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A
WINTER IN WASHINGTON;
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE
SEYMOUR FAMILY.

Mem. of (General) Smith

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY E. BLISS & E. WHITE, 128 BROADWAY.

Clayton & Van Norden, Printers.

1824.

M. 4

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eleventh day of December, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, E. Bliss and E. White, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

“A Winter in Washington; or, Memoirs of the Seymour Family. In two volumes.”

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.



WINTER IN WASHINGTON.



CHAPTER I.

My heart too fondly trusted, fondly gave
 Itself to all its tenderness a slave ;
 I had no wish but thee, and only thee ;
 I saw no joy, no hope, beyond thy smile ;
 I knew no happiness, but only while
 Thy love-lit eyes were kindly turn'd on me.

Percival.

WHAT a crowd of reflections thronged on Louisa's mind, as she reviewed the incidents of the day. The dignified and patient endurance of Mrs. Bertrand, deeply interested her for such uncomplaining and modest worth ; and she promised herself much pleasure from taking charge of the little Fanny. In forming plans for the instruction and future establishment of her *protégé*, she lost the sense of her own sorrows ; indeed, when she compared her situation with that of the destitute Mrs. Bertrand, the vulgar and rude woman in the shed, the low and degraded Jenny, or the vicious and abandoned girl she had seen at Joseph's, she felt as if she had no sorrows to lament. The benevolence and kind-hearted-

ness of that poor yellow man, acted as a stimulus to her own kind and generous feelings, and she fell into a sweet sleep, planning various schemes for the relief of the poor and afflicted of every description.

The next morning, taking Emily with her, to whom she had given some account of Mrs. Bertrand's family, she went out to make purchases for their use. Emily was delighted with the idea of having Fanny as a fellow-scholar and companion, and, with her mother's leave, made up a bundle of her plainest clothes, to take with her in the carriage, and was all eagerness and impatience to see the little girl dressed in them.

The day being remarkably pleasant, Mrs. Seymour told Louisa, that, for the sake of the ride, she would accompany her and Emily on their visit; and, as soon as the carriage was ready, they proceeded together to Mrs. Bertrand's. But how great was their surprise, when, on entering the room, Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed, "oh! dear ladies, the little bird has flown, and you are spared the trouble of taking charge of her; though from what I know of your goodness, I am sure you think it more a pleasure than a trouble to take care of the poor and destitute. Little Fanny is in good hands, I assure you, ladies, and she went away with her heart full of gratitude for your kind offer to take her, and she begged me to tell you so. I really believe she would rather have gone with you, ladies, because then, she said, she would have been able to call and see us all here once in a while; but now she is gone too far off for that:—poor thing, I told her"——

"For goodness sake," said Mrs. Seymour, "do pray tell us, who has taken the poor child

away. Surely, you have not given her up to a stranger?"

"Oh! by no means, ma'am; I hope you don't think me capable of that. It was the good lady Abbess, I think they call her, that keeps the nunnery at Emmetsburg. I have heard several of the poor Irish speak of her; they say she has a good many orphans under her care, and that whenever she hears of any such, she sends one of the nuns, and sometimes comes herself, and offers to take them."

"And are you sure it was she?" said Mrs. Seymour.

"Oh! yes, madam, certain of that; for there was a young lady with her, Miss W., that used to live in Baltimore:—I got acquainted with her in New-York, where she often came to visit her married sister, who lived there. When she drew aside her veil, I knew her directly, and she said she remembered me, and told me it was the good Abbess."

Mrs. Bertrand then proceeded to give such a correct description of the Abbess, that Mrs. Seymour, who had once seen and conversed with her at the convent, entertained not the least doubt, that it was she who had anticipated them in this deed of charity.

"Pray, did you ask the Abbess if she knew the parents of little Fanny?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bertrand; "but when I mentioned to her the manner in which she had been brought here, the Abbess said, it was of no consequence now; and that Fanny's father would now be satisfied; but she did not name him, and I did not like to ask her too many questions. Perhaps, thought I, he is some relation of the Abbess; or, may be, the young lady is acquaint-

ed with him ; and who knows but what she is the one that Anny says was in the coach with the gentleman that brought Fanny here that night. But, whether she is or not, she is the same dear good creature I always thought she was ; for she paid me, for the board of the little girl, a handsomer sum than I ever expected to get."

To Mrs. Seymour and Louisa, the circumstances relative to this little girl appeared to be very strange and mysterious ; but, as they felt confident that she was now in good hands, they gave themselves no further concern on the subject. To compensate, however, for Louisa's disappointment, Mrs. Seymour proposed to Mrs. Bertrand, that Anny should be substituted for the little stranger, promising, that she should return whenever she wished. This was readily agreed to ; and the delighted Anny was soon equipped for her happy transition. Mrs. Seymour and Louisa had, from the beginning, agreed between themselves, not to mention the very singular circumstances relating to the little stranger ; and they now intimated their wishes to Emily and Anny, that nothing for the present should be said on that subject ; for Mrs. Seymour imagined, that it might, otherwise, lead to some troublesome, and, perhaps, unnecessary investigation.

When they returned home with their little charge, and her dress had received some additions and improvements, Mrs. Seymour was struck with the extreme delicacy and beauty of her face and figure ; and thought, that nature, in giving her such a prepossessing exterior, had amply compensated for the deficiencies of fortune. She sincerely rejoiced, that this charming little being had been sent to them, as it were by Providence, at a moment when some powerful interest

might be so beneficial to Louisa. She left her solely to her daughter's care, that in having the whole responsibility, she might feel a deeper and livelier concern ; from the same motive, she left to her the arrangement and disposal of the clothing, and other articles, that had been purchased for Mrs. Bertrand's family. Louisa, seated between the little girls, giving them their lessons, and, afterwards, cutting out and making up clothes for Anny, in which both of the children cagerly assisted her, passed the day not only cheerfully but happily. She found that Anny read fluently, though not very correctly ; was very intelligent ; had a frank, caressing disposition ; was docile and gentle, and soon became fondly attached to her. Days passed rapidly by, so completely occupied, that Louisa had little time for melancholy reflections. Her mother yielded to her earnest solicitations, not to take her to gay evening parties, at the very thought of which her heart sickened.

Every evening found Mr. Seymour's fireside surrounded with a circle of agreeable and well informed society, chiefly members of Congress, and strangers, who were transient residents in Washington, and who were delighted to find a family where they could enjoy, at the same time, domestic pleasures, and the charms of cultivated taste and refinement of manners. Mrs. Mortimer was not so often with them as she had been before the admonitory visit Mrs. Seymour had paid her ; but when she did come, Louisa felt relieved by her gayety and sprightly conversation ; for it was in the evening that she most felt her spirits sink. The idea of Wilmot would then force itself on her mind. Every chair, every table, the piano, the harp, every spot, and every article in

the drawing room, had some fond or interesting idea associated with it. On that sofa she had sat the evening the fatal explanation had taken place; then she would recollect the agitation in which he walked the room; the agony expressed in his face and manner, as he leaned against the window frame. If she sat with the family round the table, it seemed as if he were at her side; she could see him playing with her work-box as he sat gayly talking to them—could hear that deep toned voice in which he read with so much emphasis and enthusiasm. But when she sat down to her harp or piano, it was then he was most present to her imagination. She saw, she felt, that large dark eye, from whence such soul beamed forth, resting on her face, as it had so often and often done, catching from her countenance all the thoughts that were passing in her mind; she felt

“The electric flash, that from the speaking eye
Darts the fond question and the kind reply.”

When she sang, she would sometimes start, as if she still heard his deep, full tones, mingling with hers, and could almost fancy she felt his breath upon her cheek, as he leaned over her chair to read the music that lay before her: she enjoyed a sweet and melancholy, but a dangerous pleasure, in singing the same songs that they had sung together, and in dwelling on the words which he had uttered with peculiar expression. This was an indulgence which she never voluntarily allowed herself, but she was, in spite of her good resolutions and good sense, pleased when any acquaintance or friend requested her to sing them. “The banks and braes of bonny Doon,” was the only one she ever herself selected, and then it was at

the twilight hour, when no one could see the tears which accompanied these sad and tender words. Sometimes she was almost tempted to confess to her mother the powerful association of ideas that connected Wilmot with every object in this room ; to herself, she excused her not making this confession by the fear of any inconvenience she might put her mother to ; for she was certain her mother would, if she knew it, occupy the other parlour in the evening, and there was something so painful to her in the idea of this total separation from even the thought of him she had so tenderly loved, that she kept her secret, though conscious, in so doing, of a culpable weakness. She now passed her mornings in her own chamber with the children ; though, had she yielded to the suggestions of her feelings, she would have resumed her seat by the parlour fireside, by that little work table, beside which he used every morning to sit and read to her. The favourite volumes from which he had read were marked by his pencil in almost every page, and so forcibly recalled him to her mind, that one morning she had most heroically carried them into the dressing room of her mother, who took care to put them out of sight. He had written three letters to her, entreating permission to renew his visits, and assuring her that the vow he had made in her presence was irrevocable. But Louisa positively declined all such solicitations, and told him, in her answer to his last letter, she could look on him in no other light than as a married man, and that if he wished to entitle himself to her friendship and esteem, he could do it only by honourably fulfilling a sacred engagement. To this she encouraged him, by assuring him, that in the discharge of duty, the possession of

self-esteem, and the consciousness of making a virtuous and amiable woman happy, he would find that peace he never could otherwise enjoy. As long as she knew he was still so near her, she found it impossible to prevent her thoughts recurring to his image, and she was kept in that restless and anxious state, which is felt when every moment expecting the arrival of some one, we are impatient, yet afraid to meet. In fact this was the case, for she could not persuade herself that he would leave Washington without calling to take a last farewell; and the idea of such a meeting, and such a parting, was continually intruding on her mind, and kept up a degree of agitation she would not otherwise have felt. Constantly as she endeavoured to fix her attention on other objects, and assiduously as she employed every moment in some benevolent or useful purpose, yet the idea of Wilmot, though not allowed to stand foremost, lay concealed, as it were, in a corner of her heart, ever ready to start forward, when the least incident, a knock at the door, a quick approaching step, or a strange voice, met her ear. Then she would tremble, her heart would beat, and in almost breathless agitation she would await the explanation of the sound. She hardly knew what she feared; but a vague, indistinct apprehension of evil disturbed her tranquillity, and wore away her health and peace. But she never breathed a sigh, or uttered a complaint, before her anxiously observant mother; the name of Wilmot never passed her lips, and, had it not been for her pale cheek and sunken eye, her mother would never have suspected that any painful feelings yet struggled in her bosom. She would have conversed with, she would have soothed her child, did she not know, that in such

a case sympathy softens and enervates the mind, and keeps alive ideas, that might otherwise gradually fade from the memory. The most effectual remedy was forgetfulness; and this could be attained only by the avoidance of the subject. This, though the most painful, she knew to be the best way to assist her daughter in gaining a victory over herself.

Mrs. Seymour did violence to her own feelings by refusing her child the consolations of sympathy. It would have been sweet to her to have drawn that aching head on her bosom, and to have kissed away the tears from those faded cheeks; but she knew such tenderness would open all the sources of her grief, and that the tears of fond regret cherish and revive even an expiring sentiment. Besides, left to itself, her mind would gather more strength than when leaning on another for support. In silent anxiety she watched all Louisa did or said, and felt proud of a daughter, who, at so early an age, showed such admirable self-command. From morning to evening she saw her constantly occupied in promoting the comfort or welfare of others—of herself she never seemed to think. She had even relinquished reading many of her favourite authors, particularly poetry, or any work of fancy calculated to awaken her imagination, or to soften her heart. Religious and moral works, and history, took place of the works of taste in which she had been used to take such delight; and her mother distinctly saw the salutary influence of sorrow, as she watched her daughter's character developing its purity and strength beneath the moral discipline of adversity.

Mrs. Seymour silently aided her daughter's endeavours, and supplied many an interesting ob-

ject or motive of employment, without her agency being discovered by Louisa. On various pretences, she now gave up to her daughter the exclusive care of the poor, sick, and afflicted families she had been in the habit of visiting and assisting. Many a whole winter's day, Louisa, accompanied by her two little girls, spent in exploring the haunts of poverty, administering to the sick, and in soothing the sorrows which she could not relieve. Emily and Anny were each furnished with a small covered basket, in which they carried little articles of medicine or food. To them these rambles had the charm of novelty ; and they eagerly performed their tasks, that they might have the more time to look for poor people, as they said. What volumes could Louisa have filled, had she written down all the long and sad stories she now listened to ; and these annals of the poor would have displayed a height of virtue, a depth of vice, a singularity of adventure, a spirit of enterprise, and affecting and tender incidents, in all the variety of shade and colour that is found in the shifting scenes of life.

The population of Washington is made up of people from every nation. Artisans and adventurers, attracted by the high prices given for labour, and by the new field opened for enterprise and industry, flocked to it. On the rising ground north of Pennsylvania Avenue, is a collection of small houses, each with its enclosure, its cow-shed and poultry yard, where a little colony of the persecuted Irish find shelter and comfort. Grateful and affectionate people ; how eager was your welcome, how glad your greetings, to the amiable Louisa and her little companions ! When they entered these humble dwellings, with what smiling countenances and simple courtesy would

the women meet them at the door, smooth down their aprons, set aside their spinning wheels, and place chairs near their blazing fires! How delightedly would the chubby-faced children stand round, gazing on, and admiring the dress of the young ladies, and how ardent were the mothers in their expressions of gratitude! Nor would they let Emily and Anny go empty handed away; for who love to give so well as the open-hearted, generous Irish! they would always find a new laid egg, or a pretty pullet, to give the little girls, in return for the nice things they had brought them; and even Louisa would be obliged to accept the ball of fine homespun thread, which they excelled in making, or some such trifle, as a testimony of their gratitude. Their communications were often carried on solely by signs, as few of the old folks could speak English. In no way could Louisa so greatly oblige them, as by getting their boys admitted into the free schools, which, as her father was one of the most active trustees, she easily accomplished. This people are remarkable for the quickness and sprightliness of their minds, and, to use an expression common among the poor, "take wonderfully to learning;" and many a poor boy, who, through her means, was placed at school, has since turned his learning to good account, and risen to respectability and usefulness. The boys she supplied with books; and how proud and delighted would the little urchins be, if, when she afterwards visited them, they could read her a lesson in good English, while their fond mothers, with glistening eyes and open mouths, would gaze on them as on prodigies. But all Louisa's exhortations to neatness were vain and useless; and though she would send them brooms, plates, spoons, &c. she

would still find the floors dirty, and see them empty their kettles of potatoes on a table or bench, and sometimes even on the floor, round which the dirty children would gather like so many little pigs.

Their pipes, and their whiskey, too, were sadly offensive to Louisa's delicate habits. These were Irish ways, brought with them from their bogs and cabins, and which, as her father told her, the old folks could not relinquish ; though the young people, as they grew up, were gradually acquiring our habits of neatness, temperance, and comfort. But their warm-heartedness made up to Louisa for these disagreeable traits ; and she was drawn oftener to them by the lively interest their ardent characters excited, than to the more cleanly and well ordered habitations of our own countrymen, whose cold and careless manner of receiving kindness, left benevolence to the dictates of duty, instead of stimulating it by excited feeling. The Spaniard, with his dark complexion and serious manner—the Italian, with his sparkling eyes, gay countenance, and courteous demeanour—the Frenchman, gay, though poor, civil almost to servility, bowing and scraping, till poor Emily would be obliged to stop her mouth with a handkerchief to avoid laughing ; and yet, so pleasant, good natured, and talkative, that it was her delight to go to see them—the German, the Dutchman, English and Scotchman—all by turns were discovered in their scattered and humble dwellings ; and, while they received little kindnesses from Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, to whom Louisa used to make them known, more than repaid them, by the benefit Louisa received from the novelty and variety these scenes and characters exhibited. Dr. Irvin's benevolence was often

put in requisition ; for he had long before made an offer of his professional services, gratis, for "*Mrs. Seymour's poor*," as he called them ; and Louisa, as he said, was determined he should have no idle time to throw away. It is surprising how much one individual can do, even though that individual be a young lady, in relieving the wants of the poorer classes of society ; and that, too, at little expense, besides her time. A few of the hours thrown away in morning visits, or lounged away in the galleries of Congress, might rescue many a widow, orphan, or poor family, from distress. Society abounds in kind and benevolent feelings, that only want direction, to flow out in good deeds. A poor milliner, mantua-maker, or seamstress, needed only to be known to be employed. Many a poor child, through Louisa's recommendation, was placed in some good family, who, in turn, was obliged to her for a good servant. These, and many other means, she adopted, for giving essential relief to the poor, while she served the rich, and afforded opportunity to the indolent, fashionable and gay, to indulge their kind feelings, without trouble or inconvenience.

It is no wonder, then, that Mrs. Seymour, when she saw her daughter returning from these excursions, with the colour of her cheek restored by exercise, her mind warmed and animated by benevolence, should exclaim to herself, "surely this trial of my Louisa's is 'a blessing in disguise.' Withdrawn from the bustling, and thoughtless joys, the idle parade and vain ceremonies of life, sorrow

'Leaves us leisure to be good ;'

"and, truly as beautifully has M. de Chateau-

briand said, 'the human heart is like that tree, which yields not its balsam to heal the wounds of others, until itself is wounded.' Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth ; but when the one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed ; in what it gives, and in what it receives. The peace or comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosoms, by the satisfaction of an approving conscience ; as the vapours which ascend through the day, fall back at night in refreshing dews upon the earth. Shall I then regret an event, which, by thus softening and expanding, likewise improves, my daughter's heart ?"

Such reflections reconciled Mrs. Seymour to the too evident sadness which Louisa felt, notwithstanding all her efforts to repress and conquer an unavailing sorrow. There were moments when her courage failed ; and she would weep, without control, over the disappointed hopes, and high raised expectations, in which she had indulged. In the silent watches of the night, the pictures which her fancy had drawn of future felicity ; the virtues in which that fancy had arrayed the object of her love, would mingle with the sweet and tender recollections of the happy hours that she had so lately passed. These hopes of futurity, these recollections of the past, would blend in one dark and heavy cloud, and oppress her bosom with a weight she could scarcely endure. So deep was the impression which Wilnot had made, that she felt as if it were impossible that either time or absence could erase it from her memory. She could more easily realize that

her heart would cease to beat, than cease to love ; and she felt as if it would be easier to die, than to forget.

Experience only can teach us that the most ardent sentiments are not the most durable ; that the deepest are not indelible. The first are worn out by their own activity, the latter by the lapse of years, which, like the waves of the ocean, wear even rocks away. Be patient, then, thou youthful sufferer ; for thy sufferings shall not, cannot always last. The fields, which have lost their verdure, and the landscape, robbed of its beauty by the ravages of the winter, again shall revive, and be clothed in all their pristine loveliness ; and the heart which now mourns shall again rejoice.

CHAPTER II.

L'amour, à sa naissance, n'est jamais bien vif; il n'est d'abord qu'un simple mouvement de préférence, dont il est facile d'arrêter les progrès en cessant de voir l'objet qui l'inspire; c'est le moyen le plus sûr, et bientôt le souvenir se perd, et s'efface sans beaucoup de peine.

Adèle et Theodore.

AFTER an absence of some weeks, spent by Louisa in virtuous efforts to conquer an attachment opposed by duty and prudence, and by Wilmot in the alternations of hope and fear, anxiety and uncertainty, he at last summoned resolution to go to Mrs. Seymour's; and he chose the close of day, as the time when he would be most exempt from interruption.

He found Louisa alone in the parlour, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of urging his request of being once more allowed to visit her, and to endeavour to deserve her affection; at the same time assuring her, he had relinquished his former engagement, and felt free to offer his hand and heart to her acceptance.

His arguments, his solicitations, were in vain; Louisa persisted in her resolution, never to accept a man of a disposition so versatile, a temper so ungoverned, and whose honour was pledged to another.

"But, if it will be any consolation, Mr. Wilmot," said she, much affected by the violence of

his grief, "to know that I feel neither anger nor displeasure at your late conduct, let that consolation be yours. I have thought much on this subject since we parted. I then made use of the terms base—dishonourable—as applicable to your behaviour to me; but, on retracing the past, if not my reason, at least my heart, excuses you. I do not reproach you with designedly trying to win my affections, or intentionally cherishing your own. Alas, no! there was no plan, no design in the case. You were invited, as a friend, to the house; accident, afterwards, threw you among us in the endearing character of a deliverer—of a friend. You were a favourite with all the family, and received those affectionate attentions, that could not fail to excite your tenderest feelings. Passing every day, every hour together—oh, it was all natural; I blame myself more than I blame you!" and, as she spoke, Louisa covered her face with her hands, and her tears trickled through her fingers.

"Generous, candid, indulgent Miss Seymour!" exclaimed Wilmot, much affected; "every word you say, sinks your image deeper and deeper into my heart; never can it be erased—never can I leave you!"

"Mr. Wilmot," resumed Louisa, "as yet we have only been unfortunate—let us not be guilty! never could I reconcile myself to happiness purchased by the misery of another. The unfortunate Mary Hastings has loved you from her infancy. This early affection has grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength; it is entwined with every fibre of her heart, and, in breaking the tie which binds you to her, life itself would break. See," said she, drawing a letter from a drawer in her writing-desk, "see; it is

your mother herself who says so. This letter was written to me; it is to me this fond parent makes an appeal no heart can withstand. She begs me to use my influence over you, to induce you to return and fulfil the engagement which binds you to the daughter of her heart, assuring me, that not only the happiness and life of this adopted child depends on your fidelity, but that all her own peace of mind must likewise depend on it; since, as she says, 'it was I who cherished this sentiment—it was I who formed this tie.' You will learn from this letter, that she has not communicated to Mary the change in your sentiments, nor will she do so, persuaded, as she is, that such intelligence would be fatal to one already suffering from long protracted suspense and anxiety. Nay, listen to me, Mr. Wilmot," continued Louisa, perceiving his impatience, and his attempt to speak; "listen to me, for, oh! Mr. Wilmot, I have not only thought, but I have felt deeply on this subject; nor think that feeling and reason are incompatible. Scarcely three months ago, we were strangers to each other; yet we were happy. Does not this prove, that we are not necessary to each other's happiness? and, as my dear mother says, the affection which so suddenly sprung up is the offspring of fancy, rather than of a knowledge and love of merit; and absence, by removing the object of this fancy, will soon destroy this sentiment. This seems hard to believe, but she speaks from observation and experience; and I must believe her. The undecaying and unconquerable nature of a first attachment, she has fully demonstrated to me, is not founded in nature; but that, on the contrary, those early attachments, which are not the offspring of merit, or knowledge of charac-

ter, are, generally, evanescent ; and that it is but seldom in real life, they lead to that union on which happiness so entirely depends.

“The ardent heart is susceptible of other, and as strong sentiments of preference ; which, when sanctioned by judgment, are more durable, and quite as fervent, as those that are the mere creatures of fancy. If all this is true—and it is impossible for me to doubt what this best of mothers has assured me is the truth—shall we, in the indulgence of an evanescent sentiment, on which our future happiness does not depend, shall we sacrifice the life of an amiable woman, the happiness of your mother—and your honour ? I, at least, have not the courage to be so unjust—so cruel. And had I no other motive, I would sacrifice my hopes of happiness to my sense of duty. But, I have other motives : my reason tells me, that your character, or rather temper, such as it has been developed, is not suited to mine. The accounts you yourself have given us, from time to time, of your habits and pursuits, have been confirmed by a letter from my aunt. My mother wrote to make such inquiries as her affection and anxiety for me prompted. The result is such, that even had no previous engagement existed, I should, indeed, Mr. Wilmot, I should have sacrificed—should have conquered the partiality—the”——She could not finish. After a moment’s pause, she continued—“Go, then, Mr. Wilmot, and if my good opinion, if my friendship, is valued by you, gain it by showing yourself capable of conquering a mere fancy, and of performing an absolute duty. Go, and be assured, that in making Mary happy, you yourself will be so.”

In vain did Wilmot try to controvert her arguments ; in vain did he protest his love for her was not the progeny of fancy, but would endure through life ; she remained unshaken, and with undisguised tenderness, but with firmness and dignity, she bade him leave her, without ever again thinking of her in any other light than that of a friend. So pathetic were her pleadings in favour of the devoted Mary ; so strong the views of duty she presented, and, above all, so powerful was his desire for her esteem and friendship, that Wilmot, before he left her, was almost brought to promise that he would implicitly follow her advice.

Had Louisa concealed the feelings with which he had inspired her, Wilmot would have been slightly impressed by her arguments ; but the tender and amiable sensibility she manifested, convinced him she was acting on the same heroic ideas of duty which she recommended to him ; that she did not require a greater sacrifice from him, than she herself made. Hers was not the easy virtue of advising others to the practice of duty ; it was the more difficult task of enforcing precept by example ; and her tears carried stronger conviction than her words. Yet, the more lovely, the more excellent she appeared, the more dreadful was it to forego all his fond hopes ; and the tenderness she evinced only aggravated his loss, and increased his agony. At other moments it soothed, it consoled, it encouraged, and afterwards it confirmed him in his resolution to be guided by her advice, which he never could have done, had he supposed her advice to be prompted by indifference.

He at last left her—himself a prey to the most

bitter regret, and his heart torn by the struggles between duty and love.

It is hard to say which would have prevailed, if the sweet idea of Louisa's tenderness had not, by nourishing every principle of virtue, given him strength to combat the force of inclination. The consciousness of being beloved by her, elevated him in his own estimation, and made him resolve to deserve that love. To ensure her esteem, seemed more necessary to his happiness, than the possession of her person. "Since duty divides us, let Louisa still esteem me, and I can still be happy!" thought Wilmot. And this idea gleamed on his gloomy and desolate bosom, like sunshine on the dark and troubled ocean. How powerful is the influence of woman! what an irresistible influence does nature give her over the passions of man! what a pity that that influence is not always used in the cause of virtue!

Wilmot left Washington; he left it in compliance with the injunctions of Louisa, and the idea of her approbation gave him courage and consolation. When he reached Philadelphia, he was received with undisguised joy and tenderness by his mother—with a timid and blushing welcome by Mary. His long absence, his silence, excited in her gentle bosom an anxiety and sadness which gave an interesting softness to her manners. Her health was delicate, her spirits depressed, and her manners characterized by a reserve and diffidence, which her suspicions of his affection naturally produced. Had she met him with undoubting confidence, with undisguised tenderness, his feelings would have been chilled, disgusted. But now they were excited, and the more she withdrew from his attentions, the more attentive did he become.

It is easier to confer an obligation, than to perform a duty—to give, than to pay. The kindnesses which were not demanded as a debt, he now willingly bestowed.

Still, the idea of Louisa was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and often was he tempted to open his whole heart to Mary, and to throw himself on her generosity. Had his engagement to her been the only motive for Louisa's rejection, it is more than probable he would have made the experiment; but the thought, that such a confession would make Mary miserable, without ensuring his own happiness, enabled him to check the impulse; and though not a fond lover, he acted towards Miss Hastings as a kind, affectionate brother, and spoke of their future union as a thing that was fixed. In this line of conduct he was confirmed, by the influence of a mother whom he loved and respected; and after a few weeks passed with her, he was himself astonished at the calm that had succeeded the tempest in which his soul had been tossed by violent and contending emotions.

The performance of duty diffuses a complacency, a self-satisfaction, a tranquillity, which can never be enjoyed in the indulgence of pleasures contrary to its dictates. The sacrifices of inclination to duty, however difficult and painful they may be at the time, carry with them their own reward—the reward of an approving conscience. The esteem of the whole world cannot make us happy, if secretly tormented by self-condemnation. But, supported by our own esteem, we can serenely smile on the condemnation of the world. Oh! prefer, then, the path of duty, however rugged it may appear, and time will soon render it the path of peace.

Wilmot wrote to Louisa, describing his feelings, and acknowledging the justness of all she had said. He told her he was resolved to correct those frailties in his character which she had condemned; to reform his habits; to give up the dissipated company in which his youth had been passed; to cultivate those higher pleasures, which in Mr. Seymour's family he first learned duly to appreciate; and, since an imperious duty required him no longer to aspire to her love, to endeavour to deserve her friendship. "And I will acknowledge," he added, "that even with you, dear Miss Seymour, my happiness would have been imperfect, if purchased by the misery of another, or by the neglect of duty."

Suspense was now at an end, and Louisa daily found the task of self-conquest become easier and easier. She could not, indeed, forget the amiable and interesting Wilmot, but the nature of her feelings was changing. To her he was still an object of deep and lively interest, and instead of banishing him from her recollection, she endeavoured to think of him as a friend, and as the husband of another woman. In time she succeeded; and, however contrary to the doctrines of romance, she experienced the truth of what her mother had so often assured her, that time and absence would wear away the strength of an impression which she had believed to be indelible. Her ardent feelings were mellowed into a tender interest, and in the progress of time, she could think of Wilmot as Mary's husband, without pain or bitterness; while the idea, that the happiness of that young lady would be her work, compensated for what she had suffered in making the sacrifice duty required.

More than a year elapsed, before Louisa's

image was so completely eradicated from Wilmot's heart as to permit him to ratify his engagement with Miss Hastings. But that image was to him a guardian angel, leading and preserving him in the paths of virtue, stimulating him to exertion, supporting him under temptation.

CHAPTER III.

His life may justly be styled, Philosophy, teaching by example.

Sallust.

Since living virtue is with envy curst,
And the best men are libell'd as the worst.

Pope.

ONE day, when Mr. Seymour returned to a late dinner, he entered with an air so perturbed, and with so melancholy a countenance, that Mrs. Seymour felt seriously alarmed; and begged him instantly to tell her what affected him, as she was sure he had some ill tidings to communicate.

"Your conjecture is but too true," he replied; "but, like me, you will at first scarcely credit my intelligence."

Mrs. Seymour, still more alarmed, urged him immediately to remove her suspense, however painful his communication might be.

"Our friend Desmond," said he—

"Is dead!" exclaimed Louisa.

"Alas, that would have been a less evil; no, he is not dead, but is committed to prison this morning, on an accusation of having murdered St. Julien, the young stranger, who has, as you know, been for some months past staying at his house."

"Impossible! impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour and all the family.

“I fear it is but too possible ; such a man would not have been arrested on slight grounds of suspicion.”

“But, how did it happen ? what proof is there of the charge ?”

“I can give you no particulars, except, that the Swiss servant of the Chevalier St. Julien last night called up a magistrate, before whom he deposed, that his master was murdered, and by his host. Upon which Desmond was instantly arrested, and conducted to prison. The court is now sitting, and he will be brought to trial as soon as the grand jury can prefer an indictment. I should have instantly gone to my unhappy friend, had I not feared to alarm you by my absence ; but I shall go the moment I have dined ; and do not be uneasy, if I should not return to-night. I shall remain in the prison, if he will allow me ; nay, stay with him until Theodore arrives.”

“This is dreadful, indeed !” said Mrs. Seymour. “I would go to Mrs. Desmond, if, judging by own feelings, I did not suppose, at such a crisis, she would rather be left to herself. But, where is Theodore ?”

“It is two or three weeks since he returned to College ; poor fellow, it will be an overpowering shock for him. I shall instantly send the faithful old Donald for him.”

When Mr. Seymour left them, Louisa and the other children gathered round their mother, to converse about this unhappy affair ; and to conjecture what possible motive could have impelled so good a man as Mr. Desmond to perpetrate such a dreadful crime ;—to inquire what punishment would be inflicted, what proof would be required, and many other similar topics. Edward

thought it would be unjust to punish a man for a crime no one saw him commit ; and recounted many stories where the presumptive proof was of the most striking and decisive kind, and yet, where the accused person had been afterwards found innocent. Mrs. Seymour gave many instances, similar to those recounted by Edward, together with a detail of the affecting circumstances with which they were attended, until her young auditors were drowned in tears ; and they declared with one voice, that it was cruel and unjust to take the life of any one, without positive proof. They were in a warm argument on this point, when the door opened, and M. de —, the traveller before mentioned, was shown in. He had become a frequent and welcome visiter at Mr. Seymour's, where his entertaining descriptions of the country, and interesting account of the natives of South America, and his own adventures, afforded unwearied delight to every one, but most especially to the children.

Being personally acquainted with the author of the Columbiad, they had read that poem with a thousand times more interest than they had the Iliad or Æneid, or even the entertaining Odyssey. It had incited them diligently to read the history of South America ; they had wept over the stories of Peru and Mexico, told with such force and simplicity by Robertson ; and *Castello's* account of the conquest of the latter kingdom, where he himself had served under Cortez, had for them all the charm of romance. And to see a person who had been where Montezuma had reigned—Cortez triumphed—and Guatamazin suffered ; who had been in Peru, where the Incas had dwelt—where Pizarro and Alonzo had fought ; and to have seen the place where the good old

Las Casas found a peaceful retreat in the wilderness—this, indeed, was wonderful, and to their young and ardent minds seemed like enchantment. They forgot that near four hundred years had passed since these events had taken place, and would question him of Cora and Rolla, and Alonzo, of whom they had read in Marmontel's interesting tale, as if they had recently lived. The amiable traveller, as distinguished for the amenity of his manners, and the warmth and kindness of his disposition, as by his enterprising temper and ardour in scientific pursuits, would enter into long narrations; and, on a map, trace his route, and point out every spot remarkable for its natural or civil history, or any interesting incident which had occurred to himself, while all who heard hung with delighted attention on his eloquent recitals.

The tea-table was set for the evening meal, and Mrs. Seymour, smiling, said, "they should treat him quite *en famille*, and ask him to join their circle round the table."

"I am charmed," he replied, "that you will admit me *sans ceremonie*; you are the only one, who are so kind as to forget that I am a titled foreigner, and to allow me the privileges of a friend. It is impossible," he continued, "for travellers to form a just idea of the manners and habits of a country, if always treated with ceremony; and for my part, I would gladly forego all such flattering attentions, for the sake of studying men and manners as they are in domestic life."

"If all strangers brought with them such letters of introduction as you do, M. de —, written by the hand of Nature herself, and so legibly, that no one can see and hear you, and doubt their au-

thenticity, they would, believe me, be as cordially received."

"But how comes it then, madam," replied he, smiling and bowing to her compliment, "that no one but yourself understands the language in which they are written?"

"It must be your own fault; give to others the opportunities with which you have favoured us, and every where will M. de —— be received as a friend."

"Do not imagine I complain of want of hospitality—so far from it, in no country have I received more; but it is too much your custom to show your kindness to strangers, by giving them large parties and formal dinners. Now these exhibit men, in all civilized countries, under the same aspect; in a gala dress, as it were, or rather masquerade, where the manners as well as the dress are assumed for the occasion. No correct estimate can be formed of the degrees of wealth, or habits of living, of different individuals and classes of society; for you ladies are such magicians, that I see no difference in the entertainments of your wealthiest citizens, and of those who have been pointed out to me as in narrow and embarrassed circumstances. Now, if these kind and polite people could but realize that not only myself, but all men of taste, sentiment or science, enjoy such a social meal as this, more than the grandest entertainment they can prepare, how much trouble and vexation and expense might be spared."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Seymour; "and I have benefitted so far by remarks I have heard from foreigners on our eating parties, as they call our evening assemblies, that instead of the rich variety and perpetual succession of refreshments

given at our parties, I have retained little besides a cup of tea."

"So much the better, so much the better," replied M. de —; "I wish all your fellow citizens would follow your example; there would then be more intellectual feasting; the company could then converse; whereas now, constantly eating and drinking, servants pressing through the crowded rooms, the tinkling of glasses, spoons, forks, &c., totally interrupts conversation.

"Your good President understands the art of living, better than any one I have met with. To one who has been disgusted with the cumbersome pomp, and pageantry of courts, the restraints of ceremony and etiquette, there is something delightful, nay, even sublime, in the simplicity of your republican Magistrate. What a contrast between the glitter and splendour of the court of the Viceroy of Peru, for instance; the palace surrounded with guards; the halls and anti-chambers filled with soldiers and servants, through which you are most solemnly ushered—to see whom?—an insignificant being, whose name even is not known beyond the district that he governs;—and the dwelling of your president; guarded only by the love and respect of the nation; attended only by his own virtues. The solitude of the President's house, to the eye of the philosopher, is a far more sublime spectacle than the thronged and guarded palaces of emperors and kings. It speaks to the heart, to the mind; and proclaims that true safety and true greatness are found only in virtue.

"When a distinguished French citizen, who had resided some time in this country, returned to France, he went to court, and one of the first

questions the First Consul asked him, was, 'what kind of a government is that of the United States?' 'It is one, sir,' he replied, 'which you neither *feel* nor *see*.' The First Consul asked no more questions; feeling that such a panegyric on your government was a satire on his."

"How I love to hear you talk of my dear country, and our venerable and beloved President," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, with simplicity and feeling.

"Not more than I love to expatiate on them," said M. de——; "to me, my visit to your happy land is an intellectual banquet; and never shall I forget the affecting scene I witnessed last evening, nor the happiness I enjoyed to-day, in the national palace."

"Oh, do tell us," said Edward, who, eagerly listening, never lost a word spoken by M. de——.

He smiled at the boy's earnestness, and, patting his head, said, "You, perhaps, will be President some day, my fine little fellow, so study well the model you now have, and try to be as good and great a man."

"Indeed," said Edward, "I mean to try hard; for, if I live long enough, I am determined to be President before I die."

They all laughed; but M. de——said, "that's a noble and just ambition, my boy; the constitution of your country opens the path to that honour to the poorest citizen: therefore, it cannot be wrong to aim at it. Were you a simple citizen in Europe, to determine to be a king, you would do wrong, because you could not be so without committing crimes, and overturning the government."

"But I could, even in Europe, be a *great man*," exclaimed Edward; "you know I could be

a hero, or a great general, and that would be next best."

"Aim rather at being a *good man*," said M. de —, "and then you may obtain the first mentioned object of your ambition."

"But pray tell us, sir, if you please, what you saw at the President's house."

"I called," replied he, "in the dusk of the evening; the servant showed me silently into the drawing-room, and I had reason to rejoice, that among other European customs which you disregard, is that of announcing a visiter; for, by not being announced, my entrance was not perceived for some minutes, and I had the delight of witnessing one of the most charming scenes I ever beheld.

"In the midst of the room, seated on the floor, was the good President: this affectionate father, surrounded by half a dozen or more of the most lovely, Hebe-like children, I ever saw. They were laughing, talking, singing, round their venerable grandfather, while first one, and then another, would steal a kiss, or encircle him in their arms. They had been, it seems, puzzling him with enigmas, and he amusing them with stories. I did not stir, for fear of disturbing this sweet family scene; but, at last, one of the little ones discovered me, and gave the alarm: all started up, and surrounded me, with inquiries how I had got in, how long I had been there, &c. The President shook hands with me, saying, 'I will make no other apology than the good Henry the Fourth did, when he was caught by an ambassador playing horse, and riding one of his children on his back, by asking, are you a father?—if you are no apology is necessary.' 'I am not so happy,

I replied, 'but still I can sympathise in the pleasure I have witnessed.'

"Well," said Edward, "this is what you saw last evening; now, pray tell us what made you so happy to day."

"Your mamma will best appreciate this part of my story," replied M. de ——. "I dined *en famille*, almost tête-a-tête with this great man, and enjoyed in perfection the simplicity and absence of ceremony, which I so much admire.

"I told you no one understood so well the art of living; this is perceptible in all his arrangements and occupations, in his cabinet, his drawing and his dining room; into the mysteries of all which he has had the goodness to initiate me.

"To day, for instance, we had a striking proof of this. Nothing is a greater restraint on the freedom of conversation, which, to me, is the chief pleasure of the social board, than the attendance of a number of servants. To day, no servant was present: a small table, or *dumb waiter*, was placed at each corner of the table, on which was every thing requisite for the service of the table, and to which we helped ourselves. He adopts this plan, he tells me, when he has friends with him, whose conversation he values, or with whom his intercourse is confidential; and surely, I was more gratified by this compliment, than I would have been by the most costly and splendid banquet."

"You were born to be a citizen of a republic," said Mrs. Seymour; "how unkind has fortune been in making you the subject of a monarchy!"

"I am a citizen of the world," replied M. de ——, "or, rather, a traveller by profession; but I hope to end my travels and my life in your happy country. When my young friend here,"

said he, laying his hand on Edward's head, "is President; will you then give me an asylum under your peaceful administration?"

"If it depended on me," said Edward, "your travels should end now, and you should never leave us."

"I suspect," said Mrs. Seymour, "Edward's vocation is rather to scenes of warfare, than peace; what say you, my son, which would you rather do, shoulder a musket, or navigate a vessel?"

"Which ever is most difficult, and would acquire most glory," replied he.

"Spoken like a hero," said M. de —; "where did you imbibe such ambitious notions?"

"From Homer and Virgil, I suspect," said Louisa.

"The Grecian and Roman classics have so much of that tendency," observed M. de —, "that I do not know whether it would not be the policy of your government to prohibit them in the schools. It would be a lamentable thing if the only pacific nation in the world should imbibe a passion for war and conquest."

"You would think we were fast tending to it," said Mrs. Seymour, "if you knew all the reproaches heaped on the President for *purchasing*, instead of conquering Louisiana; it was deemed a mean and degrading mode of acquiring territory, by some of our hot-brained politicians."

"We should form a very unjust estimate of your public men, or public measures," said M. de —, "if we formed our judgments from the ebullitions of party spirit, or the fulminations of party journals. I own I am shocked and disgusted with the licentiousness of your public

prints; the advantage of a free press can scarcely counterbalance the evil."

"Our philosophic President will not agree with you in that opinion; although no individual has suffered more from its excesses than he has," said Mrs. Seymour.

"True," replied M. de —, "he considers a free press as the paladium of liberty. I went today an hour before his time of dining, and was received in his cabinet while he was finishing a letter; I took up one of your public journals which lay upon his table, and was astonished and shocked to find its columns filled with the lowest abuse, and vilest of calumnies of the President. I threw it down with indignation, exclaiming, why do you not have the fellow hung who dares to write these abominable lies! He smiled at my warmth, and replied, 'hang the guardian of public morals? no, sir; rather would I protect the spirit of freedom which dictates even that abuse. Put that paper into your pocket, my good friend, and when you hear any one doubt the reality of American liberty, show them that paper, and tell them where you found it; you cannot have a better proof of its existence. Sir, the country where public men are amenable to public opinion; where not only their official measures, but their private morals, are open to the scrutiny and animadversion of every citizen, is more secure from despotism and corruption, than it could be rendered by the wisest code of laws, or best formed constitution. Party spirit may sometimes blacken, and its erroneous opinions may sometimes injure; but, in general, it will prove the best guardian of a pure and wise administration; it will detect and expose vice and corruption, check the encroachments of power, and resist op-

pression; sir, it is an abler protector of the people's rights, than *arms* or *laws*.'

" 'But is it not shocking that virtuous characters should be defamed?'

" 'Let their actions refute such libels. Believe me, virtue is not long darkened by the clouds of calumny. In its course, it will shine forth like the sun at noon-day, and with its brightness disperse the fogs and vapours which obscured its rising light. When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property, and justly liable to the inspection and vigilance of public opinion; and the more sensibly he is made to feel his dependence, the less danger will there be of his abuse of power—*The abuse of power*, that rock on which good governments, and the people's rights, have been so often wrecked.'

" 'Such doctrines would never be recognised in the old world,' I observed.

" 'Our example,' he replied, 'may enforce these doctrines, which your philosophers have so long preached in vain; example, you know, far outweighs precept.'

" 'My dear sir,' said Mrs. Seymour, 'if you repeat all these things when you return to Europe, not even those philosophers will believe you, but will ask you if you have been travelling in Utopia.'

M. de —, smiled, and said "what then will they think of the following story," taking his tablets out, "which I had from authority I cannot doubt."

"Pray let us have it," said Mrs. Seymour.

"A very poor black man had hung his Sunday coat (the only one he possessed) on the fence before his door to sun and air it. A man who was in the President's service seized the coat, and

insisted on carrying it off, as he alleged it belonged to one of the servants. It was in vain the poor negro remonstrated; the man would not return the coat.

“He went to the President’s house, and asked for the steward, to whom he told the story. The steward gave him no satisfaction, and sent him about his business. As it was a thing of great consequence to the poor man, he resolved to go to the President himself: the porter readily admitted him, and a servant conducted him to the President, who patiently and attentively listened to the story. When it was done, he rang for a servant, whom he ordered to bring the coat in question. When it came, he examined it, and said, ‘the cloth is of the same colour, but the servants’ coats have livery trimmings, and there has never been any trimming on this; nor is the make the same. The coat does not belong to any of my household. Take it, my good fellow; it is certainly yours.’* ”

“In ancient story we have read of governors and kings who dispensed justice themselves, but it is only in novels and romances now-a-days we hear of such adventures.”

“If we had such an office as a national historiographer, I should certainly wish you to be appointed, my dear sir,” said Mrs. Seymour; “you will have a fine collection of anecdotes, if you go on at this rate.”

“You would say so, were you to see my journal. I spend some hours every day with the President, and when I go to my lodgings, I note down the principal part of his conversation; be-

* This last incident is inserted, to give an idea of the simplicity of our manners, and facility of access to our first Magistrate; but in fact it occurred to Mr. Monroe, not Mr. Jefferson.

sides which, I converse with rich and poor respecting him, the government, the public and private institutions, &c. &c."

"How delightful it would be to read your journal," said Louisa.

"It would soon weary you; it contains details only interesting to such a microscopic investigator as myself.

"Would you not think it paradoxical, if I were to tell you, I heard this good President to-day, wish for absolute power; yes, wish that he was a despot!"

"It would, indeed, be inconsistent with the democratical sentiments you told us of," said Mrs. Seymour; "what could have induced such a wish?"

"I was admiring," said Mr. de —, "the beauty and variety of the scenery of the city of Washington; its hills, its plains, its valleys, springs, rivulets and rivers, but more than all, the noble forest trees which cover the Capitol Hill, extend over the low ground at its foot, and along the banks of the Tiber, and shores of the Potomac. I had found, on inquiry, that these beautiful and venerable trees were on ground reserved for public walks and gardens, and observed to the President, that I had seen, with surprise and regret, oaks, sycamores, and tulip trees, the growth of ages, cut down; a loss, I observed, which could never be restored.

"The loss is irreparable," said he; "nor can the evil be prevented. When I have seen such depredation, I have wished for a moment to be a despot, and that in the possession of absolute power, I could enforce the preservation of these venerable groves."

“ ‘ But have not you sufficient authority ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ No, ’ said he, “ not to preserve a single tree. Only regular military guards could do it, as you do in Europe. The trees are cut down by the poor for fuel ; often at night. Some, indeed, belong to the former proprietors of the ground, who, when they parted with the land, reserved to themselves the trees ; which they now fell, and sell at the common price of fuel. In one night, *forty* wide spreading and lofty tulip trees, that bordered the Tiber, were girdled, that is, a ring of bark stripped off, by which, of course, they were killed, and left to be cut down at the leisure of these midnight depredators. It was in vain I tried to discover them ; the poor were too much interested, to hope that they would betray the offenders. In a few years, not a tree will remain, and when it is too late, the Legislature will regret that measures were not taken for their preservation. Washington might have boasted one of the noblest parks, and most beautiful malls, attached to any city in the world. Being the seat of government, it is under the jurisdiction of the national legislature, and it is requiring too much to expect our Senators and Representatives to occupy their time in making police laws and regulations. I had it much at heart to have improved the public grounds, and laid out gardens and walks. There are several hundred acres in the city belonging to the government, besides building-lots, and public squares. Let out to enterprising individuals, this land might at least be put in a state of cultivation, which would add not only to the beauty, but salubrity of the city. But a large public body occupied with legislating for such a wide

extended empire, has no time to bestow on such minor objects.

“ ‘ In our climate, trees are peculiarly desirable,’ continued the President ; ‘ as far as the limited means placed in my hands will allow, I have endeavoured to secure this advantage, by planting the Avenue with a young growth ; from which, however, the present generation will obtain little benefit.’

“ You see,” added M. de ——, “ I have a retentive memory.”

“ So good a one,” said Mrs. Seymour, “ you scarcely need your tablets.”

“ Mamma,” said Edward, “ the other day I saw the President standing on his horse, on his saddle I mean, gathering acorns off a willow-oak—I wonder he was not afraid ; and what could he want with acorns?”

“ I wonder, too,” said Mrs. Seymour, “ he was not afraid ; had the horse started, or even moved a few steps, he must have fallen off. But Virginians feel as secure on horse back, as in a chair. Do you remember, Emily, the description of a Virginian in your little book of natural history ?”

“ Yes, mamma ; it says a Virginian is born on horse back, with a pipe in his mouth ; it made us all laugh heartily.”

“ One might almost fancy it true,” said Mrs. Seymour ; “ a Virginian on his plantation never thinks of walking a dozen yards, but mounts his horse when he goes over his fields as regularly as any one would put on a hat.—As for acorns, Edward, the willow-oak is one of the President’s favourite trees ; perhaps he means to plant a nursery of them ; for I heard him say he intended to plant an avenue of these trees, and only designed

the Lombardy poplars to grow, until the oaks were large enough to give shade."

"He rides out frequently alone on horse back, I believe," said M. de —.

"Regularly every day," replied Mrs. Seymour, "during all seasons; the heats of summer, or rigours of winter, never prevent him. He takes long rides in every direction around the city, and I never see him return without some branch of tree, or shrub, or bunch of flowers in his hand. He is acquainted with every tree and plant, from the oak of our forests, to the meanest flower of our valleys."

"We are engaged in an inexhaustible subject," observed M. de —, "but it grows too late for me to intrude any longer. Believe me, madam, this evening will be treasured in my memory. I have read of the cheering and socializing effects of the *tea-table*, and have now experienced the truth of the poet's description; and if I could, should certainly introduce it among my fair country-women."

"Before you could do that, the caprice of fashion will, I fear, have banished it from our fire sides," said Mrs. Seymour; "I am almost the only one I know, so old-fashioned as to introduce it into the parlour. Louisa already has declared war against it."

"What a pity will it be," said M. de —. "The cup of tea handed round a circle, has not half such a social and exhilarating effect, as encircling a table. If ever I get a wife," and he sighed as he said so, "I will certainly describe this charming evening to her, and explain the magic powers of the *tea-table* in promoting conversation. Pray, Mrs. Seymour, retain your

good old fashion, till I bring my cara-sposa to take lessons from you."

"You had better come, when your travelling mania is over, and choose one already versed in the rites and ceremonies of this altar of sociality."

"Good night, good night," said he, "I will go and dream of your advice, and of my future—"

As it was late when M. de — left them, Mrs. Seymour advised the children to go to rest, although the anxiety they felt to hear a further account of Mr. Desmond's situation, prompted them to wish to sit up until their father's return.

Mrs. Seymour and Louisa sat up to a later hour, but at last concluding that Mr. Seymour would remain all night with their unhappy friend, they went to bed, though not to sleep.

The next morning brought a confirmation of their worst fears. Appearances were so strongly indicative of Mr. Desmond's guilt, that, however inexplicable the event seemed, however irreconcilable to his character and conduct, even Mr. Seymour felt more fear than hope, of the result of the impending trial. He now devoted all his time to his unfortunate friend, and not only passed whole days, but often nights, with the unhappy Mr. Desmond.

Mrs. Seymour participated in her husband's anxiety. She called on Mrs. Desmond; but that lady, shut up in the solitude of her own chamber, declined seeing her, or any other friend. Several days were passed by Mrs. Seymour's family in anxious suspense, in which they secluded themselves from society, tenderly sympathizing in, though they could not alleviate, the sufferings of these interesting and unfortunate friends.

CHAPTER IV.

Off have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son, with pious zeal bequeath'd.
—— We on his tale with mute attention dwell.

Rogers.

“Mr dear Louisa,” said Mrs. Seymour, one evening when she had been expecting Mr. Seymour with unusual anxiety, “the carriage has returned without your father; pray ring the bell, that we may learn what has detained him.”

“Joseph,” said Mrs. Seymour, when the servant entered, “I wish to speak to the coachman; bid him come to me directly.” Then, turning to her daughter, she continued, “your father will really be ill before this sad trial is over; he spares himself neither night nor day.”

The door opened; an old gray-headed black man, of a fine portly appearance, an intelligent and good-humoured countenance, entered, and bowing low, said, “How is mistress to-day?”

“Pretty well, Stephen, but very anxious about your master; he is not very well, and the day is dreadfully cold and stormy. Why did he not return with you?”

“Why, mistress, he would not let me stay out in the weather; he came to the door himself, God bless him, and says, ‘Stephen,’ says he, ‘it is

raining very fast, and it is so excessively cold, I do not wish you to wait for me. The court will not rise for several hours; beg your mistress not to wait dinner, and tell her I will return in a *hack*; and do not come out in such weather another time, Stephen, but send one of the boys?"

"That is so like papa," said Louisa.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Louisa, he thinks of every one more than of himself.—And so, mistress, I come home, but I has'nt put up the horses yet, thinking, as soon as I had thaw'd my fingers a bit, to go to fetch the young masters from school."

"Your master would say, we are spoiling the boys, Stephen; but the storm is increasing, and it it a long walk for the poor little fellows."

"Yes, indeed, mistress, and I would far rather go for them."

"No, no, Stephen, *you* must not go; send Thomas; see, it is snowing, sleeting and raining, and so cold your old hands would freeze."

"Indeed, mistress, I can't trust them precious children to our Tom; why, likely as not, master Edward would be for getting up on the box and driving himself, as he did once before when I trusted Tom; you know, mistress, there's no hindering him if he takes a thing in his head; ah, he's a fine spirit of his own, just as master, bless his soul, had afore him. Why, mistress, there was'nt one on the whole plantation could say nay to him, and many's the day he was near breaking his neck on *old master's* race horses. It's more than I would do now-a-days by sweet little masters; old heads make tim'rous hearts, mistress; so, seeing its so desperate slipp'ry for the horses, I would far rather go myself."

"Well, Stephen, you have made me afraid too, so I must let you go; but make haste before it is

dark, and when you come back, send for a warm drink."

"Thank you, mistress; you shall see them before an hour's over;" and, bowing, he left the room.

"I love *daddy Steevy*," said Emily, "he is so good; and I love to sit on his knee, and hear him tell about grandmamma and grandpapa, and all about the *great house*, and about dear papa—when he was born, and what grand doings there were when he was christened; how all the servants had new clothes, and all the slaves had such a frolic, and the bells in the old church were rung, and all about it, mamma."

"Indeed, mamma," said Louisa, "I think you would like to hear him tell of old times too, particularly about what a sweet, good boy, papa was, and how all the house servants, and field-negroes, and the poor people, loved him. When any one had done wrong, and was going to be whipped, he would go beg and cry, till their old master would forgive them."

"And once," continued Emily, when her sister stopped; "and once, mamma, once upon a time, there was one very careless, mischievous boy, that was always galloping the horses so fast that he almost killed them, and he would climb over the garden wall and steal the fruit, and would leave open the gates, and let all the cattle get into the corn fields, and would set the dogs on the cows to see them run, just for play; and grandpapa said he must be sold, he was so bad; but papa cried, and begged grandpapa not to sell him; and so, mamma, one day when he had done something very bad, the overseer had him tied up to whip him; and so mamma, his mother ran to the house and told papa, who was a little

boy only eight years old; and he ran as fast as he could, though his tutor called to him to come back; but he ran till he came to the place where *Ned* was tied up; and his back was all bare, and the overseer was standing over him with a great whip, and was whipping him; and so little Edward, that is, papa, I mean, ran and jumped right up on *Ned's* back, and caught him round the neck, and the overseer, before he knew who it was, gave him a lash too."

Emily's tears now choked her, and she had to stop and wipe her eyes with her apron, while Mrs. Seymour and Louisa could scarcely restrain theirs.

"Well, Emily," said her mother.

"Well, mamma," continued she, still wiping her eyes, "the other slaves that were standing by, ran up, and daddy Stephen caught the overseer's arm, and cried, 'stop, stop; don't you see it is master Edward?' 'Take him away, take him away then,' said the overseer; and he was in such a passion, mamma, he did not know what he was doing; 'take him away, I tell you, *Ned* shall have his thirty-nine lashes—why, that child will ruin all the negroes on the plantation.' Sister Louisa, do you tell," said she, sobbing, and laying her head on her mother's lap, as she sat on a little stool beside her.

"I don't remember it as well as you, Emily, so wipe your eyes, dear, and tell us all about it."

"I remember every word," said the sweet child, "for *daddy* has told me a hundred times."

"Let us hear, then, love."

"Mamma," said she, "little Edward, papa, I mean, would'nt let go his hold, but clasp'd his arms so tight round *Ned's* neck, that the overseer could'nt pull him away, and none of the peo-

ple would so much as touch him—and then the overseer was so furious that he began whipping again, but struck *Ned* on the legs; and then *Ned*'s mother, and daddy Stephen, ran to the house, calling as loud as they could, master, master, come down to the quarters! And master came, I mean grand-papa, came, and when he heard what was the matter, he walked very fast, and saw with his own eyes the overseer whipping away as hard as he could—and sometimes, though he didn't mean it, he struck little Edward. Then grand-papa ran and snatch'd the whip out of the overseer's hand, and threw it on the ground, and caught little Edward in his arms, and hugg'd him and kiss'd him, and he hugg'd and kiss'd grand-papa; and then he jump'd down, and ran and tried to untie *Ned*; but it was such a big rope he could'nt; and then he ask'd daddy Stephen, but he did'nt dare to, but look'd at his master. Then grand-papa turn'd to the overseer and said, 'unloose that boy, sir.' But the overseer would'nt, but look'd so sullen and so proud, and said, 'no, sir, I cannot unloose him; I was only doing my duty.' So then grand-papa said, 'that's true—Stephen, untie that rope.' And then papa ran and help'd him, and took a knife out of daddy Stephen's hand, and cut the rope right in two. And, mamma, I have seen that very knife."

"You have seen it!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, indeed, mamma; daddy Stephen has it yet, and says he will never part with it as long as he lives: shall I get it and show it to you, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, that knife will be precious to me, too," said she, wiping the tears that started to her eyes: "but what was next done?"

“Why, mamma, Ned turned round and kneel’d down before grand-papa, without speaking a word: and old master, grand-papa, I mean, stood considering, and every one was as still, as still as could be. Then old master said, at last—‘Well, Edward, we must sell this boy after all!’ ‘Oh, no, no, no, dear papa,’ little Edward said, and hugg’d his papa, and kiss’d him, ‘don’t sell him, dear papa!’ ‘What, then, shall I do with him, for he is a wicked, worthless boy?’ ‘Give him to me, give him to me, papa, and I will make him good.’ ‘That will be a difficult matter, my child,’ said old master—mamma, I can’t help saying *old master* and *little Edward*, because daddy Stephen tells me it is so.”

“No matter, darling, tell it like Stephen; it will do very well.”

“Oh, I remember all he said; he was so particular, and would tell just how grand-papa looked; and sometimes, mamma, he almost acts it, and makes brother Edward do like papa, and makes Joe do like Ned.”

“Indeed! and do the boys love to listen to the old man’s stories?”

“Oh, yes, dearly, mamma; but they like best to hear about the war, and about the battles, and General Washington, and”——

“But, Emily, love, finish this story first; I really wish to know what became of poor *Ned*. Your father never told any stories about himself; but I wonder you never told me of them before.”

Emily hung down her head, coloured up to her eyes, and looked very conscious.

“Why, now, my Emily, what ails you? I only inquired why you had not told all this before.”

Emily burst into tears, and said, “oh, mamma, I was very naughty; I did what you forbade me—dear, dear mother, pray, pray forgive me.”

"Can you tell what all this means, Louisa? for I really cannot," said Mrs. Seymour, while she held her little girl in her arms, whose face was hid in her bosom.

Louisa looked much concerned, but replied, "Emily will tell, mamma."

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour, "you never, in your whole life, have told me an untruth; therefore, whatever you now tell me, I shall believe it, and, I am sure, forgive you too."

"You are so good, mamma!—why, then, mamma, I did not tell you, because I used to go into the kitchen, and make daddy Stephen tell me all about old times, as he calls it,—when you were out a visiting, mamma, and while sister was in New-York."

"Why, that is a year ago."

"Yes, mamma, almost two years, when I was a *very* little girl, mamma. But I never went after sister came home, because she told me I must not do any thing contrary to your orders. But when I told her about old times, and papa, she wanted to hear too, and she asked the house-keeper to let daddy Stephen come into her room, to tell us stories about old times; and so, mamma, Flora let him come; and of evenings last winter, when you sent us all to play, because you liked to be alone at twilight, then we used to get daddy Stephen to come into the house-keeper's room, and there Louisa and the boys used to sit and listen to him, till you rang the bell for tea."

"I will forgive you, my dear Emily, for two reasons; because you were so young, and because the stories were about your father. But now you are a big girl, or rather a little lady, I

WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

am sure you will never go into the kitchen any more, and never talk with the servants, except old mammy nurse, old daddy Stephen, and our good old Flora. I scarcely deem them servants; they seem more like near relatives, and tender friends. They were the faithful servants of your grand-parents, and nursed and attended on your father from the moment of his birth to the present day, and, I am sure, love his children as fondly as if they were their own."

"Oh, mamma, my heart," laying her hand on her bosom, "my heart feels so light now,—I am so glad I have told you."

"But now, my Emily, for our story; I forget where you left off."

"Just where papa asked grand-papa to give *Ned* to him," said Louisa.

"So it was, sister—well, mamma, little Edward begged his papa to give him *Ned*, and said he would make him good, and grand-papa said, that would be a difficult matter. And then *Ned*, who had been kneeling on the ground, without saying a word, or looking up, then *Ned* cried, 'oh, master, pray, pray give me to master Edward, and I will never be wicked again; indeed, I will be a good boy!' . Old master shook his head, as much as to say, I fear not. Then *Ned* said, 'don't be afraid, master, I *swear* by my Master in heaven, and by the God who made me, yes, I *swear*, I will, all my life, be a faithful, and dutiful, and bounden slave to my young master; yea, I will go between him and death, and will give my life to save his life, as he has done this day for me!' Poor *Ned's* hands were held up; the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and little master, sweet soul, held his father's hand between his, and looked, oh, how pitiful he looked in his

face! *Old master* couldn't stand this; he snatched little Edward up in his arms, and, hugging him close—"give me a hundred kisses, my darling, and you shall have him; he shall be your own, now, and for all his life." Master Edward began giving his father the hundred kisses, while *Ned* jumped up, and danced, and capered, and clapped his hands, as if he was out of his senses. All this while, Mr. Duncan had stood a little way off, looking mighty serious, but never saying a word; but now he came up to *old master*, and, bowing, 'I have your permission, I suppose, sir, to give up my place; my authority is at an end, and, of course, I can no longer be of any service.' 'You have my permission, sir,' said *old master*; and Mr. Duncan was going, but that darling boy jumped down out of his father's arms, and catching hold of Mr. Duncan's hand, 'no, Mr. Duncan,' said he, 'don't go, for I heard papa say, you were an excellent overseer.' And then, mamma—I forget all the rest about Mr. Duncan; but the end of it was, all was made up; he staid, and he and master Edward were better friends than ever."

"But what was done with Ned? Come, my little story-teller, I must have an end to your long story; you always want me to have a good ending to *my* stories, so, pray tell me, what became of poor Ned?"

"Why, mamma, papa took him to the house with him, and wouldn't let him live in the quarters any more, and grand-mamma gave him a livery-suit, and let him wait on his young master and ride with him. And at night, *Ned*, before he went to bed, sent to ask little Edward to come out in the entry to him, and, when he went, he handed him the rope he had been tied with, and

said, now, young master, this rope ties me to you, as fast as it tied me to the whipping-post— So, mamma, there is the end; for Ned has lived with papa ever since.”

“ But, where is he now ? ”

“ Why, mamma, don't you know he is Eddy ? ”

“ Eddy, your father's body-servant ! the *Ned* you have been telling me of ! ”

“ Yes, mamma, the very same. ”

“ Well, this is very strange ; but one thing is certain, he loves mischief still ; and I recollect when I was once urging your father to send him to the plantation, he said he could never part with him ; for although heedless and careless, he was a most attached and faithful slave, and devoted to him from a principle of gratitude, ever since he once saved him from a severe whipping. Your story, my little darling, has beguiled an anxious hour. It is a long time since the carriage went ; the boys will be home presently. Ring, Emily, and order up dinner ; they will be hungry and cold. ”

When Mrs. Seymour and her children returned to the parlour, the sofa was drawn close to the blazing fire ; but this affectionate wife was too anxious to read, as she usually did at this hour ; she walked the room, going frequently to the window, looking often at her watch, and listening to the wheels of every carriage as it rolled by. The storm was still increasing ; sleet and rain beat against the window ; the wind roared round the house ; and, as she stood gazing on the cheerless scene before her, she shuddered at the blast, which bent the tallest poplars almost to the ground ; sighed for the shivering figures, who, gliding along the now deserted Avenue, were breasting the wintry wind and pelting storm ;

looked anxiously towards the Capitol, which the gathering darkness almost hid from her view ; and then, turning to the gay group, who were seated round the fire, consoled herself with thinking of the comfort her husband would enjoy on his return home, after a weary day, passed in a close and crowded court room.

"The contrast will add to his enjoyment," thought she, as she turned to take her accustomed seat in the corner of the sofa. Edward and Louisa were deeply engaged in a game of chess ; and Emily and her cousin Henry, were looking on with almost equal interest as if playing themselves.

Mrs. Seymour leaned on the arm of the sofa, and watched the various emotions of hope and fear, as they were alternately expressed on the faces of the children.

"Check-mate ! next move," cried Henry ; "take care, Edward ! What, give your *queen* ?"

"In some cases," said Edward, "I would give my *life* to conquer."

"Yes, truly, cousin, I believe you ; for you would risk it even for a little *fun* !"

"You have conquered at an easier rate," said Louisa ; "I cannot move, nor can I take your *queen*. I am no match for you, my dear brother."

"But, Henry, what do you mean by your cousin's risking his life ?"

"Why," said Henry, "only think, aunt, he wanted to drive to-night."

"That is just what Stephen feared," said Louisa.

"Feared !" said Edward ; "ladies and old men may fear, but surely men ought never to fear ! and how am I to learn what men ought to learn, if I never brave danger ?"

"When you *are a man*, my son, fear would ill become you ; but, I own, while a *little boy*, I have no objection to a little timidity."

"Why, mamma, Alexander was only a little boy, when he rode a horse, which not one of his father's officers could manage."

"But, my child, you are not Alexander."

"No, mamma ; but if you would let me, I would try to be like him."

"If I would let you ; does it depend on me, then, my son ?"

"Indeed, mamma, it does. You will not let me swim, for fear I may be drowned ; you will not let me climb high trees, for fear I should fall and break my bones ; you will not let me go out in very hot weather, for fear I should get a fever ; nor in cold, stormy weather, for fear I should get a cold ; you will not let me drive, nor ride a spirited horse, for fear I should be run away with ; so, my dear mother, I think you had best put on me some of Louisa's clothes, give me a needle and thimble, and keep me by you all day long ; I may then make an awkward woman, but indeed, mother, I shall never make a man !"

They all laughed heartily at this idea, and Henry said—

"I *guess*, cousin, if a pedlar was to bring in his pack, and he happened to have a *sword* or *dirk* among his wares, you would discover yourself, as quickly as *Achilles* did."

"How did *Achilles* discover himself, cousin ?" said Emily, who was sitting on her stool, close by her mother, whose hand she held, and every now and then kissed ; "did *Achilles*, mamma, dress himself in girl's clothes ?"

"He was a fine young man," said Edward, "and all the princes of Greece could not con-

quer the Trojans without him. His mother Thetis was as anxious about him, as my dear mamma is about me; and, when he was a baby, she dipped him in a river, which, they told her, would harden his body all over, so that no sword could cut, and no arrow pierce his skin; and, in order to prevent his going to the war, she dressed him in women's clothes; but he betrayed himself, by eagerly seizing a sword, which, with other articles, were offered for sale by Ulysses, in the disguise of a pedlar. But all her care was vain; men must die; and even the tenderest mother can't hinder that."

"But how did he die, brother?"

"Why, dear, he was killed by an arrow."

"But you said the water in the river hardened his body all over."

"Yes; but when his mother dipped him in the river, she held him by one foot, and the water did not wet his heel, which was covered by her hand, and the arrow struck him there."

"Poor little Achilles," said Emily, "it is a pity his mother did not think of that!"

"But no one can think of every thing, and one must die, some way or other; and so, my *sweet, dear, good* mamma Thetis," said he, stroking her cheeks and kissing her, "it's not worth while to take so much care of your boy."

"You speak too truly, my darling," said Mrs. Seymour, sighing; "the most anxious care of the fondest mother cannot avert the stroke of death!"

"Then, mother, you will let me ride *Marmion*, won't you?"

"Dear child, how can a boy of twelve years old manage such a wild, fiery horse, and so small and delicate as you are?"

"Small I am, and so was Alexander, and he was not older either, when he first mounted his *Bucephalus*. Here, mamma," running to his book-shelf, which hung in a corner of the par-lour, "here is my Plutarch; now only let me read you how Alexander did."

"Oh, do, brother, I love to hear pretty stories; may he not read it, mamma?"

"Certainly, love."

"Stir the fire up to a bright blaze, Henry, if you please," said Edward; "I can see very well, sitting down on a low bench."

"But first order the table to be set for tea, Louisa," said her mother; "your father will be home, I hope, soon, and will be very much fatigued; it is six o'clock," looking at her watch; "what can keep him so long?"

"Joseph," said Louisa, when the servant entered, "set the table, and bring up the tea-kettle."

"And, as your master has eat no dinner, put a cloth on, and tell Hannah to have her coffee very strong, and to prepare something nicely for your master," added Mrs. Seymour.

"And bring in more dry wood, and make a *blazing* fire," added Edward.

"Shall I light the candles, mistress?"

"Don't let candles be lit till tea, mamma," said Emily; "you know our dear papa loves fire-light, and we'll have the room as bright as day."

"But your brother, my dear."

"Oh, I can see very well, mother; the print is large; besides, I know the life of Alexander almost by heart."

All prepared to listen, and Edward read the following passage from his constant companion, Plutarch:

“When Philonicus, the Thessalian, offered the horse, named Bucephalus, in sale to Philip, at the price of thirteen talents, the king, with the prince and many others, went into the field to see some trial made of him. The horse appeared extremely vicious and unmanageable, and was so far from suffering himself to be mounted, that he would not bear to be spoken to, but turned fiercely upon all the grooms. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse, and bade them take him away. But Alexander, who had observed him well, said, ‘what a horse are they losing for want of skill and spirit to manage him!’ Philip, at first, took no notice of this; but, upon the prince’s often repeating the same expression, and showing great uneasiness, he said, ‘young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better.’ ‘And I certainly could,’ answered the prince. ‘If you should not be able to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?’ ‘I will pay the price of the horse.’

“Upon this all the company laughed; but the king and prince agreeing as to the forfeiture, Alexander ran to the horse, and laying hold on the bridle, turned him to the sun; for he had observed, it seems, that the shadow which fell before the horse, and continually moved as he moved, greatly disturbed him. While his fierceness and fury lasted, he kept speaking to him softly and stroking him; after which he gently let fall his mantle, leaped lightly upon his back, and got his seat very safe. Then, without pulling the reins too hard, or using either whip or spur, he set him a going. As soon as he perceived his uneasiness abated, and that he wanted

only to run, he put him on a full gallop; and pushed him on both with the voice and the spur—

“Philip and all his court were in great distress for him at first, and a profound silence took place. But when the prince had turned him and brought him straight back, they all received him with loud acclamations; except his father, who wept for joy, and kissing him, said, ‘Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities; for Macedonia is too small for thee.’”

“Now, mamma, you see,” said Edward, as he closed the book, “that though he was an *only son*, as well as myself, and was besides *heir* to a *throne*, Philip let him ride that fiery horse.”

“Suppose now, Edward, I should consent to your riding Marmion, would you promise to imitate Alexander in other respects? Would you study as diligently? You see in what you have read, how fond he was of Homer; so fond, that he slept with it under his pillow. Now, if you would resemble him in this, how gratified I should be;—but instead of this, you are often out of humour with your Homer, and throw it aside, instead of carrying it every where with you as he did.”

“Yes, mamma; but pray consider, Greek was as easy for him, as English is for me.”

“Indeed, aunt, that makes all the difference in the world; if Mr. M^cC—— would give me an English Homer, I am sure I would love it too; for I guess if Aristotle had given Alexander an English Homer, he would have grumbled as much as cousin Edward does about his Greek.”

Mrs. Seymour smiled, and said, “the merit of Alexander was in conquering difficulties, a species of conquest neither of you, boys, seem very ambitious of.

"But now, my dear, it is growing late, and I feel very uneasy about your father. It is so unusual for him to be absent at this hour, I cannot but fear some accident has happened."

"I dare to say, mamma, he has gone home with one of the lawyers to dine."

"No, I feel certain he has not; his mind is too anxiously engaged in Mr. Desmond's cause; he has scarcely slept these three nights; the trial has been postponed from day to day, waiting for a witness; if he arrives, it will come on to-morrow."

"I never saw papa," said Louisa, "so disturbed as he has lately been."

"No wonder, my love, when the *life* of this amiable and excellent man is at stake. His wretched wife, too, is so ill, that there is little hope of her recovery; should sentence be passed against him, I am sure it will be her death."

"Every body seems concerned," said Edward; "even the boys at school, for they all used to love poor Theodore."

"I do not wonder at that," said Louisa; "he is the most amiable, and generous, and kind hearted being I ever knew in my life. Oh! Edward, you would hardly know him now. So healthy, and cheerful, and beautiful—and now he is thin, and pale, and wretched. He was here the other morning on business with papa; I only saw him as he passed through the entry, for mamma could not persuade him to come into the parlour."

"Poor Theodore!" said Emily; "while mamma held his hand and talked to him, how he did tremble, and though his long black eye-lashes covered his eyes, I saw the tears through them;

he seemed so weak, and looked so sick, it made me cry."

"Truly, my child, I could have kept your company; seldom have I been more affected. Your father tells me he divides his time between his mother and father; all day watching beside her sick bed, and comforting and supporting her, and every night he shares his father's cell, where, instead of comforting, he is comforted, by this admirable and heroic parent."

"No one believes Mr. Desmond guilty," said Edward, "and surely he cannot be condemned to die!"

"Alas," said Mrs. Seymour, "every circumstance makes against him; and unless some unlooked, and un hoped for proof of his innocence, should be brought to light, the laws require his death!"

"Then Mrs. Desmond and Theodore will die too, I know they will," said Louisa.

"That would not be a misfortune, Louisa; to survive such a father, such a husband, doomed to such a fate—oh, Louisa, believe me, it would be a far greater misfortune than to die with him."

All were silent; the pause was that of feelings too tender to be expressed. Emily laid her head in her mother's lap, and wet with her tears the hand she kept pressed to her lips. Louisa looked mournfully at her mother, who, leaning her head on the sofa, seemed lost in thought, and was about to speak some cheering word, when the ringing of the door bell made them all start.

"It is papa—but I heard no carriage—yet it must be him."

The boys eagerly ran to open the door, while Louisa stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, and swept up the hearth. Mrs. Seymour went to—

wards the door ;—yes, it was her husband ; the boys were helping him off with his great coat, which was soaking wet ; Emily took his hat that was dripping with rain, and Mrs. Seymour his hand, exclaiming—

“ How dreadfully cold you are, my love ; come, come to the fire. Why did you walk such a night as this ? and what can have detained you so long ? ”

“ One question at a time, my dear, and when I get breath I will answer all,” said he, with a smile, as he took the arm chair Henry had placed close by the fire for him, and putting his feet on the fender, “ ring for slippers, Emily ; your father’s shoes are soaked through.”

“ Indeed, my love, I am afraid you will take cold.”

“ Here is a glass of wine, papa,” said Louisa, bringing him one.

“ No wine, my child, my head aches sadly,” said he, rubbing his forehead, “ and a cup of strong coffee is all I wish.”

“ Have you eat dinner, then ? ”

“ No, my dear, not a mouthful has passed my lips since breakfast.”

CHAPTER V.

But I am lost! a criminal adjudged!

—— Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the stings
Of pointed scorn? what the tumultuous voice
Of erring multitudes? or what the shafts of keenest malice
Levell'd from the bow of human inquisition? if the God
Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down.

Dodd's Thought in Prison.

LOUISA immediately left the room to order supper; and Mrs. Seymour, placing her chair by her husband, said—

“How faint you must feel, my dear; it is almost nine o'clock—twelve hours since you have taken any refreshment.”

“When the mind is deeply engaged, the body is very insensible to mere animal wants.”

“True; but what has kept you?”

“The court sat very late. Every effort was made to have the trial of Mr. Desmond closed to-day; but, still hoping some proof could be obtained of his innocence, some light thrown on this dark and mysterious affair, I have, by every means in my power, kept off the trial; have summoned witnesses from Boston, and other remote places, whose testimony as to his character and past life, and his connexion with St. Julien, may possibly be turned to account; though, in calling

them, I own I expected little advantage, save ~~it~~ delaying the trial, still hoping, from day to day, some discovery might take place as to the real author of this horrid murder; for never, for one moment, have I believed Desmond guilty; it is a *moral* impossibility. When the court adjourned, I called a hackney coach, in which I accompanied this unhappy man to his prison. Uncertain how long I should remain, I dismissed the coach, and preferred walking home, as the night is impenetrably dark, and the road so slippery as to be dangerous in a carriage.

“ Oh, my wife! oh, my children!” exclaimed Mr. Seymour, throwing his eyes around the warm and cheerful room, and on the dear objects who sat near him; “ what a contrast between this scene, and the dark, and damp, and cold dungeon I have just left; between these rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and cheering smiles, (looking at his children,) and the pallid cheek, the swollen eye, and wasted form of poor Theodore, or the deep, though dignified affliction of his father.”

“ And does poor Theodore stay in that cold dungeon, papa,” said Emily, almost sobbing, “ and sleep there?”

“ He stays, but not to sleep, my dear. The narrow bed has been seldom pressed even by the father. All night Theodore sits or kneels by him, bathing his hands with his ever-streaming tears, often pressing them to his lips, in silent assent to the advice or injunctions of his revered parent; while this fond father, with a composure almost incredible, converses with him on every subject connected with the welfare of his family, or on the rules of conduct for his future life; and when all reasoning fails to tranquillize his son, he will open the sacred pages of scripture, and

point out to him passages calculated to console the human heart in all its sufferings, and to elevate the soul above this transitory scene of existence. But often, all his father can say, proves ineffectual in soothing his distress, and he yields to anguish, that almost breaks his father's heart.

"When I was about to leave them, this evening, Theodore started up, and throwing his arms round my neck, exclaimed, 'oh, Mr. Seymour, my father must not, must not die! Dear Mr. Seymour, save, save my father, or let me die in his place!' I was so overcome, I had to sit down, to compose myself; Theodore sank down on his knees beside me, and, clasping my hand in his, and pressing it against his head, gazed on me in speechless agony.

"Mr. Desmond, who was sitting by the little table, leaning his elbow on it, and supporting his head on his hand, fixed on us his tearful and hollow eyes; a slight shuddering passed through his emaciated, but still majestic form. The feeble rays of a lamp, hanging from the roof, fell on Theodore, and discovered all his anguish to his father. For some moments, he gazed in solemn silence, unable to articulate a word; no sound broke the dreary silence, but the suppressed sobs of Theodore, whose head now rested on my bosom, while my arm supported his shivering frame.

"At last, Mr. Desmond rose and came slowly forward; he looked tenderly on his agonized son, and, bending forwards, kissed the tears from his eyes, and wiped the cold sweat from his pallid brow.

"'My dear Seymour,' said he, impressively, 'when this poor boy (laying his hand on his head) shall have travelled as far on the journey

of life as we have, he will then believe, what I cannot now convince him of, that *death is not an evil*. In my own case, I invoke it as my best friend; for to me, life would be *misery*. Oh, Mr. Seymour, a deadly poison has been infused into my cup, which no antidote can expel, no future time can mitigate. You have known me, Seymour, one of the most fortunate, but you now see me one of the most wretched of men! Long has the poison been preying on my inmost heart; *death, yes, death, is the only cure.*

“Theodore started, and, gazing on his father’s haggard face, exclaimed, ‘you wretched, my father? long and secretly wretched? oh, who, then, in this deceitful world, is happy?’”

“‘Few, if any, my precious boy. Life is a masquerade, where each appears in some fantastic form, with a face masked in smiles, while anguish corrodes the heart—profusely or splendidly ornamented without, while all within is squalid poverty; the cheeks glowing with artificial bloom, the eye sparkling with borrowed brightness, while disease and care are concealed within!—Trust not, love not, this world, my Theodore; ‘virtue alone, is happiness below;’ and, even in adversity and suffering, the virtuous man is happier than the prosperous villain. Consider life as a scene of duty, not of enjoyment. You do not go to school, my son, to play, but to labour. This is but the threshold of being, the infancy of existence, a state of preparation for eternity. Oh, my son, bear this in mind—a *state of preparation for eternity!* According to the seed you now sow, shall you reap hereafter. Poor, indeed, would this life be, even to the richest in its enjoyments, if it was not connected with the life to come! The seed which the husbandman scat-

ters from his hand, is small in quantity, and of little value ; but, if well cultivated, what a rich harvest may he not reap ! Thus, the circumstances of this life, in themselves, are but of little moment ; but, on the use we make of them depends the happiness or misery of the future. If the husbandman patiently braves the rigours of winter, and the ardours of the summer, in order to obtain *his* scanty and perishable harvest, shall *we* not constantly toil, and faithfully discharge the duties of life, in order to inherit an immortality of happiness ? Oh, my boy, not until you are weary and heavy laden as your father is, will *you* rejoice, as *he* now rejoices, to go to HIM, who will give us rest. I would ask you, Seymour, to be a father to my boy, had I not, in full faith, given him up to HIM, who has promised to be a father to the fatherless ! Rise, my boy, and kneel to that Heavenly Father ; seek from him for that consolation, thy earthly father cannot give.

“ I too, rose, and pressing their cold hands in mine, left the cell, for my heart was too full to speak.”

Louisa, who had returned unperceived, and was standing behind Mr. Seymour's chair, wiped the tears from her eyes, and taking his hand, said, “ come, dear papa, and take your tea ; you seem weary and exhausted.”

She placed his chair nearest to the fire, and her mother's next, and sat down to pour out tea, while the younger children silently took their seats.

“ Another cup, Louisa,” said her father, “ one of your most potent cups, for I shall need its awakening power ; I have much to do to-night.”

“ To-night ! papa ?”

“ Yes, love ; to-morrow is fixed for the decision of this important trial ; to-morrow I must make my last efforts to save the unhappy Desmond, and this night I shall devote to research and study.”

Mrs. Seymour called Edward, and, whispering, bade him to see if the fire in his father’s office burnt well, and to sit by and keep it up until he came—“ and do not touch a single book or paper, my child.” Edward nodded assent, and calling Eddy to go with him, who kindled a brighter fire, drew the curtains, arranged the lights, and placed his master’s table and chair close by the hearth.

Mr. Seymour often leaned his head on his hand, and seemed lost in thought ; gay, and sometimes noisy as the children were, they now did not, even by a whisper, interrupt the unusual stillness of this social meal. They had been solemnly affected by the description their father had given of the prison scene, and their tenderest sympathy was excited for their friend Theodore. Mrs. Seymour called Matty to attend Emily and little Anny to bed, and whispered to Henry to go likewise with his cousin Edward, as she wished the remainder of the evening to be quiet.

“ Leave the tea,” said Mrs. Seymour ; “ your master may want more by and by. But I wish, Mr. Seymour, you would eat something ; you have not tasted these oysters yet, though our Louisa dressed them with her own hands for you.”

“ Then I must certainly eat, or try to eat some ; they must be good, since seasoned by affection.”

“ I rejoice that any thing I can do, will make you take care of yourself ; for, indeed, papa, you neglect yourself sadly ; I wonder you are not sick.”

"Oh," said he, smiling, "your mother takes so much, that care for myself would be quite superfluous. You look so comfortable, so cheerful here," said he, "I know not how to leave you for my solitary office."

"Then do not go; stay with us," said Mrs. Seymour.

"If you will, papa, I will promise not to speak a word, and every hour or two I will hand you a strong cup of tea."

"Strong inducements, indeed; but my big books, and my papers, and my"—

"Oh, we will arrange all of them; Eddy shall bring in every thing you want."

"He may misplace or confuse my papers."

"I will go with him, only tell me all you want."

"Well, then, my child, I must have the books piled on my table, besides which, bring me all the volumes of *Les Causes Célèbres*, which you will find among the French books; and take this key; it unlocks the middle drawer of my writing table; let Eddy bring the drawer; it contains the papers I shall want."

"I am glad you consent to stay with us; you do not look well to-night."

"Nor do I feel well, otherwise I should scarcely have yielded to such self-indulgence. I feel a gloomy depression which I cannot shake off. The fate of this interesting man is not only sad, but awful!"

Louisa entered, followed by the servant, who placed the books and papers on the table, and then withdrew. She sat down by her father, and took his hand, listening in silence as he continued:

"Yes, awful! not, indeed, for him, but for those who pronounce his sentence. With all the

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pride of reason, of intellect, how impotent, how blind is man? The most clear-sighted, and penetrating mind, can draw its conclusions only from external appearances, and how often these deceive and mislead, is proved by every day's experience. Guilt often triumphs, and innocence often suffers! Not only circumstances, but even nature, here misleads the judgment of weak, short sighted man. The blush of insulted purity is often mistaken for the burning glow of conscious guilt; the tremours of wounded sensibility for the agitations of shame or fear; the downcast eye of timidity and delicacy, for the consciousness of detected crime; and often, the intrepid and daring front of hardened villainy, for the dignified and upright deportment of virtue! How, then, is man, erring man, to judge? Alas, with the most ardent desire to administer justice, how often must the most upright judge feel the horrible uncertainty of the innocence or guilt of the victim whom he sentences to death!"

"And is the present case thus awfully doubtful? You have never told me all the circumstances; and your own convictions of Mr. Desmond's innocence, induced me to imagine there were some extenuating facts, which might, at least, mitigate the punishment."

"This is not the case; every circumstance tends to criminate him. I wish to re-consider this unhappy affair; and can do it more impressively, perhaps, by relating it to you."

"Do, my dear papa," said Louisa, "for never for any human being have my feelings been so excited."

Mr. Seymour took from his pocket the case, as he had drawn it up, with notes of the testimo-

ny that had been given in the course of the trial that day.

“ You, who know Mr. Desmond well, my dear,” said he to Mrs. Seymour, “ must acknowledge, that his appearance, his manners, and habits of life, are all manifestations of not only an amiable and good, but of a noble minded and generous man. His high and open forehead—his large, expressive and intelligent eye, denote superiority of mind ; while the unchanging placidity of his countenance, the softness of his voice, the mildness and tranquillity of his manners, are equally indicative of the equanimity of his temper. No strong emotion, no vestige of passion, can be traced on that smooth brow, and serene countenance. He is never gay, but always cheerful ; never gloomy, but always serious ;—severe to himself, but indulgent to others. In such a man, what motives can we imagine sufficiently powerful to instigate to murder ! It is inexplicable ! Strong passions, even in the most noble and generous natures, have led to violence and excess ! But in a calm, cool, and reflective disposition, like Mr. Desmond’s, such an act must have been the result of premeditated design, not of sudden impulse. And for me, knowing him as I know him, to suspect him of premeditated murder, is a moral impossibility.

“ But, pardon me, I am yielding to my own reflections, instead of giving you the promised narrative.

“ You must both recollect the pleasing and interesting young Frenchman, whom we have lately met at his house.”

“ Oh, one cannot easily forget him,” said Louisa ; “ he is at the same time the most elegant and interesting man I ever saw ; you know, mamma,

I told you he was the first person I ever saw, that came up to my ideas of manly beauty ; and that he would do for the hero of a novel."

"Yes, my dear, and I thought his manners were not less attractive than his figure. Every motion was grace ; and there was a softness, an amiability, a tenderness about him, that I had always believed incompatible with the French character ; and which, as I told Louisa, might make him a more dangerous companion for a young woman, than all the wit and gayety so common to that nation."

"And his eyes, mamma ; did you ever see such eyes ? surely, it would be no great misfortune for him to be dumb, for I never saw such speaking eyes."

"It is well you did not often see him, Louisa," said her father, patting her cheek.

"And still better, that I did not often hear him ; for a voice so sweet, so tender, so pathetic, I never heard. Truly, papa, I had to hide my tears, while he was singing the Italian air, though I did not understand a word ! I do not think he can be a Frenchman ; he must be an Italian, and an Italian nobleman, so graceful and polished are his form and manners."

"My dear child," exclaimed her father, "you really alarm me ; I had no idea he had made such an impression on you."

"Do not be alarmed, papa ; if he had made a dangerous impression, I could not describe it so freely."

"That is true," said her mother, smiling ; "you know more of the human heart than one could expect."

Louisa blushed, but made no reply.

"I am, however, well pleased, that I did not

yield to my inclination, and invite him to visit at our house," said Mr. Seymour. "I have hitherto avoided, as you know, my dear, bringing foreigners into the bosom of my family; I saw so many sad effects flowing from the too great hospitality to the emigrants, with whom our cities were crowded, during the early part of the French revolution, that I would fain avoid the same consequences. Alas, the peace of many and many an amiable family was destroyed, by the domestication of these polished, dangerous, and too often unprincipled foreigners.

"But to return to the Chevalier St. Julien; there was such a noble simplicity and amiable frankness about him, that I felt much tempted to break my resolution, and invite him to our house; and I was not surprised at the unusual degree of interest Desmond felt towards him. He even treated him with the kindness of a father, and the frankness of a brother; especially, taking into consideration the manner in which he became known to him."

"How was that, papa?"

"Quite in a *novel* way, Lonisa. It was on a very cold and blustering evening, that Mr. Desmond was returning home, attended by *Donald*, an old and faithful servant, who had come over with his father from Ireland, and had served him from his boyhood. It was very dark, and Donald, running before to open the door for his master, stumbled over something on the pavement: his exclamation hastened Mr. Desmond, when, stooping down, on examination they found it to be a man, wrapped in a thick cloak. Donald opened the door, and with his master's assistance, lifted the person into the entry, for they found his heart still feebly beating.

“ ‘Do not make any noise, do not call any one,’ said Mr. Desmond, ‘you may alarm your mistress ; she is not well : let us carry him into the dining-room ; no one will be there at this hour.’

“ This they did, and lighting one of the lamps that stood on the chimney, by the one that hung in the entry, Donald held it over the unfortunate man, whilst Mr. Desmond raised his head with one of the pillows of the sofa, took off his hat, which was drawn over his face, and discovered one of the most interesting figures he had ever seen. Auburn hair, curled over a forehead, fair as any maiden’s brow ; his features were cast in nature’s finest mould ; his eyes were closed as if in death, but his beautifully arched eyebrows, and his long dark lashes, gave an inimitable finish, to a head which might have served as a model for an Apollo. Mr. Desmond stopped a moment to gaze, ere he drew aside the large cloak with which he was enveloped. It was lined with fur, and the collar richly embroidered ; he then untied his neckcloth, and unbuttoned his coat, and started, on seeing his waistcoat stained with blood. Donald assisted, and, on further examination, they discovered a wound in his side, still bleeding, and imperfectly stanchèd with his handkerchief and gloves, which had been hastily applied. It was evident, he must have bled profusely, and his fainting, most probably, was caused by loss of blood.

“ ‘Call one of the servants instantly, Donald, and send off for a surgeon!’

“ ‘My dear master,’ said Donald, ‘all is not right here ; this sweet youth has had foul play.’

“ ‘More probably,’ said Mr. Desmond, ‘he has been fighting a duel ; for a robber or assassin would not have stanchèd the wound.’

“‘True, true ; well, master, then his life may be in danger, should he be discovered ; and that would be a world of pities, such a sweet youth as he is. So, let me, master, run for Dr. Irvin, and let’s keep the matter to ourselves, till he can tell us more about it.’

“‘With all my heart, Donald ; you are a kind creature, and I would not be less considerate ; run, then, run quickly.’

“‘Meanwhile, Mr. Desmond put some wine in his lips, chafed his forehead and hands with spirits, and raised his head on his bosom. As he put his warm hand into the stranger’s bosom, and pressed it on his heart, he felt its pulses quicken ; he applied his ear close to his mouth—he could hear him faintly breathe. He continued the restoratives, and perceived him to be gradually reviving. At last, the eyes half opened, but closed again, through weakness. Mr. Desmond held up the stranger’s cloak, to shield them from the light, and, when he again opened his eyes, they had some expression, but too faint to be called surprise.

“‘Do you feel better, sir?’ gently asked Mr. Desmond.

“‘He was answered only by a sigh.

“‘Donald now returned, bringing Dr. Irvin, who, with Donald’s assistance, undressed the patient, and laid him on the sofa, and then proceeded to examine the wound.

“‘Half an inch higher, and this bullet would have done its work more effectually!’ said the doctor.

“‘Is it a bullet wound then?’ said Mr. Desmond.

“‘Yes, and a very dangerous one, and difficult will it be to extract the ball ; but the sooner the

better ; it must not be delayed till fever comes on ; so, my good fellow, if you will go with me, we will get all that's wanting.'

"Mr. Desmond, again left with his almost lifeless companion, gazed on him with unfeigned compassion.

" 'Some affair of honour,' thought he ; 'some mistaken word, some hasty act, some sudden impulse, may have led thee, unhappy young man, to the very brink of death ! Where are now thy parents ? where a father who in thee may love an only son ? where the fond and doting mother, who must have most tenderly reared a plant so lovely, so delicate, as thou art ? Perhaps afar off, separated by the wide Atlantic, they will long look, long watch for *one*, who shall return to them no more ! And thou, luckless stranger, for such thou seemest to be, who will mourn for thee in a strange land ! how hast thou provoked thy fate ? who has given this deadly wound ? Unhappy young man, who and what art thou ?—Thou canst not hear, and perhaps may never again speak ; and a father, or mother, may mourn, and hope, and fear—but never know thy fate.

" 'This portrait,' continued Mr. Desmond, gazing on a miniature set in pearls, which hung round his neck, "cannot be a mistress or a sister, for although still beautiful, it is past the bloom of youth. May it not be his mother's ? 'Do unto others as you would others should do unto you,' says my Saviour, thought Mr. Desmond, after settling the matter in his mind. 'My dear Theodore, what would I desire should be done to thee, if thou hadst fallen among strangers ? Would I not wish that some kind being, like the good Samaritan, should give thee shelter, pour

wine and oil into thy wound, and kindly watch thee !”

“While thus thinking and thus feeling, he from time to time poured a little wine into his mouth, continued to bathe his hands and temples and breast with spirits, and often bending over him, pressed him against his bosom, as if to impart some of his own warmth to his chill frame. He began to be very impatient for the return of the physician, fearing the spark of life might be quite extinguished.

“At length the door softly opened, and Dr. Irvin, followed by Donald with a case of instruments and dressings, came in.

“The pain of extracting the ball, for a while revived the patient, but he afterward sunk back exhausted, and it was not for some hours they ventured to remove him to a chamber.

“In one of the wings of the house, was an apartment used only for strangers, communicating with a summer drawing room, and occupied only in that season, when it was shaded by trees and flowers; it had windows level with the floor, opening to the garden, into which this wing of the house projected. To this chamber it was determined he should be carried, and as soon as the dressings were applied, and Donald could be spared, he went to the house-keeper, and telling her that his master had brought a sick friend home with him, desired that the garden chamber (as it was called) might be instantly prepared, a good fire made up, and every precaution taken to guard against cold; but, by no means to disturb his mistress, who he knew was indisposed.

“When he returned, it was agreed that the manner in which they had discovered this young man, and all particulars, should be concealed, until they

had learned from him, in case he should recover, what his real situation was. That meanwhile, Mrs. Desmond and the family should be told, that Mr. Desmond had brought home with him a young friend, just arrived in Washington, and who was too ill to travel any farther.

“It was likewise agreed, that only Donald and Theodore should be admitted to his apartment. At last, the room was thought sufficiently aired, and the patient sufficiently revived to be carried to his bed. Dr. Irvin remained till daylight, administering all the assistance in his power, nor would the kind Donald leave him, though urged to do so by his master.

“No, no master, it is you must go ; if you do not, mistress will be uneasy.”

“Dr. Irvin seconded the advice, and Mr. Desmond retired to his apartment ; he entered very softly, and found his lovely Adeline in a calm and sweet sleep, which he was careful not to disturb.”

CHAPTER VI.

Young innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild,
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise;
An inmate in the house of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noon-day walk—she was his only child.

Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.

“NEXT morning, when Mr. Desmond returned to the bedside of the stranger, he found him in a high delirium; his broken exclamations, and wild ravings, afforded no clue to the discovery of the cause of his present deplorable condition. For many successive nights and days, he, with Theodore and Donald, watched beside him; Dr. Irvin often assisted in this pious duty, with a kindness and devotedness peculiar to his character, whenever a strong interest was excited. Thus, this unknown stranger was attended with as much fidelity and tenderness as if in his own land, and amidst his own kindred. Mr. Desmond made no inquiries abroad, fearful of discovering and compromising the stranger's safety. Nor did he hear any rumours of circumstances that could elucidate the mystery in which he was enveloped. During his illness and convalescence, he seldom received or paid any visits; but, with Mrs. Desmond and Theodore, devoted himself to this in-

teresting invalid, who every day gained upon their affection.

“When the patient’s delirium subsided, and he had sufficiently recovered to converse, one of his first requests was to have his servant sent for, whom he had left in Baltimore. During his convalescence, he gave Mr. Desmond some detail of the circumstances which had brought him to this country, and of his family and friends, but positively declined accounting for the situation in which he had been found, assuming as a reason for his silence, a solemn oath by which he was bound. These details heightened the interest he at first inspired, and by degrees he so grew on their affections, that he was treated with all the confidence and tenderness of a son by Mr. Desmond, and of a brother by Adeline and Theodore.”

“Most truly so,” said Louisa; “and well did he seem to deserve all the tenderness lavished on him. I have not been often at Mrs. Desmond’s lately, but whenever I was there, I could almost have taken him for her brother. There was a much greater similarity between her character and the Chevalier’s, than between her’s and Mr. Desmond’s, or even Theodore’s; who is, although so young, almost as reserved and serious as his father.”

“Mrs. Desmond, on the contrary, has the gayety of a French woman, and the artlessness and ingenuousness of a child,” remarked Mrs. Seymour.

“You must recollect, mamma, my having described to you the frankness and simplicity of her manners to the Chevalier; they used to amuse themselves like children; and a stranger would

certainly have taken them for brother and sister."

"I remember your observations, my dear, on the striking contrast of Mr. Desmond's dignified and paternal, and Theodore's cold and distant manner, to the Chevalier's fascinating vivacity and warmth."

"Mr. Desmond is so much older than his wife, that the affection which unites them to each other is more like that which links father and daughter, than that which binds husband and wife," observed Mr. Seymour.

"At the age of five and thirty, he had lost the loved, the esteemed partner of his heart, the object of his youthful choice. One only child was left to console him for this loss, and to attach him to life. With his darling little Theodore, the image of that lovely and excellent wife, he removed from the city of New-York, where he had been engaged in extensive and successful commerce, which he now abandoned to the exclusive care of his brother, and sought, in a village on the Hudson, just above the Highlands, for that solitude which best suited his blasted hopes and wounded heart. Here he tranquilly, if not happily, passed two years; his little Theodore was his constant companion at home, and often too in his rambles among the wooded mountains of the Hudson, followed by his faithful Donald with a basket of provisions, and who would often carry in his arms the wearied boy. Desmond, with his book, his dog, and his gun, would pass whole days among the wild glens and mountain streams. When sorrow preys on the heart, and we are mourning over the disappointments of life, no society is so soothing as the presence of the sublime and beautiful objects of nature; when, dwelling

amidst the works of Deity, the soul rises 'from nature, to nature's God,' and in the contemplation of the immensity of the universe, and the eternity of its existence, the sorrows of this life shrink into insignificance, and lose the power to afflict. Time, too, with its lenient hand, gradually heals the deepest wounds; and hearts that have been torn with agony, are restored to peace!

"There were but two or three families whose hospitality had allured Desmond from his solitude, and only one where he really found pleasure in visiting. This was at the house of an old French gentleman, who had escaped from the horrible massacres of St. Domingo, and had found a peaceful asylum in this happy country. With his life, he had likewise saved a little hoarded treasure, consisting of old family jewels, which, on his arrival in New-York, he had converted into money, and invested in bank stock. He had been hospitably received by an American merchant, in whose family he had passed six months, and then married his only daughter, with whom he received the little farm on which he now resided, and a sum of money, which, added to his own, yielded an income adequate to their moderate desires and simple mode of living.

"In this quiet spot he had enjoyed many happy years, until death had snatched from him his wife, and several promising children, and now his little Adele, or, as her mother called her, Adeline, was all he had saved from the wreck of his happiness.

"Totally secluded from even the simple society of the village, his family consisted only of himself and daughter, an honest Dutch farmer, and his good natured and industrious wife.

“ Adeline grew up as lovely, but as uncultivated, as the mountain flower, ‘ which wastes its sweetness on the desert air.’ The amiable, but indolent West-Indian, still thought of her only as a child; she was his delight and comfort, his sole companion; and his instructions had never gone beyond reading, writing, and chess, with which he used to beguile the long days of summer, and the long nights of winter.

“ Accident had introduced Desmond to him, and an awakened taste for society drew them often together. Adeline was delighted with the gay, playful, beautiful Theodore; and Theodore, in the sportiveness and tenderness of Adeline, found pleasures he had never known before, and far more congenial to his age, than any he enjoyed at home.

“ Unconsciously, the afternoon walks of Desmond and his boy always terminated at the farmhouse of Dumont; and while Adeline, seated on the grass-plot before the door, would tie up nosegays, plait wreaths, weave little baskets, for Theodore, or holding him in her lap, while his arms were clasped round her neck, and his little eyes fixed intently on hers, would tell him long stories, of ghosts and giants, and witches, which she had heard from her old nurse; Desmond and Dumont, sitting in the little porch, would smoke their cigars, play chess, and look at their beloved and only treasures. Thus passed the summer and autumn; but when winter, with all its storms and rigours, set in, these happy hours were over.

“ ‘ And I felt,’ said Desmond, as he detailed to me these scenes of his past life, during the many gloomy hours I have passed with him since his confinement,

"I felt more desolate, more forlorn, than when I first sought the mountain solitude: poor Theodore too, was restless, uneasy, and pined himself almost sick for his sweet playmate and tender friend. When we walked over to the farm of a fine morning, I could not persuade him to return home; and if, as was often the case, I remained till dark, he fell asleep in Adeline's arms, while she sung some mournful ballad, or told some long story; neither the old housekeeper, Adeline, or Dumont, would allow of his being carried home. He was the pet of the whole house, and the old gentleman was delighted with telling him of things and incidents which carried him back to his native island, and his own boyish days. His daughter was often tired with playing so long at chess, and Dumont found greater interest in playing with a more skilful antagonist.

"'In truth,' continued Desmond, 'we became necessary to each other's existence. Nature, it is said, abhors a vacuum, and a vacuum of the heart is of all things most intolerable. When death has made a void in our affections, by robbing us of some beloved object, never can happiness be restored, until that void is filled. My bosom naturally expanded to the influences of kindness and affection; the lovely Adeline and her good father, soon filled the space my beloved wife had occupied; and an interest in, and enjoyment of life, once more returned.

"'The difficulties and inconveniences of our long walk, the interruptions of this social intercourse by storms and heavy falls of snow, soon induced me to yield to the often repeated solicitations of taking up our abode with them for the rest of the winter. Theodore and Adeline were transported with this arrangement, and the old man was com-

pletely renovated. When he would release me from the chess-board, I would of an evening read aloud some work of mingled instruction and amusement, and make some attempt to enlarge the ideas of the lovely rustic. This sweet child of nature, though naturally timid, soon treated me with the frankness and fondness she did her father, and indeed generally called me her *young papa*.

“Thus passed a long and stormy winter,—but oh, how unheeded were its storms, while all was sunshine within!—the sunshine of the heart!—Pardon me, Seymour, for dwelling on scenes so remote from your inquiries; you asked for a history of my life, and it is on this period of tranquillity and love, that memory loves to linger.”

“I urged him,” said Mr. Seymour “to continue his details, as they served to develop his character, disposition and habits, which were the objects of my study. But it grows late, and I have much to ponder on ere morning; I must be more brief, in repeating the long and interesting history I drew from my unhappy client. Give me another cup of tea, my Louisa, and ring for more wood; our fire is burning low.

“I know not if these ponderous volumes could have more excited or invigorated my mind, than the repetition of these details. I was so exhausted, that my faculties were benumbed; but your tea, and still more, your tender sympathy, has restored warmth and activity to my half frozen soul. One more cup, and I will finish my mournful story, as related by himself.

“‘The spring now approached,’ resumed Mr. Desmond, ‘but as nature revived, my poor old friend evidently drooped. The disease, which had long been preying on his constitution, now rapidly

increased. He was aware that his end was drawing near; and the idea of leaving his darling child, filled him with anguish. 'Oh! Desmond,' he would exclaim, as I sat by his couch, 'what will become of my little one, when I am gone? Sweet and tender blossom, thou hast been reared in the bosom of thy father, who suffered not the winds of heaven to breathe too rudely on thee. Never hast thou felt the restraint of authority—never felt the chill of unkindness, nor seen the frown of displeasure. What will become of my tender blossom, when exposed to the pitiless blasts of this stormy life,—when left in the wilderness of an unfeeling world! Oh, Desmond! not one near relative, one natural friend, is left to guard her helpless age. All, all were swept away in the destructive torrent of massacre and blood!

"What could I do? what could I say to console the agonized father, but, that I would shelter his tender blossom in my bosom; that I would guard and protect her from the storms and dangers of life?

"With what gratitude did he hear me; with what transport assent to give me his daughter. He called her to his bed-side—'soon, my child,' said he, 'thy father will be taken from thee; but thou shalt not be left alone; this dear friend will be to you a father and a husband!' He joined our hands, and pressed them to his breast. 'Now,' said he, 'I die content.'

"Poor Adeline wept bitterly, and threw herself on his bosom. 'Go,' said he, gently pushing her towards me, 'go; it is on his bosom you must now rest.' I clasped the sweet innocent to my heart, who, throwing her arms round my neck, wept like an infant on my bosom; and, like an infant, her tears relieved her surcharged heart, and

restored its serenity. A clergyman was sent for; and when the anxious father saw her indissolubly mine, he was resigned, nay, cheerful. And now, my Theodore, said I, putting him into Adeline's arms, I give you to her; she is your mother, and never more shall you be parted. He clung round her neck, kissed her a hundred times, repeating, 'never, never go away from you!'

“It is totally impossible, Seymour, to give you an idea of the simplicity, the tenderness, and innocence of this being. She had never read, and had never conversed with any one, but her father and the domestics; and the purity of her mind was as unsullied as the snow on the mountain's top. When she called me her *young papa*, she meant to express all that was most tender. To her the epithet of *father*, conveyed no idea but of love, indulgence, and caresses. She had been reared in his bosom; she was his *all*; and on her was expended all the warmth of a heart, kindled under a tropical sun. She was like a delicate exotic, accustomed to the unvarying warmth of a hot-house—never exposed to the vicissitudes of the external atmosphere; whose leaves were never agitated by too rude a wind, and whose stem was never bent by the wintry blast. When they walked forth, or rambled amidst the woods, in her early youth, her father had always carried her in his arms; and after he became too enfeebled, the old housekeeper always accompanied them, to carry her over rough or wet places. After I became their companion, this charming task was conferred on me; and whenever we came to a rivulet, or rocky path, she as naturally looked to me for assistance, as a child to its nurse, and putting her arms round my neck, would throw her head on my shoulder. And often, if the afternoon

was hot, or the evening advanced, she would fall asleep; and when I felt tired, I would sit down on the grass, supporting my back against a tree, and hold my lovely burthen in my arms, until she awakened.

“ A few weeks after our marriage, the good old gentleman sunk into his grave as gently as if falling asleep on a bed of down. Youthful spirits are not long depressed by sorrow; they possess an elasticity which quickly rebounds when the pressure is withdrawn. At that age, the mind rests not on the present, nor does it often revert to the past; but, led by hope, it expatiates in a future, decked with all the glowing hues of fancy, and unclouded by fear or anxiety. Adeline would have more poignantly felt the loss of her father, had not I, as it were, supplied his place. Like the careful gardener, who, knowing that a favourite vine, which has entwined itself round a tree, must fall to the ground and perish when that tree decays, gently loosens its hold, and leads it to some other support, so had Dumont tenderly disengaged his Adeline from her dependance on him, and guided her affections to me, to whom they now clung as her only earthly stay. But never was her father forgotten; every day she wept for him—but it was on my bosom she wept, and it was my kisses which dried the tears from her warm cheek. She was just fifteen; an age when nature expands every faculty to enjoyment, as freely as she does the rose of summer to the ardours of the sun, and to the dews of the night. The new ideas and feelings that were developed in the bosom of Adeline, naturally weaned her from gloomy thoughts; and when inclined to sorrow, the playful and sportive Theodore would

not leave her to the indulgence of it. He was now five years old, and robust and active as the child of a mountaineer. She was still his playmate, and he was not at all pleased with her being so much with me; and sometimes when she was sitting on my knee, he would come, and pulling her by the hand, exclaim, 'do not stay so much with papa; come play with me.'

" 'With a gentle resistance she would reply, 'but he is my papa too, and I cannot leave him, can I, papa?'

" 'Then he must come too,' would Theodore say, and away he would drag us to the garden, or some woodland spot, to fly his kite, or shoot his arrows. But, Seymour, I must check myself; these sweet retrospections, though they cheer the gloom of my prison, cannot interest you. To be brief. After six months given to her father's memory, I resolved to transplant my mountain flower to the more cultivated soil of society, where I meant to commence that education which had been totally neglected, and to put Theodore to school; besides, I had now the prospect of an increasing family, and found it necessary to provide more ample means for the future.

" 'But on reaching New-York, what a shock awaited me; the brother, the friend I most loved and trusted, and to whom, in full confidence, I had left the whole management of our commercial affairs; that brother, after a long course of dissipation and debauchery, and after committing acts of fraud and villany, had been discharged from prison, and had gone away, no one knew whither, and left me to poverty and disgrace; for a brother's villany I felt to be such. I should have returned to our solitude, had not the education of my Adeline and Theodore required a residence in

a city. At the end of the first year of our marriage, she gave birth to a feeble infant, who lived but a few weeks, and left the young mother in a state of debility and suffering. My Adeline's constitution was so injured, that I had little hopes of preserving her precious life. Secluded by ill health from society, I sought to give her those powers that might serve to beguile the tedium of confinement. Her natural taste for music enabled her rapidly to acquire this charming art, which has since proved a source of great pleasure to her.

“ ‘ Unable to devise any means of acquiring a sufficient income, (for the war had commenced, and all business was at a stand,) I, at last, though reluctantly, resolved to make my situation known to an uncle, who lived in Baltimore, and whom I had not seen since my boyhood. I knew he was in very affluent circumstances; that he was still a bachelor, and that I and my brother were his intended heirs, being his only relations in America.

“ His answer was cordial and affectionate; informing me, that he was in a very declining state of health; that he should have before written for me to come and receive his last breath, had he not learned, on inquiry, that I was married, and settled in the Highlands; that he had then thought of sending for my brother, but had been informed by his correspondent in New-York, of his extravagant and vicious course of life; that he thanked the Providence that should send him a friend and relative to cheer the lingering remnant of life.

“ ‘ We went to Baltimore, and were received with every demonstration of kindness. After a few months residence with my uncle, and after he had

not leave her to the indulgence of it. He was now five years old, and robust and active as the child of a mountaineer. She was still his playmate, and he was not at all pleased with her being so much with me; and sometimes when she was sitting on my knee, he would come, and pulling her by the hand, exclaim, 'do not stay so much with papa; come play with me.'

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“ We went to Baltimore, and were received with every demonstration of kindness. After a few months residence with my uncle, and after he had

made what he deemed the necessary scrutiny into my habits and character, he one day called me to his compting house, and, opening to me the whole of his affairs, said, 'my life is near its close, let my concerns with the world be so too; this house, my fortune, are all yours; here are the deeds I have executed, for securing you in your rights. If ever your brother should be restored to *virtue*, I need not enjoin you to restore him to competence.'

"I will pass over his farther advice, and my expressions of gratitude. As he left the room, locked the door, and gave me the key, 'here is for ever closed,' said he, 'my accounts with this world! I must now endeavour to look into those of the world to come.'

"Soon afterwards, his disease increased to such a degree, as to confine him entirely to his own room. Adeline's health, inclination, and habits, all concurred in rendering the retirement in which we lived, most agreeable to her. She became the constant companion, the tender nurse of our amiable relation. Theodore was placed in one of the best schools in the city, and I was much occupied in settling the affairs of my uncle.

"Every hour Theodore could steal from school, he passed in the chamber of the invalid, either reading to him, or talking to and caressing his '*dear little mamma*.' Death soon asserted his claims, and this worthy man died with the composure of a christian, and the firmness of a philosopher.

"He had invested a large portion of his fortune in lots and houses in the city of Washington. My children, for so I still called Adeline and Theodore, would not be left behind, when I

found it necessary to visit this place. It was in the month of June. The country was beautiful, and this metropolis was so much more pleasant and quiet than Baltimore, that, with one accord, we determined here to transfer our residence. You know the rest; for you were one of the first, and are still, the most esteemed of its inhabitants. Here I have passed many years, in a tranquillity as undisturbed, as I could do in the seclusion of the country.

“‘Theodore is all a father’s heart can desire. You know Adeline, and I need say nothing. Her health has been perfectly restored by your southern climate, although she is fragile and delicate. Too fragile, alas, to endure the storm which has now laid her low.’

“Such, but much more minute and circumstantial,” said Mr. Seymour, “are the details I have, at various times, drawn from the unfortunate Desmond. It was done with hopes of discovering some circumstance which could be an adequate cause for the melancholy and abstraction that had marked his conduct for some time previous to the dreadful event which has torn him from his family—from life; but no such circumstance was alluded to; the conduct and fate of his brother, was the most afflictive one he mentioned; and, though the flash of indignation suffused his face, whenever that brother was mentioned, yet it was not accompanied with any of that gloominess of spirit, or anguish of heart, which his late conduct has exhibited.”

CHAPTER VII.

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often, when thou art alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheek?

Shakspeare.

“I know not,” after a long pause, “I know not,” said Mr. Seymour, “what to think. The Scripture saith, ‘the heart is deceitful above all things, and who can know it?’ Deceitful indeed must Desmond’s be, if any passion lurked there, capable of instigating him to such a deed:—the murder of a guest, whom for three months he had treated with the kindness of a father; one whose life he had saved! one whom he often said his heart had adopted as a son!—It is indeed past finding out.”

“But, my dear Mr. Seymour,” said his wife, “is it not possible that the unhappy youth died by his own hand?”

“That is what Desmond declares to be the fact;—but how can we believe this possible?—Is it probable, that if St. Julien had a design on his own life, he would have attempted it in the presence of such a kind and paternal friend? or is it possible that Desmond would have permitted it?—no, no—it is not possible; besides, the young man was of a lively and happy disposition; he

was in affluent circumstances; his family is one of the first in France, and though he was thrown out of service by late political events, his mother is still a favourite with the Princess of ———, with whom she is living in affluence and splendour in Italy. Besides, the Chevalier had a young and lovely wife, now with his mother; and he was only waiting until his health was sufficiently re-established, to return to his family. The servants, whom I have minutely interrogated, all say they never saw him otherwise than cheerful, all, except his own servant, an old Swiss, who has lived with him from infancy, and for whom he sent as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from the situation in which Mr. Desmond had found him. This servant he had left sick in Baltimore, when he came to Washington."

"And what account," said Louisa, "does he give, papa?"

"He said, when I examined him, that he had long suspected that there was some misunderstanding between his master and Mr. Desmond; that he had never seen any positive act of unkindness, nor ever heard any harsh expressions; but that, for many weeks before the shocking event, he had observed that his master had rather avoided meeting Mr. Desmond, although it had been his custom to seek every opportunity of being with him; that previous to these few last weeks, he had often walked or rode out with him, and almost every day passed many hours with Mr. Desmond in his library; that when they walked in the garden, he had always leaned for support on his arm, but of late, he had always walked with, and supported himself on master Theodore; that he had never been in the library, and that when Mr. Desmond was in the parlour, he, the

Chevalier, had generally withdrawn to his own apartment. 'And here,' said the old Swiss, 'instead of reading, or writing, or playing on his flute or guitar, as he was used to do, he would sit whole hours with his head resting on the table; or would start suddenly up and walk the room with hasty and disturbed steps; would often call out in anguish of spirit, 'Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu! ayez pitie de moi!' 'Once,' said the Swiss, 'as I was arranging his room, and he had been walking about in a strange, wild way, he suddenly stopped, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said, look at me, Jaques—do I look like a villain—like the vilest of villains? And then turning from me, he clenched his hand, exclaiming *wretch! wretch that thou art!*'"

"Who did Jaques suppose he meant?" said Louisa.

"He could not tell," but thought some one, may be Mr. Desmond, had called *him villain*, and that he in return called whoever he was, *wretch*; but it is all a mystery."

"And how, during this time, did Mr. Desmond behave to St. Julien?"

"That has been most minutely inquired into; these voluminous notes," said Mr. Seymour, turning over the papers lying on the table, "these contain the examinations of old Donald, of each of his servants separately, and of such persons, including Dr. Irvin, as had visited at his house, from the period that St. Julien first became its inmate."

"And can no conclusion be drawn from their testimony?" said Mrs. Seymour.

"Much that increases the mystery and uncertainty, but nothing that throws light on the case."

“What does Dr. Irvin say?” said Louisa; “I should suppose he would be an impartial witness, and he was a daily visitant. Physicians, you know, are admitted into all the privacies of a family.”

“His testimony goes to clear Desmond of motive for violence, but cannot bear on the fact itself. Dr. Irvin says, that from the very night when this young man was brought into the house, the heart as well as arms of Desmond opened to receive him; that the tenderness one always feels for what we succour and save, was added to the deep and lively interest which the situation and personal merits of St. Julien excited; that during six weeks confinement to his chamber, Desmond watched with a father’s fondness over him, and when he was obliged to be absent, always begged Theodore and Adeline to remain with him, and never to trust him to the care of servants. As soon as St. Julien recovered his senses, which the delirium of fever long prevented, he gave a direction to his servant, whom he had left sick in Baltimore, and begged he might be sent for. When he came, he brought the baggage his master had left, and had a bed made up for the servant in a light closet, which opened from his master’s chamber, and communicated with the garden; that it was not until after the arrival of the servant, that Desmond ever left him at night. That when St. Julien had become convalescent, the drawing room, into which his chamber opened, had been prepared for him; a couch placed there for him; books, music, the chess board, drawing materials, vases of flowers, and every thing that the fondest affection could devise, had been put into this apartment for his comfort and amusement. That here Desmond

passed some hours of every day ; and that Adeline and Theodore seldom left him. When able to leave the house, Desmond was daily proposing agreeable rides, and had carried him with his family to a beautiful cottage he had on the shores of the Potomac, where he, Dr. Irvin, went once or twice, and where they had passed two weeks, as it seemed to him, in as great felicity as earth could afford. He had left them in this little Paradise, happy as he described, and that it was not until their return, he had witnessed any change in Desmond's manner. He did not go often, he said, to the house, as the country air had completely restored the Chevalier's health ; but when now and then he did call as a friend, he seldom met Desmond at home ; when he did, his cheerfulness seemed forced, and when not noticed, he sunk into a gloomy abstraction, and was often so absent that he did not seem to know any one was present.

"Such was Dr. Irvin's testimony, concluding with an asseveration, that he had never seen any marked displeasure to St. Julien, and that Desmond's manner was not more changed to him, than to his wife, son, and friends ;"

"How very, very strange !" said Mrs. Seymour ;—"but the old faithful Donald, what testimony did he give ?"

"He was so fearful of criminating his master, that his answers were few and short. He said he was seldom in the family apartments ; after St. Julien's servant had arrived, his business called him elsewhere ; but he could as easily believe that his master would murder his own son, as murder the young Chevalier, whom he had saved from death, and concealed from the scrutiny of the curious, and whom he seemed to love so dearly !"

“But when I conversed alone with him, he would acknowledge and lament over the sad change which had taken place in his master, but said he was sure it could have nothing to do with the Chevalier, for he showed his gloomy mood to all alike; ‘even to me,’ said the old man, sobbing, ‘even to me, who carried him in my arms when a child, and who love him as his own father loved him. Oh, he was the best and kindest of masters, till this sad melancholy came over him; and even then, he was never unkind to any one but himself. Oh, Mr. Seymour,’ he continued, ‘my old heart will break—and I hope it will break soon—I cannot outlive my blessed master! Oh, Mr. Seymour, had you seen him as I have seen him for some weeks past, you would not believe him to be the same mild spoken, kind, quiet gentleman you know; his voice so soft, his countenance always shining like a clear moonlight sky, with never a dark cloud passing over it; and then to see all this mild light covered with darkness—to see that fair open brow knit in gloomy thought—to hear him speak so sorrowfully, when every word used to be so cheerful; and instead of delighting to read, which was truly his greatest delight, to see him sit hours and hours, I might say days, leaning his head on his hand, and never looking in the book that lay open before him, but fixing his eyes on the floor as if he was reading something there! and to see him walk about the room so disconsolate!—and to hear him sigh so deeply; and, what broke my heart worst of all, to see the big tears rolling down his cheeks, without his seeming to know it. Oh, Mr. Seymour, it would have melted the hardest heart! and at night too!—yes, all night long—for after he grew so bad and restless,

he left my mistress' room for fear of disturbing her; but, poor dear soul, he rested on no other bed, but would pass the livelong night in the library. And poor mistress, she looked ready to die, and was sadly grieved, for she had been used to more love than ever man showed woman before! poor little soul, she grew so pale; and Mrs. Brinden, who tends on her, says as how she sleeps as little as master, though in the day time she tried to be cheerful, not wishing the Chevalier, or master Theodore, should suspect how desolate she was left. Ah, it has been a sad house; and now, now it will be the grave of us all!"

"Oh, my dear husband," said Mrs. Seymour, taking his hand, and wiping away her tears with her handkerchief, "I now do not wonder at the anxiety and solicitude you have felt. It is a pitiable tale."

"One," said Mr. Seymour, "more pitiable and more distressing than I ever met with during all my practice. Would to Heaven he would open all his heart to me; for, as he said to-night, it is preyed upon by some deadly poison, some dreadful evil, but not by guilt—no, not by guilt! I feel as assured of his innocence of this deed, as of my own."

"Dearest father," said Louisa, "do not be so much distressed; cheer up," said she, stirring the fire, as if that would dispel his gloom; "surely, if he is innocent, God will save him; He will bring all to light."

"And even," said Mrs. Seymour, "if the law should condemn him, the President will pardon such a man."

Mr. Seymour shook his head. "I fear not," said he; "to let the rich and the powerful escape, when so many lately of the humbler class of our

citizens have suffered for less crimes, would not be just. No, he cannot, he will not.—But it is very late ; you had better retire.”

“ Pray, pray,” said Mrs. Seymour and Louisa, “ pray let us remain with you. We cannot sleep, and it will be less distressing to us if you will let us stay by you.

“ Well, my dear wife, be it so ; for my soul is heavy within me, and your presence is a comfort ; and, perhaps,” said he, taking up some letters and papers, “ perhaps you may discover something in these letters and testimonies, which may prove exculpatory, and which I may have overlooked ; for it has often been said, that women’s perceptions, as well as sensations, are quicker than those of men.

“ I will then read them aloud. These,” said he, assorting them, “ are letters from various persons in New-York, who have known Desmond from his childhood.”

He then proceeded to read over the depositions of a number of witnesses in the state of New-York, and in Baltimore.

All testified, that the character of Desmond was unstained by even the suspicion of fault ; that he had ever kept aloof from politics, and retired from general society ; that his habits of life were quiet and domestic ; his occupations, after he withdrew from commerce, altogether literary : he had been the kindest of masters, and no one had ever seen him under the influence of passion ; the fondest and most indulgent of husbands and fathers ; liberal and generous to all ; never profuse. In Washington he had formed few acquaintances ; had lived in affluence and elegance, but without ostentation ; was a kind

neighbour, and charitable to the poor: that many had experienced his assistance in the hour of need; that to the poor slave, the distressed mechanic, nor even the wandering beggar, he had never turned a deaf ear.

"And such a man a murderer! it is impossible," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour and Louisa.

"But, papa, you have not told us how the discovery took place."

"We have heard only the reports of common rumour; for you have been so constantly at court, or in the prison, or so engaged in your office, that we could never find an opportunity to inquire," said Mrs. Seymour.

"I told you," said Mr. Seymour, "that St. Julien occupied apartments in a wing of the house, and connected with it by a covered passage, and that his *Swiss* slept in a little room opening from his master's chamber. *Jacques* states, that, being anxious about his master, he was in the habit of listening and watching during the night, lest he might be ill or disturbed; that the night on which the fatal deed was done, he had remarked, whilst undressing his master, that he was more gloomy and sorrowful than he had ever seen him; that when he had put on his night gown, he bade him leave him, and not to take away the light, as he wished to read and write. Being very uneasy about the Chevalier, he had made an excuse to go in about an hour afterwards, and had seen him writing so calmly, that he went to bed more easy in his mind, and put out his candle; but that for a long time he could not sleep; that he heard his master rise, and walk the room, and then all was so quiet, he supposed that he too was gone to bed. That, as near as he could tell, it must have been about two o'clock

when he heard some one knock at his master's door, and heard some person enter; that then he heard him exclaim, 'Mr. Desmond, is it you, and at this time of night?'

"'Yes, young man, it is I!'" returned Mr. Desmond, with a loud and stern voice.

"After that they spoke in lower voices, and, he supposes, stood or sat at the farthest end of the room; for although he could distinguish the tones of their voices, he could only now and then catch a word.

"That they spoke sharply, and as if in earnest; but he could not venture to say, that either was angry, or in a passion. Once, he heard Mr. Desmond exclaim, 'wretch,' to which his master answered in a raised voice, '*wretch!*—yes, but too true—the veriest wretch on earth.'

"And then he heard them both push their chairs, and walk in the room; then, after a short interval of silence, he heard the report of a pistol!

"That he started out of his bed, but in his haste, got his foot entangled in the bed clothes, and fell with such violence on his head, that he was stunned; and how long before he recovered himself, he cannot tell.

"But as soon as he came to himself, he found the door, and in his confusion opened it with difficulty; when he got it open, he ran into the chamber, and saw his master lying on the floor covered with blood, and Mr. Desmond kneeling beside him, looking at him with a vacant stare, as it were, and holding a pistol in his clasped hands.

"He raised his master in his arms; his night-gown and shirt were covered with blood, which was still flowing, and, on examination, found he

was shot right through the heart. That he was not quite dead; but still breathed.

“ Jacques jumped up, and ran out, with the intention of calling assistance; but while hurrying on his clothes, the idea of Mr. Desmond’s escape had induced him to lock the door, and put the key into his pocket, but in his haste he had forgotten the door which opened into the drawing room, through which Mr. Desmond had entered. That he ran to the next neighbour’s, and, knocking loudly at the door, had wakened the man, who was a shoemaker, and told him what had happened, begging him to show him where he could find a surgeon and a magistrate. The man had hastened down to him, followed by his wife, who heard what he said. ‘Pho, pho,’ said she, ‘the fellow’s crazy, to come and tell us such a lie, as that Mr. Desmond has killed a gentleman, and that in his own house too! I would’nt believe it if an angel from Heaven told me such a thing,’ said she.

“ ‘You may go and see for yourself, then, mistress.’

“ ‘And so I will,’ replied the woman.

“ ‘For my part,’ said the shoemaker, ‘I’ll show him where he can get a doctor, at any rate.’

“ ‘Yes, and by my soul,’ said Jacques, ‘and I’ll find an officer of justice too; mon Dieu, that I will.’

“ Whilst they ran one way, the woman, on her examination, told us, she hurried to the house, thinking she would get his honour out of the way, before the outlandish man should come back. She knocked loudly at Desmond’s door, and Donald, who slept on the lower floor, hearing her, opened the door.

“ ‘God a mercy,’ said the woman, ‘make haste

and save your master, before a whole gang of constables shall be here to carry him to prison.'

"It was long before Donald could be made to comprehend; when he did, he ran for a light, which in his perturbation he was some time in procuring; then hastened through the drawing room to the Chevalier's room; and just as he entered at one door, the Swiss, accompanied by Dr. Irvin, a magistrate, several constables, and other persons, came in by the other.

"Donald hastened to his master, who, in a corner most remote from the lifeless body, was standing leaning against a window frame, his head bowed down, and his hands clasped over his eyes, as if to shut out the dreadful sight.

"All was confusion and noise around him; but he seemed insensible alike to the exclamations of his faithful Donald, and the lamentations of the poor Swiss, who was holding the lifeless body of his master in his arms, and the rest gathered round him.

"'It is too late,' said Dr. Irvin, examining the body, 'it is too late; he is quite dead. Poor youth, I restored you once to life, but now it is beyond my power.'

"On this the Swiss broke out into mingled execrations against the murderer, and wailings over his master.

"'Oh, my mistress, my mistress,' exclaimed he, in broken English, 'what an account have I to give thee, of the dear child you committed to my care! you bade me bring him safely back to you; safely!—yes, I can now carry him safely; no one will take him prisoner now; nor French nor English; poor child, your wars are over. Mistress, mistress! a cold and bloody corpse, is now all I can bring you!—Wretch, damnable wretch,' he

exclaimed, starting up and holding his raised arm towards Desmond; "wretch! you shall suffer for this; cruel butcher that you are. Take him, take him, Mr. officer, take him out of my sight, lest I kill him; take him to prison."

"Dr. Irvin had joined Donald, and was standing by Desmond; each held a hand; the old servant wept over it in agony, exclaiming—

"My master, my dear master, will you not look at me? do you not know your faithful Donald?"

"In the mean time, Dr. Irvin was calmly expostulating with, and urging Mr. Desmond to speak, if it was but one word.

"But he uttered not a sound; he stood cold and motionless as a statue, looking at vacancy.

"At this moment, a struggle was heard in the entry, and the words, 'stop her! stop her!' The next moment, Adeline, pale, wild, distracted, ran into the room. The first object her eyes fell on was the bloody corpse of St. Julien; she uttered one shriek, and fell across the body, as if struck with lightning.

"Desmond heard the shriek, started, and, seeing who it was, flew across the room, and kneeling beside his Adeline, extended his arms to raise her; but, as he put forth his hand, he saw it covered with blood; he shuddered, turned away his head, and slowly rising, stood with averted looks.

"The women, who had followed their mistress, now raised her lifeless form, and were about carrying her away, when Desmond cried, 'stop!'

"The hollow and awful sound compelled obedience.

"He approached, and looking mournfully and steadily, but silently, on her, for a few moments, nature gave way, and he burst into tears. With-

out touching her with his hand, he stooped down, and kissing her icy brow, her cheeks, her lips—
‘farewell, farewell forever! beloved one, farewell!’

“Then, after another pause, the big tears rolling off his blanched cheeks, on the still lovely face of Adeline—

“Peace! peace!” said he. ‘The thunderbolt has laid thee low! the blast has destroyed thee, sweet flower! Oh! that I too were at peace!’ turning from his wife, and walking to a distant part of the room.

“The women carried their mistress away, followed by Dr. Irvin, who bled her. She revived, but fell from one fainting fit into another; and is not yet able to hold up her feeble head. She lives—but only lives; and to-morrow’s sentence will be as fatal to her, as to her husband.

“Meanwhile, the magistrate, a respectable and feeling man, approached Mr. Desmond, and reminding him of his painful duty, Mr. Desmond bowed his head, and motioned to follow him. At this instant, the faithful Donald rushed forward, throwing himself before his master, and seizing his hand—

“‘Where are they taking you—where are you going?’ exclaimed he, wildly, and trying to detain Mr. Desmond.

“His master pressed his hand affectionately, and replied, ‘Going, Donald! to the grave, I trust!’

“‘No, no, no!’ cried the poor fellow, ‘you shall not go—but, wherever you go, I follow you,’ said he, seeing his master pressed forward.

“By this time, Dr. Irvin (from whom most of this account was gathered) returned. ‘And must this be?’ said he, looking at Desmond. His only

reply was, a quiet, but solemn look, and a strong pressure of Dr. Irvin's hand.

"They now all silently moved forward. A slight shuddering was observed to pass over Desmond, as he heard the clanking of the chain, and the creaking of the rusty hinges, of the door of the cell; otherwise he was tranquil, and spoke not a word. Donald remained with his master. Dr. Irvin returned to the house of mourning; while the coroner, who had been sent for by the magistrate, summoned a jury of inquest; who, upon viewing the body, and taking the testimony of St. Julien's servant, corroborated by some circumstantial evidence, soon signed an inquisition, charging Frederick Desmond with having killed and murdered the deceased.

"Poor Theodore was in the country. It was my cruel task, as you know, to reveal to him this dreadful story.

"And now," said Mr. Seymour, looking over the papers, and arranging them, "you have the whole case before you—does any hope remain?"

"Alas, no," said Louisa; "improbable as it is, that so good a man could commit such an act, does it not seem, mamma, still more improbable that a young, rich, happy man, should take his own life, or that his best friend should allow him, even had he attempted it?"

Mrs. Seymour hesitated to reply; she seemed lost in thought.

"What is it you are thinking of, my dear?" said Mr. Seymour.

"An idea has struck me, which would explain away all mystery," said she; "but—"

"But, what?"

"It would not clear Mr. Desmond of the crime; it would only offer a motive."

"Speak out."

"No, my dear husband, it can be of no avail; it could be of no benefit to the guilty, but might criminate the innocent."

After a long silence, in which all seemed buried in thought, Mr. Seymour, thoughtfully turning over his papers, said—

"To-morrow, the examination of the witness, who arrived yesterday from Boston, and who was a clerk of Mr. Desmond's, at the time he was in business, will close the evidence. I shall then make a last effort to show the impossibility of such a crime's being committed by a man of so cool and dispassionate a character; whose life and conduct, as is shown by these ample vouchers, was so strictly virtuous and upright. In a case like this, such evidence ought to have great weight. The unhappy prisoner will be brought, for the last time, to the bar. Poor, unhappy Theodore, what a night will this be to him!

"Hand me those books, Louisa; I would fain be doing something."

"And cannot I do any thing to assist you, father?"

"There are some extracts to be made from these volumes, if you choose, my dear, to copy them."

"Gladly, father," said she, sitting down to the table.

Mrs. Seymour moved to the sofa, where she reclined, full of painful reflections. Mr. Seymour gave himself up to deep and profound thought; sometimes referring to the books and papers before him. The day began to dawn before they separated, and retired to seek a little repose.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die—No! life,
I prize it not a straw—but, for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises.

Winter's Tale.

THE next morning, after Mr. Seymour left them to go to court, the carriage was ordered; and, leaving Louisa engaged with her little scholars, Mrs. Seymour went to Mr. Desmond's house, wishing, as far as sympathy and tenderness could do it, to alleviate the agonizing situation of the unhappy Adeline, and to endeavour to support her under the impending stroke, which she much feared would prove fatal in her present feeble condition.

On inquiring for Mrs. Brinden, that lady came to Mrs. Seymour, and gave her a most mournful account of Mrs. Desmond and Theodore.

“She has scarcely swallowed a mouthful, or spoken a single word, since the fatal event which consigned her husband to prison. For some time after the dreadful shock, we could scarcely keep life in her; she fell from one fainting fit to another, and the next day was so feeble, that she lay unconscious of existence. After she revived sufficiently to look about her and speak, her lan-

guage was incoherent—her looks wild, and expressive of horror; then, again, she sank into silence and apparent insensibility, from which she was not aroused till Mr. Theodore arrived.

“Oh, madam, it would be a vain attempt to describe what then followed—to paint the agony of the half-distracted son. Since then, Mrs. Desmond has been more sensible of her situation; and good father M—— has passed whole hours every day by her bed-side, and has prepared her for that death for which she hopes and prays. Her only consolation is, to think she shall not survive her husband. Mr. Theodore seldom leaves her through the day, though she often entreats him to go to his father; he answers, that he is obeying his father’s positive command by remaining with her. But at night he leaves her to my care, while he goes to his father. Dear madam, you would scarcely know this excellent young man; he neither eats nor sleeps; and watching and sorrow have reduced him to a mere skeleton. He and Mrs. Desmond both know that this is the decisive day. I left him sitting like a statue by her almost lifeless body. Her eyes are never opened; and, were it not for her deep-drawn sighs, and the motion of her clasped hands, sometimes raised in supplication, sometimes pressing the holy cross to her bosom, you might imagine her gentle soul had already taken its departure. She admits no one to enter her chamber, but the priest, the physician, Mr. Theodore, and myself.”

Mrs. Seymour listened, without interruption, to these affecting details; and, finding she could render no service to the afflicted Adeline, she returned home, depressed and melancholy.

During her absence, Mrs. Mortimer, accompanied by Mr. O., and several other ladies and gentlemen, had called to ask Louisa to go with them to court, which, they told her, would be thronged with all her acquaintance. Louisa declined the invitation, and felt surprised and shocked, that any one, who knew Mr. Desmond or his family, could think of going on such an occasion. She sat with her mother the rest of the morning, conversing about their unhappy friends, and talking over the affecting narrative Mr. Seymour had given them the night before.

"It explains," said Mrs. Seymour, "what has hitherto seemed to me an anomaly in Mr. Desmond's character; I mean his marriage with a woman, young enough to be his daughter, and of a disposition so diametrically opposite to his. This should teach us, Louisa, never to judge of any one's conduct, without being well informed as to the motives of action. What I deemed an act of folly, is, we find, one of benevolence and kindness."

It was thus, by observations on the passing events of life, that Mrs. Seymour endeavoured to form the judgment of her daughters; and few persons who have not tried the experiment, are aware how much useful knowledge may be conveyed through the medium of familiar conversation, nor how much deeper an impression it makes on the youthful mind, than knowledge derived from books. Every day furnishes some lesson in religion and morality, which an attentive and intelligent parent can imperceptibly, but effectually, instil into the mind of youth. Instructions in natural as well as moral science, may be conveyed through the same medium with similar advantage; and it was Mrs. Seymour's constant

endeavour thus to improve and apply every incident or object they met with.

When Mr. Seymour reached the court-room, he found it already so crowded, that he could scarcely make his way to his place. The platform, on each side of the bench on which the judges sat, was filled with the youth, beauty and fashion of Washington. Few or any of these ladies were acquainted with Mr. Desmond or his family, being generally strangers, who only pass their winters in the metropolis, and who seize, with avidity, any opportunity of hearing the eloquence of the orators, either in the legislature or courts of justice. The venerable Chief Justice, grave as he always is, seemed now more than usually solemn. Indeed, a most unusual solemnity and silence pervaded the whole court, and surrounding throng. Every countenance expressed anxiety, and every eye was fixed with an expression of sadness on the prisoner. After the examination of one or two additional witnesses, on the part of the prisoner, Mr. Seymour rose, and addressed the court and jury as follows :

“ May it please the Court ;—Gentlemen of the Jury—

“ Before I proceed to the discharge of that task which my professional duty requires of me, on this very serious and interesting occasion, I beg permission, both as the friend and counsel of the prisoner, to return his, as well as my own thanks to the court and its officers, for the liberality, indulgence, and humane feeling, evinced by them in the course of this momentous trial ; and also to you, gentlemen, for the very patient, attentive, and unprejudiced manner in which you have appeared to listen to the testimony that has been

produced, as well on the part of the prisoner, as on that of the prosecution. I am authorized to say, gentlemen, that the prisoner is fully sensible, that in the ability and impressive eloquence already displayed by the Attorney General in his opening of the case, and in arguing the various legal questions which have arisen in the course of the evidence; and in that more powerful effort of his oratory which will, no doubt, be exhibited in his closing speech; he has, and will be actuated solely and exclusively, and even to the sacrifice of his sympathies as a man, by a conscientious discharge of the high, and often painful duties of his office. Yes, gentlemen, the prisoner feels persuaded, that, should this trial eventuate in his condemnation, however conscious he will be of his innocence, he will, nevertheless, sincerely and gratefully acknowledge, that this fatal result will not be imputable to the prevalence of any feelings incompatible with the impartial administration of justice, or with the sentiments of humanity; nor, gentlemen, will he ascribe his conviction to the imperfection of law, nor to the malice and prejudice of man, but solely to the limited perceptions of our nature, which confine our views to the mere surface of actions, without enabling us to penetrate into the hidden recesses of thought, and bring to light the motives which impel to action. Man cannot enter into the heart of man, nor discover *that* which is known only to the Searcher of hearts, to the great Omniscient. And now, gentlemen, to my argument: which I shall begin, by laying it down as an incontrovertible position, and one which the court by-and-by will tell you is undoubtedly so, that before the crime of murder can be found by you, you must be fully and clearly satisfied in your minds, that the

crime of murder has actually, and in fact, been committed. As a very learned and eloquent British lawyer has expressed it, 'before you can adjudge a fact, you must *believe* it; not *suspect* it, not *imagine* it, not *fancy* it, but *believe* it. And it is impossible,' says he, 'to impress the human mind with such a reasonable and certain *belief*, as is necessary to be impressed, before a christian man can adjudge his neighbour to the smallest penalty, much less to the pains of death, without having such *evidence* as a reasonable mind will accept of, as the infallible test of truth. And what is that evidence? neither more nor less than that which the constitution has established in the courts; namely, that the evidence convinces the jury, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the criminal intention, constituting the crime, existed in the mind of the prisoner, and was the main spring of his conduct. These rules of evidence are founded in the charities of religion, in the philosophy of nature, in the truths of history, and in the experience of common life.'

"Now, gentlemen, to apply these rules to the present case. Are you convinced, beyond all reasonable doubt, that this criminal intention, which constitutes the crime, did exist in the mind of the prisoner, and was the main spring of the action which is imputed to him? Can you believe this of a man, whose whole life, whose whole character and conduct, by the mass of testimony now before you, and by your own personal knowledge, are proved to have been uniformly virtuous, upright, generous and benevolent? Can you believe this of a man, who has been clearly proved by all those who have known him from infancy to manhood, to be a man of a cool and dispassionate temper—of an affectionate and tender heart—

one from whose lips an angry or harsh expression has never been known to escape? one from whose charities and benevolence, the stranger and the afflicted, the poor and the oppressed, have ever found the most tender and most liberal relief? Can you believe, that the man who sheltered beneath his hospitable roof the unfortunate individual, of whose violent death he now stands accused, who poured oil and wine into his wounds, and whom he took to his house, his arms, his heart, under circumstances which might have led a less benevolent, and more selfish man, to have delivered him up to the scrutiny of public justice—can you believe that *this man* could, after saving the stranger's life, and, for three months, cherishing him in his bosom;—can you believe that, whilst under the protection of his own roof, he could steal, like the midnight assassin, to his room, and destroy *that* life he had saved! Gentlemen, you cannot believe this; you can scarcely even suspect, or imagine the possibility of an act, so contradictory to, so incompatible with, all the other circumstances which have been made known to you.

“ The unfortunate stranger was found dead, and the prisoner by his side, with the instrument of death in his hands! But may not what the prisoner asserts to be the fact, be really true? may not the young man, under the influence of some sudden and violent emotion, have taken his own life? youth is hasty, rash and violent; and the probability of this young man's being subject to strong emotion, and to rash, impetuous, and violent conduct, may be rationally inferred from the condition in which he was found in the street by the prisoner and his servant, as has been related in the course of the trial. A stranger! a foreigner! alone! wounded and bleeding, in the

public streets at midnight! Must we not presume some violence produced this situation? From his obstinate silence when interrogated, kindly interrogated, by his preserver, must we not presume that the aggression must have been on his part, and that he must have provoked the attack which had nearly occasioned his death? These are probabilities from whence we may reason as conclusively against *him*, as from the life and character of the prisoner we may infer the impossibility of such an atrocious murder being committed by a man of his known virtue.

But what, gentlemen, are the facts, as stated by the faithful servant of the deceased? He heard the prisoner exclaim, wretch! to which his master answered in a raised voice, yes, 'tis too true; the veriest wretch on earth! That then, in a few minutes, he heard them push their chairs, and walk in the room; and not long after, he heard the report of the pistol. Gentlemen, is there not ground here for a rational conjecture? You hear from the prisoner the stern and strong language of rebuke. Did he charge him with base ingratitude? with cruel perfidy? with a dishonourable violation of the sacred laws of hospitality? such expressions were not, indeed, heard; but are they not implied in the bitter epithet that was uttered in the hearing of the witness? and how was it answered? not in the firm and lofty language of innocence and honest indignation, but in the language, and in the tone of guilty acquiescence. There is an interval of silence; for a short space of time the witness heard no interchange of words; then followed the report of the pistol. Now, gentlemen of the jury, is there any thing improbable in the circumstances, as stated by the prisoner, when interrogated by the

magistrate on his arrest? he does not deny that he was in St. Julien's room previous to the report of the pistol, though the subject of their conversation he has declined to disclose; but he positively avers, that he was not present when the pistol was discharged, and that he ran back into the room when he heard the report, and found St. Julien in the agonies of death. This assertion of the prisoner cannot, it is true, be received by you as legal evidence; but when it is considered, that the proof of the prisoner's agency in this bloody deed, is merely circumstantial and presumptive, may not his own declaration to the contrary, the declaration of a man of hitherto undoubted veracity, probity and humanity, have some effect in diminishing the force of that presumption; especially when that declaration is strengthened by probable circumstances? And what are these probable circumstances? Why, gentlemen, that the unhappy young man, stung by remorse for some ungrateful and dishonourable conduct, affecting, perhaps, the domestic peace of his friend and preserver, was suddenly impelled, by feelings of self-condemnation and abhorrence, to rid himself of an existence that was at once his shame and his torment, and at the same time to atone for his ingratitude, and make the greatest sacrifice in his power to the insulted honour of his benefactor. Mr. Desmond had withdrawn; had left him to himself, and to the compunctious visitings of his conscience; and it was at this horrible moment, that the fatal deed was done. When I speak, gentlemen, of the insulted honour of the prisoner, I wish it to be understood, that I am using merely the language of conjecture, and that I am not justified by any disclosure on his part, in assuming any such ground.

That he applied to the deceased the harsh language of reproach, is a fact in evidence before you ; but the cause, the cause, I say, for these violent expressions, is a secret which the prisoner has not divulged ; that they were not unjustly applied, is fully proved by the emphatic answer of the deceased—'twas the voice of his own conscience ; and he sealed the dreadful testimony with his blood.

“ Gentlemen, almost any thing may more readily, more reasonably be believed, than that a man, who, during a life of more than forty years, has been uniformly just, benevolent, generous, and charitable ; a man of a mild, placid, contemplative disposition ; of an equable, cool, dispassionate temperament, could in one moment change his nature, and become unjust, cruel, treacherous, violent, and inhospitable ; that he could barbarously destroy that life which he had so recently and so tenderly preserved !—no, gentlemen ; to believe this, would be setting at defiance the dictates of reason, the lessons of experience, and the voice of humanity ; and it would be disclaimed by that religion, which bids us believe the best, hope the best.

“ If from a concurrence of accidental and unhappy circumstances ; if from the misrepresentation and calumny of others ; if from incidents of a dark and mysterious nature ; if from suspicious situations and appearances indicative of guilt, a long life of virtue cannot form a shield against the imputation of crime ; or, when imputed, if it can have no weight, when balanced against that imputation ; ah, what avails the acquisition of reputation, of the esteem, of the respect of mankind ! are forty years passed in the performance of all the duties of society, of all the charities of

our most holy religion, to count for nothing? The scales of justice must be held with a steady hand; and you, gentlemen, are to weigh the evidence for and against the prisoner now standing at the bar. Eternal and God-like Justice, thou attribute of divinity; it is thine to weigh, to compare, to decide! The balance is suspended—bring then the imputed crime! dreadful and heavy as it is—but bring, too, the life of well tried virtue; a character unsullied and unimpeached; the love of friends, the gratitude of the poor, the esteem of mankind; and shall these not outweigh the mere semblance of guilt, the suspicion of crime? who, then, shall say, that in the balance the prisoner is found wanting?

“Gentlemen, does a doubt still remain? Doubt must remain!—In the name, then, of *justice*, in the name of humanity, condemn not the unhappy prisoner. The most absolute certainty, the deepest conviction, the most unhesitating belief, can alone justify you to your own consciences, and in the opinion of mankind, for such a verdict.

“Weigh well the indications of innocence against the indications of guilt; and ere the final decision is made, deeply impress on your minds, what will be your regret and self reproach, should proofs of that innocence be brought to light, when it is too late to correct your error, and when an innocent man shall have suffered that death which should be adjudged only to the guilty! Have not our laws adopted the humane principle, that it is better many guilty should escape, than that *one* innocent man should suffer?”

Mr. Seymour paused, overcome with his own strong emotions, which were not a little increased by the universal sympathy, by the profound feeling, evinced by the whole court, and all who were pre-

sent. The prisoner alone stood unmoved ; pale and emaciated, but tranquil and sedate, he stood with his arms folded on his bosom, and his eyes east down. Not a whisper, not a sound was heard ; and the universal stillness, indicated the hope, the wish, that his counsel should still add something to what he had already said.

At last, recovering from his emotion, and twinkling away the tear that started to his eye, "Gentlemen," he proceeded, "if, in the ardour of my feelings, any thing should have indicated a doubt of your impartiality and justice, pardon a warmth which has been excited only by excess of solicitude ; and be assured, that not only myself, but the prisoner, feels the most implicit confidence in the purity and uprightnes of those principles and motives, which will govern you in deliberating on the evidence, and in making up your eventful decision.

"Would to Heaven I could transfuse into your minds that clear conviction, that intimate persuasion, that absolute certainty, of the innocence of this unfortunate gentleman, which I feel in my own. But you have not seen him, as I have seen him ; you have not known him, as I have known him, during the dark and lonely hours of imprisonment. You have not witnessed that humble resignation, that unbroken tranquillity, that fervent piety, those quiet slumbers, that charity to men, that love for God, that equanimity of temper, that peace of mind, 'which the world cannot give, and cannot take away ;' and which can be derived only from a conscience void of offence, and an undoubting trust in the goodness of that God, to whom every secret of the heart is better known, than are the actions of man to man ! May the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth—

may the Source of all Wisdom, so direct and enlighten your understandings, that you may be enabled to discern the truth, and to decide according to the truth."

The Attorney General then addressed the Jury, in a short, but eloquent, speech.

When he sat down, the Chief Justice arose, and, in a few and impressive words, recapitulated the evidence, and concluded his charge to the Jury, in substance as follows :

"After the brief, but I believe correct statement of the evidence, which I have given you, in order that you may be able to see how far it goes to establish what is charged in the indictment, I must remind you that, on the other hand, you are to attend carefully to the arguments urged, and the evidence brought forward, in favour of the prisoner ; and to weigh well whatever makes for the defence. The evidence, on the part of the prisoner, when taken together, is calculated to make an impression in his favour. It is an affectionate and warm evidence of character, given by persons whose testimony deserves the greatest weight and deference. However painful the task, and awful the responsibility, it is your duty, gentlemen of the jury, not to shrink from the performance ; and may the All-wise God give you wisdom to discern, and strength to perform, whatever you may be convinced is required by the laws, and due to society. Gentlemen, you will now withdraw, and make up your verdict of guilty or not guilty."

CHAPTER IX.

Tarry a little—there is something else.

Merchant of Venice.

Cette lettre sincère,

D'un malheureux amour, contient tout le mystère.

Racine.

AN awful silence pervaded the whole court, and it was so compactly crowded, that it was with difficulty the jury could move; and so solemnly were they affected, that they seemed as if reluctant to rise. At this moment, a little bustle took place. Mr. Seymour, who was leaning down his head on the table before him, heard, in low whispers, "it is his son! it is his son!" He started up, and looking round, saw that the crowd was pushing back, and opening a passage for Dr. Irvin and Theodore, who was hanging, rather than leaning, on his arm; but so shrunk, so palid, so attenuated, was his frame, that you might almost have believed it was a body just risen from its grave; his hollow eyes sent out an eager gaze in search of his beloved father. Dr. Irvin, perceiving the jury struggling to make their way, called out, "stop! I entreat the jury to stop for a few moments!" then hurrying poor Theodore along, they gained the platform on which the

judges sat ; he reached out his hand with a paper, exclaiming, " my father is innocent—my father is innocent !" and, in attempting to kneel, fell fainting on the steps. Mr. Desmond, who had sat down, and had covered his face with his hand, now wildly started, exclaiming, " my son, my son, you kill me !" then sank backwards, overpowered with the violence of his emotion. All now was a scene of confusion. The jury returned to their box, but it was a long time before silence could be obtained. " He is innocent ! he is innocent !" resounded from all parts.

Dr. Irvin and several gentlemen went to the assistance of Theodore, while Mr. Seymour ran to Mr. Desmond, and, supporting him in his arms, endeavoured to revive him. The sudden revulsion of blood upon his heart ; the suffocation, occasioned by violent emotion, had suspended animation. When he had taken a glass of water, and was somewhat recovered, he pressed the hand of Mr. Seymour, saying, " take me, take me away, Seymour ; I shall die were I to hear that letter !—too well I know its contents ; take me away, my dear friend." With some difficulty, leaning on Mr. Seymour, a passage was opened for him, every one respectfully making way, and repeating as he passed, " he is innocent !" " I was sure he was innocent ; such a sweet looking man," said one. " Lord bless his heart," said another ; " he does not look as if he could hurt a worm !" " No, to be sure," said another ; " a kinder or a better man is not to be found in Washington." " It would have been a thousand pities," said another, " if he'd been done away with ; the poor would have lost their best friend." Such were the observations that reached his ear, and would have cheered, if any thing on earth

could have cheered his broken spirit. Mr. Seymour led him into one of the clerk's rooms—he looked round for Theodore. “Will they not bring my poor boy here?” said he; “poor fellow, this will be a harder stroke than he has yet felt. Oh, Adeline, generous, but yet unkind Adeline! why have you done this? Would to Heaven you had let me die, and then all would have been buried in my grave. Cruel generosity! oh, it is worse than death!” After a long pause—“Seymour,” said he, solemnly, “to me, death would have been no evil; but life”—again he paused; his friend could only press his hand; “to *live*,” he continued, “loaded with dishonour, with shame; to hear that dear name coupled with—oh, this is more than I can bear!” Then, again, he sunk into a mournful silence.

Mr. Seymour stepped out, and found Dr. Irvin in another room with the unfortunate Theodore, supporting his head on his bosom, and, from time to time, wiping the trickling tears from his cold face. “My father! cannot I see my father? but no, I cannot see him; I cannot break to him the cruel news.”

Mr. Seymour looked at Dr. Irvin for an explanation. “Tell him, tell him all,” said Theodore; “I can bear it; tell him, and he can break it to my father, for I cannot.” Dr. Irvin then, in a low voice, informed him, that Mrs. Desmond was no more. “She was very low, you know, this morning,” said he. “I was sitting by her, an hour ago, endeavouring to revive and support her, when, Mrs. Brinden being called out of the room, immediately returned, and whispered something in Mrs. Desmond's ear. ‘Give it me, give it me,’ said she, feebly, but eagerly. Mrs. Brinden handed her a sealed letter; she motioned

Theodore and me to leave the room. We withdrew, and, a moment afterwards, hearing a loud shriek, we ran in.

“‘Fly, Theodore,’ said she, ‘fly and save your father.’ She could say no more, but fell into fits.

“‘It was long before she recovered ;—‘go, go,’ said she, when she could articulate—‘go!’

“‘When she saw that he did not move, she turned to me, and asked for some drops ; when she had taken them, she seemed to struggle with some violent emotion ; and desiring Mrs. Brinden to raise her, with difficulty and at broken intervals she said—

“‘This letter explains the dreadful mystery. This letter will save my husband—the best of husbands. I am dying, Theodore,’ said she, ‘and it is my last command that you carry this letter to the court. Ere now, the sentence, the fatal sentence, which brands the noblest of men as a ——’ she could not pronounce the horrid word ; she gasped for breath—‘Take it from my dying hands in yours ; let no one touch—no one see it ; put it yourself into the hands of the judge. Theodore, trust it to no one ; promise me you will not.’

“‘Theodore promised.

“‘It will save him ; now let me die—and tell him, Theodore, his Adeline dies innocent. Trembling on the verge of eternity, I would not dare to deceive him ; I am innocent!’ She could say no more ; the exertion she had made overpowered her ; she sunk exhausted on her pillow, her eyes closed—and we believed her spirit had fled. Theodore kneeled by her side, and clasped her hand in speechless agony. After a little time she revived, opened her eyes, tried to speak ; but could only articulate, ‘go, go ;’ she pressed

feebly his hand, and closed her eyes, never to open them again. We tried various restoratives, but all in vain; life was gone. You see our poor boy here; when he could stand and speak, he insisted on my bringing him without losing another moment. I ordered a carriage; his task is fulfilled."

"Yes," said Theodore, her last command is obeyed! 'Go,' was the last word; and had I died on the way I would have come. And now, dear Mr. Seymour, go and tell all this to my poor father; I cannot, I dare not touch on the contents of that letter. Oh! Mr. Seymour, my father would rather have died—but go to him; when he is recovered from his first shock, we will return home. They will let him go home, will they not? hasten, Mr. Seymour."

When Mr. Seymour returned, he found Mr. Desmond in the same spot he had left him; he perceived he was weeping; and he was rejoiced to see those tears, the first he had ever seen him shed, as he knew they would relieve his surcharged and bursting heart. He sat down by him and taking his hand—

"I have seen our dear Theodore,"

"Does he not come to me?"

"Not yet."

"Then there is still something for me to learn; you are silent, Seymour."

Mr. Seymour continued silent.

"You need not speak," said Mr. Desmond—
"I know all.

"After such a disclosure, Adeline could not live. Poor victim! Oh, that I had died in thy place. But I wish not that thou shouldst suffer—thou hast escaped from misery. But what a load hast thou left for me—unhappy boy, and for thee."

In broken sentences, with many pauses, with deep drawn sighs, he gave vent to his feelings. Mr. Seymour did not interrupt the silent flow of sorrow, although extremely anxious to know what could be the contents of a letter, of which Mr. Desmond seemed well informed; but from time to time, silently pressed his friend's hand in his: he offered no consolation to a heart so wrung with anguish. "Let nature do her own work," thought he; "time and religion must do the rest."

After some time, Desmond rose, but so feeble, so exhausted, he could scarcely stand.

"Must we not return," said he, "to the court room?"

"Wait a moment," replied his friend, "till I learn the orders of the court."

He then spoke to the Marshal, who informed him that the Chief Justice, after reading the letter, had told the jury, that it completely cleared the prisoner of the crime laid to his charge; but, as it was very late, and the prisoner not in a condition to appear at the bar, and as some witnesses must be called to prove the hand-writing, and some other facts, he had adjourned the court and the jury to the next day. The Marshal added, that he was directed by the court to conduct the prisoner back to the jail, but hoped it would be the last day of his confinement there.

Mr. Seymour requested the marshal to order a carriage as close to the door as possible, for the prisoner; for crowds were still lingering to catch a glance of him as he passed. He then stopped to let Theodore know whither his father was going.

"I will go with him," said he; "never will I leave him again."

When his father and Mr. Seymour were in the carriage, Dr. Irvin accompanied Theodore to it, and got in with his unhappy friends. The public sympathy could not be repressed, and many ejaculations were heard as Mr. Desmond was getting in.

"God bless you, sir," "long life to you, sir,"—and such like expressions, conveyed their kind feelings.—They were unnoticed by the sufferers.

But not so was a deep and hollow groan, which seemed to burst from the innermost recesses of a broken heart. Desmond started at the sound, but hurried forward, as if unable to encounter any sight of wo. Dr. Irvin turned at the sound, and beheld, leaning against the wall near the doorway, a tall and striking figure, in a dark cloak; his head was sunk upon his breast, and his upraised hands clasped, as if in the agony of supplication. He had not time for inquiry—he was supporting Mr. Desmond; and the next moment the carriage drove off.

When Theodore entered the carriage, he fell on his knees by his father, who clasped him in his arms: their tears and their sighs were mingled, but not one word could either articulate.

"One would suppose," thought Dr. Irvin, "that the fatal sentence was pronounced, instead of a promised acquittal;—how many avenues to misery!—how few to happiness!"

After they had seen their afflicted friends settled for the night, and had forced on them some refreshment, Dr. Irvin and Mr. Seymour left them to themselves, rightly deeming that the presence of any third person would be a painful restraint, instead of a relief, to their present feelings.

Mr. Seymour took Dr. Irvin home with him to a late dinner. Mrs. Seymour, Louisa, Emily—

all ran eagerly out to hear the result of this long, and anxious day's proceedings.

"Acquitted—our good friend is acquitted," said Dr. Irvin, while Mr. Seymour, too deeply affected by conflicting emotions, could not speak. The girls ran back into the parlour, repeating, "acquitted! oh, how happy, oh, how delighted I am!"

But Mrs. Seymour, who saw by her husband's countenance that all was not right, anxiously detained him, while Dr. Irvin followed the girls.

"Do not ask me now," said he, "I am much exhausted; after dinner, if we are alone, you shall hear all."

When Mr. Seymour withdrew after dinner to his office, Mrs. Seymour followed him, where he gave her an account of all that had passed in court, and told her it was proved by a letter of the Chevalier, which had been found, that he had put an end to his own life.

"Your suspicion, my dear, was right; I told you, women could penetrate farther than men."

"Alas! poor young creature," said Mrs. Seymour, "she was so much exposed—her very simplicity and innocence betrayed her. She loved and revered Desmond as a father—Theodore as a brother: but the tender heart of woman, Mr. Seymour, cannot, cannot remain dead to love!"

"I am surprised the danger never occurred to Desmond. *She* was ignorant of life—but *he* knew the world."

"Not much, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour; "his was a contemplative and recluse life. He has no passions himself; how can he realize their omnipotence in the breast of another?"

"He was a tender, devoted husband," observed Mr. Seymour.

"Yes; but all the love he was capable of was expended on his first wife and his son: and for Adeline, I do not think he ever felt other than as a father."

Mr. Seymour shook his head as he replied—"You are mistaken; Desmond's sensibility is deep, is strong; his love is not general and indiscriminate, it lies at the bottom of his heart, and floats not on the surface of action. But he should have been more cautious: philosopher as he is, he should have known more of human nature!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Seymour, "philosophers study only the mind; I am afraid if they studied the heart, the passions, they would soon lose their philosophy."

"Desmond knew more of books than men, to be sure," said Mr. Seymour; "he should have known enough, however, not to invite a young man, so rich in every charm of nature, of every talent, and of every grace, and a Frenchman too, to be an inmate of his house."

"He knew St. Julien was a married man," observed Mrs. Seymour.

"But did he not know," said Mr. Seymour, "that French honour, and French gallantry, are not bound by marriage oaths?"

"Fye, Mr. Seymour; should you or I say so, who know so many faithful and honourable couples?"

"There are virtuous and vicious of all nations; but beware, let *woman* beware, of that dangerous nation, whose morals, as regards the sexes, are so depraved. For the slightest imputation of their honour, they would take the life of friend or brother; as most likely this young man had done, when he was found wounded and bleeding at Desmond's door. And yet—oh, heaven! he thought

it no breach of that high honour, to violate all the rights of hospitality ; to seduce the affections of the lovely young creature ; to blast the happiness of his preserver ; to introduce misery and despair into the kind family which had nursed, and watched, and restored his life !—and in return, wretch that he was, what was his gratitude !”

“Alas, poor youth !” said Mrs. Seymour, “from what you say his letter contained, it is evident he was not so insensible as you describe him to be ; for most poignant must have been the remorse which impelled him to take his own life. He made the only reparation the laws of *honour* could require. Perhaps he was a deluded victim of passion, and was hurried on, beyond all thought or design. He appeared so truly modest and amiable, I cannot think he was a designing villain ; no—he, too, must have been a victim to headlong passion. I cannot believe he was the wretch you suppose. Besides, you tell me that, with her dying breath, Mrs. Desmond asserted her innocence. May we not, then, hope that these unfortunate young creatures were the victims to a fatal passion, but are guiltless in their conduct ?”

“In a moment of such distraction, this unhappy young woman could scarcely know what she said. Desmond’s conduct is more conclusive ; his gloomy and perturbed temper, so long indulged ; his anguish at the moment of his acquittal ; his indifference to life, nay, even his anxiety to die, all prove his conviction of irremediable evil.”

“He may have been deceived by a concurrence of circumstances. Could any situation be more strongly indicative of crime, than the one in which

he himself was found? yet, he is innocent. Let us, then, hope for the best."

"But, consider, if St. Julien is guiltless, what could have led to the violept and fatal act which terminated his life?"

"Oh, Mr. Seymour, is this the first instance you have known, of an ardent and hopeless passion leading to such, a catastrophe? Do you forget our poor friend?"

"It is an unhappy business," said Mr. Seymour.

"But I must go," continued he, looking at his watch; "Dr. Irvin, and myself, are requested to call on the Chief Justice this evening. Will you not go up to Desmond's? your advice may be necessary. We had best," said Mr. Seymour, turning back, "we had best conceal, if possible, the misfortune of Mrs. Desmond, as far as it is in our power."

Mrs. Seymour called Louisa to walk with her; and when Emily heard where she was going, she entreated to go along. Her mother hesitated.

"Mamma," said Louisa, "I have heard you say you wish Emily to see a *corpse*, and one which is not disgusting through age or infirmity. Poor Mrs. Desmond was so young and so beautiful."

"True," said Mrs. Seymour; "the occasion is a favourable one, my Emily, and you shall accompany us."

CHAPTER XI.

Her eyes are closed !——
But all her loveliness is not yet flown.
She smil'd in death, and still her face
Retains that smile ; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wint'ry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice ;
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged ;
Unruffled by the breeze, or sweeping blast.

Graciosa.

It was late in the afternoon, the air was mild, the sky was clear, and all nature, clothed in the reviving verdure of spring, rejoicing in renovated life. Mrs. Seymour, leaning on the arm of Louisa, and holding Emily by the hand, pursued her way through the most sequestered paths that led through the woods, which covered the sides of Capitol hill, whose expanding foliage, with the general gayety of the vernal scene, presented a mournful contrast with the gloom and desolation of the scene she was about to witness. The sun was just setting, as they reached Mr. Desmond's house. The servant, who came to the door, asked them to be seated in the parlour, until he informed Mrs. Brinden they were there. She met them at the head of the stairs, and silently and mournfully courtesying, led them to the chamber in which lay the remains of the unfortunate

Mrs. Desmond. The last rays of the sun darted through the window blinds, and fell on the fair and lifeless form, which was extended before them.

Emily timidly approached, prepared for something awful ; but when she saw the beautiful Adeline, who seemed as if in a calm sleep, she cast a look of pleased astonishment at her mother, and involuntarily exclaimed, "how beautiful she looks, mamma." Mrs. Brinden, who held back the muslin curtain, shook her head mournfully, as she said,

"She was beautiful, and good, too, as an angel."

After gazing awhile, Mrs. Seymour turned to a young woman, who was leaning against the bedstead, and wiping away, with her apron, the tears which trickled down her cheeks—

"Are you here, my child?" said Mrs. Seymour, kindly taking Mary's hand.

"Yes, ma'am," replied she, "I came to watch with Mrs. Brinden ; and I would feign see the dear lady as long as I can."

"She was a kind friend to you, Mary."

"Truly, yes, ma'am ; and I have lost a great help and comfort, in losing her ; for many years, she was all in all to our family ; and mother, with her dying breath, bid me look up to her and mind her."

"Oh ! she was good to every one," said Mrs. Brinden, sobbing ; "she was never eager to go out to visit gay people, or gay places ; but she used to be always going to see the poor and distressed."

"Sure enough," said Mary ; "and she hardly missed a day, all last winter, coming to see mammy. And she always had something nice

for her ; and when poor mother was loath to eat, she would coax her, and take the spoon herself, and say, ' now do taste some of this jelly, Mrs. King, do now ; I have brought it myself for you ;' and then mother would be forced to eat. Often, as she'd be going away, mother would look after her, and say, ' the God in heaven bless you, dear, for I cannot.' And, most all mammy's clothes she sent her. And she would sing such sweet hymns to her, that mammy would oftentimes fall to sleep, and say she thought the angels in heaven were playing their harps for her. Oh ! ma'am, it's more than I have words for, to tell you half of her goodness to me and mine."

Mrs. Seymour and her girls now wept in company with Mary and Mrs. Brinden, as they stood round the bed. The light of day was now withdrawn, and the glare of the wax candles which were burning round the bed, threw a more funereal and ghastly light on the object before them. Emily *felt* the difference, and shrunk close to her mother, who had taken a seat at the head.

A gentle knock at the door disturbed the solemn silence into which they had all fallen ; Mary opened it, and the venerable Mr. M——s, and several other priests, entered. They all in turn gave Mrs. Seymour their hand, and their *benedicite*.

" This was one of the dearest lambs of my flock," said the good old man ; " but God has been pleased to take her to his fold ; and his will be done !"

" It is an awful sight," said another holy brother, " to see one so young, cut off in the midst of her days ; let us pray for her departed spirit."

All knelt around the body, and in pious and sad strains chanted the requiem for the dead. A long silence ensued, which was interrupted by the sound of several voices below. Louisa started, thinking it was Theodore; but when Mary, who went to inquire, returned, she said—

“It is only some of our poor *Irish*, who beg to be let in to take a last look; what do you say, father M——s?”

“If they will be quiet, and make no disturbance, I do not object,” said he.

“Oh, they’ll behave quite respectful,” said Mary.

“Admit them then, my child,” said he.

Four or five elderly women, in their dark blue cloaks and white caps, now came in, and kneeling down, crossed themselves, and said an *Ave Marie*; then coming slowly forward, looked on their lifeless benefactress.

“Och! and is it you, dear,” said a very aged woman, who was so very poor that she had not even a cap on, but had covered her gray locks with the hood of her cloak, and now as she extended her hands towards the body, it slipped off, and her snow white locks fell in disorder over her pale and wrinkled face. “Och! is it you, my darling, that is cut down afore these old and blasted limbs! has the sithe then passed over ye, sweet flower, before the noonday had come? but isn’t the blossom sweeter then for the bosom of *Jasus*? yes, sure, and ye shall live, darling, for ever and ever, shan’t ye? where niver a cauld wind blows ony more.”

“Ah-a-day,” said another, “the leddy was a good leddy to me, by my troth she was; many’s the lang pund o’ yarn I has spin’d for her; but

now, the swate cratur, I'll no be for spinning a more, seeing her hank is aw rin out, and her thrid is cut."

"Och, then, what's that ye wad be saying? a good leddy to ye! the blessed God knows, then, she was a saint in Heaven to the old Janet. Wha put the bit o' shelter o'er these gray hairs, which else had aw been laid on the cauld grund? wha was it when the boy Patrick was a riv'nt from my side, and I was sore distress'd and distrait like, wha was it then counted tear for tear with Janet? and is'nt it now the old cratur shuld cry tears over her? ah, and bitter tears, for whare's the frint is left for the poor old Janet?"

"Come, now, Janet, go to the chapel then, and say over your beads for her; come, my good women, it grows late, and all must be quiet," said one of the priests.

They reluctantly left the room, after turning round and mournfully shaking their heads. "It is time for us to go too" said Mrs. Seymour; "I think I heard the carriage." She and the girls took one more look at the body, and sighed deeply as they closed the door.

"How melancholy and unnatural it seemed, mamma, to see any one surrounded only by strangers; no father, no mother, no sisters," said Louisa.

"The absence of Mr. Desmond and Theodore is certainly to be deplored; but the tears of gratitude, are they not as acceptable a tribute as the tears of affection?"

"But, mamma, she was good to all the poor, what was the reason only those *Irish* women were there?"

"The Americans, my dear, do not feel a benefit so deeply; do not feel so warmly; and what they do feel, they seldom show. Our own poor peo-

ple claim as a right, and receive as their due, the assistance we give them ; but these poor outcasts from their own unhappy country, receive the commonest acts of good will as the greatest benefit ; they are a people of strong passions, ardent feelings, and lively imaginations ; and among the poor and ignorant, these are not repressed by any sense of decorum. Observe the difference between Mary King and her countrywomen ; Mary has been born and brought up here ; she did not give vent to violent exclamation and feeling, because she has lived in a more cultivated state of society."

" Mary," said Emily, " is a sweet, mild looking girl ; she looks so sick, and so good, mamma, I love Mary."

" She is, indeed, a very good girl ; her mother, the last of the family, died this spring ; father, brothers, sisters, all fell one after the other by the same disease. When I first knew them, they were one of the happiest and most comfortable families in the whole Irish settlement. Mrs. King had several cows, and used to supply me, and many other families, with butter. I remember, Louisa, when you were a little girl, I could not please you better, than to take you to Mrs. King's to get buttermilk ; her cabin was on the commons, apart from the others ; one old oak tree stood beside it ; there was no enclosure ; her cows wandered at large, with hundreds more, and pastured on the richest commons I ever saw round any city ; her geese would march off in the morning, to the verdant banks of the Tiber, and her ducks and chickens keep round the house ; a rude shed, in winter, was the only shelter or enclosure she had for them all.

“Of a summer’s evening, how often have I, with my little Louisa, gone to drink the *fresh* buttermilk of the good old woman. Methinks I see her now, seated at her spinning wheel under the great oak; her fowls of every description feeding round her; the earth covered with verdure, the air perfumed with the scent of the white clover. When she saw me, she would set aside her wheel; pin her cap under her chin, which she had loosened on account of heat, stroke down her white apron, which had been turned up, and hasten forward with a smile so sweet, so cordial, a smile peculiar to the small features and mild countenance of this good woman; never has any greeting been more pleasant to my heart, than her smile of welcome. As I would sit on her chair, she (with a respect our own country people would never dream of) would bring a low wooden stool, and sit at a humble distance from me, talk of her spinning; whilst you, Louisa, would play with the little Mary. How pleasant it was, as the sun was setting, and the long shadows stretched across the wide commons, to witness the quiet comfort of the scene; what a change from the noise and dust of Pennsylvania avenue! Instead of crowds of dirty, and often drunken labourers, returning from the public buildings, and swearing and cursing as they went along, here all was still and cheerful. The tinkling of the distant cow-bell, the voice of boys driving them home; the long train of cows, coming slowly and soberly along, the calves clumsily gambolling by their sides; the faithful dog, who brought up the train; then the long line of geese, extending over the common, like our Indian warriors in a file, with their leader proudly marching at their head, who looked stately

enough to have been placed as guards round our Capitol, which their vigilance might, perhaps, save, as it had once done the capitol of Rome. These, and other animals, afforded you, Louisa, the greatest delight. Then, after taking our nice bowl of buttermilk, we would quit the peaceful scene; now, alas, desolate and abandoned."

"How did Mrs. King get acquainted with Mrs. Desmond, mamma?"

"In the same way as with me, by carrying her butter. Mr. Desmond, you know, my dear, is the son of an Irish gentleman, and a catholic; two circumstances which induced all the Irish people in the city, and there are a very great number, to go to him on all occasions, either for advice or relief. But it is probable, so serious and retired are his habits, that he never would have been so known and so popular had it not been for Donald. He, born and bred in Ireland, retained all his natural warmth of heart; and as he marketed and transacted all of Mr. Desmond's household business, he was soon well known to every Irishman, rich or poor, and I may add, every Irishwoman too. At market you would see him, with a dozen or twenty at a time round him, telling their grievances, or making merry with the old *jantilman*, as they called him, by taking a glass of spirits. When there was any *law* in the business, he always went to his master: 'but when the wimin or childers were sick or ailing, it was to his dear young leddy he would go,' as he once told me. This has excited the warmest enthusiasm among these grateful people, and Mrs. Desmond being likewise a catholic, they looked on her too, as one of their own people."

"How differently the women dress from the Americans," said Emily; "they look so droll, going along the avenue, sometimes eight or ten together, without bonnets—with their white caps, their blue cloaks, their dark blue woollen stockings, and linséy-woolsey striped petticoats. I can always tell an Irishwoman, mamma."

"Can you, love?" said Mrs. Seymour, smiling. "the old ones, perhaps, but not the young girls because they dress like our people."

"But I can tell them too, mamma."

"How so, Emily?"

"Oh, mamma, they speak so soft, and look so affectionate, and seem so humble, or respectful rather; they always stand up, when they come to talk to you, mamma; but our women and our girls, sit right down, and speak just as if they thought themselves as good as you; and rough too, mamma, our poor people almost all speak rough, and never courtesy, and thank you, and bless you, and say lady, like the poor Irish people. I love to give them any thing, they look pleased, look so fond on one, and they—yes, even the old women, mamma—will courtesy to me, and say, 'the Lord bless the little lady,' or 'Love the sweet darling,' or, 'precious babe, Jesus love ye.' Indeed, mamma, it always makes me want to give them things."

"You are a nice discriminator, my Emily," said Mrs. Seymour; "but you must not let your charity be governed by such feelings; you must give, even where you are not thanked. Alas my child, what would be our condition, if the goodness of our Creator was proportioned to our merits, or our gratitude?"

Mrs. Seymour, though her own inclination would have induced to silent reflection, converse

with Emily on indifferent subjects, to prevent the solemn scene they had left making too awful an impression on her young mind. The boys were anxiously awaiting her return; and, after satisfying their inquiries, and taking tea with them, she retired to her own apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

—————Hold, rash man !
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Nor left one joy to gild the evening of thy days,
—————Think—oh, think !
And ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile: look down, and see
Thy future mansion—Why that start of horror!

Dr. Porteous.

THE next morning, when Mr. Seymour went to court, he told the family, that at the desire of Mr. Desmond, the funeral would be deferred until evening.

When the prisoner was put to the bar, he no longer exhibited the firm, composed, and dignified manner, which, during his trial, had carried the conviction of his innocence home to every mind; he was so feeble, that he was obliged to support himself on the shoulder of Dr. Irvin, and trembled to such a degree, that the judge requested him to sit down—a permission he gladly accepted, and, burying his face in his hands, endeavoured to conceal from the sympathising multitudes around him, the agitation which shook his frame.

“Who would not think,” said one of the spectators, “that he expected to hear his own condemnation! strange, that whilst expecting the

sentence of death, he was calm ; and now, when assured of life, he is so moved !”

Jacques Bernard, the Swiss servant, was first called, and asked, how he came in possession of the letter before him ? He said, that after the removal of his master's body, which had been embalmed, and was deposited in a vault at St. Patrick's church, he had removed to lodgings, and all the articles belonging to his late master had been put under his care, to be carried with the body to France ; that at the time of removal, he had hastily, and without examination, thrown all the books and papers, lying on the writing-table, into a trunk ; that on the preceding day, he had been arranging these effects, and, amongst other things, this trunk ; that on examining the papers, one by one, as he packed them up, he had discovered a letter directed to Mrs. Desmond ; thinking it might be of importance, he had immediately carried it to the house, and given it into the hands of Mrs. Brinden ; and that this was all he knew of the letter.

Mrs. Brinden was then sworn, and stated, that she had taken the letter to Mrs. Desmond, and delivered it to her in the presence of Dr. Irvin and Mr. Theodore.

Dr. Irvin then testified to the letter in question ; and, being asked, if he could swear to the hand-writing, stated, that he knew the hand-writing of the deceased, by having received several notes from him during his, the Doctor's, attendance on him ; that when convalescent, he had once seen St. Julien write his name in a French book, which Jacques had just been purchasing for him ; and that he, the Doctor, had afterwards borrowed the book of the Chevalier, and had it then in his possession ; by which means, he felt himself

competent to testify to the hand-writing of the deceased; and that he fully believed, and entertained not the least doubt, that the whole of the letter, and also the signature, were in the hand-writing of the deceased Chevalier.

The effect this letter had on Mrs. Desmond, and her death which immediately followed, though communicated with the greatest delicacy and tenderness, wholly overcame the prisoner, and he was carried by his friends out of the court room. The spectators seemed greatly affected, and listened with breathless attention to the letter, which was read aloud as follows:

“ Adeline, life is intolerable! I can no longer endure the misery I suffer, or that which I inflict. When I was received beneath this hospitable roof, all was peace, and harmony, and love. Virtue and wisdom, youth, beauty and affluence, combined to lavish all the felicity they could bestow on this happy family—a little paradise on earth. My fatal passion has withered the bloom of this lovely Eden, and in the wreck of my own happiness, has destroyed the peace of those who had restored me to life. Joy, gayety and peace have flown; and despair, jealousy and anguish have succeeded. I have offended past forgiveness. Your angelic purity, though it disappoints, cannot forgive my ungovernable passion. You command me to leave you, Adeline; you exile me from all I hold dear in life; then why should I longer preserve life itself! shall I live, thus banished and miserable? no, it is easier to die. Would to Heaven that I were the only sufferer; but, alas! the same fatal arrow which wounds me to madness, has pierced the bosom of the adorable and virtuous Adeline. You pine, you fade. Heroic woman! the sensibility which is

destroying your life, cannot conquer your virtue. May Heaven restore your peace when I am no more. You bade me no longer delay my departure, but to leave you for ever; Adeline, I obey; never again will the wretched St. Julien offend you by his presence; but in quitting you, I quit life.

“All is ready; the fatal instrument is loaded too deeply to fail in its deadly purpose. In a few moments, the heart which now so tumultuously beats, shall beat no longer! the stormy passions which have raged in this torn bosom shall be at peace! and even Adeline shall be forgotten! never again will I meet the gloomy and reproachful glance of Desmond, nor witness his feeble step, nor hear his broken voice, which, even wretch that I am, has never been heard but in tones of kindness and compassion. Never again *will I, can I*, gaze on that wo-worn face, that hollow eye, that heart-breaking look of silent anguish. Such misery cannot be borne; this pistol will release me. Oh! Adeline, I yet linger; I yet protract the power of thinking of thee. The clock strikes! another hour has flown, and still your loved idea retains me—but no, there is no hope; Adeline bids me depart for ever. It must be done—farewell—the fatal instrument shall send its deadly load into that heart, which, while it throbbed, throbbed with agony for having wounded thine. Again it strikes—another hour has still found me shuddering on the awful verge of eternity. Coward that I am!—I must close this last, long, lingering farewell; I must forget you for a moment—and then for ever.

ST. JULIEN.”

In the whole court not a dry eye was to be seen; and the sobs of the faithful Swiss alone interrupted the silence which prevailed after the reading of this most affecting letter. Mrs. Brinden had been suffered to depart immediately on giving her testimony.

After a solemn pause of feeling, the Chief Justice arose, and, recapitulating the evidence just given, and that which had before been offered, the jury withdrew, and in a few moments returned with a verdict "*not guilty.*"

A loud burst of feeling showed how deep a sympathy this case had excited.

Desmond, who had been supported to the bar to hear the verdict, sunk on his seat, too much overcome, to leave the court for some time. Dr. Irvin administered a reviving draught, and Mr. Seymour whispered comfort and consolation.

"Your son, your dear Theodore," said he, "remains to bless you."

Desmond mournfully shook his head, and sighed as if his heart would burst. When the courtroom and adjacent passages were cleared, and the crowd dispersed from the doors, supported by his friend and physician, Desmond slowly left the hall of justice, more like an overpowered, sinking, condemned criminal, than like one exulting in the triumph of his innocence!

To what a sad home was he to be conducted! No fond wife to welcome the released captive; no exulting son, to rejoice in his father's unsullied character and transcendent virtue. All was dark and silent: the closed shutters excluded the light of day; the sorrow for a lost mistress silenced every inmate of this gloomy mansion. The lovely wife of his bosom was a clay-cold corpse; the

son of his broken heart, scarcely more alive, was kneeling by the coffin, cold and lifeless as a statue.

Dr. Irvin and Mr. Seymour were leading Mr. Desmond to his chamber, but he motioned towards the apartment where lay the remains of his Adeline. When the door slowly opened, he waved his hand, without speaking, for his friends to leave him; and locking the door within, gave way to the long suppressed agony of his soul.

No one dared to disturb his sacred seclusion; and it was not till the house was crowded with the numerous friends and citizens, who wished to manifest their respect and sympathy—till the throng in the street, collected by affection, gratitude, curiosity, and the unusual circumstances of the case, had grown somewhat impatient—that Dr. Irvin and Mr. Seymour dared to intreat admittance. Then, with a gentle force, they led the wretched husband, and scarce less wretched son, to their chamber; and the attendants entered, to bear the unfortunate Adeline to her last home.

Many long and suffering days and weeks elapsed, ere Mr. Seymour and the affectionate and faithful physician, could persuade the broken hearted mourners to quit the gloom of their solitude. Weeping in each other's arms was the only relief their sorrows could find; and the pious exhortations of the venerable father M——, their best consolation.

Meanwhile, Mr. Seymour consulted with his wife, on the plan best calculated to comfort and soothe their friends; and it was resolved (though much earlier in the season than usual for them to do so) that they should remove into the country, and persuade Mr. Desmond and Theodore to quit their now desolate habitation, and to pass the summer with them at *Seymour Cottage*.

CHAPTER XIII.

It so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd, and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit
Than when she lived indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

EVERY hour which Mr. Seymour could steal from his family and his business, he devoted to Mr. Desmond and Theodore. During the first days of their affliction, they declined even his society; but when they became more composed, Mr. Desmond found comfort and relief in the conversation of his excellent friend.

All retrospection was carefully avoided, and though constantly in his thoughts, even the name of Adeline never escaped the lips of the silent, yet deeply sorrowing husband.

One evening, when, as usual, Mr. Seymour entered the little parlour in which Mr. Desmond sat, he found him earnestly engaged in examining some letters which were lying on a table by him: he raised his head on the opening of the door, and showed a face bathed in tears. He

ly wiped them away, and a tender, melancholy smile gleamed over his sad countenance, as he extended his hand to Mr. Seymour, and in a low voice begged him to be seated.

There was a pause of a few moments, while Mr. Bond evidently struggled to control his emotions and to summon fortitude to speak.

At last, "Mr. Seymour," said he, emphatically laying his hand on the letters, "I have discovered a treasure. A balm to heal my almost broken heart. It was not until this day, I had the permission to open the escritoire of my poor Adele; oh, had I known its contents sooner, from my wretchedness might I have been saved! Among other articles, I discovered a little book, in which she was accustomed to transcribe the effusions of her heart; her pious reflections; the wishes and aspirations of her devout soul. Oh, Seymour, it is the history of a saint! Here portrayed, with as much fidelity as to her confessions, the temptations, the struggles, the weaknesses, of her pure and innocent heart. What contrition for an involuntary offence! what fervent prayers for Divine assistance! what self-imposed penances! what compassion for her fellow-sufferer, the poor St. Julien! What tender reproaches to me! what a noble resistance! What a courageous resolution! How could I suspect such angelic purity! And yet appearances were some degree authorized suspicion. The blush of unconsciousness and emotion, which so often suffused her lovely face when I would gaze upon it, stood for the glow of guilt: those downcast eyes, which avoided the scrutiny of my inquiring eyes: the tremour and agitation with which she was seized when, on several occasions, I entered the apartment in which she was sitting with

St. Julien; the ardent and impassioned manner of that too interesting young man; the evident pleasure they found in each other's society, and a thousand circumstances, too minute for me to describe, to me was 'confirmation strong.'

"Her sadness—the tears in which I often surprised her; her perturbed and broken slumbers; her watchings, and her prayers, I conceived to be so many proofs of a guilty conscience—so many effects of remorse; instead of which they were the struggles of virtue. Poor child!—and I, who should have been thy guardian, I exposed thee to dangers and temptations, over which the virtue of thy sex so seldom triumphs—but where am I wandering? To return to the book. On looking over it, I found two of the leaves carefully sealed; I trembled while I broke the seals, lest some dire confession should meet my eye, which might instantly destroy that delightful conviction of her innocence which I had just received. But within this enclosure I found a long letter addressed to myself. It contains a simple and affecting history of my Adeline's heart, and of every circumstance which had occurred between her and St. Julien; together with two letters from him, and her answer. In his, he strongly pleads the ardour of his passion, and intreats a return; which, with baneful sophistry, he attempts to prove will be allowable and harmless. His specious arguments are enforced with all the eloquence of passion. But in her answer she refutes them, not with the arguments of reason, which she attempts not to wield, but with the holy precepts of that pure and divine Religion, which teaches, that in the eye of God, the heart-searching God, purity of thought is as essentially our duty, as purity of action. With what feeling, with what force, does she reply to that part of his letter in which he would persuade

her that the indulgence of our natural desires cannot be criminal. With what sublimity and beauty does she describe the felt presence of Deity in the innermost recesses of her heart.

“During a long while, he submitted to all the restraints she imposed; professed to have conquered the sentiments which offended, and persuaded her not to betray him to me, which she had resolved to do. Under the mask of friendship, the professions of only a brother’s love, he insinuated himself into her guileless bosom. Confident in her own purity, totally ignorant of the power or tendency of the passions, she was a long time deceived as to the nature of her sentiments; and when she did discover them, when her eyes were opened by her spiritual director, and she perceived the nature and tendency of her ardent feelings, she was seized with as deep a remorse as actual guilt could produce. She shunned the dangerous St. Julien, and would have flown to me for protection against herself, had I not by my gloomy and austere manners repulsed the timid and tender penitent. Adeline’s newly assumed severity—her avoidance, her sadness, and, in spite of herself, her tenderness of voice and manner, carried the Chevalier’s passion to such an excess, that on one occasion he outraged her delicacy to such a degree, that she forbade him her presence, never saw him except at meals, and then said only what civility required. The rash and impetuous young man, thus driven to despair, terminated his life in the way you know.”

“But, my good friend,” said Mr. Seymour, “by what chance were you present at this fatal moment, and how happened it you could not prevent the direful deed?”

“Long had I been a prey to anxiety, to doubt,

and to suspicion. My peace had departed from me; yet I was irresolute what to do, and unwilling to betray my fears to St. Julien, without demanding from him the satisfaction which the laws of honour required. Yet should I do so, would I not thereby publish to the world that wretchedness and dishonour which I wished to hide from every eye? besides, I had no proof; it was but suspicion. On what pretence could I turn from my house the man I had so cordially and affectionately entertained? and if the true reason was assigned, the consequences, as I said, must lead to that publicity, more dreadful to me than death. Strange inconsistency of the human heart! now that I believed Adeline's affections estranged, I valued them more than ever; now when I believed her unworthy of esteem, I loved her with an ardour before unknown. To watch every look, to listen to every sigh, to study every thought, while I shielded her from the observation of others, became the business of my life, though productive of daily increasing misery. The gloom of my mind gave coldness to my manners, and the distraction of my thoughts was such, that I never trusted myself alone with her. Anger made no part of my feelings; I had philosophised too much on the passions, now to be their slave, and I had studied the human heart too deeply, or rather, had been too well acquainted in my youth with all the arduours of passion, ever to hope my Adeline could love me, as I had once been loved. I knew too well that congeniality of disposition, and similarity of age, were necessary to the existence of that sentiment. Adeline loved me as a friend; I loved her in the same tranquil manner, until jealousy kindled it to a warmer flame.

“ I pitied, more than I blamed either St. Julien or Adeline. Placed in the tender and interesting situations in which they had been placed ; alike in years and characters ; adorned with grace and beauty ; young and lovely ; it would have been a miracle if the latent tenderness in my Adeline’s heart had not been developed. In every heart a spark exists, placed there by Heaven itself ; and it was only wonderful that in one of her tender and ardent disposition, it had not before been kindled into a flame. But these reflections occurred not till it was too late. My wretchedness kept pace with my Adeline’s increasing ill health and sadness. The evil appeared to me irremediable ; and all that now remained for me to do, was to conceal it from every eye. Her reputation was dearer to me than her life, and rather than compromise it in the least degree, I resolved to suffer in silence. How long this would have continued, I cannot say ; the Chevalier daily talked of leaving us ; yet still he lingered. At last the darkening gloom on his countenance, the increasing perturbation and illness of Adeline, made me take the resolution of coming to an explanation. Several days passed, and found me still irresolute ; as every day I hoped St. Julien would leave us. At last I resolved that, after the family had retired, I would go into his apartment, and there as a father and a friend, rather than as an offended husband, I would advise his immediate departure. But it was not until long after midnight I could attain the necessary composure for a task so difficult and delicate. When I did go I found him still up, and so deeply buried in thought, that when he raised his head and saw me, he started as if he had seen a spectre, and his loud exclamation of surprise was such as alarmed his

faithful Swiss. He gave me no time to deliver the mild and affectionate advice on which I had deliberated, but poured forth a torrent of self-accusation, which, though it confirmed my worst fears, such was the agony with which it was accompanied, that it filled me with compassion, and I could have taken the wretched young man to my bosom, as a father would a prodigal and repentant son. With an energy and wildness for which I could not then account, he fell on his knees before me, seized my hands, which he eagerly pressed to his beating heart and burning forehead, and intreated me to leave him: telling me my sight was torture to him.

“When I rose to comply with his request, he wrung my hand, and while irrepressible tears forced themselves down his manly face, with a tenderness and solemnity that affected my very soul, he intreated me to forgive him; called me his generous benefactor, his kindest of friends, and himself the most ungrateful of men. I left him overwhelmed with feelings almost as violent as those by which he was torn. But I had not gone through the passage which connected the wing of the house to the main building, when I heard the report of a pistol. I hurried back, and found St. Julien weltering in his blood, and snatched the fatal instrument from his hand. You know the rest.”

“It is a dreadful story,” said Mr. Seymour; “but though it increases my regret and compassion for this unfortunate pair, I feel relieved from a most painful impression, by the conviction that Mrs. Desmond was as virtuous as she was lovely.”

“How much misery might I have been saved,” said Mr. Desmond, “had I, when I discovered the state of Adeline’s affections, treated her with

more tenderness, and endeavoured to win her confidence, instead of gloomily avoiding her; yet, with the suspicions which tortured my breast, this was impossible. Dear, lovely child, nurtured in the very bosom of tenderness; as the unfledged bird, warmed beneath its mother's plumage, shivers at the slightest breath of air, so my Adeline's tender heart was chilled by the least indifference; destroyed by its own sensibility. Well may I exclaim with the poet,

'How blessings brighten as they take their flight.'

For, surely, until now, I never knew half the worth of my sweet and youthful companion. But she has gone, and has escaped from sufferings inevitable to one in her situation. Unequal marriages infallibly lead to unhappiness, and too often to vice. I am thankful to Heaven, that though she endured the first, she has escaped the last consequence of our ill-assorted connexion. I have for several years felt that I could not constitute her happiness. A natural instinct led her to seek for a sentiment with which I could not inspire her. Had our child been spared, the warm feelings of her fond heart would have found an object that would have absorbed all her sensibility; but Heaven ordained it otherwise, and we must submit."

"Djd St. Julien never explain to you the occasion of the wound, and what produced the situation in which you found him?"

"Never, though I often led to the subject. When the fever first subsided, and he was restored to his senses, he looked wildly round, and seeing me, hastily exclaimed, 'begone, villain.' Thinking his delirium had not ceased, I gently ap-

proached, but turning angrily from me, again he exclaimed, 'leave me, leave me, sir.' I withdrew, fearing to irritate or disturb him. After his recovery I mentioned the circumstance to him; he said he perfectly recollected it, and that he had mistaken me for the wretch—here he checked himself, and continued, 'for a man whom I know to be a villain; pray excuse such a mistake, which I could not have made, had it not been for the dim and imperfect light in the room, which allowed me to see only your figure, but not your countenance; and your voice too,' he added, 'still more resembles that of the wretch who'—again he stopped. But I always believed he meant to have said, 'the wretch who attempted my life.' That this person still lives, and remains his enemy, other circumstances lead me to conjecture. The first time that St. Julien walked out, I accompanied him; we went farther than his strength allowed; he had to sit down and rest by the way, so that the sun had been set for some time, and it was growing dark when we returned. As we passed a little cabin, a girl entered it with a bucket of water she had just brought from the spring; St. Julien quitted my arm, and stepped in to ask for a cup of the water; but in an instant, ere he could have drunk any, he darted out, seized my arm, and pushed me hastily forward; he was pale and trembling. I entreated him to tell me what ailed him, but he only answered, 'he—he is there.' I turned round to look, and saw a tall figure wrapped in a dark cloak, standing at the door, and looking eagerly after us. He leaned against the doorpost, as if unable to stand without support. The rest of the evening the Chevalier was thoughtful

and absent, and occasionally agitated by some internal conflict.

“ At another time he expressed a wish to view the Capitol, and to pay his devotions, as he said, to his King and Queen. The pictures of the King and Queen of France, given by the King to our government, were hung up in a small room, remote from the Hall of Representatives, and the occupied part of the building. Theodore, believing himself well acquainted with all the apartments and passages, had undertaken to be their guide, for Adeline accompanied him. After visiting the Hall, the Senate Chamber, the Library, &c. they wandered about a long time, going from one unfinished room to another, through long vaulted passages, damp and dark, whose coldness struck a chill through their frames, till Theodore confessed he was as absolutely bewildered as if he was in a labyrinth. Adeline was quite delighted with so novel a situation, and said she could fancy herself in one of the old castles of Mrs. Radcliff; and, instead of endeavouring to find her way out, tried still more to bewilder the party, opening every door she came to, and running down every dark passage faster than the Chevalier could pursue her. Thus were they amusing themselves, when all at once they heard her loudly shriek, and hastening down the passage they had seen her enter, they saw a man of a tall and noble figure, in a large dark cloak, who held her in his arms. Theodore darted forward to snatch her from the stranger’s arms, while the Chevalier started back, exclaiming, ‘ you, you here !’

“ ‘ Wherever you are, there will I be ; think not to escape,’ replied the stranger, in solemn accents, and stern and angry voice. Then turning sud-

denly into a room, the door of which stood half open, he shut it violently.

“On being interrogated, Adeline told them that she had run down this passage, and seeing a door partly open, had entered it; and had seen this terrible looking man kneeling, with a pistol pointed to his forehead; that she screamed, and, she supposes, must have fallen; but that her terror was so great, she could not tell what had happened, till she felt revived by a stream of cold air, and found herself supported in the *horrible* man’s arms; and she shuddered as she pronounced the word horrible. They were now all of them completely sobered. Adeline still trembled so violently, that she had to take an arm of Theodore and the Chevalier as she walked between them; though that of poor St. Julien afforded but little support, as he trembled almost as much as herself; whilst Theodore was scarcely less agitated, and looked often behind him, expecting every moment to see the *horrible* man, as Adeline had called him, following them, to satisfy the revenge he had denounced. After some perplexity, they at last found their way to the vestibule.”

“This is very strange,” said Mr. Seymour, “and seems to indicate that St. Julien must have been the aggressor in the affair, which so nearly cost him his life; what explanation did he give of this strange scene?”

“None; to all our anxious inquiries, his only answer was, ‘on this subject I am bound to perpetual silence, by the strongest motives; but believe me, notwithstanding the threats of this wretched man, believe me, I have never injured him.’”

“After that incident, the cold, wet weather, set in; and the Chevalier’s health never permitted

him to go out on foot, and no further rencontre took place. But lately this mysterious personage has been the cause of a new alarm. You have often seen, I believe, the lady who for some years has lived with us, as a humble friend and companion. Although not a woman of polish or improvement, she possesses an excellent understanding, a gentle temper, and a most feeling and tender heart; and during her residence with us, has daily gained on our confidence and esteem. She was deserted by a husband, to whom she was passionately attached, though he proved unworthy of her love. So poignant was the grief his conduct inflicted, that for a long time she was bereft of her senses; and I have been almost tempted, by her details, to think at times they are even now a little bewildered. The evening after the fatal event of St. Julien's death, my consequent confinement, and my poor Adeline's illness, she was sitting up during the night with her, and drawing the curtain aside, part of the time sat by the window, gazing, as she says, on the stars. All was profoundly silent; and her eyes were fixed on the constellations, which she had contemplated the night she left her father's house, and was married to her still loved, through cruel husband. Her situation was in some respects similar; it was past midnight; then, she watched while her father slept—now, beside her friend; it was at the same season of the year; and while awaiting the hour when she was to meet her lover, she sat by a window and gazed on the same constellation, on which her eyes were now fixed. The events of that night were brought strongly to her recollection; and she was thinking of her lover, as with perturbed and hurried steps he had walked backwards and

forwards on the pavement below, waiting for her to join him. As the thought occurred, she cast her eyes on the pavement before our house, and there saw the self-same figure, tall, majestic, enveloped in a dark cloak, his hat pulled over his face, his head bowed on his breast, and his arms folded, walking to and fro with perturbed and hurried steps. She rose with horror, but soon recovering her self-possession, and firmly believing it was her husband whom she had seen, she returned, and gently raising the window, in a low tone articulated, 'my husband!'—for particular reasons, she avoided calling him by name. The person, starting at the sound, cast a hurried glance upwards, and then fled with more than human speed, and quickly vanished from her sight. Such is her account of an event, that has made a most gloomy and painful impression on her mind. She believes the appearance to be supernatural, and that her husband is no more. We have related the two preceding rencontres with this mysterious personage, but she will not allow they can be the same person, and is sunk into a most melancholy mood, increased, certainly, by the late afflicting scenes through which she has passed; and she is fully persuaded that her final hour is near."

"This personage, who ever he may be," said Mr. Seymour, "has certainly some strong interest in your family; but from what passed in the court the other day, both Dr. Irvin and myself conjectured you to be the object of that interest."

"To what do you allude?" inquired Desmond; "have you, too, seen this mysterious stranger?"

"During your trial, I have more than once seen him, though he always sedulously avoided notice, and generally would place himself in some dark recess, or stand behind a pillar, wrapped

closely round, as you have said, in a dark cloak ; it was a large horseman's cloak, with several deep capes, and a high collar, which half hid his face, the other half being almost concealed by his hat, which he wore drawn low over his forehead. The singularity of his appearance, for he is remarkably tall, and has a majestic, imposing figure, excited curiosity ; and others, as well as myself, inquired who he was, and where he lived ; but no one knew. The last day, his agitation, Dr. Irvin says, was extreme. I was too much engaged to notice him ; but as you left the court, you may recollect the deep groan, which, even absorbed as you were, made you start."

" I recollect it well," answered Mr. Desmond.

" That groan was uttered by the stranger ; and Dr. Irvin, who discovered him, said, never in his life did he see attitude and form more expressive of deep grief."

" It is singular, very singular," said Mr. Desmond, pressing his hand to his forehead, as he sat with his elbow resting on the table. He for some minutes seemed buried in thought, saying, in a low voice, as if speaking rather to himself than to Mr. Seymour, " should it be ?—but no, no—it is impossible."

" What is impossible ?" asked Mr. Seymour.

" Nothing," replied Mr. Desmond ; " it was only the passing thought of the moment—a conjecture without probability. But I wish, my friend, that you and Dr. Irvin would spare no pains to discover where this unhappy man stays ; it is evident he is very wretched, probably he is vicious. By rescuing him from misery, we might restore him to society and rectitude ; I feel deeply interested for him, and will adopt every possible means to discover his retreat. I have a more

than sufficient fortune for my beloved Theodore, and consider the surplus as belonging to the unfortunate. I had a brother, dear to me as Theodore himself, but he died some years ago; the friend in whose arms he died sent me the account of his last sad moments. Poor fellow!" said Mr. Desmond, again sinking into a thoughtful posture.

Mr. Seymour would again have drawn him into conversation, but he answered only by monosyllables, and seemed lost in mournful recollections. At last, rousing himself with an effort—

"Mr. Seymour, you see in me," said he, "a man of many sorrows, but a man who can endure them without complaining. The world cannot believe, that under an exterior, cold, reserved and sedate as mine, there beats a heart so keenly, so acutely sensible to pleasure or to pain. The death of the wife of my youth, so long banished from it every sensation of pleasure, that it almost lost its sensibility to happiness. But to pain!—only my Creator knows what it has suffered—man shall never know! Mr. Seymour, I can endure, but I cannot complain. Let the world then think me a stoic—a stoic!—would to Heaven I were!"

"My dear friend," said Mr. Seymour, "except me from the world, and be assured of my tenderest sympathy."

Mr. Desmond wrung his hand, but said nothing.

"I came this evening," continued Mr. Seymour, "with a request, in which my wife earnestly joins me, that you will accompany us into the country, and that you and Theodore will there pass some weeks with us."

Mr. Desmond mournfully shook his head, saying, "I mean to leave Washington. Recent

events have drawn on me a degree of publicity from which I shrink. The surmises and observations to which they have given rise, are exceedingly painful to me. But I must go farther than you propose. I must quit this country for a time, and endeavour in my native land to lose the bitter remembrances associated with this. I shall leave Theodore. Let him remain to complete his education, and afterwards to travel through the United States, and make himself well acquainted with the happiest country on the face of the globe. After studying the resources, the manners and institutions of America, he shall travel through Europe; I shall not then be afraid of his losing his attachment to his own land. You, Mr. Seymour, will be his friend."

"Truly so," replied Mr. Seymour; "but meanwhile, until you have made the necessary arrangements, let me entreat you to pass some weeks with us."

"I am not *stoic* enough," said Mr. Desmond, with a melancholy smile, "to deny myself the comfort of your society; therefore, return my grateful thanks to the kind Mrs. Seymour, and tell her I will claim her hospitality for the little time I remain in America."

Mr. Seymour now bade him good night, and returned home, with increased esteem and sympathy for the unfortunate Desmond.

CHAPTER XIV.

Now April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the lively scene
Scatters its freshest, tenderest green.

Gray.

IT was now the last of April, and, though the evenings were chilly, during the day the weather was warm and delightful; the sky was cloudless; the air was balmy and elastic. The wide-extending forests, which covered the adjacent country, were still leafless, but the swelling buds thickened the shade, and, seen from a distance, looked like vapouring clouds diffused through their naked branches. The lawn was covered with its first vivid verdure; shrubbery and borders were putting forth their fresh-blown flowers and budding-leaves; the fruit-trees were in full blossom, variegating the new-born year with glowing colours, and scenting the vernal gale with delicious odours. The birds poured forth their melodious songs from every grove; the "swallow twittered from its straw-built nest;" the little wren chirped cheerily, as it hopped from spray to spray, whilst the children were busied in preparing its house, which, on some high pole, or near some window, was placed for its recep-

; the hen clucked aloud, and called her little
d around her, to share the insect or worm
vigilant mother had found, whilst the duck
er downy train to the neighbouring pond.
ploughman was heard, singing some old Af-
1 song, or negro tune, as he turned up the
furrows of the neighbouring field. The
halloos, the jocund laugh, the noisy merri-
t of the young slaves, as, following the older
, they dropped and covered the corn, all
lous of claiming the first finished row, and
ig, in the animation of the contest, all sense
reariness or labour. The tinkling of the
p-bell, the bleating of the lambs, the lowing
he cattle, and even the croaking of the frogs,
e sounds which, as they marked the return
pring, were dear to the lovers of nature!

weet were such sounds and sights to the amia-
Mrs. Seymour, who, kind and benevolent as
scenes of nature where she loved to muse,
left the noise and bustle, the insignificant
s, the heartless amusements, of the gay and
ionable world, for the tranquil and soothing
sures, the cheerful and varied occupations, of
untry life. The charms of nature, the revi-
of creation, which diffused joy and gladness
ugh every bosom, were, to her, replete with
er joys and purer pleasures, than could ever
gained through the medium of the senses.
she "rose from nature, up to nature's God,
walked amid the glad creation, musing
se, and looking lively gratitude." She posed
ed "that concord of harmonious powers,"
ch form the soul of happiness. Her mind
enlarged by knowledge, elevated by religion,
warmed by enthusiasm. To her, the sights
sounds of nature imparted a rapture which

the ignorant and unthinking can never know; inspired those sacred feelings, those high and holy thoughts, which lift the soul to communion with its Creator, and give a charm to creation, beyond the witcheries of fancy, or discoveries of philosophy. To a mind thus refined, she united a disposition frank and cheerful, a heart warm and benevolent. She was the companion and friend of her children, and joined, without effort, in their pastimes and occupations, with such a lively interest and unaffected gayety, that they could never dispense with her judgment to plan, and her company to participate in all their schemes of enjoyment. She was the friend and adviser of all her neighbours, rich or poor. She instructed the ignorant, assisted the needy, and consoled the afflicted; her active search waited not the appeal of the indigent, but sought out suffering and hidden worth,

“ Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The longing heart with unexpected good.”

Far more congenial to her taste and feelings were the duties and pleasures, the quiet and tranquillity, the scenes and occupations of rural life, than the bustle, the vanities and gayeties of the city.

Her children, like her, always rejoiced in the return of that season, which released them from the confinement of streets and ceremonies, and restored them to the freedom of fields and woods; of rural sports, and unbounded rambles.

“ Dear mother !” exclaimed Emily, taking her mother’s hand, “ are you not rested ? come, now, let us go and visit all our old acquaintances, and see how they have passed the winter. Come,

Louisa, the boys have gone already ; they will see all before us."

"Your old acquaintances, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma, all our ducks, and chickens, and flowers ; do come, it is a most delightful afternoon ;" and away she ran, pulling her mother, and followed by Louisa.

"It is, indeed, a delightful evening ; how pure the air is, how refreshing, how reviving, after the dusty and noisy streets."

"I wonder, mamma," said Louisa, "that any one who can avoid it, will live in a city ; and, as for what is called gay life, it is only in the country, I think, we can really find it. What has all the elegance of wealth and fashion to compare to the splendour of such a glorious sunset as that ! these gold, and purple, and vermilion clouds ; that clear blue sky, that rich glow spread over the landscape ; this fresh and vivid green ; these beautiful blossoms ; oh ! what has the most splendid drawing-room to compare to these ? and then, these pure breezes, these reviving gales, how different from the smoky and confined air of crowded rooms !"

"I do wish," said Emily, "that papa would live always in the country."

"We all join in that wish, my child, and sincerely trust, you will never lose your present taste."

"Ah, mamma, here is my garden ; did you ever see any thing so beautiful ! the lilac leaves are out ; how sweet they smell ! and this double flowering almond, these hyacinths, these cowslips, these jonquils ; oh, my dear, dear flowers, how sweet you all smell, how beautiful you all are, and how glad I am we have come back to you !"

Louisa was stooping over her favourite bed of

violets, and selecting some for her mother, and then went to examine her moss-rose bush.

"My rose bush—oh, Emily, my rose bush is broken off close to the ground; my poor rose bush that I loved so much."

"What," said her sister, "the one Theodore brought you and planted here himself?"

"The same; the one Mrs. Desmond gave him for me."

"How sorry poor Theodore will be; he loved that bush so much, for his *mamma Adeline's* sake, and for your's too, Louisa; whenever he came here last summer, he would tend it, and take such care of it."

"And where is Theodore?" said Mrs. Seymour; "he left the dining room immediately after dinner, and I have not seen him since."

"I am afraid he was sick, mamma; he looked very pale, and leaned on his father's arm as he went out."

"He has gone," said Emily, "to his father's room; I will run and coax him to come and walk with us."

"You had better not, my dear. Leave him for a few days to the solitude he seems to wish for; when the heart is heavy, the glare of sunshine, and the noise of merriment, rather increase, than lessen its sadness."

"He seems to be more distressed," said Emily, "than Mr. Desmond."

"That is very natural, my child; he has not yet learned to hide his feelings; this, poor fellow, is his first affliction."

"That is the very reason, mamma, why he should bear it better; his father has had so many sorrows, that I should think any added one would quite overpower him."

“ Experience will soon correct that opinion, and will show you the power of habit, in this, as in all other cases. The mind learns to endure pain with patience and resignation, and is, my dear children, much more improved by adversity and disappointment, than by unclouded prosperity and uninterrupted success. It has often been remarked, that those who are early afflicted, become early wise. The ardent feelings, the wandering fancies, the gay spirits, which in the first glow of youth are expended on frivolous or vicious objects, are restrained by *adversity*, ‘ that tamer of the human heart,’ which, withdrawing us from the follies of life, ‘ leaves us leisure to be good.’ Theodore, I doubt not, will be a proof of this assertion; and the solitude to which he is now led by his sad and gloomy feelings, will be far more beneficial to him, than the resorts of gayety and pleasure.”

“ But Theodore, my dear mamma,” said Louisa, “ never loved these resorts; even when a little boy at school, instead of joining in the sports or pastimes of his school-fellows, he used to go home to his dear *little mamma*, as he called Mrs. Desmond; and to caress her, and to walk or ride with her, and read to her, were his only delights; and since he has been at college, during the vacations, instead of joining his companions in their various excursions, you know he never wanted any company but hers; even when she was confined, as she often was, to a dark room and sick bed, every hour was devoted to watch over, to amuse, to read to her. Oh, mamma, he loved her with more than the usual tenderness of a son; she was his familiar friend and companion; poor Theodore, his heart is almost broken, and I fear he will never be himself again.”

“ Look, Louisa, at your broken rose tree; it

was a beautiful plant," said Mrs. Seymour; "so luxuriant in its growth, that the strength of the root would have soon been exhausted; that luxuriance is checked, and the root will be strengthened, and the new plant which shall soon rise, shall bloom with increased vigour and beauty! Thus shall it be with our young friend. His mind will be strengthened by reflection—his heart taught by its own sufferings to feel more truly for the sufferings of others. But come, my dear girls, the sun has set, and although we have not visited half of Emily's *old acquaintances*, we must return home."

As they came near the house, Edward, who had just returned from a short ride, approached them suddenly, when his horse started as if frightened at some strange object, and immediately began to rear and plunge as if determined to throw his rider from the saddle. Louisa and Emily screamed with alarm at the dangerous situation of their brother, and by so doing, increased the danger; while Mrs. Seymour, with admirable presence of mind, perceiving the cause of the horse's fright, with a rapid and well directed effort, removed the object, and the horse immediately became quiet.

When they were assembled round their evening meal, and were talking over the afternoon adventure—

"Young ladies," said Mr. Desmond, "I would recommend to you more command of feeling, and propose your mother as an example. Extreme tenderness, unless under the control of reason, may injure, instead of benefitting its object. Your alarm and your screams were the result of your love for your brother, but this proof of your love increased his peril, and might have been fatal in its consequences, but for

the self-command and presence of mind of your mother. She loved him, even more tenderly than you, and her alarm can be fully conceived only by a parent; if she too had stood screaming, I know not what might have happened; but she was silent and collected, and the danger was soon over."

"What do you mean, Mr. Desmond, by presence of mind? we cannot help screaming when we are frightened, can we?" said Emily.

"I will answer your last question first, my dear, because it necessarily involves the first. 'Cannot,' is a word which should be seldom used, because there are few things which one cannot do; perseverance, patience, resolution, have accomplished wonders; if you had accustomed yourself to *self command*, you could have refrained from screaming. But let us make the case plainer; if you were in extreme pain, and were crying violently, and your mother commanded you not to cry, could you obey her?"

"Oh yes, I did so yesterday, for mamma had told me to keep the room very still, as Theodore had just fallen asleep, and that it might make him ill, if he were suddenly awakened: so when I sat down by him to watch that no one should disturb him, just then I saw the hall door blowing to; I ran to prevent it, but it caught my hand; look here, how it bruised my fingers; see how black and blue they are; oh, it hurt dreadfully; but I did not scream, for fear of awakening Theodore."

"Sweet child," said Mr. Desmond, drawing her to him, and kissing her forehead, "this indeed was self-command—more than self-command, it was heroism!"

Emily blushed at this unexpected praise, and

the more so, when Theodore, coming to her, took her hand, pressed it in his, and kissed her little fingers over and over again, saying—

“Thank you, thank you, dear Emily; how very good you were.”

Her mother’s eyes were suffused with tears, and she too, longed to embrace and praise her child; but she checked the emotion, fearing to excite vanity.

Some days after this, as Louisa was tying Emily’s frock, the little girl turned to her, saying—

“Sister, I shall be very sorry when my fingers get well.”

“Sorry, that is very odd; what pleasure can you have in a bruised hand?”

“Oh, sister, you would not wonder, if you knew how much better Theodore loves me than he used to; you can’t think how attentive, how kind he is.”

“But he was always attentive and kind.”

“Yes, but now he is more so than ever; the morning after he knew that my fingers were hurt, he came to me while I sat in the library learning my lesson, and taking my hand, he looked at my fingers, and seeing them look very black, ‘poor little fingers,’ said he, kissing them; and then sitting down by me, he said he would help me do my lessons, and asked what I was about. I am translating my French fable, I replied; and so he took my slate and pencil, and would write what I translated. Afterwards he wrote the verses I had learned by heart, and which I was to write from memory for mamma, and my geography and history, and he wrote the figures while I did my sum for him, and this he has done every morning since; is he not very good?”

“ Very good, indeed ; but as he is not well, I fear it must be troublesome to him.”

“ So I told him ; but he said, ‘ even if it was troublesome, it would be but a poor return for the pain I had suffered so heroically for him,’ and then he praised me much more than I deserved, for what he called my self-command. I told him I would do a great deal more than that, to make him well and happy.

“ ‘ Sweet child,’ he said, and pressed me to his bosom and kissed me ; ‘ sweet child, when every one is so kind, so very kind to me, I must soon be *well*.’

“ ‘ And *happy*, too, Mr. Theodore ;’ he shook his head and sighed so, and his eyes, as he lifted them up to Heaven, were so full of tears, that I could not help crying too.

“ ‘ Dear little girl,’ he kept saying, as he still held me in his arms, and wiped the tears from my eyes, ‘ may such be the only tears you ever shed.’

“ Ever since that morning, when he goes to walk in the woods, he asks me to go with him, and so I do, and while I sit on the ground by him, learning my tasks, sometimes he reads, and sometimes he writes with a pencil in his pocket book, or on pieces of paper.”

“ What does he write, letters ?”

“ Oh no, he always writes verses ; and I begged him so hard to give me what he wrote the other day, that he gave it to me, saying, ‘ I can refuse my *little friend* nothing.’ Yes, he calls me his *little friend*.”

“ And have you the piece yet ?”

“ To be sure I have, and if you will wait here, I will run and bring it to you.”

She soon returned, and gave Louisa the following lines to read, written on the back of a letter :

“ Now spring returns, and with its cheerful ray,
 Revives and gladdens nature's wide domain ;
 Now spring returns, but not to me returns
 Those sportive joys my early days have known.
 Cold disappointment, like the win'try blast,
 Has nipp'd the blossom of each tender hope ;
 The cruel trial which I deem'd my last,
 Is but the herald of new ills to come,
 Since now, from all I love, I'm doom'd to part,
 And leave these friends who cheer'd my sinking heart.”

“ Poor Theodore,” said Louisa, as she wiped a tear from her eyes, and folded the paper, “ poor Theodore, it will, indeed, be a hard trial for him to part from his father, who you know sails for Ireland, and expects to be absent about a year, if not longer.”

“ And then, sister, he grieves to leave us, you in particular, and to go back to college.”

“ He has a most tender heart, and has been so accustomed to the endearments of affection, and of female affection too,” said Louisa, “ that it is a cruel trial to him to go to dwell among strangers.”

“ He does not want to go to college, I am sure,” said Emily ; “ and the other day when he was digging the ground round your broken rose bush, he said, ‘ this will soon grow again, and look more beautiful than ever ; but when its roses are in bloom, I shall be far, far away ; but Louisa will see them. Emily, ask your sister to save me one of the roses. And I will plant this sweet pea close by it, and when I am gone, tell her I planted it for her, and ask her to let it run on the branches of the rose tree, and mingle its breath with the breath of her roses.’ ”

“ Theodore is very romantic,” said Louisa,

“and his head is quite turned with poetry; I really believe he reads nothing else.”

“He writes a great deal, I know,” said Emily; “the other day, when it was stormy, and we could not sit under the trees, I went into his room for my French dictionary that I had left there; he was sitting near the window, leaning his arm on the table, where he had been writing, and he was resting his head on his hand, and looking at the willow trees that were blown about by the storm, and the rain that was beating against the window, and he looked so mournful it made my heart ache; so I went up to him and stood by him, as I often do, and parted the beautiful curls which hung over his eyes, and stroked them back, and I saw he had been crying, and I told him he must not cry, and that I would bring him a pretty book and read him a story. But he said my artless prattle amused him more, and he took me on his knee, and said, ‘when I was your age, Emily, I had a fond, fond mother, to love me, and she used to love to play with these curls, and part them, and twist them round her fingers, as you do; but those fingers are now clay cold! and she used to tell me pretty stories, Emily, and sing, oh, how sweetly sing, such beautiful ballads; but that voice is now silent for ever! and she used to love to hold me on her lap, and hear me repeat verses, and sing the little songs she taught me; but that ear that loved to listen to me, is closed in death! and when I think of all these things, dear Emily, do you wonder that I cry? You have a *mother* to wipe away *your* tears; but when the wide Atlantic separates me from my beloved father, who will be left to wipe away the tears of the poor Theodore? not one, not one relative will your poor friend have left.’

“ ‘But you will have friends, who love you dearly, Mr. Theodore.’

“ ‘Will Louisa love me, Emily?’

“ ‘Give me those verses you have been writing this morning, and then I will tell you.’

“ ‘They are sad verses, Emily,’ said he, ‘written to ease a sad heart, and not worth your taking.’

“ ‘But I want them very much; I will keep them and read them when you are gone away, Mr. Theodore.’

“ ‘You will soon forget me, when I am gone away, Emily, and so will Louisa.’

“ ‘No, I promise you we will not; for Louisa loves you as well as I love you; and I will read all the verses you give me to her, and won’t let her forget you.’

“ ‘Won’t you, my darling,’ said he, kissing and hugging me so tight—and then he made me promise, by-and-bye, to pull some of the blossoms from the rose bush and sweet pea, and ask you to wear them in your bosom; and then, said he, ‘Do you think Louisa would be so kind as to give me one of her little geraniums? you know I love geraniums; and I would keep it in my window, at college.’

“ ‘Oh, yes, I dare say she will; though she does set so much store by all her flowers; but if *she* wont,’ said I, ‘I am sure mamma will.’ Then I told him I would run and ask you, Louisa.

“ ‘No,’ said he, ‘not now; I will ask the day before I go away, and then I am sure she will not refuse me so small a favour. Don’t leave me, Emily; your prattle puts me in good spirits. I felt very miserable when you first came in. What shall I ever do for my little friend, to return all the kindness she shows me?’

“Oh, write me verses, and draw me pictures. Come, now, Mr. Theodore, draw me a picture, and paint it, too.’

“Well, get your colours, and I will try.’

“Then, while you are drawing, I will sit by you and translate.’

“But, your fingers?’

“Oh, my fingers are well enough.’

“And this is the way, sister, I always get him out of his gloomy fits, and make him quite cheerful.”

“But, Emily, where are the verses? I should like to see them.”

“I will run and get them for you, and the picture, too; he told me not to show it to you, but he did not promise; so I can show you.”

“Now you will certainly give him a geranium, will you not?’

“It is time enough to think about it, when he asks me; but show me the verses.”

She then read the following careless and unconnected, but tender lines:

“Now the blasts of the storm roar aloud,
On the roof beats the hail and the rain,
Bright lightnings break from the cloud,
Then all is in darkness again.

“The clouds and the storm pass away,
All nature looks lovely once more;
But the warmth, or the brightness of day,
Can never my mother restore.

“For gloomy and silent’s the grave,
Where slumbers that dearly loved form;
She sees not the trees as they wave,
And hears not the blasts of the storm!

“O’er the turf, which now covers her breast,
The spring in its beauty shall bloom;
I’ll adorn the dear place of her rest,
And roses shall grow round her tomb.

“But ne'er shall that love-beaming eye
Behold the fond proofs of my care;
She hears not the heart bursting sigh,
And sees not the warm trickling tear!

“I gaze on the landscape so fair,
I inhale the soft breezes that blow;
The warblings of nature I hear,
And feel the warm evening's glow;

“But she, who such scenes used to love,
She”——

The lines were here abruptly concluded.

“These are, indeed,” said Louisa, “sad, very sad verses, and discover a heart deeply and tenderly affected; but as our dear mother says, *time*, which restores beauty to nature after the ravages of winter, will restore peace and cheerfulness to his bosom, after the glooms of affliction. Leave me these lines, Emily; I am going to sit by mamma, and wish to read them to her.”

“Then I must not let Theodore know it, lest he should be angry, and never give me any more.”

“It is because I know they will increase the tender interest mamma already feels for him, that I wish to show her these lines.”

“Oh, then, keep them, sister, for I want you and mamma to love poor Mr. Theodore very, very much—and now I will run and do my lessons by him, and please to tell mamma, if she asks, that I am busy in the library.”

“My lessons are all done, Mr. Theodore,” said the little Emily; “get ready to walk by the time I return from mamma's room.”

CHAPTER XV.

Childhood's loved group, revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green.
Robert.

THE grounds around Seymour Cottage were richly variegated with hill and dale, woods, grain-fields, and meadows. So undulating was the surface, that one might imagine that the ocean-waves, in their highest swell, had been suddenly converted into solid ground. Hill rose over hill, clothed with forests, tufted with trees and shrubs, or covered with grain; while the little hollows and valleys between, afforded exquisitely beautiful spots, equally sheltered from the destructive storms of winter, and the consuming ardours of the summer's sun. Foot-paths wound among these hills and through these glens, which led to favourite and frequented retreats, where the children of Mrs. Seymour passed some of their happiest hours.

Each lofty tree, or shady grove, or open glade, or dark recess, had its appropriate name, and peculiar purpose.

"Come, now, Mr. Theodore," said Emily, as she led him along these devious paths, "I will show you all our play-places.—Help me down this steep bank, but do not fall yourself; hold fast by the limbs of that tree; many a time I have

“In the country, to be sure; stay with us in the country, dear cousin, and I promise, that you shall soon be as pretty as you were last summer!”

“Then I am not so pretty now?”

“Why—no,” said Emily, looking at her, and stroking her cheeks, and pressing her eyes; “these poor cheeks look pale, very pale; and your eyes look hollow.”

Mrs. Mortimer smiled—but she sighed too.

“Truly,” said Mrs. Seymour, “our little girl gives you good advice, Harriet; a winter in town makes sad havoc among red cheeks and bright eyes; and its dissipations are as fatal to the bloom of beauty, as its frosts are to flowers and verdure.”

“When did Congress adjourn?” said Louisa; “we have not heard for some days from papa, and it was then uncertain.”

“Yesterday,” replied Mrs. Mortimer; “the night before, I mean; but yesterday, every member that could find a conveyance, left the city. It is to me the most dismal day in the year: such a breaking up; such a scattering abroad; such a bustle and hurry flurry, that I was glad to take my flight too, from the now desert city.”

“But the tranquillity which succeeds,” said Mrs. Seymour, “was always delightful to me.”

“Tranquillity!—death-like stillness rather!—a frightful solitude!—I declare, Washington is the most horrible place in the universe, after Congress has adjourned. I am sure I wish Mr. Mortimer’s business was concluded, that I might fly off too, like the other birds of passage, and seek a kinder sky.”

“Why not imitate our example, my dear Harriet,” said Louisa, “and retreat with us to these hills and groves? believe me, you would

find here, *grayer*, as well as *sweeter* pleasures, than ever a *winter in Washington* afforded you."

"As for hills and groves, Louisa, I cannot say I have any great fancy for them,—but to be near you, and my dear aunt," taking Mrs. Seymour's hand, "is what I must devoutly wish, and I have been teasing Mr. Mortimer to leave me with you, to pass this summer; for that wilderness of a city, where he will be for some time detained, is my aversion. That long, wide, dusty, exposed avenue, where those tall, stiff, upstart poplars rise, like so many barber's poles; that abominable canal; that muddy Tiber, along whose banks a few poor miserable figures glide, like ghosts along the Styx; here and there, two or three shut up houses, half a mile apart; vast commons, covered with herds of cows, flocks of geese, and droves of swine; or swamps exhaling disease and death—sometimes, to be sure, animated by a sportsman, with his dog and gun, where you are afraid of walking, lest among the bushes he might mistake you for a hare or a fox!—a fine city, to be sure!—a most splendid metropolis for the *great republic!*"

"Its population would not very rapidly increase, Harriet," said Mrs. Seymour, "if it depended on you. You would as effectually scare away all settlers in our new city, as any *English traveller*, that ever described our country, for the sole purpose of preventing emigration. You forget that a child must walk, before it can run, and that Rome was not built in a day."

The servant now called them to dinner.

"Dinner!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer, "why what antediluvians you are become! dinner at

three o'clock, and I have not made my toilet yet!"

"We antediluvians will dispense with that ceremony; so allons, allons, fair stranger," said Louisa, taking her hand.

Mrs. Seymour continued the conversation, which the call to dinner had interrupted; and Mr. Desmond, who met Mrs. Mortimer, with whom he was slightly acquainted, at the table, having made some remark as to the efficiency of a republican government—

"Heigh-ho," said Mrs. Mortimer, "what folly it is for women to talk of forms of government, when to them it can make no difference; they are slaves under all, and bound to obey the lords of creation, whether they be republican citizens, or Asiatic despots."

"I cannot agree with you, in even that humble acknowledgment," said Mr. Desmond, "for under all forms of government and in all ages, women always have, and always will rule. They are the main spring, the secret wheels of the great machine of society, which put all the other parts into motion. From mother Eve, to the present day, women have ruled the destinies of men. They are the real despots, and will bear no rival near the throne."

"A most charming theory for us ladies; very flattering—very gallant; but pardon me when I say, very untrue. No—woman is the pretty bird, shut up in a cage, a golden cage, if you please, decked with flowers, and fed with honey; but a captive still—a slave, though her chains are gilt. Or else, if not wanted for pleasure, she is subjected to his comforts, and like the mill horse, chained to one central spot, is forced eternally to move in the same dull unwearied round; while

man soars aloft like the aspiring eagle ; spurns all restraint like the impetuous courser, and dares, with unchecked ambition, to climb the summit of power, to indulge with unrestricted license in excess of pleasure."

"How differently do the same objects appear, through a different medium," observed Mrs. Seymour, "or seen even with different optics. Now, if I were comparing the condition of the sexes, I should deem that of woman marked by the peculiar favour of heaven—not the slave, but the friend, the solace, the comfort of domestic life ; man, not the master, but the supporter, the director, and the guardian ; the seclusion of our sex, not as an imprisonment, but as a safe and peaceful haven, secure from danger, while the destiny of man was to brave the tempest, and be exposed to the shipwrecks of a stormy world."

"And you, Miss Louisa," said Mr. Desmond, "how do you view the relative destiny of the sexes?"

"I view it through the same medium as my dear mother," said Louisa, modestly ; "only my fancy would have suggested, instead of a haven, a garden full of flowers and fruits, securely hedged in from all the dangers of life, where the cultivation of these flowers, and the preservation of these fruits, would be equally the delight and occupation of my favoured sex ; while man would have to go forth into the wilderness, to follow the chase, and procure the supplies necessary for life, exposed to perils and hardships."

"But," exclaimed Theodore, "why separate their interests or their destinies ? why not rather view them as treading the same path, together blessing, and together blessed ; their pleasures and

their interests the same, their fate and being blended!"

"Well, Theodore, your view of the subject is the best, the happiest, and—thanks to a beneficent Providence, the truest. The discussions about the rights and privileges of the sexes are idle and pernicious; no, there was never designed any preference—but in this, as throughout creation, 'all nature's difference, keeps all nature's peace.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

Home of my youth ! with fond delight,
On thee does recollection dwell ;
Home of my youth ! how gayly bright
Each scene that childhood lov'd so well.

THE morning after Mrs. Mortimer's arrival, the weather proved unfavourable for the rural excursion that had been planned ; and after breakfast, when they were collected in the parlour, the ladies sat round the work-table, and called on Theodore to read to them.

" You have so often boasted of the social pleasures of a rainy day, Louisa," said Mrs. Mortimer, " I hope you will take this occasion to initiate me in the secret of enjoying such dismal weather."

" The whole secret, my dear cousin," replied Louisa, " consists in viewing external objects through the medium of a cheerful mind ; then, believe me, it makes little difference whether the sky is clear or cloudy."

" Your remark, Louisa, reminds me of an anecdote I have heard Mr. J—— relate," said Mrs. Seymour. " He was in the habit of visiting at a house in Paris, where, though the day might be obscure, the apartment had the appearance of being lighted by clear sunshine. On inquiring into

their interests the same, their fate and being blended!"

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"But," exclaimed Theodore, "why separate their interests or their destinies ? why not rather view them as treading the same path, together blessing, and together blessed ; their pleasures and

the cause of this singular and mysterious effect, the mistress of the house directed his attention to the window, which, on examination, he found to be made of yellow glass ; and the external light, passing through this medium, diffused, as it were, a perpetual sunshine. Now I think, Harriet, since you are so averse to cloudy, or, as you call it, *gloomy* weather, this would be an admirable contrivance for you."

"Admirable, indeed," said Mrs. Mortimer, "if I never stirred from home ; but, as this is not the case, if you, or Louisa, could help me to discover the secret of that perpetual cheerfulness you both seem to possess, it would be a thousand times preferable."

"If I am not mistaken," said Mrs. Seymour, "Louisa has a receipt in her work-box, for the manufacturing of this sunshine of the mind."

Louisa smiled, and opening her work-box, pointed to the motto written on the lid, saying, "I fear, cousin Harriet, it will not be to your taste ; but read it."

"*'Constant employment is constant enjoyment.'* Oh, yes, Louisa, it is all very pretty, and, no doubt, very true ; but different dispositions require different kinds of employment, you know. Is it not Prior, the poet, who somewhere says,

'While some, mere bless'd, perpetual life employ,
'In scenes of pleasure, and in songs of joy.'

Now, my dear cousin, I am one, or rather I wish to be one, of that blessed tribe ; but as to your work-box receipt, I would quite as lieve your oracle, Dr. Irvin, should give me a quotidian dose of bark pills and steel lozenges."

"You have hit it exactly," said Mrs. Seymour ;

“employment gives to the mind that vigour and tone, which bark and steel give to the frame ; and surely, Harriet, since you have found such benefit from the one, you will be willing to try the other.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Mortimer, “ you shall not upbraid me with always neglecting your advice ; I shall have a fine opportunity, during my rustication among you, to try your boasted receipts ; so pray, aunt, begin your course—what shall I do first ?”

“ Why,” said Mrs. Seymour, “ I recollect that one of Johnson’s friends, though I forget which, said he never read the Rambler, without being a better and happier man ; and added, that those papers were *bark* and *steel* to his mind. Now, what if you try its efficacy on yourself.”

“ Oh, no, for Heaven’s sake,” exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer ; “ Johnson’s Rambler, or any thing else he ever wrote, would give me the vapours instead of dispersing them. No, no, aunt ; if I must take bitter pills, in mercy let them be gilded. Think of something else. Does Seymour Cottage afford nothing new ? Those odious *old* works have all the gloom of gothic walls and mouldy ruins. Novelty, dear novelty, has a charm worth all the strength, grandeur and sublimity of your old books or old buildings. Byron, the charming Byron, for instance, is irresistible.”

“ I am afraid,” said Mrs. Seymour, “ we cannot gratify you in this respect ; nor, to tell you the truth, would I, if I could ; for most of his productions are not *bark* and *steel*, but poison, deadly poison, though so artfully gilded, as not to offend the taste. But if novelty will be a sufficient recommendation, I think I can satisfy you. Emily, my dear, bring me down my port-folio.”

After looking over a variety of manuscripts—“ here,” said Mrs. Seymour, “ are several unpublished pieces ; but first we will read this piece, of which we were talking last winter, ‘ *The Hasty Pudding*.’ It is a great favourite of Mr. Seymour’s, who insists upon it, that the Georgics of Virgil have not greater beauty and simplicity.”

“ ‘ *Hasty Pudding* !’ what a shockingly vulgar title ! but it is homespun verse, and one can expect nothing better. American writers have as little brilliancy in their fancy, as American manufacturers have in their colours.”

“ Surely, in an every day garb, you would not require as fine a texture, or as splendid colouring, as in a court dress ; neither in a poem descriptive of rural labours and country life, would you expect elegance and sublimity. Adaptation of dress to company, or of style to subject, shows correctness of taste ; and you certainly would have been disgusted if Virgil had clothed his rustic and agricultural subjects with the same splendid versification he has lavished on his heroic characters.”

“ Why, to tell you the truth,” answered Mrs. Mortimer, “ I never fancied Virgil’s Georgics, any more than I should a russet garment, or Louisa’s cottage bonnet. But as *adaptation* is at all times highly commendable, let us by all means have the *Hasty Pudding*, as it certainly is well *adapted* to us country folks.

“ Now, Mr. Theodore, give it to us in your best style ; and I pray you endeavour to compensate by the graces of elocution, for the deficiencies of the poet.”

“ You quite frighten me from the undertaking,” said Theodore, “ especially as it is in manuscript.”

"This piece is not in manuscript," said Mrs. Seymour; "it was published many years ago, and is, I believe, scarcely now to be found; this copy was given to Mr. Seymour some time since, and is hoarded up among his '*morceaux precieuses*.'"

"*Hasty Pudding!* a precious morsel!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer; "if the man must write on such a vulgar topic, why could he not give it its Italian name, *polanta*; that, now, would have a foreign, a poetical sound."

"The feeling which inspired the subject, gave a charm to that *vulgar* name, as you deem it," said Mrs. Seymour; "*the love of home*. This was the feeling which warmed his genius; and only those who have strongly felt this sentiment, can estimate its force, or know how inexpressibly dear is every object, however rude or simple, which is associated with the idea of home."

"That is, indeed, true," said Theodore; "I know it from experience; I can enter into this poet's feelings, and I am sure, if I were to meet with *mush*, as we call it, in some remote part of the world, (which I remember you said was the case with Mr. Barlow,) I should hail it as a friend, or exclaim as that foreigner did the other evening, when waffles were handed to him, 'Oh! the dear cakes of my dear country!'"

"Ah, Theodore," said Louisa, "I see you will like our home-born poet, and his home-verse, and will join me in saying—

' To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
Are native charms, than all the gloss of art.' "

How did Theodore's cheeks glow, and his eyes sparkle, at this acknowledgment of sympathy

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between him and Louisa ; he no longer hesitated, but catching up the poem, began to read it with all the humour, simplicity and feeling it required.

“Ye Alps audacious, thro’ the Heav’ns that rise,
To cramp the day, and hide me from the skies ;
Ye Gallic flags, that o’er their heights unfurld
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world—
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse ;
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

“Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field ;
Nor ye, who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring ;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne’er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o’er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

“Oh ! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
Flow like thy genial juices o’er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame ;
But rising grateful to the accustom’d ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere !

“Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
Thro’ wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race ;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,)
First gave thee to the world ; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but liv’d without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn’d with stones to crack the well dry’d maize,
Thro’ the rough sieve to shake the golden shower ;
In boiling water stir the yellow flour :
The yellow flour, bestrew’d and stir’d with haste,
Swells in the flood, and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim :
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

“Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labours, to the son of song,

To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
 And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
 If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
 I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
 Not thro' the rich Peruvian realms alone
 The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
 But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
 Far as the rays extend, as long as they endure."

Theodore here paused a moment, and asked Mrs. Mortimer how she liked it thus far.

"A tolerable specimen," she answered, "of the mock heroic; but the subject will not admit, I fancy, of any very romantic incidents, unless the poet undertakes to describe this Peruvian nymph as feeding and fattening her lover with this delicate hasty pudding of her own ingenious invention. I like her name very much; and as it seems she was a lady of high descent, and possessed, no doubt, of many shining qualities, her fame should be perpetuated, I think, by calling this favourite dish *Oella*."

They all agreed that this would be a more appropriate name than the one by which the poem is entitled, because, according to the authority of the learned Doctor Johnson, hasty pudding may be made with wheat flour, or oat meal.

"The latter material," observed Theodore, "was not suited to the doctor's taste, because, in England, he says, horses are fed with it; for the same wise reason, I suppose, some people have an antipathy to such a 'thin potation' as water, because horses will drink nothing else. But hear what our poet says on that point.

"There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute:
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
 What tho' the generous cow gives me to quaff
 The milk nutritious—am I then a calf?"

Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
 Tho' nurs'd on Pudding, thence lay claim to mine ?
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise."

Theodore then passed over the remainder of the first canto, and selected from the second the following description of the manner of cultivating the maize.

"But since, O man ! thy life and health demand
 Not food alone, but labour from thy hand,
 First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
 Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize ;
 She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
 And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

"When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
 Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
 Pursue his traces o'er the furrowed plain,
 And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain
 But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
 And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
 Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
 The insidious worm, the all devouring crow.
 A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
 Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire.
 The feather'd robber with his hungry maw,
 Swift flies the field before your man of straw ;
 A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
 When met to burn the Pope, or hang the King.

"Thrice in the season, through each verdant row
 Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe,
 The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
 To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.

"Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,

Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains ;
 But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
 Then start the juices, then the roots expand ;
 Then, like the column of Corinthian mould,
 The stalk struts upward, and the leaves unfold ;
 The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
 Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
 Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done ;
 Leave the last labours to the parent sun ;—
 Beneath his genial smiles the well-drest field,
 When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

"Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
 And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky ;
 The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
 And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend ;

The loaded stalk, while still the burthen grows,
 O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows ;
 High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
 A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
 When the pledg'd roasting-ears invite the maid
 To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade ;
 His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
 And the green spoils her ready basket fill ;
 Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
 The promis'd wedding, and the present kiss.

" Slight depredations these ; but now the moon
 Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon ;
 And while by night he bears his prize away,
 The bolder squirrel labours through the day.
 Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
 A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
 Then let them steal the little stores they can,
 And fill their gran'ries from the toils of man ;
 We've one advantage where they take no part—
 With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
 To boil the Hasty Pudding ; here we shine
 Superior far to tenants of the pine ;
 This envied boon to man shall still belong,
 Unshared by them in substance or in song.

" At last the closing season browns the plain,
 And ripe October gathers in the grain ;
 Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
 The sack distended marches to the mill ;
 The lab'ring mill beneath the burthen groans,
 And showers the future pudding from the stones ;
 Till the glad housewife greets the powdered gold,
 And the new crop exterminates the old."

" Now," said Theodore, " I'll skip over a little more, and give you the bard's description of the best fashioned spoon to be used in eating this Hasty Pudding, or Oella, as Mrs. Mortimer wishes it to be named."

" There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
 The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.
 The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contriv'd to scoop
 In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
 Performs not well in those substantial things,
 Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings ;
 Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
 The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
 With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
 A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,

Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
 A secret rests unknown to vulgar eyes.
 Experienc'd feeders can alone impart
 A rule so much above the lore of art.
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
 With just precision could the point decide,
 Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines.
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
 Is that small section of a goose-egg-shell,
 Which in two equal portions shall divide
 The distance from the centre to the side.
 "Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin.
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
 Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
 Just in the zenith your wise head project,
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
 Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,
 The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all."

Various were the criticisms passed on this little piece of ludicrous composition; it met with much commendation, and even Mrs. Mortimer acknowledged, that the poetry was too good for the subject.

"If you wish for something more heroic," said Mrs. Seymour, smiling, "here is a piece which rises in some of its ideas, even to the terrible and sublime; here is the '*Raven of Russia*.' It will prove, too, that Mr. Barlow was consistent in his politics, always a votary of liberty, and not a satellite of power, nor a worshipper of the rising sun. As long as he believed that the French revolutionists aimed at the establishment of liberty, and the rights of the people, so long he was their enthusiastic admirer and zealous advocate. But when these objects were abandoned, and power and conquest became the dominant principles, he became as hostile as he had been friendly to the political measures and political men of that nation.

"What renders this piece peculiarly interest-

ing to his friends, is, that it was his last production, written a few days previous to the illness which terminated his life; it is the most violent denunciation of Bonaparte that has ever appeared. But it will be best, perhaps, to reserve it for another day."

CHAPTER XVII.

Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity to her gentle slave—
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward;
Yet loth to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love, in friendship's name.

Walter Scott.

ONE morning Louisa rose early, and, awakening the little girls, called them to go forth with her to inhale the morning breeze, to wander over the dewy fields, and gather wild flowers along their favourite wood-walks. Emily and Ann obeyed the summons, and, as they bounded by her side, over hill and plain, in all the exuberance of health and youth, they seemed as innocently gay as the lambs who were sporting before them on the velvet pasture-field, through which they walked. It was one of the loveliest mornings of May. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, the zephyrs playing among the tree-tops, and the dew-drops glittering on the grass. The breathing freshness of early day pervaded the whole scene, which, clothed with the bright verdure of the season, and the gay bloom of flowers, seemed like a new creation, "full of life and vivifying soul," which inspired "every sense and every heart with joy."

While Louisa's little companions felt only the exhilarating influence of the pure and elastic air, her more reflective mind was raised to her Creator, and a softening power stole over her bosom, and melted her heart to tenderness and love; and, while warmed with gratitude to God, her soul overflowed with benevolence to man. Oh, how diminutive is the most august temple, raised by the hands of man, compared to the majestic frame of the universe, or the sublime canopy of the heavens! How pure and ardent is the devotion, kindled by the contemplation of the glorious works of God!

“By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublimed
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God, to see a happy world.”

Delightful enthusiasm, which can give a charm to every scene, which animates the loneliest spots, and supplies the place of society, to the heart that can hold communion through the inanimate works of nature, with the Creator and Giver of all things.

Wishing to indulge in lonely musing, Louisa strayed on, while the children stopped to gather wild flowers. Seeing, at last, that she had left them far behind, she sat down on the twisted roots of an old oak; and, while she waited for them, gazed, with increasing rapture, on the widened prospect. She had climbed to the top of a breezy hill, which commanded an extensive view of the country, varied with woods, fields, pastures, and orchards, now in full bloom, and whose fragrance scented the air. From earth, she raised her enraptured view to the light and fleecy clouds, softly floating over the bright

azure of heaven, and felt as if her bosom could not contain her swelling heart.

She was roused from the delicious reverie in which she had been lost, by the gay voices of the children, who, running to her, announced some great discovery—"flowers more beautiful than she had ever seen;" and, each taking a hand, drew her down the wooded side of the hill, through winding paths that led into the thickest shades, where, in a little recess, sheltered from the wintry winds, was a perfect garden of wood-flowers, and all the lowly children of the shade seemed to have sought an asylum here from the severity of winter. Louisa was still enough of a child, to participate in their delight, and engaged as ardently as they did in culling the loveliest of flowers.

The sun was now high ; and, as the children would not yet consent to return home, she told them to follow their own course, and play as long as they pleased, while she would go to her hermitage, and await for them ; or, if they wandered far, would follow them. Away they scampered, while, somewhat warmed and wearied with her long walk, Louisa turned to her favourite and solitary retreat.

When she first entered, her eyes were so dazzled with the glare of the sun, that she threw herself on her grassy seat, without perceiving any one was near her. She started, on hearing a sigh breathed close by her, and inquired, with some alarm, who it was ? She was answered in the soft and plaintive tones of Theodore, who begged her to forgive his intrusion.

"And how came you ever to find out this sequestered spot ?" asked Louisa.

"I have been a daily pilgrim to your hermitage, since Emily first showed it to me."

"I am sorry you choose such gloomy retreats, my dear Theodore; I wish you would not thus yield to melancholy," said Louisa, tenderly.

"They suit the temper of my soul and the colour of my fate; for what now is left to your be-reaved friend?"

"Talk not so, when you have still so many friends who dearly love you."

"Oh, Louisa, the love of the whole world would avail nothing if—" and he checked himself.

"If what?—come now, dear Theodore, open your sad heart, and pour out all your griefs into the bosom of friendship—yes, you have one friend that can sympathize in them all."

"Sympathize in all, Louisa! would to heaven that were possible!"

"And why is it not possible? what secret can you have that you cannot impart to me?"

"Guess it, dear Louisa; for it is impossible for me to speak it."

Louisa paused—all that Emily had told her, and a hundred other little circumstances which she now recollected, rushed on her mind, and she felt a painful conviction of the truth. She loved Theodore almost as tenderly as she loved her brother Edward, and with as pure and tranquil an affection. She had deeply sympathized in his late afflictions; had anxiously watched his decaying health and increasing melancholy, and felt grieved that she must add to his grief: but what could be done? should she let him leave her, under the delusions of hope, which her silence might create—let him go, in solitude and loneliness to nurture a sentiment that might de-

stroy her peace? or should she exert resolution, and speak with simplicity and truth, and endeavour to extinguish this infant passion?

While lost in these anxious musings, she heard his deep-drawn sighs, and at last his convulsive sobs. She could not endure this, and tenderly taking his hand, she said in the softest voice—“Dear Theodore, I will not pretend to misunderstand you; it would be cruel for me to do so—but what shall I say to you? look up, my friend—my brother—look up, and tell me that the most tender, sincere, and faithful friendship, has some value in your estimation.”

Theodore looked up a moment, and showed a face so sad and wo-begone, that the kind-hearted Louisa was moved to kindred grief, and she burst into tears.

“Oh, Louisa!” he exclaimed, “do you weep for me? then surely I may hope.” Again he paused.

“Yes, indeed,” she answered, “I do weep for you; and were it possible for me to prevent it, you should weep no more.”

“You feel for me, then?”

“Too well I know, dear Theodore, what is the anguish of disappointed tenderness, not to feel for you.”

He again looked up, as if to inquire the meaning of so strange an avowal, and for a moment gazed on Louisa’s averted face; a pause ensued. At length Louisa summoned resolution to speak. She still held his hand in hers, and looked expressively and mournfully at him, as he leaned his head on his other hand, and supported his elbow on the bench, against which he had been reclining as he lay on the mossy floor. After a moment’s hesitation, she said—

“Before I say any thing of myself, let me beg you, my dear Theodore, to look upon me as a sister; and remember, too, an elder sister. The difference of our ages is such, that I feel as if I had a right,” said she, smiling, “to assume all the privileges of that relation; so I command you henceforth to call me your sister Louisa, and to love me as such, and I will call you my brother; and I pray heaven, Theodore, that one day or other you may be so.”

He mournfully shook his head.

“Well, we will leave the future to itself,” continued Louisa, “and we will talk of the past. I have had my griefs, my trials, too—and will not my brother sympathize in them? Oh, yes; from this day forward, let us resolve to conceal no thought from each other; let us share each other’s joys and sorrows, and forgetting our mutual disappointments, let us seek in friendship, for consolation and support: for still more—for happiness.”

Theodore sighed, and pressed Louisa’s hand to his bosom.

“I see,” said she, playfully, drawing back her hand, “you do not know yet how to act a brother’s part: but as I am well versed in a sister’s, I must give you lessons.”

She then, while she still retained his hand, related to him in a soft and suppressed voice, all that had passed between her and Wilmot; nor did she conceal the struggles of her heart, or the sorrow she had at first suffered. No—secure of his tenderest sympathy, and excited by the most generous wishes for the restoration of his peace, she faithfully painted all she had endured, and described the means she took to conquer this un-

fortunate partiality, and lastly expatiated on her success.

“ Thus you see, my dear brother,” she said, “ that a sentiment that is founded rather on fancy than acquaintance and esteem, may be eradicated, may be subjected to reason. I often say to myself, am I not now the same as I was before I formed his acquaintance, when to me he was as if not in existence ? I was then happy, why cannot I be happy again ? I have still the same indulgent parents, the same kind friends, the same sources of enjoyment ; what change has an acquaintance of three months made ? none—let me think of that period as a dream ; it has passed away, and left as little trace behind. Of what use would it be to indulge unavailing regret ? were I to weep my eyes out, and sigh my life away, it could not change existing circumstances. Well, then, I will forget.”

“ Ah, there is the difficulty !” exclaimed Theodore.

“ My dear brother, I thought it was an impossibility ;—not at all ; and I can give you a receipt for composing a Lethean draught that will not fail—constant employment ; such as will banish retrospection, and chain down the fancy. Let your elder sister serve you as an example ; and when our hearts are full, very full—when in spite of all our endeavours they are sad and depressed, let us pour them out into each other’s bosoms, and in sharing, lessen our sorrows ; not, however, self-absorbed ; let us diligently seek to lessen the sorrows of others. You are soon going to college, my brother ; turn all your thoughts to the great object of intellectual improvement, remembering that you have a friend who will anxiously watch your progress, and exult in your success.

We will write to each other, and while we root out every thought and feeling that would poison, we will carefully cultivate the sweet sentiments of confidence and friendship, which shall give a charm and value to life.

“ Here,” said she, breaking off a sprig of evergreen, “ here is a memento of our holy league, a fit emblem of that sentiment, which endures all the vicissitudes incident to life, like this plant, which preserves its freshness amid the heats of summer and storms of winter.”

Theodore took it from her hand, and first pressing it to his lips, hid it in his bosom.

“ Dear Louisa,” he said, “ I will try and be all you would have me ; and when I feel my courage fail me, I will think of what my lovely sister has suffered, and endeavour to emulate her example. You have lightened my heart of a heavy load ; you have extracted the thorn that rankled there ; your sympathy, your friendship, are precious to my soul, and never will I voluntarily forfeit them. My sister, my friend !” said he, pressing her hand ; “ and have I, then, a sister and friend, who will care for, and think of, and watch over the bereaved Theodore ? who will exult in my success ! oh, what a motive for exertion and improvement do you propose to me ! I can now leave you without feeling as if I was going into banishment ; without feeling like a wretched exile from all I love. I shall not now be separated ; the sweet correspondence you propose will unite our souls—oh, no, I shall not leave you ; I shall not be an isolated and wretched being for whom no one cares. My sister ! my friend ! dear, precious titles ! I who was so destitute, am now so rich ! I never indulged any presumptuous hopes of higher felicity ; no, I only

cherished despair ; think, then, how blest I now am."

Louisa was delighted with the change she had wrought in the feelings of Theodore, and felt her own surcharged heart relieved by the communication she had made, of feelings she had never before whispered to a human ear ; for not even to her mother had she confessed all she had suffered, and she now enjoyed for the first time the soothing influences of sympathy.

As they returned home with glowing hearts and lightened bosoms, creation seemed adorned with new charms ; and Louisa thought, as she watched the brightened expression of Theodore's fine countenance, from which all joy had been so long absent, that there was no happiness equal to that of making others happy.

He now spoke of his departure without melancholy ; he almost felt impatient for it, since it would give him an opportunity of writing to Louisa, and what was far better, of receiving letters from her. Oh, those precious letters—how did he feast on them in anticipation ; how did he press them to his lips, hide them in his bosom, sleep with them beneath his pillow ; steal forth in the evening to some lonely valley, or shaded wood-walk, where no human eye should see him ; read over and over again the dear memorials of Louisa's friendship ; yes, he felt impatient to be gone, that he might realize such transports.

Happy period of innocent and guileless feeling ! when the passions first developing themselves in the youthful bosom, are pure and uncontaminated by communication with a vicious world.

The softness and tenderness of Louisa's friendship, were more than his unfledged hopes dared

to aspire to; and even surpassed his ideas of love.

Go, Theodore; you have over your heart a more secure shield against the allurements of pleasure and the seductions of vice, than the *Ægis* of Minerva; yes—all the precepts of wisdom could not so effectually guard thee from the debasing pleasures of sense, as the pure passion which burns in thy youthful bosom.

Louisa did not forget Theodore's desire to have one of her geraniums; and in the evening she called Emily, and bade her choose the one she liked the best, and give it to him. This was a task she joyfully fulfilled; she carried it to his room, and was delighted with the surprise and pleasure he evinced. He caught the sweet child in his arms, and lavished on her that tenderness, with which his heart overflowed.

Theodore, with a lightened heart, could now join in the family circle, which, since the arrival of Mrs. Mortimer, he had often avoided; for her vivacity but ill accorded with his at all times serious, but now melancholy temper. Instead of passing his solitary hours in the loneliness of the woods, he would now join their riding and walking parties, and accompany them in their visits to the neighbours. Some weeks passed cheerfully away in these rural pleasures, when Mrs. Mortimer received notice from her husband that his business at the seat of government was concluded, and he ready to depart.

She was not sorry for this intimation, as she began to grow weary of the country pleasures and country society of her cousin's family.

She expected to pass the summer in travelling, and proposed, after visiting the falls of Niagara, to spend the remainder of the season at Balls-

town springs, which was the resort of the gay and fashionable from all parts of the United States. It is well, perhaps, we do not realize the uncertainty of life; were we to do so, we should enjoy few of those pleasures which hope affords us—and what would the future be, if bereft of hope!

When Mrs. Mortimer bade her friends farewell, she spoke gayly of the next winter, when they should again meet, and when, as she said, she would bring with her a new stock of health and spirits. How little did she or her friends imagine, that before that period arrived, before many months elapsed, all these gay projects would be buried in the tomb!

After viewing the falls of Niagara, Mrs. Mortimer proposed a jaunt to Montreal. Having become acquainted with several British officers, who were stationed at Newark, and who were going on a visit to their friends at Kingston, she soon induced them to join her party, and they all embarked in a packet boat, on the wide waters of Lake Ontario. The first day's sail was very pleasant and rapid; but, the next night, after several hours of very light and irregular breezes, the vessel was struck by a sudden flaw, and thrown on her side, before the sail could be lowered. The passengers, who had all just retired to rest, sprang from their births in dreadful consternation, and made their way to the deck, as the water was rushing into the cabin windows, and clung to the upper side of the vessel—all, but Mrs. Mortimer and her two female companions, who were in what is called the *after*, or ladies' cabin; and, unfortunately for them, their births were on the lee-side. The mast was cut away as soon as it was possible, and the vessel

immediately righted. The cabin and hold were half filled with water, but the master of the packet, assisted by the crew, instantly waded through the main cabin to the stern, and in a moment returned, bearing in their arms three pale and lifeless bodies—Mrs. Mortimer, and her two young companions. Early in the morning, the wreck was discovered by a vessel bound down the lake, which immediately came to their relief, and towed them into Kingston. They were all three buried there in the same tomb.

But now, this gay, volatile woman, left Seymour Cottage, elate with the prospects and anticipations of a long and joyous life, full of hope, and free from fear.

Mr. Desmond's departure had been deferred from time to time, on account of some business that must first be arranged, and Theodore knew not how to regret his protracted absence from his studies, when his detention secured to him the society of his father and friends.

CHAPTER XVIII.

For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
The friendless, homeless object of despair,
For the poor vagrant, feel.

Crabbe.

MR. SEYMOUR'S family so truly participated in the sorrows of Mr. Desmond and his amiable son, that their party would have been very serious had it not been enlivened by the sprightly Mrs. Mortimer; yet, when she left them, Emily was the only one that felt much regret; for the disposition both of Mrs. Seymour and Louisa was of so serious and quiet a cast, that the melancholy of their afflicted friends was more accordant to their taste than the volatility of their gay cousin.

To Theodore's pensive and enthusiastic spirit, there had ever been something repulsive in the worldly minded and fashionable Mrs. Mortimer; and he felt as much relieved by her absence, as if released from an oppressive weight. He now seemed to breathe freer, and could again converse, unshackled by the fear of ridicule, or opposition of views and feelings. Again he passed many hours of every day reading to the ladies while they worked, or wandering with Louisa amid the delightful shades of Seymour Cottage; while

the little girls ran beside them, too much engaged in their own pursuits to interrupt the conversation of the youthful friends. The increasing heat of the season now obliged them to relinquish the fields and meadows, the hill sides and the lanes, and to seek for shadier paths amidst the woods and glens.

The country around Washington is thinly settled; the large plantation of a Maryland planter is seldom half under cultivation, but presents immense tracts of untamed woodland, or large and barren fields, which, after the exhaustion of long tillage, are turned out, in the appropriate term, *to rest*, while new spots are cleared and cultivated. These abandoned, or, as the natives call them, *turned out fields*, though barren, are not destitute of rural and picturesque beauty. Scattered fruit trees, that have resisted neglect and exposure, and long straggling hedges of forest trees and shrubs which have sprung up and grown along fences that are now removed, give variety and beauty to these waste tracts of land, while a soft and short grass clothes them with a robe of peculiar and tender green, far more beautiful than the deeper hues of cultivated herbage; groves and clumps of sassafras mingle their tufted foliage and yellow verdure with the more massive and darker shade of the persimmon, and in all these open pasture lands, of which they are the spontaneous growth, form the most striking and ornamental objects. The rich and graceful foliage of the sassafras, which makes so prominent a feature in these scenes, recalls to the fancy the glowing landscapes of Claude Lorrain, where the light and tufted foliage of the olive gives grace and beauty to his pictures of Italian scenery.

Thousands of acres thus belonging to one individual, and but partially cleared and cultivated, give to the southern states a wild and desert aspect, which, though painful to the economist or philanthropist, possess a picturesque and romantic beauty, which bestows on them, in the painter's or the poet's eye, a charm far beyond the order and richness of cultivated lands.

What increases the wild and desert appearance along the roads through these states, and which is so often remarked by travellers, is another peculiar habit of this country. The planters never build their mansions by the road side, but choose some central or remote part of their estates for their residence ; generally leaving, between the houses and the highway, the forest, or uncleared land ; while the portion in cultivation lies immediately around the dwelling, completely out of sight of travellers. Taste, as well as convenience, must sanction this custom, which thus secures to the southern planter all the charms of retirement ; but foreigners, unacquainted with the fact, complain of the solitariness of their way, and can scarcely be persuaded that it lies through a fertile, cultivated, and thickly inhabited country. Between the northern and southern states, what a contrast is presented to the American tourist, travelling from Boston to Charleston. The small, but highly cultivated farms, which skirt the road, the large and handsome towns, the neat and pretty villages, the commodious and comfortable houses of the country gentleman and wealthy farmer, the smaller but equally comfortable cottages of the peasant, which form the constant objects of his delighted view, vanish when he enters the southern and slave-holding states. He leaves, too, the fine stone bridges and smooth

turnpike roads, and enters a country which appears, in comparison, waste and wild. A rugged road, miserably shattered bridges, lead him through uncleared woodland, open commons, barren fields, and sandy plains. Now and then he meets with a dirty, irregular village, or old ill built town; or sees, straggling by the way side; here and there, a wretched log cabin, enclosed by some miserable fence, with an open shed for the cattle, a patch of tobacco, corn, cabbages, &c. ; while round the door are playing dirty, ragged children, black and white, with the pigs and other domestic animals. How is he to believe what he has been told, that the southern is the richest portion of the United States? or imagine, that behind these woods, and remote from the highway, are the large and comfortable mansions of the wealthy planters, who live in an abundance and hospitality far exceeding the inhabitants of the northern states? and yet this is true; and when he penetrates to the master of these wide domains, his mind is animated, his heart is warmed, by the superior intelligence, the unbounded kindness, which characterize the southern planter. His mansion is the very temple of hospitality, his estate the abode of plenty! It is slavery constitutes the difference between the states. In the slave states, "where one sole master grasps the wide domain," and peoples it with slaves, the peasantry are left comparatively destitute and degraded. They rent small portions of land by the year, on which they erect temporary log cabins, but which they feel no interest in improving and enclosing. The heat of the climate combines with poverty to render them indolent and spiritless. By degrees these evils are yielding to more enlightened views of interest;

the great landholders are dividing their estates, which, since the revolution, can no longer be entailed, but are shared between the children, which will eventually produce that equal distribution of property which constitutes the happiness and comfort of the northern and eastern states. In the vicinity of the metropolis, other causes will accelerate this revolution of manners; and the land round the city, instead of being waste and uncultivated as it now is, will soon be divided into small farms, and adorned with gentlemen's seats, and comfortable farm houses.

The increased consumption which the location of a large city will occasion, together with the increased demand for labour, will soon cover the surrounding country with fertility and plenty.

But then will vanish those shady forests, those romantic wilds, those solitary retreats, where the fond enthusiast now delights to wander; where the fancy of the poet is kindled, and where the eye of the painter dwells with delight. Like the romantic Theodore, he will exclaim, "what a pity that this beautiful ground should be changed into corn-fields—that this delightful wood should be cut down."

"So I tell papa," replied Louisa; "and I have been most earnestly begging him to spare these beautiful clumps of persimmon trees, and these charming groves of sassafras; but I fear that they must all go, even these noble tulip trees, to make room for corn-fields and orchards."

"What a pity," said little Emily, who had just then joined them; "we shall then have to go a great way to find pretty shady play-places; do you not remember, sister, how much that English gentleman admired this *old field*?"

“Yes, I remember,” replied Louisa, “that he said an English nobleman would think such ground invaluable. Its gentle swells and sloping hollows; the scattered trees, there in such pretty groups, here in long lines, like hedge-rows; there rising singly, or encompassed with shrubs, and the sweet-briars, and hawthorns, and elders, and hazel copses, and grape vines, which diversify this pasture-ground, would, he said, be purchased at any price, by some of his wealthy countrymen.”

“Yes,” continued Emily, “and even that great deep gulley, that plagues papa so much, he said would be considered as a great beauty, and would be a fine place to throw a Chinese or rustic bridge over; it seemed so droll to put a bridge where there was no water, didn’t it, sister?”

Thus prattling, they reached their favourite summer-walk. It was a road, made by the woodmen, who supplied the family with fuel. The wagon tracks were scarcely visible, and the pebbly soil almost covered with moss, which felt like velvet beneath the feet. The road, being only made for a single wagon, did not make a wide separation between the trees on either side, whose intermingled branches formed a verdant arch over their heads, that excluded the broad beams of the sun, and admitted only scattered rays, which checkered with light and shade this romantic path. The dogwood, honeysuckle, and other flowering shrubs, which enlivened and scented this charming solitude, were now out of bloom; but the various tints of the variety of trees that grew in the wood, and the perfume of their newly expanded foliage, compensated for the loss of the gayer bloom of flowers.

The path, after winding along the top of the hill, suddenly descended, and led to a lone and unfrequented spot, where the hills rose on all sides, and shut out any view beyond. It was gloomy and solitary, and never visited, except by such romantic wanderers as Theodore and Louisa; even Emily shunned it, because it was so dark and lonely; and, as Louisa wished to rest a while, on the roots of an old tree, which there formed a comfortable seat, she ran off with Ann, to play, as she said, in a prettier place. Louisa threw off her bonnet, and leaned against the tree, quite tired with her long walk. Theodore threw himself on the ground beside her, and the stillness of the scene disposed them equally to silence. The thick branches over their heads excluded the light, and scarcely was the evening breeze heard among the boughs. In a few days Theodore was to depart; and his heart was saddened by the thought. The recollection of some verses, descriptive of this spot, which she had given to Wilmot, recurred to the mind of Louisa, and irresistibly led it back to the hours she had passed with him. Thus pre-occupied, thus lost in musing, they noted not the passage of time, nor observed the darkness gathering round them. Suddenly, they were startled by the sound of footsteps, rustling among the dry leaves that covered the ground. They looked around, but could discern no object. They still listened. The steps that had seemed to approach, were now evidently retreating. Theodore arose, and went forward to examine; he called, and was answered by a deep sigh, or, rather, groan; he hastened on, but the path was so narrow and winding, so obstructed with roots, that he could not make much way; but, as he turned round

the foot of one of the hills, he saw, through the narrow passage which lay between them, a tall figure hastily retreating. He again called, but received no answer; and, afraid to leave Louisa any longer, he turned back. In the hill side was a hollow, or recess, and, as he was carefully examining every nook and corner, he saw in this, some object on the ground; he stooped to examine it, found it to be a coat torn in pieces, and bundled up together; a broken staff lay near, and on the ground was scattered fragments of paper. These he carefully picked up, and put them into his pocket, resolving not to show them to Louisa, nor to tell her what he had discovered, for fear of creating alarm.

He found her waiting quietly for him, and free from the agitation he supposed she would feel.

"You are not frightened, then?" said he.

"Not much, if indeed at all," she replied; "I have never in my life heard of robbers in the country, still less of murderers; so of what," she added with a smile, "should I be afraid?"

When they had wound their way out of the dark woods, and reached the summit of the hill, they found the sun had just set, but the landscape which spread before them was bright, from the crimson glow which still illuminated the western sky. They saw the children gathering strawberries at the foot of the hill, and called to them to return.

How delicious are the evenings of June! how soft, how warm, and yet how fresh! The mellow light which is diffused through ether—the glow which is spread over all creation, is milder than that emitted from the setting sun, and warmer than that shed by the pale, cold moon. Oh, it is a delicious light, which softens and entenders

the very soul! Summer twilight!—who has ever enjoyed the summer twilight in the solitude of the country, and has not felt the heart dissolved in tenderness?

For, as the coy, nocturnal flower
No more at eve its sweets withholds,
So, the meek heart, at twilight hour,
Its sensibility unfolds!

It would have been profanation to speak, and to interrupt the stillness of such a moment! Even the birds had ceased their warblings—all, but the sweet-toned mocking-bird, who, from the topmost bough of some high tree, poured forth its clear and various strains, imitating in rapid succession all the other choristers of the woods.

Louisa found her mother somewhat anxious at her protracted stay. When seated round their social tea-table, Théodore told of their adventure. The greatest curiosity was excited, and a thousand conjectures formed. The children were delighted, much more than alarmed, by a circumstance that was strange and inexplicable. Nothing has such a charm for childhood as novelty, unless it is the terrible.

The next morning, after breakfast, was the time fixed on for Mr. Desmond's departure. At Theodore's request he arose early, and accompanied him to the narrow glen, where they had been alarmed the previous evening by the intrusion of some one evidently desirous of concealment, and rendered more suspicious by the accompanying circumstances. As they passed through the narrow and tangled paths that wound between the hills, and where the dried leaves, drifted by high winds, had accumulated in heaps, they plainly distinguished the tracks of recent

footsteps; and in one spot, near the hollow where the bundle had been discovered, the grass and leaves were much trodden, and suggested by its appearance the idea of its being thus trodden in a struggle or contest.

Though yet early, the coat and broken staff had been taken away, and no other circumstance remained to increase suspicion, except that of a heap of dried leaves that choaked the narrow pathway, as it led up between two perpendicular banks, was broken and scattered as if by violence and haste.

They repeatedly called, but received no answer; and their conjectures settled into a belief, that the disturber must have been a run-away negro, perhaps discovered and taken in the hollow, where his coat might have been left. This conjecture might have accounted for all the appearances, except the scattered fragments of a letter, which seemed by design to have been torn into very small pieces, and which Theodore determined, when at leisure, to paste together.

When they reached home, the family were waiting breakfast, and they gave an account of their unsuccessful search; and Mr. Desmond advised the ladies not to walk in those solitary woods alone, until the intruder had been discovered.

“But if it is a poor slave, run away from some bad master, I should like to meet him and give him some victuals, poor soul,” said Emily.

Mr. Desmond patted her head, and looked kindly on her, but advised her not to go so far from home, until they had found out who the person was.

Theodore, after receiving his father's farewell, shut himself up in his own room, and did not

open his door even to his little friend Emily, who would fain have mingled her tears with his. But there is a violence of agony, an overpowering and subduing grief, which we would conceal from every eye but that of our heavenly Father; in which the sympathy of the tenderest friendship cannot participate; which will not be shared, and which God only can control; bidding the troubled soul, as he did the tempestuous sea, "be still."

When the family collected in the evening, Edward was missing, and on inquiry, no one had seen him since morning, or knew where he was. The too anxious Mrs. Seymour could scarcely command her feelings sufficiently to join them at table; yet her reason told her, his absence might be owing to sport or pleasure, more probably than to danger or injury. She sent for Eddy, who generally accompanied him on his shooting or riding excursions, and was the promoter of his frolics and pastimes; but on inquiry, he assured his mistress he knew nothing of his young master, more than he had seen him in the afternoon crossing the field with his gun on his shoulder, and a basket in his hand. Eddy was just turning to leave the room, when Edward entered. His cheeks were flushed with a higher colour than usual: the beautiful black curls that clustered round his sweet expressive face, were pushed aside to cool himself, and showed his high and flushed forehead; his countenance betrayed repressed emotion, and though heated and out of breath, he took his seat as composedly as usual, and, without saying any thing about his detention, or observing the inquiring and anxious looks of his mother, began his supper. Mrs. Seymour could not refrain

from inquiring where he had been, and what had detained him so late.

"I will tell you all about it, mamma, when I have eat something, and drunk my tea, for I feel hungry and thirsty, not having tasted any thing since early this morning."

"Why, did not you take your dinner with you to school, as usual?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I did not eat it, as what Emily said last night came into my head, and I thought if it should be a poor run-away, hiding in the woods, he might perish if no one gave him any victuals, and so I thought I would go and see."

"My dear Edward, that was very rash; what could such a boy as you do, if it should be a person with ill designs?"

"Why, mother, what could he do? If he was a robber, he would not think of robbing such a little fellow as I am; and even if it was a murderer, it would do him no good to murder me; I could not do a man any harm, so why should a man do me any harm? but though I am too little to do any harm, I am not too little to do a man good. So, mother, as I wanted to do good to whoever it was that might be hiding there, I don't see how any harm could come to me."

"And so, then, you went in search of this disturber of the peace."

"Oh, pray tell us all about it, brother Edward," said Emily; "tell us every thing you saw or heard; don't forget a single thing."

"Well, then," said Edward, "to begin—I thought it best to have my gun; so after school I came home for it, and with that on my shoulder, and my dog at my heels, I was afraid of nothing. I went to the glen, and looked all about,

and searched the hollow in the hill-side, and in among the bushes, and down in the gulleys; but could hear and see no one, though I saw plain enough, in many places, the tracks of a man's feet, which Hector traced, following them as they wound all about the woods; and I was just resolved to leave the victuals in the hollow, and return home, when, as I came back, not far from your seat, sister Louisa, Hector began to bark, that short, quick bark, when he finds any thing; I went up to see what he had found, and saw him smelling at a man's shoe, which lay at the foot of that very tall chestnut oak, near your seat, Louisa!

“Hector would not go from it, but with his nose to the ground went round and round it, and then he growled low; so I was sure something extraordinary must be the matter; and he pawed and scratched up the ground, not like when he is earthing a ground squirrel, for then he does not growl; so, I stooped to look near, and felt with my hand, thinking money or something was hidden there, but though I dug about with my hand, I could not feel any thing. I hesitated a moment, whether I should help Hector scratch up the earth and see if any thing was buried there; but it was growing darkish, and I thought if the robber should find me there, he would kill me too, to keep me from telling of him. Just then I heard a rustling up among the boughs; Hector barked loud and quick, and I snatched up my gun, and on looking up I was frightened on seeing a tall, ugly looking man. He jumped down, and before I could run away, as I was going to do, he caught me by the arm; I did not scream, for I tried not to let him see I was afraid; and he said, ‘what do you want here, boy?’ Oh, mo-

ther, I never heard such a strange hollow voice ; and he looked so angry ; he was as white as a sheet, and his beard was so long it made him look quite grim, and his eyes seemed sunk in his head, and he looked so wild and fiery, and his black hair appeared as if it had never been combed ; and he was monstrous tall, and his shirt sleeves, for he had no coat on, were all hanging in tatters, and his bosom all open—oh, he was a terrible looking man ! and I trembled so I could not speak a word to him ; then he said again, but not so angrily, ‘ what do you want here, little boy ? are they coming to murder me—to take me and put me into a dungeon ? but I will never be taken alive.’ I could not speak, for I knew not what answer to make to such strange questions ; then he looked so stern, but so sad at me, as he raised his arm up to Heaven, and said—

“ By that Heaven which is my only covering,’ and pointing to the earth, ‘ by that earth that is my only bed—by that tree which is my only dwelling, I swear—yes, I swear, I will never be taken alive. Leave me, then, good boy, the liberty which birds and beasts, and even the very reptiles enjoy ; go thy ways, and tell my pursuers I have built my nest high as the eagle’s, where they shall not reach me ; my bed is in a fox’s hole, where they cannot find me ! tell them the beasts in the woods are kinder to me than my fellow man. Go, my little boy ; but do not live among men ; come back and live with me in liberty, where no one shall chain you, and beat you, and shut you up in dark dungeons ; you look so innocent, stay not with wicked men.’ His mournful speech took away all my fear, and made me cry. When he saw my tears, he said, ‘ weep on, innocent ; tears are sweet—sweet !—oh,

that I could weep too ! but—and he rubbed his eyes—‘ there are no tears in my eyes ; they are so burning hot, they have dried up all my tears.’ His speaking so made me cry still more, and I took his hand and squeezed it, which seemed to please him, and he looked so mild and kind on me. Then all at once I thought about the victuals, and I picked up my basket, which I had put down on the ground, and taking out the victuals, I offered them to him. He snatched them from me, and threw them among the bushes, and looked angry, saying, ‘ did I not tell you I would eat nothing that men eat ; that I will not live with them, nor like them ; am I not a bird, or a beast, and cannot these woods afford me nourishment ?’

“ Then I took his hand again, seeing that it pacified him, and shaking it, said, ‘ I must go home ;’ and bade him good night. He held my hand fast, and said, ‘ do not leave me ; you are not a man ; you will not hurt me, so do stay with me.’ But I pulled my hand gently away, and told him I must go, but I would come to see him to-morrow. Then he said he would go with me ; and he walked alongside of me, but kept starting and looking, now behind, now aside of him ; and when we came to the brow of the hill, where we could see the open fields, and our house, he said, ‘ do you live there ?’ I answered ‘ yes.’ Then he said, ‘ does a tall, venerable looking man live there ?’ I made him describe him, and then I knew he meant Mr. Desmond, and I told him he had gone away that morning. ‘ Gone !’ he said, ‘ gone ! then let me die—he could have saved me—he was an angel among men—I have been following him from place to place ; for where he was I was safe—gone ! then let me die !’ and he threw him-

self on the ground. He would not move, nor speak, but lay as if he was indeed dead. So then, as it was getting quite dark, I came home as fast as I could."

Mrs. Seymour was lost in thought; so deep was the interest this narrative had excited, no one thought of interrupting Edward; and when he stopped, Emily and Henry spoke so fast, and asked so many questions, it was some minutes before Mrs. Seymour spoke; she then said, there was no doubt that this unhappy man was a maniac, who had escaped from confinement; and, probably—"but no," said she, checking herself, "let us not surmise the cause of his dreadful condition: God has punished—has afflicted, I mean."

"It would seem," said Theodore, "that he must have some knowledge of my father. It is probable he must have seen us this morning; I wonder he did not speak to my father?"

"He seems to avoid men," observed Edward, "and came down to me because I was a child, so little that I could not harm him; so I can go and see him again, and try and coax him to come here."

Mrs. Seymour knew not how to consent to Edward's going again; though her humanity strongly impelled her to assist the poor unfortunate. Theodore offered to go along, and Eddy, who had remained in the parlour listening to Edward's narrative, begged permission that he too might go, and said he would die rather than a hair of master Edward's should be hurt.

She begged Edward to postpone his visit until the afternoon, as his father was to come out the next morning, and would decide on what was most proper. It was so settled; and, until bed-

time, they could talk of nothing but this strange adventure ; and while all were praising Edward for his courage, his mother told him she was most pleased with the humanity which prompted him to seek the relief of a fellow creature, and the self-denial he had practised in giving up his food to relieve another.

CHAPTER XIX.

Once I went forth, and found, till then unknown,
A cottage—whither oft we since repair;
'Tis perched upon the green hill top, but close
Environed with a ring of branching elms
That overhang the thatch; itself unseen,
Peeps at the vale below.
I called the low roofed lodge, the peasant's nest.

Cowper.

THE next day Mr. Seymour arrived soon after breakfast, and when the first salutations were over, he was informed of the affecting incident which had occurred. He listened attentively to the circumstances, inquired particularly concerning the size and appearance of the unfortunate being who had excited their solicitude; then, after some moments thought, related the facts Mr. Desmond had told him of the mysterious stranger, and asked Theodore if it was not probable they were one and the same person, and inquired whether, at the time he had met him in the Capitol, he had then the appearance of derangement. Theodore described his wild and stern aspect, his abrupt and threatening manner, when he discovered St. Julien; but the situation in which he had been discovered in a lonely, dark, vaulted room, in the very act of destroying him-

self, was, if not a proof of insanity, at least indicative of feelings which might naturally lead to such a condition. The family eagerly listened to these strange but interesting details, which greatly increased the anxiety and concern they already felt for this poor wanderer.

It was, therefore, determined, that Edward should seek another interview, but should be accompanied by his father and Theodore, who would keep out of sight, though near enough to secure Edward from danger, should any occur.

Provided with a basket of victuals. they set forth on their benevolent errand; but it proved fruitless. Edward went to the foot of the tree and called repeatedly, yet received no answer. They then deposited the basket in the lower branches of the tree, and continued their search through the wood. Hector was their guide, and led them a most devious course through all the most obstructed and obscure parts of this unfrequented solitude. Towards evening they returned, wearied and disappointed; Mr. Seymour conjectured, that the poor maniac had seen them at a distance, from his high observatory, and had hidden himself in order to avoid them; but Edward said, he was certain, that if in the wood, Hector would have discovered his retreat, and rather imagined he had set off to seek Mr. Desmond, whom, by his own account, he had been following for some time. The next day Mr. Seymour and his son again visited the tall tree, and found the basket of victuals had been taken away, which proved to them, that this wretched man was still an inhabitant of the woods.

A few days after this, Donald returned. He had seen his beloved master embark, and would fain have returned with him to dear Ireland, had

not Mr. Desmond earnestly desired him to remain with Theodore. He came, then, to devote himself to this child of his affection, whom he had so often carried in his arms, and whom he had loved from his birth. In Emily's presence, he described to Theodore the lonely and melancholy situation of Mrs. Brinden, and said she had pined herself really sick.

When Emily repeated this to her mother, Mrs. Seymour, compassionating the solitary and friendless situation in which that worthy woman was left, now that Mr. Desmond had gone, wrote to her, and advised her to shut up the house (which had been left in her charge) for a month or two, and to come and pass some time with her in the country.

Mrs. Brinden, deeply depressed by the afflicting scenes through which she had recently passed, but still more so, by the nocturnal appearance she had witnessed, gladly accepted of Mrs. Seymour's kind invitation, and arrived the evening before Theodore left Seymour Cottage.

The parting was a melancholy one; for this amiable young man had rendered himself dear to every individual in the family, but they were somewhat cheered by Mr. Seymour's consenting that Edward should accompany him, and enter the preparatory school, where he could continue his academical studies. Theodore felt, that the society of Louisa's brother would be a tie to unite him the closer to her. The parental affection Mr. and Mrs. Seymour evinced for him, the kindness, the tenderness of Louisa, the fondness of the sweet little Emily, warmed and cheered his heart, and he left Seymour Cottage with the feelings with which he would have left a dear and cherished home.

In the solitude in which Mrs. Seymour and her family were now left, books became their chief resource; Mr. Seymour, who remained in the city, only spending one or two days a week with them, sent them the newest publications, and took care to supply Louisa with music. But books and music sometimes failed to interest feelings which had been awakened to a sense of deeper and tenderer emotions. Anxious to conceal from her mother a sadness she could not always conquer, Louisa became more engaged than ever in her benevolent endeavours to improve the condition of the neighbouring cottagers. Under her mother's direction she collected a small number of children, whom she employed a poor widow to teach, and accompanied by Emily and Ann, and often by her mother and Mrs. Brinden, she would visit this little school, and assist in the instruction of the scholars; at other times, she would visit those neighbours who were old, infirm, or sick, and pass whole afternoons in reading to them.

There was one family, for whom she felt more deeply interested than any other. It was that of a young widow with five small children, who had no possible means of support, but such as she gained by her own industry, or the benevolence of strangers. From the last she shrank with a delicacy of feeling, which is generally supposed to be inseparable from refinement of education; but this is a mistake, which those conversant with the characters of the poor will soon discover; and often will they find a truer and deeper sensibility among the uneducated, than among the better instructed classes of society. But Mrs. Williams could not be classed among the uneducated, although one of the poorest among the

poor. Her parents were natives of Scotland, and when they emigrated to this country, brought with them not only the habits, but the fortune which entitled them to genteel society. A variety of adverse circumstances had exhausted the wealth, but had not debased the manners and sentiments of these respectable people. Of eight children, that were born to them in America, Esther was the only one who had been spared to their old age; but she was, in herself, a treasure, and on her they lavished all their affection and instruction. She was their pride as well as comfort, and was brought up with a tenderness and indulgence that ill fitted her to struggle with the hardships of poverty. They died at an advanced age, leaving their daughter a friendless orphan, in a strange land. After the death of her parents, she hired herself as a seamstress, in the family of a widow lady, who resided near Montgomery court-house, with whom she had become acquainted in Georgetown. This lady had an only son. Spoiled and indulged by his mother, he never dreamed of subjecting his conduct or his wishes to her control; but, although he knew he was entirely dependant on her, he felt as secure of inheriting her large fortune, as if it was already settled on him, and followed the bent of his inclinations whithersoever they led. He was handsome, young, and agreeable; and, in the eyes of affection, faultless. Such, at least, he appeared to Esther; and she seemed to him more lovely than any woman he had before seen. The lady with whom she lived had soon discovered her superior attainments, and was so pleased with her mild and genteel deportment, that she made her her companion. In such a situation, it is not wonderful these young people be-

came attached to each other. Esther was persuaded by her lover to consent to a secret marriage, which could not be long concealed. When it was discovered, the enraged mother turned her son and his wife from her house, and soon after married a man, who had been long attentive to her, and who now took care that no reconciliation should be effected between the young man and his offended mother.

After the first evidence of her displeasure was over, she consented to give her son a small tract of land and two slaves, with whatever more was absolutely necessary. Unaccustomed to employment, he must have starved on this little farm, had it not been for Esther's industry. They struggled on for many years, supported only by their tender affection for each other; but her husband died, the farm and all he owned was sold for debt, and this unfortunate young woman was left with five children, and no support but such as her hands could earn. A good farmer, in the neighbourhood, took compassion on her forlorn condition. In one corner of his farm he built a log cabin, and enclosed a little garden, which he let her have on very moderate terms; requiring only some assistance in the spring and autumn, in making up the clothes of his family.

This little spot was three miles from Seymour Cottage, and in so secluded a situation, that Louisa would never have discovered it, had she not been led to it by chance. Louisa rode a great deal on horseback, often attended only by a servant, and it was her delight to trace every winding road she met with; the more shady and lonely it was, the better was she pleased to follow its windings. One day, she had entered on one of these unfrequented roads, and found that it

wound through such romantic grounds, that she determined to see to what spot it led; but the further she went, the more obscure it grew; the thicker the wood and deeper the shade. At last, all tracks of wheels became imperceptible; the road seemed long unused, and was overgrown with grass. Eddy, who attended her, assured her it did not lead to any house, but had been only used for carting wood, and that this being the place where the wood was cut, the road went no farther. She resolved, however, as she could still perceive in the high grass the faint track of a foot, or horse-path, that she would persevere; the wood, she observed, could not be very extensive, as she could see through the trees the brightness of the setting sun. At last, the path became so narrow, that she could not safely make her way through the trees, and, giving her horse to Eddy, she pursued the path on foot. She now soon reached the other side of the wood, when a sylvan scene broke upon her sight, which well repaid her for the difficulties she had encountered. Opposite to her was a hill that gently sloped to the valley beneath; through this narrow valley ran a little stream, bordered by alders, magnolias, roses, and other flowering shrubs. A small space of ground, not exceeding eight or ten acres, had been cleared, and was now covered with grass of the most vivid verdure. Except the narrow valley, which the eye could trace winding its way between two distant hills, this little spot had no opening whatsoever, but seemed shut out from the world, by the high and thick woods in which it was embosomed. From a little grove of trees on the hill side, Louisa saw the white smoke curling up to the blue sky. Certain now of being near some dwelling, she de-

scended the hill on which she stood, and, when in the valley, she could discern the white-washed walls of a small cabin. A well-trodden path led from the rivulet to this sequestered abode, to which Louisa, in her own mind, instantly gave the name of the *Peasant's Nest*. After looking for some time, she discovered a passage across the stream, by means of an old tree, which served as a bridge. As she approached, two or three little children, who were sitting under a great chestnut tree, playing, ran in to announce that somebody was coming, and betrayed as much surprise and alarm as if they had never before seen any one. A beautiful little spaniel ran frisking out, and, instead of barking, was so insensible to fear, that he leaped on Louisa, and played round her as if pleased with the sight of company, and then ran before to show her the way. The ground before the door was worn bare, but was swept as nicely as a floor. On one side of the cabin was a little garden, enclosed with post and rail fence, but which, being white-washed, had a very neat appearance. On the other side was a small shed, not much larger than a closet, under a cluster of locust (or acacia) trees, with a bench before it, on which were arranged the milk pail, churn, pails, &c. &c., in the neatest order. Under another tree was a bench, on which stood two bee-hives. Hens, with their broods of chickens, were feeding round, and the whole scene had such a neat, comfortable appearance, that before she entered it, Louisa stopped to look around her. Opposite the door she entered, was another opening into a back yard, where she saw the children, and a most pleasing looking young woman, approaching.

The inside of this lonely cabin surprised and pleased her even more than the outside : the walls were whitewashed ; the floor rubbed as nicely as a table ; the chimney filled with boughs of magnolias, and a variety of flowers adorned the mantle-piece ; a white cotton curtain was drawn across the only window ; a few pine chairs and a table, and a large chest in one corner, with an open cupboard, in which, as is usual, the cups and saucers, and other crockeryware, was displayed to the best advantage, were all the furniture, except a shelf which ran along one side of the wall, which was filled with books, neatly bound and regularly placed. The whole had an appearance of singular comfort, even of taste and ornament, although there was not an article which is not found in the most miserable cabin. Neatness and order bestowed the charm which so struck on Louisa's fancy. When the mistress of the little dwelling entered, she was still more surprised. She was extremely fair, and although dressed in homespun cotton, had an air of delicacy and gentility, that induced Louisa to believe she must be a lady in disguise. Her manners and conversation confirmed the suspicion, and she felt embarrassed at the idea of intruding on the seclusion of some one, who, perhaps, desired concealment. She apologized, and expressed something like the sentiments she felt. But Mrs. Williams quickly relieved her from such fears, and gave her a short and simple explanation of her circumstances.

From that time, the cottage of Mrs. Williams became a favourite place of resort, not only for Louisa, but Emily : they found out a shorter way through the woods, by which they could walk, and while they staid in the country, few weeks passed, in which they did not pay a visit to the

Peasant's-Nest; where, as Emily said, "far in the windings of a woody vale," it stood concealed. Mrs. Williams now no longer wanted work, books, and many little comforts, nay, luxuries, of which she had long been destitute. Mrs. Seymour sent the two eldest children to school; the others were taught at home by their mother, and when Emily went, it was her delight to get them under the great chestnut-tree, and hear them say their lessons.

For some weeks, the fear of meeting the poor maniac had prevented Louisa from taking this long and solitary walk; but these fears had subsided; the unfortunate man, if he still inhabited their woods, kept himself quiet and concealed, and she determined to visit her favourite Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Brinden offered to accompany her; Emily and Ann, each furnished with a little basket, containing some articles for their humble friend, were likewise of the party. It was a delightful afternoon, and in high spirits they set off on their expedition.

When they reached this sequestered spot, Mrs. Brinden, though prepared to admire its beauties, was surprised, as much as Emily could wish her to be, with the romantic view that presented itself to her eyes. The landscape lay in deep repose; no moving object, no sound disturbed its quietude. The children ran down the hill, and reached the cottage long before Mrs. Brinden and Louisa.

Mrs. Williams had her little pine-table placed before the door, under the shade of the trees, and was sitting at work, and had been listening to her children saying their lessons. But books were thrown aside, and they had run with Emily and Ann to their favourite chestnut tree, under which

they had their baby-house, and were already engaged in play. Louisa would have preferred a seat under the trees, but wishing Mrs. Brinden to see the inside of the cottage, she accepted Mrs. Williams' invitation to go in.

After various inquiries and common-place observations, Louisa rose to look at a large new book that was lying on the table. It was a religious work, and Mrs. Williams, perceiving it had attracted her attention, told her, it had been lent to her by one of the very best and kindest of human beings.

"That is saying a great deal," said Mrs. Brinden.

"Not too much," replied Mrs. Williams; "nay, I know of no words that could express my opinion of him."

"And who can this best of human beings be?" asked Louisa.

"Oh, Miss Seymour," she replied, "he is your very counterpart, and if, as they say, souls are paired in heaven, he is the match of yours. Surely God designed you for each other."

"But who is he, and where did he come from? I don't suppose he has just dropped down from heaven on purpose for me."

"Indeed, I sometimes imagine he belongs there, for except your dear kind self, I never met any one so apt to excite that idea."

"But who is he?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you his name."

"Not tell me the name of a person who you seem to know so well!"

"Indeed, I cannot, though he has often been here; all I know, is, that he is a young clergyman, who at present is staying at George Town,

where he preaches occasionally, but he is not yet settled there, though I hope he will be.

“ You must know, Miss Seymour, that being informed that the poor people round Washington and George Town were very ignorant, and not able to support the Gospel, he volunteered his services, and has been going about from house to house, carrying instruction and comfort wherever he went.

“ If you were to see him, ladies, you would scarcely believe that one so young and handsome, with an appearance and manners calculated to shine in the great world, and possessing such a fine genius and great learning—you would scarcely believe, I say, that he could be so lowly minded, so devoted to such obscure and humble duties. He is a blessing to all the country round, and we know him by no other name than the good Minister, or the kind young gentleman. My dear Miss Seymour, you must see, you must know him, and then you cannot help loving him; and I am sure it will be the same, if he sees you.”

“ If, as you think,” said Mrs. Brinden, “ the match is made in Heaven, they will certainly meet.”

“ Oh! but sometimes, as Doctor Watts says, these souls that were made for each other, lose their way coming to earth, and are separated.”

“ Would you have me, then,” said Louisa, smiling, “ to go in search of him?”

“ Not exactly so,” replied Mrs. Williams; “ but if you would come to our church, you might then hear him, and he would see you.”

“ I think I had best wait,” said Louisa, “ until he comes to ours.”

“ Well,” said Mrs. Williams, “ I care not how it is brought about, so it does. but come to pass ;

for it is a thing I have set my heart on, and I really think you look very much alike; only you are very fair, and he is very brown; and he has black eyes, and you have blue."

"There must be a striking resemblance, truly," said Mrs. Brinden, smiling.

"You may laugh," replied Mrs. Williams, "yet, notwithstanding these differences, they really are very much alike; but it is in the expression of their countenances, in that peculiar manner belonging to both, which is so free and easy, kind and affectionate, and yet so dignified, so something entirely different from common people, that were they dressed in the coarsest garb, you would know both to be of the highest quality. It must be your souls that are alike, which, shining through your sweet countenances, and speaking through your kind ways, makes you look so alike; I know not how otherwise to account for the striking resemblance that exists. Several of the neighbours have observed it; and even my little ones said, the other evening when he went away, 'an't that good minister just like Miss Seymour?'"

"You have made us quite forget how time goes," said Mrs. Brinden, looking out of the door; "the sun has sunk behind yon hill."

"It is still high for all that," said Mrs. Williams; "but were you to stay all night, I should not say all I have to say of this angel-like man."

"Then we may as well go now," said Louisa, "and come another time and hear the rest."

They now arose, and calling the children, bade Mrs. Williams good evening. They found it much later than they imagined; and before they reached the open ground around Seymour Cottage, it was quite dark.

CHAPTER XX.

But I—my youth was rash and vain,
And blood and rage my manhood stain'd;
And my gray hairs must now descend
To my cold grave without a friend.

— Thou wilt disown
Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.

Walter Scott.

THE moon had just risen, and gave a faint and indistinct light, and as they emerged from the woods, they saw, leaning against a tree that stood by itself on the top of the hill, which rose at some distance from behind the house, a tall and slender figure; his back was towards them, his hands were clasped and raised to Heaven, and his eyes seemed fixed in steadfast gaze upon the stars. Not doubting but it was the unfortunate object for whom they had so long sought, and unwilling to meet him at such an hour, they stole down the path as silently as they could. He was so absorbed he did not hear them, though one part of their way led close by him. As they passed, they heard him speak; they involuntarily paused, and heard some indistinct sentences; but at last he exclaimed, "Oh, my brother, where are you?" and, afterwards, "Fanny, my dear Fanny, look down upon me." Mrs. Brinden ut-

tered a shriek, and fell senseless on the ground; the children screamed, and ran towards home, while Louisa, kneeling by her side, raised her head, saying, "Mrs. Brinden, my dear Mrs. Brinden, do not be alarmed; he has gone, the man has gone." It was a long time before she recovered, for Louisa had nothing to aid in her recovery but chafing her hands and fanning her with her hat. At last she moved, she sighed, and in a few more minutes faintly articulated, "where is he?—where is my husband?"

"Your husband?" exclaimed Louisa, thinking her senses were still bewildered; "what do you mean?"

"It was my husband," she faintly articulated.

"The person you saw," said Louisa, "on hearing your shriek, started and fled into the woods."

"Strange!" said Mrs. Brinden; "very strange!" She tried to rise, but was so feeble she sunk again on the ground; she trembled convulsively, and could scarcely breathe. Louisa knew not what to do; she could not leave her to go for assistance, and yet feared to remain, lest the unhappy man should return. She endeavoured to soothe and calm the violent perturbation of Mrs. Brinden, and keep her own spirits composed, lest some new and strange call on her fortitude should be made.

After a little while, to her great joy, she heard some of the family approaching, who had been brought by the children, and soon afterwards, her mother, followed by several servants, reached the spot, where she sat supporting Mrs. Brinden in her arms. With this additional assistance, she reached the house, and was put immediately to bed, as she seemed quite ill. Mrs. Seymour and Louisa sat till late in the night by her bed side,

and then Louisa persuaded her mother to retire, and leave her and the housekeeper to stay by her the remainder of the night. The composing draught Mrs. Seymour administered at last took effect, and she fell into a disturbed slumber. In the morning when she awoke, she intreated Mrs. Seymour to send in search of the person she had seen. "It is my husband, my lost husband; that is, if he is alive."

Mrs. Seymour perceived the superstitious ideas that still disturbed her mind, and resolved to spare no pains in giving her the only relief in her power. She had heard some part of her story, and thought it possible this person might indeed be her husband.

Although it was raining very violently, she sent several of her servants in search of the poor wanderer, but they returned without any tidings of him. For three days it rained without intermission; but every day the search was renewed, and every day a basket of provision was deposited in the tree: but not as before, was it taken away. "It is useless," said Mrs. Brinden, "he is not alive." Some days now passed heavily and gloomily. The wretched state of mind into which this accident had plunged Mrs. Brinden, deeply affected Mrs. Seymour and Louisa, who did all they could to soothe and cheer her.

They were rejoiced when the storm cleared away, and the time for Mr. Seymour's weekly visit arrived. When that gentleman was informed of the strange occurrence which had taken place, he determined to go forth, and not to leave a single spot in the woods unexplored.

It was not until near the close of day, when returning home, quite despairing of success, that he thought of a stone quarry, which had been

worked some years before. It was in the side of the wood most remote from the house, and where the servants never went for fuel. At this season of the year, the light remains long after the sun has set, and he would still be able to explore that deserted spot. Calling two of his men, who were searching in different parts of the wood, he bent his way thither. The stone had been quarried in such a way as to make a deep excavation in the side of the hill. When they reached the place, they found this excavation in one place considerably deepened, while branches of trees were placed in a way to conceal it. These they removed, and on entering, with astonishment and horror, discovered the lifeless body of the person they sought. When they were a little recovered from the first impressions of horror, they replaced the branches, and hurried home. It was too late that evening to remove the body, as the place was difficult of access. But early the next morning, Mr. Seymour, taking with him the necessary assistance, had it brought to his house.

The body was immediately recognised by Mrs. Brinden; it was that of her long lost, wretched husband.

A packet, enveloped in thick leather, had been found fastened round his waist. She eagerly opened it, in hopes of discovering some information, some explanation.

It contained a letter, addressed to Mr. Desmond, a small and elegant lady's watch, and the miniature picture of a beautiful girl. The letter was not sealed, and when opened, the following lines, written in an almost illegible hand, were with difficulty read—

“ My Brother—how shall—how dare the lost and undone Charles address you?—Oh, best of

brothers to the most ungrateful of wretches—how shall I describe to you the temptations which led me to ruin? the story would be too long. The love of a profligate woman first seduced me—gaming followed, and completed my guilt and wretchedness! Let me, in pity to you, draw a veil over the blackness of my offences. Thank God! who spared me the horror of adding murder or self-destruction to the black catalogue!—Yes, he did not die, although I saw him fall! He tore from me the poor luckless maiden whom I had seduced from innocence, but whom still I loved.—Yes, he tore her from me, and robbed me at the same time of my darling child, the only treasure that remained. I vowed vengeance—I thought I had secured it—but though he fell, he afterwards revived and escaped. I traced him—I found him: and in discovering him, I discovered my brother. Yes, it was under your roof he had found refuge, and no doubt to you he betrayed me; for he knew my real name. I haunted the precincts of your dwelling, and watched for him, as my destined prey. To you, I dared not reveal myself. At last, defeated in my purposed vengeance, I loitered until no means of support were left—death or a prison, was the only alternative. Chance led me to the lonely spot, where an angel, in a woman's form, arrested the hand just raised to terminate my wretched existence. I could not live, and live without revenge: the sight of the man, who, to the other injuries, added that of betraying me to you, by again kindling my slumbering passions, gave me energy to live. You know the dreadful scenes that followed. Oh, how often when I saw you loaded with distress and ignominy, have I longed to fall at your feet!—had you been condemned to death, I had resolved to die with you.

You left the city—I followed you. Here I am, best of men—here I am, haunting your footsteps : when shall I get courage to show myself? never! life is almost exhausted—when you find my lifeless body, you will find this. My wife, where is she? in her grave? yes, it must be so. I did not stab her, but I broke her heart!—The sole pledge of the only virtuous passion I ever indulged, she at least I intended to have saved from my wreck of fortune, fame and happiness. The good Abbess who presides over the nunnery in Emmetsburg, agreed to receive her, In that sacred retreat I intended to have placed her, in the hope of securing her from a guilty world; but, alas! my plan was cruelly frustrated by St. Julien. When I returned to my place of abode, I found that my child was gone, as well as the deluded object of my guilty love; whither he had conveyed them I never could ascertain. I had another short interview with the Abbess; I told her of my loss, and she promised to employ persons to make search for my hapless child. If she is ever found, oh, be a father to my poor little Fanny when I am gone. Farewell—pity and forgive the most miserable of human beings.

CHARLES FENTON DESMOND."

The distress inflicted by such a letter on a wife, who, in spite of neglect and abandonment, still cherished the husband of her youth, may be more easily conceived than described; but the hope of recovering her child, supported Mrs. Brinden, and roused her to effort and activity.

Mrs. Seymour and Louisa then related to Mrs. Brinden their adventure at Mrs. Bertrand's.

"It must be my child," exclaimed Mrs. Brin-

den, bursting into tears; "it is, it must be, my dear little Fanny."

The carriage was immediately got ready, and they hurried off to Mrs. Bertrand's. She repeated to the astonished and agitated mother, all the particulars which she had before mentioned to Mrs. Seymour and Louisa, and described the little girl with so much minuteness, that not a doubt could remain as to the identity.

Upon their return home, it was determined by her friends, that the contents of this letter should be concealed from every one, except the four individuals to whom it was already known; thinking it cruel to inflict unnecessary pain on his brother or nephew. Mr. Seymour undertook to write an account of the affair to Mr. Desmond, and Louisa to Theodore.

Preparations were immediately made for Mrs. Brinden's proceeding to Emmetsburg, with vouchers, and other evidence of her being the mother of the little girl confided to the care of the Abbess. Mrs. Seymour, unwilling that she should travel alone, proposed Louisa's accompanying her; a proposal gladly accepted, and agreeable to her young friend. The road passed through a beautiful country, lying along the borders of Pennsylvania, the example of whose industry and good farming was apparent in this part of Maryland. The little village of Emmetsburg lies near the foot of Carrick, one of the highest mountains of the south-ridge. A clear, broad, but shallow stream, wound its romantic way through the fields and meadows which lay at the base of the mountain, covered with golden harvests, high grass, or corn-fields and orchards. The banks of this beautiful stream were fringed with willows, alders, and

various other under-growth ; while the weeping birch dipped its flexile branches into the passing water, and mingled its glistening leaves with the darker verdure of the various forest trees that shaded the banks, among which the towering and wide spreading sugar-maple, with its deep foliage, rose prominent on the sight. Near the banks of this stream, from which it was separated only by some fields, was the village of Emmetsburg, consisting of one street, and a few scattered houses, surrounded by the fertile farms of rich substantial farmers. Here some pious Catholics had established an asylum for women, distinguished by the ordinary rules of conventual institutions, except that instead of a perpetual vow, it was here an annual one.

It served, too, as a seminary for the education of children, and was held in much esteem. The pious and excellent lady who now presided over the institution, was one who had been led by misfortune to seek an asylum in this peaceful retreat. Charles Desmond had known her in early life ; it was to her care he had intended to commit his child to be educated in the faith of his ancestors ; for, notwithstanding his own profligacy, he wished to secure the virtue of his daughter.

Upon their arrival at the convent early in the afternoon, Louisa sent in her name, and in a few moments they were invited to enter by the Abbess in person, who recognised Louisa as the daughter of Mrs. Seymour, and received them with the greatest politeness and cordiality. Mrs. Brinden was too anxious, and too impatient, to delay for a single instant her inquiries for her little Fanny.

“ I am her mother, dear madam,” said she, the tears streaming from her eyes ; “ oh, tell me,

is my child here?—the child of the unfortunate Charles Desmond—my poor husband that was.”

The kind Abbess, with much feeling and tenderness, assured her that the child she alluded to was safe and well, and that in a little while she would have an opportunity of recognising and claiming her long lost daughter. That one of the ladies of the convent had gone out on an errand of charity a few miles off, and taken little Fanny with her in the carriage, but that they would return before sunset.

After taking some refreshment, Louisa, presuming that Mrs. Brinden would wish to converse privately with the Abbess, relative to her child, and deceased husband, invited a little girl who appeared to be a favourite of the Abbess, to be her guide in a short walk, to take a view of the surrounding scenery, in itself so beautiful, and to her so new.

Never before had she been in the vicinity of a mountain; and, as she contemplated its towering top, its wood covered sides, on which the light clouds hung like floating drapery, she longed to pierce its deep recesses, and to wander in its silent solitudes. But this, prudence forbade, and she contented herself with wandering along the romantic banks of the transparent stream. Luxuriant grape vines climbed the trees, and stretching from one to another, hung in festoons of verdure along the shady banks. So fascinated was Louisa with the scene around her, that as she sat on the bank which projected over the stream, watching its rippling waves, and listening to its soft murmuring, she was not aware of the passage of time, till she noticed the level beams of the sun, which gleamed through the underwood, and fell in a stream of light on the surface of the

river. She still lingered, till the vesper bell of the convent called her back. As she approached, she heard the voices of the nuns mingling in a stream of melody, which, as it fell on her delighted ear, raised her soul to Heaven. In the parlour she found Mrs. Desmond and the Abbess, with the little Fanny encircled in her mother's arms. Louisa was much struck with the appearance of the Abbess. Dignity, sweetness, and sadness, were so blended in her manner, that sentiments of respect, love, and sympathy, were simultaneously excited. She invited the strangers to remain all night; and she had excited in them an interest so lively and so tender, that they were pleased with the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with a character distinguished equally by genius, piety, and misfortune.

In the morning they left this quiet and holy retreat, in which innocence, weakness and youth, or age with all its infirmities, can find a shelter from the dangers and hardships of the world. Here was none of the gloom Louisa had attached to the idea of a convent. It seemed the very abode of cheerfulness, activity and industry, governed by neatness and order.

On their return home, Mrs. Seymour begged Mrs. Desmond to remain during the summer with them, and not to determine on her future plans until she should hear from the brother of her unfortunate husband. A letter was not long afterwards received, accompanied with documents which settled on her and her child the half of his ample fortune, and she was requested to take immediate possession of his house in Washington, which she did the ensuing winter.

Louisa, meanwhile, when the flurry and excitement of these events subsided, resumed her

usual avocations, and her daily visits to her poor neighbours. Every where she heard of the zeal and benevolence of the good young minister; and his image, thus constantly presented, under a form so pleasing, soon occupied her mind to the exclusion of the object who had first awakened her sensibility. She experienced increased ardour and animation in the performance of her charitable and religious duties, and felt a secret charm in emulating the example of the interesting being whose praise was in every mouth, and who literally went about doing good. All sadness passed away before this renovating principle, like clouds which are dispersed by the rising of the sun. With her spirits, her health returned, and her delighted mother saw, in the animated countenance, the brightened eye, the elastic step, and cheerful activity of her Louisa, that the happiness of her child was restored. Ye, who mourn over blasted hopes, whose warm affections are chilled, and whose youthful spirits droop beneath the blight of misfortune, seek not for restoratives in the vain pleasures of a seducing world, which, like baneful opiates, may dull the sense of pain, or like still more dangerous stimulants, may exhilarate for a moment, but which can never restore the sick, or heal the broken heart; go rather to the fountain of life and happiness, and at its pure source receive the only remedy for the pains and sorrows incident to human life.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was a hill plac't in a noble plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to disdain,
In which all trees of honour stately stood ;
And, at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down ;
And, on the top thereof, a spacious plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight.

Spenser.

The fourth of July, the epoch of American independence, is a day when the heart of every American must glow with pride and gratitude. No village, however sequestered, no citizen, however obscure, forgets the celebration of the anniversary of his country's liberty! Through all the land, from the shores of the Atlantic to our mountain-tops, the sounds of gratulation are heard; the roar of cannon, and the peal of bells, announce the auspicious morn, and people of every rank hasten with their festive offerings round the altar of liberty.

In the metropolis of our infant empire, the citizens, though yet few and scattered, collect in joyous parties to celebrate the happy day. The inhabitants of the surrounding district throng its avenues, and cover its plains; but it is at the President's house, as at the common centre, that

they first meet to pay the tribute of respect to the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

On the present occasion, Mr. Seymour, attended by his family, went among the other citizens of the district to wait on the venerable President. All the doors of the national palace are thrown open for the reception of guests, who crowd the halls and apartments, where refreshments are profusely distributed, and a band of music sounds their welcome, and animates their spirits with national and martial strains. Civil and military officers, ladies and gentlemen, and even children, mingle in the throng.

The wide plain, extending before the President's house, was covered with temporary booths and awnings, which sheltered the gay groups collected on the occasion. The different corps of militia from the city and its environs, passed in review, and paraded on this extensive common, before their civic Commander-in-Chief.

Informed of their approach, the President, attended by the Cabinet Ministers, diplomatic corps, and some of the most distinguished citizens, took his stand on the wide steps that lead to the front entrance of the house, while the ladies and rest of the company stood at the open windows. A loud huzza from the people and the citizen soldiers, greeted his appearance. He stood without his hat, and his white locks waved in the breeze. How simple, how august and venerable, was the appearance of this good and great man! Dressed in the plain garb of republican simplicity, in the midst of a free and happy people, he stood in no need of the regalia of kings, or the pomp of courts, or the guards of despots, to secure either respect or safety.

When the review was over, the President bowed to the assembled populace, and retired to his own apartments, while the crowd gradually dispersed, and, in separate and select parties, went to different places to continue the rites of this festival of liberty. Mr. Seymour joined a large company of gentlemen at a public dinner, and Mrs. Seymour, with a chosen party of female friends, returned to the country to pass the remainder of the day. At night, splendid fireworks in front of the President's house, at the arsenal, and navy-yard, concluded the festivities of the day.

Soon after the fourth of July, the President usually left Washington, and retired to his own estate. Most of the citizens follow his example, and quit the city to retire into the country, or travel into the adjacent states, and visit the public springs, and other fashionable watering places.

During the hot months of July, August, and September, there is a kind of interregnum in society, when pleasure and happiness are equally suspended.

Mr. Seymour and his family generally passed this leisure season at Ballston Springs, or the sea-shore; but this year, wishing to vary the scene, they availed themselves of an invitation from the President, and determined to visit Monticello. Mr. Seymour wished to see this great man in the privacy of retirement, and the freedom of domestic life. He could have proposed no plan that could have more pleased Mrs. Seymour and Louisa; and even the little Emily had caught from him a portion of his enthusiastic esteem and veneration for their good President.

It was on the evening of the third day of their journey, that they reached the foot of the isolated mountain, on the top of which was the dwelling of the Sage of Monticello.

But, like the Temple of Fame, in which he had secured himself a place, his mansion was of most difficult access ; a steep and rugged road, wound up this rocky and wooded mountain, where nature was left, untamed and unadorned by art. The whole party alighted, preferring an easy walk up the mountain-side, to the jolting of the carriage. Emily seemed to think they would never reach the top, and kept exclaiming, " but where is the house, where are the gardens ? why mamma, it looks as if nobody lived here."

While Mrs. Seymour smiled at the child's astonishment, she herself would have wondered at the wildness and solitude of the scene, had she not recollected, that during the last forty years of his life, the master of this uncultivated domain had devoted his whole time to the service of his country, at a distance from his home ; and that, absorbed in these patriotic labours, he had totally neglected his private interest. She explained this to her children, and taught them to admire, as she did, this entire sacrifice of domestic improvement to the public welfare. At last they reached the summit, and exclamations of surprise, delight, and admiration, burst from every mouth.

On the levelled top of the mountain, arose a noble pile of buildings, crowned with a lofty dome ; around extended a wide and verdant lawn, over which were scattered trees of various kinds and growths.

The horizon was bounded by distant mountains, and the intervening country diversified with

cultivated fields, forests, houses and villages. They paused to contemplate this magnificent view, before they entered the noble portico, which opened into the hall. Here they were met by the hospitable master, surrounded by a group of charming children.

They found the house already crowded with guests—friends and relations, who had hastened immediately on his arrival to welcome him home. As he only visited this retreat once in the year, and then remained but a short period, he was seldom left alone a single day.

It would require a volume, to describe all the intellectual pleasures they enjoyed, the affecting and interesting scenes they witnessed, during the delightful week Mr. Seymour and his family passed at Monticello. In contemplating this venerable patriarch in the midst of his children and grandchildren, they forgot the statesman in the father, the philosopher in the friend.

The house was in an unfinished state, and when Mr. Seymour observed it, Mr. Jefferson replied, "and I hope it will remain so during my life, as architecture is my delight, and putting up, and pulling down, one of my favourite amusements."

Louisa frequently stole from the company, and retired to her own room, to write to Theodore, to whom she had promised a minute description of Monticello and its interesting inhabitants; but her enthusiasm carried her far beyond the limits of a letter, and on her return to Seymour cottage, she sent the following brief account to her young friend:

"In compliance, my dear Theodore, with my promise, and from a wish that you should participate in every pleasure which I enjoy, I send you

the description you requested of Monticello. You have before this received my letter, giving you an account of our journey, and of the time we passed under the roof of our venerable President.

“I shall now, therefore, confine myself (if it is possible so to do) to the immediate objects, which, though they may amuse the mind, cannot affect the feelings, like the incidents and conversations I have already detailed to you. You begged me to be very minute in my account, and to give you the height, length, breadth, and number, of every object which surrounds the inhabitants of Monticello. This would require a volume; but I will do what I can, and you will perceive, without my pointing it out to you, the correcting and restraining hand of my dear father, who has been so good as to look over my imperfect description, and to prune some of its romantic and enthusiastic digressions.

“Monticello is a small mountain, rising six hundred feet above the surrounding country, on the summit of which is a large edifice, built in the modern style. The base of this small and isolated mountain, which is washed by the Rivanna, exceeds a mile in diameter. It is encompassed by four parallel roads, that at equal distances sweep round it, and are so connected with each other by easy descents, as to afford, when completed, a level carriage-way of almost seven miles.

“At present, the whole, with the exception of the summit, is in wood; but it is the intention of the proprietor to blend cultivation and forest, in such a manner, as to present that variety most grateful to the eye of taste.

“On the top, is a nearly level plain, of about ten acres, formed by art, in the shape of an ellip-

sis, with its longest diameter running east and west, corresponding to the two main fronts of the house.

“The mansion is a structure presenting a front in every direction of a hundred feet in length, and above sixty in depth.

“The principal front looks to the east, on an open country, and is adorned with a noble portico, with a corresponding one on the west. A lofty dome, of twenty-eight feet in diameter, rises from the centre of the building. The north and south fronts present arcades, under which are cool recesses, that open in both cases on a floored terrace, projecting a hundred feet in a straight line, and then another hundred feet at right angles, until terminated by pavilions.

“Under the whole length of these terraces, are the various offices requisite for domestic purposes, and the lodgings of the household servants.

“The basement story is raised five or six feet above the ground, from which springs the principal story, above twenty feet in height, and that supports an attic of about eight feet.

“The level, on which the house stands, is laid out in an extensive lawn, only broken by lofty weeping willows, poplars, acacias, catalpas, and other trees of foreign growth, distributed at such a distance from the house, as neither to obstruct its prospect, nor that of the surrounding country of which it commands the view. From this lawn you contemplate, without the obstruction of any intervening enclosure, the mountains above, and the country below, with frequent glimpses of the Revanna. This elevated spot commands a view of more than sixty miles, limited only by the horizon on one side, and the distant mountains on the other.

“On the declivities of the mountain are arranged the dwellings of the artificers and mechanics of every kind: it being the study of Mr. Jefferson to make himself perfectly independent. Of his success, some idea may be formed, by the circumstance of his workmen having made his carriage, and many articles of his furniture.

“The internal arrangement of the house is so peculiar, as to render a precise description difficult, though its general effect is imposing. You enter the hall through wide folding doors, which we never saw closed, and whose ever-open portals seemed indicative of the disposition of the master. Here a variety and multiplicity of objects offered themselves to our view, and so imposingly arranged as to excite surprise and admiration. After a momentary pause, we passed into the drawing-room, through doors so wide as scarcely to separate it from the hall, where, being seated, we had an opportunity more distinctly to notice the pervading elegance and singularity of these apartments, in which ornamental, instructive, and interesting objects were blended with furniture suitable to the dwelling and simple taste of the owner. Among these various articles, were statues, paintings, engravings, and a profusion of natural curiosities, the latter so blended with the others as to produce an ornamental effect, though if taken separately, they were by no means handsome in themselves, yet the arrangement was so admirable, as to produce the general impression of elegance and harmony. Among others, we particularly noticed a perfect model of the great pyramid of Egypt; the upper and lower jaw-bones and tusks of the mammoth, whose magnitude is advantageously exhibited by contrast with those of an elephant along-

side of them ; several maps, particularly one of the Missouri country, painted on buffalo hides by the American Indians ; rough hewn stone images, or statues, likewise of their workmanship, which are supposed to be the idols they worshipped, and many other of the curiosities of our country.

“ Here, too, we saw the busts of Alexander, and Napoleon, placed on pedestals, each side of the door of entrance ; and here, and in the other rooms, are portraits of Newton, Bacon, Locke ; of Columbus, Vespuceus, Cortez, Magellan, Raleigh ; of Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Madison, Rittenhouse, Paine, Turgot, Voltaire, and many other distinguished persons.

“ The whole of the southern wing is occupied by the library, and the cabinet and chamber of Mr. Jefferson. The library is divided into three rooms, opening into each other, the walls of which are covered with books and maps. This large collection of books is rendered more valuable, as containing many very scarce and ancient works, besides splendid editions of all those of the greatest merit, particularly whatever he could collect in Europe relative to America.

“ They were not in the best order, for which he apologized, as arising from his long absence on public service. In one of the rooms, we remarked a carpenter’s work-bench, with a vast assortment of tools, of every kind and description. This, as being characteristic, is worthy of notice ; the fabrication with his own hands of curious implements and models, being a favourite amusement.

“ In his cabinet, he is surrounded by several hundred of his favourite authors, lying near at hand, and every luxury and accommodation a

student could require. This apartment opens into a green-house, and he is seldom without some geranium or other plant beside him.

“This dwelling, and the whole surrounding scene, is eminently fitted to raise an interest beyond that which such objects ordinarily excite in the mind. Every thing, moral and physical, conspires to excite and sustain this sentiment. You stand on the summit of a mountain on the east, affording a view of an open country, presenting a most extensive and variegated prospect; on the west, north and south, by the Alleghany itself, which, rising from beyond the south mountain, rears its majestic head in awful grandeur. Here, in this wild and sequestered retirement, the eye dwells with delight on the triumph of art over nature, rendered the more impressive by the unreclaimed condition of all around.

“Here it contemplates a spacious and splendid structure, commensurate, in some degree, with the mountain on which it stands; but, above all, it beholds its architect and its owner! On this spot, one, the most illustrious citizen of the only free country on earth—one of the founders of its independence, the advocate of its rights—full of years and of glory, respected for his talents, venerated for his services, beloved for his virtues, withdrawing from accumulating honours, seeks repose in the bosom of his family. On this elevated spot, you behold him reaping the harvest of his virtues, contented, happy; as immoveable as the mountain on which he dwells, and serene as the atmosphere around its brow, while the storm rages at its foot.

“But I check my pen, for were I to transcribe all the objects which awakened interest and curiosity, my letter would have no end. Adieu, then,

my dear brother, and as you tread the up-hill path to fame, keep your eyes fixed on this model of a great and good citizen, and remember that he attained his elevation by taking virtue and wisdom as his guides. May I one day see my Theodore, if not as great; at least as good a man. Again, farewell."

Neither pain nor pleasure retarded the flight of time, and six more happy and interesting days passed with such rapidity, that Mrs. Seymour could scarcely convince Louisa they had been at Monticello half that time.

As they returned homewards, they stopped at Montpelier, the residence of the Secretary of State, the fellow labourer and beloved friend of the President. Under his roof were realized all their ideas of the comfort, abundance and hospitality of a Virginia planter, united to the elegance of fashion, and the polish of city life. Devoted to agricultural pursuits, he divides the time he passes at home between rural and scientific objects, and the social pleasures of good neighbourhood and hospitality.

CHAPTER XXII.

There stands the messenger of truth—there stands
The legate of the skies; his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
——— By him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace;
He stabilishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart.

Cowper.

Soon after Louisa's return from Virginia, she went to pass an afternoon with Mrs. Williams, and carry her the usual supply of little comforts she was in the habit of bestowing.

The kind woman could still talk of nothing but their good young minister, and had many new stories to tell of his benevolence and zeal. She informed Louisa, that on the approaching Sabbath he was to preach in their neighbourhood at the schoolhouse. She so earnestly entreated her to come and hear him in the afternoon, that Louisa promised, if her mother would go, she would accompany her.

The next Sunday, Mrs. Seymour's family attended the morning service in their own church. The clergyman was a good man, but read the prayers, and his sermon, in such a drawling and monotonous tone, that he put many of his con-

gregation to sleep, and fixed the attention of no one. This gentleman had been settled many years in the neighbourhood, and the effect of his manner, and want of fervour in the discharge of many of his duties, was such, that a general lukewarmness and carelessness respecting religion had taken place throughout the settlement.

The afternoon being pleasant, Mrs. Seymour agreed to accompany Louisa and the little girls to hear the new minister in the neighbouring parish. The place of meeting was four miles distant, and the service had commenced before they arrived. On an extensive common, skirting the high road, stood the country schoolhouse; it was a small log cabin, standing under the shade of a clump of sassafras trees; the ground before the door was neatly swept, and some benches placed under the shade, where, in very warm weather, the boys were allowed to sit. The undulating surface of the common, over which were scattered a variety of trees, afforded the children a fine place for play, and yielded them wild fruit, flowers and nuts in abundance. A large chestnut tree seemed to preside over the spot; its thick and wide spread branches threw an extensive shade, affording shelter from rain and sun. In its hollow trunk, and among its twisted roots, the children found hiding places; and the nuts were an annual treasure, which they considered as belonging to the school. As the lowly cabin was too small to accommodate the crowd which had thronged to hear their favourite preacher, the benches had been brought out and placed in a semicircle round the chestnut tree, at the foot of which a small table was placed, where stood the clergyman with his bible and hymn book before him-

On the benches were seated the women and elder men; the younger part of the audience were seated on stones, or roots of trees scattered round, and many on the grass. When Mrs. Williams saw Mrs. Seymour and her family, she resigned her own seat, and made room on a bench for them, next to the little table in front of the preacher. The congregation were, at the time, singing, and Louisa thought she never heard sounds more impressive. Their united and full toned voices, confined within walls, might have been harsh and discordant; but diffused through the air, the strain was soft and solemn. While they sang, the youthful pastor was kneeling before the table, his face was concealed by his clasped hands, and he seemed absorbed in deep devotion. When the hymn was finished, he slowly rose, and after reading in a clear and emphatic manner a portion of the scriptures, and the appointed service of the day, he commenced his discourse. There was a fulness and richness in his voice, which seemed to give new meaning, and added force to the simplest expressions. Now soft and low, it penetrated the inmost recesses of the heart; now commanding and energetic, it roused, nay, almost startled his hearers; then, again, sinking into mournful and pathetic tones, melted the audience into tears. So sweet and various were its modulations, that uttering even an unknown language, it would have kindled and softened the most insensible heart, and thrilled the feelings like the vibrations of sound upon the chords of a harp. What, then, must have been the effect of such a voice, when it conveyed the most pathetic exhortations and momentous truths?

It was irresistible—Louisa felt that it was irre-

sistible. His countenance and his manner were in harmony with his voice; his looks elucidated the meaning, and his manner enforced the truth of all he said. There was about him a charm which rivetted attention. He spoke from the heart, and to the heart; he himself felt, and, therefore, made others feel, the importance of his subject. "*Man goeth to his long home,*" was the text from which he spoke. He pictured life as the journey of a day, which leads to our eternal home. He depicted the pleasures and the pains, the temptations and the dangers, which must be encountered, and the various conduct and characters of the travellers, on the road of life: he described those who wasted the precious hours of early morning in gathering the flowers, and feasting on the fruits which grow by the way side, till, satiated and exhausted by pleasure, they yielded indolently to repose during the noon, and left to the shades of evening, or darkness of night, that part of the journey most replete with difficulties and dangers: others, who, seduced by distant objects, expended their time and their strength in the pursuit, and wandered far from the only road which leads to eternal life. And others again, who stopped by the way to rear mighty fabrics, or accumulate immense heaps, which one moment might destroy, and which in their nature were transient and unsubstantial; who were overtaken by night, ere their journey was accomplished.

His illustrations were drawn from familiar and natural objects; and his language, though beautiful, and sometimes sublime, was so simple that it was understood by the most ignorant of his rustic auditors.

"In my father's house are many mansions, and I go to prepare the way," said the friend of sinners. "Who, then!" exclaimed the youthful preacher, "who, then, will refuse to follow such a guide, to such a home? Fear not, feeble and timid traveller, the dangers and the difficulties which beset the path; He will prepare the way. Cold, dark, gloomy, and cheerless, is every other path which leads to the life to come; but follow the straight and narrow way, prepared by your heavenly Guide, and you shall reach in safety the mansions in your Father's house, your long and your eternal home."

He then, with all the force of language, described the fate of those who should choose some other way; but abruptly stopping, he paused, threw his eyes over the ground, on which the shadows were lengthening, and to the western horizon, where the sun was setting, and pointing to the object, exclaimed, "I must conclude; I see the day is drawing to its close; the shadows of evening are gathering round us—and we are distant from our homes. Some of you, my friends, have a long way to go; some are nearer to their homes; but even to them the way might be dangerous, if overtaken by the darkness of night. Go, then, my friends—tarry not—but hasten while it is yet day, to seek the shelter and the safety of your homes. Does any one hesitate? is any one unwilling to follow this injunction? no—you all feel it to be wise and prudent, and are ready to depart. Oh! my fellow travellers, my beloved hearers, why then do you hesitate? why are you unwilling, when I bid you go, and tarry not, but to hasten while it is yet day, to that long home, to that eternal abode, which is prepared for you in the heavens? For some,

the way may yet be long, and the journey but just commenced; but to how many who now hear me, may it be near—yea, very near its close? A few months, a few days, perhaps, oh, thoughtless mortals, only a few more hours, may remain between you and the termination of life—your journey may be almost finished; are you certain that you are in the right path, in the only way which leads to those mansions where dwells your Father and your God! Examine whilst there is yet light—rise—rise, and tarry not, but hasten to find that straight and narrow way which conducts to eternal happiness. The sun of life is setting—the shadows of death are gathering around us; hasten, then, my fellow travellers; go, and tarry not till you reach your Father's house, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal; where every tear is wiped from every eye, and where there are joys which mind cannot conceive. Go—oh, go," he exclaimed, fervently clasping his outstretched hands, as if in earnest supplication to his hearers, "go, I beseech you, ere the darkness of the grave closes in upon you; and may He, who hath prepared the way, be your guard and guide."

When they returned home, Mr. Seymour inquired if they had been rewarded for their long ride.

"Ask Louisa," said Mrs. Seymour; "as her attention was never diverted for a single instant, she can best answer your question."

"Well, Louisa, what say you?" said her father.

Louisa essayed to speak, but her voice was lost in emotion, and she hastily left the room.

"Why, what is all this?" exclaimed Mr. Sey-

mour, "has some methodist preacher been terrifying the poor child?"

"It was not a methodist, but an episcopalian clergyman, who preached for us; but united to the most correct views; he had the zeal and fervour, which is seldom found, except among the first mentioned sect. He certainly is a most powerful preacher, for he not only reaches the heart, but convinces the understanding; and Louisa was not the only one deeply affected."

"But if he is really a man of such talents, how came he preaching here in the woods to the country people?"

"He comes as a missionary, without money and without price, to distribute the bread of life among these poor people."

"What, then," said Mr. Seymour, "does he take them for heathens?"

"Not exactly so; but as the missionary society have been reproached with carrying their instructions to distant nations, while the inhabitants of our most populous cities, in their suburbs and environs, were as ignorant of gospel truths as the Indian tribes they went so far to teach, they took it into consideration, and now send to places and districts where the people are too poor to support a settled clergyman, young men, who are not attached to any particular congregation. And you will allow, if ignorance and poverty are sufficient titles to such pious charity, the people in the surrounding country have a just claim to it."

"And what is the name of this young apostle?"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Seymour, smiling, "I forgot to ask. There was such a bustle, and shaking of hands, and so on, by all our kind

neighbours who gathered round us, that I really forgot to ask ; Emily, do you know ?”

“ Indeed, mamma, I was thinking so much of what he said, and how he looked, that I never thought any thing about his name.”

“ And how did he look ?” said her father, smiling ; “ I presume, from his charming you all to such a degree, he must be very handsome ?”

“ Yes, indeed, papa, I think he is very handsome ; I couldn't take my eyes off his sweet face. Oh, papa, if he had not spoken a word, I should have understood him—he looked so.”

“ Indeed ! he must have had an expressive face, if it could preach, without the aid of words.”

“ But then his gestures, papa, and his voice—oh, such a sweet, sweet voice, could only belong to such a sweet face.”

“ Why, all your heads are turned,” said Mr. Seymour, laughing ; “ pray, Mrs. Desmond, what is your opinion ? first, is he handsome ? for I consider that a main point in a case like this.”

“ If you limit beauty to form, feature, or complexion, this young missionary can have no pretensions whatever,” said Mrs. Desmond ; “ but if you will allow, that expression in every look, and grace in every motion, constitute beauty, he has its very essence—its very soul ; which, added to the melody of his full-toned voice, form a combination far more attractive and prepossessing than what is commonly called beauty.”

“ Well, well,” exclaimed Mr. Seymour ; “ if Mrs. Desmond is so charmed, who can wonder at the all-subduing powers of our youthful missionary, over the hearts of girls and rustics !”

"I must take care, I must look about me, or who knows what may happen," continued he, stroking Louisa's blushing cheeks, who had just returned.

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Seymour, "I cannot think any harm can happen; for even should our Louisa lose her heart, she cannot lose it in a better cause; such zeal and such eloquence as his, could only lead it to virtue and religion."

"Really," said Mr. Seymour, "this young divine must possess most fascinating powers, since you, my dear wife, are willing to risk the peace of your daughter."

"What risk can there be in listening to the voice of truth?"

"None, if it proceeded from the lips of some hoary-headed preacher; much, I should imagine, with such accompaniments as you have described."

"Oh, my dear papa, you would have no apprehension, if you did but know how much good he has already done in this neighbourhood. He has reformed the vicious, instructed the ignorant, and comforted the afflicted. Oh, if you could but hear Mrs. Williams tell of how many hearts he has won to religion, indeed you would think his appearance here a most blessed event."

"We shall see, my child; meanwhile, take care he does not break, as well as bind up hearts; and so farewell," said he, as he kissed her and the rest of the family; "I am going a long circuit, and shall not see you for several weeks; let me find all safe when I come back."

The weather became so oppressively hot, that Louisa had to forego her accustomed walks, but passed her time in her own chamber, where, every morning, she instructed Emily, Ann, and her

new scholar, the little Fanny; the afternoons, in reading aloud, while her mother, Mrs. Desmond, and the children, sat around with their work. When the sun set, they ventured out, to walk round the flower borders, or sit in the piazza and enjoy the cool breezes of evening, and inhale the fragrance of the flowers, while the children played on the lawn. But soon even these pleasures were diminished by the increasing heats of August. Not a cloud, or even floating vapour, obscured the brightness or lessened the ardour of the summer's sun. The shutters were closed, to exclude the intolerable glare, and the burning atmosphere. It was impossible to resist the languor and lassitude which it occasioned. Evening brought but little respite, for the air was hot and dry. The leaves fell from the trees, and the grass was so parched beneath the feet, as to be reduced to powder, when it was trod on. The flowers were all withered, and the ground covered with yellow leaves. The rivulets ceased to flow, and the springs became dry, and all the moisture of the earth was evaporated.

“ Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprigs, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure.”

The burning sky, the arid earth, the scorching atmosphere, destroy all activity; a mournful stillness pervades creation; the birds cease to sing, the lambs to play, or man to labour, and the long protracted drought is more dispiriting and oppressive than the torpor and sterility of winter; the unclouded brightness of the sun, than the darkness of the storm.

Not only the flocks and herds, but man, looks to the heavens with mute-imploring eye. To

their eager gaze at last appears a floating vapour.

“ At first a dusky wreath, scarce staining ether,
 But by swift degrees, in heaps on heaps
 The doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom :
 ——— Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rust’ling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall.
 ’Tis silence all, and pleasing expectation ;”

till distant thunder rolls on the delighted ear, and fills every bosom with the anticipated joys of revived and renovated life. The darkening clouds collect, and spread this welcome gloom over all the sky; the winds rise, and the lightnings flash; nearer and nearer comes rolling on the black and heavy thunder cloud, till at last it bursts, and pours its gladdening torrents on the thirsty earth. For a while the tempest rages, the forests bend beneath the blast, the rifted branches strew the ground, the rivulets swell to torrents, which carry desolation in their impetuous course. The thunder peals along the sky, the lightning glares among the clouds, the wind roars through the woods, and the elemental war seems to shake the earth, while the darkness of night shrouds every object.

Suddenly the winds are hushed, the clouds roll away, the sun breaks forth, the rain-drops glitter on the freshened foliage, the birds pour forth their songs of gratulation, and all nature rejoices. The atmosphere is pure and elastic, and man breathes with quickened and invigorated life. Delightful change, which relieves the bosom from an oppressive weight, and restores animation to

the languid frame! But transient as delightful, the summer sun soon exhales the reviving moisture, and, with little intermission, nature suffers from its consuming fervours, until the autumnal equinox brings relief. Then more copious and continued rains bring on a second spring; the earth is again covered with verdure, and the woods and hedges adorned with flowers. Bright and sunny, but cool and clear, the charming month of October succeeds, restores vigour and activity to labour, beauty and richness to the landscape, health and gayety to man.

“When we have passed safely through August and September,” said Louisa to her mother, “I feel as if we had taken a new lease of life.”

“Such, indeed, should we consider a prolongation of existence,” replied her mother, “at a season when disease is so prevalent.”

“It is a blessing I gratefully acknowledge; and, if possible, my dearest mother, I will gratefully employ it.”

And with renewed industry and revived spirits, Louisa resumed the various duties of her innocent and happy life. Mrs. Seymour and her daughter loved the country for its tranquillity and retirement, and, therefore, kept up little intercourse with the society of the city. They enjoyed that of their country neighbours, which was characterized by its simplicity and sincerity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oh, great Potomack! oh, ye banks of shade,
Ye mighty scenes in nature's morning made,
While still in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop with humbler care
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair—
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannahs, and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate, and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love.

Moore.

ABOUT this time, Louisa received a pressing invitation from Mrs. Fairfax, the wife of Colonel Fairfax, who, after serving his country through the most trying scenes of the revolutionary war, had been induced by his attachment to a Virginia gentleman, whose ardent friendship had stood the test of rivalry, both in love and fame, to leave New-York, his native state, and to settle in Virginia. Having a large paternal fortune, the goodness or fertility of land made no part of his calculations in the intended purchase of an estate. He was of a romantic cast of temper, and determined to be governed by his fancy in settling himself for life. Corn fields and meadows were not to him objects of admiration; they spoke of the constant presence and vicinity of man; and he best loved those places, where he could at times

withdraw to the most profound solitude—but it was only occasionally; for, in general, he loved society, and was of an eminently social disposition. Here, then, was the difficulty; to find a situation where he could at his pleasure command either solitude or society. There were two objects in nature which, though pleasing to every one, were to him objects of enthusiastic admiration—clouds and water. For hours—almost for days, would he gaze on their ever-changing hues and forms. “I hate monotony,” he would say; “paradise itself would weary me, where there is perpetual sunshine, and flowers, and peace; an inland situation offers no changes but such as the seasons bring. But the water and the clouds are not a moment stationary, and the eye and the fancy can never weary, while watching their ever-shifting lights and shades.”

He resided during the first year or two after the peace, with his friend, and wandered with him along the shores of those bold, majestic, and romantic rivers, which diversify and fertilize Virginia. But those who set out in seeking a wife, in whom is combined every virtue, beauty, and grace, or a residence which shall unite the charms of land and water, low-land and high-land, solitude and society, must, like Colonel Fairfax, seek in vain. There is no perfection in human nature, and no paradise upon earth. Chance favoured him, more than it generally does the enthusiastic visionary; and he found both a wife and residence that almost realized the beau-ideal of which he had been in search. Between Alexandria and George-Town—between the Maryland and Virginia shores, there is in the Potomac, a little fairy island, girt with high and rocky banks, almost hidden by the shade of the tall and majestic

trees which grow among the precipices, and cover a rich variety of native shrubs. This rocky and verdant wall encompassed a scene beyond description beautiful and romantic. The undulating surface now rose in gentle swells crowned with groves, or sunk in hollows and winding valleys, where a perpetual verdure gladdened the eye, when every other spot was scorched by the summer's sun.

Around this romantic and sequestered spot, rolled the blue waters of the Potomac; sometimes lashed by the storm into waves and foam, it beat against the rocks, and sent high into the air its white and silvery spray: at others, it spread like a mirror its smooth and polished surface, reflecting on its bosom the sylvan scene, and floating clouds. But oftener, it crept in gentle undulations to the shore, and softly murmured among the rocks.

It was to this spot Colonel Fairfax retired, with a lovely wife, who, if not perfection, was as near it, in his opinion, as woman could be; she was the sister of his beloved friend, and formed a new link to a friendship which required no added strength.

A daughter crowned this happy union; and every one looked upon the inhabitants of the island, as among the most favoured beings in the world.

This daughter, the pride and joy of their hearts, the loving and beloved of a numerous circle of friends, was snatched from them, just as she had attained her fifteenth year.

“ Like blossomed trees, o’erturned by vernal storms,
Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay ;”

and left the fond parents as wretched as they had before been blessed. But theirs was not that concentrated sorrow, which withdraws from consola-

tion, and seeks to nourish and prolong its sufferings. No—their open and affectionate hearts expanded to sympathy, and imbibed its healing influence, as the parched earth does the reviving dew. Accustomed to an object of tender care, they felt solitary and destitute without some one on whom to lavish the overflowing tenderness of their bosoms. Col. Fairfax had a favourite sister living in New-York, a widow, with a large family; he wrote to her, and begged her to permit one of her sons to come and reside with them. She hesitated not, in complying with a request, which, while it would console her brother, would be so highly advantageous to her child. Her second son was the one for whom she had always felt the most solicitude. He was endowed by nature with genius, that rare, but dangerous gift, and with its accompaniments, ardent affections, and keen sensibility. The idea of what he must suffer, in struggling through life, against the hardships and mortifications of poverty, and with his aspiring mind, to be doomed, perhaps, to obscurity, were thoughts which often robbed her eyes of sleep. Her brother's generosity had enabled her to give all her sons a classical education; but the second was the only one who had reaped the fruit she hoped from this advantage. He had passed through college with honour, and had returned home with higher aspirations after distinction, increased enthusiasm of temper, and keener sensibilities to pain and pleasure. Neither law nor medicine accorded with his views or feelings; from childhood, he had evinced a devotional turn, and it was with delight his mother heard him declare his resolution of devoting himself to the Church. In the bosom of religion, she hoped he would find that peace, which she knew he never could in the

thorny paths of ambition. In religion, his enthusiasm might have boundless scope, and the ardour of his fervent heart might burn without consuming his virtue or his happiness. He had just gone through his theological studies, had been licensed, and sent out to labour in the vineyard.

At first, he felt much reluctance at the thought of going to his uncle's; but as he knew he must leave his almost idolized mother, that he must go from home, his affectionate heart felt consoled by the idea, that he was only going to another home, where he would still be an object of affection; for to love, and be beloved, was necessary to the very existence of Sidney Jones.

Every day after his arrival, did Col. and Mrs. Fairfax congratulate themselves more and more on the acquisition of such a son, for so they called him, and felt if any thing could compensate them for the loss of their daughter, it was such a child, such a companion.

His disposition was so mild and tender, his manners so pure and gentle, his taste so refined, his habits so domestic, and his pursuits so separate from the bustle and gayeties of the world, that he was to them all that their daughter had been. His highly cultivated mind made him a charming companion to the Colonel, while his fond and tender disposition, and his fervent piety, made him a consoling and invaluable friend to Mrs. Fairfax.

This amiable old couple had long been in the habits of intimacy with Mr. Seymour's family; Mrs. Seymour, though younger than Mrs. Fairfax, was of so serious a character, that she might have been taken for the senior, when with her cheerful, almost sprightly friend. Uniform prosperity had nurtured in Mrs. Fairfax only gay and happy feelings, and the constant cheerfulness

of her disposition was like unclouded sun-shine, gladdening and cheering all around. She would often say, "I have no merit in being cheerful and contented, for nature has given me such an inexhaustible store of animal spirits, that I could not be gloomy if I would." Another time, she laughingly said to a friend, "I know of no one who has such exquisite sensibility as myself; but it is a sensibility to pleasure, never to pain." And so she believed, until the fatal arrow pierced her bosom's core. Yet even then, this sorrow did not rankle long; it was acute, but not of long duration. In some minds, as well as some bodies, wounds are sooner healed than in others. Perhaps, however, the proportion of suffering is as great, as what is lost in duration is made up in poignancy.

Mrs. Seymour, on the contrary, was prone to sadness, and might have been less happy even in the midst of affluence and friends, had not her mind been serenely and elevated by the most pure and fervent piety.

Be that as it may, a cheerful, sanguine disposition, is one of the kindest gifts of heaven; and, as Hume says, "is worth more to its possessor, than an income of half a million."

The very difference in the dispositions of these two friends had endeared them to each other. Louisa, from her childhood, had been a favourite at the island; the youthful companion, the dearest loved friend, of the lost and lamented daughter of her mother's best friend. Both she and Mrs. Seymour had passed much of the previous summer there. Louisa had remained during the first two months after their loss, and been the chief consolation of these dear friends. She had been prevented from making her usual vernal visit, by

the affliction in Mr. Desmond's family, and the other incidents that succeeded ; and during July, August and September, Colonel Fairfax had always to abandon this island, beautiful as it was, and retreat to a farm he had in the mountains, where he found more health than in his favourite residence.

But in October he returned, and his house used to be filled with friends during the delightful months of autumn ; now the circle was more circumscribed and select, and only one or two chosen friends were invited. Among these, the most valued and welcome were Mr. and Mrs. Seymour.

At this time, Louisa was sent alone, as Mrs. Seymour could not leave Mrs. Desmond, nor would she part Emily from the little Fanny. Mr. Seymour accompanied his daughter, and passed a few days.

When Louisa arrived, she was received with the warmth and tenderness of a beloved child by the good old couple. They immediately began to converse about their son, as they called Sidney Jones ; described him with the partiality of affection, and spoke of the new source of happiness thus opened to them. Indeed, they could talk of nothing else. His fine talents, his ardent piety, his tenderness of heart, his devotion to his sacred duty, and his labours of love and charity, afforded inexhaustible subjects of discourse.

"We cannot keep him at home half as much as we desire," said Mrs. Fairfax ; "it would be inexcusably selfish in us to do so. He is ever engaged on some pilgrimage of charity, going about doing good. He is sometimes away from us for a week, and we know not where he is ; but we are never anxious, we know that he is carrying comfort to the sick, consolation to the afflicted, and instruction to the ignorant."

"And carrying away not only our hearts, but

our riches too," added the old gentleman, smiling; "but they cannot be spent in a better cause, though he is the most extravagant young fellow living. Judging by the manner he gives them away, one would think he picked up dollars as easily as he could acorns."

"And so I am sure he does," said Mrs. Fairfax, with an affectionate smile, "for you throw them as freely in his way as the oak does its fruit."

"It would be a sin if I did not," replied the Colonel, "since he has brought us treasures which silver and gold could never buy. And, then," continued he, "the pride and pleasure one feels at being called the father of such a son; that is worth more than I am rich enough to purchase. Why, Mr. Seymour, were you to see the crowds which fill the churches wherever he preaches; to hear the eulogiums that are lavished on him, and to witness the fervour and zeal he has awakened among old and young, rich and poor, you would imagine it was another Whitfield that had appeared among us."

"You really make me impatient to see this new found son of yours. I suspect, Louisa, you have been more fortunate, since this must be the identical young man who is doing such wonders in your neighbourhood."

Louisa's whole face was suffused with a glow, excited by mingled sensations of embarrassment and pleasure. She had of late thought so constantly of the young missionary, and there was such a mixture of admiration and tenderness in these meditations, that she could not hear without agitation, that he was no other than the adopted son of her kind and partial friends, and her bosom thrilled with strange emotion at the idea of meeting him.

As she tremulously answered her father, the

penetrating eye of Mrs. Fairfax was turned upon her; and she read, as by intuition, what was passing in her youthful and ingenuous bosom; for what is so quick as woman's perception? The idea which flashed like lightning through Mrs. Fairfax's mind, filled it with rapture. To her sanguine temper, all things she wished were possible, nay, half accomplished; and while Mr. Seymour and Colonel Fairfax pursued the subject, her creative fancy was at work, and pictured scenes of more than earthly happiness.

That Louisa already loved Sidney, there could be no doubt; her tremulous and blushing consciousness clearly settled that point; and that Sidney would love Louisa, the very moment he saw her, seemed equally certain. Here, then, ready prepared, was a scheme of felicity beyond her most sanguine hopes, and equal to her fondest wishes.

Every moment now seemed an hour, until Sidney should return; and she promised herself as much delight from his first interview with Louisa, as she had ever felt in meeting Colonel Fairfax, when he first won her youthful love.

She had the prudence, however, to conceal these thoughts and feelings from Louisa, which she could not have done had she not been sensible, that if acquainted with them, they might produce an awkwardness and embarrassment which might injure the cause she wished to promote.

She, therefore, contented herself with talking the whole time of *her* Sidney, as she called him; and the next day she went purposely to Georgetown and Washington, visiting every one whom she knew had heard him preach, in order that Louisa might hear the praises of her favourite. If the good old lady had reflected on the danger

of kindling a sentiment in Louisa's bosom, which might never be reciprocated, she certainly would not have thus exposed one whom she so tenderly loved ; but she did not reflect, and even had she done so, her reflections would have been modified by her wishes ; and she never allowed herself to doubt of the certain accomplishment of any favourite plan.

These visitations were not without effect. Louisa returned with such exalted ideas of the talents of Sidney Jones, and her heart so softened by the gentle and christian virtues ascribed to him, that she felt, to know and love him must be the same thing. All she had heard from Mrs. Williams, and that good woman's anxiety for their becoming acquainted, and her theory of matches being made in Heaven, and her certainty that his soul had been cast in the same mould as hers, and that they were destined to be united on earth—all these, and a thousand other fond and pleasing ideas, such as are apt to fill the youthful imagination, thronged her bosom ; and in the evening, when she accompanied her father and friends in a walk to the river side, with Mrs. Fairfax leaning on her arm, she was so absorbed, that she did not remark the singularity of that good lady's being silent and thoughtful ; and they walked arm and arm without speaking a word, leaving all the conversation to Mr. Seymour and Colonel Fairfax.

The walk was a very long one ; in fact, it wound round the whole island, and the good old lady, who seldom went half as far as she had come, was so completely lost in her delightful schemes, that her equally absent guide might have led her the whole circuit, had not Colonel Fairfax suddenly checked himself in his eager discourse, on perceiving they had reached the end of the isl-

and, and were going towards the ferry, and exclaimed—

“Truly, my dear, you and Louisa must have been conversing on some very interesting subject, to have wandered so far without perceiving it.”

“Conversing! we have not spoken a word.”

“Well, that’s more surprising yet,” said Colonel Fairfax; “why, my dear wife, if you were younger by a score of years, I should be half jealous, and think you were in love. What say you, Louisa, is not love blind, and apt to lead you out of your way? Ah,” continued the good old Colonel, “you need not answer, your blushes speak more eloquently, and more truly, than your tongue would do.”

“Now that I have found out how far I have walked,” said Mrs. Fairfax, “I feel prodigiously tired, and must absolutely sit down and rest myself, although the sun has almost set.”

Her husband laughed, and said her weariness was only imaginary, and he now found that her inability to walk was the same; “and who knows,” said he, “but all the other infirmities of age may be mere fancy, and my good woman be as brisk as ever.”

However, he consented to rest, and sat down on a bench near the gate. There was no room for Louisa, and she found a seat a little further on, at the foot of a tree. She was very warm, and threw off her hat and shawl, and shook back the long flaxen ringlets that had fallen over her face. Exercise and emotion had suffused that usually pale face with a blush, as bright and as warm as the vermilion that glowed in the western sky. The boatmen’s voices, as they pulled a boat ashore, were not heard by any of the party, who were engaged in lively conversation, or by Louisa, who, leaning her head against the tree,

was gazing on the sun, setting in all the splendour of an autumnal sky, when the gate opened, and Sidney Jones entered. An exclamation of delight from Mrs. Fairfax, roused Louisa, and she started from her seat, on seeing who had entered, and on recognising him to be the same person as the young Missionary. A universal trembling seized her, and she was glad to lean against the tree, when Mrs. Fairfax impatiently pulling him away from the gentlemen, with whom he was shaking hands, led him to the agitated Louisa, saying,

“My dear Sidney, let me introduce you to my dear Louisa,” and her eyes darted from one face to another as she spoke.

Every hope was realized! She saw the animated delight, the sweet surprise, which sparkled in the eyes of her adopted son, as he bowed, and said, in that sweet, full-toned voice, which had once before thrilled on Louisa’s ear,

“Miss Seymour, I presume?”

Louisa bowed, and blushed.

The delighted old lady exclaimed, “how do you know it is Miss Seymour; I did not mention her name?”

“But *I* have heard it mentioned, by many and many a grateful heart, which has been made happy by her goodness,” he replied, with emotion.

“Better and better,” thought the happy Mrs. Fairfax. “Why, this is beyond all I hoped or expected. Dear creatures, how pleased they both look; and how beautiful Louisa looks when she blushes—I never saw her look so beautiful before.” Such were her thoughts, for she had the forbearance not to give vent to her extacy, though she was almost forced to bite her lips, in order to keep them closed.

The first glance of Louisa’s up-lifted eye, to

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The first glance of Louisa’s up-lifted eye, to

the face that was turned on her in eager gaze, told her that they were not strangers. "Yet, where have we known each other," thought she, "that his countenance should be so familiar; that I should feel as if it was a friend, a long absent friend, that I meet after a long absence. Ah, it must be as Mrs. Williams says; we must have known each other in heaven, and we now meet on earth, as friends long separated." While thoughts like these were rapidly passing through Louisa's mind, did no similar recognition take place in that of Sidney? Oh, yes—He too, felt as if some kindred soul had just been restored to him. She was no stranger to his thoughts. Mrs. Williams had taken good care that he should be well acquainted with the soul of Louisa; with her kindness, her benevolence, her universal goodness. Often and often had the bright idea of her excellence accompanied him to his pillow, and illumined his dreams. He had not seen her face at the time she saw him. His whole soul had been engaged in the service he was performing, and no object had diverted his fixed attention. Yet how strange! she was so like the form in which his fancy had embodied the benevolent soul which Mrs. Williams had made known to him. When his imagination had pictured youthful beauty, it had borrowed its ideas from seraphs and angels, and painted it pure, delicate and pale, with eyes of heaven's own colour, and with sunny locks, such as shine round seraph brows. And how wonderful! that Louisa Seymour was all that his imagination had pictured of fair and beautiful!

He forgot at the moment, that Mrs. Williams had said she was pale as the snow-drop, and modest as the violet, and that her eyes were like the

stars in the dark blue firmament. He had been struck at the time with her poetical description; but did not now recollect, that out of the snow-drop, and violet, and bright stars, and blue sky, he had formed the seraph-like being on which his fancy loved to dwell; nor was he conscious that Mrs. Williams' exclamation of, "Oh, if ever there was an angel, she is one," had mingled his imaginings. No—all this was forgotten, and he thought it most a miraculous circumstance, that the real Louisa Seymour resembled the Louisa Seymour of his dreams.

How long it takes to translate into language the swift glancing thoughts of the mind! all these, and many more, had passed through the minds of these young people, in the few minutes it took Mrs. Fairfax to tie her bonnet and draw on her gloves, and while Louisa did the same.

No one thought of the length of the way; Sidney walked between Mrs. Fairfax and Louisa, and the old lady seemed inclined to verify her husband's assertion, that her inability to walk was all imaginary, and that she might be as brisk as ever. She had all the talk to herself, for Sidney and Louisa felt as if such a wonderful Providence had brought them together, that they were lost in silent meditation on the subject, while their warm-hearted friend was asking a hundred questions, of where he had been, what he had been doing, and, without waiting for them to be answered, ran on with an account of Louisa's arrival, of their walks, of their visits, where she had heard a great deal about him, and asked him if his right cheek had not burned yesterday morning.

"I really cannot tell that," he answered, "but I know it burns now."

"Well, that is very strange," said the old lady; "why, no one is praising you now."

"Are you sure of that?" said Louisa, archly, looking round to the gentlemen, who were following close behind, and from whom she had heard some words of such an import; for the ear will hear the praise of an interesting object, when it is deaf to every other sound.

"Really," said Mrs. Fairfax, as she sat down on a sofa in the hall, "I am growing young again; I do not feel the least tired, although I have walked almost two miles."

"I have always found," said Mr. Seymour, "that nothing gives either mind or body such activity and elasticity as happiness; and you seem so very happy this evening, that I do not wonder you are not fatigued."

"Happy!" said the Colonel, "why I have not seen the dear soul so young and happy this half century." A cloud stole across the countenances of both Colonel and Mrs. Fairfax, as he said this. With an effort, they cleared it away, as if resolved the sorrows of the past should not throw a gloom over the joys of the present.

"It would be ingratitude to the kind Providence," thought Mrs. Fairfax, "who has made up my loss by the gift of such a son;" and she looked with tenderness on him, as the idea occurred.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Seymour learned that Mr. Jones was the son of one of his earliest and dearest friends.

"We passed through college together, and studied law in the same office. Our tastes and pursuits were similar, and some of the very happiest hours of my life were passed in his society. In youth, when the affections are warm, friendship is a sentiment almost as tender and exclusive as love; we found, at least, it was sufficient to oc-

copy our hearts, and keep them free from a more absorbing and dangerous passion ; and now, in advanced life, the memory of those peaceful and happy days gleams on my mind, like moonlight upon the landscape. Days of enthusiasm and romance, how pure and simple were your pleasures ! When the dull studies of the morning were over, after being shut up in a little dark office, in a narrow street, with what delight would we, of a fine afternoon in the spring, or of a summer's evening, just as the sun was setting, leave the precincts of the crowded and dusty city, and roam over the fields and hills, and inhale the pure and refreshing air of the country. The romantic grounds of the island afforded an endless variety of walks ; but those we best loved, were along the East River, or the shores of the Hudson ; or, sometimes crossing that noble stream, we would go to Hoboken, and, among the solitudes of the Jersey shore, indulge the musings of high-wrought fancy, read some favourite poet, or, quite as often, tune our own reeds to some rural strain, for, I need not tell you, Mr. Jones, your father was a poet. To what scenes of past and unalloyed delight has memory transported me ; scenes and delights, I make no doubt, familiar to you ; for, with a similar taste, you must have similar pleasures and pursuits."

" My dear father," said Louisa, " I never imagined you had so much romance in your disposition."

" And I had almost forgotten it, Louisa. After my return to my native state, I soon became a politician, as well as a lawyer—two vocations, the atmosphere of which is fatal to romance. But the recollections of youth have kindled the latent spark."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Oh, married love ! thy bard shall own,
When two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain's inlaid with down,
Thy lamp's with heaven's own lustre bright.

Langhorne.

MRS. FAIRFAX'S warm heart again found objects for its most ardent affections. The interest excited by her young friends seemed like the resurrection of those fond hopes which had been buried in her daughter's grave. The realities of life never sufficed her lively and creative fancy, which delighted to plan schemes of felicity beyond the common-place destiny of man. Her own course was finished, she had reached the haven, and was laid up for the rest of life. But the heart never grows old, and in some breasts, the fire of enthusiasm is never extinguished: in her daughter, the good old lady had lived life over again; but the sweet hopes, and visionary schemes she had indulged for her, were extinguished by death,—and destitute of object, her heart and her imagination had preyed on her own peace, until Sidney and Louisa came to absorb this superabundance of fancy and feeling, which at her age was more oppressive than invigorating.

Together they trod the romantic and shady paths, which wound in every direction round this charming islet. At one end, there was a fishing-house, placed among the rocks, and shaded by weeping-willows, and other trees that love the water side. Here, the waters of the Potomac perpetually murmured at their feet, and

the winds of autumn sighed amid the branches that waved above their heads, making sweet and soothing music, which serenaded the mind and softened the heart. To this solitary spot, Louisa would carry her work, and Sidney his book, and linger till the sun set behind the high-wooded hills of Virginia, throwing a flood of radiance on the water, and tipping the tree tops with gold. The book and work were seldom thought of, but were thrown aside; while, with their eyes turned on the various scenery, or fixed on the gliding river, they would converse on themes suggested by taste, fancy, or feeling; and as twilight stole over the scene, and the glow of evening faded from the horizon, still would they linger, and leaning over the rocks, would watch the reflection in the waves vanishing by degrees, till the stream rolled in darkness by them; even then would they linger still, to catch the soft sounds of the rippling waves, and to mark the stars one by one appearing on the face of heaven, and reflected on the bosom of the waters. Their souls would hold high converse, and rising from earth, would commune of the joys of heaven.

“What was the world to them?
Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?
Who in each other find whatever fair
High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish?”

and who formed their ideas of the joys of heaven, from that which filled their own pure and innocent bosoms. Oh! what are the joys of sense compared to that sublimation of soul, which seems to etherealize the nature, and blends the purity of an angel's with the ardour of a seraph's love! Such a sentiment needs not language. Where thought meets thought, and sympathy mingles every feeling, silence is more eloquent than words.

At such wrapt moments, these fond enthusiasts would almost lose the sense of present existence, and would expatiate in the eternity of their being. "Oh!" exclaimed Louisa, as she gazed on the thickly spangled firmament of heaven, "how I long to soar to those bright regions, and dwell among the stars!" Following her train of thought, Sidney answered her by apostrophising the constellations on which she gazed.

"Ye citadels of light! perhaps our future home,
From whence the soul, revolving periods past,
May oft look back with recollected tenderness, on all
The various scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doating tale, that soothed
Her infant hours!"

"Or rather," said he, "look back with recollected tenderness, not on deep-laid projects and strange events, but on such an hour as this! Dear Miss Seymour, I feel as if even there, my happiness might be increased by the recollection."

Days and weeks now glided most charmingly away, in the enjoyment of those soul-satisfying pleasures, which affection, taste, and religion, only can bestow. Without neglecting his sacred duties, Sidney Jones found many an hour to pass in the sweet society of the gentle Louisa and warm hearted Mrs. Fairfax.

Dwelling beneath the same roof, united by congeniality of minds, it did not require a long acquaintance, to mellow into a tenderer sentiment the admiration and esteem these young people had conceived for each other. This sentiment was not the offspring of youth, beauty, or fancy; no—it was the product of virtue, reason, taste; it was the attraction of affinity. It would have been impossible for them to have known, and not to have loved each other; as impossible as for two streams not to mingle when they meet,

though the sources from which they flow may be far distant. Surely the theory of the poet must be true;—souls are paired in heaven—cast in the same mould, and adapted for each other; though so often separated in their descent to earth, that this theory can be seldom tested by experiment. But when these predestined souls do meet and mingle;

“Oh happy then, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite; and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love.”

And such were Sidney and Louisa, whom a kind Providence had brought together from distant places, and combined every circumstance which could accelerate their union.

Thus passed the time until Christmas, when Louisa returned home, accompanied by her friends. The city was very gay, but this family were too happy at home to be tempted abroad by what are called the gayeties of life.

The term of Mr. Jefferson's administration drew to its close, and his successor would take his place as quietly as if he had it by the right of descent, instead of election; so tranquil and unanimous had been the public choice. The citizens endeavoured to testify in every way they could, their respect and love for the friend who was about to leave them; for, in every sense of the word, had he been a friend to the city of Washington, and to its citizens. These attentions he more than reciprocated; and every one who had come within the sphere of his benevolence and hospitality, felt a tender and mournful regret steal over them, as the day approached that was to terminate a career which had diffused such happiness through his country. Few persons felt

this regret more sensibly than the Seymour family, by whom he was enthusiastically loved and venerated. But the day at length arrived, and exhibited to an admiring nation, the simplicity and perfection of our form of government.

Supreme power, that object of ambition in every age and country—that object for which brother has imbrued his hands in a brother's blood, sons have murdered their fathers, fields been deluged with gore, countries desolated, and nations destroyed—This object is here attained, not only without bloodshed, but without contention. A free people make a free choice. The power bestowed is limited to a short period, and when that has elapsed, it is transferred without violence to other hands. In the present instance, there was something more affecting than its security and simplicity; it was the sight of the joy with which this great man transferred his honours and his authority to one whom he loved as a son, and esteemed as a friend. So similar were their views of government, and their political principles, that it seemed like a continuation, and not a change in the administration. During the last year of Mr. Jefferson's term, addresses upon addresses had poured in from every part of the United States, intreating him longer to serve his country, and to allow himself to be re-elected. But wearied with the burden he had so long borne, and sighing for the tranquillity of domestic life, nothing but a sense of duty could have retained him in office. With a modest opinion of his own powers, and the highest estimation of those of his friend, his uniform answer to the solicitations of his countrymen was, that at his advanced age he could render no services to his country equal to those of his intended successor. That the interest of his country was the first object of his

solicitude, and he believed he would best promote that interest by resigning to younger hands the reigns of government.

On the fourth of March the new President was to take the oath of office. This ceremony took place in the Capitol; the Hall of Representatives was prepared for the occasion. On one side of the Speaker's chair were seats appropriated for the Cabinet Ministers, and diplomatic corps. On the other side, those arranged for the Judges of the Supreme Court, and officers of government. On the floor the members of the late Congress mixed with citizens and strangers of distinction. The raised seats around the Hall, usually appropriated to the Senators and foreign Ministers, were now assigned to the ladies, while the galleries were filled by the people at large.

At an early hour, the avenue leading to the Capitol, and the surrounding grounds, were thronged with a multitude, more eager to catch a last glimpse of their beloved and venerated Ex-President, than even a first view of his successor.

About noon, the carriages began to move towards the Capitol; no established etiquette prescribed attendance on the President, but esteem and love drew many of his fellow-citizens around him on this occasion, and the militia of the district, marine corps, and other military companies, volunteered their services, and swelled the cavalcade which followed his carriage. He had solicited his venerable friend to accompany him in the same carriage, which Mr. Jefferson declined, as he would not divide the honours lavished on the President. "I lay down my office, and return to the body of citizens; as one of them, it is my wish to pay my tribute of respect to the man of their choice." This he did, riding on

horseback, attended only by his private secretary, in the midst of the crowd of citizens who accompanied the President to the Capitol. This was true republicanism, in all its simplicity—its sublimity; for the sight of a great man, voluntarily resigning power, is far more grand and impressive than that of the one who assumes it. Such a sight realizes the Platonic and Utopian visions of philosophers and philanthropists, and is the verification of that liberty and equality of which they only dreamed.

The Hall of Representatives was early crowded by ladies and others who preferred the spectacle within, to that without the walls. At last, the folding doors were thrown open, the different public bodies, and military and civil officers, entered, and took their seats. The whole building seemed alive; every spot on which a foot could stand was occupied; the windows, the walls, were filled, and many clung to the pillars, who could not find a place to stand.

Silence and expectation lushed the vast assembly. Every eye was turned to the door. At last, the newly-elected President entered, attended by the Chief Justice, and his Cabinet Ministers; the Ex-President also glided in, and placed himself among the citizens, while his successor, approaching a table on which the Bible lay, took the oath of office, as administered by the Chief Justice.

He then ascended the Speaker's chair, and delivered his inaugural address. All was respectful silence; when, after finishing it, he withdrew; and it was not until he left the Hall, that loud huzzas proclaimed the people's gladness. He was attended to his own house by a crowd of carriages, and multitude of people. The street in which he lived was so thronged, it was difficult for carriages to make their way, or for the

company to get access to his house. Every passage and apartment was filled with the ladies and gentlemen, who hastened to offer him their congratulations. He and his lady stood at the door of the drawing-room, to receive their friends and fellow-citizens, and foreign ministers. The levee was crowded by light hearts and happy faces ; but, among the crowd, no one looked so happy, so elated, as the venerable Ex-President, for he, too, was there, to do honour to his friend. One of the company, who was intimately acquainted, shaking hands with him, said, "you look so happy, sir, that I can wish you joy with more sincerity than I did this day eight years ago." "You may safely do so," he replied ; "I am much happier at this moment than my friend."

When he left the room, the company followed him to his own house, there to offer to him their sincere regrets at losing him, and earnest wishes for his felicity in his retirement.

As Mr. Seymour led the ladies of his family to him, he said, smiling, while he looked round on the crowded drawing-room, "you see, sir, the *ladies* will follow you." "That is right," said he, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember in France, when Dr. Franklin was taking his leave, the ladies smothered him with embraces ; on his introducing me to them as his successor, I told him, I wished, among his other privileges, he would transfer this to me ; but he laughed, and replied, 'you are yet too young a man.'" Some of the ladies who heard the anecdote, said, they could scarcely help reminding him, that that objection no longer existed. So much and so personally was he beloved, that many an eye ran over with tears, as his friends and fellow citizens received his farewell.

At night, a splendid ball was given to the Pre-

sident. To this Mrs. Seymour and her family could not decline going. The room was so crowded, that it was impossible for the company to dance, but this was immaterial, as all they desired was to catch a look or word from the two Presidents. Mr. Jefferson did not stay above two hours, and no one had ever before seen him in such high spirits; his countenance beamed with a benevolent joy. Certainly, father never loved son more than he loves Mr. M——n; and it was observed, that every demonstration of regard or respect shown to him, gave him more evident satisfaction than those paid to himself. Some one observing to him, that Mr. M——n looked very serious, while he, Mr. Jefferson, looked very gay, “no wonder,” said he, smiling, “as I have got rid of a burden, and he has assumed it.” Every one crowded round the Ex-President, wishing once more to see, once more to hear their loved fellow citizen. But desirous to escape from this public homage, he stole unperceived away, at an early hour, and retired to enjoy those calm and peaceful slumbers, which only the good enjoy.

From public life, this good and great man has withdrawn into the calm shades of retirement and domestic happiness—to a home endeared by the most ardent affection, the most devoted friendship; where, surrounded by his children, his grand-children, and great grand-children, he enjoys those pleasures his mind and his heart most prize. He stands on his mountain, like one of the oaks of his forests, flourishing in a green old age.

THE END.

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