and consequently her uncle, for whose abrupt introduction to the reader's notice, we must now endeavour to make some amends, was the second son of a country gentleman of good family. He had consequently little to depend upon besides his own exertions, aided by a good mercantile education. The moment he came of age, he was sent out by his father to an agent he had in Jamaica, to assist him in disposing of some property which had been bequeathed to him by a distant relative in that island.

In transacting this business, which was somewhat complicated, he acquitted himself in a manner highly satisfactory to all parties: manifesting so much of sound judgment and integrity of purpose, as induced his late relative's partner, who was rather old and infirm, and consequently unable to attend to his affairs, to make him an offer of so advantageous a nature as he could not well refuse.

In the course of a few years after this event, the old man died, and having neither “kith nor kin,” left all his property to his young widow. She, in due course of time, took this new partner into closer connexion with the house than he had ever been with her late husband. They lived many years very happily together. He was indeed so much attached to her, that on her death,

some two years prior to the period of which we write, he determined to settle his affairs in that country, and return to England, with the fruits of that marriage, an only son.

He hoped to find in the scenes of his childhood, and among the friends of his youth, that consolation and tranquillity which he in vain might look for among strangers in a far distant clime. There every plant, and shrub, and tree, could find a tongue to tell him he was not at home. There was indeed a mountain in that place, which, in the exuberance of his youthful fancy, he had dreamt was like his native fells. But now, his spirit bowed beneath the weight of his bereavement, when age had bared his brow and dimmed his eye, he could not see the likeness. All, all had changed when her he loved was lost.

Mr. Winterton was not the cold, morose, and stern, and cruel tyrant which Harry Netherby's first and hasty judgment would have made him; on the contrary, he was, to sum up his character in one word, benevolence personified. So that when he came among his former friends, as he intended, and found that thirty years had swept them all away, he turned his steps to Forest Hall, to solace the poor helpless orphan of his loved and sainted sister—to take her to his home when she should lose her own. He waited, however, till the sale was over, to see that it should sell for something near its worth; and thus, without a previous thought of doing so, became the purchaser.

His son, a spoiled and wayward child, for he was little more, he thought, might, in the course of time, be brought to love his cousin Alice, and settle down in quiet country life, a happy pair, at Forest Hall; the love of which, as far as he could see, was all the love she felt. He knew not—none could know—that a living stream in secret flowed from out that pure, unchanging source, whose ceaseless, undiminished current, none on earth could quench or turn aside.

When her uncle found that this plan could not be carried out, and guessed the cause, from more than hints which he had heard, from poor old Bridget Fawold, he was just as anxious to ascertain if the object of her attachment was worthy of it; and whether it was likely to be returned. On both these points he had his doubts. When first he saw young Netherby at Forest Hall, he naturally concluded he had only come to see the ruin he had wrought.

It was this idea which gave a point and bitterness to Mr. Winterton's sarcastic tone. Its cutting keenness, too, was felt by one heart more than he intended.

To this visit, for the elucidation of certain points in our little history, we must now return.

Master Harry, on his departure, had no sooner reached the first turn in the thickly wooded avenue that hid him from her sight, for she had watched him from her casement as he slowly rode away, than poor Alice turned aside, and wringing her hands, and wept as if her little heart would break. Indeed, just then, she cared not though it should, as it was desolate, now, that he for whom alone it throbbed, was gone. Young and buoyant as her spirits were, they could not keep alive one lingering ray of hope—the last—that he would e'er return.

Another dark, and dreary, and eventful day, in Alice Musgrave's little life, was added to the past, but not forgotten. No, no! Alas! while life and thought and being shall endure she must remember it.

As the shadows of that evening closed upon the houseless, homeless orphan girl, she felt that all her hopes on earth had fled and faded into darkness with it. Yet was she anxious, from maiden modesty, to hide from others' view the effect that master Harry's visit had produced upon her broken spirits. She therefore joined, though ill prepared to do so, the little family party at their evening meal. She took her part with much more zest than was her wont, in the all engrossing topic of the conversation. And no wonder, as it turned upon the fearful story of the young Fell-sider, concerning the horrid murder of her nurse's husband, poor Tom Fawold.

Young Winterton had heard the tale, and now repeated it in all its dread details. Not even omitting the suspicions that had been expressed that the deed was done at the instigation of the Netherbys. He also spoke of hints he'd heard of fearful retribution and revenge.

This was more than Alice could endure. She knew the fierce Fell-siders well—the tenants and retainers of the house of Musgrave. She also knew too well, that the ancient feud between their fathers, and the Netherbys still rankled bitterly in the hearts of their descendants, not to perceive at once that poor Harry was not even now in imminent peril of his life.

She thought it more than likely too, that he might linger in the neighbourhood, unconscious of his danger, till all hope of his escape might be cut off.

With the ever ready thought of woman's wit, she devised at once, in her own mind, a plan to save him.

On leaving the table, with a mighty effort she succeeded in assuming a composure which she did not feel, and in apparent calmness asked her uncle to favour her with an interview in her own room before he retired for the night—promising, if he complied with her request, that she would not

keep him more than a few—a very few minutes from his rest.

A short half hour had not elapsed before her summons was obeyed, and her uncle waited her commands.

"Take this," she said, "dear uncle!" handing him a note, "give it to your trusty Michael, and as you love your own poor Alice, take care he sees young master Netherby by tomorrow's dawn, and gives it to himself. Most likely he will find him at the inn at Orton. I fear he lingers there; if not, he may return and bring it back. The danger I wish to guard him from, the only object of my note, will then have been avoided."

"I see it all," her uncle answered, "and you may rest assured, he shall have due notice of what he may expect, if he linger among these savages, after the story they have heard. But—"

"Nay, no buts, dear uncle! but away, and give your orders!"

"Well! and suppose," he began; but on her manifest symptoms of impatience at his doubts, as she supposed as to the propriety or necessity of the measure she'd adopted, he expostulated with some petulance against the waywardness of woman's temper, as he termed it. This rebuke had its effect, and she manifestly appeared willing now to listen to what he would further say; and he added: "Suppose when a young springald like him, is warned of such a danger, he should take pains to meet it, what then, fair niece of mine? They'll tear his eyes out—those simple tenants of this mountain hold of yours—just as the daup* and piot serve the lambs when yeaned away beyond the precincts of the shepherd's rounds."

Poor Alice hid her face and sobbed aloud, and half imagined she could see his mangled corse before her.

"No! no!" he soothingly continued, "you've nought to fear. I only mentioned this to prove to you that something more was necessary than sending off a servant with this piece of paper, to carry out your project; and that I myself will see to this, even as your own dear father would have done, if he'd been living now. Nay, start not, Alice, at my conduct," he added, as he threw her note unopened, in the fire; "this must not be.

"Five long, long years have passed away, nearly two of which young Netherby has been the uncontrolled director of his own career; and dearly as my niece may love him, she cannot know, and ought not, in her maiden modesty, to assume, that this her ardent feeling of affection towards him, is reciprocated."

"Oh, uncle!" she replied, "if you'd but read

*The carrion crow and the magpie.

the note before you burnt it, you would not have made these harsh remarks upon it. 'Twas but to save his life!"

"Not harsh, my dear—far from it! And sure I am, I should not disapprove of what you said; and if you'll tell me what your note contained, I can all but promise you, I'll write the same myself."

"I see," she said, "I've been to blame. My fears for him have urged me to forget myself. But, oh! dear uncle, save him, if you can! Warn him, as he loves his life, against the road by Wareop. That indeed, was all I said."

"And that is all I'll say," returned her uncle; "but not all I'll do, for, as sure as he's a Netherby, he'll take that very road. I'll therefore send George off, by break of day, with half a dozen trusty men, to guard the life that may be lightly valued by one you hold so dear. Nay, no thanks," he added, as he kissed her forehead, and took her passive hand within his own. A scalding tear which fell upon it, was all the answer she could make to his "Good night, dear Alice!"

The next day had hardly dawned, when horses' hoofs were heard within the precincts of the court-yard wall, and Alice was at her enshement, to contemplate the stalwart forms of those on whom she rested all her hopes of safety for her lover. She saw them as they filed along, and counted their number with a beating heart, as they issued from the iron studded gate. Young Winterton was at their head, and he turned one lingering look behind, in the hope of catching a glimpse of his fair cousin's form. He had entertained, he knew not why, a vague suspicion; that she had something more to do with this his early ride among the Fells, than had been told to him. He therefore thought he might expect, for his alacrity, some slight token of her approbation; and he was not mistaken, for she kissed her lily hand, and smiled upon him, as he raised his cap, and bowed, and rode away.

Young as he was, he knew her feelings better than to entertain a hope that she would ever be his bride, if indeed the thought had ever come into his head. Not but that he loved his little fairy cousin, as he called her, with all the warmth and ardour of his native clime; but yet, and Alice was not offended, though certainly not flattered, when she found it out, he loved his horses better. This, with a woman's quick perception, she discovered, long before, if ever, he found it out himself. In fact, he cared not where her wandering thoughts might rove, provided she would ride with him o'er hill and heath, by mountain side, and thread the path, and ford the stream, and canter through the fells with him the live-

long summer day; and then, no wonder if that thoughtless, wayward boy would sometimes think himself in love. For, far advanced in years as now we are, and lone, and grey as are our locks with age, we'd scorn the day when we were young, if we could see a woman ride as woman ought, and yet not love her with the ardour we should feel if we were young again.

We have said that Mr. Winterton was a man of kind and benevolent feelings, malgre his harsh treatment of master Harry Netherby, who certainly had no one but himself to blame for the cold reception he met with at Forest Hall that unfortunate morning, when he first went there with such good and kind intentions. The thought did not occur to him that they could not be appreciated, simply because there had manifestly been no possible means whereby they could be known or ascertained. This, however, was so far from being a source of any consolation to him, that he first essayed to fasten a quarrel upon the mild old gentleman he had seen; and then, when he found out he had a son, and that Alice Musgrave was to be his bride, he became the scapegoat to expiate his wrath upon. Sense and judgment, however, on more mature and cool reflection, came to his relief in time to save him from what his father would have coupled with his son's inheritance,—a bitter and determined hatred of Forest Hall and all its inmates—all at least save one. Hence, as the reader already knows, the kindly feelings he manifested towards the Wintertons on their first visit at Hellbeck Hall.

Changed, however, as were the opinions of each of these parties towards the other; and firmly and unalterably fixed as were Alice Musgrave's affections upon young Netherby, and eligible as such a match might be for the poor dependant orphan of a ruined house, Mr. Winterton, who, with all his sincerity of manner and benevolence of character, was a man of mercantile and calculating habits, thought his niece's poverty was the bar to such a union; or else that all her foolish fondness had originated in their childish intercourse, which very likely he had long forgotten.

And let not the gentle reader here suppose that Alice, in all outward seeming, bestowed her love on one who was not worthy of it; or that because the first overtures had not come from him, that they were ever likely to proceed from her; yet there did exist a mutual feeling of affection, as firm and as enduring as their own existence. Alice knew—she felt in her young heart she knew it—before she heard a word or hint about it from her nurse, that there surely must have been, some strange and unaccountable barrier to prevent their union. It never came

into her thoughts—the bare idea was desecration,—that her poverty had any thing to do with it. Harry Netherby was the same to her, and she to him, as they had ever been. This she knew—she felt it in her inmost soul, and cared not what cold and calculating men might say or think. But for all this, she was not to lose sight of maiden modesty, and come pertly forward with a declaration of her unrequited love, and lay it at the feet of him who was its object, to spurn or to accept as he might think it prudent; nor did she do so. No!—not by the most distant hint, or thought, embodied in a single word. She never alluded to Hellbeck Hall or Harry Netherby, until she saw, or thought she did, that the life of him, for whom alone she lived and breathed, would be endangered by her silence. Even then,

except to her dear uncle, who had given her every reason to induce her to look on him as on a kind indulgent parent, her thoughts were all her own; though often on her lips, she yet did not betray the secret of her heart, though sorely tempted once to do so. When she saw the noble youth, her cousin, pass the court-yard gate that morn, to do her uncle's bidding, she yearned to say to him, but did not, one word of kind encouragement. But she said it to herself, and it consoled her much—far more than if her cousin had been there to hear it—"Ride on, my noble boy, and do your errand gallantly. I know you will, or you'll not see me in the saddle for a week to come!" the strongest inducement she could think of at the moment to excite his zeal. "A week, did I say?" the dread alternative occurring to her mind, that he might not succeed; "nay, years on years may drag their flagging length along, and dim your cousin's eye, and tinge her raven locks with grey, and fade the rosy tint upon her cheek; but will not see her out beyond the Forest gate again, till all of her that's left on earth be carried to the lone church-yard, and laid beside her sainted mother's grave!"

All this, or rather the feelings that gave rise to it, her uncle saw and knew as well as if her little heart had been laid bare before him. Yet something still there was behind the scene, which he could not discern—some hidden mystery which he could not penetrate. The poverty of his niece was still the theme on which he dwelt—the clue to guide him to the inmost labyrinth of his doubts. When, therefore, Mr. Grassenthwaite arrived and produced the document already mentioned, he was quite at fault. "Forest Hall, the Musgrave's mountain hold, shall now return to her again!" he exclaimed with reference to his own misgivings on the subject. "What can this mean! It is indeed, a noble, a generous act; and must," he thought, but did not say it, "be

preparatory to a step he means to take to make both it and her his own. And with my free and full consent he shall do both; malgre all the idle visions I had vainly dreamt of—and yet—but we shall see!

CHAPTER XIII.

When hope is chidden.

That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forblissen

In the heart to dwell,
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We thro' and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of those that bid farewell!

HEBEA.

THE all-important Monday no sooner saw the shadows of those towding fells lengthened out across the vale of Eden, than Harry Netherby was up and ready for his journey. He was determined to be at Forest Hall before the other guests, in hopes to obtain an interview with Alice, and this he would most certainly have accomplished, had he not been thwarted in his purpose by a trivial and untoward accident.

When he came down to breakfast, which, the night before, he'd ordered to be ready for him at an early hour, he enquired if Billy Stone had yet arrived. He was nervously anxious about the prisoner Hudson's state of health—afraid indeed that he would die, and cheat the gallows of its due—not from any feeling of malignant hate, or dire revenge; but from a fear lest he should make his exit, from the stage of his perfidiousness, without a full and frank confession of his guilt. Nothing less than this, he thought, could wipe away, or fasten in firmer and un fading dyes, a fearful stain upon his father's memory. On leaving Appleby the day before, he therefore had directed Billy Stone to find out, from the jailer, at early dawn, how his prisoner had passed the night, and then to come to Hellbeck Hall, to let him know. Hence, his anxiety to ascertain if Billy Stone was there. Old John, the butler, to whom this enquiry was addressed, replied, in some confusion, that he had been seen about the kitchen. He was immediately told to send him in. This order he seemed in no great hurry to obey, busying himself with trifles, such as placing by the fire his master's boots,—dusting the old family elbow chair, which no one had ever occupied since his late master's death;—putting the fire irons to rights, &c. Then he left the room, apparently to do his bidding. After an absence prolonged somewhat beyond the length of his master's patience, he returned with some articles to complete the little set out for the break-

fast, and hurried away again as fast as possible, for fear of any questions being asked; not, however, until he had announced that Billy would be there immediately. The next time he returned, he found all further procrastination beyond his power, as the master impatiently enquired why the little ugly imp did not come in.

"Why, the truth is," John unwillingly replied, in a deprecating tone and manner, "he has gone out with Lanty after the horses. They have taken a wild freak into their heads this morning, and galloped off to the fell-side. I think, however, they will have caught them by this time, and will doubtless be back directly. Lanty was not to blame, for he rode the new horse down to the Eden, and only turned our own loose—which commenced such a capering as turned him as crazy as the rest—he laid down in the water, with Lanty on his back, and rolled him off; then up he jumped, and away with the rest to the Fells.

Harry, mortified and annoyed as he was at this trifling accident, merely directed John to send the gardener and the shepherd immediately to their assistance. By this means the horses were caught after a long and tedious chase; and, after all, he was in the saddle and away by eight o'clock, a much more seasonable hour to start on a three hours' ride, for a morning call, than the one which, in his feverish anxiety, he had intended. Billy Stone, when he did at length come to him, told him that the prisoner was worse; that he had torn the bandage from his arm in his delirium, and that the doctor did not know, and could not tell him what to say.

Harry galloped off to Appleby, intending to take up Mr. Grassenthwaite on his way. But he it seemed had been in as great a hurry as himself, to get there with his wonderful intelligence, for fear of being forestalled by some earlier messenger; and had got the start of him and was gone. He therefore spurred on, thinking it much later than it really was, till the old church clock struck nine, as he was turning down from thence to Bougate. It then occurred to him, for the first time, that he would yet be at the end of his journey at an unseasonably early hour; if he continued at the pace in which he had commenced it.

In passing through Orton, he was again recognised at the gate, near the end of the bridge, by the forlorn and wretched wife of the poacher. She implored and conjured him, by every thing he held dear and sacred in earth or heaven, to save her husband, the father of her children, from the dreadful fate which she well knew must be his doom.

Master Harry was much moved. She saw this, and renewed her cries for mercy, with a ray

of hope lighting up her eye, as she saw a tear bedim his own. After trying to convince her, but in vain, that he had no power to control his fate, he threw her a guinea, and rode on. She spurned the proffered gold, which her little boy picked up, thinking it was a new bright shilling, the coin of highest value which he had any knowledge of.

"Oh! no! no! no!" she said, and wrung her hands, when he was gone, in utter hopelessness. "They will not—I see they will not spare—his life blood they *must* have!"

"A woman's love," thought Harry, as he slowly rode along, "even in that poor wretch's abject circumstances, although a murderer is its object, is firm, unchangeable, and unshaken within that broken heart, and will continue on, through weal and woe, undying and enduring, till time with her shall be no more."

Shortly after this he reached the grounds of Forest Hall. The gate was opened for him by a woman whom he just then overtook, and recognised immediately.

"You are on your way, this bright and balmy morning, Mrs. Hebson, to the Hall, as well as I," he said, and thanked her for her kindness.

"Nay, no thanks, my child." She could not speak or think of him in other terms; but, suddenly correcting herself, she said, "Pardon, Sir! an old woman's want of memory. I seldom trouble the Ha', or them that's in it, noo—except my darling child, whom this day every year, I never fail to see. It is her birth-day—the day, too, on which she lost her sainted mother."

"A loss," returned Master Harry, "thanks to her nurse; she never felt."

"I did my best," she cried, "and have been well rewarded. But, ride on, Sir! My Alice will be fain to see you."

And as he spurred away, impelled by such encouragement to hasten on, she clasped her hands in ecstasy, thinking there could but be one object now for such a visit, and exclaimed:

"I knew it!—I was always sure that it must come to this at last;—and oh! that I should live to see the day!"

The last turn in that winding avenue is passed. His horse's hoofs beat lightly on the borders of the little lake, and lighter still along the smoother lawn. And now, his hand is on the massy iron knocker of the court-yard gate. Its echoes ring throughout the inmost chambers of the Hall; and one there was within who knew the summons well—as well as if she'd heard it a hundred times before.

Her uncle, she was well aware, was closeted on some important business, with the new attorney; and could not be in attendance, to receive

his guest. She therefore descended to the drawing-room, to do the honours of the house herself.

Here then they met each other.

Nay, gentle reader! we cannot—must not tell thee what transpired. Suffice it, that the five long years they'd passed in mournful separation, were a price you'd deem too cheap, at which to purchase such a meeting.

Another thundering announcement on the court-yard gate again reverberated through the inmost mazes of that ancient Hall. It shook the wild woods of that forest glade, silencing the thrush's morning song—startling the goldfinch from her sweetest strain of melody—and hushing the blackbird's thrilling notes, of loud and long concinnous chords—nay, even the eternal cawing of the rooks around the Hall, ceased for an instant; and all nature seemed to listen to the crashing of that iron sound;* when Master Harry's two young friends were ushered in.

They were just in time to stop the explanation. Harry had commenced, to crumble into dust that air-built castle which Alice in her dreams had formed from out the frail materials of their mutual love. Her uncle and Mr. Grassenthwaite entered the room at the same time. The former, with more than his usual cordiality, saluted our hero, saying:

"This is indeed an instance of such noble generosity as I have never met with in my life before. Mr. Grassenthwaite has told me all."

"Oh, no! my dear Sir, you overrate the deed," hastily interrupted Master Harry. "It was, considering all the circumstances of the case, nothing but an act of common honesty; and, I pray you, in mercy to another's feelings, as well as to my own, to say no more about it."

"But I will—I must!" retorted Mr. Winterton, "in justice to your young and generous friend," turning to his cousin and to Charles Moreland. "It is my paramount duty to inform you that Harry Netherby, of Hellbeck-Hall, has renounced, in favour of my niece, the whole amount of that ruinous claim, which the law, after years of litigation, had awarded him. I have just this moment, in consequence of this noble act, reinstated my niece, there, Alice Musgrave, into all the rights and privileges of her ancestral home; so that I myself, as well as you, fair sirs, have now become a guest at will," pointing to his niece, "of the sole Mistress of Forest Hall;" adding, with his blithest smile—"What say you, Alice, are we welcome here?"

* To those who have never seen one of these iron studded court-yard doors, with its huge and ponderous knocker, this description may seem exaggerated; but to those who have seen them it will not. To the former I need only mention that the sound may be heard a mile off.

But Alice could not speak. She rushed into her uncle's arms, and fell upon his neck, and wept aloud. Such ecstasies, however, are easily allayed; tears of joy are soon dried up; and all was peace and joy and pleasure, in that happy circle. And yet, what was it all? The fleeting sunshine of an April day; as transient, too, to more than one.

The next morning, on their departure, Harry Netherby was the lingering last to say that fearful word—"farewell;" and before he could give it utterance, Mr. Winterton and his son had gone out into the court-yard with the other guests, thus affording him a brief opportunity of speaking to Alice alone. He did *not*, however, say one word of what he had intended. He simply took her passive hand in his, and pressed it to his lips, and said, as he relinquished it:

"That hand and heart, I feel, would now be mine, through weal and woe, but for the dire effects of that accursed feud between our ancestors. But there's another state of being, far, far away beyond the reach of others' whims, and wills, and passions, as well as of our own, to which I look with hopes that are denied me here. There,"—and his voice faltered as he spoke,— "there we shall meet again, and yet be happy. Till then, farewell, dear Alice!"

Alice Musgrave, though partially prepared, by hints she had received from Bridget Nelson, for this announcement, yet never pictured to herself the dread reality, until she heard her doom pronounced by his own lips; and then it fell upon her like a thunderbolt; and the scathed and blighted form stood, in the middle of that cold and spacious Hall, as still and motionless, where he had left her, as were the features of her fathers, in the dim and dusty canvas on the walls around.

And there, her uncle, on returning, saw the marble statue stand before him.

"My own dear Alice! why so pale and sad?" he said, astonished and alarmed at her appearance, "when all Ra'stondale will rejoice at your good fortune? The Musgraves are restored to their inheritance again; and though the tenants could not brook the thought of bending the stubborn knee in homage to a new and nameless landlord, they'll all be here tomorrow, on the lawn before the Hall, to feast and revel on your bounty. I have but hinted at your restoration, and all the Fells, I know, will rise, and follow you to Dunfell, if you tell them. As your steward," he playfully continued, in hopes to rouse her from the apathy occasioned, now he thought, by her recent parting, with her true, and favoured, and accepted lover; "as your steward, I've taken it upon myself to order all things for their

the reception. "Nay, look not so aguish! the fatted calf is killed already—the well fed heave is slaughtered; even the butt of home-brewed, which was left at your own christening,* is marked as destined for the approaching festival. So, cheer up, niece of mine! and mistress of this ancient Hall of yours—as you were wont to do, even when you thought that it had passed forever into other hands!"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke. This somewhat roused her from her reverie. She slowly turned her eyes upon his bland and happy face, and asked as earnestly as if she had not heard a word of what he'd said—indeed she did not, for her thoughts were far away—if we should know, and meet, and love, beyond the grave, those whom, while on earth, we loved? Before he could have solved this knotty point, had his wonder and amazement at the solemn question left his judgment free, Dame Bridget Hebson, as her worthy nurse was always called within the precincts of the mansion, now that the guests were gone, came into the Hall, and took her Alice, as she always called her, by the hand, as she was wont to do when Alice was a child. She led her to her room, to soothe her sorrow; for, with that quickness of perception peculiar to a mother's eye, she saw at once, from her pale cheek and quivering lip, that some misfortune had befallen. What it was she could not tell. Perhaps she thought, in her simplicity, reverting back to scenes of other years, that her doll had broke its arm, or dimmed its glassy eye, or scratched its waxen brow. Then, as if at once, the recollection seemed to flash across her mind, that her Alice was not now a child. Perchance—and the air-built castles she had formed all vanished at the fearful thought—perchance, the story she had heard about her reinstatement in her fathers' halls, was nothing but the "baseless fabric of a vision," light and unsubstantial as the breath of air that gave it birth. Before she could give utterance to these doubts and fears and apprehensions, Alice told her to repeat, what she had told her once before, all she had heard from Harry Netherby about his father's will. This, although she could not do, she yet could tell her, that she knew, from his own lips, that Hellbeck Hall, with all its broad domains and fertile farms, must be transferred, according to his father's will, to other hands, if he should wed the heiress of the House of Musgrave.

The next morning, when Alice met her uncle in the breakfast room, they both were startled at

each other's looks. Balmly sleep, the soothing of all human sorrow, had evidently been a stranger to her couch the five-long night before. The pallid cheek, the nervous quivering of each muscle in her face, the languid eye, and even the effort to be gay, all told a tale, which many a one, less wise, and less conversant with the various workings of the human mind, than Mr. Winter-ton, could well have read; yet even he, with all his penetration, could not understand it. He knew—he saw—it was a tale of sorrow—of blighted hope—of griefs whose seat was deeper than his soothing art could reach; and therefore he took the wisest course a baffled leech could take, nor asked a question, nor prescribed a cure, nor offered a single word of awkward consolation.

She too, poor Alice, saw that her uncle's brow was clouded with unwonted care—the bland expression of his face was gone; and the brief accents of their morning greeting uttered, both in silence sat there till they parted; Alice to her room, and he to horse, and away to Appleby. He wished to see his friend, the lawyer, to ascertain the truth of some vague report he'd heard, from Billy Stone, of Burley Hudson's death. And yet he did not go, for ere he passed the court-yard gate, some hint was dropped about the tenants and retainers of the Musgraves coming there that day, to celebrate the reinstatement of their mistress in her rights again. This he had quite forgotten; and, as it was connected with the grand sheep-shearing of the Hall, must form the subject of another chapter.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SONNET.

ON SUNRISE.

FROM POEMS BY EDWARD W. SHANNON.

Hail to thy dazzling presence! How the wide
High heaven seems too straight for thee, O Sun!
Thy unweild beauty every eye must shun!
Arm'd as with blinding levin, in thy pride,
Thou art alone; 'tis thine alone to hide
All radiance with thy blaze, far hemming one!
Such as thou art today, so hast thou shone
Through all the past, and changeless lost abide.
And shall the night of thy great shining fall?
Art thou not everlasting? Can it be
That thou wast born with time, and shalt wax pale,
And perish with him? Is it thy brief doom,
Ere the great dawning of eternity,
To sink as ashes through the boundless gloom?

EXPENSIVE.

The Afghan war cost fifteen million pounds sterling, and thirteen thousand lives, and produced a harvest of—two old wooden gates!

* At one of the Halls of the North, the author once tasted ale at a christening and grand sheep shearing, which had been left at the christening of the child's father, thirty-two years before.

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

From Alison's magnificent History of Europe during the French Revolution, we select a few passages, descriptive of the horrors of the Retreat of the Grand Army, after Moscow had been destroyed. The Engraving in the present number is a vivid picture of innumerable scenes which occurred during that terrible retreat, when the bravest fell beside their horses, wearied and dying, with no voice to cheer, no hand to succour them; when the generous impulses of the soldier's nature gave place to the hard selfishness which is too generally the offspring of despair. But it is impossible to add anything to the descriptions of the historian, and we proceed to give the picture, as sketched by his master-hand:

"The day after the battle of Borodino, the Russians retired to the great road towards Moscow. The magnitude of his loss rendered Kutosoff unwilling to risk the remainder of the army in another general action with the French, who were constantly receiving reinforcements; but no signs of confusion marked his route; and the subsequent retreat was marked by such perfect order, that when the French troops reached the point where the roads to Moscow and Kaluga separate, they were for some time unperceived, as they had previously been at Witepsk, which of the two the Russians had followed. Kutosoff reached a position half a league in front of Moscow, on the 13th September, and held a Council of War to deliberate the question of leaving the town to its fate. Kutosoff and Barclay eventually insisted on a retreat, assigning as a reason, that it was indispensable to preserve the army entire until the new levies could be incorporated into its ranks, and averring that the abandonment of the metropolis 'would lead the enemy into a snare, where his destruction would be inevitable.' These prophetic words determined the council, and orders were given for the troops to retire in the direction of Kolomna. On the morning of the 14th, therefore, the army conti-

nued its retreat, and in silent despondency defiled through the streets of the sacred city.

"Nothing could exceed the consternation of the Inhabitants of Moscow, when they found themselves deserted by their defenders. They had been led to believe, from the government reports, that the French were entirely defeated at Borodino, and that Napoleon's advance to Moscow was impossible; they, therefore, had not thought of preparations for quitting the city. Nevertheless, when their departure thus became unavoidable, they made exertions equal to the emergency, and in a short time no less than three hundred thousand people left their homes.

"On the 14th, at eleven o'clock, the advanced guard of the French army, from an eminence on their route, descried the minarets of the metropolis; the domes of more than two hundred churches, and the roofs of a thousand palaces glittered in the rays of the sun, and the leading squadrons, struck with the magnificence of the spectacle, halted to exclaim, 'Moscow! Moscow!' and the cry, repeated from rank to rank, reached the emperor's guard. The soldiers then broke their array, and rushed tumultuously forward, while Napoleon in the midst of them, gazed impatiently on the scene. His first words were: 'Here is that famous city at last!' but he immediately added, 'It is full time!'

"The entry of the French troops into the town, however, dispelled many of their illusions. Moscow was deserted. Its long streets and splendid palaces re-echoed nothing but the clangor of the invader's march; the dwelling places of three hundred thousand people were as silent as a wilderness. Napoleon in vain waited until the evening, for a deputation from the magistrates, or from the chief nobility. No one came forward to deprecate his hostility, and the mournful truth finally forced itself upon him, that Moscow, as if struck by enchantment, was bereft of its inhabitants. He nevertheless advanced, and his troops took possession of the town, while he established his head-quarters at the ancient palace of the czar.

"But a terrible catastrophe was at hand. At midnight, on the 25th, a bright light illuminated the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels at the Kremlin soon discovered that the splendid edifices in that vicinity were on fire. The wind changed repeatedly during the night, but to whatever quarter it veered, the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were perpetually breaking out, and Moscow was soon one sea of flame. Napoleon clung with great tenacity to the Kremlin, but the approaching and surrounding fire at last forced him to abandon it, and with some difficulty he made his escape to the country palace of Petrowsky. The conflagration lasted for thirty-six hours, and laid nine tenths of the city in ashes.

"After the destruction of Moscow, Napoleon remained amid the ruins, and in the vicinity, for two or three weeks, indulging in the vain expectation that the government at St. Petersburg would grant him favourable terms of peace. But the autocrat delayed to return an answer, to his proposals, undoubtedly in the belief that the tremendous power of the climate would soon fight the great battle for him, and give him the victory. The main Russian army, in the meantime, and for the same reasons, remained quiet, and, with the exception of slight skirmishing parties, gave the French no trouble. But on the 13th of October a fall of snow aroused Napoleon to a sense of his danger, and he began in earnest to make preparations for retreat.

"The moment the French army began their retreat, the Russians were upon them from every direction, and a series of disastrous engagements ensued. At last, on the 24th, Napoleon found that his retreat was cut off by so powerful a force that it was necessary to fall back upon another road, and pursue another direction. On this occasion the emperor's agitation was so great, it was said his attendants dared not approach him. He went into the little cottage which constituted his head quarters, and sent for three of his generals. When they came, Napoleon was sitting by a table, with a map of the country before him, and after some few remarks he became meditative, and resting his cheeks on his hands, and his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on the map and remained nearly an hour in moody silence. The three generals, respecting his mental suffering, remained silent the whole time. At last the emperor suddenly started up and dismissed them without making known his intentions. But the fatal retreat was resolved upon, and early in the morning of the 26th the men silently and mournfully commenced their march.

"The weather, though cold and frosty at night, had hitherto been bright and clear during the

day; but on the 6th of November the Russian winter set in with unwonted severity. Cold fogs at first rose from the surface of the ground, and obscured the face of the sun; a few flakes of snow floated in the air; and gradually the light of day declined, and a thick, murky gloom overspread the firmament. The wind rose and blew with frightful violence, howling through the forest or sweeping over the plain with resistless fury; the snow soon covered the earth, and numbers of the troops, in straggling forward, fell into the hollows or ditches which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades; others were swallowed up in the moving masses of snow which, like the sands of the desert accompanied the fatal blast. The soldiers were accustomed to death in its ordinary forms, but there was something that appalled the stoutest hearts in the uniformity of this boundless wilderness, which, like a vast winding-sheet, seemed ready to envelop the whole army. Exhausted with fatigue or transfixed with cold, they sank by thousands on the road, while clouds of ravens and troops of dogs that had followed the army from Moscow, screeched and howled along the march, and often fastened on the victims before life was extinct. The only objects visible above the snow were the tall pines, which, with their gigantic stems and funeral foliage, cast a darker horror over the scene, and seemed to rise up like frowning and gloomy monuments to mark the grave of the expiring host. As night approached, the sufferings of the soldiers increased: they sought in vain for the shelter of a rock, the cover of a friendly habitation, or the warmth of a cheerful fire; although at intervals, a blaze might be seen in the bivouac, it flashed with a sickly light, and served but to prepare a miserable meal of rye, mixed with snow-water and horse flesh, for the starving multitude."

After giving the details of various battles and disasters of the retreating army, Alison winds up the sad story as follows:

"Wittgenstein was more successful. By his first charge he drove Victor to a retreat, and as the only avenue of escape lay across the two bridges over the Beresina, those conveyances were immediately thronged with a confused mass of fugitives, who trampled each other in their flight, and blockaded the passage by the madness of their efforts. As the Russian corps successively gained ground, their batteries formed a vast semi-circle, which played incessantly on the bridges, and augmented to desperation the terror of the multitude who were struggling to cross over. In the midst of this confusion, the

artillery bridge broke down, and the crowds upon it, being pressed forward by those in the rear, were precipitated into the water and drowned. Infantry, cavalry and artillery now rushed upon the other bridge, and dashed with their horses and gun carriages through the mass of people, crushing some beneath the wheels and horses' feet, like victims before the car of Juggernaut, and pushing others over the sides of the bridge.

"In these moments of agony, all varieties of character were exhibited—selfishness with its baseness, cowardice with its meanness, and heroism with its power and generosity. Soldiers seized infants from expiring mothers, and vowed to adopt them as their own; officers harnessed themselves to sledges, to extricate their wounded companions; privates threw themselves on the snow beside their dying officers, and strove at the risk of incurring captivity or death, to solace their last moments. In the midst of this terrific scene, Victor, who had nobly sustained the arduous duty of covering the retreat during the whole day, arrived with the rear-guard at the entrance of the bridge. His troops, with stern severity, opened a passage for themselves through the helpless multitude who thronged the bridge and the shore adjoining it, whom despair and misery had at length rendered incapable of exertion, and who now could not even be persuaded to cross to the opposite bank. These horrors continued throughout the night, and when the morning dawned, Victor saw the Russian advanced guard approaching; the destruction of the bridge, therefore, became indispensable, to the safety of the French army, and orders were given to burn it. A frightful cry arose from the host on the eastern bank of the river, who were too late awakened to the realities of their situation; numbers rushed on the burning bridge, and, to avoid the flames, jumped into the water, while the greater proportion wandered in helpless misery along the river, and beheld their last hopes expire with the receding columns of their countrymen.

"This dreadful passage of the Beresina completed the ruin of the Grand Army, which lost, during its confluence, twenty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen thousand men in prisoners, and twelve thousand in slain. The corps of Victor Oudinot were reduced to the deplorable state of the troops that came from Moscow, and the whole army, having lost all appearance of military order, marched in a confused mass along the road to Wilna, harrassed at each step by the Cossacks, who cut off every straggler and made constant attacks on the rear-guard. In the midst of the general ruin, a number of officers organized themselves into a guard, called the Sacred Squadron, for the Emperor's protection. The gentlemen

who composed it discharged with heroic fidelity the task assigned to them, and executed without murmuring all the duties of common soldiers; but the severity of the cold soon destroyed their horses, and they, as well as the Emperor, were again compelled to pursue their route on foot through the snow. At night, their bivouac was formed in the middle of the still unbroken squares of the Old Guard, who sat round the watch-fires on their haversacks, with their elbows on their knees, their heads resting on their hands, and crowding close together; striving by assuming this posture, to repress the pangs of hunger and gain additional warmth.

"On the 3th of December, Napoleon arrived at Smorgoni. He there collected his marshals around him, dictated a bulletin which fully developed the horrors and disasters of the retreat, explained his reasons for immediately returning to Paris—which was connected with a conspiracy soon to be related—and after bidding them all an affectionate farewell, set out in a sledge at ten o'clock in the evening, for the French capital, accompanied by Caulaincourt and Lobau, leaving the command of the army to Murat.

"The departure of the emperor increased the disorganization of the troops. The officers ceased to obey their generals, the generals disregarded the marshals, and the marshals set at defiance the authority of Murat. The private soldiers, relieved from the duty of protecting their emperor, forgot everything but the instinct of self-preservation. The colonels hid the eagles in their haversacks, or buried them in the ground; the inferior officers dispersed to look after their own safety; and indeed nothing was thought of but the urgent pangs of hunger, and the terrible severity of the cold. If a soldier dropped, his comrades instantly fell on him, and, before life was extinct, tore from him his cloak, his money, and the bread he carried in his bosom; when he died, some one of them would sit on his body, for the sake of the temporary warmth it afforded; and when it became cold, he, too, would often drop beside his companion, to rise no more. The watch-fires, at night, were surrounded by exhausted men, who crowded like spectres about the blazing piles; and, in the morning, the melancholy bivouacs were marked by circles of bodies as lifeless as the ashes at their feet.

"Nevertheless, the fatal retreat continued to Wilna; and although between Smorgoni and that city no less than twenty thousand men, in straggling detachments, had joined the army, scarcely forty thousand in all reached its gates. Here the troops found an abundance of food; but they had scarcely begun to refresh themselves from the immense stores that the city contained, when

the roar of the Russian cannon compelled them to renew their flight. They rushed out of the gates on the evening of December 10, and at the foot of the first hill abandoned the remainder of their cannon and waggons, including the equipage of Napoleon, and the treasure-chest of the army. The Russians immediately took possession of Wilna, and found within its walls, in addition to a large amount of magazines and military stores, fourteen thousand soldiers and two hundred and fifty officers, who preferred surrendering as prisoners of war to continuing their march.

"On the 12th December the army arrived at Konwo, on the Niemen, and on the 13th, they passed over the river. As the covering force in the rear, under the command of Ney, defiled across the bridge, it was seen that the remnant of the Imperial Guard consisted of but three hundred men. Before quitting Konwo, Ney seized a musket, and made a final stand with the few men he could rally around him. He maintained his post for several hours against the whole Russian advanced guard: when the retreat of all the men who would march was secured, he slowly retired; and he was the last man of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.

"The first halting place on the German side of the Niemen was Gumbinnén; and General Mathieu Dumas had just entered the house of a French physician in that town, when a man followed him wrapped in a large cloak, having a long beard, his visage blackened by gunpowder, his whiskers half burned by fire, but his eyes sparkling with undecayed lustre. "At last, then, here I am," said the stranger: "what! General Dumas, do you not know me? I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Konwo; I have thrown into the Niemen the last gun we possessed; and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forests."

"The scattered French troops continued to retreat through the Polish territories, still hunted down by the Russians and Cossacks. They made a brief stand at Königsberg; and, hastening thence with an additional loss of ten thousand men, they finally reached Dantzic in the latter part of January, 1813, when the Russians gave over the pursuit. The losses of the French in this disastrous campaign, may be thus estimated:

"Slain in battle, 125,000; Died of cold and famine, 132,000; Prisoners, soldiers, 190,000; Prisoners, officers, 3,000; Prisoners, generals, 48. Total, 450,048."

Remedy
RECIPE FOR A SORE THROAT.

A lady's sleeve with an arm in it.

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

"Murder hath a voice,
Will cry to heaven for vengeance."

JOHN ANDREW GORDIER was a respectable and wealthy young man, born at Jersey in the early part of the eighteenth century, of inoffensive life and blameless manners.

Having been attached for several years to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, in the island of Guernsey, he had surmounted those difficulties which always increase and strengthen the passion of love, and the day for leading his mistress to the altar was at length fixed.

After giving the necessary directions for the reception of his intended wife, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, he sailed for Guernsey.

The impatience of love, on such an occasion, need not be described; hours were years, and a few leagues ten thousand miles. The hand of promise appears; he leaps on the beach; and, without waiting for refreshment, or for servant and baggage, sets out, alone and on foot, for that house which he had so often visited.

The servant, who quickly followed, was surprised at being informed that his master had not yet arrived; having waited, in anxious expectation, till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the poignancy of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case: messengers were sent, at the dawn of day, to examine and enquire, in different quarters, without success.

After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate Gordier was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance appeared, on which to ground suspicion, or even conjecture, concerning the perpetrator of so foul a murder.

The regret of both families for a good young man, thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation, by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery in which it was enveloped; the anguish of the young lady was not of a species which relieves itself by external effusion and loud lamentation; she never shed a tear, but "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek."

Her virtues and her beauty having excited general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant of the island, to become her suitor, in the hope that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from the lamented catastrophe of the first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and strong declarations that she never would marry Galliard, he was occasionally admitted: but the unhappy woman found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy, which she always felt whenever he approached her.

Such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased his urgency, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits, frequently endeavouring, but in vain, to prevail on the unfortunate lady to accept a present from his hands.

It was remarked by her friends that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket, of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused; adding, with a correctness of sentiment and a propriety of conduct not always observed by women on such occasions, that it was base, dishonourable, and mean, to receive favours from a man whose hand she never would accept.

But Galliard, by earnestness, assiduity, and by exciting pity, the common resource of artful men, had won over her mother to second his wishes; in her desire to forward his suit, she had, during the night, fixed the trinket in question to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted love.

The health of the fair mourner had been considerably impaired by her sufferings, and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her with the tenderest affection, crossed the sea to visit her, to offer her every assistance in her power, and, what in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with hers.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, called forth a thousand melancholy ideas in her mind; she recounted many little incidents, which lovers only consider as important, to the old lady, who fondly inquired into, and anxiously listened to every minute particular concerning her beloved son.

It was during one of these conversations, that the afflicted female sunk in a convulsion on the floor; and while her relations were conveying her towards a sofa, their terror was considerably augmented, by observing, that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier were instantly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch-chain, that well-known token of her son's affection, which, with a loud voice, frantic gesture, and disordered countenance, she declared, her son had purchased, as a gift for his mistress, previous to his last departure from Guernsey.

With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder, and suspicion, were alternately

mingled, she repeated this extraordinary circumstance, as well as the agitated state of her feelings would permit, to the victim of affliction, during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the splendid toy she had hitherto so much despised, was once in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to plant a new dagger into her heart; she made an effort to press it to her lips, her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung to its highest pitch, by the envenomed dart of horrible conviction; then crying out, "O, murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of an attendant.

After such a discovery, it seems scarcely necessary to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination. Galliard, enraptured of, and envying Gordier the possession of his mistress, had evidently waylaid him from the port, murdered, and plundered him of the trinket, hoping that, after his death, he might possess a jewel far more precious.

On being charged with the crime, he denied it, but with evident confusion and equivocation; and, while the injured family were despatching messengers for the officers of justice, he confirmed their suspicions by committing suicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment.

It was upon this tragic history, which created considerable surprise and alarm in both islands, that the tragedy of "Julian, or the Italian Lover," was founded.

THE SECRET.

Is a young lady's heart once a secret was lurking;
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out;
The lips had betray'd it by smiling and smirking,
And the tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.

But Honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white—
Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and Honour departed;
Tongue quiver'd and trembled, but dared not rebel.
When right to its tip, Secret suddenly started,
And, half in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this;
And they bit very smartly above and beneath;
But the lips at that moment were bribed with a kiss,
And they popped out the Secret, in spite of the teeth.

There is nothing more difficult to appreciate, or more sensible in its operation, than national character.

A R I A.

BY AUBER.

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

ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a series of chords in the left hand, followed by a melodic line in the right hand. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It features more complex rhythmic patterns and includes trills (tr) in the upper staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation is the final system on the page, consisting of two staves. It features a prominent trill in the upper staff and a dynamic marking of *SVA.* (Sforzando). The music ends with a final cadence in both staves.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat). It includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. A *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking is present in the middle of the system.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble and bass clef and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble and bass clef and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. A *S.v.a.* (Sotto voce) marking is present at the beginning of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble and bass clef and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. The word *loco* is written above the treble staff, and *pia* (piano) is written above the bass staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It features a treble and bass clef and includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. The word *smorz* (smorzando) is written above the bass staff, and *pp* (pianissimo) is written below the bass staff.

"CURIOUS—IF TRUE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE "JOURNAL DU PEUPLE."

The following circumstance, of which we are far from guaranteeing the authenticity, and which we merely extract from the newspapers of the day, appears to us singular enough to warrant insertion in our columns. One can easily conceive an irregularity in hearing, caused by the interior conformation of the ear, but it is somewhat difficult to believe that a single defect in the shape of its outward flap could produce such singular effects:

A curious enough circumstance has just taken place in the town of Nuremberg. Baron G——, a wealthy resident of that town, had an unconquerable aversion for music, so much so as to be unable to listen to the simplest air with any degree of patience. His wife, on the contrary, was an excellent musician.

Whenever an entertainment was given at his mansion, the baron went through the ceremony of receiving the company with the greatest ease and elegance, but the moment that he heard the first note of the music, a feeling of uneasiness took possession of his mind, his features involuntarily contracted, and he gradually retired from the assembly room to conceal his sensations from the guests.

Whence could proceed this singular defect of the sense of hearing? Was it the result of some moral cause? No. It was a physical infirmity, though a most uncommon one, which has been examined into and allowed by the most eminent physicians of Nuremberg. By means of interrogating the baron as to the sensations which he experienced upon listening to the voice of a singer, or the sound of an instrument, Doctor Schoeeler at length succeeded in discovering the origin of this singular antipathy: "One of the baron's ears is too long—now don't laugh! the fact is well authenticated. The two ears of the baron are not of the same height, they are also formed differently for the reception of sounds; consequently they transmit to the brain only a confused and irregular sensation, and produce on him the same effect as two instruments constantly playing in different tones. Every melody, every air, from the first to the last, had always the same effect upon him; every thing appeared outlandish. Say, after that, if the patient could love music!

A very simple experiment confirmed the suspicions of Dr. Schoeeler. "Shut one ear," said he to the baron, seating himself at the same time at the harpsichord, and playing (in A major) an

air from the overture to Der Freischütz; the baron, delighted, entreated him to continue. The doctor told him to shut the ear which he had formerly left open, and to open that which had been shut, and then repeated the same air—still in A major. "Charming!" exclaimed the baron; "but you have changed the key." Now the doctor had not changed the key, but the ear of the baron, in consequence of its defect, heard the tune in G major, instead of A major. Thus was solved the problem of the baron's intense hatred to music. How, indeed, is it possible for any one with two organs of hearing, which differ a whole tone in their perception of sounds, to listen quietly to any singer or performer? The experiments of Dr. Schoeeler, then, have revealed the cause of this phenomenon, and has at the same time remedied the evil, to the great gratification of the baroness and all the friends of the patient.

Nothing is talked of in Nuremberg at present, but this strange event. Baron G—— now dotes on music; only, fully to comprehend all its beauties, he is obliged to shut one of his ears.

SABBATH MORNING.

Now along the morning gale,
Tolls the church-bell soft and slowly!
And o'er mountain, wood and vale,
Sleeps the Sabbath silence holy.

Not a human voice is heard,
Voice of labour or of pleasure,
Mingling with the tuneful bird,
As it trills its early measure.

Now, from every mountain glen,
Scenes of unpolluted nature,
Come the lonely shepherd men,
Peace in every heart and feature.

Now, along the village way,
Clad in meet and homely dresses,
Matrons staid, and milkens gay,
Join the crowd that churchward presses.

Now the youthful and the old,
Now the cheerful and the weeping,
Tread along the flowery mould,
Where their kindred dust is sleeping.

Now the pious spirit glows,
Now the holy psalm is singing,
Bringing thoughts of long repose,
Thoughts of endless glory bringing.

CURIOUS TITLE.

A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title:—"Eggs of charity lnyed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."

O U R T A B L E .

CIRCULAR, CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS TO THE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS IN CANADA EAST, AND A PRECIS OF THEIR DUTIES.

ONE of the most important measures which, since the Union of the Provinces, has emanated from the Legislature, is the Education Act, by which liberal provision is made for the education of the youth of Canada. The amount set apart for this most worthy object is fifty thousand pounds, to be annually distributed to the Common Schools throughout the Province—thirty thousand being allotted to Eastern, and twenty thousand to Western Canada. There has been some difficulty experienced, however, in inducing the inhabitants to comply with the conditions necessary to entitle them to the benefits which the law contemplates, partly from the obscurity of some of the provisions of the Act, and partly from the lukewarm interest taken by the community in its successful operation.

The Government was happily fortunate in its choice of Officers. The Rev. Robert Murray, in Western Canada, has won golden opinions by his unwearied exertions to induce a general compliance with the spirit of the law; and in our own section of the Province, in which Dr. Meilleur is Superintendent, we have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the zeal and energy which have characterised the management of Educational affairs. From the period of his appointment until the present time, he has never faltered in his endeavours to make the people comprehend the value of the measure, and to instruct them in the easiest and simplest mode of rendering it conducive to their own welfare, and that of their posterity. The success that has so far crowned his efforts, notwithstanding the obstacles which have never ceased to impede his progress, must be his own exceeding great reward. If his labours be heavy, his consciousness of the grandeur of their object must enable him to bear them, not only without repining, but with pleasure to himself—a conclusion to which we are led by our knowledge of the deep interest taken by him in public and private education, many years before his appointment to the responsible and honorable office he now so worthily fills.

We have been led to make these remarks by a pamphlet, containing "Instructions to the School Commissioners in Canada East, and a Précis of their duties," which has been some days upon Our Table. It is a lucid and concise exposition of the requirements of the Act, accompanied by remarks and suggestions from the Superinten-

dant himself, which do equal honour to his head and heart—breathing, as they do, a spirit of enlightened benevolence, and an anxiety for the welfare of the rising generation, which cannot fail to be responded to by all to whom the Circular is addressed, or who have an opportunity of perusing it.

There is, among the many excellent suggestions which the pamphlet contains, one in particular the importance of which is strikingly apparent. It has reference to the establishment of Superior or Model Schools, in which the higher branches of a strictly practical education should be taught. The paragraph we shall take the liberty of extracting:

"It would be very desirable to have in each Parish or Township, a Model or Superior School, where children attending the Common Schools, particularly those who show a better disposition, might complete a course of practical study. I cannot doubt that the Commissioners will fully coincide with me in the view I have taken of the paramount importance of establishing Schools of this description, for the support of which the friends of education in each locality, will doubtless make it a duty to contribute as liberally as possible; for if it be desirable that all children should have a certain degree of education, it must be equally, or more advantageous, to afford to a due proportion, a practical acquaintance with the higher branches of knowledge, in order to fit them in time to become Teachers themselves, or otherwise to perform their parts well in the after business of life."

After enumerating the qualifications which should be possessed by the Teachers of these Superior Schools, the Superintendent proceeds:

"The Commissioners, in whom is vested the power of selecting Teachers, will therefore, I confidently trust, exercise the greatest care in choosing the parties to whom they entitle the *whisks* of the generation rising around them—their own children, and the children of their friends and neighbours—who will, on their part, remember with gratitude, that to them, under Providence, they owe it, that their younger years have not been spent in vain."

Could anything from us add to the weight of the Superintendent's recommendation, we would most earnestly impress upon the attention of the School Commissioners this important hint. The Common Schools, with the meagre remuneration which, at best, the teachers will receive, cannot be expected to afford anything beyond the elementary branches of education, which will but poorly satisfy children of more than the average aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge. One Superior School to each of the Parishes or Townships, to which the better disposed class might resort, would be productive of the most beneficial results; and, besides the good it would directly accomplish, would be the means of causing emulation, and a desire to excel, among the children attending the Common Schools, in order to qualify

for admission to the higher class of seminaries. We trust the suggestion will be adopted, and that ere many years have passed, we shall see the whole country dotted not only with Common Schools, but with such local academies as are here referred to. It is by such means that education, in all its necessary branches, will be placed within the reach of every father who desires to afford his children the advantages which knowledge is certain to bring, whatever may be the condition, which, in after life, it may be their fortune to fill.

We are well pleased to learn that the interest taken in the country parishes in the diffusion of education, is daily becoming stronger. A comparison of the number of School Districts which have, in each of the last two years, qualified themselves to claim the aid of government, shows a large increase in 1843. The number of scholars has also increased in a corresponding degree, and more care has been manifested in the selection of teachers. This is an essential point, and one to which the Superintendent strongly alludes. The remuneration of teachers in many localities is necessarily small, so that a very high order of talent can scarcely be expected—but it is in all cases the duty of the Commissioners, as far as the means at their disposal will allow, to provide teachers fully qualified for the performance of their responsible duties. Were the importance of this sufficiently impressed upon the residents in any particular locality, we are of opinion that there would not generally be much difficulty in raising funds for the support of teachers to whom might be safely entrusted the training of the youth of Canada.

We are satisfied, however, that the Superintendent will not rest in peace until he has placed the whole educational business of the Province on the best footing which circumstance will admit—and that in all he does, the teachers will not be forgotten, fully aware as he evidently is, of the necessity of affording them liberal remuneration. We therefore conclude this brief notice with the a few sentences, explanatory of the Superintendent's object in publishing the pamphlet which led to these remarks. Addressing the Commissioners, he says—"My object is to induce regularity in their proceedings, uniformity in their reports, energy in the management of the Schools under their control, order in the method of teaching, and devotedness in all that belongs to the fulfilment of the highly important and responsible trust with which they are honoured. It is only by means of our strenuous and united efforts that the great object, which the Legislature had in view in giving to the country the Education Act, can be attained."

That the motives of the Superintendent may be fully appreciated, and his objects speedily and perfectly accomplished, every well-wisher of the Province and of the people must anxiously and sincerely desire.

THE LANCET—A WEEKLY MEDICAL JOURNAL.

To the medical practitioner or student, this is an invaluable journal, being a complete chronicle of the discoveries and improvements in the Science of Medicine, in all parts of the civilized world. In the numbers we have seen, many articles appear, from the pens of some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in Europe, and on subjects of the very highest importance to the preservation and recovery of health.

The Canadian public are indebted, for the facility with which it may be obtained, to Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, who will supply it regularly, at a moderate price, to subscribers. Their enterprise and spirit, in this, as in many other instances to which we have had occasion to allude, will, we trust, be acknowledged by that support to which they are so justly entitled from all who take an interest in the prosperity of science and literature in this Province.

COMMERCIAL TABLES.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, a copy of a valuable book for the counting-house. It is a neat little volume of about two hundred pages, and contains tables for the calculation of interest at five and six per cent., and of commission from one-eighth to five per cent., with exchange and other useful tables. It is a most convenient book for the every day business of commercial life, and should be on every merchant's table.

Among the articles in this number will be found an interesting review of a highly popular and valuable work—Kohl's "Ireland,"—which, we are happy to announce, will be followed by similar papers during the year. This is a feature, which, we are certain, will give great additional interest to the *Garland*, as it will afford to the reader a glimpse into the pages of the best and newest publications of the day, which, in many parts of the Province, are wholly beyond the public reach. In his introductory remarks, however, the Reviewer has so well explained the object of his labours, that there is nothing left for us to say. We have, therefore, only to invite attention to the article, which, with the choice and copious extracts contained in it, will amply repay a careful and attentive perusal.