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ANNE OF CLEVES.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY Z.

THE Tourist who voyages up the Rhine will perceive on his left hand, not many leagues from Dusseldorf, a ruin, like all others on that fascinating river, picturesquely placed and gracefully draped with vines and creepers. The moon looks down upon it with an air of solemn sadness, and the night-wind howls a dirge for departed youth and beauty.

Not always did desolation reign within those walls. In the early part of the sixteenth century it was the abode of one who, in those stormy times, won the epithet on whose possessors our Divine Saviour bestowed a double blessing. John III. Duke of Cleves, surnamed "The Pacifier," had inherited this castle in right of his wife. The fair Marie of Juliers, Berg and Ravensburgh, brought to her husband not only wealth and beauty, but a true woman's heart, loving and faithful,—a masculine energy of soul, united to feminine grace and delicacy, and a firmness of purpose which was perhaps necessary to a mother, when the other parent was so much disposed to yield to those about him. The Duchess had lived in retirement, occupying herself mainly with the education of her three daughters. Her sons were of course subjected to more warlike training.

In 1527, joy and sadness were mingled in the cup of Marie of Cleves. She was called on to bestow her eldest daughter, the darling of her heart, on the Duke of Saxony. The calm wisdom of John Frederick had gained the respect and esteem of all his contemporaries, and the maternal heart was filled with just pride that her beloved Sybilla was selected by the noblest of the German Princes, to share his honors and adorn his home. This feeling was in the ascendant during the short time that elapsed between the betrothal and the bridal—but when the eve of that day arrived which was to make the youthful maiden a bride, and for the last time

she repaired to her mother's closet for the nightly kiss and blessing, she found that parent whom, hitherto, she had noted as calm and self-sustained under all circumstances, bathed in tears. The Duchess clasped in her arms the child so soon to leave her, and the full tide of feeling was poured forth. Sybilla was surprised. Until this moment she had never dreamed of the depths that lay concealed under that collected, proud exterior. No unkind word, no biting jest, had ever passed those revered lips, but sympathy had been wanting. Now a new page was opened in that wondrous book—a mother's heart—a new tie was formed between those souls, and though never again might that graceful form lie confidently on the maternal bosom—a very child—though the morrow was to burst asunder many a link that had heretofore bound them, both felt that a stronger band was woven. Henceforth there was less of parental and filial—more of sisterly intercourse.

The morning rose bright and beautiful, and the thunder of the French and Austrian cannon on the plains of Italy, disturbed not the marriage ceremony which in the chapel of the old castle was celebrated in a more simple form than had ever before been used on a similar occasion in that consecrated spot. For Luther had given to the people the Word of God, and those who there bowed, had learned to address their Creator with but "one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus." The farewells were over, and more than ten years elapsed ere the Electress of Saxony again stood in her ancestral halls. Then she came not by the permission only, but by the earnest desire of her "lion-hearted" husband, to enter his solemn protest against the union, rumors of which had reached him, of his loving, gentle sister-in-law, with the "Royal Blue Beard of England."

Doubtless the noble Sybilla was a less strenuous advocate than the Elector would have been,

for, inheriting her mother's pride rather than her father's meekness, she could not but regard with complacency the family aggrandisement likely to ensue from a union with one of the three great Monarchs of the day. Besides, was not Henry VIII. a Protestant, and would not "the great cause," the Reformation, be promoted by the accession to the English throne of one so truly religious as Anne? Then, too, although the noble Katharine of Spain had been divorced, and her brilliant usurper murdered, yet to the last Queen, Jane Seymour, the monarch had proved a faithful husband; nay, such was his grief, that even now nothing but "*the wishes of his Parliament!*" could have induced the sorrowing widower to seek another wife.

"Moreover," were the words of the Electress to her mother, "such is the winning gentleness of our White Swan* that she cannot be ill-used by any one. Who ever knew of aught but love felt towards her? Even since the small-pox has so marred her once lovely face, all forget its ravages in that sweet smile which plays on her injured features, like sunshine on the rock. Therefore, madam, although my good Duke expected me to plead as he would have done himself, were he here, I cannot quite blind myself to the advantages to be gained by this grand alliance, and begin to think the sagacious Elector has for once in his life exaggerated evil."

"It may be so, daughter," said the peaceful Duke; "yet methinks after the excellent Catalina of Arragon has been publicly insulted, and the witty and beautiful Anne Boleyn beheaded, any parent might ponder well ere he place in the hands of such a man his dearest treasure. My Anne is too precious a child to be lightly cast away. I care not to part with her yet, and one reason alone weighs in favor of these nuptials. Our Smalkaldic League—the bulwark of the true faith, so far as earthly means are concerned—requires the aid of Henry of England, and my daughter's earnest piety cannot fail to strengthen, in the right way, the heart of him who loves her. For the Protestant cause we have all made sacrifices, and we shall not shrink from laying upon the Altar of our God even this richer offering."

While John of Cleves was proceeding with his argument, there had been added to his auditors, she of whom he spoke, and as he concluded, gliding from her position behind her father's chair, and falling at his feet, she exclaimed:

"If, Sir, the weal of Germany require my marriage, I will go to England. I will leave you, my parents—my beloved home—my beautiful

Rhine—brothers and sisters—and go. Doubt not I shall be happy. There will be a rich heart-gladness in feeling that I have done something for religious freedom. But oh! if it be not essential, let your Anne still stay with you. Why should Henry want me? I have no beauty to attract, no accomplishments to fascinate—were it either of my sisters the case would be different. Sybilla was born for a Queen, and even little Emilie has more of royalty about her than have I. Let me, I pray you, stay to comfort you. Let me still be *your* Swan."

The father stroked caressingly the long black hair which like a veil encompassed his child, and wondered how that placid beaming countenance could strike any one as otherwise than beautiful. "We will finish this discussion to-morrow, daughter mine," he said. "Pity but thou could'st change fortunes with Sybilla."

"To-morrow!" words thoughtlessly spoken, but oh! how full of meaning. When the paternal blessing was that night bestowed, could any one have dreamed that the morning light would find the terror-stricken family surrounding the death-bed of him who spoke it? Unable to articulate, he cast around upon the weeping circle a look of ineffable tenderness—pointed upwards—raised his confiding gaze to Heaven, and the spirit fled to its home in the skies.

Deep and intense was the grief that hung over that household. Any death causes a sad vacancy in the domestic circle, that is severely felt; but when the head—the guide—the counsellor—is taken, all seems drear and desolate. The mother is more lamented as time advances—the father is more missed at once. You find yourself listening for the sound of his horse's feet—you place his chair—arrange his books—adjust his papers,—and bitter is the pang that rends the heart as the impression is forced upon you that all is in vain.

Anne's grief was peculiarly poignant, and sorely was she aroused by the arrival of the Ambassador of the English King, stating that his master, having been satisfied with Holbein's portrait of the daughter of Cleves, he prayed her at once to become his.

William, her brother, who had succeeded to his father's title, urged the suit, and the lady, unaccustomed to assert her own will in anything, yielded, and preparations for the journey were immediately made. Proud of the splendor which awaited her plainest daughter, Marie of Cleves sorely allowed one doubt of that child's future happiness to cross her mind. Why did it not occur to her sagacity, that the face must be eminently beautiful which is not flattered by an exquisite miniature, like that which Holbein executed for his Sovereign? How much misery

*The pet name of Anne in her family, alluding to their well known cognizance of Three Swans.

might have been saved to that young heart, had a note been appended to the likeness, stating that it did not represent the marks of the small-pox. Why was it not done? Because the cup of Henry's guilt was not yet full, and he was permitted to add to the list of his victims, the plain, but unselfish, Anne of Cleves.

The third of October, 1539, was a holiday in Dusseldorf. All business was suspended that the departure of the young Princess might be marked and admired. The peasantry of the surrounding country flocked into the city, and among them might be seen the widow and the orphan weeping for the loss of their benefactress. No wonder they mourned. Never again would they hear her sweet voice pointing them to the home of the soul—no more would they come to the Old Castle Hall to hear her read from the blessed volume the truth which purifies the soul. Alas! their tears were ominous.

The last adieus were said—mother, sisters, brothers—seen for the last time, and the journey towards England was commenced. The first day's stage lay along the bank of her favorite river, and eagerly did she mark every tree, every island, every ripple—so eagerly, that ever afterwards the whole was a vivid picture in her mind. The autumn sun shone clear, but soft on hill and valley, and as he drew near his setting, shed a flood of radiance over all. The tears flowed fast from the Princess' eyes. She turned to her foster-sister, and exclaimed—

"Ah! Katrine, take thy last fond look of that glorious stream. England may be fair, but it can have no view like this before us. Even now, I could with a right joyful heart turn back and dwell in quiet in my own turret, never asking to leave it."

"But, noble lady," said the follower, who in point of intellect was the superior, "bethink you that you go to wealth, to power, to honor; that our noble Duke desired it; that even the preference your early bridegroom*—the young Marquess of Lorraine—has evinced for the Lady Anne, and the indifference you have shewn for him, all point this path out as the will of Heaven."

"Yet, Katrine," replied the mourner, "my honored father urged it only as a bond of union between Protestant Princes, and I am sure would not have sent me away an unwilling bride. But I will not murmur. As you say, it is the will of God. I will strive to do my duty and leave the future to him."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival

of the *cortège* at the gates of Cleves, and sad as was the heart of the Lady Anne, she could not but be gladdened by the warm welcome she received from her father's vassals.

We will pass over the slow journey by Antwerp, Bruges, Nieuport and Dunkirk, to the English frontier at Calais, where a splendid procession came forth to meet them, giving fair promise of the honor the Princess of Cleves might expect from her future lord. It was afterwards noted as a little extraordinary, that among those deputed by their master to receive his bride at this place, were kinsmen of five out of the six Queens of Henry VIII.

Accustomed as was the English Monarch to triumph over all obstacles, in his wedding arrangements, the winds and waves were beyond his control, and Christmas had passed away ere the royal convoy of fifty ships set sail for Deal. Thence to Dover the flower of the Southern English Nobility conducted the bride, and rested for the Sabbath. The Monday morning was dark and gloomy, and most earnestly her attendants begged their young mistress to delay her progress; but accustomed to implicit obedience, she would not deviate from the prescribed plan, and in the midst of rain and mud commenced her journey to Rochester. The kind and paternal greeting of the venerable bishop, as he welcomed her to his palace, warmed her heart, and gave her more happiness than she had known since leaving Dusseldorf, and she heard with joy that under this hospitable roof she was to remain, until her royal spouse should condescend to make known his wishes.

Meantime Henry, tired of his ordinary amusements of burning people and altering creeds, had gazed on the lovely miniature, until having persuaded himself into the belief of his being desperately in love, he hastened incoeg. to her resting place. The poor Princess sat silent and sad in her apartment, when a messenger from His Majesty craved admittance, and after paying the most respectful salutations, besought Her Most Gracious Highness to receive from her Royal Bridegroom a New Year's Gift he had condescended to bring, begging permission to present it in *propria persona*. By means of her interpreter the necessary assent was calmly given; but who shall tell the tumult that reigned within her breast? None but those who have themselves been bought or sold. Would the King be satisfied with her? Should she love him? Tears filled her eyes; but recollecting herself, she sank on her knees and prayed earnestly. The fervor of devotion had given to her countenance an expression of combined dignity and softness, and as the Monarch entered the immense hall, he

*In Germany, engaged parties are called bride and bridegroom.

first glance at her face pleased him. He approached and the illusion vanished. The cloud on his brow was not unmarked by the Princess. A sense of her forlorn situation and her dependence on his favor, crept over her, and falling on her knees she clasped her hands together, while her long curls swept the ground.

Even Henry was touched. He raised her gently, and tenderly kissing her, besought her to be of good cheer; but ignorant of the language, her ear only caught the bluff tone meant for kindness, and, disgusted at his appearance, she could scarcely conceal her dislike to his caresses. Little love-making could there be under these circumstances. The German accents of his bride were not the most soothing to the royal ear, and fear had rendered hoarse the sweet voice of Anne. She was soon left alone, much to the indignation of her attendants. Well was it for the outraged Germans that their words could not be comprehended or repeated, else might the prison or the stake have rewarded their comment on the royal interview.

And their young mistress, how was her night passed? Long after the garrulity of her women was silenced by their slumbers, the poor girl walked the room, wringing her hands in agony. Must she indeed stand before the altar and plight her troth to that hideous-looking man—twice her own age, and with a face distorted by malignant and cruel passions?

"Methinks," she exclaimed, "I could have borne it did he love me, but too well I feel that his own loathing for the match is not less than mine. He *hates* me."

Then came the thought, perhaps he will send me home; and visions of the beautiful Rhine, with its white sails and castled steepes rose before her. Again she heard her mother's tone and felt her sister's embrace; but the dream was past—the future was before her, filled with gloom, and morning dawned ere sleep weighed down her eyelids heavy with weeping, and the sun was high in Heaven ere the faithful Katrine allowed her to be awakened.

Bitter as were the reflections of the Princess, their poignancy would have been increased, had she heard the reproach of Henry VIII. to his Ministers.

"Said you not she was fair, my Lords,—and call you this *Flanders Mare* the wife for a King?"

The wary Cromwell reproached the Admiral for having brought over his freight after seeing it, but the Earl of Southampton, who held that office, declared *his* sole duty was to obey orders. This he had done. He had gone to Calais, met the Princess, and transported her to his native soil. Could he then be blamed?

Then it was luckily suggested that some of the Germans had spoken of a previous contract with Francis of Lorraine, and the pretext was eagerly caught at. When, however, the Dutch Ambassadors were summoned, they declared that the agreement had been entered into by the parents, only on condition that when the children grew up they should choose to fulfil it; that the young Lorraine having declared his preference for his cousin Amelie, the contract had been formally annulled and registered as such.

Moreover, it was plain that to send back the lady would be to embroil Protestant Germany; as all true Catholics were at present opposed to the English King, it would be well to retain a few friends.

"Is there no remedy then, but that I must put my head into the yoke?" passionately exclaimed the King—and he resigned himself to his fate.

Magnificent was the pageantry which celebrated the first state interview between the royal pair, for in this case, as in many others, in proportion as there was less of real feeling, there was a greater attempt at its display. Sixty-five of the first ladies in the kingdom were in attendance, and no wonder that the tall ungraceful Anne, chilled alike by the climate and the royal hesitation, and attired in the curious fashion of her country, appeared to disadvantage among England's fairest daughters. The public gracious behaviour of the monarch, and the sweet smile of his bride, charmed the populace. Few guessed the anguish that must have filled the heart of a young woman of twenty-five—a beloved child and sister; to find herself in a strange land—all her forebodings of evil fully realized—her hopes of happiness crushed—her affections thrown back on herself; and, added to all this, the fear of the scaffold or the flames. Such is life. The crowd gazo and admire the grandeur—perchance envy it—forgetting that the human heart is nearly the same in the castle and the cottage, in the palace and by the peasant's hearth, and that unless love is answered by love, it is lonely everywhere.

And now the Privy Council are again assembled, and again every effort is made to discover a loop-hole sufficiently large to allow of the King's escape, but in vain; the die is cast, and orders are issued for the celebration of the nuptials on Twelfth Day.

Few and sad were the preparations of the bride. Nights of sorrow and days of anguish were hers, and nothing supported her through the struggle but that child-like confidence in Divine guidance, which had been the constant lesson taught by her revered father.

The morning arrived, and Henry sent a very unceremonious summons to his *fiancée* to join

him; but the spirit of her mother flashed from her eyes, and she declared she would not go—she would not at this early hour of the day be hurried to the altar, nor would she submit to marry the man she detested. Katrine at length soothed her, recalled her to her high principles of action, and she went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice.

Never had Henry seen a bride so splendidly attired. Her dress of rich cloth of gold, studded with bouquets formed of gold, though made in the Flemish style, so much disliked by the English, was not unbecoming to the new Queen. Her long hair floated unbound upon her shoulders, and upon her head a circlet of gold and gems relieved its glossy blackness. The contest through which she had passed gave more spirit to her expression than she was wont to exhibit, and her brow was softened by the long lashes upturned beneath it. Her lord and master had not spared in his personal decorations, and the old chronicler breaks forth into rapturous exultation at the appearance of that royal pair, "so full of grace and goodness." Mass and Vespers were attended and finished, and the lady retired to her own apartments. Then, laying aside her splendor, she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "happy art thou, Katrine. Thou may'st choose thine own mate—may'st live happy in the love of all, and die lamented; but I, alas! alas! why did I leave my home? Why did I come to this cold land, and its colder-hearted people? Would I had laid my head beneath the clouds of the valley, ere I left my bright river, my dear old castle, my loving friends. God grant death may come soon to release me from this bondage."

"Nay, my dear Mistress," said the poor Katrine, scarcely less affected herself; "methinks it is something to be Queen of England."

"Name it not," interrupted Anne. "Name it not. Queen, indeed! Slave! rather. Girl, I would rather be the mistress of the humblest cot in the valley of Juliers, with one heart to love me, one breast to sympathise with me, one voice to soothe, one hand to caress me, than wear the diadem of this fairisle, a despised and hated wife. Oh! how I loathe the man, Nay, speak not Katrine," she continued, "were I his beloved, then might gratitude teach me a return,—at least the effort should be made to repay something for his idolatry; but to be contemned because my face is less fair, my form less noble than that of others,—it is hard to bear. Truly saith the Holy Book, 'the bitterness of the heart is known only to itself.'"

The conversation was long continued, but morning brought better thoughts, and Queen Anne awoke with the resolution that her duty

was to attempt the faithful fulfilment of the vows she had made at the altar, and that never should her husband have occasion to blame her for any disregard of the solemn obligations assumed. Strengthening her good determination by fervent prayer she rose from her knees, and passed forth to the routine of daily ceremonies with a placid brow and a somewhat composed heart.

With such feelings, Anne of Cleves might have taught the haughty monarch, first to respect, and then to love her, but for her unfortunate ignorance of any tongue but her own. The High Dutch being Henry's detestation, he strove not to comprehend it, and the meek and quiet spirit of his consort was unknown to him most interested in the knowledge.

The winter wore drearily away, and May with its cowslips and violets had revived all sick hearts. Even our wretched heroine felt a little soothed by the fragrant air, but depression soon returned, at the dismissal of all her Flemish ladies, whose places were supplied by natives of the realm. This was trifling compared with the sorrows which followed. Richmond was proposed as her residence, for change of scene, but her journey thither was unaccompanied by the King. Rumours too reached her that the Parliament,—ever a ready tool in that reign—was about to propose to Henry VIII. certain doubts it entertained as to the validity of his last marriage. Nor were there wanting those who reported to the injured wife the marks of attachment openly shewn by her husband to Catherine Howard, and the amusement enjoyed at court from the mimicry of her broken English, and German manners. Insulted thus she dared not hope for anything, but looked forward to some dreadful death, and redoubled the assiduous culture of her heart, that the summons might not find her unprepared. She could not doubt that when so many of the great and good of the land were sacrificed, some pretext would be found to cut her off. A thousand times she thought of attempting to escape, but who should aid her? Katrine was gone, and she half suspected the English attendants to be spies upon her procedure. Should she write to her brother? This would only kindle war, and the good Queen shrink from making the union designed as a bond of peace, the means of embroiling two Protestant nations.

Calm, unshaken, trusting in God, she waited quietly at the pleasant valley of Richmond, the development of her fate. Nor did she wait long. On Wednesday the sixth of July, 1540, Henry VIII. declared unto the Lords temporal and spiritual, who were appointed a Committee for

the nation, two cogent reasons for desiring to be released from his fetters. "First, That Anne of Cleves had been precontracted to the Prince of Lorraine," a point by the by which had been discussed and proved a nullity the first week of her residence in England; Secondly, "Because the king having espoused her against his will, had never given an inward consent to his marriage, which he had never completed." Eight days after the announcement of the business, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the union dissolved,—the third nuptial knot he had loosed for his master in less than seven years.

The Commissioners duly appointed to make known to the Queen her sentence, proceeded to Windsor. They had audience and attempted to open their business, but the crisis had arrived. Anne doubted not that sentence of death was to be disclosed. Nay, worse, that her honour was to be impeached. She had borne all in silence, but this fear was too much for her, and she sunk fainting on the floor.

At length recovered, it was with feelings of the most joyful kind that she learned the king's "gracious intention" to adopt her as a sister, granting her precedence of every body in the land, save only his future consort, and his daughters,—estates to the value of £3000 a year, all on condition of her relinquishing the title of Queen.

"Willingly will I renounce that title," exclaimed she. "It was reluctantly assumed; it hath brought me only sorrow, and I resign gladly everything of royalty, to enjoy again the peace of my girlhood."

We are informed in the records of the time that the monarch was somewhat mortified to see himself so readily relinquished. He dreaded a little, however, the wrath of the German princes, and begged most earnestly that the discarded lady would write to Duke William, explaining how honorably she had been treated.

From the epistles thus written it appears that the poor Queen was regarded something in the light of a hostage, and we have been taught from childhood to believe these letters proofs of the want of proper spirit in their author. The careful researches however of that patient investigator and accurate historian, Agnes Strickland,* give a different view of her character, and what has been counted meanness is found to be that love which "beareth all things,"—that spirit which

reigned in her father's breast, and gave him the proud title of "Pacificator."

The last tie was broken; the wedding ring, with its old English motto, "God send me weel to kepe," was returned, and Anne of Cleves was no longer the sovereign's wife. Once more, however, was she doomed to pass through a scene from which every woman might shrink. Ere she left Richmond, Henry VIII. paid her a visit. He was received with true dignity, nor could his vanity flatter itself that the union he so much disliked, had been more agreeable to his yoke-fellow. So much did this raise Anne in his estimation that had not his heart,—it really seems a degradation of the word to use it in connection with him—been preoccupied with the Howard, he might have become a humble suitor for the affection he had thrown away.

The Princess departed for her new residence. The rich sward of Denham Hall, Essex, was printed by her foot, and the tenantry were made glad by the bounty of the Lady of the Swan.* Penshurst too was honored by her presence and if more gifted spirits have celebrated its shades, none more noble in goodness, even among the Sidneys, have ever dwelt there. Sixteen months sped when the fall of her rival occurred. And sinking on her knees, Anne blessed God for her happier fate. Embroidery, reading, the study of English, and daily acts of beneficence to the poor, filled up the rest of her monotonous life. The occasional visits of her step-daughters were sources of great pleasure. The sincere upright Mary was a woman after her own heart, and together they wept over their severe afflictions. At the Coronation procession of the first queen regnant of England, Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves occupied the same carriage, and the most affectionate congratulations flowed from the ex-queen's pen, on the marriage of Mary and Philip of Spain.

Beloved and respected by all, the almoner of God's bounty to the poor and distressed, the last years of Anne's life passed peacefully away. Afflictions she had, for her mother was removed by death and her beloved Sybilla experienced a series of domestic sorrows almost incredible. Who has not heard of the Electress' gallant defence of Wittemberg, surrendered only when courage yielded to love in her breast—given up to save a husband's life. Anne knew too that sickness of soul caused when the affections, denied their natural channel, are forced back on the fountain—but in all she was supported—cheered by an unwavering trust in God, and when on the 16th of July, 1557, she laid calmly

* See "Queens of England," Second Series, Vol. I.—Miss Strickland his wiped off the reproach, which rested upon more than one of our female Sovereigns. It was fit this should be done by a woman during the reign of the noblest of all our Queens.

* Three white swans were the cognizance of the House of Cleves.

down this corruptible to put on incorruption; those who stood weeping around her bed, felt that she had gone to dwell in a clime more congenial to her pure spirit; and as the funeral chant rolled through Westminster Abbey, they rejoiced in the assurance, that, unjustly deprived of an earthly diadem, she had made sure her title to the "Crown of Glory that fadeth not away."

Montreal, Sept. 16, 1846.

FIRESIDE SKETCHES.

THE CAT ON THE HEARTH-RUG.

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (nor do the "first circles" despise the preference of a kettle to an urn, as the third or fourth may do,) and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which every body likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to man, &c. But as to the good old maxim, that "comparisons are odious," our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likenable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikeable from its inferiority to something else—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing and choose another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat moved with us. Cats do not look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of every body, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation over night, &c. And our readers may remember the history of the funous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable went and stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us! We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner.

It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and simple a word) that is apt to be on the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the "smile without a smile," as the poet beautifully calls it.

Furthermore, (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling us fast as possible, before the meat comes,) we own to have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant movable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat into the head of a country squire of the old class, that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances, of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate; and sages have made slips. Dr. Franklin cut off his son with a shilling, for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to his dinner as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse;—granted; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and the poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, slays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheep-fold, and kills more than he eats; but does not the squire or the

marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame? See the effect of habit and education! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for half-an-hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how anxious to kill the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till the time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not, is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers, as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonentity of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for these vindications of her dinner; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-legs. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of?—Of her saucer of milk at breakfast? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat! or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse flesh? or of her friend the cat next door, the

most impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive?

She is a sprightly cat hardly past her youth; so happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother—trying how far the latter would put up with the most positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a nock, or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sat looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length however, the "little Pickle" presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathise with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and

buy oysters for his cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affection for such a master. But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. He assured that he thought nothing of "condescending" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No: in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail,—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly, he went out, and bought meat for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt-court! But, doubtless, he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon!! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the "aggravated" cooks, overpettings of children, (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?) and last, not least, horrible merciless trappings of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides; and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was smashed; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before; and dures all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present suf-

ficiency of a cat's imagination! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides, and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

BIRTH-DAY LINES.

BY CHARLES GREATREN.

My natal day! and I have seen just five and twenty years
Of mingled grief and happiness, of sunshine and of tears;
Life's sweet spring time is past, and from a heart no
longer gay,

The warm, the wild romance of youth, is fading fast
away.

And in a breast, which whispers more of sorrow than of
bitter,

Some bitter, bitter thoughts, at times, will struggle into
birth;

And O! when down my changing cheek, the tear-drops
slowly steal,

That such pensive little travellers, could tell but half I
feel!

And in this weary pilgrimage, what moments I have
seen,

Yet better, calmer, happier far, if they had never been;
Remembrance gleams a joy from them; but ah! the
gloom, the pain,

To know such moments have gone by, and cannot come
again.

And of those whom I have loved, alas! the warmest and
the best,

Some peacefully are sleeping in the grave earth's quiet
breast,

And some are scattered far, and some, whose bosoms
have grown cold,

No longer feel as they have felt, in happy times of old.

Light was his pang, who wept to think that he had lost
a day,

To mine, who thus have wantonly, let thousands glide
away,

Hope is no more, and to look back, brings only melan-
choly,

For all appears but one dark blank of selfishness and
folly.

And yet, compared to what is past; what can the future
bring?—

Sad, fleeting five-and-twenty years, so soon have taken
wing!

If my heart at five-and-twenty weeps its purest bliss
fed,

It soon will have no joy to lose, and not a tear to shed.

TO A MIRROR.

Since still my passion-pleading strains
Have fail'd her heart to move,
Show, mirror, to that lovely maid,
The charms that made us love.

Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye,
So, like Narcissus, she shall gaze,
And self-enamour'd die.

THE DEAD GUEST.*

A TRADITION OF GERMANY—FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY HORACE HAMILTON.

CHAPTER II.

RECIPROCAL EXPLANATIONS.

TITUS Waldrich concluded his narrative. It was evident that the attentive hearers were this time less surprised than before. They left their places as at the end of the first part of the story, to mingle with one another, with greater vivacity. Nevertheless, the second part of the tale did not seem to be told without impression, for it furnished the topic of conversation the whole evening; and some were even prepared to speak on the possibility of such apparitions. Among the boldest of the scoffers at the tale, was old Bantes; but his wit and mockery affected few. They knew him as a kind of free thinker, and they also knew that the old parson had plainly hit him when in his sermon, he had alluded to Naturalists, Deists, Atheists, and Socinians. How powerful and universal an influence Waldrich's tale had exercised, soon became evident, as on the following day it was re-narrated through the whole city; and many rich additions were naturally made to it as it circulated. At another time, this story would scarcely have been sufficient to fill up the evening of a merry winter company; but now, when the hundredth yearly return of the Dead Guest was the only topic of conversation, it more than sufficed. The news-gatherers busied themselves entirely with relating their incredulous indifference as to what might be the conjectures about the Dead Guest. Waldrich saw too late, the excitement his story had created. He was, however, compelled to leave Herbesheim a few weeks on regimental business. He would at present, though otherwise perfectly willing, have gladly declined this, not only on account of the disagreeable winter weather, but particularly on account of Frederika. Danger for the first time threatened his love, for into love his friendship for Frederika had ripened. He doubted not indeed of the truth of her heart, still less of her determination in no way to yield to the merchant-like plan of her father; but a thousand possibilities of danger tormented his mind. These had been vexations, but not insupportable to him, till the time came for his separation from his affianced, who, in the

ardor of her passion idolized him with her whole soul; but the command was there, and soldierly obedience was imperative.

"Frederika," said he, the evening before his departure, as he sat alone with her in the half-darkened room; "Frederika! never, never, have I gone from Herbesheim and you, with so sad a heart. It is only for a few weeks, yet it seems as though it was forever. It seems as a sombre misfortune that announces itself by forebodings. Death, even, is preferable to this state of suspense."

His words alarmed Frederika, who seized his hand, and said:

"Does it trouble you to think that the Herr Von Hahn arrives during your absence; or is it my firmness that you fear? Fear nothing for me, I pray you. Care not for me, only take care of yourself—of your health, in this inclement, unhealthy season of the year."

"If I avow to you, that my courage fails at the thoughts of our separation, I shall tremble if you do not feel the same—though there may be no cause for fear."

They continued to talk of their anxieties and apprehensions; and though openly they dared not do this, yet now they took their farewell with tears, embraces, and kisses, each with the dreadful sensation that they now parted, perhaps to meet no more. A maid here came in with a light, and Waldrich hastened away from the house to hide his tears, and breathe his sighs at liberty. Frederika went to her room, and in order that she might be undisturbed the whole evening, she pretended a head-ache, and reclined on the bed. Herr Bantes had forced Waldrich to drink a good warm punch with him before he left; but although the punch did not drive the thoughts of his departure away, yet, in the presence of Herr Bantes, he did violence to his feelings to appear merry.

Next morning, Madame Bantes went to Frederika in bed, and said:

"How have you slept—are you better?"

She saw that Frederika was pale, and that her eyes were red with crying.

"Child," said she, "I remarked that you were

unwell last evening. Wherefore hide this affliction from your mother? Am I not still your mother? Do I love you less than formerly; or do you love me less since Waldrich is your lover? Why do you blush? Is it for anything wrong? I do not see anything very sinful in the fact of your loving him. But that your heart, which formerly was as open to me as to God, is no longer so, is worthy of reprehension."

Frederika raised herself, extended her arms, and having drawn her mother closely to her, said:

"Yes! I love him—and you know it—yes, I will write to him. I was wrong, indeed, to be silent with so good a mamma, but still I wished to conceal my unhappiness from you, that you might not be so early affected by my affliction; but any way, that must come very soon. I had far rather die unmarried than be forced into this hateful union. So, I think, and am silent."

"Child, I have not come to reprove you; I indulge your distrust with a mother's heart, that has never yet denied thee; I will forget it, and pass it by; but that which has befallen you and Waldrich's reciprocal inclination, I had long since apprehended. Neither of you knew better. Yet be quiet—hope! pray! If God wills, who disposes? It is your lot, and probably what your father has designed for you. I would disclose the whole to your father, if you both were here together."

"For God's sake! not yet! Oh, no—not yet!"

"Yes! Frederika, it would have been better to have done so earlier. I am his wife, and I must divulge it to him; I must do it; I dare not have an important secret from my husband. Never keep a secret from your future husband. The first secret a husband or wife has in an otherwise happy marriage, causes the destruction of that happiness, brings mistrust and variance. We can always deal right or wrong—and or is the best for all. It prevents the appearance of many evils, and even makes the faulty less guilty."

"But what can I do?" said Frederika.

"You! what can you do! Do you not know? Turn in silent prayer to your God; communion with Him who in Heaven will sanctify you, will give you peace. You must think correctly, and act prudently, and then you cannot do wrong, for while acting and speaking rightly, no evil can befall you."

Thus Madame Bantes spoke to her daughter, and left her, to sit down to breakfast with her husband.

"What ails the maiden?" said he.

"She is afraid that you will press upon her, Herr Von Hahn; but she will not have him."

"She has not seen him."

"She had rather not see him. Her heart has already decided. She and Waldrich have a mutual affection. You cannot but have observed it."

"Stop!" cried Herr Bantes, setting down his coffee cup; and recollecting himself, he raised it, and said: "What more?"

"Why this, that you must go cautiously to work; that you must not be precipitate with the betrothal, if you do not wish to bring on misfortune without necessity. It is possible that by and by, she may find Herr Von Hahn more agreeable, if she thinks that he will not be forced on her. It is possible that the commander may be transferred to another garrison. Separation and time will diminish the ardor of first passion—then—"

"Exactly; those are entirely my sentiments. I will write to the General—he shall be removed to another garrison. Frederika shall not become a Captain's wife. I will write by the next mail, or may Satan smite me!"

From this time, Herr Bantes had it all in his own way, and it certainly gave rise to very unimpaired speeches. He, after his custom, stormed a little, and spoke his will decidedly enough; yet he understood that he must proceed cautiously, since as the velocity of a current depends on a dam, so does the strength of a passion on the checks it receives. Waldrich must in a proper way leave Herbesheim—the affection of Frederika must be unopposed—by these means they could secure her quiet, and unobserved could gain their end.

"By all that remains undone!" said Herr Bantes, fretfully; "this is a stupid trick." He said, however, when explaining himself to Frederika: "You are a prudent girl, and therefore you ought not to trifle like another gosling. But as I have said, I have nothing against you—indeed for my own part, I love you. Only you must not think of marriage. It is not proper that you should, you are too young. Learn to know all men—each has his peculiar kindness. Think then of what would suit you. Be not in a hurry. Learn to know Herr Von Hahn. If he does not suit you, send him away. And since I do not force your inclinations, you must not force mine."

In this manner, the internal peace of the family was re-established by the wise conduct of Madame Bantes; and a threatening storm was changed into an ordinary cloudy, rainy day. The old serenity returned to the family in the same way it had left; and every thing went on in its accustomed way. Frederika composed herself perfectly, thanking Heaven that this expedient had succeeded so well, and looking forward to the

future with full confidence for the best. Herr Bantes rejoiced that Frederika had regained her cheerfulness; and in the meantime wrote the letter to the General. Madam Bantes surrounded her husband and daughter with equal affection. She hoped little—feared little—committing the decision of all to Heaven. She loved Waldrich as an adopted son; and Herr Von Hahn was indelible to her, on account of the friendship felt for him by her spouse. She wished her daughter happiness, not caring nor minding through whom it came.

CHAPTER III.

THE SURPRISE.

"Ah! poor Waldrich!" said Frederika, one Sunday, as she was coming from church with her mother; and afterwards resuming the conversation with her, sitting by a window in a warm room, and looking down the streets, running with rain; "Is he on his way? It has been till now the pleasantest weather to travel in; and now that he is away, the worst must set in."

"A soldier is obliged to bear all," rejoined Madam Bantes; "and as you wish to become the wife of a soldier, you must now accustom yourself to the thought that your husband belongs more to the King than to you, more to honor than love, more to the camp than the house, and that where one death awaits other men, the soldier is exposed to a hundred."

"But see out, mamma, how the storm rages in the air! How dark the heavens! And see amidst the rain, the large hail-stones."

Madam Bantes laughed, to see how her daughter persisted in her love, without regarding her arguments. At length, she said:

"Frederika! do you not know, to-day is the first Sunday in Advent, on which the Dead Guest commences his reign? The dissolute Prince always announces himself with storms."

"I will wager, mamma," cried she, "that the good people of Herbesheim are terribly frightened. They have perhaps in the middle of the day bolted their house doors, that the tall figure may not come in."

At this moment, Herr Bantes came into the room hurriedly, with a loud, and somewhat singular laugh, because he did not know whether he should absolutely laugh or not.

"Ragers! Rovers! and Ranters!" said Herr Bantes; "Go to the kitchen, mamma, and put your servants in order—they will throw the roast meat into the soup—the soup into the greens, and the greens into the cream and milk!"

"What is the matter now?" said Madam Bantes, wondering.

"Do you not know? The whole city say the Dead Guest has arrived. Two workmen of the manufactory came to me breathless, and springing ludicrously into my counting-house, related what they had already heard in a dozen places. I do not wish to hear one word of the mad stuff; go to the kitchen door, the women are making a noise there. I put my head in, to see what was the matter. The stupid fools cried out at the sight of my black wig, and ran sideways, thinking that I was the Dead Guest!"

"Are you all mad?" cried I.

"Ah! God!" screamed Catherine; "I will not deny, Herr Bantes, that I have been dreadfully frightened. My knees tremble! I have no need of being ashamed to own that I engaged myself to chimney-sweeper Max. But now that it has so happened, I wish I had never seen Max in my life!"

"Thus cried Catherine, and as she tried to wipe away the tears of anguish, she let fall from her hand the pan, with the freshly opened eggs. Susanne sat down near the fire-place, and hiding her face in her apron, cried. The innocent old Senne with her fifty years, appeared so thoroughly disturbed by it, that she cut herself severely with the kitchen knife, which she was trying to wipe."

"Did I not say so, mamma?" cried Frederika; while she freely gave way to her long repressed laughter.

"Mamma!" called Herr Bantes, "this is the first deviltry of the Dead Guest, in Herbesheim, to starve us on the blessed Sunday."

Frederika ran off to the kitchen, laughing, and saying:

"He is not engaged on Sunday, as we are."

"These," said Herr Bantes, "are the fine fruits of superstition and *mob-wisdom*. All is now *mob-wisdom* from the highest to the lowest—from jockey to minister. To me, it seems disgraceful that all, from school-boy to priest, from midwife to professor, from secret counsellor to the rabble, should profess *mob-wisdom*. Enlightenment of the mind, they say, brings insubordination, irreligion, and revolution. They wish to thrust back into the greatest ignorance, the mass of the people. Those asses, the fashionable versifiers, presume between their whimsicalities and their sanctity—and the knaves of book-makers strut round with their tales of a tub, and wish to make Heathens and Turks, good Catholics—to make the Pope lord over kings, and to place the states in the back ground. A precious set of rascals! They will not give a red penny for the diffusion of knowledge; but they will give millions for soldiers and luxury. Thus they tie the mouths of sensible people, if not their necks; but

lie who excels in nonsense, slavery, and butchery, they cover with orders, titles, and lace. All that we have now above and below, is superstition. The first Advent Sunday in winter weather comes—see there! The fools crawl into the corners, cross and bless themselves, imagining that the Dead Guest makes the Sunday rain, and such nonsense."

Mrs. Bantes laughed softly, as she said:

"Papa, be not so angry—be not so wicked—the thing is not worth your while."

"Not worth my while! You, even, have a touch of the belief. But, mamma, do not uphold your superstition to me—none of that nonsense! When I die, I will leave a legacy of ten thousand florins, merely for the salary of a teacher in a school where sound reason may be taught. He who can believe such stories of spectres, devils, apparitions of the dead, and Dead Guests, would suffer the whole world to become a bedlam, and every land a slave dungeon, where one half of the people are bound in sootage-service, and the other half, are armed with muskets and cannon to enforce that service."

"But, papa! where *are* you wandering to?"

"Curse all superstition! but I well knew that it would be so. Now, that is the true Englishman—the more stupid the people, the easier they deceive us. There will not be anything better till another *John* (!) Bonaparte comes with an iron rod to keep school for the fools."

While Herr Bantes continued thundering on in full earnest, walking hastily through the room, and from time to time stopping still in the middle of his course, his book-keeper came in softly, saying:

"It is all correct, Herr Bantes."

"What is correct?"

"He has actually arrived, and lodges at the Black Cross."

"Who lodges at the Black Cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"Folly! must you, an intelligent man, believe all that is told you by old women?"

"But my eyes are not old women. I went out of curiosity to the Black Cross. The clerk of the Count, so to speak, was my companion. We took a glass of gold water, merely for a pretence, so to speak, to see him. There he sat—"

"Who?"

"I knew him on the spot. The host also, seemed to know him. Then when we were going out of the door, the clerk turned his face sideways, glanced back, and elevated his eye-brows, as if he wished, so to speak, to intimate that he, who was sitting there, brought no good!"

"Higmarole!"

"The tax collector, who knew him from the

door, left immediately to go after the police lieutenant. He told us so, as we were returning from the Black Cross."

"The tax gatherer is a superstitious fool. He ought to be ashamed—on my soul he had."

"All's well; but I beg leave to say, if this is not the Dead Guest it is his twin brother. An unearthly pale countenance—dressed entirely in black from head to foot—four or five ells in stature—a three-fold gold chain on his breast for his watch. On all his fingers he has shining diamond rings. A splendid equipage!"

Herr Bantes gazed long at the book-keeper, with a fixed look, in which unbelief and astonishment alternated—then finally laughing loud and outrageously, he said:

"Then the devil exercises his sports, as if he had really come on the first Sunday in Advent."

"And just as church was out," said the book-keeper; "and just as the people ran into the streets, wind and rain, so to speak, commenced blowing and pouring most dreadfully."

"How does the stranger call himself?"

"I do not know," answered the book-keeper; "but I have no doubt, he will assume a name in the end. Sometimes a Count of Grave-diggers,* sometimes a Count of the Olden Cross. He has put up at the Black Cross Inn—the name seems to please him."

Herr Bantes was silent for a long time, musing seriously; finally, passing his hands quickly over his face, he said:

"It is nothing but chance—strange freak of chance. Think not of the Dead Guest, and the like. Fudge! but it is a special accident, a mad story. Precisely in the time of Advent—in the most dreadful weather—tall,—black—unearthly complexion—the finger rings—the equipage! I would not believe a word of it, Book-keeper, if you were not a sensible man. But excuse me; you heard the story of the Dead Guest—you saw a stranger—he had on black clothes,—and instantly an impious imagination made a ghost story, and supplied what was wanting thereto."

There the matter rested. Herr Bantes would not allow himself to give it another thought.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APPEARANCE.

THE Dead Guest was the subject of conversation at the table, during the repast. They flattered themselves that they would soon learn more of the stranger, so as to give a correct description of him at the winter evening party

* *Graber*, the name of the first Dead Guest, as our readers will recollect, signifies Grave-diggers; and "Alte Kreuz" means "Olden Cross."—Translator's Note.

of the day. To the Burgomaster they wished to give the information, if not through the official mouth of the city Captain, at least through the Lady Burgomaster, who, without the aid of any secret police, uninterruptedly kept a genuine night and day Chronicle of Herbesheim. The women always brought her the history of passing events after Divine Worship on Sunday afternoon. To the party, Herr Bantes promised to come as soon as dark, as he had some business to transact with the people of his manufactory; for he was in the habit of having his workmen come to him on Sunday afternoon. He thought, as he was despatching the last workman, that he should soon be on his way to the party, when suddenly the piercing cry of a woman was heard. Herr Bantes and the workmen were violently frightened. All again was profoundly still.

"See what has happened there, Paul!" said Herr Bantes to the workman. He went, and in a few minutes returned with an entirely changed countenance. Speaking in a tremulous and scarcely audible voice, he said to Herr Bantes:

"Some one wishes to see you."

"Show him in here, then!" said Herr Bantes angrily.

Paul opened the door, and a stranger walked slowly in. He was a tall thin man in a black dress. His appearance indeed was highly pleasing; he had fine features, but his complexion was extremely pale; and through the folds of his black neck-kerchief his skin showed still more livid and death-like. His clean fine linen which showed under his waistcoat, was white as driven snow—the glistening rings,—the *hauteur* visible in his appearance—betokened a man of high standing. Herr Bantes stared at the unknown. He saw the Dead Guest before his eyes; but he turned as well as he could, and bowing with a frightened civility to the new-comer, said to the workman:

"Paul, remain here—I have something more to tell you."

"It gives me great pleasure, Herr Bantes, to make your acquaintance," said the stranger softly and slowly; "I should have made my visit in the morning, had I not required repose after the fatigue of my journey, and had I not feared to trouble you and your family with my untimely arrival."

"I feel myself much honored," said Herr Bantes, with some embarrassment; "but"—Here an involuntary horror seized him. He could scarcely trust his eyes. However he gave the stranger a chair, wishing him at the same time a hundred miles off. The stranger bowed slowly as he took the proffered seat, and said:

"You do not know me; but no doubt you can guess who I am."

It seemed to Herr Bantes as though his hair bristled up straight on end under his wig. He courteously shook his head, but anxiously and with a constrained civility, said:

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"I am Iahn, the son of your old friend," said the Dead Guest in a louder tone, and he smiled on the old man—a smile that chilled his heart's blood.

"Have you no letters from my old friend?" inquired Herr Bantes.

The stranger unfolded a magnificent letter case, and handed him a letter therefrom. It contained a few lines of the ordinary compliments, and the request that Herr Bantes would facilitate the bearer in every thing to overcome the heart of his destined bride. The signature resembled the handwriting of the old Banker; yet it appeared to him somewhat different. Herr Bantes read it over and over again in order to gain time for deliberation. Conflict and contradiction ruled his mind. He wished as an enlightened man to master the involuntary terror that he felt on thinking that before him sat the renowned Dead Guest; but much as he wished it, he could not convince himself that the son of his friend could so perfectly resemble in face and figure the celebrated Guest of the well known legend. Here were no thoughts of imagination, nor of hazard. He rose quickly, and begging the stranger's pardon, he said he must look for his spectacles, his eyes being somewhat dim; and then withdrew in his embarrassment only for the purpose of regaining his presence of mind. As Herr Bantes went into the neighboring room, Paul seized the lock of another door. The Dead Guest turned slowly towards Paul—but with a spring he was out of the room; and he did not come back till he heard Herr Bantes coming from the next room. Herr Bantes in the short time he had been absent had formed a desperate resolution. Uncertain as yet as to the character of the guest before him, he did not wish to place Frederika in danger. He approached him, not entirely without palpitation, and said with a shrug of regret:

"Listen, my most worthy Herr Von Iahn; I entertain for your person all the esteem possible. However the most fatal events for you have happened, which I could not foresee. You have done us much honor in paying us so early a visit. Since I wrote to my friend, your father, an intrigue between my daughter and the commander of this garrison, betrothal,—and its accompaniments,—have taken place. This I first perceived a few days since. The Captain is my foster son, and was once my ward. What could

do? Sooner or later I must give my consent. I had resolved to acquaint your father with the disappointment, and request that you would give yourself no more trouble about it. I am very sorry for it! What will my old friend think of me?"

Herr Bantes could say no more, for terror had deprived him of his speech. The Guest sitting opposite to him, contrary to all expectation, had not heard all unmoved and coldly; but his countenance, before still and sad, cleared up visibly at the words "love intrigue," and "betrothal," as if it was fitting for him to act well towards a maiden who had bestowed her heart and faith upon another. But it did not escape Herr Bantes that the pale countenance, as if it had betrayed itself, quickly assumed a discontented expression.

"Trouble not yourself on that account," said Herr Von Mahn—"nor my father, for my sake."

Herr Bantes thought to himself "I understand you already." But he determined to play a false game in order to remove this dreadful seducer from his poor Fredericka.

"I would sincerely wish," said he, "not to leave you in the tavern, and would request you to make my house your home; but for the story of the commander—you see how it is? A second bridegroom in the absence of the other—this you also understand well! The people in so small a city would have, as you know, a great deal to say. But had my daughter——"

"I pray you make no apologies," said the Banker's son. "I am not badly off at the tavern. I see how it is. If you will only permit me to wait on Miss Bantes and pay my devoirs!"

"But you——"

"I could never excuse myself, if I had been in Herbesheim, and had not seen the bride that was designed for me."

"But you are——"

"I envy the gentleman commander. All that was told me of the rare beauty and loveliness of the young lady——"

"You are too kind."

"It would be the greatest honor that could be conferred upon me, to be received into your excellent family, and to be called the son of a man, of whom my father never speaks without tender emotion."

"Your most obedient humble servant."

"Dare I request at least, to be introduced to the young lady?"

"It grieves me much, indeed, that she is this evening with my wife at a large party; and there is a rule that no one shall under any pretext whatever, presume to introduce a stranger. But——"

"It imports little for this evening; indeed I

always feel myself fatigued in a large company where one is always more or less constrained. I would rather see her in her own household."

Herr Bantes silently bowed.

"That is still better; and you will permit me to see the young lady once alone, that I may impart to her—that I may say, what——"

Herr Bantes was frightened—he thought to himself "There we have it! now he pursues his end in a straight line." He hawked and hemmed. The stranger was silent, expecting Herr Bantes would speak; but, seeing that he did not, he continued:

"I hope by my communication with the young lady to secure her favor, and to gain her esteem, while I correct any false impressions she may have received concerning me, though but a poor equivalent for what she was once to be to me."

Herr Bantes endeavored by many *ifs* and *buts* to prevent or decline the threatened visit, with its accompanying dreadful consequences. He spoke anxiously, but with an embarrassed and increasing politeness. The Dead Guest appeared not to, or not to wish to, understand him; and still continued his importunate demand. The situation of Herr Bantes was painful in the extreme, as in fancy he already saw his child encircled by the profligate artifices of the majestic apparition; and with a twisted neck!

During this conversation, which had continued for some time, night rapidly approached. As the Dead Guest would not absolutely withdraw, Herr Bantes suddenly arose and expressed his regret that he must leave him, as unavoidable business called him away. In this manner he forced the departure of the Guest, who, after again asking permission to call, abruptly took his leave.

Herr Bantes hastened to the winter assembly at the Burgomaster's; but he was unusually quiet and meditative. They spoke of nothing, nor nobody, but the Dead Guest. They wished to know if he carried a heavy chest of gold with him, and if he knew all the brides of Herbesheim already—if he was a very pleasant man,—and if they could perceive a smell of corruption about him; but the greatest gossips did not very willingly agree with what Herr Bantes said concerning the figure which before him had assumed the appearance of the rich Banker.

As soon as Herr Bantes arrived at home with his wife and daughter, he related to them the visit of the Dead Guest, and how he flattered himself that he had despatched him for once, and for all. At the commencement both were astonished, or rather frightened. But they both laughed, when they heard the name of the bridegroom from the city. They laughed outright

when he related the formal betrothal of Frederika and the Commander.

"Oh! papa, dear papa!" cried Frederika, as she fell on his neck, "I ask nothing but that you will keep that promise."

"The devil!" said the old man—"but I must keep my word."

"But then, papa, if the Dead Guest were truly Herr Von Hahn."

"Do you think I have no eyes? He can have no fancy for disguising himself under the form of the Dead Guest, whose history he has probably never heard of."

The story was somewhat incomprehensible to the women, but they rather seemed to think that papa with his lively fancy had added something, or that chance gave rise to the funny joke, for they did not doubt of the individuality of the newly arrived Herr Von Hahn. The obstinacy of the mother and daughter who would not be convinced to the contrary, vexed Herr Bantes more.

"So it must be even so," said Herr Bantes fretfully and in a disheartened tone. "He has you already half in his clutches, for he has astonished you. I certainly am not superstitious, but this time, I am like an old wonder-seeking woman—but what has happened to me, *has happened*. It is not an infernal ghost-story that would craze me. Reason does not understand it; but there are many things which reason does not understand; and I would shut you both in the cellar—yes, would shut you in,—only that I know neither of you had any thing to do with the devilish trick."

"Excellent papa!" cried Frederika—"I will willingly do as you have said. The Dead Guest may or may not be Herr Von Hahn; I swear to you I will not love him—that I will not forget Waldrich; but give me the word of a father that you will not separate Waldrich and me, whether the Dead Guest or Herr Von Hahn sue for my hand."

"Certainly! I would sooner give you to the poorest beggar in the street, if he were a living man—than to the Dead Guest,—the devil!"

CHAPTER V.

GOOD AND EVIL DEEDS.

PLEASANT dreams visited the couch of Frederika that night; but her father passed it much more restlessly. The white figure in black, whose pale skin was seen through his dark hair and whiskers, he saw always, and it flitted even before his closed eyes. Frederika, on the contrary, entertained kindly feelings towards the half ghostly figure for having converted her father,

and inclined him to Waldrich. The result of Herr Bantes' nocturnal reflections was that on the following morning as soon as he had taken his breakfast, he went to the Burgomaster, and requested him to attempt, by strenuous police measures, to have the Dead Guest leave the city. He frankly told him what had happened at his house, before he came to the winter assembly; and how his wife and daughter were already half bewitched—inasmuch as they took the Dead Guest for the son of the Banker, notwithstanding that it was improbable that the young man would assume so terrible a character, and one so well known. The Burgomaster shook his head doubtfully; he knew not what to think of the story; but he assured Herr Bantes that if the whole city was disturbed by the disagreeable apparition strict measures should be adopted. As Herr Bantes—after consulting the Lieutenant of Police, and other friends—was returning home a few hours after, he cast a hurried glance at a window on the ground floor of his house. The window belonged to a fine, neat room, formerly Waldrich's. He could not trust his eyes! He saw the thoughtful Dead Guest in passionate conversation with Frederika. The maiden smiled in a friendly manner on him, and seemed not to be unwilling, as he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. At that moment every thing swam confusedly before his eyes; or rather he staggered. His first thought was to rush into the room and break off the conversation, and drive the invincible seducer from his house; but inasmuch as "discretion is the better part of valor," he reflected that it might be followed by evil consequences to him and Frederika. He recalled to mind the duel between Count Altenkreuz and the Vicomte de Vivienne the century before. Pale as death he hurried to the room of his wife, who was frightened at his appearance, although she knew the cause of his trouble was the expected bridegroom—an amiable and discreet young man with whom she and Frederika had conversed a long time.

"I believe you now, mamma—he is, like you, extremely discreet for his age. But go in, and see how well he and Frederika have become acquainted in so short a time. They even kiss each other."

"That is not possible, papa!"

"Here then, give the lie to these eyes! He kissed her, and she is lost! Why were they left alone? You should not have left them alone!"

"Dear papa, he begged permission to explain himself alone to Frederika. Let then, your imagination be quiet! How is it possible, that you, even you, an enlightened man, mocking every one, can allow yourself to be so infatuated by

your thoughts, and of a sudden become the most superstitious of all men?"

"How is it? Superstition! No; I am not superstitious—I am cautious, circumspect, and the like, on account of the diabolical superstitions. Be that as it may, one must be cheated in one way or another. The girl is dear to me—therefore I command you once for all, to break off all acquaintance with the so-called Herr Von Hahn."

"But what will his father say?"

"The old man will say nothing—how could he? But in God's name, let him say what he pleases! I command you to send away the seducer!"

Madame Bantes was embarrassed. She came up to him fondly, and confidently laid her hand on his shoulder, saying in a soft, entreating tone:

"Dear husband, consider to what you are urged on by a frenzied fear! On account of a pale complexion, and a black dress, you must believe that an innocent stranger is a ghost. But if you persist in commanding me to contribute to your injustice, I will obey! Yet consider! Frederika and I have already invited him to stay and take dinner with us."

"That is enough to make one drop down with apoplexy!" cried Herr Bantes. "Invited to dinner! He must have a vapor charm in his breath, that he bewitched you, as the African serpent does the little bird which must sooner or later approach open destruction. Away with him! away! away!"

At that moment, with a very lively air, in came Frederika.

"Where is Herr Von Hahn?" said her mother ill-humoredly.

"He has gone to the tavern for a moment, but he will return soon. He is certainly a good, noble man—"

"There we have it now!" cried Herr Bantes. "In a quarter of an hour's conversation, she has got so far as to say, 'he is a good, noble man.' Who? Can you say that you love Waldrich? Oh! that he were here! I will have nothing to do with Herr Von Hahn. Let us decline his acquaintance. Let us tell him a lie—an honest shift—that I was suddenly taken sick; we regret it very much, but cannot have the pleasure of seeing him here, and the like."

Frederika was frightened at his vehemence.

"Hear me a little, papa! You must know all he told me,—an excellent man,—and you, he —"

"Stop there!" said Herr Bantes; "I will hear nothing more. I have already heard too much—here child, let me have my way. Call it superstition, or what you will, but hear me out."

The Dead Guest may resemble Herr Von Hahn, or Herr Von Hahn the Dead Guest; for this I leave not; but I must and will not have anything to do with him. If you will make your dear, good, excellent man; immediately leave Herbesheim forever. I will give you my word of honor I will consider Waldrich the son of my old friend. I spoke to you at the time I wrote to the Banker, to make him, as in honor bound, retract. You shall be his as soon as the Blackamoor is away. There, take my hand—now can you induce him to pack off immediately?"

"Well!" cried Frederika, beaming with joy and love, "he will go at once. Allow me to see him a moment alone."

"There you have it, again! No! Away with him! Write him a few lines, telling him not to come to dinner—to be off!"

It was of no use to contradict him, and the premium he offered was too valuable to be lost. She therefore wrote to the young Banker, that on account of her father's illness, she must withdraw her invitation to dinner, requesting him, moreover, if he had the least esteem or friendship for her, to leave the city immediately, for on his absence depended the happiness and peace of her family—promising to send by the next post, a letter, explaining the reasons of her extraordinary, but highly urgent request.

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A servant carried Frederika's letter to the Inn, and enquired for the Banker Von Hahn. He went on this occasion very unwillingly, though desirous of seeing the much-talked of Dead Guest at a distance. But when he opened the door of the Banker's room, as he had been instructed to do, he quickly drew back, as he saw the tall white man in black, approach, and heard him say in a hollow voice:

"What do you want?"

The figure now seemed taller, whiter, and shaker than he had before thought him to be.

"Hold! for pity's sake!" cried the affrighted man, on whose countenance was visibly depicted the anguish of fear, of death. "I have nothing to do with you; but I wish to see the Banker Herr Von Hahn."

"I am he."

"Yourself?" said the poor man trembling, because he had not the strength to stand firm—

"For God's sake! let me return!"

"I do not detain you; but who sent you?"

"Miss Bantes."

"For what?"

"This letter will—" With these words, which

he did not finish,—because the Banker approached him—he threw the letter at his feet, and ran away full tilt.

The Banker said half aloud to himself: “Are all the people here such fools?” He read Frederick’s letter, wrinkled his forehead, nodded his head, and went whistling up and down the room. When he became quiet again, he heard a knock at the door, and the host came in timidly, his cap respectfully in his hand, and making numerous bows.

“You come in the nick of time, Sir Host. Is the dinner ready?” inquired the gentleman in black.

“Our dinner, without doubt, would be too bad for your Excellency.”

“Not in the least; I know it is well cooked. I do not certainly eat enough to be reproached for it!”

“One eats better at the Golden Angel.”

“I wish nothing from that Angel; I stick by the Cross! You are the most polite host I have ever seen. Let the table be laid soon!”

The host of the Cross twisted his cap about in his hand, and appeared embarrassed, as if he had still something to say that lay on his heart. The man in black did not at first remark it, but walked to and fro, absorbed in thought. But as often as he approached the host, the latter would draw back several paces.

“Do you wish anything more, mine host?” said the Banker at last.

“Ye—ye—yes! Your Excellency will not take it bad, I trust?”

“Not in the least. Courage! Out with the speech!” said the Dead Guest, as he stretched out his arm, to tap him in a friendly manner on the shoulder; but he misunderstood the movement, and supposed the worst. He could well imagine that the Dead Guest would make an attempt on his neck, as one or two centuries ago he had on several maidens. Therefore when the Dead Guest was looking in a contrary direction, he stooped down, made a spring, and with a single bound was out of the room. The Dead Guest could not refrain from laughter, though this behaviour occurring before him, could not but be vexatious. He had observed the strange timidity of all the inmates of the house—it had first particularly struck him that morning. “So they take me,” said he to himself, “for a second Dr. Faust!”

There was once more a knock at the door; it opened slowly, and half a body, with a martial head, and a Roman nose, pushed itself in, saying:

“Am I right? Are you the Herr Von Hahn?”
“Certainly.”

A large, remarkably powerful man, in the police livery, now came from the door into the room.

“The Burgomaster begs the favor of your Excellency’s company a few moments.”

“Begs the favor!—That sounds something like policy? Where does he live?”

“At the end of the street, my lord, in the corner house with the balcony. I will have the honor of accompanying your Excellency.”

“No! that would be of no use, my good friend, I love neither military nor police escorts.”

“The Burgomaster has ordered it so.”

“Good! and you must obey. Yet not so—you have been a soldier?”

“In the Third Hussar Regiment.”

“At what battle did you get that fine scar on your forehead?”

“In an action, with some comrades, for a pretty girl.”

“If your wife be not that handsome maid, that scar cannot please her!”

“I have no wife.”

“Well, very well! but you have a sweet-heart. To the merits of one, who can show so fine a mark of honor for the fair sex, all cannot remain insensible. Is it not so—and would not your chosen be somewhat refractory, if she knew all?”

The moustache wrinkled his forehead. The questioner for diversion, seemed to read on the countenance of the hero a confirmation of his conjectures; and he continued:

“You must not lose courage now. Your scars bring her plainly a proof of your love—a proof of what you would do for a single glance of her dark eyes—yes! even for a lock of her fine brown hair.”

The policeman colored up, as he raised his eyes, and said:

“Does your Excellency already know the maiden?”

“Why not? She is certainly the prettiest girl in the whole city,” answered Herr Von Hahn, laughing heartily, pleased at having seen through the policeman’s intrigue so quickly.

To the policeman it did not seem so amusing—particularly the half-roguish smile of the pale Dead Guest, which to him appeared somewhat hideous—half-wicked, half-devilish.

“Your Excellency knows her already? How is that possible? You were in this city for the first time yesterday! I have never left the door of the milliner’s house without an eye; and I would not leave it but in the charge of some friend. You did not enter the house visibly?”

“Good friend, it is easy to find a pretty girl; and houses have back doors.”

The moustache stood silent with a stupefied

countenance, for he recollected that there might be back doors in the question. Herr Von Hahn grew more annoying as the embarrassment of the policeman increased, and he endeavoured to make him jealous.

"But now she plays the prude in spite of your foudness! Who would think it, with that scar?"

"It is you, my lord, and not the scar! even that is good for nothing now! it is yourself!"

"What me? Do not fancy that of me. Pugh! you are not getting jealous, I hope! Let us form a league—you understand me well——"

"I understand you but too well. But it would be of no use. God preserve me!"

"Introduce me to your young milliner, and I will soon reconcile her to your scar!"

The policeman started, and a cold shudder passed over him. Then with a cold official countenance, he again asked Herr Von Hahn to accompany him to the Burgomaster's.

"I shall go; but I beg leave to decline the honor of your company through the city."

"I am commanded to accompany you."

"And I command the contrary. Go and report this to the Burgomaster. It makes not the least difference to you, provided no more smiles are courted from the maiden?"

"Sir, for God's sake!" said the honest moustache—"I obey. But, my lord, for God's sake! let her innocent heart alone!"

"I flatter myself that you place confidence enough in me to believe that I would not destroy your maiden through pure malice?"

"If you will give me your word of honor, my lord, that you will spare my poor maiden, I will do whatever you command me, even if it be to eat my own throat!"

"Be quiet! I give you my word of honor, I will allow the pretty child to live. But tell me what this means? Your fear springs up like an artifice. Who in this wide world would not allow so pretty a maiden to live?"

"You have, my lord, given your word of honor; I am satisfied. What good could it do you to twist my kind Catharine's neck? I am going, and I leave you to follow alone. Even the devil must keep his word!"

With these words the poor man left the room. He heard the Dead Guest laughing behind him. The laugh grated on his ear—it seemed the scornful laugh of a fiend. He ran to the Burgomaster, and to his astonishment related the whole transaction.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXAMINATION.

HERR VON HAHN took his hat and cane, and walked forth. He still laughed in his sleeve at

the anguish of the policeman, thinking of having excited his jealousy. He soon observed that he was in a small city where a stranger is gazed at as a prodigy, and that in returning greetings he should destroy a dozen hats a year. Wherever he went, with deep bows they politely gave him the way. Already those he saw in the distance, politely took off their hats and caps. No king could have been received with greater deference. To the right and to the left of the street through which he passed, he saw at the closed windows a multitude of anxious faces looking at him through the glass. But the worst was yet to come—never the indicated house with the balcony. Not far from the house he found himself at a place where a fountain poured out its waters through seven pipes into seven stone basins. By this fountain stood a number of girls with tubs and buckets, talking earnestly. Some were cleaning fish—others were washing salad—others placing empty buckets under the pipes—others taking filled ones on their heads. Herr Von Hahn, wishing to be certain of the Burgomaster's house, stepped aside to enquire of one of the active maidens, who at first, in the liveliness of their conversation, had not observed him. But when he opened his mouth all turned their eyes on him—and, holy heaven! what a cry of murder!—what confusion! All the girls ran away together. One left the fishes swimming in the water—another threw her newly cleaned salad on the ground—a third dropped the pails from her head, which as they fell drenched her finely. Pale and breathless all ran away but one old woman, who could not trust to her shoes and stockings. She drew herself up with a jerk against the shaft of the fountain, and wishing to drive him away, she crossed herself over and over again with her withered hand, stretched her lips wide open, and stared at him with eyes full of desperation—while her hair bristled up on her head—just as when we see a dog barking at a cat, she draws her back up in a curved line—her hair ruffles up, her mouth opens,—while she follows with piercing glances every movement of the dog.

Herr Von Hahn, vexed with the foolish people, turned and went directly to the house with the balcony. He was at the right place. The Burgomaster, a small active man, politely received him on the stairs and showed him into the room.

"You have ordered me to call on you," said Herr Von Hahn. "I come willingly, for I hope you will be able to clear up the mystery which surrounds me. I have been in your city since yesterday only; but I have already experienced more adventures than in all of my former travels."

"I believe it!" replied the Burgomaster smiling; "I have heard of them. You are Herr Von Hahn, the son of the Banker of the capital? You are connected with the house of Bantes in this city? You came because Miss Bantes——"

"Perfectly right! Must I prove my identity to you, Herr Burgomaster?"

With these words, Herr Von Hahn drew a paper from his letter case. The Burgomaster did not refuse it, but took it, glanced hurriedly over it, and returned it with ample and satisfactory apologies.

"I have now, Herr Burgomaster, attested to you everything whereon any can ask information about me. Now on the other hand I request some information from you, concerning the strange actions of the people of your city. Herbesheim lies not so far separated from the world but that a stranger of leisure may visit it—how is it that they——?"

"I know what you wish to say, Herr Von Hahn. You shall know all if you will answer a few questions?"

"I am at your command."

"For a while, attribute my strange questions to the eccentricity which you have observed in Herbesheim—afterwards you will see their object. Do you generally dress yourself in black?"

"I am in mourning for one of my aunts."

"Were you ever before in Herbesheim?"

"Never."

"Have you had any acquaintance with persons of this city? or have you by chance read or heard anything of the early history of this city; that is the stories, tales, and rumours of the people?"

"I know personally no one in the city; and previous to my arrival I knew only that the house of Bantes was here, and that Miss Bantes was the loveliest of women; a statement which I now corroborate with pleasure."

"You have probably never heard or read of the Dead Guest of Herbesheim?"

"I repent that the history of Herbesheim, especially in old times,—I must say it to my disgrace, Herr Burgomaster,—is to me as unknown as the kingdoms of Siam and Peru."

"Well, Herr Von Hahn, your adventures with us, which I rather guess than know, arise from old tales."

"But how came I and your old stories together? Such a thing never before happened to me; so, if you please, speak on."

The Burgomaster smiled and continued:

"You have been taken for the Dead Guest—the ghost of our people's tales of a tub; but while this discloses to me the imagination of the people of Herbesheim, even I cannot—you will

not, I trust, construe my frankness badly—I cannot conceal my astonishment, when I see that you have a perfect resemblance to the hero of the Dead Guest Story of Herbesheim. Nor can I explain the coincidence, unless by supposing that you, having nothing else to do, and being acquainted with the history of the Dead Guest, have done this for a joke—but I will relate the history to you as I have done to many others."

Herr Von Hahn, urged on by his curiosity, gave a speedy consent, and the Burgomaster said:

"Well! this is the first time that I have ever officially repented a tale of a tub!"

And laughing, he commenced the narrative of the Dead Guest:

"I can now explain everything," said Herr Von Hahn, when the story was concluded. "The beautiful women of Herbesheim are afraid of their necks"

"Joking aside, Herr Von Hahn, this is a gloomy affair. I do not believe in the many strange freaks chance or accident plays us, but this strange humored god of destiny has done too much this time, for us not to have some slight suspicion against you."

"Why, Herr Burgomaster, you have not still the disposition to take me for the man of your fable who visits Herbesheim only once every century to slay the poor little doves?"

"Not so; but you may accidentally have heard something of the ghost story, and taken advantage of your figure to delight yourself with the terrors of our credulous beauties. Why, for example, did you choose the first Sunday in Advent for your arrival, and even the moment of the most dreadful storm, and rain, if you had not known the fable?"

"You are right, Herr Burgomaster, the coincidence is indeed astonishing! It surprises me much. Nevertheless, I dare protest to you that I am so ignorant of the Calendar, that I had just now, for the first time, the pleasure of learning that I came on the first Advent Sunday." But I can assert on oath that I had nothing at all to do with the storm and rain. On the contrary I would willingly have dispensed with them, as they always disagree with me——"

"But, Herr Von Hahn, explain to me the grasp which you so roguishly made at the neck of your hotel keeper? Did you know nothing of the ghost and his grasp?"

Herr Von Hahn laughed out:

"Aha! it was on that account the poor devil stooped down under me to get away. The host ought to have known the innocent movement of my hand—I merely wished to tap his shoulder. From suspicion——"

"One more question, Herr Von Hahn. Do you know the young girl, Wiesel?"

"Many weasels I know, Herr Burgomaster, but no young girl of that fine name."

"They will persist that you were with her, and that you entered by the back door."

"By the back door! Oh! now I understand. By the back door, I perceive that you mean the goddess of your policeman. Now for the first time the talk and requests of these men become evident."

"Once more, Herr Von Hahn, you will observe that I am well informed of your movements; and that the secret police of Herbesheim yield in nothing to the best of Paris, and of the times of those master spies, Fouché and Savery. I can explain to myself very naturally the reason of all that has hitherto happened, without suspecting you of the desire of tormenting our godly people through the intentional performance of the Dead Guest. I must yet ask you another question. If you actually cannot or wish not to play this part, tell me then—and this question is asked more on another's account than my own—how it is possible that you could become so suddenly and so familiarly acquainted with Miss Bantes,—whom you did not know before this morning,—that in a few minutes—within a quarter of an hour, that you — that the young lady — I know not how to express —"

"Oh! have you already heard that?" said Herr Von Hahn, quite surprised, and over his pale lifeless countenance a slight blush spread itself, a thing which did not escape the piercing eye of the Burgomaster.

"I once more beg your pardon for my curiosity!" rejoined the Burgomaster; "but you know police officers and doctors have the privilege of asking indiscreet questions; and it is well known by you that the Dead Guest is renowned for promptly bewitching women—an art which I willingly grant you without taking you for a ghost."

Herr Von Hahn remained silent for a time, and then said:

"Herr Burgomaster, I fear more from you than your laudable neighbors need to dread from my black coat. The walls must be able to blab to you, for I was only a few minutes with Miss Bantes this morning; and you have ridiculed it by the words 'became familiarly acquainted.' But permit me to be silent on that point. Whether the said walls have reported the purport of the conversation—whether you know it or not—it becomes me not to remove the curtain which veils the subject; and it shall never be done unless by Miss Bantes herself."

The Burgomaster by a gentle inclination of the

head signified that he would not press the matter, and immediately changed the conversation.

"Do you remain long with us, Herr Von Hahn?"

"I shall set out on my journey in the morning. My business here is at an end, and indeed it is far from pleasant to be obliged to play the hobgoblin. Chance has never injured any person so much as myself, since I must either choose to be a hundred year old Dead Guest, or become wholly the town talk."

This declaration of his intention to depart so suddenly, came agreeably to the ears of the Burgomaster. He spoke not another word concerning it, but continued to talk on other subjects with the accused, who at last took his leave. The Burgomaster thought the affair very strange, since the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances which combined to substitute Herr Von Hahn for the Dead Guest was too much for the ordinary course of things; and on the other hand, there appeared to be no reason to doubt the stranger's declaration. The Burgomaster was considering this over and over again, when he saw him through the window in the street. He was the same person who had been in the room on the visit. He stepped up to the window, influenced by a curiosity to see with what eyes the people in the street would gaze on the Dead Guest. But to his great surprise the stranger had not yet left the house. He did not remain long. A quarter of an hour passed and yet no one came. He pulled the bell. The servant came and was questioned by the Burgomaster. He swore that he had been standing an hour on the balcony before the house door, and that he had seen no gentleman in a black dress. The servant was dismissed.

"It really seems to me somewhat ghost-like!" hummed the Burgomaster, laughing, as he stepped back from the window.

Shortly after the servant came in uncalled for, and reported that the chambermaid sat crying in the kitchen, half dead with fear; she affirmed that the Dead Guest was with the daughter of the Burgomaster, who acted as if well acquainted with his terrible and well known figure; that the stranger had given the young lady a magnificent pair of bracelets, and spoken with her in a low tone. The chambermaid had certainly seen all but heard nothing, she having been sent out of the room immediately by the young lady.

The Burgomaster laughed at first; but all inclination to laughter soon passed away when he thought of the bracelets—of the two talking together—and of the chambermaid being sent away. He called in a vexatious manner to the servants to hurry.

"Bracelets! chatting with my Minchen! Where did he know her? Jesu Maria! How could the girl so suddenly become intimate with the man? He certainly personifies the Dead Guest to perfection."

Thus he spoke to himself. Soon he was at the door. He opened it, wishing to surprise his daughter and the stranger; but he was quickly ashamed of his budding superstition, and he employed himself to curb his impatience. In this way a quarter of an hour was passed; and finally, as the time seemed too long for him, he went to his daughter. She had not long left the room, and she sat alone by the window, contemplating the costly bracelets.

"What have you there, Minchen?" said he in an ambiguous tone.

Minchen answered quite unconcernedly—

"A present from Herr Von Hahn to Frederika Bantes. He departs early in the morning, and he has his reasons for not going to Herr Bantes. He is to me incomprehensible. A bridegroom, and already going away! But I must take the bracelets to her."

"When did you become acquainted with him, or he with you?"

"When I was with Frederika and her mother this morning, I made his acquaintance. A shudder passed over me when first I saw him. The genuine Dead Guest! but he is a very good man. When he left you, papa, he came immediately to my room. We were already acquainted, and he immediately entered on his request."

Minchen related the circumstance so clearly, that the Burgomaster saw everything plainly; and that all had happened by chance—though on the following morning he resolved to send a police officer to see if the stranger had gone, according to his promise.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW FEARS.

THE Burgomaster, though a man devoid of prejudice or superstition, passed a somewhat sleepless night. But by the moon or star-light, or rather the total want of light, the inner as well as the outer world has to man a different appearance. One may be religious, and yet be inclined to think of uncommon and strange things, oddities, wonders, and prodigies to which the knowing attribute objects. Reason is the day-sun of the mind—all becomes bright and clear by its lustre; the senses and the imagination are the moon and stars of the mind—by them all becomes half doubtfully bright, and half magically *clara-obscura*.

The Burgomaster viewed the whole story of

the Dead Guest, with which the city was occupied; and he compared the time and hour in which Herr Von Hahn appeared—his figure—his pale countenance—his mode of dress—his extravagant presents—his speedy familiarity with the brides—then his desire to have Minchen engaged, and the story of the young girl Wiesel; all these circumstances together had, indeed, something suspicious about them. The young girl Wiesel had certainly been standing with the police officer in the evening. The Guest in black might have been with her in the shop, to purchase a trifle; however, a few hours before the coming of the policeman at twilight, he appeared, and never before; still he desired at least to know something of the famous back door.

This last circumstance the Burgomaster had learned from the policeman, and it made him very strangely thoughtful.

He could not possibly take the tall man in black for a wag; of this he was earnestly convinced; for his presents had been too costly for one who merely wished to play a joke on the lovely women of Herbesheim. Herr Bantes, at all other times a mortal enemy to superstition, had told so many strange things, and complained so much to the Burgomaster, that he passed an entirely restless night, while he cast about in his head the *pros* and *cons* of the matter.

Before the policeman came to the Cross on the following morning, the people in the street had already told him that the Dead Guest and his servant had suddenly disappeared, no one knew where. He had taken neither carriage nor extra post, nor did he pass through any of the city gates, and yet he could be found nowhere. The relation of the host of the Cross confirmed the report. He conducted the policeman to the room which the pretended Herr Von Hahn had occupied—but every thing was in the best order, as if no one had been in it. The beds were untouched—the chairs in their places—no trunks—no clothes—no books—no waste paper—nothing was left behind—no traces whatever; but on the table lay the full account of the host in hard dollars, which very prudently he would not touch.

"Take the devil's gold, whoever will!" said the host of the Cross; "I certainly know that it brings no blessing. Should I put it in my chest, it would become a stinking dirt. It shall be given to the poor in the City Hospital; I will have nothing to do with it."

He handed over to the policeman the money to give to the Hospital Warden.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was immediately circulated with all the additional circumstances, through Herbes-

heim. Herr Bantes and his wife, scarcely out of bed, had learnt this from the maid servants, and soon after from the book-keeper and treasurer.

"Wonderful!" said Herr Bantes to his wife. "Well, what do you think of it? I flatter myself that he is away. Will you not yet believe that all is right? I told you that he was by no means the son of my old friend Von Hahn. Who would believe so frantic a tale,—such madness,—if one had not been a witness to it with corporeal eyes?"

Madam Bantes objected with modest doubt to the report of the maids and book-keeper. The treasurer was sent to the host of the Cross, and soon returned with a full confirmation. Madam Bantes laughed at the whole history, but no longer argued the matter. Suddenly Herr Bantes raised himself up, with a countenance on which was an expression of deadly fear, and he was so pale that his wife began to tremble for him. For a long time, he would not or could not speak. Finally he cried in a faint, uncertain voice:

"Mother!"

"What then, for God's sake?"

"Do you think that Frederika is still sleeping? We have been long awake in our beds. Have you heard in her bed-room the least sound,—even a footstep, or the moving of a chair?"

"Speak, papa! you do not suspect that the child ———"

"If the one is true, the other might be—it is terrible! Mamma! I have not the courage to go in."

"What! do you think she has ———"

"Well, yes, the head may be turned on the neck."

With these words the old man, tormented by the most painful forebodings, sprang to Frederika's sleeping closet. Madam Bantes, on tiptoe, anxiously followed him. He hid his hand, trembling with anxiety, on the lock—he slowly opened the door—he scarcely ventured to breathe, and as no voice struck him, he did not trust to himself to look to the bed.

"Look here, mamma!" said he in the most painful anxiety.

"She sleeps so softly!" said Madam Bantes.

He directed his eyes to the bed—there lay Frederika unharmed—her delicate face, with the eyes yet closed by her morning slumbers, lay in its accustomed situation.

"But does she live?" enquired Herr Bantes, and he took the rising and falling of her breast for an optical illusion. First, was he rejoiced when he touched her warm hand, but still more, when she, awakened by it, opened her eyes, and

gave a sweet, though astonished laugh. Her mother explained the cause of their visit, and told her of the very mysterious disappearance of Herr Von Hahn, and the new anxiety of her father arising from it, and they were all joyful and happy.

CHAPTER IX.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

STILL they were joyful and happy. They had just sat down to the tea-table, when a carriage rolled swiftly through the street, and suddenly stopped before the house. Frederika listening, sprang up, and cried "Waldrich!" It was him. All rushed to meet him. Father Bantes embraced him in his arms with a more cordial welcome than he had ever before given him. They had a thousand questions to ask and answer, and ask again. Father Bantes finally brought the bustle to an end, and placed the commander near him at the table, in his accustomed place. Then the lively, friendly chattering began anew.

"But think now!" said Herr Bantes, "think now, sweet Captain, we have had that devil of a fellow the Dead Guest, really in Herbesheim—really in this house. What do you say to that?—Yes! what do you say to that? He had already, within scarce twenty-four hours, fished out his three brides. There was the maiden Frederika, Minchen, the daughter of the Burgomaster, and the third was the young girl Wiesel, at the Millinery. We—every one in the city, as well as the children and the like—were—frightened."

The Commander laughed as he said:

"But I have to-day taken dinner with him in the Post House of Ardenberg. You would not then acknowledge him for Herr Von Hahn? I know him to be such and none other."

Herr Bantes smiled wrethly as he said:

"Herr Von Hahn here—Herr Von Hahn there! Let him have been what he would, he was the Dead Guest as he did live, and as he now lives, and my Frederika should never have married him, even if he were the Herr Von Hahn. For may I not live, if I would not as soon have a shower bath as see him my son-in-law. Had he actually been the son of my old friend it is so much the worse for him, for he appeared to us precisely as you had described the Dead Guest!"

"Oh!" said Waldrich, "he is very harmless. On the evening, when I was obliged to relate the history of the dead guest, in the winter assembly, I was forced to describe his appearance; so I described our friend Herr Von Hahn exactly. It happened because at that time he was doubly repugnant to me. When I left Herbesheim

with my company, on the march I was only a few miles from the capital; therefore I deviated from my route to reach it. At the *table d'hôte* of the King of Portugal Inn, I met among many other guests the extraordinary tall figure of Herr Von Hahn, who exceeded by more than a head, all other persons in height, which—together with his long black hair, his pale countenance, and the black dress he wore as mourning for a rich aunt, of whom he was the heir—seemed to form a remarkable man. I learned that he was the son of a Banker. He was very indifferent to me at the time, but I could not forget his form; and still less could I forget it, when I heard,—permit me to say it—that he was suing for Miss Bantes."

"Thunder!" cried Herr Bantes, laughing, rubbing his hands, and striking his forehead. "The fantastical tricks of a rival! Nothing else!" That nothing of this should occur to my mind,—not even to the omniscient Burgomaster, and his police! Should not I, as soon as I saw Herr Von Hahn, have known immediately, that the roguish Commander probably knew him, and carved the Dead Guest out of him? We old folks still remain simple children under all our grey hairs. But, Mr. Commander, you have led me into a fatal error. The young Hahn will be terribly annoyed; he will curse and swear when he thinks of how we treated him,—he will call me another John Caspar!"

"Nothing less than that, papa!" said Waldrich: "nevertheless he is pleased with the upshot of affairs, and the course of fate. He took a friendly leave of you, mamma, and Miss Frederika, with whom he had contracted a real friendship. We confessed to each other all the secrets of our hearts. At first we were sitting alone at the table, taking our soup, and the conversation between us was rather dry. He was haughty and reserved because he knew me imperfectly; and I was the same, though I knew him since I thought he was on his wedding tour to Herbesheim. As we, in politeness bound, exchanged a few words over the table, I learned that he was returning from Herbesheim. A pardonable curiosity burned me to hear more. Naturally I could not now deny that I was well known in Herbesheim, being the Commander of that city.

"Aha!" said he, laughing and reaching me his hand over the table; "my happy rival, to whom I must be grateful for his happiness!" Thus the acquaintance was made, and open heartedness was the order of the day. Only think, papa, he asserted that Miss Frederika explained to him that she and I were engaged already, and requested him not to make her and me unhappy; and that he kissed her hand and said, He was

obliged unconditionally to obey the will of his old father, and travel to Herbesheim, and there sue for the maiden's hand; still all this would have been done only partly in earnest and partly in the hope to arrange all according to his own views. He has then already a secret mistress in the capital, the daughter of a poor professor, who possesses more mental acquirements than earthly goods; and who is therefore the horror of the old Banker, Von Hahn. The old man had in consequence under pain of disinheritance, interdicted all thoughts of the professor's child. The young Von Hahn loved his mistress truly, and had determined to marry her after the death of his father."

"What!" said the astonished Mr. Bantes; "and you, Frederika, have learned every thing from him? Child, you have trifled with me. Why have you not mentioned a word or a syllable of this to me?"

Frederika kissed her father's hand and said:

"Recollect well, father, and reproach not Frederika. Do you not well remember when so joyfully I came to you after my conversation with Herr Von Hahn, when I praised him and would have related every thing to you, how wicked you became. You know you forbade me to speak, and told me as a reward for my mute obedience, to exchange the Herr Von Hahn for Waldrich? Do you not remember?"

"So! I have done, that. A reward serves no purpose in the world, if one does not profit a little thereby!"

"Should I not obey then? Did you not threaten you would shut dear mamma and myself in the cellar, if—"

"All right, you little chatter box! Do not upbraid me for my sins! But you know you chattered with the young Von Hahn without my permission; could you not then tell him why so great a prejudice was raised him? He might have been able to inform us as well as others. At least you should have given him the reason why we treated him so grossly!"

"That I did do. As soon as he learned from me that my heart was engaged, he was rejoiced, and told me that his affections were also pre-engaged. A better cause for separation could not be found. You know that mamma and myself had invited him to dinner; but—"

"Silence! little sauce-box! let me proceed. Was this not also a cause for dissension among us? But what must he think of us, honest Herbesheimers! Will he not think that one and all of us became fools on Advent Sunday?"

"He did actually think there was some appearance of it," rejoined Waldrich. "The behaviour of the people of Herbesheim must have

amused him, for he related to me the strange scenes of universal terror. But after the Burgomaster related to him the history of the Dead Guest, and told him that they did him the undeserved honour of taking him for a knight of the Court of the Winter King lately deceased two hundred years ago, all appeared to him to be extremely foolish, and he amused himself finely with the anxiety and terror which his appearance had innocently caused.

"To whom do you attribute the results of your own wicked story, Herr Commander, which is forgotten by you only? Who knew, before the first winter evening assembly, how the Dead Guest appeared? On the following day even the children in the street had repeated the tale."

"Well, I was honest enough to avow my fault to Herr Von Hahn as soon as I could speak after enjoying a quarter of an hour's hearty laugh. That his figure should have passed before my eyes while relating the story is pardonable. I appeal to Heaven, that at the time I had no thoughts of such consequences following my innocent story!"

"Herr Von Hahn laughed very heartily indeed.

"He told me moreover that to annoy the enlightened people of Herbesheim, and to strengthen them in their pious belief, he played all sorts of tricks. To torment a loving policeman he had visited his bride at the millinery; to render the host of the Cross more fearful and astonished he had feigned to wish to retire early on account of having to travel in the morning; but in the dusk of the evening he had with his servant removed his travelling trunk out of the door, and by moonlight had walked to the nearest village, then taken a carriage to the next post station, where he slept. Enough—two mortals never so truly enjoyed the unextinguishable laughter of Homer's Gods in Olympus, at Vulcan's anxiety, as we two did our laugh at the anxiety of the people of Herbesheim, in their search for the Dead Guest. We two reconciled rivals sealed the bond of friendship over a bottle of Champagne. It was late when we separated—though at first we thought we should be satisfied with the soup."

Father Bantes appeared to be warring with himself whether to be pleased or to be angry with Waldrich's further narration. Indignation and good humor struggled for the mastery on his countenance. Frederika caressed him tenderly, for she well knew what was passing in his mind, and she kissed away the wrinkles on his brow as fast as they appeared.

"Child," said Herr Bantes, "stop now. What a train of folly, simplicity and superstition

shows itself here. And even I, old philosopher as I am, have put on the cap and bells. Willingly I would be ashamed of myself, but I find it laughable to be ashamed of poor weak human nature. No one can be so strong and secure of his footing, but that he must take care to look ahead that he may not fall. Mamma, let a bowl of punch be made that we may enjoy ourselves with our Captain. You may well do it, for you, mamma, have gained a complete victory of rejoicing, and you are happy; and it is well known that you, Frederika, would not cause anxiety to Waldrich, for you have gained a complete victory for your love."

The mother gave her hand to the Commander with a true motherly laugh, and said:

"I have you rightly understood the last words of papa?"

"No," said the Commander, blushing and embarrassed; "but I might become almost ambitious enough to understand them."

"Mamma! order a bowl of punch to be made, and let prattling subside. We must now with punch wash away from our memory the cursed story.

The strongest and most courageous man, though he has often heard a dozen balls whistle by his ears, has once had his moment of fear; the circumnavigator of the world, who never loses himself in the strangest lands and seas, can once miss the way in taking a walk; the most devout, the purest bride of heaven in a cloister, has once a moment of failing, like the other daughters of Eve; the most prudent man in the world has once his day of error—why should Herr Bantes be wiser than they?"

"But, dear Papa," said Frederika, blushing, "you speak of every body else,—why not of one other person?"

"Apropos! Captain," continued Herr Bantes, "do you know that I have sold you? And to punish you for bringing me the Dead Guest, I have sold you to Frederika. Do not think it wrong, that I without ceremony disposed of you in your absence. As your old guardian, I thought to take the liberty of acting in that manner. There, Frederika, take him. May you be happy!"

Both sprang up and fell on his neck.

"Stop!" cried Herr Bantes; "away with your uniform."

"It shall be laid aside," said the Commander, with tears of joy in his eyes.

"And you must bid farewell to military life," said Herr Bantes, "for Frederika remains with her parents, as I have presented you to her, and not her to you. Consequently—"

"In the morning I shall resign my commission, papa!"

"Children!" said Herr Bantes, as he disengaged himself from the caresses of the young people—"your joy has made me thirsty. Mamma bring in the punch!"

Montreal, August, 1846.

RICE LAKE.

BY ARESKAY.

I stood upon a rising ground—and saw
The Rice Lake lie, expanding to the view
In calm and placid beauty, like a dream
Of joy and innocence.

No sounds arose

To break the stillness reigning there supreme;
It was high noon:—and the meridian sun
Poured down his rays upon the glassy plain,
Studded with little islets fresh and green,
Gemming the face of the bright waters.—

Clear

And cloudless was the sky,—and far away
Did islet after islet rear its form,
Gradually fading into distance, till
Lost in the mists that hovered o'er the hill,
Like that mysterious veil that hangs between
The Present and the Future:—Who can pierce
The secrets of the Yet to come?—We may
Dream on in wild imaginings, but none
Can draw the picture of the unborn days,
That yet are doom'd to follow in their train.
And they will be the Present—and ere long,
Will roll away and mingle with the Past,
And be forgotten in the mists of years,
As things departed. But the Future still,
Will be as visions of an unknown land,
Pale, dim, and indistinct, far, far away
Across the vast, illimitable sea.

Here the red Cedars rear their rugged forms,
Like hoary, time-worn veterans of the land,
Stretching their long bleached arms across the water,
As if appealing 'gainst their destiny,
And at their own gaunt shadows gazing; sad
And bending 'neath the weight of centuries.
And then I saw the stately pines upraise
Their tall, majestic forms against the deep,
Clear, blue and brilliant summer sky,
Like some old warriors, proud e'en in decay,
Lifting their aged heads above the scene,
As if surveying the wild haunts of old,
Of which they were the lords in ages past;
When the red man held free, unquestion'd sway
Over those lonely, peaceful spots, that now
Slumber in all their variegated beauty,
On the unruffled bosom of the Lake.—
Who, that e'er gazes on its waters, spread
Like a broad mirror, glancing in the sun.
Could fancy such a soft and tranquil spot—
O'errun by those dark warriors, in all
The pride and pomp of savage chivalry,
Their forms in the dread war-paint all array'd,
Flitting along (like phantoms o'er the brain,
Of a disturbed and fever-haunted sleeper,
In their light, fairy-looking, bark canoes:
Or creeping onward through the tangled brake,
Like serpents on their dark and gloomy path,

To strike the foe whom lurking there they meet;
Or the shrill war-whoop with its startling sound,
Awaiting all the echoes of the woods.—
I think I see them now in Council sit,
With the light, wreathing smoke arising from
The Calumet:—each plumed and painted "brave"
With his bare head, save where the scalp-lock hangs,
The mark of triumph for his vanquisher—
I see the glittering knife and tomahawk
Protruding from his wampum belt, and o'er
His brawny shoulders, hangs his blanket cloak,
Depending gracefully as white man's robe,
On those of lofty rank in other lands:—
While some tall, stately Chief, in all the grace
Of native dignity, is holding forth
In bold and energetic speech the while,
Rich in its flowery imagery drest,
To his "young men" the subject of debate.
Mark his proud, fearless mien and attitude!
The flashing of his eagle eye,—as in
A stream of rude, impassion'd eloquence,
He carries home conviction to their minds,
Fanning their fiery spirits into flame,
As he details some triumph of the past,
That won another glory for their tribe:—
And urges them to emulate the deeds
Of those old warriors, who long since had gone
To seek the "happy hunting grounds," wherein
The spirits of their fathers ever dwell,
Beyond the setting sun!—

Erect he stands,

One foot advanced, with proud undaunted air.
And noble bearing,—"every inch a Chief!"
With the unerring rifle by his side,
That many a hostile hero has laid low;
And at his belt hang scalps of former foes,
Slain by his powerful arm, while leading on
His tribe against their enemies.

He moves!

And see! his weapons glitter in the sun,
And his fringed moccasins, in gull-work gleams
With all the colours of the rainbow blent,
In mazy richness, wrought by skillful hands,
The mark of many a long and weary day.—

Now they start up!—

With a loud, piercing yell

Around the blood-red war-post whirl they on,
In a wild dance:—to sounds of beating drums
They time their steps, and chant a song of death.
Then each, advancing, deeply strikes the blade
Of his death-dealing weapon in his turn
Deep in its core:—an emblem of the fate
Awaiting those who chance to cross their "trail,"
When out upon the war-path's secret line,—
All is past now!

I see their forms no more;

Gone, vanished all!—

No more these tranquil scenes

Are broken in upon by that wild band,
In madd'ning savage fury, as of old:—
An Indian village meets the eye afar
But those who now inhabit it, are not
What they have been a few brief years ago:—
Ere the "fire water" of the "pale face" came
To work the red man's ruin, and his fall!—
We meet no more the Indian in his pride

As he was wont to tread these spots of yore.
All silent lies, and solitude here reigns
Serene and undisturbed among the Isles,
Gleaming like emeralds in a sapphire sea;
Their forms reflected in her waters clear.

As on a polished disc— a second sky
In all its pure cerulean brilliancy,
Lies their repented, tint by tint; each cloud,
However light and varying its form,
Depicted faithfully: and one might deem
That those inverted images seen through
The pure translucent element, may be
The shadows of that visionary land,
The Indian Paradise when death at last
Hath closed the eye on every earthly scene.

So silent, still, and yet so beautiful!
They lie, as neither step nor voice
Had ever broken on the deep repose
That broods on all around!

Here might we sit,

And dream away the live-long summer day.
In solemn meditation on the shore,
In many a cool retreat communing with
The spirits of the past; and, as it were,
Conversing with them through the gentle sounds,
Of rippling waters, and green waving trees.

And listening to the rustling of the leaves
Speaking in whispers of the times of old,
And glories pass'd away, till evening closed,
In all its dying splendour o'er the view,
Steeping the various objects in a flood
Of gold and crimson rays, the blazonry
Of sunset's gorgeous banner all unfurled—
Till darkness wrapt the whole with its dark robe;
And the pale, silvery moon, (attended by
Her starry legions shining forth, in all
Their full, resplendent lustre, spangling
The deep blue fields of ether) look'd upon
The broad expanse, as if admiringly,
Watching her own bright lovely countenance
Reflected in its wave:—

The glittering Lake

Among the waving woodlands lies outspread,
Calm as a sleeping infant, with the beams
Of the bright sun descending on its breast,
Like a fond parent's smile, when watching o'er
The blooming face of childhood:—

Not a thing

Of human form is seen thereon to move,
Save when, at intervals, scarce visible,
A solitary small canoe may glide,
In the far distance, (like a fleeting thought
Across the heaven of a happy mind,
Too faint and undefined to leave a trace
Of care or sorrow long upon its track.)
And quickly pass away behind some one
Of the sweet quiet Isles, till lost to view;
Like shadowy visions of a dreamy kind
That flit across us in our lonely hours.

Rest! placid Lake, in all thy beauty, rest!
May no rude hands o'er strip thy leafy screens,
And by that bare, which Nature's hand hath clothed
In green, undying robes:—

May the ace,

Long remain silent, nor awake the sounds
That tell of man's "improvements" here, with all
The busy hum and stir of settlements:—

And may the day ne'er dawn, that sees thee change
In any beauteous feature of the past.
But may'st thou sleep in peace, as thou dost now,
Till Time's untiring wing hath waved its last;
And all of earth returns from whence it sprang.

Mine eye hath seldom wandered o'er a scene
Replete with solemn beauty, such as thine!—
And when in other lands, I view a scene
As calm and fair as this, my thoughts will turn
To thee, sweet Lake!—and as thy thousand charms
Will rise upon my memory, like the sweet
Sad thoughts of joys long dead away;—and I
Will speak of all thy loveliness as one
Who worships Nature in whatever form
She may present herself to meet his eye!
Who saw thee in thy summer splendour deck'd
Radiant with verdant colouring, with the sun
Bathing the scene in floods of glowing light—
And feels that few on earth can equal thee!

Itice Lake, near Cobourg, July, 1816.

STANZAS.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

Of all the pure, the precious things, my mother earth
can boast,
To cheer the heart, and glad the eye, I love her flowers
most,
And always hail with joy the time, when winter waves
his wing,
And snow-drops peep up with a smile, to herald happy
spring.

And, O! the bliss to wander then, when leaves are bud-
ding out,
And joyous birds, from tree to tree, leap merrily about,
When daisies deck the meadows, and the primrose is in
bloom,
And violets shed through the wood, an exquisite per-
fume!

Alas! how like youth's early hopes, youth's early dreams
are they,
How like the bright, the fleeting joys, of childhood's
sunny day,
Which blossom for a little while, a few short happy
hours,
Then droop and die off, one by one, and wither like the
flowers!

How wonderful the simplest flower that scents the wood-
land air,
Its workmanship how beautiful, its pencilling how fair!
Best, choicest of bright treasures that adorn the smiling
earth,
Whence borrow ye those rainbow tints, 'how spring ye
into birth!

Sweet flowers! in earliest infancy you used to glad my
sight,
In manhood, still, you are to me, a deep and calm delight;
I love you, and I love to see, to wander where you bloom,
And, when I'm gone, hope some kind hand will strew you
on my tomb!

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

CHAPTER XV.

CATHERINE'S ADIEU.

POOR Catherine was for a long time a prey to the deepest chagrin; she did not leave her chamber, and feigned illness that people might not wonder at the change in her appearance. One morning she rose early and went out to walk; slowly she directed her steps up the hill, for one smile of hope had beamed upon her.

"The Duchess," she said to herself, "is very handsome to be sure, but then she has deceived Abel; I will go and see what he thinks of it now."

She walked up the winding path which led to the cabin, and when she found herself near to Abel a sweet blush diffused itself over her pale features. Abel was sitting upon the stone, building castles for the future, for he could not now doubt of his happiness, and he only thought of how he could render his fairy the very happiest of fairies.

"I will try," said he, "to go with her far away, from both geni and men; we will live in a brilliant palace surrounded with a garden; there ignorant and contented, I will be to her the most devoted slave. I will anticipate her thoughts—will fly to perform her wishes,—a look or a smile will be my greatest joy,—she shall be to me a species of visible divinity whom I can adore without ceasing, and blend my very life with hers. Our thoughts, our vows, shall be the same, and my life shall be all love."

Then Catherine appeared to interrupt his reverie.

"Ah! Catherine, how changed thou art,—what is the matter with thee?" asked he, in a most kind and tender manner.

"Abel," she replied, "art thou happy in loving a fairy?"

"Oh! yes."

"Is it her quality of a fairy, her brilliant power, and all the fairy wonders which have attracted thee?"

"Yes, Catherine; I shall fly with her on the clouds; our thoughts will mingle above the heavens."

"Ah!" said Catherine, a prey to evil doubt. "If thy fairy is not a fairy, if she be only a woman like me, if she should have deceived thee —?"

Abel was silent. His eyes expressed a host of contrary sentiments, and poor Catherine gazed upon him as a criminal who waits his sentence watches the eyes of his jurors as they come in from their deliberations. Her heart beat violently; first joy, then doubt, then hope agitated her, but followed by the deepest sorrow, as Abel said:

"Ah! Catherine, what a thought do you present to me—if it is true, then I shall be indeed the happiest of men, for she will not be above me. I feel in my heart so much love, so much strength; she shall find her happiness from me. Her power made me adore her, but her weakness will make her even more precious. Ah! Catherine, dost thou speak truth?"

"Thou wilt soon learn," answered the young peasant, rising. "In a short time thou must say adieu to thy little Catherine, for in the world to which the Duchess of Somerset, thy pretty fairy, will take thee, I can have no place. I trust my remembrance will not cloud thy happiness. I cannot complain of your choice, for the Duchess merits thy love; she eclipses all the women of the earth. Adieu—Abel, adieu!"

"What thou sayest makes me shudder—what an accent!" cried he, after a moment of deep silence.

"Hush!" said she, putting her finger upon his lips, "I only ask one more favour; it is that thou wilt not leave the cottage without receiving my farewell,—hark! I hear the wheels of a carriage—it is her,—it is the Duchess!" She fled precipitately over the rocks, with an unsteady step, like one deprived of reason.

She had just disappeared from sight when a brilliant carriage appeared before the gate of the little garden, and the Duchess of Somerset descended. Abel caught her in his arms and said,

"Ah! Catherine has told me you are not a fairy; is it so?"

"Yes," answered she; "there are no such beings as fairies,—they are imaginary."

"What are you, then?"

"More than a fairy," replied she.

"And what?" asked Abel, with a lively curiosity.

"I am a woman who loves, who has consecrated her life to your existence,—who sacrifices rank, honour, prejudices, and considers them an incense hardly worthy the altar of love. You do not, you cannot know, the distinctions of life; one day you will better estimate the immense sacrifice I make for you, and you will then be surprised that a woman of the world could make them; but in seeing how much I love you, you will realize I could easily make them. When I tell you I am a Duchess, with a million of revenue, you cannot understand me—you have nothing but a beautiful soul and loving heart, such as nothing else can equal. You see I indulge no coquetry; it would be useless with you, you are a child of nature. I come to you, I take your hand, I put upon your lips the kiss of love, and I say 'Abel! I love thee.' Dost thou wish to walk through life with me? I will smile upon thee always. Thy life shall be a continued enchantment; I will try to be always a fairy to thee."

Abel fell upon his knees before the Duchess. He kissed her small foot, and his tears wet her buskins.

"Arise, Abel!" said she; "it is to my heart you must come," and she seated him by her.

"Will you go with me now? Will you quit to-day this cottage, to go and live with me in my palace?—or rather yours now, for all is yours."

"Ah! yes, beloved fairy. Fairy! yes, that name shall be yours forever. But no, I cannot quit this place so suddenly. Caliban—Catherine, my sister of love, I must not leave without an adieu. And my father told me before I quitted this place forever, to raise the large stone of the chimney, and under it I should find a talisman to guard me from want."

"Well then, Abel, I will leave thee till to-morrow; but my love urges me to take thee from this place, to where I can always see thee, and enjoy thy presence."

"Ah! yes, yes," echoed Abel, at the height of joy. They passed together a delightful morning, and the Duchess quitted Abel, almost intoxicated with happiness.

"Caliban," said he, "I give thee my cottage, and my garden. Be happy. Every year I will come to see thee; I will give thee some one to be near thee, Caliban, and to do for thee what thou hast done for me. Take good care of the cottage. My father lived here, his soul is hovering over it, his tomb is near; this place is sacred, let no one profane it."

Caliban almost groaned, then said: "If thou

wilt be more happy, go. But, Abel, thy father was wise, and he found this place happier than the world; and I have my doubts too, about this fairy woman ———." He did not finish the sentence, but seemed to fear much for Abel's future happiness.

They raised together the stone of the chimney, and found underneath a heavy box, which, to their great surprise, they found on opening, to be full of diamonds of the rarest beauty, which they supposed to have been made by the chemist.

"Ah!" cried Abel, "I shall be as rich as she is. What are those?" added he, as he took out some old parchments which lay underneath the diamonds. He glanced hastily over them, and found that he had a right to another name; he was the Comte D'Osterwalde, of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Gentlemen recently ennobled would have been indignant could they have seen the little emotion this high rank caused in Abel's mind. He knew not its value, and cared not for it. Poor child of nature! true as yet to its highest dictates. Caliban went to the village, to tell Catherine that Abel would leave the cottage on the next day, for the home of the Duchess; he found her in the corner by the fire, playing sadly with her jet collar; her father, whom she amused no longer with her sweet songs, slept. She scarcely replied to Caliban, and when he left her she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. Bontemps arrived and she retired precipitately, for she wished no one to witness her grief.

The next morning she went to the cottage, dressed exactly as she was the first time she saw Abel. As soon as she entered the cottage she burst into tears; but soon, subduing her emotion, she seated herself in the worn-out chair and gazed at Abel without speaking. The young man approached her, and taking her hand, though she gently resisted, said:

"Catherine, I am going to leave this place, but you may be sure I shall often return to see thee, unless thou wilt go with me."

"Go with thee, Abel! I will accompany thee ever with my soul; I shall follow thee everywhere with my thoughts. Perhaps it would be better for me to be silent, but it is beyond my strength; I love thee as thou lovest thy fairy; thy fraternal tenderness is nothing! What do I say? It is every thing,—it is my only consolation. But it is not enough. I am to lose thee forever, but I can never forget thee. Abel! I am unhappy. Reason told me I could not be yours, but I hoped always." Tears checked her utterance.

"Catherine! that will break my heart. What can I do for thee? How I wish to see thee happy! The world says riches make happiness,—here

Catherine! take these." He threw into her lap a handful of diamonds.

"Ah! Abel, is this worthy thee? Nothing can console a heart deprived of its beloved."

With a rapid movement she rose, cast the diamonds upon the ground, and looking at Abel with ineffable tenderness, she said:

"Give me one kiss, one embrace for my adieu. For a caress from thee I would give all the happiness that is enclosed between heaven and earth."

Abel clasped her delicate waist, and kissed her with all the tenderness of a brother. "Ah! if I could die now," murmured she. She was still resting on his bosom, pale and inanimate, when the Duchess entered. Catherine, restored to herself, rose with maidenly dignity, and said to her:

"Never may you know what your happiness costs me, but make *him* happy and I shall be content." She looked at Abel for some minutes, as if to impress his image on her mind, then disappeared.

Abel left alone with the fairy, told her all his father had done for him, and the Duchess was delighted to hear he was really a Count, and worth millions. She should not have to blush for the simple name of Abel; her joy was natural, it removed the only obstacle she had ever thought could arise to mar their happiness.

Could Catherine have felt this happiness? No, she loved too well, too truly. Had she been a Princess, she would have quitted all to follow her lover into exile and misery.

Ah! poor Catherine! She returned to her father's house, and there Jacques Bontemps and Grandvion urged her to consent to the marriage. At last she gave a mournful assent, with a motion of her head; but she looked so sadly that it produced a feeling of inquietude in both their hearts; they looked earnestly at her and asked with their eyes:

"What is the matter with the beloved one?"

Jacques soon left the house, and the sad Catherine wandered about, hardly knowing whither.

Meanwhile, at Paris the adventures of Madame the Duchess of Somerset were in every body's mouth. The marriage decided upon, the betrothed ones did not wait long for the nuptials.

There is in the villages of France a custom of making what they call "*Les Accords*," a fête similar to the marriage festival, when the betrothment is celebrated at the church with the same solemnity as the marriage. And it so chanced that Catherine's day of "*Accords*" came on the same with that of the marriage of the Duchess and Abel at Paris.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BRIDAL OF THE CITY AND THE BETHROTHAL OF THE HAMLET.

At Paris in the magnificent hotel of the Duchess of Somerset, a joyous crowd filled the saloons. Every room in the hotel was lighted with innumerable lustres, which were reflected from the mirror covered walls. The most precious marbles, the richest velvets, priceless porcelains, exquisite statuary, crystals filled with the rarest flowers, and the most delicate perfumes; all that the most ingenious luxury of modern times could collect, of the rare and voluptuous, were around the happy young couple who had just been united in marriage. Every one went to the fête, that they might see the son of the chemist, whose renown had echoed far and wide,—the charming, noble, rich hero, of this singular adventure.

In one of the halls of the hotel, was a sumptuous feast. The walls were covered with paintings, by the most famous masters; a collection worthy of a sovereign; but most of the persons collected in the room were less artists than gastronomers, and they glanced more at the splendid table, where sparkled gold and silver, and many-hued wines. In the principal saloons, among a thousand beauties, Jenny of Somerset, robed in the costume of the Fairy of Pearls, eclipsed the most beautiful, and attracted all eyes; her grace rendered her the admiration of all, and as nature obeys the influence of the sun, so all seemed to move around her, as if they lived only for her. And as for the Comte d'Osternalde, he reigned supreme over the fairy, as she reigned over the rest. All the women too, admired him, and in the midst of the unaccustomed elegancies by which he was surrounded, his natural grace was remarkable; there was such a union of candour and pride; a look so soft, yet so penetrating; his hair floating about his face, in soft jetty curls; his form tall and *distingué*; he seemed the embodiment of some exquisite Grecian statue, in which is collected all the human beauties, which compose a divine whole. He found himself transplanted suddenly, from a savage, ignorant life, to the very height of civilization, to the very midst of all life could offer, as seducing and attractive; but every thought was merged in the one he loved, and enjoying the exquisite happiness of seeing her reign queen of the circle, he felt as if the world envied him his happiness, and all his ideas received an extension of which he was not himself aware. In effect, the intoxication of the scene plunged him into a cloud of feelings, so various, he could not think. His eye wandered to the riches about him, then concentrated on his

fiery, so loving, so tender, she smiled upon him. Never had even fairy tale presented such a vision; he had not enough faculties to enjoy, to feel all,—how then could he think of Catherine?

Catherine! the poor child! Her name recalls us to the village; all know the modest home of Father Grandvoni. At this time, the kitchen is full; Francis is busily employed taking proper care of all the furnaces. The furniture has been removed from the Mayor's chamber, and its place is occupied by a long table, set with neat white delft, a few white porcelain cups, and silver goblets; and fruits not very well arranged.

The Collector is there, dressed in his costume of eurrassier; his uniform, well brushed, is relieved by the *calot* of the cross; he plays with his moustache, and thinks as profoundly as is possible for him, while he looks at Catherine. The poor girl is leaning against the chimney-piece. Juliette has just finished the toilette of the betrothal, by adding to it an emblematic bouquet; Catherine is very pale; she opens her large eyes, without seeing what is before her; her colorless lips are sad, and sighs escape through her closed teeth. She wears the robe which Abel gave to her. She wishes to put on one of her gloves, but she cannot; three times has her hand passed by the opening; she looks sadly at Juliette, who bursts into tears. Catherine cannot weep; one never can, when tears would solace. Her father came to admire her, but as he looked, a deep terror took possession of him; he dared not speak, he only looked at her. Bontemps partook of the fears of his father-in-law; he tried to think what could have happened to his betrothed; he trembled as the fear that Catherine might not wish to be his wife, entered his mind; he had on his lips the common forms of consolation; he even thought of saying to her, he would be only her second father, but perceiving the great uneasiness of the Mayor, he turned to console him. He reassured him, by attributing Catherine's appearance to the natural modesty of a young girl. Then the father drew his loved daughter into a corner, and begged her to be less agitated; that she had had a long enough time to think of this betrothal, and she must control herself. The poor child, threw her arms about her father, pressed him to her heart, and kissed his forehead. He blessed her with a smile.

They then went in silence to the church. All was as a dream to Catherine; she moved mechanically, and gave her hand with a distracted air to the priest; he found it so cold, he looked earnestly at her, and shook his head sadly. This touching ceremony, which it is a pity it ever has been abolished, was marked with many prophetic omens. The betrothed ones returned to the

house, accompanied by violins, and a joyous troop of friends, each having a knot of bridal ribands, for all the village adored Catherine. She, so sad, so pale, contrasted mournfully with the joy that surrounded her; many said it seemed like a funeral feast, and that Catherine was a shadow. One old woman seated under a spreading elm, looked with sinister glances upon the affianced bride, and said in a low voice: "The betrothed will die before the marriage is accomplished." The chamber of Grandvoni received the guests, while Catherine retired with Juliette, into her own modest room; it was so sweetly simple, such an air of freshness and propriety about it, any one would have known at a glance that it was inhabited by a being of purity and gentleness.

"Juliette!" said Catherine, "I love God, but I love Abel almost as much; I cannot live with Jacques; life is nothing without the charm of returned affection. I shall go away, say nothing to me, seek not to alter my determination, it is immovable. I prefer one blow of a poignard to a thousand pricks of a pin. I have only *him* in my heart; thou knowest it is not because he is handsome, for had he been ugly, I should have loved him—but he is happy now. To-morrow you must write to him, and tell him, Catherine is dead! Will he mourn for me, do you think? Oh! he cannot have forgotten me? I was the first he saw, I shall have the consolation of being wept for by him. I will see him once more, and then I will die—but I can think of him alone? I will watch over him from the heavens, and see that he wants nothing to his happiness."

Juliette wept bitterly.

"Thou weepest, my sister, but cease to mourn for me. He told me, there were divine and invisible spirits, that revealed themselves in the dew, in the perfume of flowers, and the morning breeze. I will be this spirit, and always near him. Adieu! Juliette."

"Ah! let me hope thou wilt recover from this, and wilt return to us," said the wife of Antoine.

"Yes," replied Catherine, "hope! for I hope myself,—perhaps all is not yet ended—"

They again tenderly embraced. All had been carefully prepared by Catherine for her departure, so that no trace need remain to tell how or where she had disappeared. Juliette descended, and found the guests around the table. She seated herself with them, they were joyous and happy, talking and eating, but Grandvoni and Bontemps were uneasy; they asked Juliette why Catherine did not come down. "Wait a few moments," she replied. They tried to laugh and talk, but the intrepid eurrassier felt his hand tremble, and the father in pouring out wine for the guests, spilt

more than half on the table; at last he rose and went to Catherine's room to relieve his apprehensions. But she was no where to be found.

A mournful sadness spread itself over the weeping Juliette. She had promised silence, and appeared as astonished as the rest. All was agony and terror; the guests quitted the house. Grandvoni, Bontemps and Juliette remained alone; they dared not communicate their sad thoughts to one another. The old man's eyes were fixed on the door as if he expected Catherine to enter.

We must leave the village with Catherine, and return to Paris, where the marriage festivities, of Abel closed in a gayer manner. Towards morning, when the first tints of Aurora began to tinge the roofs of the brilliant hotels in the neighborhood, the guests, weary of music, coquetry, the dance, and wine, quitted the ball, and left the Duchess and Abel. The windows were open, and Abel went out upon the balcony to breathe the fresh air. "Come in!" said his bride, but he remained out, and she leaned lovingly on his shoulder!

"Do you not see something below there?" said he.

She looked earnestly down, and saw a white form just beneath them. As they watched it, it appeared near enough for them to see it was a woman, but not to distinguish her features; she moved hesitatingly, backward and forward, as if she wished to enter. Sadly she looked up to the balcony where stood the two lovers; they were perfectly revealed to her by the light from the saloon. Abel thought he recognized Catherine; if not her, it greatly resembled her, and had the same dress as she wore at Juliette's bridal; he hesitated whether to address her, but his charming bride drew him away from the balcony, and as he quitted it, a sob of grief came upon his ear, and amid words stifled with sobs, he thought he distinguished prayers for his happiness.

He turned again to the balcony, and saw the figure on her knees, with hands outstretched towards him. But in a moment she disappeared.

* * * * *

The day of his betrothal, Jacques Bontemps passed in searching the village for Catherine; his whole soul was dead within him, and he would gladly have relinquished his new collectorship for any news of her. But no one had seen her. Grandvoni too would have given all his wealth for one of his dear child's looks. She was his joy, his delight. His house was desolate. She, his pretty Catherine, so gentle, so good, was gone!—it might well overcloud his whole life.

* * * * *

The day after his marriage, Abel, at the height of human happiness, was just ready to take a drive in the Champs Elysees. The Duchess wished him to see all Paris and to be initiated at once into all the mysteries of civilization. The carriage and six horses was at the door, and they retired but for one more kiss, when the Duchess' maid entered with a letter for Abel. It was sealed with black, and recalled Catherine to Abel's mind. He trembled as he opened it, and each word he read increased his emotion; and when he had finished it, he wept abundantly. The Duchess pressed him with questions. He would not answer but he placed the letter in her hand.

"MONSIEUR,—I know very well that you will be sad at the news I write you. I should spare you the pain if I were not bound by a promise. Our dear Catherine is no more. She died yesterday, pronouncing your name. She could no longer live without you. A little time before she called me to her, and made me promise to write you, and also to bury with her all you had given her. I send you a ringlet of her hair. I am sure you will keep this sad remembrance, for you are good—you cannot quite forget to love her a little. She loved you too much. It is God who has willed all. We will pray for our poor friend. Adieu, Sir! be happy—it was the last wish of Catherine.

"JULIETTE, wife of Antoine."

The Duchess had too tender a soul not to mourn for the poor unhappy girl who had died of love, and she did not murmur at the tears Abel shed for her; but she wept with him, knowing that is the only reasonable consolation.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BY CHARLES GREATHX.

On—on she came—too well they knew
That specter bark, and ghostly crew;
'Twas she! the dreaded phantom ship!
Fixed was each eye, and mute each lip.

Each hardy seaman held his breath,
The winds, the waves, were still as death,
Still on she came—a moment more,
A shock—a shriek—and all is o'er.

Not thus—nor shock, nor shriek was there,
They gaze—they gasp—she melts in air!
And, as she went, a shudder ran,
Like wind through trees, from man to man.

For when that phantom ship sweeps by,
She tells of storms and dangers nigh,
Of whelming waves, and watery biers,
And widows wails, and orphans tears!

THE LOVE LETTER.

A SECRET OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY J. P.

HERE is a story, related to me by an artist, about one of the most famous of the Belgian paintings. I will give it to the reader as he gave it to me.

"On a cold morning in the month of December, 1839, I was crossing the Place of the Marché-du-Vendredi, so celebrated in the history of the troubles that agitated the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This Belgian town despotic rancour named Gand the Turbulent. I was looking round for the place on which was erected a pillar in memory of the emperor, Charles the Fifth, in 1600, and which the rage of the populace demolished in 1796. But notice, I pray you, how chance sometimes delights to lift our curiosity off its hinges! Notice, how in spite of itself, our mind, which we usually in our pride consider ourselves the sovereign master of, is often carried by a capricious and unknown power, far, very far, from the end it promised to reach! There, where I sought a souvenir of history, I found—What?—A love-letter!—I was prepared to plunge into the depths of science, or perhaps some philosophical meditation, and behold, willing, or unwilling, I was going to travel on the chart of Affection!—Vanity of vanities! It was, moreover, a love-letter exactly like all love-letters present, past and future. It was written on fine satin paper, perfumed, and in that fiery style which the interested parties naïvely call, 'the lava of a burning volcano,' but which an impartial third person always is ready to take for the sordid flame drawn from the match as it strikes the phosphoric steel. Exclamation points were abundant, and the 'angel of my life,' 'soul of my soul,' and 'hearts which beat in unison,' played the most conspicuous part in it. But, the best of all, there was a postscript! Eh! what would a love-letter be without a postscript? I ask all creatures endowed with any dose of sensibility! A rose-bush without roses! a year without spring! a cottage without a dairy! a shepherd without a crook! an i without a dot! less than nothing! This postscript was full of significance. It was thus concluded—'If you love me as I love you, you will fly with me from the tyranny of barbarous parents! At nightfall I shall be in the chapel of Rubens.

My heart tells me I shall not await you there in vain.'

"No one knew the chapel of Rubens better than myself. I knew that one of the chapels of the church of Saint Davon was thus designated, on account of the picture it contained being the only one of Rubens which the town of Gand could boast. Turning and twisting the amorous epistle which chance had thrown in my hands, I reflected whether, as a real friend of art, I would not do well at nightfall to make another visit to the *chef-d'œuvre* I had studied more than a year before. While deciding, a young lady, clad with remarkable elegance, came up to me, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said—'Monsieur, the paper which you this moment hold in your hand,—did you not find it?'

"I replied in the affirmative.

"'Monsieur, I lost it; will you refuse to return it me?'

"'Here it is, Mademoiselle.'

"'One question more, Monsieur. This paper, whose possession you renounce with a good grace, and for which I am deeply grateful—You have not read it?'

"'Mademoiselle, I know not how to lie—I have read it.'

"The poor girl, whose brow until then was of the redness of scarlet, grew paler than death.

"I hastened to add—'Be-assure yourself, Mademoiselle; I have already forgotten by whom and to whom this letter is written. I promise you never to recall it to mind.'

"She thanked me with a look of celestial expression; then, drawing her veil over her charming face, disappeared. There were a thousand things in the look she gave me; there was *naïvete*, regret, but also despairing resignation. I knew she wished, but dared not tell me, 'What I am going to do is wrong. But what can I do! Fate compels me!' Fate the grand excuse of those who have no other!

"*Ma foi!* thought I, perhaps I am indiscreet; but she has eyes too eloquent not to feel interested in her. And, after all, what does this love-letter prove? That she is loved; that perhaps she loves; but that she is, at least, only partly

culpable. She has still the right to say with the hero of Pavia—'All is lost, except honour!' If my presence could snatch her from peril! Why may it not? I hesitated no longer; I determined to go to the chapel of Rubens! Yes, I will again admire the admirable *chef-d'œuvre* of *Saint Bavon* received in the abbey of *Saint Amand*. I have seen it a hundred times, but never at nightfall, and Rubens merits being seen again and again, were it even by moonlight.

"It would not be convenient to allow the two lovers to be before me at the rendezvous; thus it was broad daylight still when I entered the chapel. My conscience forced me to give at least a few moments' attention to the *chef-d'œuvre*. I did so, but this apparent satisfaction at once paid my scruples. I occupied myself in finding a retreat where I could perceive everything without being seen myself. Nothing was more easy. There was a confessional in the chapel, and all its four doors were opened to me. I had only the embarrassment of choosing.

Before going further, allow me, dear reader, to interrupt my friend's narration to tell you, in a few words, that the Belgian confessionals are not in the least like those in Paris. The Parisian confessionals, you know, can receive only one priest and two penitents at a time, one on each side. It is not so with the confessionals in Belgium, most of which are composed of an assembly of two, three, four, and even six confessionals united. Imagine a suit of cells separated by a thin partition, and large enough for a penitent to enter and kneel. But let it be understood that, although thus connected with one another, all secrets can be kept, if spoken in a low tone; not so, however, if made in a loud voice; the penitent would have three or four confessors instead of one.

And now I leave my friend to continue his recital,

"I had been installed in my lurking-hole a good half hour when a young man appeared. He looked to the right, he looked to the left, and seemed highly surprised that he had to wait. Between ourselves, I must own he displeased me at first sight. I have ever professed a deep hatred to that race of individuals whose whole merit consists in a well-tied cravat, carefully polished boots, smoothly-fitted coat, spotless gloves, and a physiognomy proudly in love with itself. Now the personage who strutted within two steps of my confessional was a *beau*, in all the acceptation of that word. I began to hope the fair girl would not come.

"Heaven troubled itself little with my wish. She came.

"A very animated and ardent conversation

commenced between them, which I could hardly hear, but which I could divine too well. The beau urged, insisted, supplicated; his gestures, his supplications, his entreaties could be resolved in three words—'Let us fly!' The lady hesitatingly refused,—still she refused. Ah! if I had dared to cry out to her, 'Courage!'

"During this long debate, night came. In the month of December, night falls quick and dark. It seemed to me this time it fell more promptly and far more darkly than customary, and cursing the obscurity that hindered me from continuing my role of observer, I prepared to leave my retreat, explaining in the best way I could for my intervention in a *tête-à-tête* in which I was not concerned. All at once the lady exclaimed—'Heavens, a light! Persons! Where conceal ourselves?' Then as if a sudden inspiration had directed her, and with a motion full of piquant vivacity, she pushed her lover on the shoulder, and said—'In this confessional, you here, I there, and may God protect us!' She ceased speaking, two doors opened and shut. I heard nothing more.

"A moment after, I saw the church beadle enter, carrying a lantern, and walking two or three steps before a priest, of venerable aspect, white hair, and gait slackened by age. At the side of the priest a woman with difficulty advanced, seeming overwhelmed with grief. Deep groans escaped her breast, and tears inundated her face. I comprehended that this woman came to implore the mysterious consolations of the word of God, and I cursed the curiosity that led me into a situation not less difficult than ridiculous. If they should discover me, what could I say?

"Chance came to my aid; the priest entered the only unoccupied confessional.

"A lamp hung from the ceiling of the chapel; the beadle lighted it, and with a slow and heavy step, went into the sacristy.

"At that moment profound silence reigned through the vast cathedral.

"Soon words uttered with effort reached my ears. Half-stifled complaints succeeded the murmurs. She then burst into sobs, in spite of the touching exhortations of the priest, who vainly tried to restrain the overflowings of her desolated soul. Her voice rose louder and louder, as painful avowals, and bitter remembrances gave more strength to the outbursts of grief she endeavored to repress, so what was intended as a confession was only a loud lamentation, sent forth by despair to the echoes of the sonorous chapel. It was impossible not to hear; I took my part; I listened.

"My father! my father! Why did you hinder me from dying? Why did you cross my path when I was going to demand death to heal the scars, the wounds that men had given my poor

heart? Why make me live on earth since I have my child no longer? They have killed him, the cruel men! My child so beautiful, so good! my child, whom God gave me in days of clemency; and now, when he was my hope, my happiness, my life, God snatches him violently away. Is that just, my father!"

"I could not hear the priest's reply to these accusations of frantic grief against providence; but it appeared to me, that the eloquence of the holy man did not entirely fail of success, since it was with less rashness than resignation the penitent continued—"Yes, my father, yes, I believe in your consoling words. God is punishing me for the fault I committed! It was very great, I know it. A mad affection had carried away my whole being. A man told me I was beautiful, and charming above all women; he intoxicated me with his adoration; and, as my mother had no faith in him, she refused to approve our love; I lent an ear to his culpable suggestions, and fled from my mother's house at night—in my mother who lived only for me, and in me!"

"Oh! that was horrible, but since then I have been a prey to the keenest torture, so that I thought I had been punished sufficiently, and had purchased forgiveness by the most terrible expiations! I deceived myself; I see it."

"And yet, did not my mother die of despair when she found herself abandoned by her child? Dead without its being permitted me to receive her last look of love, to fling myself on my knees before her, to beg indulgence and pardon! Not to receive the benediction of her mother, on her death-bed, to fear that her last words were to curse her daughter! What a punishment, father!"

"And he, for whom I left all; he, for whom I had killed my mother! he, for whom I had sacrificed everything, life, and honor, a thousand times more precious than life itself! did he not treat me with perjury and infamy? Did he not give the lie to all his promises, to all the oaths of love, that he swore to me before the altar? Did he not load me with his indifference and contempt? Did he not refuse to legitimize our union, by flinging in my face, the horrible sentence—"Whoever is a bad daughter, will be a bad wife, and whoever deceives her mother would deceive her husband!"

"What! was that not enough yet!"

"I had a son, a living witness of my crime, it is true; but still he was my son, my joy, my all! And he is taken away from me! The wicked killed him, after having dishonoured him; he was reproached publicly with the shame of his birth, the shame, alas! his wretched mother had entailed upon him; and then the miserable bul-

lies shed his blood, which was mine! And, when sinking under my grief, I wish to tear myself from this world, when there was nothing left to retain me in it, you, father, place yourself between me and despair, and, in God's name, forbid me to dispose of my life, which is not mine, but God's. You bid me live, doubtless, that other women seeing me bearing the empty title of mother I who have a son no longer—seeing me a widow—may learn from me how many tears, how much regret and despair, follow the commission of one crime!"

"From that moment I heard nothing but tears and groans, at times mingled with the pathetic accents of a tender and penetrating voice. Then the tears ceased to flow, the groans were hushed, and I supposed the priest and the penitent lifted their souls to God. In a few moments after, both left the chapel."

"Soon one of the confessionals opened. A woman passed the one in which I had taken refuge; through her hands, with which she covered her face, I saw her tears flowing. Her lover followed her. Both walked with hurried steps. I sprang out and followed them."

"I overtook them at the *Marché-du-Vendredi*, where I first saw her. Not far from them, behind some ruins, a post chaise awaited them. There a new struggle was to take place. The young man called heaven to witness the purity of his intentions; the lady refused to listen to him, and in a grave and solemn voice, said to him:

"It is ill useless, *Monsieur*, you cannot convince me; for, while I live, the awful words I have heard this night, will never cease ringing in my ears—"Whoever is a bad daughter will be a bad wife, and whoever deceives her mother will deceive her husband!"

"The young man insisted; he even attempted to seize her hand, but turning from him she saw me, ran, took my arm, and said with energy—"Monsieur! if, as I believe, you are an honest man, conduct me to my mother. My mother and God will bless you."

"We directed our steps towards the *Hôtel* of the Count de D—, and the post-chaise rolled off on its way to Germany. In 1840, Eugénie D— became my wife. Since that time we have never repented having heard the secret of the confessional. In the eyes of a good Catholic that is a great sin; but it seems to me that a great sin which has made two persons happy is almost worthy of absolution. What do you think, my friend?"

THE PRIEST'S HOUSE,

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THE LAW OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY A BARRISTER AT LAW.

On the morning of the 7th November, 18—, the village of — was thrown into a violent state of excitement by the report that the house of Father —, about three miles from the village, had been forcibly entered at an early hour of the night by men masked and otherwise disguised,—a robbery committed;—and that a woman, the house-keeper of the priest, in attempting to defend the property, had been nearly murdered.

When men's minds are excited by the first rumour of the commission of a crime, every word, as it passes from lip to lip, gets linked with extravagant additions, until the original report is buried, like the grain of mustard from which exaggeration has raised a goodly tree.

At the door of the public house were to be seen a continually increasing crowd, who seemed to be agitated by a desire to behold an object exhibited by some one in the centre.

A young man of respectability, but having the reputation of a *roué*, who was passing, seeing the crowd, went up and asked what was the matter.

"They have found the stock of a pistol at the priest's house," said a man, "and are looking at it."

"Have they?" said H—, "let me see it?" and he made his way into the midst of the crowd.

No sooner had he looked at it than he irreverently exclaimed. "By G—! that's the stock of my pistol!"

While he took it into his hand the utmost confusion prevailed, and surprise was depicted on every countenance.

"So that is the stock of your pistol, Sir?" said a venerable magistrate, approaching him.

"Yes, Sir, it is mine," replied H—, in the same unembarrassed tone.

"And pray, Sir," said the magistrate, who was a harsh, severe man, mindful of the earlier delinquencies of H—, "to whom did you lend your pistol?"

"I did not lend it; it was stolen from my pocket in the Ball-alloy on Thursday night."

"That remains to be proved, Sir," said the magistrate, again taking the pistol.

The magistrates met in the afternoon to hear evidence on the case. H—, having been told by some one that he was suspected, voluntarily attended their sitting, and before they rose, was fully committed to take his trial for the offence of Burglary.

At first surprise and disbelief everywhere met the announcement of his committal; but this soon changed to doubt, and doubt at length gave way to a conviction of his guilt; and this conviction was wide spread, and basely disseminated by a press which urged its opinions, forgetful that he is innocent who is not *proved* guilty. Thus, when the trial came on, the public mind was prejudiced—made up. Judge, jury, audience, naturally looked with a scowl upon the supposed offender, instead of with the smile of mercy, which the law extends when it says, "He is innocent who is not found guilty by his peers."

But let us, without following the formula of the forum, give, as concisely as possible, the whole body of the evidence, dressed up in the garb of fiction, to give it zest, but preserving the principal incidents, as proved.

The priest's house was situated about three or four miles from the village of —, on the river, halfway or nearly between — and another village. The night was dark and rainy, and the roads, which were of a loamy clay, were heavy and very dirty.

The priest was not at home, but his house-keeper sat reading. She occasionally went to look after one of her children who was restless. Poor woman, she had six. She was a lone widow.

Her husband had died nobody knew when, or where, or how. His entrance into the world may or may not have been mysterious,—and so was his exit.

Nobody had seen him live, nor had any one seen him die.

As the poor woman sat thus in her solitude, a noise of footsteps saluted her from the doorway. Suddenly three men masked rushed into the room. They seized on what they thought valuable. One of them seeing the woman inclined to resist, raised his arm, and with the barrel of a heavy pistol

which he held in his hand, struck her behind the head. Her head was laid open. It was a miracle so the evidence goes,—she was not murdered. Soon however, being a strong athletic woman, as we judge from the reported trial, she recovered, raised herself, and seeing the men still there, flew at the one who struck her, seized his hand as he would again have repeated the blow, and with her teeth gnawed his fingers with such violence that she left a broad and bleeding sore on them. This man was drunk, she said. She raised his mask, but could not swear positively as to his identity; she only stated her belief that it was H—. She showed great vehemence of feeling. In her previous examination before the magistrates she declared it was his thumb she had gnawed, but on the trial she swore that she gnawed his fingers across between the second and third joint.

The men then appeared to have decamped with their supposed booty. But the hand of Providence was over them, and they had failed in securing the priest's money.

The forcible entry into the dwelling was clearly proven to have been made after twilight, and before the or dawn *crepusculum*, the period limited by law, within which only the crime of burglary can be committed: so that some one, had committed the crime was clearly proved.

H—'s trial was the first—those of P. and L. the alleged accomplices, succeeded it.

It appeared that on the night in question H— had left the village and gone out some five or six miles in another road different from that on which the priest's house was situated. That he had then stopped at a tavern and was very drunk, having fallen from his horse among a heap of stones, whence he was picked up with his hand very much torn and bleeding. He was put upon his horse, when he left this tavern, being too drunk to mount without assistance, and though urged not to go home would not be prevailed on to stay. He took the road to the village. The road to the priest's house was on the other side of the village, and to get there he must either have crossed the country or passed through the village on his way there. This was about an hour or less before the time when the burglary was committed,—the roads were very heavy.

When before the magistrates, he had denied any knowledge of, or participation in the plot, or attempt; he only knew that his pistol was stolen from him. It appears he had been playing in a ball-alley a night or two previously, and he alleged that some one then had stolen his pistol, he having taken off and hung up his coat, with the pistol in the pocket. This was on the second evening previous to the burglary. P— and L— were there also. The trial came on before a

crowded audience. The old woman was severely cross-examined, the discrepancy in her testimony as to biting the thumb and the whole hand pointed out, and the appearance of the pistol at the priest's house, it was argued, on one of the hypotheses which we shall mention, was accounted for without involving the guilt of the owner.

But the Judge charged the Jury that the prisoner's guilt was to his mind clearly proved, and the Jury found him *GUilty*.

The trials of P— and L— came on. A boy of twelve years old, who was at the priest's house on the night of the burglary, identified them on oath as the burglars. Their masks, &c. were found concealed under a barn near the house of P—. It was proved that they had run away as soon as the affair had got wind; and yet they were severally *ACQUITTED*.

These trials are remarkable in this, that he, of the three, against whom nothing but the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence was offered, was found guilty, while they whose participation in the crime was positively sworn to, were acquitted. This leaves us no room to be mealy-mouthed in our opinion of a Jury who could render such verdicts. At the same time that it affords stronger ground than the bare facts would do, for urging that the conviction on the circumstantial evidence offered against H—, was harsh and unaccountable, when contrasted with the acquittal of the others.

But let us suppose that *they* had not been acquitted. Let us view the case of H— by itself. Was the evidence sufficient to convict him?

First. Was it not, under the evidence, quite possible that H— may have put the pistol in his pocket—that P— or L— may have taken it from thence—that together they may have perpetrated the deed, with a third, unknown accomplice, and that they may purposely have left the stolen pistol in order to mislead the magistrates—those blind-folded statues of justice—and to condemn and ruin an unfortunate but innocent man. They were identified as being present at the burglary, and they were proved to have been at the ball-alley. The masks, &c. were found concealed near the premises of one of them. If H— were guilty, why should he openly have claimed his pistol, and thus brought ruin on his head?

Or, secondly. Does not this well substantiated fact of his claiming the pistol, raise another supposition, which, in the absence of all positive proof, should have induced the Jury to lean to the side of mercy?

May H—, while intoxicated, as the woman swore he was, not have been led away by these men, and forced into the house against his will, in ignorance of where he was going?

When the woman was felled by a blow which laid her head open, how could she say which of the three men was he who struck her, when their faces were concealed? How could she reasonably suppose it was the one who was intoxicated?

Thirdly. May not this third man have been some one resembling Π —, in size, figure and appearance. He was proved to have been far away on another road, a short time previous to the burglary—was proved to have been then hopelessly drunk—so drunk, he had to be set upon his horse—and that he had fallen from his horse among a heap of stones, and severely torn his hand. How could a man in such a state have ridden ten or twelve miles in less than an hour? Why did the woman first swear it was the thumb she had bitten, and afterwards, correcting herself according to the appearance of the prisoner's hand—swear she had bitten across all his fingers? If she had bitten a hand torn and bleeding as his must have been, would she not have perceived the blood, before her teeth had entered his flesh?

The pistol—the fatal pistol—prejudged the case. Why was it not accounted for? “To whom, Sir, did you lend it?”

Let us imagine this question put to an innocent man, whose pistol had hung in the hall—who had found it exposed to public gaze—bearing the marks of violence—and who, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, had claimed it before a public assembly.

Let us imagine every eye turned upon him. Still no tremor shakes his lips—the cheek remains unblenched—the eye alone is dilated with surprise. Justice—says, “Pray, Sir, to whom did you lend it?” The very “Pray, Sir!” is prejudice. “I did not lend it. The last I saw of it—it hung in my hall. “Alas! of this there is no proof! Go home—the pistol is gone, sure enough,—but where—and with whom, and for what purpose? Answer.

It is found on a spot where a murder has been committed, red with the evidence of recent crime—and side by side with the body of its victim!

Oh! answer, black with the doom of innocence that *cannot prove* its innocence, if the precept be not obeyed by juries: “It is better that ten guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer!”

Answer that heralds a misplaced and an erring judgment upon earth—and retribution and vengeance hoarded in heaven, if without the fullest proof, man's life is to be abridged—if without the clearest evidence, the light of liberty is to be taken from him.

Thou, Juror, thyself, an erring creature, like him thou sittest over in judgment, listen to the evidence—mark the case is proved before you, as

we have stated it, and no further. Once admit within thy brain, the thought—once admit within thy heart the feeling, (which thou darrest not exclude, for it is the gift of God!) that it is probable—nay, that it is barely possible, that that pistol may have been stolen by the real felon, to commit the crime—and though no word of evidence be offered to thee, to prove this—wouldst thou dare to convict the prisoner in the absence of positive proof, that *he* was the murderer?

The God of Heaven, in Judgment, remembers mercy, and shall man, who is not omniscient, who is left thus to guess at guilt or innocence, shall he guess on that side which leads to the scaffold or the dungeon?

SACRED MELODY.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

BY AUSTRIAS.

The lamps are bright in Cana's halls,
And countless mirrors deck her walls;
A thousand faces beam with joy
Unmix'd with passions base alloy;
The young have met at friendship's call
To join the sacred festival;
And age comes there, a peaceful guest
To smile upon the marriage feast!

Juden's virgins foremost stand,
Like hills of snow on fairy land;
Where nought is heard in air or earth,
Save hallowed hymns of heavenly birth,
And nought attracts the gazer's eye,
Save orbs that light the blessed sky,
That beauteous nightly seraph train,
Revolving o'er the cloudless plain.

Within each vestment's graceful fold,
Gleams the bright-cinctured clasp of gold;
And brighter still the diamond's crest
That dazzling shines on each fair breast,
And with its far illumined blaze,
Entrances the beholders gaze—
So to the raptur'd prophet seems a flight,
Of purest angles clothed with heavenly light!

Music has breathed her purest sigh,
To grace the thrilling symphony,
And hallow'd hands and harps are there,
Pouring their tones on beauty's ear:
E'en Cana's chiefs, and princes all,
Have mingl'd in that festive hall;
Where virtue, wealth and rank combine,
In beauteous rays to warm and shine!

But comes there one to bless that scene,
In purity and humble mien;
Whose presence sanctifies the place,
And gives to earth celestial grace,
Whose look gives joy to those who share,
Such sinless mirth—such love sincere;
And sure that feast must splendid shine,
When Jesus makes its rites divine!

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Tooks, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrills strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

No. VII.

PHILIP MUSGRAVE; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A MISSIONARY.*

BY G.—*—*.

THE Canadian public do certainly owe to Messrs. Armour & Ramsay a heavy debt of gratitude for their unwearied and persevering efforts in providing for the million such an abundance and variety of cheap reading, and thereby preventing the further spread of that ephemeral trash with which we have been lately overwhelmed.

These efforts have been more particularly successful in the dissemination of useful knowledge in their Home and Colonial Library. This invaluable series has already reached its thirty-third number, not one of which, as a single glance at the list will show, can be considered in any other light than as an interesting and instructive work, and some of them more entertaining than the most popular works of fiction and romance. We may instance Borrow's Bible, and Gipsies in Spain, Drinkwater's Siege of Gibraltar, the Amber Witch, &c. &c. &c.

We have been led to these remarks by having seen the last number, bearing the above title.

We Colonists are certainly more of a labouring than of a literary people, and however fond we may be of reading, in this age of general enlightenment, we seldom write, and therefore it is with the greater pleasure and satisfaction that we hail the appearance of this work, emanating as it does from one of ourselves—the more especially as it has been stamped with the approbation of the British public. We infer this at least from the very favorable terms in which it has been reviewed by many papers and magazines at home.

The plan of the work is very similar to that of one or two very popular ones of the Rev. Dr. Gressley, but whether the hint has been taken from

him or not, we have no means of ascertaining. We are rather inclined to consider the plan, as far as the author is concerned, as purely original as every thing else about the work. In breaking up new ground which has so happily been closed, there was little danger of falling into old and beaten paths.

We certainly must say that the author has not made the most of his materials; we would here however only be understood to allude to the size and extent of the book; it is indeed "multum in parvo," and might easily have been enlarged, and that considerably, without at all endangering the reader's interest in the meantime.

We have always entertained the opinion, and so we dare say, have many of our readers, that a missionary's life, especially in this country, is one continuous round of dull monotony, and that consequently any minute record of it must be as tedious and tiresome as could well be imagined.

Our conviction now is, and it has been forced upon us by the perusal of the work before us, that a most interesting store of matter may be gathered from common and every day life by those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

Of the style and manner in which our author has handled his subject our readers must judge for themselves. To enable them to do this we shall make a short extract or two. Our limits will not permit of more:—

"Time with unflagging wing flew by, and we were again on the verge of another winter, when we were astonished and alarmed by a most extraordinary meteorological phenomenon.

On the morning of the day on which it occurred, the sun rose in a yellow smoky fog; and looked, while it was visible through such a medium, just like "a pale moon;" but this was only

* PHILIP MUSGRAVE; OR, MEMOIRS OF A MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES; BY THE REV. J. ABBOTT, A. M.—London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1846.—Montreal: Armour & Ramsay—Price 2s. 6d.

for a short time; after an hour or so it became dimmer and dimmer, till in the increasing density of the fog or smoke, or whatever else it was—for it was never clearly ascertained—it became altogether obscured, just as if it had set. Something like the short twilight we have in this latitude then succeeded, and about noon it became dark as “a moonlight midnight.”

I was out that morning, two or three miles from home. On my return, just before the darkness was the deepest, on passing some of the farm-houses, I saw the women milking their cows. They had no clocks or watches, and so they thought that by some strange accident or other the night had overtaken them unawares, before they had deemed the day half done. And what was more extraordinary still, the fowls went to roost—a proof that the instinct of animals is not quite so perfect as it is sometimes represented to be.

In one or two other houses that I passed, the inmates were busily engaged in their devotions, under the fearful impression that the world was coming to an end. Indeed I found afterwards that this idea had generally prevailed throughout the country; at one time I myself thought so.

About two hours after noon, when our minds were brought up to the most tender excitement, and we trembled under the apprehension of some coming evil—some dreadful catastrophe that was to befall us, but of what nature none could tell, we were terrified and confounded by the most startling peal of thunder I ever heard, and it was as singular as it was appalling; so singular, indeed, that I hardly know how to describe it.

It did not commence with a *Crack!* *Crack!* *Crack!* as thunder generally does when right over head, but with one solitary deafening report, like that of a great cannon, or rather, perhaps, of a great number of cannon discharged at once and together. This was preceded—but only a single instant of time hardly distinguishable—by a bright and vivid flash of forked lightning; and then, when the echoes had died away among the distant mountains, all was as dark again and as still as ever; not a breath of air was stirring—not a sound was heard—no distant rumbling of the receding tempest. It seemed to have concentrated all its force, and expended all its power, in that one fearful and solitary explosion.

The following is truly a picture from nature:—

I visited this settlement the following summer, on Trinity Sunday I think it was, when I had a congregation of more than three hundred, far more of course than the log hut would contain. I therefore performed the service in the open air, or rather under the shade of the lofty and majestic trees of the forest. My voice, was indeed literally, that of “one crying in the wilderness.” It was a wild and moving scene. The most gorgeous temple, with its gothic arches, its groined and fretted roof, its marble pavement and its high altar, all faded into insignificance before the dignity of such a shrine as this. From my elevated position on the trunk of a huge elm-tree, some five or six feet in diameter, and which had been recently felled, I cast my eye over the vast crowd of those sincere simple minded worshippers of Him “who dwelleth not in temples made with

hands.” They were kneeling before me on the cold damp earth, amid the rank weeds of the wilderness, with the everlasting forest over their heads, and responded in one solemn and harmonious voice to my prayer to “God the father of heaven have mercy upon us.” During the service I baptized four children.

This was perhaps the most interesting circumstance of the whole. I had no previous notice of these baptisms, nor had my clerk; there was consequently nothing provided as a substitute for a font; the people had not once thought of it, and we were a considerable distance from any house. I had, however, even then! been too long a missionary to be at a loss for an expedient in such an exigency.

There was a brook at a little distance, its source was from the fissure of a rock in the mountain hard by, and after winding its course for about a mile, it fell into a small lake, the glassy surface of which I could see from whence I stood. I blessed this crystal fountain altogether, and, stooping down, I dipped my hand into an edifying little pool into which the lively water flowed, and this was my primitive baptismal font.

Here is a very singular incident and prottily told:—

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a very respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy. “Oh! no,” she said, “not unprotected; far from it! You forget,” she continued, with a mournful smile, “that I am now under the special protection of Him who creeth for the fatherless and the widow, and I feel quite confident that He will protect us.”

And He did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noises, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She

immediately rose, and going to the maid's room awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy, still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, from whence she thought that the noises she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelpings of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a fight, and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

The following description of the Missionary's visit to his former charge, will speak for itself:—

I will not attempt to describe the scene in the church on the following Sunday, when I preached my last,—no, not my last, but my farewell sermon. I have visited that lonely sequestered valley, since, but only once, and I felt no desire to repeat my visit. Not that I was disappointed in the reception I met with from my old friends, but because so few of them were left. Several years had intervened, and produced many sad and fearful changes. Those I had left as children were grown up to manhood, and were married and settled in life, and occupied the places of their fathers; but where were they? I missed them in their wonted seats at church, in vain I looked for my old friends among the cheerful and happy crowd at the church door after service, who were waiting to welcome me. They were not there, and faint and embarrassing were my recollections of those who seemed to remember me with such affectionate regard. Nor were the old the only ones I missed. No less than three young women whom I had left brides, now stood in that crowd widows

surrounded by their fatherless children. Altogether the interview was a sad and sorrowful one. Of the original settlers only one was left—a solitary old man; and when I went to see him in hopes that he would cheer me in my loneliness, he did not know me, but began to talk of scenes and circumstances with which he had been familiar some fifty years before I was acquainted with him. With a heavy heart I left the place. I have never since been there, nor is it likely I ever shall again.

God bless them! They were kind to me and mine. They forgot their own afflictions in their affectionate sympathy with ours, and from my heart I say again, God bless them!

A distressing and romantic incident:

I knew one house in which, out of a family of eleven souls, only one had been spared. He was an old man of ninety years of age, the father and grandfather of the victims. After this fearful catastrophe he went away, none knew whither. He was never heard of afterwards. His house was left to him desolate indeed; nor would any one live in it afterwards. It therefore soon fell into decay; and the plough has since then passed over the spot.

There was something mysterious about this old man's disappearing in the way he did, and connected as it was with some strange rumours which were bruited abroad in the neighbourhood at the time, and were most firmly believed by the common people. It was said that a spectre haunted his deserted dwelling; but I suspected from the first that the poor broken-hearted old man was the real spirit so often seen, and who doubtless came out from his hiding-place, wherever that was (most likely in the wild woods), to visit and weep over the graves of his children. They were buried on the spot where they died, as many of the cholera victims were; and most probably he continued to come out in this secret and stealthy manner, till sickness or death—perhaps a violent one, as was generally believed—put an end to his visits, sorrows, and his life together. I felt deeply interested in his fate. There were, indeed, many circumstances in his little history which contributed in no small degree to create this feeling.

He was a Saxon by birth, and came out to this continent during the American war, as a serjeant in the German Legion. He had been in a great many hard-fought battles, in which he had been wounded five times. He was with General Burgoyne when he surrendered at Saratoga. He knew poor Major André, and was one of a party who made some futile attempt to rescue him. On one occasion, when straggling beyond the outposts in the dusk of the evening with a comrade, he was taken prisoner by the enemy. In consequence of their not being in their full uniform, they were considered to be spies, were tried by a court martial, and condemned to be shot. Until the following morning, when the awful sentence was to be carried into execution, they were put into a barn, for want of a more fitting place of confinement, and were guarded by two sentries. In the middle of that night which was to have been their last, they resolved to make an attempt to escape. "We could, you know," the old man would say when he came to this part of his story, "but he killed a few hours before

they intended to murder us, and it would have been murder as we were not spies; and so hopeless as the attempt was, we determined on trying it."

They shouldered each a long mullen stalk,* which they found among the rubbish in the old barn. The doors being fastened on the inside, they easily managed to open one, and sallied forth, very stealthily, till they got close to the sentry who had been placed there to guard it. Him they charged with their mock weapons;—the night was so dark he could not distinguish them from real ones—and threatened to bayonet him if he made the slightest attempt to give the alarm to the other sentry. He submitted to their demand, yielded up his firelock, and they took him prisoner. Being now really and effectively armed, they easily mastered the other soldier, and, with their two prisoners, after many "hair-breadth scapes," they arrived in safety within the British lines. The truth of this story in all its particulars was fully confirmed to me by an old officer of the same regiment. After the war was over the Legion was disbanded, and he came, with many of his companions in arms, into these provinces; got married, purchased with his hard-earned savings a little farm, and proved a worthy, honest, and industrious settler. Such was his stirring and active life; but his death, as I have already said, was wrapped in mystery.

"Years flew by," and the ghost, and the old man, and haunted house, were alike forgotten, or rather, like a thrice told tale, they had ceased to interest any one; when a circumstance occurred which brought them all again most vividly to our remembrance. Some alarm had been excited by a report that a catamount, or American panther, had been seen in the adjoining woods. The report, however, was so vague that few people believed it. At length all doubts upon the subject were solved, for it was actually killed by an Indian. In its den were found some relics of a human being, some broken bones, several buttons, and some decayed fragments of clothes; enough, in short to remove all doubt as to what the fate of the poor old man had been.

Another Grace Darling:—

A young man and his sister have kept this ferry several years, during which they have performed many acts of heroic benevolence, and have rescued numbers of their fellow-creatures from a watery grave. One of these had so much of perilous adventure in it, that I shall make no apology for giving some account of it, the more especially as I was myself one of the trembling and anxious spectators of the whole scene.

A raft of timber on its way down the river to the nearest port, was dashed to pieces by the violence of the rapids. There was the usual number of men upon it, all of whom, except two, were fortunate enough to get upon a few logs, which kept together, and were comparatively safe, whilst their two poor comrades were helplessly contending with the tumbling waves, almost within reach of them, but without their being able to afford them the slightest assistance. After a minute or two, and when one more would have been

their last, a long oar, or sweep, belonging to the wrecked raft, came floating by. They instantly seized it, and held on till they were carried down more than a mile, loudly calling for help as they went along; but what aid could we render them? No craft, none at least which were on the banks of the river, could live in such a boiling torrent as that; for it was during one of the high spring freshets. But the ferryman was of a different opinion, and could not brook the thought of their dying before his eyes without his making a single effort to save them. "How could I stand idly looking on," he said to me afterwards, "with a tough ash oar in my hand, and a tight little craft at my feet, and hear their cries for help, and see them drowned?" He determined at all risks to try to rescue them from the fate which seemed to us inevitable. He could not, however, go alone, and there was not another man on that side of the river within half a mile of him. His sister knew this, and courageously, like another Grace Darling, proposed at once to accompany him in his perilous adventure. From being so often on the water with her brother, she knew well how to handle an oar. Often, indeed, without him she had paddled a passenger across the ferry in her little canoe. He accepted her proposal, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the light punt put off from the shore opposite to that from which we were idly and uselessly looking on, and go gallantly over the surging torrents towards the sinking men. We feared, however, that it would not be in time to save them, as their cries for help grew fainter and fainter, till each one, we thought, would have been their last. We saw that the oar, with the drowning men clinging to it, was floating rapidly down the middle of the stream, which in this particular locality is more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, and would, inevitably, in two or three minutes more be in the white water among the breakers, when their fate must be sealed, and the boat, if it followed, be dashed to pieces among the rocks. This was the principal point of danger, and they had to run down within a most fearful proximity of it, in order to cross the course down which the drowning men were drifting, and, as they did so, to seize hold of them without losing their own headway; for there was not time for that. They succeeded in shooting athwart the current, rapid as it was, just below the men. With breathless and painful anxiety we saw them execute this dangerous manœuvre. We saw the ferryman lean over the side of his boat for a moment, as it passed them, while his sister backed water with her oar.

"They are saved!" some one said, close behind me, in a whisper so deep and earnest that I started, and turned to look at the speaker; when another, who heard him, exclaimed, "No, no! they are gone! they are lost! the boat has left them." And sure enough it had. But in an instant afterwards, just as we thought they were about to be driven into the fatal breakers, they turned, to our inexpressible delight, as if drawn by some invisible power (the rope the ferryman had attached to the oar was, indeed, invisible to us,) and followed the boat.

The ferryman and his sister had yet to pull a fearful distance for the time they had to do it, to get out of that part of the current leading to the breakers. And they accomplished it. The man had the bow oar, and we could see the tough ash bend like a willow wand as he stretched out to

* This is a weed which is peculiar to this country. It grows sometimes to the height of ten feet, when its stalk is as thick as a good-sized walking-stick.

keep the head of the boat partially up the stream. His sister too, "kept her own," and the little boat shot out rapidly into the comparatively quiet stream, beyond the influence of that fearful current, which was rapidly driving them upon the breakers.

When this was accomplished, our fears for the safety of the noble-hearted brother and sister were at an end, and we took a long breath; it was indeed, a relief to do so. Still we continued to watch their further proceedings with the deepest interest.

The moment they got into a less rapid current, which, they knew, led into comparatively still water, they ceased rowing, and allowed the punt to float down with it. The young ferryman now drew up the sweep alongside, and succeeded in getting the two unfortunate men into his boat.—While he was doing this his sister went aft, and used her oar as a rudder to steer the boat. At the foot of the current, which he soon afterwards reached, there was no further danger. But we watched them still and we saw them row ashore, on their own side of the river. One of the poor fellows was so much exhausted that the ferryman had to carry him on his back to the nearest house, where he soon recovered.

Twelve months after this took place I had the satisfaction of presenting to this worthy ferryman, in the presence of above five hundred men, a beautiful silver medallion, sent out to me by the Royal Humane Society, to which I had transmitted an account of the occurrence. Nor was the heroine of my story forgotten. A similar medallion was given to him for his sister. She could not, with propriety, be present herself, as it was the annual muster-day of the militia in that locality.

A concise account of the particulars of the transaction, beautifully engrossed on vellum, and signed by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, as President of the Society, accompanied each medallion. I need scarcely add, that the old and widowed mother of these young people, who lives with them, and is wholly dependent upon them for her support, was a proud woman that day.

We shall conclude our extracts with the following forcible description of one of those terrific summer hail-storms, with which in this country, we are sometimes visited:

On my way to visit a school in one of my distant settlements, one very hot and sultry day about the middle of July, I was riding very leisurely along the road by the side of the river, or rather of the lake which had there extended itself; I had travelled some four or five miles, when I observed two large black masses of cloud rising up very rapidly, in the north west and west to a great height, although the lower part of them still rested on the horizon. When they had attained their utmost elevation, they began to advance slowly towards each other, evidently bent on mischief. This I knew from the little angry flashes of lightning which at intervals darted from them during their progress. All this time, about half an hour, the stillness of the close and sultry atmosphere was disturbed by

little whirling eddies of wind, which swept the dust from the road, and the dry leaves from about the fences, raising them, in spiral gyrations high up into the air. One indeed was of a very different and much more violent description. It tore up by the roots a large elm-tree within an hundred paces of me, and where I stood I felt not a breath of air. These were indications of a coming conflict which could not be mistaken, and on looking round I perceived it was not to be confined to the two formidable looking combatants I have mentioned. There were two other masses of cloud coming up at a more rapid rate, one after each of the two former, which they very much resembled. I was by this time not far from a friend's house, and pushed on for shelter before the collision should take place. I just got within his doors in time.

The wind blew, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and in less than one minute the land was white with hailstones as large as marbles. Then there was a pause in the tempest, only however, to commence again with redoubled fury. In a few minutes another of the moving masses of black clouds came up, like some gigantic ship of war, to join in the combat. Slowly and unjestingly it approached till within point blank range of its antagonist, when crash went the whole of its dreadful artillery at once, and another shower of hailstones of a larger size, which when examined appeared to have an outer layer of ice, a quarter of an inch thick around them, came hurtling through the still air with a strange and hissing noise, something like what one hears on approaching a rapid torrent; and now came up the last mass of cloud. The wind instantly rose to a perfect hurricane,—the thunder pealed incessantly,—flash after flash, with increasing intensity, followed each other in such quick succession that the whole heavens seemed wrapped in a sheet of livid flame; and the hailstones, enlarged again with another layer of ice, were driven with such violence against the front of the house in which I had taken shelter, as to break not only the glass of the windows, but the frames also, and to scatter them in fragments all over the rooms. I measured several of the hailstones which fell last, and found them from five to seven inches in circumference; and I heard afterwards that a gentleman who lived on an island in the lake to which the storm was nearly confined, found some that measured nine inches round. The storm as I have said was confined within very narrow limits, or the damage would have been very great. So narrow and circumscribed indeed were those limits, that when I got home, and went into my garden to see, as I anticipated, my ruined hot-bed frames, not a single pane was broken. The storm had not reached my house, nor the village where it was situated.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to state that the author has already on several occasions been favorably before the public. Amongst other works, the "Emigrant to North America" is from his pen. It has gone through three editions.

PARISIAN MAZOURKA.

BY C. PUGNI.

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

ALLEGRETTO.

pia

Repeat Svu.

f

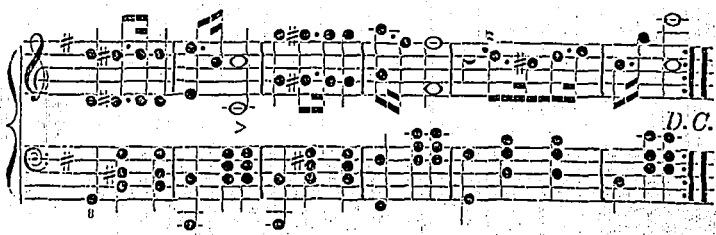
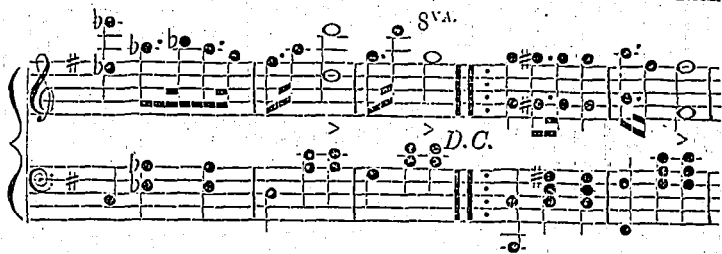
The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system is marked 'p' and 'Allegretto'. The second system includes a 'Repeat Sign' and the instruction 'Repeat Svu.'. The third and fourth systems continue the piece with various dynamics and articulations.



Marceline

TO MADELINE.

4-77



TO MADELINE.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

'Tis sweet to bask in beauty's smile,
 To view the light of beauty's sun;
 And know the cheering truth the while
 That 'tis for us it shines alone !

'Tis sweet to know there is a heart
 That torn from us can never be
 Till memory, feeling, life, depart ;
 And, Madeline ! such I've found in thee.

'Twas thou whose smiles did first inspire
 With hopes and fears my tranquil breast,
 And waked young love's romantic fire,
 Pure as its flame among the blest.

And still o'er all the fair around
 Who boast of charms profusely given,
 In this fond heart thou sit'st enthroned
 Like Cynthia 'mong the stars of heaven.

As seraph's hover round the bed
 Of dying saints, arrayed in light,
 And straight to bliss, when life is fled,
 Attend the spirit in its flight,

Thou still each night, angelic maid !
 In dreaming visions com'st before me,

Like sunlight bursting through a shade,
 To cheer the gloom that's brooding o'er me.

So nature, wrapt in midnight shroud,
 Smiles, when Aurora on her way,
 Leans blushing o'er a silver cloud,
 And from her eyes emits the day.

But all the bliss of dreams like these
 Is nothing to one smile of thine ;
 Thy lovely self alone can please,—
 Life has no charms till thou art mine.

Might I but call thee by that name—
 The dearest known to mortals here ;
 Which smooths the rugged path to fame,
 And whispers peace in sorrow's ear—

We, hand in hand, with hearts but one,
 Through life's dark solitary way,
 Our steps illumed by virtue's sun,
 Would onward still delighted stray ;

Till, ripe for bliss, the word were given
 That bade from earth our spirits fly
 Where Ho who reigns, the Light of heaven,
 Should speak our welcome to the sky.

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Autumn, thy rushing blast
Sweeps in wild eddies by,
Whirling the sear leaves past,
Beneath my feet, to die.
Nature her requiem sings
In many a plaintive tone,
As to the wind she flings
Sad music, all her own.

The murmur of the rill
Is hoarse and sullen now,
An' the voice of joy is still
In grove and leafy bough.
There's not a single wreath,
Of all Spring's thousand flowers,
To strew her hier in death,
Or deck her faded bowers.

I hear a spirit sigh
Where the meeting pines resound,
Which tells me all must die,
As the leaf dies on the ground.
The brightest hopes we cherish,
Which own a mortal trust,
But bloom awhile to perish
And moulder in the dust.

Sweep on, thou rushing wind,
Thou art music to mine ear,
Awakening in my mind
A voice I love to hear.
The branches o'er my head
Send forth a tender moan;
Like the wail above the dead
Is that sad and solemn tone.

Though all things perish here,
The spirit cannot die,
It owns a brighter sphere,
A home in yon fair sky,
The sou' will flee away,
And when the silent clod
Enfolds my mouldering clay,
Shall live again with God!

When Autumn's chilly blast,
Shall never strip the powers,
Or 'ey Winter cast
A blight upon the flowers;
But Spring in all her bloom,
For ever flourish there,
And the children of the tomb
Forget this world of care.—

The children who have passed
Death's tideless ocean o'er,
And Hope's blest anchor cast
On that bright eternal shore
Who sought, through Him who bled
Their erring race to save,
A Sun, whose beams shall shed
A light upon the grave!

SADDLE TO RAGS.

The following song, taken from a Collection of Old English Songs and Poems, recently printed for the Percy Society, is worth the reading. It is the conversation of a "silly old man," with a highwayman, whom he encountered, when "going to pay his rent:—

"I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

But my landlord's not been at home—
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told anybody,
For thieves they are ganging many;
If they were to light upon you,
They would rob you of every penny."

"Oh, never mind," says the old man,
'Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were a-riding along,
And riding down a ghyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He hung his saddle o'er the hedge,
And said, 'Fetch it, if thou'lt have any.'

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search the old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop—
You need not tell the old man to ride.

This thief he was not content,
He thought there must be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent,

He opened this rogue's portmanteau—
It was glorious to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

OUR TABLE.

THE JOURNAL OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, DURING A VISIT TO THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S NORTH WEST MISSION. M.DCCC.XLV.

This is another and a very interesting addition to our Colonial literature. We repeat what has been said elsewhere, that we hail with the greatest satisfaction the appearance of any work of real merit from the pen of a Colonist. We do this, not because it tends to raise our character for intellectuality in the estimation of the Mother Country, for on this point we are somewhat indifferent, but for a reason which much more nearly concerns us—because it improves our taste for literary pursuits, increases our store of interesting local knowledge, and enables us to rely with greater confidence upon our own mental resources.

This work is not, as the reader may naturally enough suppose, a mere official detail of his Lordship's visit to the remote stations of his diocese. It is, on the contrary, a journal of a tour through an almost untrodden region, the wild grandeur of which is fully and freely described. The book is, therefore, full of interest to the enlightened reader, who will appreciate it the more for the spirit of benevolence and piety by which the observations of the author are characterised. We may express our regret, however, that his Lordship has not made still more of the interesting materials at his command, the more especially as his long and lonely journey led him through such a region of wild romance, as may be considered, on this Continent at least, without a parallel.

This, however, is a very venial fault, if fault it be, and we wish it had been the only one. But there is another and a greater, for which, however, the author is not to blame. We allude to the enormous price (six shillings), which places it beyond the reach of the community at large, and will confine its circulation to the highest class, and to that alone. This is a sad mistake, and we feel perfectly assured in our own minds that his Lordship will lament the effects of it as much as we do.

Only fancy! One number of the *Literary Garland*, which we sell for fifteen pence, contains more reading matter, by upwards of one fifth, than the whole book.

Perhaps it may be here objected that this is a comparison without a similarity, and perhaps it would be an act of presumption to place our ephemeral productions in juxtaposition with the lucubrations of a Bishop. We will, therefore, try again to carry our point—

"For, e'en tho' vaquish'd, we cau argue still."

The work in question contains just three-fifths, or a little more than half, of the reading in "Philip Musgrave," a work of a more similar character, by one of his own clergy; and published, not in Canada, but in London, and not from any minor source, but by John Murray himself, and yet this work is for sale, at two and six pence.

We are sorry that our space will not admit of extracts in support of our commendations of the work. But we shall endeavour to make amends for this deficiency in a future number. In the meantime we most heartily recommend it, malgré its price, to all who can afford to buy it.

THE MYSTERIES OF MONTREAL.

This is the unfortunate title of a new work from the pen of some would-be great unknown. We say unfortunate, because it has a tendency to prejudice the mind of the intelligent reader against it. His recollections of the "Mysteries of Paris," and the "Mysteries of London" will naturally lead to comparisons where there is no similarity, and to expectations not likely to be realized.

We set ourselves up as the patrons and promoters, in a small way, of Canadian Literature, and so anxiously desirous have we ever been to encourage native talent, that we have generally either shut our eyes entirely to faults far from venial, or if we have noticed them at all, it has been in the most gentle tones of the mildest censure. Nor have we done this in order to deprecate or soften the severity of criticism upon our own productions, in accordance with the adage

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy shew to me."

On the contrary, we have felt and manifested a wish to have our own faults pointed out to us, and when this has been done, we have always profited by the lesson, however ungraciously or rudely given.

This extreme indulgence with which we have treated the faults of our fellow scribblers, or silently overlooked them, has generally been superinduced by some feature, real or imaginary, deserving of praise—some talent, however latent, deserving encouragement. But this—these Mysteries of Montreal, are mysteriously destitute of any such redeeming quality.

It may be urged, in extenuation of the severity of these remarks, that, according to our own confession, they are the offspring of prejudice.

The writer certainly deserves credit for the originality of the idea conveyed in the following sentence:—"For Donald thought he listened to the winds moaning his requiem." We have certainly, when a boy heard the opinion, and probably acquiesced in it, that the Highlanders were

rather a *duft* race, but we had yet to learn that the *quickest* among them did not know whether he was dead or alive.

In the ninth page of the "Mysteries" we read of "a cold clammy sweat personifying the icy clasping to Death's bosom."

The following truly are mysteries:—"But only shed a dim glare that casts, in the gloom overhead, the *mistiness* of a midnight conflagration."—"Winged serpents and flying imps absorb each other."

Then "he produces a pistol, when hoarsely groaned his voice, struggling in his choking throat," "*hissing* the sentence," and the pistol detonated, and, "*kneeling* down on one knee, he thus stood, and might have been as frozen" as—what, he does not stop to tell us. Indeed, it is unnecessary, as he soon gets thawed again, "when his heart plunges madly within."

What on earth does our author mean, by "the deleterious intrusion of conventional usages," "marring the charms of our 'ladies fair?'" Is it too tight lacing, or that mysterious thing they call a bustle?—This is certainly a mystery, but not more so than his placing "the women of England far beyond the sex of other countries."

But enough, and more than enough! although we have not got to the end of the first chapter, short as it is. Such a conglomeration of turgid inanity we never before had the misfortune to read. It is certainly "besprinkled," like the character of his heroine, to use his own words, with "chaotic freaks; with wilds, deserts, and oasis (*quere*, oases,) altering its tamer and sweeter nature into savage grandeur and awful magnificence!!!"

One more specimen, without a comment, and we have done:—"As she spoke these words, Clara felt as if they were scalding drops of lead oozing from her lips; her eyes rolled as if cased within burning sockets; the air was hot and close in her nostrils; the marrow boiled within her bones; and her very skin experienced (?) a shrinking up on her limbs; whilst a cold sweat struggling through every pore, clung to her body like slime!"

These, however, are errors, although abounding in every page, which we should willingly have passed over in silence, had there been no other.

But the worst feature in this rholomontade of bombastic nonsense and silly twaddle, is its immoral tendency,—not that we entertain any serious apprehensions that the example of a mother giving up a young and lovely daughter to the lawless embraces of a villainous voluptuary will be an example at all likely to be followed in the dark and mysterious doings in this populous

city—not even "as a sacrifice for the happiness of the *balance* of her family." Bah!

Imitations of all kinds we despise,—those of the Jack Sheppard and the Jonathan Wilde, of Mr. Richard Harrison Ainsworth, we detest, and we have the satisfaction when we say so, of knowing that we speak the sentiments and give utterance to the feelings of nine tenths of the people in the great city of Montreal.

We must not, however, part with our *young* author, without one word of encouragement. He certainly has talents, and of a superior order too, but they are sadly in want of cultivation. A few lessons from some experienced writer, coupled with a little study, might enable him, after a few trials upon a smaller scale, to manage the complicated machinery of a large work like this.

BOUCHETTE'S NEW MAP OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

We have had an opportunity of examining the sheets of this long and anxiously expected work, which is just completed, and will be published in a few days, by Mr. Mackay of No. 127 Notre Dame Street. The engraving of the Map, which has been executed by those eminent artists, Messrs. Sherman & Smith of New York, is all that could be desired as to elegance and accuracy. It is printed upon the very best description of paper, which has been manufactured expressly for the work; and is colored in a very tasteful and elegant manner. Regarding as we do the correctness of a publication of this nature as being the most important point of all, it affords us a very high degree of gratification to be able to assure our readers, that, after a long and close examination, we have been unable to detect any error or omission whatever, but have on the contrary found a vast accession of information which has never been given on any former Map of the British American possessions. We had anticipated as much as this from the knowledge that the author, Jos. Bouchette, Esq., had been engaged in the compilation and preparation of the original draft of the work for a period of five years, and we most cordially congratulate that gentleman on the successful issue of his arduous and important labours. The Map is to be delivered to subscribers, elegantly mounted, colored and varnished, at £3 currency per copy, or £2 10s. currency, in sheets. To non-subscribers the price will be a dollar per copy extra, which arrangement has, we understand, been caused by the fact, that several hundred pounds expence has been incurred in giving additional matter of a highly important nature, which was not included in the original estimate of the cost of publication, when the Prospectus of the work was issued. Taken altogether, we consider the Map to be one which is worthy of the most extended and liberal support from the community, and we sincerely trust that it will meet with it in such a degree as, in our opinion, it deserves.