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1854





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THE GEM ANNUAL.

1854.

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THE
G E M A N N U A L :

A
CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR,

AND
BIRTH-DAY PRESENT,

FOR

M D C C C L I V .

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
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cont.

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THE GEM ANNUAL.

LOUISA MONTAGUE.

BY W. C. S.

IT was a fine day in the month of October, 181—, when Alfred Montgomery, then on a visit to his uncle an eminent merchant residing in the city of York, set out to stroll as far as Bishopthorpe, the seat of the venerable and respected archbishop of the province. His route lay through fields which had been lately covered with standing corn, and had now assumed the hue of autumn. On his left waved the majestic elms that decorate the magnificent walk which runs by the river Ouse for nearly two miles, and is the finest terrace-walk in the kingdom; their leaves shone in the rays of the autumnal sun like burnished gold; behind him rose the towers of that majestic temple, York Minster, perhaps the most elaborate Gothic structure in England; whilst in front, the palace of Bishopthorpe, rearing its head above the plantations in which it appeared to be enveloped, closed the scene. Alfred had a heart not insensible to the beauties of nature, and he paused to

gaze on the surrounding objects with feelings of admiration and delight. He had just taken out his pencil to make a sketch of the venerable cathedral as it appeared in the distance, rising like a giant above the pigmy edifices by which it is surrounded, when a wild shriek burst upon his ear. It came from the high road which skirted the fields; and in an instant he leaped the hedge, and looked round to discover what it was that had alarmed him. A little way down the road, he saw two ruffians employed in rifling a female, who was extended on the ground; and, though armed only with a stick, he rushed to her rescue. The villains fled at his approach; for the guilty are generally cowards. Alfred then turned his attention to the fainting form of the female whom they had quitted. She was seemingly not more than eighteen; and though terror had blanched her cheek, yet it was evident that she possessed considerable personal attractions. Alfred raised her in his arms, and fortunately the terrified girl soon gave signs of returning animation; for my hero would have been at a loss how to proceed, if her insensibility had continued. Opening her eyes, she cast them on the ingenious countenance of her young deliverer:—"Am I safe?" she murmured in soft accents. "You have now nothing to fear; yet, as soon as you are able, we had better leave this spot, lest the villains, who have escaped, should return." "Oh, let us go now!" she exclaimed, raising herself from his arms: "I am quite recovered; I can walk home now." "You will allow me to attend

you; I cannot think of trusting you alone," said Alfred; a proposition which was readily assented to by his fair companion; and they proceeded towards the cottage of her aunt, which she informed him was situated at only a short distance.

Arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Mildmay, Alfred was overwhelmed with the thanks of that lady for the service which he had rendered her niece; and he received them with a manly ingenuousness which strongly recommended him to the notice of both. His connexions were not unknown to Mrs. Mildmay, and during his stay in York he frequently repeated his visits; and when he departed for the metropolis, he carried with him the assurance that the heart of the lovely Amelia Mildmay was wholly his.

Alfred had some difficulty in tearing himself from the spot in which all his hopes and wishes centred; but the commands of his father were imperative. Sir James Montgomery was the head of an ancient house, and he looked to his son as one who was destined to perpetuate its honours. Alfred well knew that his father would never consent to his union with the orphan and portionless daughter of a country surgeon—for such Amelia Mildmay was—however amiable or however accomplished; and he obeyed his summons with a foreboding dread of much evil that was to come, but with a firm determination to withstand all efforts to induce him to break the vows he had pledged to Amelia. But Alfred knew not his own heart; he depended too much on the

strength and stability of his affections, and they deceived him.

Sir James had heard from his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence, with whom Alfred had been staying at York, that his son had formed an attachment to a young lady who had nothing to recommend her but beauty, amiable disposition, and extensive accomplishments; which latter were bestowed upon her by a doting father, who when in prosperity, with a lucrative profession, and the fair prospect of leaving the image of his regretted wife an ample if not an affluent provision, spared no expense in procuring her the most eminent masters; and Amelia did honour to their care. Adversity, however, soon blighted all the hopes of Mr. Mildmay, and he died a martyr to despair, leaving his child to the protection of the wife of his deceased brother, who had for six years supplied the place of her parents, with an affection which Amelia dutifully repaid. Thus, though Miss Mildmay would have graced a ducal coronet, yet the want of high birth—that of fortune would have been no object—prevented Sir James Montgomery, who looked upon the *penchant* of the young people as a mere childish passion, from receiving her as his daughter.

Arrived at his father's splendid mansion in Grosvenor-square, Alfred found a large party assembled to enjoy the festive gaieties of a "winter in London." At first he entered into the scenes of splendid dissipation in which he was immersed with reluctance, and his heart reverted to the banks of the Ouse and the lovely Amelia;

but soon—such is the influence of bright eyes and fine forms—he joined in them with a degree of pleasure which was unaccountable to himself, but which a judge of poor human nature would have found no difficulty in tracing to the right cause. The fact was, Alfred, though gifted with many excellent qualities, inherited no small share of his father's family pride. The seeds of vanity also were thickly strewn in his composition, and strangely marred his otherwise amiable disposition. The heir of Sir James Montgomery's title and fortune, he was of course an object of desire to all the disengaged young ladies, whose mammas or other relatives were on terms of intimacy with the family; and many were the snares laid to entrap his affections. Some of these were so palpable, that they failed through their own grossness; but others were more delicately managed: and whilst the vanity of the young man was flattered on the one hand, his interest was excited on the other. For the honour of that sex, which Heaven, in pity to man, sent

“ ——— to cheer
The fitful struggles of our passage here,”

I must add, that those females, who were so anxiously striving to win the youthful heir, were few in number; and that even of those, not one, I verily believe, would have endeavoured to captivate his affections, if they had known that a lovely fair one, to whom he had plighted his vows, was pining in secret for him.

In a few months, Alfred almost ceased to remember

that such a being as Amelia Mildmay existed. His days were devoted to the society of a number of dashing young fellows, who contrived to kill time at the clubs and other places of fashionable resort; his nights to the opera, the theatres, or Almaek's; to splendid routs, fascinating balls, or scientific *conversazioni*. At every turn he was assailed by the blandishments of flattery; on all sides he was the object of the most assiduous attentions from the rich, and the young, and the beautiful. Is it wonderful, then, that his heart became entangled? Is it wonderful that the quiet, unobtrusive qualities of Amelia, were forgotten amidst the glare, and pretensions, and fascinations of a London fashionable life? I offer no apology for his infidelity; I state facts, and lament that truth compels me to record the defection of Alfred Montgomery from his vows.

But how passed this time with Amelia? At first, with hope for her companion, she looked forward to future happiness as certain, and dwelt with delight upon the prospect of wedded bliss. But conscience interfered to damp these pleasing anticipations. She had concealed from her aunt, at Alfred's request, the fact of a mutual engagement having taken place between them, and her heart bitterly smote her with having practised duplicity in regard to this revered relative. She soon, however, set her conscience at rest, by telling Mrs. Mildmay the whole little history of her guileless bosom; and a gentle chiding was the only reprimand which that kind and affectionate woman could bring herself to

bestow on the lovely girl, who looked up to her for forgiveness and protection. Her self-approbation thus restored, Amelia anticipated with eager anxiety the receipt of a letter from town. It came, and was worded in language as ardent as her own feelings—as pure as her own imaginings. Under the sanction of her aunt, she replied to this first love-epistle she had ever received; and such an effect had the few artless lines she penned upon Montgomery, that he absented himself from a gay party, made on purpose for him, in order to answer it. The next letter he received, he thought less interesting; but replied immediately. After the third, he suffered a longer period to elapse; a still longer after the fourth; and to her fifth epistle it was such an interval before any answer was received, that Amelia's heart was filled with foreboding fears: and when it arrived, it was so cold, so distant, so reserved; it breathed so much of the language of prudence, and so little of that of love, that all those fears were confirmed. Still, not even to her aunt would she whisper a suspicion of Alfred's truth, though the conviction that he no longer loved—at least not as she did, with a pure, devoted, undivided attachment—preyed upon her spirits, robbed her cheeks of their bloom and her eyes of their lustre; and the once gay and animated Amelia, was now only the shadow of her former self.

Whilst this amiable girl was thus lamenting the faithlessness of her absent lover, that lover was entangled in the snares which ambition and inclination entwined to captivate him. The Honourable Louisa

Montague was the daughter of the gallant admiral of that name, and the two families of Montgomery and Montague, were upon the most intimate terms with each other. Louisa loved; and she was besides ambitious of gaining one for whom so many females were contending. She assiduously paid court to Alfred, but in so delicate a manner, that she never betrayed her doing so. She appealed to him on every disputed point; she chose her books by his direction; sang those songs and played those pieces of music which he approved: occasionally a beautiful boquet, arranged by her hand, was presented to the youth; a purse was netted for him, and a thousand other bewitching little *agremens* displayed, which women know so well how to call into action, and which are so seductive in their effects upon those whom they are intended to charm. Alfred by degrees found Miss Montague's society almost necessary to his existence; he was her escort in the park, her attendant at the opera, her partner at the ball; and one morning, having called upon her to inquire after her health, as she had not been at Montgomery-house at all the preceding day—honour and Amelia being both forgotten—he made her an offer of his hand and fortune, and was accepted.

No sooner, however, had that magic word, which crowns the hopes of a true lover, passed the lips of the fair Louisa, than the thoughts of Amelia recurred to Alfred's breast. "He started like a guilty thing;" his colour changed, and he sank into a chair that happened to be close beside him. To the anxious inquiries of

Louisa, he returned the most incoherent answers, and at length rushed from her presence, in a state of mind which would have demanded pity, had it not been brought on by his own forgetfulness of what was due to the confiding girl who had bestowed her heart on him. He flew to solitude, but reflection maddened him; and he then resorted to society—but nothing could quiet the agitation of his mind. Had he confessed to Louisa the exact state of his heart, all might have still been well; for she was a noble-minded girl, though her amiable qualities were partially obscured by her ambition. But his pride would not allow him to acknowledge that he had acted with duplicity, that he had professed to love her, when his heart was devoted to another; and he finally resolved to abide by the event of the morning, and to forget, if possible, Bishopthorpe and Amelia Mildmay.

Both the families received the intelligence of Alfred's offer to Louisa Montague with joy; and immediate preparations were made for the marriage. Alfred wrote one hurried note to Amelia, to intimate that she must prepare her mind to hear of a change; and then he gave himself up to the fascinations of his betrothed. Eager to get rid of the agonizing thoughts which would intrude, and hoping he should feel more easy when it had become his duty to love and honour Louisa as his wife, he was anxious for the day which should unite them. Before that day arrived, he had totally forgotten Amelia; and when he led Louisa to the altar, not one thought of

her disturbed his bosom. Such is man ! and such, too frequently, is man's love ! It rages with violence for a time ; but absence cools the flame, and too often totally extinguishes it, even when the object possesses every qualification which can reflect honour on his choice.

The newspapers informed Amelia of the marriage of Alfred, and the next day she disappeared from the cottage of her aunt, whose most anxious inquiries could obtain no tidings of her. It would be vain to describe her anguish ;—she loved Amelia as her child ; and when two days had elapsed, and no intelligence was received of the fugitive, she was laid on the bed of sickness, caused by anxiety for the fate, and exertion to discover the retreat of her beloved niece.

Alfred and his wife departed, as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed, for a seat belonging to Sir James Montgomery, situated in the most beautiful part of Devonshire. There, blest in each other's society, the days flew swiftly away, and time seemed to have added new pinions to his wings ; so short seemed the hours as they passed. But this was happiness too exquisite to be of long duration. On the tenth day of their residence at Chilton-house, Louisa was walking on the lawn in front of the building, equipped for riding, and waiting for Alfred, who was to accompany her to take a view of some picturesque object in the neighborhood. Suddenly her attention was excited by a female, who, with agitated step and a wild and distracted mien, approached and surveyed her with a piercing eye, in which the fire of

insanity was clearly to be distinguished. She spoke not, but gazed anxiously and steadfastly on Louisa, who shrunk from the close inspection, and yet seemed rooted to the spot, as if deprived of the power to move. Suddenly the figure approached nearer, and passing her hand across the fair brow of Mrs. Montgomery, she put aside the ringlets which overshadowed it, and exclaimed, after the pause of perhaps a minute, "Are you his wife?—but no!" the fair maniac (for such she was) continued, "he is mine; his faith was plighted to me—you can have nothing to do with *my* Alfred!"

What an agonizing moment was this for Louisa! She saw before her one who had been deceived by the man to whom she had plighted her vows, and whose reason had fallen a sacrifice to her base and unnatural desertion. What a thought for a doting wife,—for a proud one, too, who would never have accepted a divided heart, or been contented with a share only of her husband's affection!—But perhaps there might be some mistake; she would try.

"What Alfred do you mean, my poor woman!" she asked, in a tone of sympathy.

"Why, my own Alfred—Alfred Montgomery—him for whom I twined this wreath:—but the flowers are faded now—so, methinks, is his love, for it is a long while since I have heard from him!" She took a wreath of flowers from her bosom as she spoke, and, pressing it to her lips, presented it to Mrs. Montgomery.

"See," she cried, "these are the flowers he used

to love! I plucked them from my own bower—that bower which Alfred decorated.—But I cannot give it to you: no, I must keep it for Alfred.—Alfred!” she exclaimed in a loud and piercing voice, “where art thou, Alfred?”—then adding in a lower and plaintive tone: “They told me he was married, but I would not believe it. I wandered through wind and through rain, through brake and through briar, till I reached his home: there they told me too that he was married. Still I would not believe it: I followed him here, for is he not mine? what right, then, have you here?”

Amelia—for it was indeed that lost, unhappy girl—now seized Louisa wildly by the hand; she uttered a piercing shriek; and the well-known voice reached the ear of her husband; he was instantly by her side, eager to see what had occurred to alarm her! But what a sight met his eyes! He beheld his newly-married wife supported by her maid, who had also heard her shriek, pale and inanimate, the picture of death; whilst at her feet lay the lovely being whom he had made wretched. How she came there he was at a loss to conjecture; and, not knowing what had passed between her and his wife, he was equally at a loss how to act. Before he could recall his scattered ideas, and resolve on what was to be done, Amelia raised herself from the ground, and catching his eye she sprang up, and clinging to him she exclaimed, “He is here! he is mine!—Oh, Alfred! they told me you were married; that you had ceased to love me: but I would not believe that you could slight

the heart which beats only for you!—Feel!” and she took his hand, and placed it on her bosom, “how it flutters, poor thing!—it will soon be still. Alfred, I am dying!”—and her voice suddenly assumed a rational and composed tone—“I know not what I have said, what I have done; I have wandered I know not where or how: but—but ——.” She struggled to articulate something more, but nature was exhausted; she heaved one sigh—dropped her head on his bosom—and expired.”

Whilst this scene was passing, the servant had conveyed Louisa into the house, whither Alfred followed with his lifeless burden, almost as unconscious as the form he bore. He laid the corpse on a sofa in the parlour—he threw himself by the side of it, and called upon his Amelia once more to live for love and him. Then the recollection of his wife flashed across his mind; he rose, and throwing himself into a chair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed convulsively. This paroxysm over, he became rather calmer, and sought Louisa, who had retired to her chamber. To her he gave a full explanation of his acquaintance with Amelia, and pleaded so effectually for forgiveness, that it was soon granted. But a sting was planted in his heart, which time could never remove. In the midst of all that fortune could bestow, and blessed with happiness seemingly beyond the lot of humanity, the remembrance of Amelia always intruded in the hours of retirement; it was the cankerworm which robbed his nights of repose, his days of happiness; and he lived a memo-

rable instance of splendid misery. His wife's lot was more happy, for to her he was an attentive and affectionate husband; and at his death, which took place about a year after his marriage, her grief was sincere and heartfelt. She had numerous offers of marriage, but rejected them all; faithful to the memory of him who, as her first, she was determined should be her only love.

It remains, however, to be explained how Amelia reached Devonshire. She knew Alfred's residence in town from the address of his letters; and from the servants at Montgomery-house it was ascertained that a female, who answered her description, had been inquiring for him a few days after the bridal party left town. On being told that he was gone to Chilton with his bride, she made no reply but rushed out of the hall. It appeared that a stage-coach had set her down at an inn near the seat of Montgomery; but whether she had travelled in that manner all the way from London, or whether part of the journey had been performed on foot, was never known—most probably, from the state of her dress, the latter was the case. At the expense of Alfred, her corpse was removed to Bishopthorpe, and interred in the church-yard of that village. Her aunt did not long survive her, and they lie in one grave.

This is a melancholy tale, but the incidents are facts which came within my knowledge. I have seen the grave of this hapless girl, and dropped the tear of pity for her fate.

THE BRIBE.

BY ISAAC DORE AMOS, ESQ.

NOT to be had for love or gold ;”
By which most trite and vulgar saying
Briefly, you can't succeed, you're told,
 Either by coaxing, or by paying.
How coolly hath the proverb twined
 The chains of ore with wreaths of flowers !
How are sick hearts and guineas joined,
 And gold and love made equal powers !
Alas ! confess, each reigns in turn,
 With influence equally divided ;
For all our youth we riches spurn,
 And all our age is love derided.
Behold the crone, with wither'd smile,
 Upon “ the Bribe ” in triumph gazing,
And slyly deeming all the while,
 The folly of the youth amazing :
She hath been young,—and all Peru
 Would then have fail'd to tempt or move her ;
Though now she scoffs at those who woo,
 And barter hope with many a lover.

Behold the maid, with timid grace,
Her bashful, downcast glance eluding
The eyes that dwell upon her face,
(Into her heart's deep thoughts intruding :)
And Him, whose happy, trusting heart
Throbs warmly, as her faint steps linger
That he may place, ere she depart,
The token ring upon her finger.
They must grow old,—and many a day
The story of their youth repeating,
Upon their faded lips shall play
A smile like moonlight, faint and fleeting ;
A smile, where Memory's fond regret,
And scorn for follies past, seem blended :—
Feelings they cannot quite forget,
And soberer views, now all is ended.
A smile, as though their hearts compared
Those days of glowing love and laughter,
When all was for a vision dared,
With the cold *real* that followed after.
Ah ! when we see such smiles, we know
The aching heart is inly sighing
O'er thoughts, which pierce enough to show
The tutored lips are vainly lying :—
And Love, o'er pulses slow and cold,
A momentary triumph gaining,
Disputes with Age's idol, Gold,
And grudges him his hour of reigning !

THE INDIAN ORPHAN.

A TALE.

Surely there are
Some stars whose influence is upon our lives
Evil and overpowering: it is those
That blight the young rose in its earliest spring;
Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea;
Wing the shaft to the youthful warrior's breast
In his first field: and fade the crimson cheek
And blue eyes of the beautiful

L. E. L.

YES, I remember well how she would sit of an evening and watch the sky, while her eyes flashed with light, as wild, as intense, as the brightest star on which she gazed; and when my kiss awakened her from her dream, I remember too, the warm heavy tears that were on the cheek she pressed to mine. "Thou art not like thy mother, my fair child," she would exclaim; "may thy life be unlike hers too!" and the words came forth so gently, and her voice was so sweet! I better loved to sit by her knee, and listen to her sad soft song, than to chase the fairest butterfly that lay like a gem on the roses I delighted to water. But my mother's voice grew feeble, and darkness settled on her eyes; her lip grew pale and parched, and when I hung on her neck, she

told me she was sick and faint, and wept: she would lie for hours on the mat, and an old woman who came to see us sometimes, said she was dying. Dying!—I knew not what she meant, but I felt sad, very sad, and went and lay down by my mother; but the hand I took was burning, and the pressure was so slight I scarcely felt it.

It was a beautiful summer sunset,—not those soft gradual tints which melt on the evenings I have since seen in England; but the sunset of a southern clime, all passion, all flame—the sky was crimson; the Ganges was crimson too; its waves flashed through the green foliage that overshadowed it, like the gush of red meteors through the midnight clouds. My mother called me to her; I knelt by the mat, while she told me to look on the glorious sky, and said it was the last she should ever see; that like that sun she was passing to darkness and silence, but not like that sun to return. She said she looked for the arrival of a stranger; and if he came after her spirit had fled—“My child, you will remember your mother’s last words—tell him I have loved him even unto death; my latest prayer was his name and thine.” She leant back, and gasped fearfully, then lay quiet as if she slept, yet her eyes were open and fixed upon me. I remember yet, how I trembled before that cold and appalling look. It grew dark; I lay down close to her side and fell asleep. The morning sun was looking cheerfully forth when I awoke:—my mother lay so still, so motionless, that I believed her to be yet

sleeping, but her eyes wide open and bent on me, tempted me to kiss her; even at this moment the chill of that touch is upon my lips. For the first time I shrank from her; I spoke, but she answered not; I took her cold hand, but instantly loosed it: it fell from mine—she had said she was dying—could this be death? I felt a wild, vague conviction that we were separated for ever; but the very despair of separation brought with it the hope of re-union; I might die too.

I was repeating, with incoherent rapidity, “My mother, let me die with you!” one arm round the neck of the corpse, the other fanning backwards and forwards, to keep away the flies, and my cheek resting upon hers, when the door of the hut opened, and a stranger entered. I looked up with wonder, not unmixed with pleasure: the splendour of his scarlet and gold dress, the white waving plumes of his helmet, soon attracted a child’s attention; but child as I was, one glance at his face fastened my gaze. The deep crimson of exercise had given place to a hue of ghastly whiteness; every feature was convulsed; his deep broken sobs as he sat by the bed, his face covered with his hands, yet startle my memory: at last I remembered my mother’s words, and hesitatingly approached him, and repeated them. He started, and clasped me in his arms. I felt his tears on my face; he seemed kind, yet fear was my principal sensation, as wringing my hands and my mother’s together, he said in words scarcely audible: “Abra, my care of our child shall atone for my

desertion of thee!" Others, his attendants, now came in: to one of these he gave me in charge; but when they strove to raise me from the body, I struggled in their hold, and grasped a hand, and implored my mother to keep me. I was, however, carried away, weeping the first tears of sorrow I had ever shed.

My course of life was completely changed: I was placed in the family of a Mr. and Mrs. L—. They had many children of their own, educated under their own roof; to my father it therefore appeared a most eligible situation: to me it was one of unceasing mortification, of unvaried unhappiness. Mr. and Mrs. L. considered me as an incumbrance, which their obligations to Mr. St. Leger did not allow them to throw off; and their children as a rival, though from my being the daughter of an Indian, as a being inferior to all. But this very repelling of my best affections caused them to flow the more strongly where their current was not checked; the memory of my mother was to me the heart's religion; my love to my father was the sole charm of existence. I grew up a neglected, solitary, and melancholy girl, affectionate from nature, reserved from necessity; when I was suddenly summoned to attend the death-bed of my father. He breathed his last in my arms. I never left the corpse—I watched the warmth, the last colour of life depart, till the hand became ice, the cheek marble. He was buried in his uniform; my hand threw the military cloak over his face: even when they nailed down the coffin I remained, though every blow struck on my

heart as the farewell to happiness, the last words of hope. They bore the corpse away; and as the physician forbade my attendance at the funeral, I watched the procession as it passed the window. The muffled drums, the dead march, seemed sounds from the grave; stately figures paced with slow and solemn steps; with their arms and eyes bent down silently to the earth, I saw them move onward; I lost the sound of the heavy measured tread, I only caught a distant tone of the now faint music. I sprang forward in desperate eagerness; the sun was at noon; my head was uncovered, yet I felt not the heat: I followed, and reached the grave as they were lowering the body to its long, last home. The whole scene swam before me, and I was carried back insensible by some who recognized me. On my recovery I was coldly informed that my father's property, left wholly mine, insured me a small, but independent fortune; and that his will expressed a wish for my immediate departure for England, assigned to the care of a Mrs. Audley, a distant relation of his. Every thing was prepared for my departure: an orphan, with not one either to love or be loved by, I was perfectly indifferent to my future destiny. The evening before I embarked, I went to bid farewell to my father's grave; there was a storm gathering on the sky, and the hot still air and my own full heart, oppressed me almost to suffocation. There was no light, save from the fire-flies which covered the mansion, or from the dim reflection of the red flames which had been kindled on the banks of the river. I reached

the grave; the newly turned-up earth of its mound was close to another, where the green grass grew in all its rank luxuriance. I looked upon the plain white stone; it was, as my heart foretold, graven with my mother's name, which had hitherto been concealed from me. I sat down; tears of the most soothing gratitude fell over the graves; I felt so thankful that they were united in death. It was to me happiness, that earth had yet something to which I could attach myself; only those who have wept over the precious sod which contains all they loved, all they worshipped, can tell how dear are these lonely dwellings of the departed. I knelt, prayed, wept, and kissed the clay of each parent's grave by turns; and only the red light of the morning warned me to depart. I went home and slept, and the fearful dream of my feverish slumber yet hangs upon me. I was alone, in a dark and wild desert; the ground beneath was parched, yet the sky was black, and red streaks of light passed over it. I heard the hiss of serpents, the howl of savage beasts; my lips were dry and hot; my feet burned as they pressed the fiery sand; and my heart beat even to agony; when suddenly freshness and sweetness breathed around—there came sounds of music and delightful voices; bright and beautiful forms gathered on the air; I found myself in a green and blessed place. Two came towards me—my father, my mother! they embraced me, and I awoke soothed, with their smile visible before me, their blessing yet breathing in my ears. The next day I embarked, and we set sail

immediately; yet I had time to contrast my own forlorn neglectedness with the lot of others; and bitterly did I feel the kind farewells, the blessings implored on my companions. I envied them even the sorrow of parting.

At length the sun set in the waters, and till the final close of the evening I lingered by the side of the vessel. It was a calm sky: not a shadow was on the face of heaven, not a breeze ruffled the sleeping waves, no sound nor motion broke the deep repose; but repose was at this moment irksome to my soul. Was I the only one disturbed and agitated? A cloud, a breath of wind, would have been luxury—they would have seemed to enter into my feelings, to take away my sense of utter loneliness. I left the deck, for there were hurried steps around, and my idleness weighed upon me like a reproach; I felt useless, insignificant; there were glad voices talking close by my side—there were tones of hope, exultation, sorrow, and affection—I could sympathise with none of them. I hastily threw open the window of the cabin, and saw the country I was leaving for ever, like a line in the air, and all but lost in the horizon. No one can say farewell with indifference; and there I leant, gazing on the receding land anxiously, nay even fondly, till darkness closed around, and I could no longer even fancy I saw it. Lost in that vague, but painful reverie, when the mind, too agitated to dwell on any one subject, crowds past sorrows and future fears upon the overburthened present, time had passed unheeded, and the moon, now risen, made the coast visible again. It must

be agony to the heart to say a long, and it may prove an eternal farewell, to all connected with us by every link of early association and affection of many years' standing; to the mother whose smile was the light of our childhood; to the father whose heart goes with us; to all who have shared in our joys and our griefs: this, indeed, must be an overflowing of the cup of affliction; but even this painful accumulation of feeling was preferable to mine of single and complete isolation. It is soothing to reflect, that we are dear to those we leave behind; that there are some who will treasure our memory in the long hours of absence, and look forward to our meeting again; for never does the moment of reunion rise so forcibly on the mind as at that of separation. These thoughts are like rain-drops in the season of drought. But I looked on the land of my birth, and knew there was not one to call a blessing on her far away; not one to wish the wanderer's return! the cold earth lay heavily on the hearts that would have throbbed at my departing; the eyes that would have wept, were sealed by death, in the home of darkness and forgetfulness, where joy and sorrow are alike.

The voyage appeared short, for I had nothing to anticipate, and the glories of the ocean suited my feelings. I have looked on the face of nature with love and with wonder; but never have I had that intense communion with her beauties which I have had at sea. At last the white cliffs of England came in sight: they were hailed with a shout of delight; it had no echo in my heart.

But it was when we arrived in port, that I more than ever felt how very lonely I was. The whole ship was bustle, confusion, and happiness; numbers were every moment crowding the deck—there was the affectionate welcome, the cordial embrace, words of tenderness, still tenderer tears; all was agitation, anxiety, and delight. There was one group in particular, a sailor whose little boy was so grown that he did not at first recognize him—the delight of the child, two inches taller with pleasure—the half affection, half pride, glowing in the fresh island complexion of the mother—every kindly pulse of the heart sympathized with them. I felt doubly an orphan as they left the deck. At this moment a young man addressed me, and announcing himself as the son of Mrs. Audley, the lady with whom I was henceforth to live, led me to the boat which waited at the side of the vessel; and a short journey brought us to Clifton, and the cottage where Mrs. Audley resides. How vividly the thoughts and feelings which crowded that night about my pillow, rise upon my memory! I think it is not saying too much of that natural instinct which attracts us to one person, and repels us from another, when I call it infallible. There is truth and certainty in our first impressions; we are so much the creatures of habit, so much governed in our opinions by the opinions of others, we so rarely begin to think, till our thoughts are already biassed, that our intuitive perception of good and evil, and consequently of friend and foe, is utterly neglected. If, in forming our attach-

ments, instead of repeating what we have heard, we recalled our feelings when we first met, there would be fewer complaints than are now of disappointed expectations. First impressions are natural monitors, and nature is a true guide. My impressions were delightful—I slept contented and confiding; and my spirits next day were worthy of the lovely morning that aroused them.

Mrs. Audley's cottage, the landscape, and the sky, were altogether English: the white walls, the green blinds, the open sash-windows, the upper ones hung round with the thick jessamine that had grown up to the roof; the lower ones, into which the rose-trees looked; the blinds half-way down, just showing the cluster of red roses and nothing more, though they completely admitted the air, loaded with the breath of the mignonette; while the eyes felt relieved by the green and beautiful, but dim light which they threw over the room. It was like enchantment to step from the cool and shadowy parlour into the garden, with its thousand colours; the beds covered with annuals, those rainbows of the spring, the Guelder rose, the laburnums, mines of silver and gold; the fine green turf; but nothing struck me so much as, beneath the shade of an old beech tree, a bank entirely covered with violets. It may seem fanciful, but to me the violet is the very emblem of woman's love; it springs up in secret; it hides its perfume even when gathered; how timidly its deep blue leaves bend on their slight stem!

The resemblance may be carried yet further—woman's love is but beautiful in its purity; let the hot breath of passion once sully it, and its beauty is departed—thus as the summer advances, the violet loses its fragrance; June comes, but its odours are fled—the heart too has its June; the flower may remain, but its fragrance is gone for ever. Flowers are the interpreters of love in India; painting in the most vivid, but in the softest colours, speaking in the sweetest sighs: while each blossom that fades is a mournful remembrancer, either of blighted hopes or of departed pleasures. I would give my lover violets; the rose has too much display. *J'admire les roses, mais je m'attendris sur les violettes.* The rose is beauty—the violet tenderness. And the country round was so placidly delightful. I had been used to the sweeping shadow of gigantic trees, to oceans of verdure, to the wide and magnificent Ganges; but the landscape here came with a quiet feeling of contentment on the heart. I remember so well the first time I ever walked on the downs! The day had been very showery, and the sky was but just beginning to clear; the dark gloomy volumes in which the tempest was rolling away, were but little removed from clouds of transparent whiteness, and between, like intervals of still enjoyment amid the hopes and fears of life, gleamed forth the deep calm blue of the horizon. Faintly coloured like a dream of bliss, a half-formed rainbow hung on the departing storm, as fearful of yet giving a promise of peace.

Every thing around was in that state of tremulous repose, which succeeds a short and violent rain. The long shadows and double brilliancy of the light from the reflecting rain-drops contrasted in the scenery, like sorrow and joy succeeding tears. Never could the banks of the Avon have been seen to greater advantage. On one side of the river rose rocks totally bare, but of every colour and every form; on the other side banks equally high were covered with trees in their thickest foliage; the one nature's stupendous fortress, the other her magnificent pavilion of leaves. One or two uncovered masses appeared, like the lingering foot-prints of desolation; but in general, where the statelier trees had not taken root, the soil was luxuriantly covered with heath, and the golden-blossomed furze. On the left, dew and sunshine seemed wholly to have fallen in vain: riven in every direction, the rocks had assumed a thousand different shapes, in which the eye might trace, or fancy it traced, every variety of ruin, spire, or turret—the mouldering battlement, the falling tower. Here and there a solitary bramble had taken root, almost as bare and desolate as the spot where it grew. The contrast between the banks, was like prosperity and adversity. I do think, if ever anybody was happy I was, for the next two years. It is strange, though true, that the happiest part of our life, is the shortest in detail. We dwell on the tempest that wrecked, the flood that overwhelmed—but we pass over in silence the numerous days we have spent in summer and sunshine.

Mrs. Audley was to me as a mother, and Edward and I loved each other with all the deep luxury of love in youth. It was luxury, for it was unconscious. Love is not happiness: hope, pleasure, delicious and passionate moments of rapture—all these belong to love, but not to happiness. Its season of enjoyment is when its existence is unknown, when fear has not agitated, hope has not expanded the flower but it opens to fade, and jealousy and disappointment are alike unfear'd, unfelt. The heart is animated by a secret music. Like the Arabian prince, who lived amid melody, perfume, beauty, and flowers, till he rashly penetrated the forbidden chamber; so, when the first sensations of love are analysed, and his mystery displayed, his least troubled, his most alluring dream, is past for ever. Edward was strikingly handsome; the head finely shaped as that of a Grecian statue, with its profusion of thick curls; the complexion beautiful as a girl's, but which the darkly arched eyebrows, the manly open countenance, redeemed from the charge of effeminaey, his eyes, (the expression of "filled with light" was not a mere exaggeration when applied to them;) and then the perfect unconsciousness, or, I should rather say, the utter neglect of his own beauty. He was destined for a soldier and for India; and perhaps there is no career in life whose commencement affords such scope for enthusiasm. However false the fancies may be of cutting your way to fame and fortune, of laurels, honours, &c., still there is natural chivalry enough in the heart,

to make the young soldier indulge largely in their romance. At length the time of his departure came: Edward was too proud to weep when he bade adieu to his mother and me, his affianced bride; but the black curls on his fair forehead were wet with suppressed agitation, and when he threw himself on horseback, at the garden gate, he galloped the animal at his utmost speed; but when he came to a little shadowy lane, apparently shut out from all, I saw from my window that his pace was slackened, and his head bowed down upon the neck of his steed. They say women are more constant than men: it is the constancy of circumstance; the enterprise, the exertion required of men, continually force them out of themselves, and that which was at first necessity soon becomes habit—whereas the constant round of employments in which a woman is engaged, require no fatigue of mind or body; the needle is, generally speaking, both her occupation and amusement, and this kind of work leaves the ideas full play; hence the imagination is left at liberty to dwell upon one subject, and hence habit, which is an advantage on the one side, becomes to her an additional rivet.

For months after Edward's departure, I was utterly miserable, listless, apathetic—nothing employed, nothing amused me: but I was at length roused from this state of sentimental indolence by a letter from him: he wrote in the highest spirits; his success had been beyond his utmost expectations; and soon, he said, he might hope and look forward to our joining him in

India. I have a great dislike to letter-writing: the phrase "she is an excellent correspondent," is to me synonymous with "she is an excellent gossip." I have seen epistles crossed and recrossed, in which I knew not which most to pity—the industry or idleness of the writer. But every one has an exception to his own rule, and so must I; and from this censure, I except letters from those near and dear to us, and far away. A letter then, breathing of home and affection, is a treasure; it is like a memento from the dead, for absence is as death, in all but that its resurrection is in this life. I felt a new spirit in existence; I lived for him, I hoped to rejoin him. I delighted to hear my own voice in the songs he was soon to hear; I read with double pleasure, that I might remember what he would like: but above all else, painting became my favourite pursuit; every beautiful landscape, every delicate flower, every striking countenance which I drew, would, I thought, be so many proofs how I had remembered him in absence. I almost regretted the fine cool airs of a summer evening, the low sweet songs of the birds; I could make for him no memorials of them. Another letter came; and soon after we prepared for our embarkation, and a second time I crossed the ocean. The voyage which had seemed so short before, I now thought never-ending; every day the bright shining sea, and the blue sky seemed more monotonous; a thousand times did I compare our fate to that of the enchanted damsel, in one of Madame de Genlis' tales, who has been con-

demned by a most malignant fairy to walk straight forward over an unvarying tract of smooth green turf, bounded only by the clear azure of the heavens. But we reached India at last.

What is there that has not been said of the pleasure of meeting, yet who has ever said all that is felt—the flow of words and spirits, the occasional breaks of deep and passionate silence, the restlessness of utter happiness, the interest of the most trivial detail—and when on our pillow, the hurry of ideas, the delicious, though agitated throbbing of the heart. To sleep is impossible, but how delightful to lie awake! But my first look at Edward, the next morning, made my pillow sleepless again, and sleepless from anxiety. The climate too surely had been slow poison to him: his bright and beautiful colour was gone; the wan veins of his finely turned and transparent temples, had lost the clearness and the hue of health; and often his voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as if speaking were too great an exertion. Still he himself laughed at our fears, and pressed the conclusion of our marriage. I wished it too, for I felt it was something to be his, even in the grave. It was the evening before the day fixed for uniting us, when he proposed a visit to a spot I had often sought alone—the grave of my parents. Once or twice during the walk, I was startled by his excessive paleness, but again his smile and cheerfulness reassured me. We sat down together silently. I was too sad for words: a little branch of scented flowers in my hand,

was quite washed by my tears. A cloud was flitting over the moon, and for a short space it was entirely dark; suddenly the soft clear light came forth more lovely than before. I bade Edward mark how beautifully it seemed to sweep away the black cloud; he answered me not, but remained with his face bowed on his hands. I put mine into them—they were cold; I saw his countenance—it was convulsed in death.

TO ———

ON HER BIRTH DAY, APRIL 4, 18—.

BY PAUL METHUEN, ESQ., M.P.

A BIRTH-DAY is a day of gloom
For those to earth who cling;
Who look not from the dreary tomb,
And mortal bonds to spring.

But to the virtuous and the just
The day for joy is given;
That Time has borne them from the dust
To one year nearer Heaven.

Then hail I this thy natal hour
With no misplac'd regret,
That thou, above corruption's power,
Shalt rise a seraph yet.



R E A D I N G.

BY L. E. L.

BEND, gentle student, o'er the page,
Although thine be a joyous age—
An age, when hope lifts up its eyes,
And sees but summer in the skies;
And youth leads on its sunny hours,
Like painted ones, whose links are flowers.
Yet bend thy sweet and earnest look
Above that old and holy book.

For there will come another time,
When hope will need a faith sublime,
To lead it on the thorny path
That weary mortal ever hath.
When vain delights have left behind
A fevered and exalted mind,
And life, with few and wasted years,
Treads mournfully its vale of tears.

Bend o'er the leaf thy graceful brow,
For every word thou readest now
Will sink within thine inmost heart,
Like good seed, never to depart :

A glorious and a great reward,
 A sacred and eternal guard,
 A sun amid our earthly gloom,
 That sets to rise beyond the tomb!

SUN AND MOON.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

“**D**EAR brother, quit with me the sky!”
 (Thus spoke the Queen of Night,)
 “And, radiant, walk the earth, while I
 Dispense my milder light.
 On Malta’s Rock I’ll take my stand,
 To calm the seamen’s fears;
 And you shall brilliantly command
 O’er barbarous Algiers.”
 Each godhead straight on earth alights
 With such a potent blaze,
 That Malta long was ruled by *Nights*,
 And Algiers long by *Days*.

EUSTACE;

OR, THE WASTED LIFE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

“And when he had what most he did admire,
And found of life's delights the last extremes,
He found all but a rose hedged with a briar,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.”

DRUMMOND.

IT was late in the evening of a November day, in 18—, that, after two days and nights of incessant travelling, I reached London, and proceeded to a house in — street. Every one knows the feeling with which he knocks at the door of a sick friend, when he fears to learn that his errand is lost, that he shall be greeted with those death-bell words—“You are too late!” In the present instance, my impatient summons was answered by a respectable middle-aged servant man, whose mournful countenance so realized my apprehensions, that I forbore to make any direct inquiry—indeed, I had not the power.

The domestic was at no loss to understand my emotion; “Dr. F——,” said he, “is with him.”

“Is with him,” said I, “thank God!” and gathering

hope from this ambiguous phrase, I ran up stairs with eager haste.

A door opened as I reached the landing, and the physician came forward; he was well known to me by reputation, and his appearance at the present crisis, made me feel towards him as a friend. I grasped his offered hand, and approached the room door.

“Mr. Mandeville,” said he, in a kind but firm tone, “that room you must not enter at present,—it grieves my very soul to say it, but you are too late; all is just over!”

I replied by wrenching myself from the grasp that strove to detain me, and in another moment stood beside the bed of death. Dr. F—— followed me, apprehensive of consequences; but the scene therein disclosed, effectually calmed my impetuosity, and I became still from the very power of my emotion.

I felt as if suddenly placed in a sepulchre; the room was hot and dark, so that I breathed and distinguished with difficulty; when my eye grew accustomed to the gloom, the first object that I discovered was the ghastly face of my friend, stretched in the attitude of sleep, but it was the dull cold sleep of death.

Yes! there, mute, and unconscious of my presence, lay the one whom I had last seen brilliant and in health; imaginative, refined, passionate, the very genius of change and contradiction; courted, uncontrollable, wayward, wilful; a spell to others, a torment to himself; yet, withal, my first, last, dearest friend—there he had

died, unattended, but for the voluntary offices of a poor servant—friendless, but for a stranger! Again and again was my sight blinded by gushing tears, again and again did I dash them away, and rivet my eyes afresh upon the splendid wreck before me. By degrees I became able to examine more minutely, the change which had passed upon his form and features, and something like comfort arose from the contemplation. Disease had wasted the one; on the other, care and emotion (those vultures of the soul) had left dire traces of their triumph; but over all, there brooded a calm, which, in the brightest hours of life, I had never witnessed. He lay in a half-reclining position—the head bowed upon his bosom,—the lips somewhat apart, as if he had died whilst preparing to speak; and smiling,—for death, which had arrested the words, had spared the smile that prefaceed them. His white and attenuated hands were gently clasped; his whole figure was at rest; and the wild play of a countenance, once proud, even in its beauty and its tenderness, looked not more pale than tranquil. I bent forward to kiss the brow; its chill clamminess startled and shocked me, and I uttered a cry of grief and astonishment, as if then, for the first time, I had become sensible of the certainty of death.

Dr. F—— now interposed, and quietly urged me to retire with him. “We have,” said he, “many arrangements to make, much to talk over; and poor Eustace charged me with many messages for you—to-morrow you shall return here, but to-night—nay, you *must* leave

the apartment now; you need food and rest too." "Food—rest," repeated I, impetuously; however, I suffered him to lead me away into an adjoining room. Ordering up some refreshment, of which he entreated me, for my health's sake, to avail myself, he left me for awhile, to give the directions now rendered indispensable. In about half an hour he returned; I had not stirred from the spot in which he left me standing. He shook his head in a manner at once half-friendly, half-professional. "This," said he, "will not do; I must rule you as I used to rule Eustace; he was always obedient, both as a patient and as a son." Here his voice trembled, and he became silent. I threw myself on the sofa, and burst into tears. The benevolent physician sat down beside me, and mingled his tears with mine. When I grew composed, I entreated him to give me all the information he could, respecting my departed friend, of whom I had wholly lost sight during the last five years. Again and again I reprobated the cruelty that had kept me in ignorance of his danger.

"Do not blame the dead," replied my companion gravely; "Eustace never consented, till the day on which my letter of summons is dated. I wrote the instant he would permit me; till then, I had not heard of you; for till then, Eustace never gave me his whole confidence. He interested me from the first day of my attendance, and I felt convinced that as he was no common character, his had been no common life: but you know he had a proud spirit, and privation and self-

reproach are not in themselves softening influences. Previous to our confidential intercourse, I perceived that there was a warfare going on in his mind, a strife between good and evil, a conviction of error, with a hardy desire to brave it out; a determination to "die and make no sign,"—but he could not do so. The better influence gained the victory; then he gave me the history of his career, and bade me send for you. From that hour he sank, but from that hour he became tranquil."

"And how died he?"

"As it peculiarly became him that he should die—*humbly*. Tranquillity in death is frequently open to suspicion; at least, it is not in itself a sufficient evidence of safety; but in the case of tumultuous, passionate characters, it is to my mind, the most satisfactory evidence we can have that the heart is right with God."

"And had he forgotten me?" said I, "me, his chosen friend!"

"Do not be tenacious," replied Dr. F——; "he remembered you to the last moment; he had few others to remember, for the world left him long before he left the world. Look," continued the speaker, holding up, as he spoke, a packet, which I perceived to be addressed to myself, "here is proof that he remembered you, and proof also that he disobeyed me, for he employed himself in writing these sheets when utterly unfit for the exertion. To-morrow you will peruse them."

"To-morrow!" I exclaimed, snatching the precious memorials as I spoke; "this night—instantly."

I broke the seal, and endeavoured to read, but my eyes refused their aid; they would only weep. My companion saw my inability. "Nay, then," said he, "I will read them to you; Eustace had at last no secrets from me, and he bade me comfort you when he was gone; come, you shall be to me what Eustace was. I will fancy you his brother; give me the papers."

I gave them into his hand. "Now, then," said he, "if you will not sleep before you hear their contents, at least you *shall* eat before I read them; you have need of strength, even to listen."

I obeyed, to be freed from his friendly importunity; and he then commenced his melancholy task.

EUSTACE'S LETTER.

"Henry, I have known for some time that I must die, but I was too proud to let you come and close my eyes, for I could not bear that you should see my humiliation; that you should find your once brilliant friend without fortune, without fame, without friends; but I thank God for giving me a better mind, and now I trust you will reach me whilst I belong to the world of living men. Should you arrive too late, pardon your friend in this thing, and believe, that with all his other sins of an evil heart and wasted life, he has carried it to that Being who saves when all else reject. Oh, my Henry,

do you ever think of our bright boyhood! of those days when the heart had a summer, long and luxuriant as Nature's? do you remember that old grey rock behind your father's house, whence we used to watch the sun rise? and that dingle, so green, and cool, and silent, yet withal so bright, where we used to lie at the foot of the large beech tree, looking up through its branches at the glimmering blue sky, and talking of that which resembled it—the future? That dingle haunts me like a remembered dream; in the feverish hours of dissipation, in the dark ones of disappointment, even in these, my dying ones, I have seemed again to behold its sunny greenness, and felt, by turns, reproached and saddened. But this is vain! The leaves and the singing birds of that season are long since dead, and the fancies and desires that were their parallels, are dead too. Pain and pleasure are alike transient, but good and evil long survive—they are remembered by their consequences. You cannot have forgotten, then, that strange, perverted, gifted being, who exercised such a powerful influence over both our minds,—such a fatal, such a lasting one on mine. With his knowledge and his eloquence, his enthusiasm and his levity, his wild estimate of the powers of man; his daring doubts, and more daring assertions; his genius, which admired the loveliness of virtue, his secret infidelity, which despised the obligation of duty—you cannot have forgotten him, but to you he did little harm. You listened to his tales of other times and other lands, to his caustic sketches of

life, and splendid visions of unattainable felicity, as to the words of a sorcerer; but good sense and an unambitious temperament preserved you from lasting injury. You went to other scenes and forgot him. It was far otherwise with myself. His words sank into my soul, like sweet deadly poison, working destruction. He kindled up my ambition, but he did not direct the flame; he made me conscious and proud of my energies, but he never taught me their use; he disgusted me with acknowledged principles and customary pursuits, and gave me instead vain and vague ideas of distinction. My imagination was full of dazzling sentiments, but my ideas were undefined and impalpable; my mind was a chaos of light, and power, and splendour, without aim and without order, without rule and without principle. One desire took possession of me, the desire of power for its own sake; for the gratification of my own pride, as a proof of my superiority. To go through this dusky world a dazzling, courted, wonder-raising being, a "splendour amidst shadows"—with no definite aim beyond that of gaining the greatest possible influence over the greatest possible number and variety of minds; careless whether it produced good or evil, bane or bliss, in its results—this, as well as I can recal my past state of mind, was my ruling passion. Every study, book, character—my own heart, conversation, bore on this one point; every thing, even the contemplation of nature, became an art. I do not mean that all this was done avowedly and on system; it was the natural result of an

artificial habit of thought. The first evil consequence was discontent. Time, talent, feeling, all were wasted in dreaming myself into possession of the power I longed for. I could no longer surrender myself to the enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures by which I was surrounded; the idea that a world existed, in which I was formed to shine, but from which I was excluded, embittered every hour of my life. I sprang, therefore, like a bird from an opened cage, when the moment arrived which allowed me to enter that world, and enter it my own master. For a long time the versatility of my ambition blinded me to its inherent meanness, just as its novelty, for a time, precluded weariness. To have been distinguished as a mere man of fashion, or pleasure, or even literature, would have disgusted me by its exclusiveness: eminence in any profession, however honourable, would not have satisfied me, it would have required patient drudgery; least of all, would eminence in goodness have suited me, because then I must have sacrificed my corrupt motives of action. No, my aim was to embody and unite a portion of all the qualities required in all these pursuits, and create a profession for myself—that of pleasing and gaining power; to be, in short, a modern Alcibiades; equally at home, whether leading a gay revel, or imbibing Socratic wisdom. Oh, those days! those months! those years! I cannot recount the wild excitements which filled them; even you saw not the one-half of their transitions, for knowing that you disapproved full many of such as you did

know, I seldom sought your society, but when wearied into steadiness: and at last you went abroad, and I saw you no more. It was not from any diminution of real regard that I ceased to answer your letters, but I became gradually enthralled by the habit of mind that had at first been optional. I lost the power of steady remembrance, of patient continuance in any thing: constancy lasted just as long as excitement; the past, the future, and the distant, were alike nothing; the new, the near, and the present, were all in all. But there was a feeling for you, a remembrance of our boyish attachment, that triumphed even over caprice. Otherwise, man, or woman, or child, alike repented intrusting me with any portion of their regard; for when I had gained the power I sought, they generally ceased to excite an interest strong enough to stimulate me to attention, in which case they tired me, because they had claims on me which I could not dispute, and had no will to acknowledge. At first I felt relieved when one by one dropped off, leaving me at liberty to please myself, and please others; but by degrees I awoke to a sense of dreariness, and of mortification, arising from the discovery that, at last, no one suffered on my account, because none trusted me beyond the hour. By degrees, too, I felt my mind lose its vigour and elasticity; every object and occurrence appeared to me in such various aspects, according to the mood of the day, that I really had no fixed opinions of any kind, no attachment to any particular habit of thought. To

form a decision and abide by it, was all but impossible; my good and evil being alike the result of impulse, and so interchanged, that my friends always found something to blame in my best actions, and something to praise in my worst. Opinion was the breath of my soul, consequently, I was ever vibrating between elation and depression; whilst my efforts received praise, I did well; when praise was withheld, I could do nothing. My mind had no root in itself, but derived its nourishment from extraneous sources. When they dried up it withered. The dread of sinking into a *mediocre* tortured me, and the more this dread possessed me, the more did I discover, that the native element of genius is simplicity of purpose, or rather the absence of all purpose whatsoever. I was what I originally desired to be, a person whom society courted, but I found that I had lost the power of becoming any thing better. This conviction induced a melancholy, misanthropic turn of thought; my head was waste, and my heart empty; I grew reckless and self-accusing. These feelings were much deepened by a severe and long-protracted illness. The gloom and stillness of a sick room contrasted forcibly with the gaiety and glare from which they had snatched me; and the neglect of most of my companions, now that I was unable to give or receive amusement, obliged me to many reflections that might have been called wise, had they not resulted from mortified vanity, rather than a convinced judgment. There was one person, however, who visited me for the very

reasons that others forsook me—because I seemed less disposed to be gay than grave. This was a clergyman, whom I had occasionally met at the house of a mutual friend, and with whom I had once travelled half a day ; a slight acquaintanceship, but it sufficed to give him a right to inquire after my health, and manifest those little attentions which invalids are particularly fond of receiving from strangers. But the origin of his visits lay in the interest he had conceived for me, in his belief that I was capable of becoming a valuable character, and in his desire (for he had the ambition of benevolence) to influence me for my own good. Many circumstances contributed to make him succeed in winning my confidence : he was my senior ; he was my superior in rank ; he excelled in moral energy ; but the secret of his power lay in his simplicity. His, however, was not the simplicity occasioned by ignorance of men and books ; nor yet the superficial simplicity of phrase and deportment ; it was the genuine and transparent integrity of a strong mind, that judged of all things by the unerring standard of right and wrong. He was wholly a character of truth, principle, and duty ; of “ austere yet happy feelings ;” alike devoid of sentiment and subtlety. I never could understand his fancy for myself ; yet any motive, unsupported by the strongest regard, would not account for the watchful, forbearing kindness which I constantly received from him. He strove to clear my mental vision of the dimness contracted by perpetual self-gazing ; to make

me perceive glory in self-control; happiness in living for others. He was gifted with much natural eloquence: and when he characterised and compared the objects for which I had lived and those for which it was worth while to live; when he unmasked the splendid vanities which had hitherto enthralled my imagination, portraying at the same time the eternal and sufficient good which might yet be attained—my heart burned within me to forego a life of littleness, and evidence a nobler style of being. I was perfectly sincere, but perfectly self-deceived. The old spirit was at work in another form; my imagination was still lord of the ascendant, and what appeared to be the triumph of a new principle, was only the triumph of a new excitement. Hitherto I had contemplated religion and its acquirements with dislike and scepticism, partly the result of ignorance, and partly of early prejudice. I was now aroused to regard it with intellectual and absorbing interest. The grand outlines of Christianity must ever, when fairly stated, command the homage of the mind; my present instructor possessed singular powers of appeal to the heart and conscience, and like one suddenly transported into a new and lovely region, my mind was filled with wonder, enthusiasm and delight. My former habits and associations really appeared contemptible, and the idea that there existed a power by which I might emancipate myself from their thralldom, and remould my character into what should deserve and command confidence, filled me with rapture. I commenced a crusade

against myself, and for a time all went well. The stern, the simple, and the despised virtues, which can only be based upon Christian principle;—the occupations which have solid utility as their object; the character of Christ, which is unquestionably the most wondrous and magnificent ever realized on earth—all these, really arrested my attention, and as long as they did so, produced a marked and beneficial effect upon every habitude of thought, word and deed. As may readily be supposed, I was all devotedness to my new friend; and he, half in hope, and half in fear, suffered me at last to form a new bond of union with himself and his principles. Many blamed him, and at last he blamed himself; but for awhile, as I said before, all went well. I was happy; I was occupied; I was contented in retirement; I loved a woman who thought me trustworthy, and that woman was Constantia. Yes, I loved her, for a time, in sincerity, and she was one more than worthy of that love, even had it retained to the end its warmth and integrity; for she was tender, serious, thoughtful, gentle; reposing and full of repose; timid, exclusive—in all things womanly. I was struck with the singleness of her notions, her delight in nature, her complete freedom from worldliness. But I believe her crowning charm was, that I found it difficult to win her affection, and because, when at last awarded, it was with a genuine intensity that I had never witnessed, at least never excited before. Her love for me, when fairly roused, engrossed, subdued, enchained her: I

became her idol, her life's unbroken thought; and not merely every person, but every duty became painful that interfered with devotedness to myself. Her brother remonstrated on the ground of religious principle, but she was emparadised in a dream that steeped her judgment in oblivion, and she loved the more for finding that she already loved too well. Alas! alas! that what at first occasioned me purer joy than I had ever experienced in my whole life, should eventually have wearied, nay, produced disgust! That the wreath of flowers should have changed into gyves and fetters! That the very fact of being endowed with despotic power, should have tempted me to abuse it; to rend a soft and gentle heart that showed no image but mine. But thus it was. As novelty wore off, and excitement diminished, my bosom sins, ambition and instability, revived; and in proportion as they did so, my new course of life became less easy, less pleasing, less suited to me. My religion had been wholly imaginative, and the beautiful but baseless fabric began to fall to pieces. My spirit began to be once more feverish and restless; my feelings to fret under the curb of self-restraint; something like a glory gathered over the world I had left, something like a mist over the one I now inhabited; I remembered my brilliant days, and sighed. I was constrained to admit, in my judgment, that goodness, and virtue, and rectitude, and utility, were good, and virtuous, and right, and useful—but I felt them insipid: there was no grounding passionate interest on

the people and things connected with them; for they were no longer gilded by the sun of my imagination. In an unfortunate hour too, the individual whom I may well call my evil genius, again crossed my path; he was the meteor-character he had ever been, and years had only increased his power of caustic raillery on all subjects opposed to his own views and feelings. From a mingling of pride and shame, I disguised, or rather attempted to disguise, the real state of my mind; but he saw through it, and his wit winnowed me, not of the chaff, but of the wheat of my little remaining attachment to truths and principles, and persons who were governed by them. A vain mind, whatever may be the talent connected with it, is always at the mercy of ridicule cunningly handled; and he was an adept. But I must acquit him of wrong intentions, as far as Constantia was concerned. He thought her unfit to retain influence over a spirit like mine; but he scattered his levities regarding her, more from inability to be serious on any subject, than from iniquity of purpose. Then he did not believe in the deep and pure intensity of her affection for me; woman's constancy was, in his opinion, the most fabulous of fables. He measured her character too by the world's standard, or rather by the standard of his own perverted taste; and, because she varied from it, pronounced her uninteresting. She certainly was not a woman formed to be courted in society; not one fitted to draw paladin and peer to her feet—not, in a word, what a vain worldly heart would in

brilliant circles take a pride in owning. The gold of her character lay beneath the surface, but her affection had brought it all to light for me, and I at least ought to have been satisfied. Had my affection towards her been of the right kind, the conversation of the individual alluded to, would have made me forswear his friendship forever; but in truth, it was like a spark falling upon tinder—I was previously prepared for its influence, and instead of resenting, received it. Our intercourse was limited. There were many reasons why England, as a residence displeased him; he was now on the eve of leaving it again, and endeavoured to persuade me to accompany him, and become, as he phrased it, less militant in my notions. This I declined, avowing circumstances as a reason, but in reality I had neither courage nor generosity to act on the principle of *mort sans phrase*; so he left, making his farewell such a sweet and bitter compound of flattery and ridicule, that my ears long tingled at the remembrance. He departed, and I remained behind, not with the settled purpose of playing the villain, but in a temper of mind that naturally induced this consequence. Some characters undergo few changes, and those few are gradually effected, and between every such change there is a twilight interval of deliberation and prelude; they have intermediate moods—neutral tints. Neither one or other appertained to my nature. From change to change, from fancy to fancy, I passed at once and altogether, and none but myself could have traced the steps of progress.

It was thus in my subsequent conduct to Constantia. My love for her had, like every thing else, been merely based on imaginative feeling, and therefore it was essentially unstable and selfish. I had no real fault to find with her, but she ceased to excite me; I grew weary of her society, fretful at the idea of her claims upon me, vexed even at the undecaying nature of her regard for me. I do not mean to say that all these feelings were evidenced in my manner; at the worst of times there was ever about me a milkiness of nature that shrunk from giving wilful pain, and I really strove hard to *seem* all I had once been without seeming. Mere spectators, and even her brother, were deceived; Constantia alone discovered the true state of my heart; for Constantia loved, and felt, what can only be felt, not described, the thousand differences between attention and tenderness. A strong and happy love can afford to seem negligent in manner, because, by a single word or look, or even tone of voice, it can, and does yield a payment of delight far surpassing all that can be done by active service. Constantia missed these signs of true love; not that she ever breathed a syllable of reproach, or even entreaty, but she grew pale, and sad, and silent. This, and the conviction that I was the occasion, irritated me; and when we were alone together, which I avoided as much as possible, I grew moody, constrained, captious. Her brother at length perceived all was not smooth, and claimed the right of interference—but Constantia roused her gentle nature to the effort, and

precluded its necessity; she set me free from my engagement, and I was blind, weak, worthless enough to accept my freedom, and to rejoice in it. Of course, we never met again. I received one letter from her brother (once my friend;) it was as beseeemed both characters, stern and sad. He told me of the misery I had inflicted—of the hopes, as regarded myself, I had raised and blighted—of the esteem he had once felt for me—of the fear he now felt. He gave me keen counsel as a man—he forgave me as a Christian. He died shortly afterwards of a malignant fever, and Constantia is—I know not where: but oh, my friend, if it be possible, discover her abode, and bear to her my dying testimony to her worth and her wrongs. Her forgiveness I do not ask, for it would grieve her could she think I deemed her capable of retaining any angry emotion towards one she once loved. Tell her, that the hour which has degraded many things in my estimation, has only established her; tell her whatever may render my memory less painful. Yes, Henry, we parted, and I returned to my old world; but I took not back my own self: for the knowledge of right clung to me, though the will to obey its dictates had departed; and this knowledge stamped a darker character on every subsequent error and suffering. I returned to the world, but the remembrance of what I had lost and left, haunted, tortured, maddened me; but it could not restrain, could not lure me back. Hitherto, though my life, with the exception of the period just described,

had been vain, wild, and useless, it had possessed some redeeming traits—its frivolity had been blended with feeling—its dissipation with literature and refinement; but now my soul required deadlier opiates to lull it into forgetfulness, and it quaffed them—reckless alike of the present and the future, of degradation and of remorse. I feel it a *duty* to reveal the extent of my aberrations; and after my separation from Constantia and her brother, they were dark and many. My downward course was no longer taken by ‘the thousand steps,’ but by the ‘single spring;’ I became a gambler, I became, but for an accusing conscience, an abandoned man; one whom the circles that had once owned as their ornament, rejected, disowned, condemned. My companions were like none that I had ever before associated with; fallen as I was, I despised and hated, even whilst I mingled with them. And what was the bond of our union? Sympathy in sin; fellowship in evil: of regard, esteem, kind offices, the friendships between the spirits of darkness included as much. This career could not last. It could not last! In one little year, one short revolution of spring and summer, autumn and winter, one year which gave strength to the tree, and stature to the child, sufficed to make me a ruined man! one year, that scarcely ripens the seed of a frail flower, sufficed to bring down my strength to the feebleness of infancy; ploughed deep furrows on my brow; dissipated my fortune; and dug my grave! I stood, at last, a very prodigal; homeless,

but for a hired lodging; friendless, but for a servant who forsook my evil days, to return and comfort my sorrowful ones; companionless, but for the spectres roused by memory and remorse! My narrative draws to a close, and it is well, for my strength ebbs with every page; but it *must* hold out till I have told all—till I have paid a tribute to one who came to me in my low estate, who has been to me physician, pastor, brother, friend. Oh, thank him, Henry, for having been to me all that you would, had you been near me; oh, do you thank him, for I shall soon be able to thank him no more. He tells me I must die, and I feel that he tells me the truth. In my best hours, and in my worst, death has been perpetually on my mind; it has covered me like a dread presence; weighed me down like an ocean; blinded me like a horrid vision; imprisoned my faculties as with bars and gates of iron. Often and often, when in saloons alive with mirth and splendour, I have seemed the gayest of the inmates, this thought, and fear of death, have shot through my mind, and I have turned away, sick and shuddering. What is it then to approach the reality? to feel it very near—nay, close at hand? stealing on, and on, and on, like the tide upon the shore, not to be driven back till it has engulfed its prey? What is it to apprehend the time when you must be a naked, guilty, trembling spirit, all memory, and all consciousness, never again for a single moment to sleep, or know oblivion from the crushing burden of the ‘deeds done in the body?’ Henry, beware! for a

dying bed may be made a place of torment, hell before its time: and the remembrance of past life, stripped of all its deceptions, shrivelled into insignificance, appearing, in connexion with eternity, but as a tiny shell tossed on the broad black surface of an ocean! then again, the intense importance of that very insignificant fragment of time, and the intense remembrance of all that occupied it—its schemes, and dreams, and sins, and vanities, sweeping across the mind in solemn order, like a procession of grim shadows, with death waiting to embosom all. Oh! well may I smite upon my breast, and cry, with all but despair—‘woe is me for the past! woe, woe, for the past!’ I had health, and I have ruined it,—friends, and I flung them from me,—I had talents which I perverted,—influence, which I abused,—time, which I have squandered; yes, I had health, and friends, and time, and influence, and talents—where are they? where am I now? Every dream is dissolved,—every refuge of lies is plucked from me,—every human consolation totters beneath me, like a bowing wall,—and all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, could not bribe from my soul the remembrance of a single sin. Ambition, pleasure, fame, friendship, all things that I have loved, lie round me like wrecks, and my soul is helpless in the midst of them, like the mariner on his wave-worn rock. And now, my earliest friend, farewell; you will blot this word with your tears, but it must stand, a record of our ended friendship. Mourn my lost life,—but oh! mourn

not for me; rather rejoice, that even in these my last hours, a spirit of contrition has been given me from on high, and that I go where I can offend no more the patience that has borne with me so long. It is not for me to depart with boasting confidence, yet something must I say, of the light that has risen upon my soul in its darkness, of the hope, that, like a spark, flies upwards, not, I trust, to expire. Ask you whence arises this hope? it is here, grounded upon a single phrase, on a few words, that may be uttered in a moment; but they are strong, sufficient, glorious—'With Him is plentiful redemption.' These sustain me; to these I cling with the energy of self-despair; these enable me to drink my last draught of life, and finding death at the bottom, to find it not bitter. One penitent sigh to my wasted years; one thought of human love and blessing to you, brother of my boyhood,—and now, farewell—farewell!"

Four days after reading the foregoing melancholy document, Dr. F——, and myself, committed the remains of its writer to the grave. We laid him there with sorrow, not unrelieved by consolation, and bade adieu to his sepulchre, in hope. For myself, dwelling only on the first and last days of his life, his memory is shrined in my heart as something "pleasant, but mournful:" dwelling on that portion of which his letter is the record, I am not ashamed to own that I find the remembrance salutary for myself. His dying anguish,

on the review of a wasted life, often stimulates me to caution and watchfulness; his very hand-writing

Is like a bell,
Tolling me back from him unto myself.

For him too, for Eustace, knowing that hope was in his end, with thanksgiving to the power who bestowed upon him, we trust, a new heart, and another spirit, I would rejoice that he is freed from the possibility of change; that no fear can evermore arise, lest he should swerve from a holy course; that his warfare is accomplished, and his repentance "placed beneath the safeguard and seal of death and immortality."

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

I LEAVE thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted epresses
Bordering the channel of the milky-way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affricio
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe, (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To elose in thy soft elime my quiet day,
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,—
Were unobstrueted by the coffin-lid,
And the sun echeered corruption!

Over all

The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

INSCRIPTION IN AN ANNUAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS."

THIS globe again has turn'd,
And brought another year ;
And man again has learn'd
That all's unstable here :
And sad it is to view the trace
Of twelve poor months upon the face
Of Nature, and the human race.

Th' united are estranged,
The proud have lost a name ;
Consistency is changed,
But thou art still the same.
Yet thee, and thee alone, I find,
Immutable in form and mind,
The fair, the good, the wise the kind !

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

BY ALAICE W. WATTS.

HE never said he loved me ;
Nor hymned my beauty's praise ;
Yet there was something more than words

 In his full, ardent gaze :
He never gave his passion voice ;
 Yet on his flushing cheek,
I read a tale more tender far
 Than softest tones could speak !

He never said he loved me ;
 Yet, when none else were nigh,
How could I hear and doubt the truth,
 His low, unbidden sigh !

The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
 That faint, sweet breath above ;
What tongue could syllable so well
 The tale of hope and love !

He never said he loved me ;
 To silent worship vowed,
The deep devotion of his soul
 He never breathed aloud ;

Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tender tone,
It seemed as if designed to reach
My ear and heart alone!

He never said he loved me ;
Yet the conviction came
Like some great truth that stirs the soul,
Ere yet it knows its name.
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then !

And have I said I loved him ?
Alas, for maiden pride,
That feeling he hath ne'er revealed,
I have not learned to hide !
And yet *clairvoyant* love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,
That long before 'tis time to speak
There's nothing left to tell !



THE RIVAL COUSINS.

“Rivalem patienter habe,”—*Ovid.*

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

“**Y**OUNG man, I have lately seen you here so often, and so long at a time, that I think you must have some favorite object in view in these parts.”

“I have a favorite object in these parts, that is certain; but unfortunately not in view.”

“You mean, perhaps, not in sight, which I did not mean. When I said in view, I meant as common language generally means, in prospect, at least in hope.”

“Still you are wrong, my good woman. My favorite object is neither in sight, nor in prospect, and scarcely in hope: yet my fond attachment to it brings me here every day, and makes me linger it appears long enough to be suspected.”

“If by *suspected* you mean that I think your purpose a bad one, you reflect on me and yourself, at the same time, in a most unjust manner. I have made free to question you; but of what is wrong, your appearance and speech forbid my entertaining the slightest suspicion.”

This dialogue took place between a handsome young

gentleman of a neighbouring family and moderate fortune, and a rather ancient and loquacious, but respectable woman, who had come from a cottage about a furlong off, to have a minute's conversation with him, and obtain if possible his reasons for being so often seen on this spot. The spot, itself, might indeed, from its surpassing loveliness, account for the frequent visits of one fond of rural beauty of the very richest class: but it so happened that neither its shady grove, nor its pure waters, nor its inimitable view at every opening of the trees, and in the deep and clear reflection of the lake, had hitherto appeared to interest the stranger, or could explain why one so young, and handsome, and elastic, and apparently rich, should spend several hours of almost every day there, in looking at nothing, and apparently thinking of every thing.

The conversation was renewed, after a short pause, on the woman observing a fishing rod lying near the brink of the lake, where the gentleman had been sitting, and whence, on seeing her, he had rather hurriedly risen. It was resumed, as might be expected, by the more loquacious of the two sexes and ages.—

“May I ask, Sir, what that long and slender thing is that lies there, and which I presume belongs to you?”

“I can tell you what it *was* a quarter of an hour ago: what it is now you can no doubt tell yourself. According to Dr. Johnson's definition, it was a long stick, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.”

“And now it is a long stick without the fool; and

for the use it can be in such water as this, it may as well be without the worm."

"I thought as much, for not a nibble have I had since I resorted thither, unless one occurred while my eyes wandered, as they have often done, towards yonder cottage."

"I suspected as much, young gentleman, for no one but a lover would have attempted to fish in an artificial crystal lake like this. Why look into it, and you can see to the bottom: do you think that a fish would swim in such transparency, while a fool, pardon me; while a lover, forgive me again; while a gentleman was sitting on the brink!"

"I could almost pardon you for the sake of your wit, graced as it is with such politeness; but I will quite pardon you only on one condition—that you tell me something, for you evidently know much, about the beautiful young female at yonder cottage, who lost her canary the other day."

"Do you mean the young *lady*, or the young *woman* of the cottage? they are both beautiful, and as near alike as cousins generally are. I can tell you more about one than the other, though I ought to know something of both, for I nursed them; and when the time came for them to be educated, their mother thought that I had wit and wisdom enough, so I undertook that task also. A very easy one it was, for they were teachable enough almost to teach themselves. The elder, whom we call the lady, has fashioned herself into this

character by five years visit to a rich aunt in Dublin, whence she has returned only a few days, some say to be married."

"Then by every echo of this sweet grove, I hope it is the young *woman* I am inquiring after, because she may not be going to marry, and I may hope ——"

"May hope she never will, until she makes choice of you, and then I suppose she may marry as soon as she pleases.—Was not this to be the conclusion of your sentence, if you had retained courage enough to finish it? It is her, most certainly, you are inquiring after, because I recollect you spoke of the loss of her canary : but I must be faithful—the report says that she is quite as likely to be married as her cousin, and to the same grand suitor too, the son of the baronet, whose mansion you may see on the brow of yonder hill, if you will climb up one of these trees to look at it."

The young gentleman was now reduced to the most anxious and pitiable perplexity. Not that he was any longer in doubt which of the cousins he had seen ; but the bare possibility of her being engaged to marry another, or even of another being in pursuit of her, filled him with distress : while the mere rumor that the baronet's son might prefer her more fashionable cousin preserved him from despair. How to promote the latter result, and to prevent the former, was the task he had now to perform, and in which the nurse was the only being he knew likely to assist him.

Nothing could exceed his joy when he received from

her an accidental intimation of her own wish and hope, that the *soi disant* lady-cousin might be transformed by the baronet's choice into a lady indeed. This was a discovery he could scarcely have hoped so soon to make, such was the mist and confusion of his companion's loquaciousness. At first this common vice of aged and favorite nurses threatened to delay if not to defeat his purpose; but now it had unwittingly befriended him in one casual sentence, he thought he might turn it to a still better account, by enticing it to flow on of its own accord—by making a channel for its freest and fullest abounding. Of his disappointment, the reader may judge from the following speech.

“Look first, sir, all around, and let me tell you as you look, that there is not a spot which does not remind me of Anne. There, now your eyes have gone the circle, and they are come back to the path between you and the lake. In that path she once found a sweet lamb, that had either strayed from the fold, or could not keep up with the flock through fatigue and faintness, and as she came up to it she thought it dying, when she took it home and nursed it as she would a child. It revived, and grew, and became strong, and then she found out the owner and restored it to him. On the bank yonder she used to gather cowslips for me to make tea with for a poor weak girl, since dead, who could scarcely take any thing else: and over the bank, on that beautiful spot of the greenest grass, she would often pluck the daisies and butter-cups, because she

knew that I was fond of the one, and her mamma of the other. You see that woody mound, a little to the left; there when a child, a mere child, I assure you, she would carry half her own breakfast and half mine, which you know make up a whole one, to a gipsy child, that the mother used cruelly to leave under the tent for hours together, while she prowled about the country. I see you are now looking towards the little forest that opens at the end of the grove; there the dear creature and her cousin used to play, and it would have gladdened your heart, as it did mine, to behold them.

Moreton's patience was now exhausted, and he begged the nurse to advance in the history of her lovely charge from childhood to some greater age. The poet has said,—

“To tales of those who love, all sense is e'er;
 Patience exhaustless; and enamoured youth
 Holds garrulous age too brief, and bends to hear
 A grandame's praise, a nurse's tale uncouth.”

And such might have been Moreton's state of mind, had there been prospect or hope of a history thus commenced closing before the sun went down. Nothing that had reference to Anne could be uninteresting to him; but such a mode of detailing the earliest and smallest portions of her life was everything but interesting, when he was racking with anxiety to know what were her present purposes and prospects. He, therefore, politely checked his loquacious friend, and requested as a favour that she would reserve the account

of her childhood, and gratify his feelings by something determinate in reference to her, now. A silent frown, such as the most talkative and amiable nurses can sometimes put on, convinced him that compliance with his request would be impossible, and that she must proceed from the beginning to the end of her favourite tale, or not tell it at all.

His deep regret at this discovery was most delightfully relieved by the distant appearance of Anne herself, among the farthest trees of the grove, making one more effort to find her lost canary.

“I will run and tell her,” said Moreton, rising to execute his purpose, “that her bird is safe in my possession; and perhaps I may be so happy as to gain her consent to my taking it to her home to-morrow.”

“All this can be better done by my agency,” answered the nurse, while she attempted to hold him back. “I can save your running towards her, and her running away from you; and also your running home for the bird, and running back with it to the cottage.”

Releasing himself from her hold, and promising to dispense with the haste, which would appear by the running of her tongue to be the only evil he had to avoid, he walked a little faster than she could follow him, towards the spot where Anne had checked her own progress—having caught a glimpse of the nurse and Moreton in the distance. As well might the nurse’s voice have hoped to repeat the miracle of Joshua, when he commanded the sun to stand still and

it obeyed him, as to arrest the advance of Moreton towards the only object on which he wished to gaze. Removing his hat, as he came within sight and hearing of Anne, he said, "Your friend tells me you have sustained a loss, which I am extremely glad to have it my power to repair."

The first effects of this address from Moreton, whom Anne had seen more than once before, and the agitation into which it threw her sensitive frame, can be understood only by a brief but comprehensive paragraph of previous information. The nurse had been sent out this afternoon because the baronet's son was expected. He had, a week ago, made proposals to the mother to render Anne his wife as early as all parties might deem expedient; and he was coming to the cottage this afternoon to receive his answer, both from the daughter and mother. Within the week the lady cousin, whom the mother had brought up from infancy as a second daughter, came unexpectedly from Dublin; ostensibly to see her rural relations, as she called them; but really because she had heard of the proposal, and hoped by a timely appearance to supplant the unsuspecting Anne in the young baronet's affections. Her personal beauty was more striking than Anne's: her form was one more stately, her face was more handsome, and of course every part of her costume was arranged to give dignity and effect to the whole. In fact, she was at an age and of an appearance which few gentlemen even of rank could have withstood,

and Anne was effectually supplanted at the very first interview.

She saw, without an emotion of envy or anger, the triumph of her rival; and she consented, with a smile of approbation, to the transfer, if ever she possessed it, of the young baronet's heart. In fact, she had just left them with her mother to do as they pleased, in attempting to gain her consent, or follow their own inclinations without it—thankful that she was released from unwelcome thralldom without an effort, and delighted to breathe the pure air of heaven, with more freedom of spirit than she had enjoyed since the baronet's perplexing proposal had been made. It was in this state of mind that she received the first address of Moreton, which has just been mentioned; and, with a pardonable absence of mind, forgetting her canary, her interpretation of that address was in conformity with the peculiar position in which the rivalry of her cousin had just placed her. In answer, therefore, to what Moreton said, "You have sustained a loss, which I am extremely glad to have it in my power to repair;" she innocently said, "Are you quite sure you could repair the loss of a baronet's son?"

Nothing could have been more in accordance with his wishes than this answer. It told him that, at least, the baronet's son was no longer her accepted lover: it intimated that either she had rejected him, or that he had forsaken her. Until he recollected what the nurse said of the lady-cousin's return, he considered the latter

impossible, and therefore rejoiced at once in the conclusion that the former was the ease—that she had put a negative on his proposal. Then as to himself, she asked it mirthfully; but how gratifying that she asked it at all, whether he could repair the loss? He could scarcely murmur that getting rid of his rival was deemed a loss, provided he might be admitted to the candidacy of supplying it. Thus encouraged, he said, with all the blended grace and warmth he could command, “The loss of mansion and wealth, Miss Pomfret, I could but ill supply, and the loss of title and rank I could not supply at all; but if it be the loss of affection about which I am asked, I must very much mistake my own heart if I could not supply it to a perpetual overflow.”

The eyes of Anne, which had brightened at the first sentences, and somewhat dimmed their brightness when Moreton spoke of affection and of mistaking his heart, resumed all their lustre when he added, “At all events, let me have a candid trial, and let the trial commence to-morrow at yonder cottage; where I intend about noon to leave a stray canary that I have caught, as a present to its former owner—who seems distinguished for allowing her friends to leave her.” The expressive look of the maiden gave consent to the visit, which her tongue would not or could not utter. At this moment the nurse reached the spot, chided Moreton for his forwardness, and taking the arm of Anne, forced rather than led her home.

To describe the mingled feelings of Moreton after this interview, is impossible. His contemptuous hatred and scornful pity of the young baronet, were in proportion to his own high sense of honour, and the perfect fidelity of all his principles and actions. On the other hand, who could hold in unforgiveness his joy at the inconstancy that his soul despised? who does not commend him for attempting to bear away the precious jewel, while he disdained the wretch that would have trampled it in the dust? who must not congratulate his hasty seizure of the opportunity, created by conduct in another that he held in perfect abhorrence?

When he turned a thought towards the lady-cousin, whose sudden appearance at the cottage had excited at once some of his worst and his best feelings, he claims the like sympathy. Beholding in her the serpent's glittering form, and worse than the serpent's heart, he could not but rejoice that such things had been mysteriously permitted to occur, since they opened to his own view the brightest and sweetest prospect his soul could contemplate.

Thus, also, when he looked on Anne, and saw her insulted by a thoughtless and faithless man of fashion and folly, unappreciated and unprized, when a glittering rival stepped in to enchant his frail and feeble senses, his bosom burned with virtuous indignation; while he could not help exulting in the very wrongs she suffered, because they left her free to become his own adored and chosen bride.

Under the influence of this excited state of mind, and before he set out with the canary to the cottage, Moreton sat down, and penned as polite a request to the young baronet as his feelings would allow, to know if he might act on the report of his having transferred his attention from Miss Pomfret to her cousin? This he intended partly as a proper act of courtesy towards one, whom his own addresses to that lady might otherwise appear to oppose; and partly as a reproof for the sudden manner in which the change in the object of his avowed idolatry had been affected. The note reached the young baronet just after he had announced the change to his father, who was fast decaying with age, yet in possession of every faculty, and the strongest feeling on every question involving the honour of his house. In fact, a serious dispute had just closed with the abrupt dismissal of the son from his presence; leaving, perhaps, the latter a prey to some few relents for what he had sense enough to know was highly dishonourable.

Thus excited, he seized a pen, and returned by Moreton's servant, a demand that he would meet him in an hour, under the park wall of his father's mansion. Moreton was uncertain, though not unsuspecting, of the object of the meeting, and therefore went armed, as was the custom of the north some fourscore years ago. Scarcely had the parties met, when the young baronet drew his sword, and commanded Moreton to do the same; and scarcely had the latter obeyed the com-

mand, before he found it dashed from his hand by an old Scotch gardener of the mansion, who had watched his master from his room, and suspected some necessity for his own immediate interference. An explanation followed in the presence of the old man, and Moreton left his adversary avowedly satisfied.

Nothing transpired to show that either of the cousins were acquainted with this hostile meeting, nor could any good have arisen from either being informed of it. The basest effort of the young baronet to injure Moreton in reputation or in person, would have effected no change in the proud resolve of the lady cousin, at all hazards, to become his wife: nor could any feeling but the deepest distress, that she had been the innocent cause of involving one of her suitors in guilt and the other in danger, have resulted from Anne's acquaintance with this affair.

On the old baronet—to whose worthless son we have given the title a little before his father's death bequeathed it to him—the effect was fatal. Immediately on the dispute, he retired to his chamber, and when the old gardener, who always had access to him, informed him of the affray, he sunk on his couch, from which he rose no more. The melancholy event excited less surprise than regret among those who knew the family. Excessive indulgence on the part of a fond father, who had scarcely another vice about him, had early vitiated the principles of the son, and his vices had removed an excellent mother to a premature grave. The death of the baronetess tore the veil from the baronet's eyes,

and he then, too late, commenced another course. His entreaties, his tears, his promises—*he could not threaten*—his arguments and appeals, would have impressed almost any heart. He thought he had succeeded, when his son, on condition of being allowed to marry Miss Pomfret, promised in every respect a complete reformation. The condition was far more agreeable to the father than it could be to the son, and was granted with tears of joy, that his lamented wife was likely to be succeeded in the maternity of his ancient house by one so perfectly worthy of the distinction. Amidst the rapid decay of age, and advance of death, the father was now happier than he had ever been, and continued so, till the sudden transfer of his son's attention to another, convinced him that he could not be trusted. The flippant intimation of this change by the son himself—whose wanton fancy thought no evil, if he did but marry into the family his father loved—shocked the good old man past recovery. And when he heard that his son's faithlessness to Anne, was followed by an effort to deprive her faithful admirer of life, he could not endure the stroke—he sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he awoke only for a few moments—enough, however, to have his departing spirit soothed with a divine assurance quoted by the pious gardener—“Although my house be not so, yet hath God made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure : this is all my salvation and all my desire.”

The old baronet's death delayed the marriage of his

son several months; but his proud betrothed, now become haughtier than ever, took care that the delay should not be longer than regard to propriety required. Scarcely had it taken place, than the baronet had reason to regret his preference. Before, nothing could surpass her attention to his interests and comfort—

“ She rose to breathe with him the morning air :
She echoed every strain her lover sang ;
If the cool grove he trod, he found her there ;
She in the evening dance to meet him sprang ;
And in the moonlight walk their mutual carols rang.”

But having gained her object, the lady changed her course, and adapted her behaviour to the natural impetuosity, and it may be said bitterness of her disposition. She waged incessant strife with her husband, and all her husband's favourite servants and former friends. By him she soon became much more deeply hated than he had ever admired her ; so that he seldom sought her company, and for months together, left her the undivided empire of the mansion and its extensive grounds. His sudden death, at forty, in a boisterous sport, was an event in which she had not sufficient respect for his person or his memory, to restrain her from actually rejoicing. But her reign as a widow was still shorter than as a wife. A fever of the whole system at length settled in her brain, and she was rendered by her delirious confessions, an object of alternate derision and pity from the menials who attended her last hours, and

who were with difficulty bribed to undertake the sad office.

Turning to the other and happier pair, a scene of complete contrast is beheld. Moreton's marriage with Anne took place some months before her lady-cousin became mistress of Hermitage Castle; so that, the latter had large opportunities of knowing, by observation and report, that neither rank nor title, neither fashion nor wealth, were essential to domestic felicity. Yet was their felicity garnished with these appendages in a few years, and by the events that brought their proud relations to the dust. When death had deprived the castle of its haughty possessors, it was purchased by Moreton, whom unexpected incidents had rendered rich; and soon after he and his lovely wife, and five sweet children, had taken possession of the estate, the minister of the day, whom Moreton had essentially served in the county, rewarded him with the baronetcy, which it was not deemed expedient to allow to become utterly extinct. Many honoured and happy years did this excellent pair live, as Sir James and Lady Moreton Hermitage, of Hermitage Castle, in Northumberland.

SIR JULIAN AND HIS PAGE.

BY G. W. L.

IT was deep midnight, and the stars shone bright
Over bold Sir Julian's halls;
But the revel's din still sounded within,
And shook the hoary walls;
For the knight drank deep, while the world was asleep,
He drank with his Lemans fair;
And he turn'd in his joy, to a pale young boy,
Who waited beside his chair.

As his wine he quaff'd, with that Page he laugh'd,
He laugh'd at his sister's shame;
And the fair boy smiled—for how should a child
Know aught of a maiden's fame?
Yet they two had grown together as one,
Till she fell to that man of guile;
And she now rests her head on a clay cold bed;—
Oh! 'tis strange that her brother can smile!

“Come, fill me a cup—Sir Page, fill it up—
While I drink to the fair and the kind;
Yet methinks 'twere not ill, they should taste who fill,
Lest mischief should lurk behind.”

His smile never fail'd, his eye never quail'd,
As the brim to his lip he press'd ;
Freely he quaff'd of the sparkling draught,
And Sir Julian drain'd the rest.

“ My Page, why so pale—do thy senses fail ?
Ho ! look to the boy, he is ill !
His eye is less bright, and his lip more white,
But that smile plays round it still.”
And his dim, dim gaze on Sir Julian stays :—
What may its meaning be ?
“ Sir Julian prepare, thou hast taken thy share
Of the poison'd cup with me !”

Wild is the cry that rises on high,
Terrible, sad, and wild :
As the vengeance is felt to be fearfully dealt
By the hand of that tender child.
But its work is done—for the rising sun
Saw the knight in his plumed pride
Lie stark and pale, 'mid his followers' wail,
A corse by the fair boy's side !

SUSAN'S DOWRY.

AT one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross,—a pretty but secluded village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, “Licensed,” as the legend imported, “to vend tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff.” Tea, coffee, tobacco and snuff, formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent; whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candles, bacon, sugar, mustard and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribands and gingerbread. Crockery-ware was piled on one side of her door-way; Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher’s meat and garden stuff, on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say “No” to the poor creatures who came

to her on a Saturday night, to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment spending, at the Checquers, or the Four Horse-shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—“but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!” She could not say “No” as a prudent woman might have said; and accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her home, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burden her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing *caste* among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which, for five and twenty years, had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend, and all come right again (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the

face. Besides she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipry; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the penny-worths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape, which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for the moment, her losses and her debts; so that, in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love. About a quarter of a mile down the shady land, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farm-house, orchard and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter, Susan,—the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light, graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling, innocent countenance, a complexion colored like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining, golden brown, like the fruit of the horse-chestnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fever, called jealousy,—causelessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causelessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously jealous.

I have said that he was a fine young man, tall, dark and slender; I should add, that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talents and acquirements far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may, sometimes, be found among our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and had even posed the master himself;—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute-player, the best bell-ringer, and the best gardener in the county;—and, some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shown by his patron and admirer, the head gardener, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical *furor*, that such a catastrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master-passion, fallen, about this time, in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He

suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union, till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture, when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent, by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentlewoman, the widow of a long deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the county paper. This announcement was as true as if had not formed an advertisement in a county paper. Very airy *was* the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant *were* Mrs. Kent's apartments, for those who had sufficient taste to appreciate their rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber, glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting; its shining cane chair and its bright casement, wreathed on the one side by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other by the tall-cluster musk-rose (that rose of which Titania talks), sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower-court underneath, full of

hollyhocks, cloves and dahlias; and the large sloping meadows beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall, irregular house, half covered with a flaunting vine; his barns, and ricks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted, in the bright month of August. Accordingly, it was almost immediately engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over, one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours. He was a well-made, little man, near upon forty; with considerable terseness of feature; a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-soleil*. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate, and rather fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water, or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully: and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment: Lord Berner's Froissart,

for instance—Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial—Isaac Walton's Complete Angler—the Baskerville Ariosto—Goethe's Faust—a Spanish Don Quixote—and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawing. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors. He would even ramble away for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod, and a sketching apparatus,—our incognito being, as my readers have, by this time, probably discovered, no other than an artist, on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated, with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books," and the pencils, whose power appeared nothing less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might, conscientiously, devote hours, and half-hours, to pointing out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew, from experience (for Robert, amongst his other accomplishments, was no mean "brother of the angle") that fish were likely to be found: and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bosky dells, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of

cattle or children, had sometimes formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he, in his turn, would admire, and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uninstructed country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual between persons so different in rank;—a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been, for above a fortnight, more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses,—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last, they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was of that delightful kind which combines figure with landscape: the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard, and the homestead—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the fore-ground was a wagon, piled with hay, surrounded by the Farmer and his fine

family—some pitching, some loading, some raking after—all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an unchin of four years old, who rode on her knee on the top of the wagon, crowned and wreathed with garlands of vine-leaves and bind-weed and poppies and corn-flowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her little brother, and playfully tossing to them the lock of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell—her head thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lovely figure shown, in all its grace, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face, glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile playing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitiously realized his conception!

“Well, Robert!” exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise—“Well?” but still Robert spoke not. “Don’t you think it a good subject?” continued the man of the easel. “I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow;—so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary

to sit to me—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes—dressed the boy with flowers, just as he was decked out for the harvest-home,—the rogue is really a fit model for a Cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan—” at that name, Robert, unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonized by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, contrived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honour; but to Robert's romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversations which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity, as the most attractive points of the female character:—Robert had felt, as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were still unacquainted. But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which, to Robert, had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed that shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweetest face, and that dearest frame;—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood, he arrived at the Farm; and there, working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sate his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment, they increased his misery: he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her innocent answers were fuel to his frenzy;—"The picture! had he seen the picture? and was it not pretty?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them? What a wonderful thing it was, to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! and what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him, at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes—and so had Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it; it was too pretty, to be sure—but then, Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman ——" "Go to the gentleman, now," interrupted Robert, "and tell him that I relinquish you! It will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!"—and throwing from him, with a bitter laugh, the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid

her trembling hand on his arm, to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend, Susan, of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the next breath, she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time, misfortunes, of a different nature, were gathering round Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vended—her kindest friend and largest creditor—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day, she received two letters from this formidable lawyer,—one on account of his dead client, the baker, the other in behalf of his living client, the grocer—who ranked next amongst her creditors—both threatening that, if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a

certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of Scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, “a lone woman!” Poor Judith sate down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book—but she knew too well that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult;—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions, almost as long as her son—and time pressed upon her—for the letters, sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance,—originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butterman, carried on by the butterman to the next village, left for three days at a public-house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-boy—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for payment, and this was Friday night! and Michaelmas and rent-day were approaching! and unable even to look at this accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow so to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking, tenderly, what ailed her? She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her.

“All must be given up,” he said; “and he would go with her, the next day, to make over the whole property. Let us pay, as far as our means go, mother,” pursued he, “and do not fear but, some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts. God will speed an honest purpose. In the meantime, Mr. Leseombe will give us a cottage,—I know he will,—and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for,—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother!” He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and, behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between the mother and son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger’s presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary’s hand, (from whom she had heard the story), and, immediately, began questioning Mrs. Kent, as to the extent of the calamity. “She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—But a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert—Oh, how ill Robert looked!—It would kill Robert! Oh,” continued Susan, wringing her hands, “I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave, for one hundred pounds!”—“Would you?” said the stranger, advancing suddenly from the door, and producing two bank-bills; “would you? well! we will strike a

bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!”——“What do you mean, sir?” exclaimed Mrs. Kent, “what can you mean?”——“Nothing but what is fair and honourable,” returned her lodger; “let Susan promise to meet me at church, to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to night.”——“Susan! my dear Susan!”——“Let her alone, mother!” interrupted Robert; “she must choose for herself!”——and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood, leaning against the wall, pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son,—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother; and Susan,—her colour varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes in her hand.

“Well, Susan!” said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation, surveying the group with his falcon eye,—“Well, Susan! have you determined?”——The colour rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, “Yes, sir!—Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert; and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert!—your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things. They

never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor! better any thing than be false-hearted to my Robert!”—“God for ever bless you, my Susan!”—“God bless you, my dear child!”—burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

“Pray, take the notes, sir!” repeated Susan, after a short interval. “No! that I will not do,” replied the stranger, smiling. “The notes shall be yours,—*are* yours—and, what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church, to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend, Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange, even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides, you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert! has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No,” continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—“No thanks! no apologies! I wont hear a word. Meet me at church, to-morrow! But, remember, young man! no more jealousy!”—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.

THE FAVORITE FLOWER.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“In the East, the poppy is used to express *passion*; the rosebud (as elsewhere) is the emblem of *hope*.”—*Language des Fleurs*.

TWINE not the rose, the thorny rose,
To wreathe around that gentle brow,
Nor tax thy loving heart to choose
An offering thy regard to show;
Ah! vainly for thy lover's breast,
Thou cullest from that perfumed store
Some bud more crimson than the rest—
Thou hast not guess'd the Favorite Flow'r!

Thine be the starlike jasmine; pale,
And cold as cloister'd maiden's face;
Thine be the lilac, faint and frail,
And thine the clustering rosebud's grace;
But me the burning poppy bring,
Which evermore with fever'd eye,
Unfreshen'd by the dews of spring,
Stands gazing at the glowing sky;

Whose scarlet petals flung apart
 (Crimson'd with passion, not with shame),
 Hang round his sear'd and blacken'd heart,
 Flickering and hot, like tongues of flame !
 Scentless, unseemly though it be,
 That passion-lorn and scorch'd up flower,—
 'Tis dearer far to love and me,
 Than those which twine ev'n round *thy* bower :

For well its burning tablets say
 What words and sighs would vainly speak :—
 My Zoë ! turn not thus away
 Thy downeast eye and kindling cheek ;
 Too oft thy patient slave hath caught
 Hope's emblem from thy playful hand——
 When will “the Favorite Flower” be brought,
 The Poppy of our eastern land ?

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

(From Auldjo's Narrative.)

CAVES IN THE GLACIER.

A GAIN the Glacier presented its beautiful and varied scenes, every moment the eye meeting with some new combination of icy grandeur. The crevices, numerous and deep, broken and full of hollows or caves, surpassed any thing I could have conceived. Some of these grottos were accessible; others, of which the entrance was blocked up by pillars, studded with ornaments of ice or snow, could only be examined externally. We entered one so beautiful in construction and embellishments, that fancy might picture it to be the abode of the "Spirit of the Mountain." It was large; its roof supported by thick icicles of blue or white, varying into a thousand different shades; on the floor were vast clumps of ice, resembling crystal flowers, formed by the freezing of the drops of water which are perpetually falling in the centre; a pool of water, whose exquisite clearness almost excited thirst, stood in its blue basin: at the further end fell a cascade, into a sort of spiral well formed by it, and in its passage

through it, produced a sound much like that of water boiling in some confined vessel. There are many caves; but this description may, in some measure, apply to all. They are formed by the water falling, and excavating a passage for itself; the ice melts away on all sides, and it soon becomes such as I have described it.

SCALING A WALL OF ICE.

Arriving near the base of those rocks called the "Grand Mulôts," we found that a chasm of eighty feet in width separated them from us. We proceeded up an acclivity forming a narrow neck of ice; but at its termination a wall opposed us: on either hand yawned a wide and deep crevice, and it appeared that there was no advancing without climbing this perpendicular mass, of twenty feet in height. The neck we were standing upon overhung a gulf formed by the chasm and crevices, the very sight of which was appalling—the wall met his neck with an angle, formed by these two crevices, which continued on each side of it, the angle coming to a most acute and delicate point. No time was to be lost; we were standing in a very perilous situation, and Coutet commenced cutting steps on the angle with his hatchet; and after great labour, and considerable danger in the execution of his purpose, got to the top, and was immediately followed by another guide. The knapsacks were then drawn up, and the rest of the party after them. In ascending this wall, being partly drawn up, and the rest of the party clambering, I stopped for an

instant, and looked down into the abyss beneath me ; the blood curdled in my veins, for never did I behold any thing so terrifie.

Safely on the top, on looking around, we discovered that these large crevices extended on each side to a very great distance, the plane of the wall sloping from the upper to the lower crevice, with an inclination which rendered walking on it very perilous. Some proposed to return to the commencement of the neck of ice which we had passed, and making a circuit from it to get to the base of the "Grand Mulôts," on the other side of the great crevice, and climb up the rock ; others were for proceeding ; and their advice was followed. Walking with the greatest caution in steps cut with the hatchet, we moved on very slowly : the ice was slippery, and a false step might have endangered the life of more than one individual. The wall now widened, but the slope became more inclined. Taking my steps with the greatest care, I could not prevent myself from slipping : as the space became wider, I became less cautious ; and while looking over the edge into the upper crevice, my feet slid from under me ; I came down on my face, and glided rapidly towards the lower one ; I cried out, but the guides who held the ropes attached to me, did not stop me, though they stood firm. I had got to the extent of the rope, my feet hanging over the lower crevice, one hand grasping firmly the pole, and the other my hat. The guides called to me to be cool, and not afraid ;—a pretty time

to be cool, hanging over an abyss, and in momentary expectation of falling into it! They made no attempt to pull me up for some moments; and then desiring me to raise myself, they drew in the rope until I was close to them in safety.

The reason for this proceeding is obvious:—had they attempted, on the bad and uncertain footing in which they stood, to check me at the first gliding, they might have lost their own balance, and our destruction would have followed; but by fixing themselves firmly in the cut step, and securing themselves with their batons, they were enabled to support me with certainty when the rope had gone its length. This also gave me time to recover, that I might assist them in placing myself out of danger; for it is not to be supposed, that in such a situation I did not lose, in a great degree, my presence of mind. These were good reasons, no doubt; but placed as I was, in such imminent peril, I could not have allowed them to be so.

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SUNSET AND NIGHT ON THE GRAND MULETS.

(9900 FEET HIGH.)

THE sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of the softest hue the whole scene below us, which gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour: the Jura seeming on fire, and the lake of Geneva reflecting the glow; every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed

by his departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull gray. The lake and the lower mountains were soon clothed in the sombre shade, but we still enjoyed the presence of the God of Day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold; it died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure.

It was getting cold (the thermometer had descended to 45° Fahrenheit), and as we were to be early risers, I was not reluctant in preparing for my stony couch. I had the first place, Devouassoud next to me, and the rest of the guides, in a row alongside each other, lay as close as they could. I soon fell asleep, though the thunder of the falling avalanches might well have kept me awake. In the middle of the night I awoke, but experienced none of the unpleasant nausea and sickness which have attacked others when sleeping on this rock; nor did the guides appear to suffer from any such feelings. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which affected me more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they were crowded on my mind.

None of the beauties, none of the dangers, have made a more lasting impression on me than the awful silence of that night, broken as it was only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and re-echoing with thrilling sound in the death-like stillness

The sky had become more darkly blue, and the moon shone in the softest brightness, the stars shedding a dazzling and brilliant lustre. The avalanches continued falling, but neither they nor the reflection on the past day, nor the anxieties for the coming one, could keep me from sleep, into which I again sunk; but before I did so, I sat up and looked at my companions, all sound at rest, thinking not of the dangers they had passed, nor of those which they must meet with before the expedition they were engaged in could be finished. They slept placidly, yet I longed to get out of the tent, to behold the wonderful scenery under the influence of the moonlight; but I could not have done so without awakening every one of my dormant guides, and I was unwilling to sacrifice their repose to this gratification. I laid me down, and it was not long before I participated in the sound sleep which they enjoyed, and with the return of morn, was prepared to continue my journey.

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SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

(15,660 FEET HIGH.)

THE wind blew with considerable force, and I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow that I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys—none was on the mountains. The object of my ambition and my toil was gained, yet the

reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyments enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body; and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold; and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the highest point and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the headache, but the thirst remained; the pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been.

* * * * *

Having placed the thermometer on my baton, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point, to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamois once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast, and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite; some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel; even the taste of food created nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so.

I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me, for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at the moment. The wire being removed, and the string cut, the cork flew out to a great distance; but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zest; but not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed, for the rapid escape of the fixed air which it still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and which frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were but of short duration.

The most peculiar sensation, which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voices of those speaking to one another; for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Capt. Sherwill has given a description in the following words:—"It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife

under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood."

The shape of the summit has been well likened to the *dos d'ane* (ass's back), the broadest and highest part being towards the north, or Chamonis, and narrowest inclining a little to the east. An idea of the summit, as we found it, may be formed by cutting a pear, longitudinally, into halves, and placing one of them on its flat side; but, consisting as it does of snow drifted about by the wind, and subject to increase and diminution by the accumulation of the winter's storms and the influence of the winter's sun, it may probably present some novelty of form to every traveller who visits it. We found it to be about one hundred and seventy feet in length, and its greatest breadth about fifty. The hard snow of which it is composed, bearing a resemblance to a conglomerate of crystal beads appeared to be of the depth of from two hundred to three hundred feet upon its rocky foundation, which probably consists of a cluster of pinnacles similar to the Derniers Rochers, some points being visible, protruding through their snowy mantle nearer to their summit, although from their situation they were inaccessible. We found no living thing upon it; but Mr. Fellows mentioned to me that he had seen a *butterfly*, borne by the wind, pass rapidly over his head while on the summit.

SONNET TO MELANCHOLY.

(FROM AN OLD ALBUM.)

MAID of the pensive look, and brow austere,
Who oft, in groves impervious to the day,
Wrapt in impassioned musings, sometimes near
The time-reft tower, or convent, loved to stray,
The giddy tribe who bow to Folly's power,
Deride, but dread the glances of thine eye,
With hurried step pass Contemplation's bower,
Eager thy frown, calm monitress, to fly!
Thou, in thy solitary shades retired,
Whate'er men deem of thee, art least alone,
With thoughts beyond their reach, thy heart inspired,
Tastes the sweet sacred calm, to them unknown.
I leave the halls where mirth and wassail^{be},
To wander, gentle Eremite, with thee.





GUARD AGAINST A RAINY DAY.

BY A. A. WATTS.

GUARD against a rainy day ;—
Though the skies be now so fair,
Yet a little while and they
 May a gloomier aspect wear :
Fortune, too, so smiling now,
 Seeming all thy hopes to crown,
Soon may show an altered brow,
 And assume an angry frown !

Guard against a rainy day ;—
 What though life were always Spring ;
Even a smiling morn of May
 Unexpected showers may bring :
Friendship, though so warm of old,
 Will not bear an adverse sky ;
Even Love, for lack of gold,
 May unfold his wings and fly !

Gold our master, and our slave,
 Can both dictate and obey :
What is there on earth we crave,
 That will not confess its sway ?

Honour, friendship, love, and fame,
Title, power, and men's respect,
He who highest bids may claim,
If he be but circumspect.

Call not gold then worthless dross,
That can purchase wealth like this ;
And lend virtue's self a gloss,
Fools might else be fain to miss.
Jewels, to the vulgar ken,
Though they be of price untold,
Are but duly valued, when
They are set in frames of gold.

Prophecies of future sorrow,
Who may venture to gainsay ?
Clouds may break in floods to-morrow,
Gather honey whilst you may :
Nor forget to lay up store,
Where it ne'er can know decay ;
Spring and summer soon are o'er,
Guard against a wintry day !

THE DELIVERANCE.

IT was a Sabbath afternoon early in the year, and a crowded congregation were seen leaving a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire. The annual celebration of the sacrament had taken place there that day, which had attracted, as is usual in Scotland, great numbers of persons even from parishes at many miles distance. The services of the day were now over, and the people separated into different groups as they took their respective roads homewards; all, even the youngest and most thoughtless, walking on with a quietness and seriousness of deportment befitting the holy day, and the solemnity of the occasion which had called them together. A numerous party set out together to the eastward, conversing as they walked along, some on the more worldly topics of country discourse,—the state of the weather, the crops, and the markets; others, on the various services they had that day heard, and the gifts and graces of their respective ministers. Their numbers gradually diminished as one party after another branched off up the glens, or over the hill-paths leading to their distant farms and cottages, until at last only four persons remained. These were Donald Mac Alpine and his wife, who lived at Burnieside, to

which place they were now fast approaching; and his brother Angus, who, with his son Kenneth, had come that morning from Linn-head, about five miles further.

A February evening was closing in dusk and cold, with every appearance of a stormy, wet night, when the lights in the casements of the farm at Burnieside appeared flickering in the distance, cheering the hearts of Donald and his wife with thoughts of the comfort of their own warm hearth, and their children's hearty welcome, after the fatigues and weariness of their day's journey. Angus and Kenneth entered with them, to rest and refresh themselves before they proceeded onwards; and, as they were much beloved by their young relatives, they met a welcome, only second in cordiality and delight to that given to the parents. The large and happy party were soon seated comfortably round a glowing peat fire; and cheerfully partaking, after thanks had reverently been paid to the Giver of all good, of an excellent and substantial supper. When it was over, Angus summoned his son to depart.—“Come, Kenneth, my boy, it is getting late, and we have five long miles to go yet.” Donald, who had risen to look out into the night, now endeavoured to persuade his brother and his nephew to remain where they were till morning. “The wind is rising, and driving the hail and rain before it, and it is pitch-dark. I cannot let you leave this warm hearth on such a night.”—“Nay, Donald, we must go, indeed. What would Marion and poor little Lily say if we did not come home? We know our road

well, so we need not be afraid of the darkness; and as to the wind and rain, we are used to that, and the warm fireside at Linn-head, and a good bed, will be all the more welcome after it. So, good night, Donald; good night, Janet; good night, children."—"Well," replied Donald, "a wilful man must have his way; but mind when you come by the Black Linn. It is a very fearful path along there on a dark night."—"As to that, Donald, I do not think either Kenneth or I would fear to pass the Linn on the darkest night in the year; we know every rock and stone so well. We are almost at home when we have got there." Angus then taking up his thick walking staff, and Kenneth slinging over his shoulder the little wallet in which he had carried their simple dinner, they ventured out into the storm, and the hospitable door of Burnieside was reluctantly closed behind them.

For some time they trudged on without much difficulty, though the wind and rain beat directly in their faces, and were gradually becoming more violent. In the intervals between the gusts, the father and son conversed together, and Kenneth was pouring forth some of the feelings which the day's services had excited in his pious and serious young heart. He was now about fifteen years of age, the pride and delight of his parents, and of his sister Lillas, who was a year or two older than himself. Marion MacAlpine, his mother, had from his infancy cherished the hope, that this her only son might become a pious and useful minister in

the church; she wished, like Hannah with the youthful Samuel, "to give this child, for whom she had prayed, unto the Lord all the days of his life; and as he increased in stature, his parents' hearts glowed within them as they marked his studious, serious disposition, and the heavenly-mindedness of his simple character. The great object of their desires was to afford him the advantages of a college education, and the toils by which they strove to secure the means of doing so were made sweet both to his father, mother, and sister, by the love with which they regarded him. Lilius, indeed, looked on Kenneth as on some superior being. She was a sweet-tempered, active, industrious girl, and though her mental powers were not fashioned in so fine a mould as her brother's, she had a heart to love and admire him, and would have made any sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, to have added to his happiness or promoted his welfare. His progress in learning, under the care of the good minister of Linn-head, had been very rapid; and as both his age and his acquirements were now such as nearly to fit him for college, it was intended that he should be entered a student at the University of Glasgow in the following year.

"Father," said the boy, "that was a fine discourse of Mr. Muir's, 'the Lord is a very present help in trouble.'"—"It was, Kenneth; but one to be better understood by the aged than the young Christian."—"Just what I thought, father. The words went like fire into my heart; yet, to me, they were but words of

promise; to you, and others, who have gone through suffering and tribulation, they were words recalling blessed experience. So far in my life, thanks be to God, and under Him, to you, and my mother, and dear Lily, 'the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage;' but I know it must needs be that afflictions come, and when they do——" "May you find the truth and power of the promises," interrupted his father. "Amen!" said Kenneth, with fervour.

In these sweet communings, they beguiled the weary way. They had proceeded more than three miles of the distance, and had entered a deep defile in the mountains, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. This river, at all times considerable, now swollen by the melting of the snows, roared along its rocky channel. It entered the defile about a mile and a half higher up, over a tremendous precipice, forming one of the wildest and most terrific cataracts in the Highlands, which was known in the country by the name of the Black Linn. The water was precipitated into a deep, dark chasm, where it boiled and wheeled with terrifying impetuosity, and then broke away with fury through rents and channels in the rocks, which the force of the stream had in the lapse of ages worn. This scene of awful sublimity was surrounded by abrupt walls of rock two hundred feet in height, grey and bare, and overshadowing the depths below, so that the rays of the bright sun could never penetrate further than to

paint a rainbow on the spray of the fall about midway of its descent. A narrow and unprotected mountain road led up the defile past the cataract to the village of Linn-head, which, on such a night, would have been far from safe to less experienced travellers than those who were now toiling along it. They were wet, cold and weary; and the force of the wind pouring down the glen, the cold and sharp rain beating in their faces, and the pitchy darkness of the night, began almost to bewilder them. They ceased to speak, but struggled on in silence. At length, by the increased roar of waters, they perceived that they were approaching the Linn. "Courage! my boy, we shall soon reach home now," said Angus. A fresh and more violent gust of wind bringing a heavy hail shower, obliged them to turn from its fury. Again they groped their way afterwards. "Father," said Kenneth, in a voice whose tremulous tones were almost drowned by the fury of the elements, "we have missed the path—we are on the wrong side of the oak tree—we are on the top of the erag over the Black Boiler, I am sure—take care of yourself—I am trying to find——" A piercing cry of agony, heard above the rushing of the winds and waters, froze the father's heart within him. "Kenneth!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "my child, my child! where are you?" There was no answer. The unhappy father called again and again. The torrent rushed on in its resistless might, and the wind howled past him, till his brain was almost maddened by the roar, and the solid rock be-

neath him seemed to tremble, as if an earthquake were shaking the globe to its foundations. He flung himself on the ground, and dragging himself along, felt, with outstretched arms, for the edge of the precipice. His hand at length reached it, where the broken earth and some tufts of grass hanging by their slight fibrous roots, showed the very spot where it had yielded under Kenneth's tread. He looked over, and strained his eyes in the vain endeavour to pierce the thick darkness beneath. All was hid in deep gloom, except where a gleam of pale light marked the broken, foamy edges of the falling waters far, far below. A sickness, like death, fell upon the heart of poor Angus, as the conviction forced itself on him, that his child was indeed gone—lost to him for ever. He tried again to call, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound, and having groped his way back to the oak tree, the landmark already mentioned, he leaned against it for some moments as if to collect strength, and then, making a desperate effort to move forward, he reached the village. All the lights in the cottages were by this time extinguished for the night, except those which gleamed from his own windows, whose brightness showed that those within were still waking and watching for the return of their absent ones. Marion and Lily had just heaped the fire with fresh wood and peat, which threw a bright cheerful light round the cottage. The singing kettle, hanging on the hook over the fire, sent its light clouds of curling vapour up the wide chimney. Before

the fire was a small table, with the great family Bible lying on it, in which Liliás had been reading to her mother, till the increasing storm, and the growing lateness of the hour, began to awaken their anxiety for Angus and Kenneth's return, and prevented their giving to the word of God that undivided attention, without which they thought it but a mockery to read. They sat listening to the wind and rain beating against the cottage, sometimes expressing their anxieties to each other, then striving to forget for a time the sense of them, by busying themselves in all the little arrangements they could devise, for the comfort of the wet and weary wanderers. At length a hand touched the outer latch. "Here they are!" exclaimed the listening inmates. But almost a minute elapsed before that hand found courage again to try and open the door. When it did open, and the pale and horror-struck figure of Angus entered, a sense of awful calamity in an instant struck both Marion and Liliás. He closed the door, and leaned against it, as if he could neither speak nor move. "Kenneth!" they both exclaimed. "The Linn—the Linn—lost!"—was all that the unhappy father could utter. Then staggering to his chair, he burst into a passionate flood of grief, so unlike any thing his wife and daughter had before witnessed in his steady, composed character, that, for the moment, they lost all thought of every thing else in the endeavor to soothe him. But the relief of tears seemed to take the heavy load off his heart, and before long he could with great

calmness tell of the awful bereavement they had sustained, and endeavour, in his turn, to comfort the stricken hearts of his wife and daughter. A family of sorrow, they sat by the dying embers of their hearth that long and bitter night; but an unskilled pen may not dare to describe their feelings, nor the power of the consolations from on high, which visited them in their affliction.

Towards morning poor Liliás, exhausted by sorrow, had sunk into a deep sleep, with her head resting on her mother's shoulder. Angus kept walking continually to the little window, to watch for the first streaks of light in the east, intending as soon as the day dawned, to take some of his neighbours with him to assist in finding all that was left to him of his beloved child. At length the grey of the morning broke over the hills—he took his hat and went out, leaving Marion supporting her daughter's head—her lips moved in inward prayer as he left the house. The melancholy news rapidly spread through the village; for Kenneth was as much loved by all who knew him as his father was respected, and all the neighbours and friends were soon collected to go with Angus to find the body; while some of the women went in to Marion to console and support her during this trying time.

In the meantime, he for whose loss all were thus sorrowing, was yet living. He had been saved from destruction by the stems of three or four saplings of mountain-ash and weeping-birch; which had taken root

in a fissure of the almost perpendicular crag, and hung their light elegant foliage, nearly horizontally, over the black whirlpool below. The slight stems had bowed fearfully under the pressure of Kenneth's falling weight, but springing up again by their elasticity, they now held him suspended, and rocking with every blast, over the yawning chasm. He lay unconscious for a long time, from the stunning effects of the fall, and of a severe blow which his head had received against the rock; but his senses gradually returned, and he awoke to an acute sense of pain both bodily and mental. When he understood his awful and precarious situation, an overpowering terror came over his mind, and he wreathed his arms round the branches of the trees, with the convulsive instinct of self-preservation. His calls for help were piercing and continual; but they reached no human ear. At this trying moment, the words which he had been dwelling on all the day, "the Lord is a very present help in trouble," recurred to his thoughts like oil upon the stormy waves, leading them into peaceful tranquillity. "Yea," he mentally exclaimed, "even in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." His mind then rapidly glanced at all the circumstances of his situation. He was instantly aware that he could neither make any exertions to release himself, nor hope for any assistance till the morning dawned; and that nothing remained for him but to rest where he was in quietness, and reliance upon his Almighty Father,

till day-light. Though the violence of the storm gradually abated, his sufferings from wet and cold, were extreme during that apparently endless night. He endeavoured to beguile the time by repeating passages of Scripture, with which his memory was amply stored; and when these failed to divert his mind from the oppressive weight of pain and dread, or when thoughts of his dear home, and all whom he loved there, would force themselves upon his recollection, he poured out his soul at the throne of mercy, and was strengthened. But the vigor of his mind began gradually to yield to the anguish of his frame; and before morning, the powers of life seemed to be ebbing fast away, leaving him in a state almost of insensibility. He closed his eyes, and consciousness grew fainter and fainter. When he again languidly raised their lids, they rested, as he lay with his face upturned towards heaven, on lightly tinged rose-coloured clouds, the fore-runners of the rising sun, sailing slowly and peacefully over the abyss. The sight seemed to revive the dying spark within, and sent a thrill of hope and joy through his stiffening limbs. But as the increasing light showed him the height and the inaccessible steepness of the precipice above him, and he felt his own incapacity to move, his heart again sunk within him. "Yet, surely," thought he, "they will come to seek me;" and, for the first time, a movement of restless impatience began to agitate him.

About this time the villagers, being collected together,

were proceeding to the fall. Angus in vain endeavoured to maintain his wonted steadiness of demeanour. At one time he hurried on, as if impelled forwards by an irresistible power; and then, as if nature recoiled with dread from the sight of his beautiful child, changed to a pale and disfigured corpse, he lingered in the rear. When they reached the oak tree before mentioned, he remained motionless, while the rest advanced on to the crag, more from the desire to see the very spot of Kenneth's fall, than from any expectation of finding his remains, which they doubted not the stream had, by that time, carried farther down the country. Malcolm, a young blacksmith of the village, of remarkably active and enterprising character, was first. He advanced close to the edge of the cliff, which his steady head enabled him to look over without fear. The others remonstrated with him on his rashness, but Malcolm had caught a glimpse of something which made him thoughtless of himself; and in order to be certain that it was what his hopes suggested, before he mentioned them to any one, he lay down on the ground, and stretched his body half over the brink to gain a distinct view. "It is—it is," he exclaimed—"What!" cried many voices.—"Himself!" cried Malcolm springing up;—"fetch ropes;" and he ran off instantly to the village to execute his own orders, followed by several of the boys and younger men. Angus gazed at this sudden movement with a bewildered eye, till some of the others, who had also looked down, came to tell him that his son

was indeed there, and, they hoped, alive, though they could hardly distinguish whether the slight trembling of the tree was caused by the breeze, or by an endeavour to make a signal. The father's eyes were again blessed by the sight of his child; but the agony and suspense of hope tried him, if possible, more severely than the certainty of calamity. He kneeled down, covering his face with his hands, during the minutes, which to him seemed hours, that elapsed before the return of Malcolm and the ropes. It was some little time after they were got back, before they had lashed together strong cords sufficient to reach Kenneth's resting-place; but, at length, having secured one end of them strongly round the oak tree, they gradually lowered the other over the face of the crag. Kenneth saw it descending, like the angel of his rescue, and watched its gradual progress, till it reached the level at which he lay; and, after swinging to and fro, finally rested upon his body. But when he tried to untwine his benumbed arms from the branches round which they had so long been clinging, he felt almost with despair that he could not stir. Those above tried with shouts to encourage him, and to persuade him to tie the rope round his waist. He could not. Neither could he raise his hoarse and feeble voice to make them hear. They began to be quite at a loss what to do, and almost to doubt whether life were not fled. In this emergency, Mr. Cameron, the minister of Linn-head, was seen coming up the road mounted on his rough

little Shetland pony. He had been assisting in the celebration of the Sacrament the preceding day, and having remained to spend the evening with his fellow-ministers, whom that occasion had collected together, was returning, at this early hour, to his home and his duties, principally to be in readiness for his beloved and favorite pupil Kenneth. He wondered to see so many of his parishioners assembled, but a few words explained the whole; and surprised and agitated as he was by the suddenness of the shock, he retained presence of mind sufficient to direct what was best to be done. "Some one must be lowered to his assistance," said he. Malcolm immediately volunteered himself; and while the active young Highlander drew up the rope, and fastened it round his own waist, Mr. Cameron went to support Angus. All the people present assisted in lowering the courageous youth, who guided himself by a long stick, which he held in his hand, and by which he kept himself from striking against the rock. Having reached the proper station, he planted one foot firmly on a slight projection, and, steadying himself with his stick, this active and powerful young man stooped down, loosened Kenneth's hands, and grasping the poor exhausted boy with his strong muscular arm, gave the signal to be drawn up. As they slowly ascended, he held his drooping charge firmly, yet tenderly, and, with surprising skill and dexterity, guided their course, till with great exertion, and some little difficulty, they safely reached the top.

Mr. Cameron no sooner saw Kenneth safely laid in his father's arms, and had ascertained that, though fainting, life was not extinct, than, leaving all the rest to follow slowly, he mounted his pony, and rode briskly forward to break the joyful tidings to poor Marion. When he entered the cottage, which the care of her kind neighbours had restored to its wonted look of comfort, she rose to meet him with calmness and composure, but with a face, on which one night seemed to have done the work of years. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, you are come, indeed, to the house of mourning; have you heard all?" "Yes, my good Marion, I have seen Angus."—"And have they found ——" She could say no more; her tears choked her. "Yes, they have, Marion," said the good pastor, hardly knowing how to break it to her; "your son shall live again."—"I know," replied the devout Christian mother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Oh! Mr. Cameron, our hearts' desire for him was, that he should serve the Lord in his courts here below, and if he calls him so soon to stand in the holy of holies, what are we, that we should gainsay his will? and yet, it is hard to say, Thy will be done!" Mr. Cameron was so much affected, that it was some time before he could say, "Marion, the Lord's arm is not shortened that he cannot save; and what is impossible with men, is possible with God." Marion lifted up her eyes, with an expression of wild doubt. Lillias sprung forward, and seized his hand, and the neighbours

drew round inquiringly. "Yes! my friends, he has been wonderfully delivered, and he is yet living; but Marion," he added, observing that she turned deadly pale, "you must command yourself. He has suffered severely, and his life may depend on your composure, and ability to do all that may be required for him. Now, my good friends, prepare a warm bed, and get all things in readiness." While the other women were busying themselves according to their minister's desire, the mother and daughter, with their arms round each other, were standing on the threshold, looking out for the first sight of him who had been lost, but was found; while Mr. Cameron gently related to them the history of his wonderful escape, mingling with his relation words of religious comfort and exhortation, which fell like balm upon their hearts. At last, the party came slowly up, bearing Kenneth on a rude litter which they had hastily put together; and as he crossed the threshold of his home once again, his mother and sister quietly kissed his cold pallid cheek, and he opened his eyes on them with a look of love. He was laid in his warm bed, and they proceeded to restore warmth and animation by cordials, and by rubbing his limbs with spirits. But whether their applications were too stimulating, or it was the natural effect of his long exposure to the cold, added to the blow on his head, fever rapidly came on, and, for several days, he lay in violent delirium. It almost broke the hearts of those who were watching by his bedside, to hear his screams of horror, and broken

snatches of prayer and supplication, which showed that he was continually living over again that fearful night. The following Sabbath, all the little congregation of Linn-head joined, as with one heart, in their minister's fervent intercession, that the life, already so wonderfully delivered, might yet once more be spared. Their prayers were granted; youth and a good constitution, aided by the unwearied and judicious care of his affectionate nurses, triumphed over the disease. That once subdued, his strength rapidly returned, and, on the third Sunday after, Kenneth, supported by his father and mother, and followed by his sister, again entered the sanctuary, and took his accustomed place there; and when they all kneeled in prayer, their hearts burned within them, as Mr. Cameron poured forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty. He chose for his text the opening verses of the hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy." From these appropriate words he uttered a most affectionate and persuasive exhortation, not only addressed to him who had been the subject of such striking mercies, but to all the youthful members of his flock, who had been witnesses of them. The good seed thus scattered, falling on ground differently prepared to receive it, brought forth fruit variously. In Kenneth's heart, it brought forth fruit a hundred-fold;

and during the course of a long after life, he was, as far as the weakness of human nature may be, "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and was blessed in the conviction that his "labours in the Lord were not in vain."

YOUTH.

BY MISS ATWELL.

SAY, what adorneth youth?
Buoyant heart and sunny smile,
Free from bitterness and guile;
Voice of mirth and step of air;
Laughing eye and clustering hair;
Soul of spotless truth.

Liberal hand! is thine, in sooth,
With all that's beautiful and bright;
Active form and spirit light—
Warm affection's gentle gush—
Feelings prompt, and fancy's flush—
All belong to youth.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WHEN the knell, rung for the dying,
Soundeth for me,
And my corse coldly is lying
'Neath the green tree;
When the turf strangers are heaping,
Covers my breast,
Come not to gaze on me weeping;—
I am at rest!

All my life coldly and sadly
The days have gone by;
I, who dream'd wildly and madly,
Am happy to die.
Dear friend, my heart hath been breaking,
Its pain is all past;
A term hath been set to its aching,—
Peace comes at last!

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITION OF FIRST
LOVE BEING LASTING.

BY R. BURNAL, ESQ.

FIRST love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckon'd ;
For when one awakes from its trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in a *second*.

And e'en should the *second* subside,
A *lover* can never despair ;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women—uncommonly fair.

Then poets their raptures may tell,
Who never were put to the test ;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me, the *last love's* the best.

THE YOUNG AID-DU-CAMP.

“OH, Edward,” murmured, Julia Harcourt to her brother, as she laid her head upon his shoulder, believing herself unobserved, “where will you be at this hour to-morrow evening?”

He answered only by an affectionate pressure of the hand which he held in his; the tears started in his eyes, but anxious to conceal his emotions, he turned to his father, and was about to address him.

“My children,” said the General tenderly, “there is no need of concealment of feelings, which honour rather than disgrace our nature. It is only the indulgence of vain regret that is censurable, not regret itself. It is one of the penalties of humanity to separate from those we love, and most pitiable is that insensibility which can remain unshaken upon such occasions. You, Edward, will not make a worse soldier because your sister’s tears have brought a corresponding sympathy in your eyes; nor will you, Julia, enjoy less the future honors of your brother, because you now weep that he must leave you. And think not,” added he, in a voice which gradually lost its firmness as he continued to speak; “think not that the moment when a son is about to quit his parental roof, and engage in the busy

scenes of life, is a painless one to a father. In him, to natural regret is joined a knowledge of the shoals and quicksands that lie in his path, and remembrance of these gives to the anxiety of maturity the acuteness of sorrow that properly belongs to youth." He paused, and then with greater steadiness continued;—"The path before you, however, is an honorable and an open one. Acquit yourself in it, therefore, as becomes a man and a Christian. But I will not now repeat the advice I have already so earnestly given you, and the more so as I am not aware that I have omitted any material point of conduct. On one subject alone I have been less diffuse than you might probably have expected me to be, but this arose solely from its being too painful a one to dwell openly upon." He passed his hand over his brow, but could not conceal the agitation of his features; "Here is a packet, however," added he, "which will supply the omission; read the narrative it contains attentively, and oh! may you escape the anguish that its writer has been so long doomed to feel!"

Edward received the paper with reverence, and the General now rising, fervently blessed both his children, and retired to rest.

This was the last evening that Edward Harcourt was to spend in his father's house previous to his joining his regiment, which was under sailing orders for Spain. He was a high spirited, amiable youth, the secret pride of his father, and the avowed delight

of his sister. He had scarcely passed his seventeenth year; but in talent, manner and appearance, he was many years older. Brought up from his childhood with a view to the profession of arms, he had been for some time impatient to take an active share in the dangers and honors which at that time so particularly distinguished the British name, and he looked forward to the scenes of glory which he had pictured to himself with an eagerness that allayed, though it could not extinguish, the sorrow of parting from those who were so dear to him. By way of enlivening their spirits, they had been romping in the garden; Edward assuming a fantastic dress, had been playing all manner of pranks with some female friends; but all his natural gaiety and high spirits were unable either to subdue the feelings of an affectionate son and brother on parting, or prevent the visible sorrow which showed itself on the cheek of a beloved sister. The next day saw him far on his journey towards the metropolis, where, having remained only sufficient time to equip himself, he proceeded to Plymouth, and was soon afterwards launched on the bosom of the ocean, under a favorable wind, and with companions whose spirits were almost as buoyant as his own.

He had hitherto been too much engaged to open the packet which the General had given him, or indeed scarcely to give it a thought; but he had now abundance of leisure for the purpose, and withdrawing himself from observation, he with no slight degree of interest,

not unmingled with curiosity, broke the seal. The latter feeling had probably not obtruded itself, but for the idea that it contained an elucidation of an occasional melancholy, which both he and his sister had observed in their father, and which had excited alike their surprise and commiseration. Loved and respected by them in the highest degree, they had carefully abstained from appearing to notice it, and had sought only by every delicate and tender attention, to win him from his abstraction, and to soothe him to composure and cheerfulness. Frequently in the midst of social enjoyment, a sudden pang would seem to cross his heart, and in an instant to change the hilarity of his countenance into an expression of the deepest anguish. Frequently, even in moments of paternal tenderness and delight, when his breast appeared to overflow with the purest felicity, a look of indescribable agony would ensue, and tears, which he endeavored in vain to conceal, would start from his eyes.

A natural feeling of respect and delicacy made him pause, before he could examine the paper which he held in his hand. This he found to be a long letter from the General, who, after enforcing many excellent rules for his future conduct, thus proceeded:—

“And now, Edward, let me address you on a subject to which I attach the deepest importance. I mean that of duelling. By every consideration, moral and divine—by every tie of affection to me, of allegiance to your

king, and of duty to your God,—I charge you never to be either a principal or an accessory, in a crime which reason and religion alike condemn as utterly indefensible, although false honor and heartless sophistry have endeavoured to establish its propriety and necessity. Continue to preserve that control over your passions which has hitherto distinguished you; give no offence, and be not ready to receive one; enter into no dispute, and whilst with a manly firmness you maintain your own independence of thought and action, avoid all interference with that of others, never forgetting that when you became a soldier, you ceased not to be a Christian; but increased, rather than diminished your obligation, by having dedicated that life to your king, which you received from your God, for the proper disposal of which you are now accountable to both.

“But if argument fail, let the recital I am about to make, effectually deter you from the commission of so heinous an offence. Yes, I will raise the veil that has long covered the anguish of my heart, although I am well aware that the effort will be most distressing to me, and that the exposure of past errors to a son’s eyes must prove a bitter task to a father.

“I was early destined like yourself to the army, and entered upon life with prospects as fair as your own. My connexions were powerful, my fortune was good, and my friends consequently were numerous. Nature had done much for me, adventitious circumstances more. My society was everywhere sought, I was a

general favorite, and though reason pointed out the motive of the attention I received, self-love and vanity resolved the unmeaning homage into a debt due to my peculiar merit. I became addicted to pleasure, grew haughty and impatient of control, and while I pursued gratifications which my better principles condemned, I allowed neither the inward monitor of my own breast, nor the remonstrances of my real friends, to have any influence over my actions. Real friends, perhaps, I had few; but I possessed one,—alas! how my heart throbs at the recollection!—whose worth alone was sufficient to outweigh the loss of hundreds. Melville was my cousin by my mother's side—he, too, was an only son; but as his parents were by no means in affluent circumstances, he became at the death of his father entirely dependant upon mine. We had been brought up together, and he had hitherto shared in all the advantages which had been so liberally bestowed upon me. I fear he was much more attached to my person than I was alive to his merits. We were indeed very dissimilar. He was gentle, patient, endowed with extraordinary powers of self-control, moderate in all his desires, just, honorable, generous and brave; while equally correct in practice as in principle, his rectitude amidst all temptation remained unshaken. My tears fall fast at this feeble testimony to his worth; alas! that the loss of blessings should best teach us their value.

“Melville had frequently, in forcible but gentle terms,

remonstrated with me on my conduct. I at first listened to him without displeasure, and even with secret admiration of the manner he adopted towards me, but in proportion as my behaviour grew irregular, and the upbraidings of my conscience more severe, his admonitions became less endurable. The sneers, also, of my profligate associates at his influence provoked me, and I gradually absented myself from his society, till at length I totally withdrew myself from him. Melville was much hurt by this procedure, and for a time endeavored by every means to win back my confidence, but finding that he rather defeated than promoted his views by seeking me, he forbore to intrude. Often did my heart reproach me for the unmanliness and ingratitude of my conduct, and as often did I long for a renewal of that cordiality which was once my happiness, and had always been my safety; but pride and the ridicule of my companions withheld me from making any advance towards a better understanding, and in the end I scarcely even deigned to speak to him.

“Among other evil propensities, I had contracted a love of gaming, to supply which even the liberal allowance of my father was inadequate. I became involved in debt, and was guilty of many petty acts of meanness, which at a former period of my life I should have abhorred. Alas! little did I think at the time that it was Melville, the honorable, self-denying Melville, who, out of the savings of his own comparatively scanty purse, preserved me frequently from exposure

from my trades-people. I thought neither of him nor of them,—I was selfish, wilfully heedless and extravagant, merely because I would not allow myself to reflect.

“One evening I had played to a considerable amount, and had been particularly unfortunate. In my agitation, I drank largely, and thus the irritation of intoxication was added to the irritation of excited feeling. We were seated in our tent, for it was summer. Melville passed us on his way to the guard-room. He cast, or I fancied that he cast, a look of peculiar meaning towards me. I was provoked at having been seen at all by him, and I turned myself from him with as little apparent intention as possible. He however turned back, and doing so approached the tent more nearly. This I thought was done for the express purpose of observation, and I felt exceedingly vexed, though I forbore to say a word. ‘What is the curious fool looking at?’ exclaimed one of my companions, ‘does he think that he is to mount guard here?’ ‘No, no,’ rejoined another, ‘he is already on the watch. Harecourt, this will be a pretty tale to report to your father.’ I was almost mad at the suggestion, when unfortunately for both, he again passed, though yet apparently in haste. I sprang out, and in a voice of rage accused him of the meanness of watching me. He bore my abuse with calmness and in silence, nay even an expression of pity was visible on his features, but this only inflamed me still more. I taxed him with an intention of betraying me to my father. Then, and then only, his eyes flashed with indignation. ‘It

is false,' said he warmly; 'cruelly, abominable false.' He spoke only with the emphasis of outraged and insulted feeling, but my companions construed his words into that which was not to be endured by a gentleman, and insisted that an apology was due to my injured honor. 'I can make no apology,' exclaimed Melville, 'when I have committed no offence. My cousin must do as he pleases—he knows his own injustice too well to persist in it.' Alas! I did not know it, but I was too much disordered, too much goaded on by others to own it, and—— But I must hasten to the dreadful catastrophe. My companions insisted on a meeting, and that immediately; it took place—I had the first fire—it was fatal—Melville fell!

“The mists of passion and intoxication faded at once from my eyes. I ran to him and raised him in my arms. The cold dew of death was already gathering on his brow, but he was sensible to my affection and despair. 'I have been greatly to blame,' he uttered with great difficulty; 'bear witness that I acquit him entirely of any evil intent towards me. Dear Hareourt,' he more faintly murmured, 'compose yourself, I entirely forgive you—be kind to my poor mother.' He feebly threw his arm around my neck, I bent to receive his last kiss, and sunk fainting to the ground.

“The affair was represented in a manner that exonerated me from punishment, and it was soon forgotten among my companions. I became, however, an altered man; and so far poor Melville had not died in vain.

I rose rapidly in my profession; the most brilliant success attended me throughout my military career; rank, honor, and reputation, were liberally bestowed on me; nor was I less fortunate in private and domestic life. Happy in my friends, my wife, and my children; easy in my circumstances, and esteemed by society in general, my lot has been blessed beyond that of most others; but my felicity has never been without severe alloy. The image of my bleeding and dying friend has pursued me every where, and mingled a drop of exquisite bitterness in my cup. Amidst the applause of assembled multitudes, or the congratulations of friends; in the endearments of connubial love, or the fond delights of a parent, the remembrance of Melville has constantly risen to my imagination, and wrung my heart with agony. So might he have been honored; so bright might have been his career; so tenderly might he have been loved by an amiable wife; and children, dutiful and affectionate as mine, might have clasped his knees and called him father—but for me. The still small voice of conscience has unremittingly denounced me to myself as a murderer, and all the tears of penitence that I have shed, are still inadequate to wash away the remembrance of my crime. Even the satisfaction and comfort which I have derived from the exercise of our holy faith, have been embittered from the same sad source, for better knowledge of myself has taught me to regret the more severely the advantages of which I had deprived him.

In the midst of youth, and as he would have owned, unprepared to meet his God, my hand shut the gates of repentance upon him, and sent him with all his frailties on his head, to that dread tribunal, from which there is neither appeal nor escape.

“But I will not press the melancholy subject further. I am sick at heart, and can only say, go, my beloved boy, avoid your father’s example and be happy.”

Edward read with deep attention and considerable emotion, his father’s narrative. “You shall be obeyed, dearest and best of parents,” said he, as he carefully returned it to its envelope, and consigned it to a place of safety. “Let it cost me what it may, I will never, never incur such a load of misery on my future years as you have described.”

He landed safely at Lisbon, and proceeded with all speed to join the division to which his regiment was attached. Active operations had not yet commenced, though vigorous preparations were making for the ensuing campaign. The natural ardour of his disposition made him regret a delay, which deprived him of the opportunity that he so much desired of signaling himself. Time, however, was not suffered to hang heavily on his hands; the duties of his profession, and gaieties which his brother officers promoted among themselves, fully occupied every moment.

He was delighted with all he met with, and if a thought of home saddened him, it was only for an instant, and brighter hopes of proving himself more

worthy of the affection of his beloved relatives, dissipated every other feeling. His good humor, high spirit, and honorable bearing, produced a general prepossession in his favor, and he found his society universally sought. The regiment was quartered in a town large indeed in size, but thinly inhabited. Returning one evening to his lodgings, in company with a young man of his own rank and age, who with himself had been dining with their commanding officer, he was suddenly startled by the loud shriek of a female. He paused a moment, uncertain from whence it proceeded; but upon its being repeated, he immediately directed his steps to the spot, and beheld, by the bright beams of the moon, a female struggling to free herself from the rude embraces of a man whose dress proclaimed him a British officer. Edward advanced without hesitation, and in a firm voice desired him to desist. He was answered, however, only by a command to cease from interference; a command which was at once disobeyed, upon his assistance being implored by the female, whom he now discovered to be a Spaniard. He forcibly separated her from her persecutor, who, exasperated more probably by the intrusion of a stranger than by any other consideration, furiously drew his sword, and bade him stand on his guard. The party to which he belonged had by this time joined them. Edward put back the weapon which was held against him, and telling him to reserve its use for a more proper occasion, walked on. His antagonist,

however, followed, and in insulting terms, continued to challenge him to draw. In vain Edward pursued his way, till, exasperated by his apparent disregard of his threats, the stranger struck him on the shoulder. He instantly turned, and for a moment lost all self-command, but speedily recovering his usual possession, he contented himself with wrenching the sword out of his hand, and snapping it in two, he threw the pieces away. "Your name!" exclaimed the other, breathless with rage. Edward gave it, and having now reached the door of his lodging, he entered, followed by his friend.

"This is a most unfortunate business," said Johnson, as he threw himself into a seat—"you will hear more of this, depend upon it. I know all the party. The fellow who was so liberal of his abuse of you is Danvers of the fourteenth—a youth who has been ruined by indulgence and by the profuse allowance made him by his doating but mistaken parents. He is naturally good-tempered and amiable, but he has associated himself with companions utterly unworthy of him, who lead him into every excess. You probably did not observe his situation this evening, but it was evident enough to me, that he was in no respect master of himself. You will undoubtedly have a message from him to-morrow morning, for among his chief friends is Canning, of whose taste for duelling you must be already apprised. Well, much as I dislike the business, remember I shall be in readiness to attend your

summons—and so good night.” Saying this, he cordially shook hands with him, and retired.

Left to himself, he reviewed the occurrence of the evening and its probable consequence. He foresaw the difficulty and delicacy of his situation; and it would be ascribing too much to him to say, that he was indifferent to it, or even not considerably moved. He carefully recalled his father’s admonitions; and after mature reflection, he determined upon the conduct he meant to pursue. “I will not fight,” he exclaimed, “though every hope and prospect of my life be destroyed for ever.” Tears, which he could not suppress, started from his eyes, and burying his face in his hands, as he leaned on his rude table, he sat absorbed in sorrowful reflection. This weakness, however, did not last long. He had been brought up in the best and purest principles of honour and religion; and he was practically, as well as theoretically, a Christian. He knew his duty, and he felt his insufficiency; he was well aware in whom his strength lay, and he was not ashamed to apply to that source from whence alone it could be obtained. He knelt down with reverence and humility, and earnestly implored the aid of his Creator; and thus engaged, found rest from the perturbed feelings which agitated his breast. He then threw himself upon his bed; but though calm, he was unable to sleep, and with the morning sun he arose.

The event was precisely as had been anticipated. At an early hour he was waited upon by Canning.

with a desire that he would either apologise to Danvers, or appoint a meeting.

“I shall do neither,” firmly, but temperately, replied Edward. “I have acted only as every honourable man would have done in my situation towards a defenceless female; and I shall not hazard my life in a cause in which I have neither resentment to appease, nor merited chastisement to dread.”

“Then you consent to be branded with the gentlemanly epithet of coward,” retorted Canning, in a tone and with an accompanying sneer that tinged the cheek of Edward with a crimson hue. “You may brand me with what epithet you please,” returned he, rather haughtily; “you have my answer, and I shall not depart from it.”

Canning now departed, but in a few minutes re-entered the apartment, accompanied by Danvers himself, and several other officers. “Mr. Harecourt,” said one of these, advancing towards Edward, “I am under the necessity of requiring you publicly to apologise to my friend, Mr. Danvers, for your conduct towards him last evening; or to grant him the satisfaction that is due to a gentleman.”

“My answer,” replied Edward, with dignity, “has been already given. I have no other to return. I will not apologise to Mr. Danvers, because I conceive no apology is due to him, nor will I put that life in competition with his, which is not my own to trifle with, nor needlessly to endanger.”

“Then,” returned the speaker,” “you are aware of the imputation which must be drawn from such a refusal, and must be prepared to relinquish the association of gentlemen.”

“I am prepared for every consequence,” said Edward: “that I am in reality no coward, I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your satisfaction; in the meantime you are at liberty to honour me with your notice or not, as you may feel disposed; but of this be assured, I fear no contempt like that of my own, and dread no disgrace but that which arises from guilt. As for you, Mr. Danvers,” continued he, directing his speech to that gentleman, who in profound silence and with deep attention had listened to all that passed, “I have no enmity whatever towards you, and I should grieve most sincerely, in case of my being the survivor, that you ended your career in so ignoble a strife. I have only to hope that I may have an early opportunity of meeting you in a field where we may best display our courage, and make duty and valor consistent.” So saying, he bowed, and left the apartment.

Although satisfied in his own mind of the propriety of the line of conduct he had pursued, and thus happy in the approval of his own conscience, Edward soon found his situation a most painful one. It was impossible not to perceive the shyness that marked the manner of his brother officers towards him, and he felt it was as useless as unnecessary to make any

observations upon it. Far different to the flattering attentions he had lately received, he was now allowed to be alone; and he had the additional mortification of seeing that when he essayed to join himself to his former companions, his society was either shunned or coldly endured. Wounded but not shaken, he avoided with becoming spirit intruding himself upon any one, and confined himself to study, or to the more active duties of his profession. He felt however sad and lonely, and most earnestly did he look forward to the renewal of active operation, in the hope of redeeming his injured character.

The General of his division was a particular friend of his father, in consequence of which he had been attached to his personal staff immediately upon his arrival. General Maitland regarded him very favorably, and prognosticated in sanguine terms the future glory and success of his élève, as he frequently called him. The striking difference which had lately appeared in the spirits of Edward, together with the evident coolness that he had observed was maintained towards him, induced him to inquire into the cause. Edward unhesitatingly related the whole circumstance. He heard him with attention and apparent concern. Supposing, however, from the gravity of his countenance, that he was dissatisfied with the explanation he had given, he continued, his voice partaking of his emotion as he spoke, "I trust, General, it is needless to say my refusal proceeded from no want of that feeling

without which a man ceases to be such. You cannot think me so unworthy of the blood that flows in my veins. No, Heaven is my witness, how eagerly, how impatiently I long for an opportunity of distinguishing myself. I have courage to face the foes of my country—I have courage to meet scorn and neglect where I was honored and sought—but I have not courage to disobey my father, and to offend my God!”

“Edward,” said the General, with glistening eyes, and extending his hand to him, which was eagerly grasped by his young friend, “I applaud your conduct, and value you the more highly for the determination you have shown. Would to Heaven all would act as you have done! This, however, is a consummation more devoutly to be wished than expected, and therefore, I feel the more sincerely for the painful situation in which you are placed, and must endeavor by some means to relieve it.” “Oh, General!” exclaimed Edward, passionately, “if you indeed feel for me, grant me the ardent desire of my heart—do not, I entreat you, notice what has passed; but on the first occasion that presents itself, place me in the midst of danger, in the most hazardous post that you can possibly assign me.” The General replied only by a smile; but Edward left him with a relieved heart, and in full hope that his request would be granted. His feelings may, therefore, be better imagined than described, when he heard that orders had been received to prepare for an immediate attack on the powerful city of Badajos. He

hastened to the General's tent, and there received confirmation of the intelligence. In silent impatience he listened to what was passing, dreading lest the General should forget his request, and perceiving no opportunity of reminding him of it. When, however, the disposition of the troops had been finally made, and the necessary orders issued, the General turned to him, and said to him in a low voice, "I will not forget you," Edward could reply only by a bow, and then hastened to attend to his immediate duties.

The attack was now commenced. The darkness of the night, the strength of the walls, and the resolute valor of the enemy, rendered it a terrific one. Death and bloodshed reigned in every part, and each party seemed to rival the other in ardor, determination and courage. All was orderly confusion—all was fearfully inspiring. One side of the city in particular, seemed impregnable: to this the General and his staff now approached. A party had several times attempted to scale the wall, but in vain; they were constantly repulsed with great slaughter, and at this moment their leader having fallen, the men were retreating in confusion—Edward's eyes flashed with impatience—he caught the General's hand.—"Yes," exclaimed he, "the time is come. Go; and the blessing of Heaven be with you!" Edward pressed the hand he grasped to his lips—"If I fall," said he "tell my father I fell with honor, and in obedience to his commands." He sprang from his horse, and rallying the retreating party, led them again to the rampart.

A more than mortal daring seemed now to animate him—more than his life was on his sword—his character and honor; and the flame that burnt in his own bosom communicated itself to his followers. In defiance of the unceasing fire that was opened upon them, in despite of the points of the bayonets, by which the enemy endeavored to throw them down, he still resolutely persisted in his attempts, and finally succeeded in reaching the summit. He paused for a moment to recover breath, and then cheering his men, who pressed close upon him, he sprang to the ground. Here a desperate struggle ensued. Conspicuous by his bravery, Edward was marked by one of the enemy, who with a giant grasp seized him and endeavored to throw him over the wall; but extricating himself with almost incredible activity, he rushed again before his gallant party, and covered with the blood of himself and others, succeeded in cutting his way to the inner wall. A breach was now effected: a shout from the English proclaimed the advantage. Edward sprang through the aperture. The firing of the French was at its height, and again a furious rencounter took place. A strong party however was now within the walls, and the clamors of men, of trumpets, and of bugles, shook the air.

“Forward!” exclaimed Edward energetically, now sanguine of success, and no longer fearing for his men; but at this instant the enemy suddenly faced round; a hundred swords were levelled at once at him, and

he fell, covered with wounds. An officer, unknown to him, who had for some time attached himself to his side, threw himself before the body, and with desperate valour succeeded in withdrawing it from the throng; then consigning it to some soldiers, with orders to bear it to a place of safety, he hastened back to complete what Edward had so nobly begun. In a short time the British were masters of the city, and it only remained to secure their victory by the necessary regulations, to attend to the wants of the wounded, and to dispose of the slain.

Edward, however, though wounded, was still alive; immediate surgical assistance was procured for him by his friend, and by their joint care he was conveyed to one of the best houses in the city. It was late in the day before General Maitland was able to leave his professional duties; he then repaired to the apartment in which he had been placed, where his surprise was equalled only by his pleasure in finding Danvers by his side, assiduously and even tenderly attending to all his necessities. It was Danvers, indeed, who, struck alike by compunction for his own conduct and admiration of that of Edward, had long secretly wished to be reconciled to him. It was Danvers who had fought by his side, and who, in all probability, had preserved him from death.

The party which Edward had so gallantly headed, belonged to the fourteenth, and hence Danvers became a spectator of the whole scene. He readily compre-

hended his intent in thus hazarding his person, and inwardly exclaiming—"I shall be equally his murderer if he falls in battle, as if I had killed him with my own hand!" he had flown to his assistance, and had defended him with a bravery scarcely inferior to that exhibited by Edward himself.

The General heard with unfeigned pleasure that the wounds of Edward, though dangerous, were not mortal; he was perfectly sensible, but being forbidden to speak, he could only acknowledge his congratulations by an expressive smile, and a look, which being directed to Danvers, fully explained his meaning.

A good constitution, aided by the happiness which glowed in his breast, soon restored him to comparative health. Danvers never left him but when compelled by duty, and a friendship of more than common warmth sprang up in both their bosoms. General Maitland surveyed their attachment with the utmost satisfaction and approval, and on the first day that Edward was able to appear abroad, which he did leaning on the arm of Danvers, who carefully watched every step he took, he pointed to them, and thus addressed a group of officers who stood round him:—

"Behold the reward of true courage and rectitude of principle—contemplate it and profit by it! But a soldier's words are few, and deeds like theirs speak more than volumes. I am no orator, and I know no phrase that will express my meaning so well as this sententious one, '*Go thou and do likewise.*'"





THE FAREWELL.

RELICS of love, and life's enchanted spring,
Of hopes, born rainbow-like of smiles and tears,
With trembling hand do I unloose the string,
Twined 'round the records of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream
Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain ;
Why court fond memory for a fearful gleam
Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again !

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall :
Since holier ties around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall ?

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tried ;
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill, and time and change defied ?

Perish each record that might wake a thought
That would be treason to a faith like this !
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss !

Yet, ere we part forever, let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead ;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye !
What tender truths in every line I trace !
Confessions, penned with many a deep-drawn sigh ;
Hopes, like the Dove, with but *one* resting place.

How many a feeling, long, too long, repress,
Like autumn flowers, here opened out at last ;
How many a vision of the lonely breast,
Its cherished radiance on these leaves hath east !

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell ;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
To call up visions only loved too well ;—

Ye too must perish—wherefore now divide
Tributes of love—first offerings of the heart !
Gifts, that so long have slumbered side by side ;
Tokens of feeling, never meant to part !

A long farewell ;—sweet flowers, sad serolls, adieu !
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last :
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past !

'Tis done ; the flames are curling swiftly 'round
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years ;
Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
Even while I strive to trace them through my tears :

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord, and keeps her faith unbroken ;
Thus perish all that to those wrecks belong,
The living memory with the lifeless token.

THE FISHERMAN OF SCARPHOUT.

TWO CHAPTERS FROM AN OLD HISTORY.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT midway between Ostend and Sluys, exposed to all the fitful wrath of the North Sea, lies a long track of desolate shore, frowning no fierce defiance back upon the waves that dash in fury against it; but—like a calm and even spirit, which repels by its very tranquil humility the heat of passion and the overbearing of pride—opposing nought to the angry billows, but a soft and lowly line of yellow sands. There nothing grows which can add comfort to existence; there nothing flourishes which can beautify or adorn. Torn from the depths of ocean, and cast by the storm upon the shore, sea shells, and variegated weeds will indeed sometimes deck the barren beach, and now and then a green shrub, or a stunted yellow flower, wreathing its roots amidst the shifting sand, will here and there appear upon the low hills called *Dunes*. But with these exceptions, all is waste and bare, possessing alone that portion of the sublime which is derived from extent and desolation. It may be well conceived that the inhabitants of such a

spot are few. Two small villages, and half a dozen isolated cottages are the only vestiges of human habitation to be met with in the course of many a mile; and at the time to which this tale refers, these few dwellings were still fewer. That time was long, long ago, at a period when another state of society existed in Europe; and when one class of men were separated from another by barriers which time, the great grave-digger of all things, has now buried beneath the dust of other years. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of that track of sandy country were less different in habits, manners, and even appearance from those who tenant it at present, than might be imagined; and in original character were very much the same, combining in their disposition traits resembling the shore on which their habitations stood, and the element by the side of which they lived—simple, unpolished, yet gentle and humble, and at the same time wild, fearless, and rash as the stormy sea itself.

I speak of seven centuries ago—a long time, indeed! but nevertheless then, even then, there were as warm affections stirring in the world, as bright domestic love, as glad hopes and chilling fears as now—there were all the ties of home and kindred, as dearly felt, as fondly cherished, as boldly defended as they can be in the present day; and out upon the dull imagination and cold heart that cannot feel the link of human sympathy binding us to our fellow beings even of the days gone by!

Upon a dull, cold melancholy evening, in the end of autumn, one of the fishermen of the shore near Scarp-hout gazed over the gray sea as it lay before his eye, rolling in, with one dense line of foaming waves pouring for ever over the other. The sky was bleak and heavy, covered with clouds of a mottled leaden hue, growing darker towards the north-west, and the gusty whistling of the rising wind told of the coming storm. The fisherman himself was a tall, gaunt man, with hair of a grizzled black, strong marked, but not unpleasant features, and many a long furrow across his broad, high brow.

The spot on which he stood was a small sandhill on the little bay formed by a projecting ridge of Dunes, at the extreme of which stood the old castle of Scarp-hout, even then in ruins, and at the time of high tide separated from the land by the encroaching waves, but soon destined to be swept away altogether, leaving nothing but a crumbling tower here and there rising above the waters. Moored in the most sheltered part of the bay, before his eyes, were his two boats; and behind him, underneath the sand hills that ran out to the old castle, was the cottage in which he and his family had dwelt for ten years.

He stood and gazed; and then turning to a boy dressed in the same uncouth garments as himself, he said, "No, Peterkin, no! There will be a storm—I will not go to-night. Go, tell your father and the other men I will not go. I expect my son home from Tour-

nai, and I will not go out on a stormy night when he is coming back after a long absence.”

The boy ran away along the shore to some still lower cottages, which could just be seen at the opposite point, about two miles off; and the fisherman turned towards his own dwelling. Four rooms were all that it contained; and the door which opened on the sands led into the first of these: but the chamber was clean and neat; every thing within it showed care and extreme attention; the brazen vessels above the wide chimney, the pottery upon the shelves, all bore evidence of good housewifery; and as the fisherman of Scarphout entered his humble abode, the warm blaze of the fire, and the light of the resin candles, welcomed him to as clean an apartment as could be found in the palace of princes. He looked round it with a proud and satisfied smile; and the arms of his daughter, a lovely girl of fourteen, were round his neck in a moment, while she exclaimed in a glad tone, speaking to her mother who was busy in the room beyond, “Oh, mother, he will not go out to sea to-night!”

Her mother, who had once been very beautiful—nay, was so still—came forth, and greeted her husband with a calm glad kiss; and sitting down, the father pulled off his heavy boots, and warmed his strong hands over the cheerful blaze.

The wind whistled louder and louder still, the sea moaned as if tormented by the demon of the storm, and few, but dashing drops of heavy rain, came

upon the blast, and rattled on the casements of the cottage.

“It will be a fearful night!” said the fisherman, speaking to his daughter. “Emeline, give me the book, and we will read the prayer for those that wander in the tempest.”

His daughter turned to one of the wooden shelves; and from behind some very homely articles of kitchen furniture, brought forth one of the splendid books of the Romish church, from which her father read forth a prayer, while mother and daughter knelt beside him.

Higher still grew the storm as the night came on; more frequent and more fierce were the howling gusts of wind; and the waves of the stirred-up ocean, cast in thunder upon the shore, seemed to shake the lowly cottage as if they would fain have swept it from the earth. Busily did Dame Alee, the fisherman’s wife, trim the wood fire; eagerly and carefully did she prepare the supper for her husband and her expected son; and often did Emeline listen to hear if, in the lulled intervals of the storm, she could catch the sound of coming steps.

At length, when the rushing of the wind and waves seemed at their highest, there came a loud knocking at the door, and the fisherman started up to open it, exclaiming, “It is my son!” He threw it wide; but the moment he had done so, he started back, exclaiming, “Who are you?” and pale as ashes, drenched with rain, and haggard, as if with terror and fatigue, staggered in

a man as old as the fisherman himself, bearing in his arms what seemed the lifeless body of a young and lovely woman. The apparel of either stranger had, at one time, cost far more than the worth of the fisherman's cottage and all that it contained; but now, that apparel was rent and soiled, and upon that of the man were evident traces of blood and strife. Motioning eagerly to shut the door—as soon as it was done, he set his fair burden on one of the low settles, and besought for her the aid of the two women whom he beheld. It was given immediately; and although an air of surprise, and a look for a moment even fierce, had come over the fisherman's countenance on the first intrusion of strangers into his cottage, that look had now passed away; and, taking the fair girl, who lay senseless before him, in his strong arms, he bore her into an inner chamber, and placed her on his wife's own bed. The women remained with her; and closing the door, the fisherman returned to his unexpected guest, demanding abruptly, "Who is that?"

The stranger crossed his question by another—"Are you Walran, the fisherman of Scarphout?" he demanded, "and will you plight your oath not to betray me?"

"I am Walran," replied the fisherman, "and I do plight my oath."

"Then that is the daughter of Charles, Count of Flanders!" replied the stranger. "I have saved her at the risk of my life from the assassins of her father!"

"The assassins of her father!" cried the fisherman, "Then he is dead?"

“He was slain yesterday in the church—in the very church itself at Bruges! Happily his son was absent, and his daughter is saved, at least if you will lend us that aid which a young man, who is even now engaged in misleading our pursuers, promised in your name.”

“My son!” said the fisherman. “His promise shall bind his father as if it were my own. But tell me who are you?”

“I am Baldwin, Lord of Wavrin,” replied the stranger. “But we have no time for long conferences, good fisherman. A party of assassins are triumphant in Flanders. The count is slain; his son, a youth, yet unable to recover or defend his own without aid: his daughter is here, pursued by the murderers of her father; she cannot be long concealed, and this night—this very night, I must find means to bear her to the shores of France, so that I may place her in safety; and, as a faithful friend of my dead sovereign, obtain the means of snatching his son’s inheritance from the hands of his enemies, ere their power be confirmed beyond remedy. Will you venture to bear us out to sea in your boat, and win a reward such as a fisherman can seldom gain?”

“The storm is loud!” said the fisherman; “the wind is cold; and ere you reach the coast of France, that fair flower would be withered never to revive again. You must leave her here.”

“But she will be discovered and slain by the murderers of her father,” replied Baldwin. “What are you a

man and a seaman, and fear to dare the storm for such an object?"

"I fear nothing," answered the fisherman, calmly. "But here is my son! Albert, God's benison be upon you, my boy," he added, as a young man entered the cottage, with the dark curls of his jetty hair dripping with the night rain. "Welcome back! but you come in an hour of trouble. Cast the great bar across the door, and let no one enter, while I show this stranger a refuge he knows not."

"No one shall enter living;" said the young man, after returning his father's first embrace: and the fisherman taking one of the resin lights from the table, passed through the room where the fair unhappy Marguerite of Flanders lay, recovering from the swoon into which she had fallen, to a recollection of all that was painful in existence. "Should they attempt to force the door," whispered the fisherman to his wife, "bring her quick after me, and bid Albert and Emeline follow." And striding on with the Lord of Wavrin, into the room beyond, he gave his guest the light, while he advanced towards the wall which ended the building on that side. It had formed part of some old tenement, most probably a monastery, which had long ago occupied the spot, when a little town, now no longer existing, had been gathered together at the neck of the promontory on which the fort of Scarphout stood

This one wall was all that remained of the former habitations; and against it the cottage was built; though the

huge stones of which it was composed were but little in harmony with the rest of the low building. To it, however, the fisherman advanced, and placing his shoulder against one of the enormous stones, to the astonishment of the stranger it moved round upon a pivot in the wall, showing the top of a small staircase, leading down apparently into the ground. A few words sufficed to tell that that staircase led, by a passage under the narrow neck of sandhills, to the old castle beyond; and that in that old castle was still one room habitable, though unknown to any but the fisherman himself. "Here, then, let the lady stay," he said, "guarded, fed, and tended by my wife and children; and for you and me let us put to sea. I will bring you safe to Boulogne, if I sleep not with you beneath the waves; and there, from the King of France, you may gain aid to re-establish rightful rule within the land."

"To Boulogne," said the stranger, "to Boulogne? Nay, let us pause at Bergues or Calais, for I am not loved in Boulogne. I once," he added boldly, seeing some astonishment in the fisherman's countenance, "I once wronged the former Count of Boulogne—I scruple not to say it—I did him wrong; and though he has been dead for years, yet his people love me not, and I have had warning to avoid their dwellings."

"And do you think the love or hate of ordinary people can outlive long years?" demanded the fisherman; "but, nevertheless, let us to Boulogne; for *there* is even now the King of France: so said a traveller who landed

here the other day. And the king, who is come, they say, to judge upon the spot who shall inherit the long vacant county of Boulogne, will give you protection against your enemies, and aid to restore your sovereign's son to his rightful inheritance."

The Lord of Wavrin mused for a moment, but consented, and all was speedily arranged. The fair Marguerite of Flanders, roused and cheered by the care of the fisherman's family, gladly took advantage of the refuge offered her, and found no terrors in the long damp vaults or ponderous stone door that hid her from the world; and feeling that she herself was now in safety, she searely looked round the apartment to which she was led, but gave herself up to the thoughts of her father's bloody death, her brother's situation of peril, and all the dangers that lay before the faithful friend who, with a father's tenderness, had guided her safely from the house of murder and desolation. He, on his part, saw the heavy stone door roll slowly to after the princess, and ascertaining that an iron bolt within gave her the means of securing her retreat, at least in a degree, he left her, with a mind comparatively tranquillized in regard to her, and followed the fisherman towards the beach. There was found already the boat prepared, with its prow towards the surf, and one or two of the fisherman's hardy companions ready to share his danger. The Lord of Wavrin looked up to the dark and starless sky; he felt the rude wind push roughly against his broad chest; he heard the billows fall in

thunder upon the sandy shore; but he thought of his murdered sovereign, and of that sovereign's helpless orphans, and springing into the frail bark, he bade them push off, though he felt that there was many a chance those words might be the signals for his death. Watching till the wave had broken, the three strong men pushed the boat through the yielding sand; the next instant she floated; they leaped in, and struggling for a moment with the coming wave, the bark bounded out into the sea, and was lost to the sight of those that watched her from the shore.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were tears in the blue eye of the morning, but they were like the tears of a spoiled beauty when her momentary anger has gained all she wishes, and the passionate drops begin to be chequered by smiles not less wayward. Gradually, however, the smiles predominated; the clouds grew less frequent and less heavy, the sun shone out with shorter intervals, and though the wind and the sea still sobbed and heaved with the past storm, the sky was momentarily becoming more and more serene. Such was the aspect of the coming day, when the unhappy Marguerite of Flanders again opened her eyes, after having for a time forgotten her sorrow in but too brief repose. For a moment she doubted whether

the past was not all a dream; but the aspect of the chamber in which she now found herself, very different from that which she had inhabited in her father's palace, soon recalled the sad reality. And yet as she gazed round the room, there was nothing rude or coarse in its appearance. Rich tapestry was still upon the walls; the dressoir was still covered with fine linen and purple, and many a silver vessel—laver, and ewer, and cup, stood ready for her toilet. The small grated windows, with the enormous walls in which they were set, the faded colors of the velvet hangings of the bed in which she had been sleeping, the vaulted roof, showing no carved and gilded oak, but the cold, bare stone, told that she was in the chamber of a lone and ruined fortress; but one that less than a century before had contained persons in whose veins flowed the same blood that wandered through her own. Rising, she gazed out of the window, which looked upon the wide and rushing sea, and she thought of the good old Lord of Wavrin and his dangerous voyage; and, like the figures in a delirious dream, the forms of the old fisherman, and his beautiful daughter, and fair wife, and handsome, dark-eyed son came back upon her memory. A slight knock at the door roused her; but her whole nerves had been so shaken with terror that she hardly dared to bid the stranger enter. At length, however, she summoned courage to do so, and the fair and smiling face of Emeline, the fisherman's daughter, appeared behind the opening door. Torn from the

fond, accustomed things of early days, left lone and desolate in a wild and unattractive spot, surrounded by dangers, and for the first time exposed to adversity, the heart of Marguerite of Flanders was but too well disposed to cling to whatever presented itself for affection. Emeline she found kind and gentle, but though younger, of a firmer mood than herself, having been brought up in a severer school; and to her Marguerite soon learned to cling. But there was another companion whom fate cast in her way, from whom she could not withhold the same natural attachment, though but too likely to prove dangerous to her peace. Morning and evening, every day, Albert, the fisherman's son, who had been left behind by his father to afford that protection which none but a man could give, visited her retreat in the company of his sister; and Marguerite was soon taught to long for those visits as the brightest hours of her weary concealment.

But in the meantime the fisherman returned no more. Day passed after day; morning broke and evening fell, and the boat which had left the shore of Scarphout on that eventful evening, did not appear again. The eye of the fisherman's wife strained over the waters, and when at eventide the barks of the other inhabitants of the coast were seen approaching the shore, his children ran down to inquire for their parent—but in vain. About the same time, too, fragments of wrecks—masts, sails and planks, were cast upon the sands, and dark and sad grew the brows of the once happy family at the

point of Scarphout. The two other men whom he had chosen to accompany him were unmarried, but their relations at length gave up the last hope, and the priest of Notre Dame de Blankenbergh was besought to say masses for the souls of the departed. The good old man wept as he promised to comply, for though he had seen courts, and lived in the household of a noble prince, he loved his simple flock, and had ever been much attached to the worthy man whose boat was missing. Marguerite of Flanders, with a fate but too intimately interwoven with that of the unfortunate family at Scarphout, had been made acquainted with the hopes and fears of every day, had mingled her tears with Emeline, and had even clasped the hand of Albert, while she soothed him with sympathetic sorrow for his father's loss. "Mine is an unhappy fate," she said, "to bring sorrow and danger even here, while seeking to fly from it myself."

"Grieve not, lady, in that respect," replied Albert, raising her hand to his lips; "we have but done our duty towards you, and our hearts are not such as to regret that we have done so, even though we lose a father by it. Neither fear for your own fate. The times must change for better ones. In the meanwhile you are in safety here, and should need be, I will defend you with the last drop of my blood."

The morning that followed, however, wore a different aspect. Scarcely were matins over, when the good old priest himself visited the cottage of the fisherman, and

proceeded to those of his companions, spreading joy and hope wherever he came. What, it may be asked was the source of such joy? It was but a vision! The old man had dreamt, he said, that he had seen the fisherman of Scarphout safe and well, with a net in his hand, in which were an innumerable multitude of fishes. And this simple dream was, in that age, sufficient to dry the eyes of mourning and bring back hope to bosoms that had been desolate. Albert flew to communicate the tale to Marguerite of Flanders, and there was spoken between them many a word of joy—joy that so often entwines its arms with tenderness. He now came oftener than ever, for the old priest by some means had learned that he took an interest in all the changing fortunes of the state of Flanders, and daily the good man brought him tidings, which sometimes he felt it a duty, sometimes a pleasure to tell to the lonely dweller in the ruined castle. He found, too, that his presence cheered her, and that his conversation won her from her grief. She began to cling even more to him than to his sister; for he knew more of the world, and men, and courts than Emeline, and he thought it but kind to afford her every solace and pleasure he could give. Each day his visits became more frequent, and continued longer. Sometimes he would liberate her, after a sort, from her voluntary prison, by taking her, with Emeline, in his boat upon the moonlight sea, or even by leading her along, under the eye of Heaven's queen, upon the smooth sands, when the waves of a calm night rippled

up to their feet. At other times he would sit upon the stones of the old battlements, rent and rifted by the warfare of ages, and would wile her thoughts away from herself by tales of other days, when those battlements had withstood the assault of hosts, and those halls had been the resort of the fair and brave, now dust. Then, again, he would give her tidings which he had gained while dwelling at Namur or at Tournay; reciting the gallant deeds of the servants of the Cross in distant Palestine, or telling of the horrors of captivity in Paynimrie; and then, too, he would sing, as they sat above the waters, with a voice, and a skill, and a taste which Marguerite fancied all unequalled in the world. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fair inexperienced princess of Flanders felt that she was losing her young heart to the youth of low degree; and yet what could she do to stay the fugitive, or call him back to her own bosom from his hopeless flight. It was not alone that Albert was, in her eyes at least, the most handsome man she had ever beheld, it was not alone that he was gentle, kind and tender, but it was that on him alone was she cast for aid, protection, amusement, information, hope; that her fate hung upon his word, and that while he seemed to feel and triumph in the task, yet it was with a deep, earnest, anxious solicitude for her peace and for her security. And did she think, that with all these feelings in her bosom, he had dared to love her in return—to love her, the princess of that land in which he was alone the son of a poor fisherman? She knew

he had—she saw it in his eyes, she heard it in every tone, she felt it in the tender touch of the strong hand that aided her in her stolen wanderings. And thus it went on from day to day, till words were spoken that no after-thought could ever recall, and Marguerite owned, that if Heaven willed that her father's lands should never return to her father's house, she could, with a happy heart, see state and dignity pass away from her, and wed the son of the Fisherman of Scarphout.

But still the fisherman himself returned not: days had grown into weeks, and weeks had become months, yet no tidings of him or his companions had reached the shore, and men began to fancy that the vision of the old priest might be no more than an ordinary dream. Not so, however, the family of the fisherman himself. They seemed to hold the judgment of the good man infallible, and every day he visited their cottage, bringing them tidings of all the events which took place in the struggle that now convulsed the land.

By this time, the King of France had roused himself to chastise the rebels of Flanders, and to reinstate the young count in his dominions. He had summoned his vassals to his standard, and creating two experienced leaders marshals of his host, had entered the disturbed territory with lance in the rest. Little armed opposition had been made to his progress, though two or three detached parties from his army had been cut off and slaughtered. But this only exasperated the monarch still more, and he had been heard to vow that nothing

but the death of every one of the conspirators would satisfy him for the blood of Charles the Good, and of the faithful friends who had fallen with him. Such was the tale told by the good priest to Albert, the fisherman's son, one day towards the end of the year, and by him repeated to Marguerite of Flanders, who heard it with very mingled feelings; for if a momentary joy crossed her heart to think that the murderers of her father would meet their just reward, and her brother would recover the coronet of Flanders, the fear, the certainty that she herself would be torn from him she loved, overclouded the brief sunshine, and left her mind all dark. The next day, however, new tidings reached Albert, and filled his heart with consternation and surprise. Burchard, the chief murderer of the dead count, had, it was said, dispatched a messenger to the King of France, to bid him either hold off from Bruges, or send him a free pardon for himself and all his companions, lest another victim should be added to those already gone from the family of the dead count. "I have in my power," he had added, "the only daughter of Charles, called by you the Good. I know her retreat—hold her as it were in a chain, and I shall keep her as a hostage, whose blood shall flow if a hard measure be dealt to me."

Albert fell into deep thought. Could it be true, he asked himself, that Burchard had really discovered Marguerite of Flanders? If so, it were time, he thought, to fulfil one of his father's directions concerning her, at

any cost to himself; and as those directions had been, in case danger menaced her in her retreat, to carry her to sea, and landing on the coast of France, to place her in the hands of the king or his representative, it may easily be conceived that the execution thereof would be not a little painful to one for whom each hour of her society was joy. The more he pondered, however, the more he felt that it must be done; but for the last three days four or five strange sail had been seen idly beating about not far from the coast, and Albert determined, in the first instance, to ascertain their purpose. With some young men from the neighbouring cottages, he put to sea, and finding an easy excuse to approach one of the large vessels which he had beheld, he asked, as if accidentally, to whom they belonged, when, with consternation and anxiety, he heard that they were the ships of "Burchard, Prevot of St. Donatien." Returning at once to the shore, he dismissed his companions and sought his father's cottage; but there he found that tidings had come that the King of France had advanced upon Bruges, and that Burchard had fled with his troops; but the same report added, that the rebels, hotly pursued by the chivalry of France, had directed their flight towards the sea-shore. Time pressed—the moment of danger was approaching; but still great peril appeared in every course of action which could be adopted. The escape by sea was evidently cut off; the retreat of Marguerite of Flanders was apparently discovered; and if a flight by land were attempted, it

seemed only likely to lead into the power of the enemy. With her, then, he determined to consult, and passing through the vaults, he was soon by the side of the fair unfortunate girl, whose fate depended upon the decision of the next few minutes. He told her all; but to her as well as to himself, to fly seemed more hazardous than to remain. The high tide was coming up; in less than half an hour the castle would be cut off from the land; the King of France was hard upon the track of the enemy, and various events might tend to favour her there. "I would rather die," she said, "than fall living into their hands; and I can die here as well as anywhere else, dear Albert."

"They shall pass over my dead body ere they reach you," answered he. "Many a thing has been done, Marguerite, by a single arm; and if I can defend you till the King arrives, you are safe."

"But arms!" she said. "You have no arms."

"Oh! yes, I have," he answered. "No one knows the secrets of this old castle but my father and myself; and there are arms here too for those who need them. Wait but a moment, and I will return."

His absence was as brief as might be; but when he came back, Marguerite saw him armed with shield and helmet, sword and battle axe; but without either haubert or coat of mail, which though they might have guarded him from wounds, would have deprived him of a part of that agility which could alone enable one to contend with many.

“If I could but send Emeline,” he said, as he came up, “to call some of our brave boatmen from the cottages to our assistance here, we might set an army at defiance for an hour or two.”

Marguerite only answered, by pointing with her hand to a spot on the distant sands, where a small body of horsemen, perhaps not a hundred, were seen galloping at full speed towards Scarphout. Albert saw that it was too late to call further aid; and now only turned to discover where he could best make his defence in case of need. There was a large massy wall, which ere the sea had encroached upon the building, ran completely round the castle, but which now only flanked one side of the ruins, running out like a jetty into the waters which had swallowed up the rest. It was raised about twenty feet above the ground on one side, and perhaps twenty-five above the sea on the other; and at the top, between the parapets, was a passage which would hardly contain two men abreast. Upon this wall, about half way between the keep and the sea, was a small projecting turret, and there Albert saw that Marguerite might find shelter, while, as long as he lived, he could defend the passage against any force coming from the side of the land. He told her his plans; and for her only answer, she fell upon his neck and wept. But he wiped her tears away with his fond lips, and spoke words of hope and comfort.

“See!” he said, “the sea is already covering the *chaussee* between us and the land, and if they do not

possess the secret of the vaults, they cannot reach us till the tide falls." When he turned his eyes to the shore, the body of horsemen were within a mile of the castle; but then, with joy inexpressible, he beheld upon the edge of the sand-hills, scarcely two miles behind them, a larger force hurrying on as if in pursuit with banner and pennon, and standard displayed, and lance beyond lance bristling up against the sky.

"The King of France! the King of France!" he cried; but still the foremost body galloped on. They reached the shore, drew up their horses when they saw that the tide was in; turned suddenly towards the cottage; and the next moment Albert could see his mother and Emeline fly from their dwelling across the sands. The men at arms had other matters in view than to pursue them; but Albert now felt that Marguerite's only hope was in his own valor.

"To the turret, my beloved!" he cried, "to the turret!" And half bearing, half leading her along, he placed her under its shelter, and took his station in the pass. A new soul seemed to animate him, new light shone forth from his eye; and, in words which might have suited the noblest of the land, he exhorted her to keep her firmness in the moment of danger, to watch around, and give him notice of all she saw from the loop-holes of the turret. Then came a moment of awful suspense, while in silence and in doubt they waited the result; but still the host of France might be seen drawing nearer and more near; and the standard of the

king could be distinguished floating on the wind amidst a thousand other banners of various feudal lords. Hope grew high in Albert's breast, and he trusted that ere Burchard could find and force the entrance the avenger would be upon him. He hoped in vain, however, for the murderer was himself well acquainted with the spot, and had only paused to secure the door of the vaults, so that his pursuers could not follow by the same means he himself employed. In another minute loud voices were heard echoing through the ruin, and Albert and Marguerite concealing themselves as best they could, beheld the fierce and blood-thirsty Prévot with his companions seeking them through the castle. Still onward bore the banners of France; and ere Burchard had discovered their concealment, the shore at half a bow shot distance was lined with chivalry. So near were they, that, uninterrupted by the soft murmur of the waves, could be heard the voice of a herald calling upon the rebels to surrender, and promising pardon to all but the ten principal conspirators. A loud shout of defiance was the only reply; for at that very moment the eye of Burchard lighted on the form of Albert as he crouched under the wall, and the men at arms poured on along the narrow passage. Concealment could now avail nothing; and starting up with his battle-axe in his hand, he planted himself between the rebels and the princess. The French on the shore could now behold him also, as he stood with half his figure above the parapet; and instantly, seeming to divine his situation,

some cross-bowmen were brought forward, and poured their quarrels on the men of the Prévot as they rushed forward to attack him. Two or three were struck down; but the others hurried on, and the safety of Albert himself required the cross-bowmen to cease, when hand to hand he was compelled to oppose the passage of the enemy. Each blow of his battle-axe could still be beheld from the land; and as one after another of his foes went down before that strong and ready arm, loud and gratulating shouts rang from his friends upon the shore. Still others pressed on, catching a view of Marguerite herself, as, in uncontrollable anxiety for him she loved, she gazed forth from the turret door, and a hundred eager eyes were bent upon her, certain that if she could be taken, a promise of pardon, or a death of vengeance at least, would be obtained; but only one could approach at a time, and Albert was forming for himself a rampart of dead and dying. At that moment, however, Burchard, who stood behind, pointed to the castle-court below, where a number of old planks and beams lay rotting in the sun. A dozen of his men sprang down, caught up the materials which he showed them, planted them against the wall beyond the turret, and soon raised up a sort of tottering scaffold behind the place where Marguerite's gallant defender stood. He himself, eager in the strife before him, saw not what had happened; but she had marked the fatal advantage their enemy had gained, and, gliding like a ghost from out the turret, she approached close to his side, exclaiming,

“They are coming!—they are coming from the other side!—and we are lost!”

Albert turned his head, and comprehended in a moment. But one hope was left. Dashing to the earth the next opponent who was climbing over the dead bodies between them, he struck a second blow at the one beyond, which made him recoil upon his fellows. Then casting his battle-axe and shield away, he caught the light form of Marguerite in his arms, sprang upon the parapet, and exclaiming, “Now God befriend us!” plunged at once into the deep sea, while, at the very same moment, the heads of the fresh assailants appeared upon the wall beyond. A cry of terror and amazement rang from the shore; and the King of France himself, with two old knights beside him, rode on till the waters washed their horses’ feet. Albert and Marguerite were lost to sight in a moment; but the next instant they appeared again; and, long accustomed to sport with the same waves that now curled gently round him as an old loved friend, bearing the shoulders of Marguerite lifted on his left arm, with his right he struck boldly towards the shore. On—on he bore her! and like a lamb in the bosom of the shepherd, she lay without a struggle, conquering strong terror by stronger resolution. On—on he bore her! Glad shouts hailed him as he neared the shore; and with love and valor lending strength, he came nearer and more near. At length his feet touched the ground, and throwing both arms round her, he bore her safe, and rescued, till he trod the soft dry sand.

Then kneeling before the monarch, he set his fair burden softly on the ground—but still he held her hand. “Hold! nobles—hold!” cried the king of France, springing from his horse. “Before any one greets him, I will give him the greeting he well has won. Advance the standard over us! Albert of Boulogne, I dub thee Knight! Be ever as to-day, gallant, brave, and true. This is the recompense we give. Fair lady of Flanders, we think you owe him a recompense likewise; and we believe that, according to our wise coast laws, that which a fisherman brings up from the sea is his own by right. Is it not so, my good Lord of Boulogne?” and he turned to a tall old man beside him. “You, of all men, should know best; as for ten years you here enacted the *Fisherman of Scarphout*.”

The nobles laughed loud, and with tears of joy the old Count of Boulogne, for it was no other, embraced his noble son, while at the same time the Lord of Wavrin advanced, and pressed Marguerite’s hand in that of her deliverer, saying, “Her father, sire, by will, as you will find, gave the disposal of her hand to me, and I am but doing my duty to him in bestowing it on one who merits it so well. At the same time it is a comfort to my heart to offer my noble lord, the Count of Boulogne, some atonement for having done him wrong in years long gone, and for having, even by mistake, brought on him your displeasure and a ten years’ exile. He has forgiven me, but I have not forgiven myself; and as an offering of repentance, all my own lands and territories,

at my death, I give, in addition, to the dowry of Marguerite of Flanders."

We will not pause upon the death of Burchard, Prévot of St. Donatien. It was, as he merited, upon a scaffold. Explanations, too, are tedious, and *the old history* tells no more than we have here told, leaving the imagination of its readers to fill up all minor particulars in the life of the *Fisherman of Scarphout*.

THE MARCH OF TIME.

ON HEARING THE VILLAGE CLOCK STRIKE NOON IN THE
ACHENTIAL, AMIDST THE TYROLESE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, ETC., ETC.

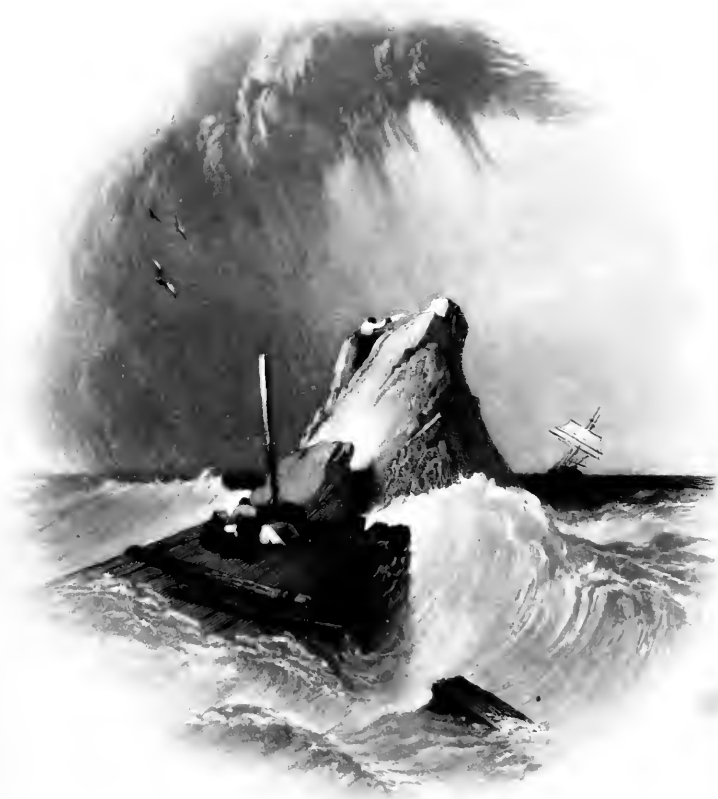
THE march of Time, the march of Time,
Bending with giant step sublime
O'er cultured field and gilded dome,
Grinding to dust palace and tomb ;
O'er tower and temple sowing weeds,
Effacing nations, blotting deeds ;
Mountains, that were when he begun—
What matters it to you how Time his course has run ?

His wearing step upon your heads
Leaves no trace of where he treads ;
No wrinkle can his iron plough
Furrow on the mountain's brow :
Those snows that dare the burning day,
Are signs of might, but not decay :
Mountains eternal and sublime,
What matters it to you the march of Time ?

By the clock's voice the trader rules his day,
By the clock's voice the seaman steers his way ;
War waits its mandate, hunger owns its power,
Pride reckons moments, love has e'en *his* hour !
In all his acts, man needs the bell's dull tongue :
What skills it, mountains, *your* blue thrones among ?

Or must it be, that ere Time finds an end,
Your heads, ye ancient giants, too must bend ?
That for you also comes th' appointed hour ?
And that each bell, fraught with prophetic power,
Proclaims the nigh inevitable change
Of each existent thing through nature's range ?
If so, strike on, strike on ! thou mighty chime,
Amongst these mountains is thy voice sublime.





THE RAFT.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

THE traveller, who at this day, mounts the stage at any of our great starting-points for the White Mountains, and who, as he draws near that region of wonders, gazes in astonishment at the handy-workmanship of the Eternal, cannot now see the region as it was some thirty or forty years ago. The roads are now good, the conveyances rapid and convenient, the habitations of men more plenty, and the country every way more subdued. Trees, which for generations grew undisturbed in these distant nooks and valleys, have had the "feller" come up against them, have been subjected to the power of the saw, and after winding down the beautiful and modest stream of the Connecticut, are now converted into the splendid dwellings of those who could afford to use them. Now, the carriages of the wealthy are no strangers here. The gay and the fashionable sometimes throng hither. The belle comes here to see and be seen; and many a pigeon and hawk takes wing as the weary city-gentleman raises his gun, and with a loud noise thus "makes the feathers fly." The cold streams which have for ages sprung up here in

places seemingly inaccessible to man, are now waded and explored by the greedy trout-seeker, who searches with his line every hole in the rocks over which the streams tumble, and who feels ashamed to number his victims except by the dozen. Once it was not so. Nay, some thirty-five years ago, no strangers were seen except that now and then a hardy teamster passed on towards Boston in his sleigh, loaded with venison; or a still more hardy hunter with his long gun and powerful dog, traversed these mountains in quest of the nimble-footed deer, or the huge black bear.

It is back to this period that I wish to carry the mind of my reader. Then, the bear went and came, and seldom met the two-footed enemy with his gun. The deer came down and fed on the sunniest spots, and no one molested her. The partridge rolled and wallowed in the warmest dust she could find, and her wild heart had nothing to fear, provided the crackling brush gave her timely notice of the footsteps of the wily fox. The habitations of men were then but few, and low cottages, sprinkled here and there in this immense space, were hardly noticed, as the eye took in scores of miles at a single glance.

If the reader has ever been over this section of country, and has "travelled the ground *thoroughly*," as the Irish soldier said, when reproved for not getting over the ground faster in the hour of battle, he will never forget "Franconia Notch." It is a chasm through which the road passes at the foot of Mount Lafayette,

and the grandest scene, save *one*, which this country has yet exhibited. I could wish that some of our wise friends, who go to Europe and come home with a new suit of clothes, and new and genteel whiskers, and who find every thing on a scale painfully and humiliatingly small on their return, might return by way of the Canadas, and pass through the regions of the White Mountains before they make their reports. I verily believe that they would confess that whatever else may be found abroad, such scenery, such everlasting piles of granite, such wild solitudes can no where else be found. These solitudes are the home of the thunders, the cradle of many storms, and the birth-places of most of the rivers which branch every way, and water and fertilize the land of the Pilgrims.

The reader too, on the supposition aforesaid, will recollect the cold, undefined, and awful feeling which comes over him as he begins to descend to enter the "Notch," to look at "the old man of the mountains." These feelings and *this* scenery I shall not *now* undertake to describe; but just as he begins to enter the forest, passing from Franconia, he will also recollect a road running at right angles to that which he travels. Well, it was some little distance down this lonely road, that the small wood-colored dwelling of Widow Howe stood, at the time I am commencing my story.

Some years before this, a young sailor had unaccountably wandered up "this way from the waters," and soon found a tie that bound him here. This was a

pretty girl, who consented to marry him on the hard condition that he would no more go to sea. It cost him much rumination as he sat alone thinking it over, and many a cigar was turned into ashes in trying to soothe him into acquiescence. Acquiesce, however, he did, and they were married and purchased the little domain I have mentioned. The sailor found it rather difficult at first to manage his farm, but by naming his oxen "larboard" and "starboard," and his blind horse "dead-eyes," he got along very well. They lived happily together for several years, when Howe was suddenly called from time into eternity. His young wife was left with two little boys, James and John.

The history of years is compressed into a few sentences. That is, a few sentences pass over years without telling us any thing that took place. This is all I mean when I say that the history of Widow Howe for many years may be told in a few words. She was industrious, frugal, mild, persevering, and carried a heart contented and peaceful, because it had been chastened, and purified, and subdued by religion. She taught her boys all that she knew. She told the story of their father over and over again, partly to soothe her own heart, and partly to lead her boys to cherish his memory. These objects were accomplished, together with one of which she did not dream. She would tell how their father came there, a light-hearted young sailor; how frank and generous he was; what he had passed through on the great waters, what he was to her,

and what he would have been to them, had he lived. Alas, why is it that when our friends are gone, we wish to heighten every excellence, cover every weakness, and dwell only upon what we loved most in them? Why does sorrow thus seek for that food which increases it? I shall not stop to discuss it.

The boys grew up, uncorrupted by society, simple in all their views and tastes. They were the pride and the joy of the widow's heart. They knew every wind and turn, every hole for the trout which the wild Ammonoosuck afforded. They could tell the time when the fish were "out," by the eye and the scream of the hard-hearted, selfish kingfisher. They could tell when the storm would come, by watching the awful Lafayette, as he "put on his night-cap" of clouds; and they could climb the tree, the rock, and the mountain, with a foot and an ease peculiar to themselves. But as they grew up they felt unsatisfied. They longed to "see the world," by which they meant they longed to go to sea as their father did, to pass through what he passed through, and to have a tale to tell equal to his. It was a long time before they could bring themselves to mention this desire to their mother. Many were the tears she shed when she did learn it, and most bitter were her regrets that she should indulge her fond heart in telling the personal history of their father, and in thus sowing the seed whose harvest she was now to gather. From the day they revealed this desire, and by a certain questioning which every mother understands, be her

child what he may, she had learned the strength of their desire, she considered her house desolate, and the end of her earthly consolations to have come.

During the long winter which preceded the departure of these young adventurers, they used to spend their evenings in talking over what was before them. They would use all the sailor language of which they were masters, tell of the places which they would like to visit, of the sights they would see, of the exploits they would perform, and always finish the air-castle by painting their return to their home, their pockets filled with money, their chests with curiosities "for mother," which would amaze her and all her admiring neighbors, with trinkets not a few, for each and all of their acquaintances, dwellers in the mountains for twenty miles around.

I cannot tell how it was, but the fact cannot be called in question, that Laura Hill, a neighbor of a mile's distance, happened to be in frequently at the widow's, and on being strongly importuned, would stay during the long winter evening and hear these young brothers talk; nor can I tell any better how it happened that John usually went home with this mountain lily, nor how he could be so generous as to promise his school-fellow that when he returned, he would not forget to bring her a "nice new shawl." On such occasions the generous girl would profess to consider such promises and such gifts as of no value in her eyes, and most earnestly, and often most tenderly entreat him, for his poor mother's sake, to stay at home and behave himself.

I am not able to say what arguments she used besides, if any; but it is true that John found it quite as hard to resist hers, as those of his mother.

But when the spring began to open, and the deep snows on the mountains began to thaw and slide, and cause the streams to raise a roar which was echoed far and near, the young men began to make preparations for their immediate departure. They had manufactured one large sailor's chest, making their father's their model, inasmuch as their mother would on no condition consent to their taking that. They had so far matured their plans as to enter their names at Portland, as sailors before the mast, in a long voyage.

On a bright morning in May, you might have called at the widow's, and found every thing looking sad and desolate, as though the abode had been visited by some awful calamity. The cow was lowing in the yard, and wondering, as far as a cow could wonder, why she was neither milked nor turned into the pasture. The pigs were calling for breakfast with voices so loud as to preclude the possibility of any failure of their lungs or their appetite. The chickens around the door were putting in their sharp pleadings. The dog, "old Rover," was tied up in a back room and howling. In the "boys' room" sat the widow on their bed, weeping as if her heart would break, while on a trunk known to be John's, sat the kind-hearted Laura Hill, who knowing that Mrs. Howe would feel lonely and sad, had come early in the morning to the cottage, and was

now weeping too—probably out of sympathy. An old lady, who was rather fond of speering into other people's matters, reported that the damsel was seen to weep even before she got to the widow's, and that John whispered something in her ear, just as he bent over her to bid her good-bye, which made the tears come in torrents; but it seemed so improbable that he would have taken that hour to say any thing so cruel as to make a beautiful girl weep, that I never could believe more than half of the old lady's story. Nor can I really believe that she wept because in the hurry and the excitement of the occasion, John snatched his mother's scissors, and in a twinkling, while she was half refusing and half consenting, cut off a curl of hair which seemed to hang lazily upon her fair, high forehead.

The life of a sailor is a hard one. He exposes his life every moment, and endures fatigues which shortly wear him into old age; or he early yields up his breath in a foreign hospital, or is buried in the ocean's bed. Too brave to ask pity or to complain, we, who dwell in ceiled houses, and sleep in ease while storms rage without, know nothing of his hardships, unless now and then, we chance to read of a shipwreck which occupies, perhaps, half a dozen lines, while a column is taken up in describing the foot and dress of a shameless dancer.

The boys had now been gone over three years. They had been to almost every port which is visited by ships. They had procured another chest for their curiosities,

while their mountain chest was shared between them. They had sustained a good character, had saved their wages, had unaccountably resisted the strongest temptations to open sin, and were now on their way home. In the till of their chest was the Bible which their mother had put into the chest, and which they solemnly promised they would read every day till their return, even if it were but "two verses," unless in such a storm that they could not all day go to their chest. This promise they had faithfully kept, and this was *one* secret of their power to resist temptations. Another was, that they were not generally both tempted at the same time, or in the same degree; consequently one always had strength by which to aid the other.

They were now on their way home, and hoped that in a few days more the lofty summit of Mount Washington would lift itself up in the distant horizon, and in a few days more, they should shout under the window of the widow's bedroom, and make her rise even at midnight, to get their supper. In their new chest they had divers pretty things from foreign shores, which they had collected "for mother." In one corner, however, a small parcel was carefully tucked away, containing one of the prettiest shawls to be found in Canton, and which, as James averred, was "an abominable waste of money"—the only point in which they were known to disagree.

The wind had been south-west, and the sky overcast during the day and night preceding. About sunset the

captain came on deck to prepare for the night. He gazed at the heavens with an anxious eye.

“Aloft, there, men.”

In a few moments the men were on the yards.

“Send down the royal masts and royal rigging—take in the top-gallant sails—bear a hand, there’s no time to lose.”

All this was done, and the ship was under snug sail. The captain himself remained on the watch till twelve at night, when he was succeeded by the mate, and retired to rest. The passengers were all in the cabin, while all the seamen were on deck, except the two brothers, who, on account of having been called to do double duty the night before, were now in the fore-castle. All seemed increasingly secure, and the sky seemed to be promising better weather, when the ship was suddenly struck by a squall. The noise awaked the captain, and in a moment he was on deck with the speaking-trumpet in his hand.

“Mr. Jones, are all the men on deck?”

“All but John and Jem, sir.”

“Call them up in a trice—stay—let go the topsail-haulyards—take hold here, and help me to let go the spanker-sheet.”

Before these orders could be obeyed, and in attempting to let go the spanker, the captain lost his hold, and was plunged into the sea, and in a moment the ship was on her beam-ends. So unexpected and sudden was all this, that only three passengers had time to escape

from the cabin, and neither of the brothers from the fore-castle. The captain succeeded in regaining the ship, but finding her on her beam-ends, and apparently completely full of water, he with the remaining passengers and seamen cleared the long-boat, in which they all embarked, in the darkness of midnight. The hours which were to pass before day-light, seemed to move on wings of lead. As day-light opened, however, a ship was providentially seen to the southward, by which they were discovered and taken up. The captain of the new ship turned his course and came near the wreck; but on coming near, and seeing that the sea made a complete breach over it, he concluded it would be in vain to attempt saving any thing.

We return to the two brothers. They soon became aware of their situation, flew to the scuttle and made a desperate attempt to remove the booby-hatch, but in vain; the sea was against it, and the water was pouring in on every side. Within a few minutes it required their utmost exertion to keep from drowning. They were in perfect darkness, sometimes, as the ship rolled under water, with no space of air to breathe in, and nothing before them but the prospect of immediate death. In this situation their minds were filled with horror. They recalled and talked over the past, the days of boyhood, the teachings of their mother, and above all, the teachings of the Holy Bible. They prayed aloud, by turns, and called upon God, and made the most solemn vows, should he deliver them. Some

hours after day-light, they found their way to the bulk-head of the fore-castle, where they found two planks loose enough to be removed, and the cargo so much shifted to the leeward as to leave a space sufficient for them to pass into the hold. After being here for some time in total darkness, James succeeded in cutting a hole through the deck with his jack-knife, sufficient to admit a few rays of light, but not enough to discover any thing which they could obtain to eat. They then gave themselves to fervent, incessant prayers to God, with tears, till they became extremely weak through want of food and sleep. God heard their prayers; and the hatch was removed from the small hatchway, which enabled them to find some flour and a keg of lard within their reach. To these they now got access, and with these, in some measure satisfied their hunger. They had now been more than two days and two nights in this awful situation, in almost entire darkness, with hardly any thing answering to food, and at no time with more than two feet of air above the water. During all this time they ceased not to pray in agony of spirit, and never closed a prayer without remembering their "poor widowed mother." But on the third day, when nature seemed almost exhausted, they saw something shine in the water. One of them went under the water and brought it up. It was an axe. With this their strength seemed to return. They succeeded in cutting a hole, and once more regaining the deck. Nothing was to be seen but the angry waves. They looked into

the cabin, and saw it full of water, with the dead bodies of the passengers floating about. They returned thanks to God for this deliverance from a most horrible death, and again renewed their vows. With their axe they now went to work, and by the next day had a raft constructed, consisting of spars tied together, a few pieces of sail, their flour and lard for food, a few iron weights which they found on deck, and which they placed in the middle of the raft for ballast, together with their two chests, which they at last succeeded in finding, and placing on the raft. To this frail vessel they committed themselves, as they saw that the ship could continue above water but a few hours longer, at the utmost.

They were almost exhausted, and could do but little more than spread their tattered sail, and let the wind carry them wherever it would. On the third day after leaving the wreck, John gave out. He could do no more. He lay down, and slept through weakness. But just at night, when the waves began to whiten, and a dark, heavy bank of clouds settled down in the distant horizon, through which, here and there, a gleam of sunshine was seen, James saw a ship in the offing, at a distance. He roused up John, who had just strength enough left to sit down upon his chest. The wind was taking them away from the ship, and James exerted all his strength to take in the sail, and hoist a stripe as a flag of distress, in hopes of attracting the notice of the ship. Oh! how they prayed Heaven to give them

deliverance. But the sky was threatening, the ship was too busy and too distant to see them. She passed away, and seemed to carry with her all hope for the brothers. James sat down and wept; John was beyond that, and felt that his day was nearly closed.

They lay down side by side that evening, for John said he wanted James to be near him. They prayed once more together, in a weak voice, but calmly, distinctly, and tenderly.

“James, do you think you will ever reach home? I seem to feel that you will, though I know not why I feel so. But I shall never see another day. But let me ask one question. James, do we now really and fully forgive each other every fault? Do you forgive me, Jem?”

“Yes, from my heart, if I had anything to forgive. Do *you*, John, forgive me every fault?”

“From my soul I do.”

“And now, James, I want, when I am dead, you should wind me up in a piece of a sail, with one or two of those iron weights, that I may sink directly to the bottom of the ocean. Before you thus put me in, I want you should kneel down and make one prayer over me, asking God to forgive me that I ever left our poor mother, and asking him to take care of her. Cut off a bit of my hair, and put it with that curl in my pocket-book, in the till of my chest. Keep them together. If ever you get home, Oh, James, stay there, and never leave mother again. Give her my best love, and my

dying prayers. Ask her to forgive me that ever I left her. See if old Rover will get up and go to the door as he used to do when you mentioned my name, when I was gone. When you go over the river, see if the same stones are there which we placed there, and on which we used to cross. Don't cut down that great butternut tree under which we used to swing, and then, when we were older, sit and read. Help mother to get to meeting every Sunday, and go yourself, Jem. And when you see Laura—that shawl is spoiled, I suppose, by the salt water—tell her that I talked about her the last evening that I lived, and on this raft. Perhaps she would like to see the hair together in the same pocket-book. One thing more, dear Jem; when you get home, and I pray God you may, and when you and mother go to meeting on Sunday, and have a paper read from the pulpit giving thanks to God that he spared *you*, and let you come home, don't forget to ask our good minister to give thanks that I, who died here, and was buried in the ocean, did not die in despair, nor in fear. No; I have been a great sinner, and I *am* a great sinner; but the Lord Jesus Christ, who once walked on the waters, has seemed to come to me, and I seem to hear his voice, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." I commit our mother, and you, and Laura, and my body and my soul, all to him, and I die full of peace. We shall meet again, dear James, where there are no winds to blow, no ocean to roll, no death to die, no sin to lament. Come, now, let me take your hand, your right hand, once more!"

They lay down hand in hand, and wept till both fell asleep. When James awoke, the hand of his brother was still within his; but it was cold and stiff. The angel of death had found them on their little raft, and the spirit of his brother was gone. He fulfilled his promise; he did kneel over the corpse, and pray, with many tears, that God would remember the widowed mother—that he would pardon their sins, and especially that he would forgive him and make him fit to follow his brother into the eternal world. The morning sun rose as fair and as beautiful as if he were to look upon no scene of sorrow. But no sail of any kind was within sight. The day passed away, and James felt that if he did not fulfil his next promise to his brother now, it would soon be too late, for his strength was fast going from him. At the close of the day the solitary mourner had his brother wrapped in his winding-sheet and ready for the burial. He had cut off a large lock of his hair, had kissed his lifeless lips, had placed the weights in at the feet, and all was ready. He once more knelt over the dead, and prayed and wept over one from whom he had never been separated before. With a lingering movement, and a sad heart, he at length rolled it into the waters, feet foremost. The dark blue deep received it—it sank at once—the waters closed over it, till the angel's trumpet shall call it into life again.

That day closed, and James felt that before morning he also should be in eternity, and lamented that there was no one to put him into the deep, to rest with his

brother. He lay down, uneasy, and almost expended. He heard the murmurs of the waters around him, sullen, and cheerless. He closed his eyes praying for his mother. And then he dreamed. He was at home. The mountain stood near as before; the Ammonoosuck leaped and murmured as formerly. His mother was there. But the sun seemed to be in an eclipse; a gloom rested upon every thing. Then there was a funeral—it was his brother's. They were carrying him to the little grave-yard; but before they got there, there was another funeral. It was that of Laura Hill. Then the vision changed, and he himself was to be buried in the coffin with his brother. He could feel that cold touch of the corpse; but he himself was alive, and knew that he was alive, while they were serewing down the coffin-lid, and while they were filling up the grave.

How long he slept, James did not know. But when he was awaked, he perceived that he was in a ship's cabin, with a man standing at the side of his berth, with kindness in his looks. He had been discovered, probably the next day, by a ship, and was taken off the raft as it was supposed, dead. But when it was found that he still breathed, the captain had him carried to his own berth, and had every possible attention paid to him. It was two or three days before he so far revived as to be able to communicate his story; and great indeed was the interest felt for him, when it was discovered that he had been left in the fore-castle of the White Dove, when she was wrecked, as above related. The ship which

picked him up was outward bound, and hence all hope of his immediate return home, was cut off.

In the mean time the long-boat, with the captain and crew of the White Dove, had safely reached New York; and uncommonly deep was the interest felt in the catastrophe. The story, too, reached the White Mountains, and the widow learned from a sure messenger, even from a letter from the captain, that she was childless. When the letter came, the widow was alone. It had a black seal, and she could not open it. She sent for Laura, the lily of the mountains, knowing that no one could weep with her as she could. They sat down alone to read the letter. It was kind and feeling. It spoke in the highest terms of the character and conduct of the young men. The widow shed the most tears: but the countenance of Laura was deadly pale. She was always delicate; but now, she looked uncommonly unwell. She spoke of *him*—his character—his prospects—the horrible death thus to die in the wreck,—she wished they had even a lock of their hair. There is always something mysterious in woman. We know that we see and know but a little of what passes within. When man is greatly moved, he rages, or groans, or finds ease in speaking out all he feels; and we are in constant fear that he will say too much. But when woman has the fountains of her soul moved, we only see the angel who troubles the waters. She feels, but it is buried; and we mysteriously gaze, and wonder what is passing within.

The next Sabbath found Mrs. Howe in her pew. She desired, in a note through the minister, the sympathy and the prayers of her neighbors and friends, in this day of her calamity. And when the man of God lifted up his voice to offer petitions in her behalf, his voice quivered—he faltered, and stopped, and the congregation sobbed as if they were children. Every mountaineer felt; and not accustomed to have their feelings excited, or to give way to them, they had less command over themselves when once the floodgates of sympathy were opened. It was a place, which might be called Bochim. All noticed that Laura Hill was not present; and no one wondered that she was not.

Nearly a year after this, Mrs. Howe went to spend the afternoon at the bed-side of Laura. She had been unwell for a long time. That disease which is the destroying angel of this country—the consumption—had selected her as his victim. The widow often sat by her bed all day, or during the long hours of night. She knew that she must die; but she was calm, patient, resigned, and had learned where to look for righteousness and salvation. The Book of God was never beyond her reach; and her sweet voice was often heard at midnight, singing the song of redeeming love. Sometimes, at the earnest request of Mrs. Howe, who always rewarded her with tears, she would sing that exquisite song of Mrs. Hemans—a song which, if well sung, can never fail to draw tears from the eyes of those who can enter into its meaning.

“Thou art come from the spirit land, thou bird,
 Thou art come from the spirit land;
 Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
 And tell of the shadowy band.

We know that the bowers are green and fair,
 In the light of that summer shore;
 And we know that the friends we have lost are there—
 They are there—and they weep no more.

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
 Can those we have loved forget?
 We call, and they answer not again:
 O say, do they love us yet?

We call them through the silent night,
 And they speak not from cave or hill:
 We know, thou bird, that this land is bright,
 But say, do they love there still?”

On Mrs. Howe's return to her cottage, at the close of the afternoon, she found a man sitting on the great flat stone used for a horse-block—the very spot where her boys used to sit and play for hours. He hardly looked up, but was evidently weeping. She went past him, and lo! two seamen's chests were in the doorway. She turned back, and the stranger rushed towards her, uttering the name of “*James.*” A shriek, which was echoed from the mountain-side, was her answer. Had the grave opened, and the sheeted dead come up to life, she could not have been more amazed; for she had supposed, without any shadow of possibility to the contrary, that her sons had been in the ocean's bed more than a year. I cannot tell what sobbings there were; what explanations; what amazement at the leadings of Providence. The news soon spread through the

region; and, before midnight, all her neighbors had come in to rejoice, to hear the story, to wonder and to weep with the widow and her son.

It was not till all the visitors had gone, that the son and mother, left alone, were able to communicate their feelings to each other, on the subject of religion. There can be no description that can convey the mother's feelings, as she knelt down in prayer that night, while her only remaining son poured out his heart in prayer, with a fervency and an eloquence which showed that he must have been taught by the Spirit of God.

In the morning James received a message to visit her who was now near the tomb. This was one of his most trying scenes. Every stone and every tree seemed to know him, and speak to him of his brother. But to go to her whose heart was buried with him in the deep, deep ocean, and feed the flame which was consuming her, was indeed a trial. But he hastened to see her.

The curtain was drawn aside from the window, and all was still, as he entered the room. The once blooming and beautiful girl now lay on the bed, white as the sheets which covered her. She met him with astonishing calmness. They were then left alone. He never described the conversation; but when the door was again opened, there lay on the bed the Bible which the boys had carried away, opened to a place which John had pencilled. A shawl, mostly ruined by salt water, but still showing that it must once have been very beautiful, lay also on the bed; but a pocket-book was

in her hand, while on her bosom lay a beautiful lock of hair. Some thought this interview would kill the poor girl at once; but this is not woman. She dies by inches. She was calm, and sweetly resigned after this, and seemed to look forward with more undivided attention and affection to the blessedness of heaven, after, than before the return of James.

My story is soon closed now. A few weeks after this, poor Laura was carried to the grave. Her sun went down in stillness, in brightness, and in glory, though it set in the morning. Her last breath was the breath of prayer, offered in a Saviour's name. James and his mother were allowed to walk among the chief mourners. And when a grave-stone was erected, James insisted upon it, that by its side one should be erected to commemorate the worth and the fate of his brother. The inscription said "they were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Every word of the dying request of John was treasured up by James, and fulfilled to the letter. For many years he could hardly speak of him without tears; and he always said that his soul was led to God during the days connected with his shipwreck; and that the most solemn place, this side of eternity, is on a raft at sea, while kneeling in prayer over the corpse of a dear brother, just before burying him in the waves. And the widow used to say, that next to having two sons, that of having one like James, was the greatest blessing a mother's heart could know.

TO MYRA.

BY HENRY L. BULWER, ESQ., M. P.

O H, years are gone—since, young and wild,
For every fair who kindly smiled,
My willing lute was strung ;
The minstrelsy was void of art—
Albeit it proved a gentle heart—
Thus said they all—who blamed in part
The reckless strains I sung.

And so, the follies of my youth
Did prove a gentle heart, forsooth—
Though much too idly given
To worship every meteor bright,
However false the fairy light
That, by its fickle nature, might
Across my path be driven.

But years came on, and with them came
A mind of sterner, manlier frame,
Which spurn'd the boyish lay
That youth full long had linger'd o'er :
And swearing that I'd be no more
A slave—all idols to adore—
I flung my lute away.

And scenes I sought with action rife,
Ambition's cool and wary strife,
 That only thrills—the brain ;
And if I sometimes wished to feel
That gentle spirit o'er me steal
Which would such tender things reveal
 Of yore—I wished in vain.

Then canst thou whisper, Myra, why
The fountains of my heart, once dry,
 Now fondly overflow—
Why come those mystic thoughts again—
Those dreams that Paradise the brain—
Those visions—call'd no more in vain—
 That charm'd me years ago ?

Why feel I now, as when a boy,
That wild and melancholy joy
 With which, in younger times,
I rov'd at eve some stream along,
Or sat the shady trees among,
Imagining some fairy song
 That mock'd my careless rhimes ?

What influence is it, strange and soft,
That wakes the wayward sigh so oft,
 And thoughts of days by-gone ?
Why do I dream of spring-time flowers,
And moon-lit groves, and myrtle bowers,
And one—with whom to wile the hours
 That lonely linger on ?

Whence come the wizard clouds that roll
Their storm and sunshine o'er my soul?

What gives me back the fears,
The hopes, too, that I've known before,
With thoughts more high than those of yore—
Oh! what with youth can varnish o'er
The hue of soberer years?

Ah! would some tender heart divine
The mystery that thrills through mine—

A heart such things which knew:
And tell me—tell me, Myra, thou—
If some dear being gave me now
The soft sensations I avow,
What were it wise to do?

I know that many have no fear
To breathe their tale to lady's ear—

I am not one of these!
Of prouder, and of tenderer mood,
I shrink before an answer rude,
And show a soul too much subdued
With her I fain would please.

Then tell me, Myra, if my lute
Has lain too long unstrung and mute

To breathe a lover's tone?
Oh! tell me, if it keep no air
Which might (no rival minstrel there)
With pity touch some bosom fair
And gentle like thine own?

I ask—yet do not deem that I
So little ken of woman's eye,
 As idly to offend :
Pardon my too unthinking strain !
I know those brighter dreams were vain—
A thousand lovers still remain,
 And I—am but a friend.

Then fare thee well ! when next we meet,
Coldly mine eye thine own shall greet—
 There yet are thoughts to quell :
But they shall yield—and not the less
May heaven with every happiness
Thy gentle ways, dear Myra, bless—
 All kindly, fare thee well !

MINNA MORDAUNT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

DO you not observe the gentle smile and large affectionate eyes of Minna Mordaunt? Look, I pray you, at the roundness of her arm, and the beauty of her taper fingers; there, hanging on the edge of her basket as daintily as if they rested on the strings of a guitar:—how they ever raised that basket, full of round white eggs, to the top bar of the stile, is a wonder to me. I never in my life saw eggs so badly packed. Why, there is not a blade of straw in the basket to prevent the one from crushing against the other! How exquisitely the black velvet band, with its rich clasp, sets off the delicate fairness of her throat!

In years long past, there dwelt—just where you see the spire of the village church peering above yonder trees—a courtly gentleman,—a man of fashion,—proud as proud might be, stately, rich,—ay, very rich,—an only son;—and only sons, I have observed, unless well tutored in their childhood, are seldom much beloved: the selfishness which springs and flourishes in the hearts of all youths, requires careful pruning, or else it

grows into a foul and loathsome weed, choking the plants of honest virtue, which yield, in humbler soils, a useful fruitage. This only son was rich, and proud, and handsome, gay and thoughtless,—thoughtless of every thing but *self*:—there are many such, even in the present age. Virtue and honor do not keep pace, in these improving times, with what is generally termed intellect. But this has naught to do with Minna Mordaunt.

This great man *fancied* he loved the daughter of one of the farmers who rented a portion of his father's estate,—a simple country girl she was, but the pride of the whole village—a beauty really rustic;—and he frequently met her at that same stile where Minna Mordaunt is now standing: *there*, dressed in the very fashion you have but now looked upon, with her eggs *properly* arranged for market, often has the rich gentleman waited the poor girl's coming;—ay, and after a little while she waited too for *him*. I do not like to give new readings of old stories;—the poor girl loved, and—was forsaken. She could not bear that those who once admired and regarded should consider her disgraced;—she felt she was forsaken, and she left her father's cottage one long autumn night, and managed her escape and her concealment with so much secrecy, that no one knew her motive; nor any, save her mother, her dishonour: in six months from her departure, the mother and the secret slept within the same grave, beneath the shadow of the old church-wall;—you may

see the grave now, if it please you walk so far;—it is much talked of in the village, for one night there sprung over it a tomb of the whitest marble, as if from the green grass, and on it were engraven only these words :

“WE CAN HAVE BUT ONE MOTHER !”

Time passed on : the farmer died,—the daughter and her mysterious disappearance were alike forgotten. The “only son” of our story had also buried his father, and increased in wealth, and in pride, and in honours ; but, I know not how it was, there was a shadow over him, and over all he did ;—he prospered, yet he was not blessed ; he married a right noble lady, beautiful, and of high blood, and it was said he loved her,—perhaps he did. I have witnessed some cranks and turns in what the world called “love,” which seemed to me far more like hate. They lived together many years, but the lady’s lips forgot their smiles, and her voice its music : then at last she also died, leaving her husband a very glorious heritage—five noble boys.

It was most strange ; but, one by one, those children drooped, faded, and, in less than six years after their mother’s funeral, five coffins, all of different lengths, were placed within the vault with hers.

* * * * *

It was a sunny day in June ; the windows of a spa-

cious drawing-room in the chief hotel at Dover were open, yet the rays of the "god of day" were carefully excluded by closely drawn blinds;—a lady reclined upon a sofa, and her daughter, seated by her side, was reading to her from an open volume that rested on her knees; two mulatto women were arranging various packages; and it was evident that the party had recently landed from an Indiaman, which, from the windows of the room, was distinctly visible. The mother was dressed in widow's weeds, the daughter in slight mourning.

"I am tired of that book," exclaimed the elder lady; "do find something to amuse me, Minna."

"Births, deaths, and marriages," exclaimed the young lady, smiling, and taking up a paper. She read, first the births, then the marriages, then the deaths: the last on the dark list was as follows:—

"Died, on the morning of the 7th, at Mordaunt hall, Edwin, last surviving child of the Honourable Charles Leopold Danforth Mordaunt, to the inexpressible anguish of his father, who has followed his amiable and accomplished wife, and five sons, to the grave within six years."

A shriek from one of the Ayahs told the young lady that her mother had fainted.

Mrs. Browdon was the widow of an old general officer of the Bengal establishment, who had taken it into his head to marry when most men think of death; and soon after his final departure from drill and dinners, the phy-

sians abroad sent his widow to Europe, to recover her health, which, they said, her native air would restore. She did not believe them.

About three hours after Mrs. Browdon had fainted her daughter was sitting on the same spot, *alone* with her mother. She was deadly pale, and the tresses of her silken hair clung to cheeks which were soaked with tears.

“You know all now, Minna,” said Mrs. Browdon, “you know all now; yet you have not cursed me!”

Minna flung herself on her knees by her mother’s couch, and pressed her weak and fading form to her bosom.

“I have told you all—all—how I was deceived,—how I fled my home,—how you, my child, were born,—how true a friend I found,—how *she* protected me,—how I met General Browdon, who, believing me a widow, offered me his hand,—how I risked all, and told him TRUTH;—but the old man loved me still; he called me weak, not wicked,—*he* pitied, and forgave;—but, Minna, your mother could not forgive herself; your sweetest smiles were ever my reproaches,—silent, unmeant, yet still reproachful. And now—that you know all—you do not curse me, Minna! Can you, can you forgive me?”

“My dearest mother, you know I do; you know I *have* ever, ever *will* bless you, and the kind old general:—*he* was not my father? then *tell* me of my father,—my real, real father,” said the lovely girl.

“Minna, he is sonless,” replied her mother; what you read, was his record.”

“Dear mother, then,” exclaimed her daughter, all a woman’s feelings rallying round her heart,—“dearest mother, cannot you, too, pity and forgive?”

“Forgive, as I was myself forgiven,” said Mrs. Browdon. “I can—I can—I do forgive, and from my soul I pity him.”

Alas! why should so sweet a face as Minna’s be linked to so sad a tale? it is like wreathing a garland of cypress round a moss-rose! and yet the story must be told:—it has already recorded many deaths; it must note another.

Mrs. Browdon’s presentiment on leaving India was too fatally fulfilled; the doctor’s prophecies proved false; the breezes of its native country could not renovate a plant which had blossomed and faded under the fervid excitement of the East: she felt that her very hours were numbered, and she immediately wrote, recommending her child to the protection of—a father!

“Had I found,” she wrote, “on my return to England, that you were encircled by blessings, you should have remained ignorant of the existence of your daughter; but, knowing your bereavements, it would be ill of me to take from you the only child the Almighty has spared you.”

“You are so like what I was at your age, my child,” she said, as she placed the letter in Minna’s hands, “that if Mordaunt could but see you in the dress he

first saw me, at the foot of the church hill, resting against the stile which divides Mordaunt-park from Woodbine-hollow, it would hardly need this letter to tell him who you are.

“We cherish first affections with a tenderness and care which the interests and feelings of after-life look for in vain. I have received homage, such as is never paid to our sex in England; my robes have been sewn with pearl; and you will find, Minna, treasures of gold, silver, and brocades, such as are seldom seen, within those cases: yet, yonder, in that small green trunk, is the remnant of something that I loved, when I was happiest.”

At her mother's desire, Minna brought the box; her thin, trembling fingers undid the fastening;—*there* were no brocades, no gold, no jewels! it contained nothing, save the straw cottage-hat and dress of an English peasant girl. Minna looked into her mother's eyes,—she dreaded that she raved,—but those beautiful eyes were mild and calm, and full of tears.

“Beneath,” she continued, “is a basket. When first I met *him*, that basket hung upon my arm, filled with a tribute from our humble homestead, which it was my duty to carry to *his* mother. I remember, on my return, his filling that basket, Minna, with roses,—ay, roses!—but *not* roses *without thorns*. Those were my robes of innocence! I scorned them afterwards, and wore others, which I then called *fine*: these were discarded; but in my affliction I remembered them, and

brought them with me; a feeling of mingled pain and pleasure urged me to do so. I thought they would recall my innocence: but, no! *that* could not be: I am sure they stimulated me to after good; and perhaps their coarseness *kept* me humble,—at least they have caused me many tears; and tears, my child, soften and fertilise the heart: we learn of tears what we cast off with smiles!”

Poor lady! she died that night; not, however, without further converse with her daughter.

Minna in a little time repaired to her mother's native village; she learned that her father had grown more morose than ever; that he shunned all society.

“I have never seen him smile,” said the old landlord of the inn.

“But I have seen him weep,” said the still older landlady, “and that last Sunday, at the stile called ‘Beauty's Ladder,’ where, long ago, he often met poor Minny Graham: he goes there every Sunday, when he ought to be at church.”

“And so ought you, dame, not spying after your landlord; at any rate, you should be wise enough to keep your news to yourself. What gentleman, think you, likes to be seen crying?”

“Better, I guess,” replied the dame, “to be ashamed of the sin, than ashamed of the tears: I am sure I did not think there was a tear in him 'till I saw it.”

The next Sunday, “the strange young lady,” as

Minna was called by the villagers, was not at church. Need I say *where* she was?

Mordaunt was proud of his daughter. The lonely place in his heart was filled; he had something to love, —something belonging to himself: he felt his youth renewed while looking on the image of what, in his youth, he had once, though for a little time, really loved.

THE WRECK.

BY E. HOWARD, ESQ.

ONWARD the vessel bears, like some huge chief,
Who, press'd by numbers, slowly shuns the fray ;
Sternly defying the appalling reef
She flings aside, as if in scorn, its spray.
But still urged slowly on her desp'rate way
By wave succeeding wave, the rock she nears ;
The waters round in eddying whirlpools play,
She strikes ! she groans ! the yawning rent appears !
Whilst o'er her pride the sea, its crest triumphant rears.

Hark ! frantic horror shrieks along her deck !
The brave are silent, but their brows are pale ;
They gaze desponding on the sev'ring wreck,
And turn their anguished faces to the gale
That howls their funeral dirge. Of no avail
To them is now the near and craggy shore,
Whose mocking echoes give them back the wail
Of the weak-hearted—in the breakers' roar !
The voice of hope is drown'd : home is for them no
more.

The hands of friends are wrung ; the hurried pray'r
 Of those unused to pray, is mutter'd low :
 Some strip, and for the rav'ning surge prepare,
 And some the pious resignation show
 Of the tried spirit long enured to woe ;
 See, all remote, a trembling mother weeps,
 While to her breast her first-born seems to grow,
 As to the moaning winds she rocking keeps,
 Blest omen this to all, serene the infant sleeps !

For that unwean'd, that sweet, unsinning child,
 The bolt of wrath may harmlessly be sped :
 It may—it will. The gale has grown less wild ;
 A light less lurid from the Heav'ns is shed !
 Arouse ye all, as waken'd from the dead !
 A fearless boat comes bounding o'er the sea,
 Its oars are out, its storm-reef'd sail is spread ;
 Where danger is, there British hearts will be—
 The life-boat's on the wave—the peril'd shall be free !

The sea-imprison'd crew, with hope renew'd,
 Now cheer their saviours on, and hoarsely shout
 Those heroes in the boat, with features rude,
 And hearts as kindly as their frames are stout,
 Their way push bravely through the briny rout :
 Their small mast bends, but not their purpose brave ;
 The thorough seaman on his subject wave
 Fell Death alone can stop, when pressing on to save.

Gold for the brave!—joy to the rescued crew!

The wreck is left—the deep hath lost its prey.

To the redeeming babe be honor due!

Th' enraptured mother many a future day

Shall, as she wipes the tear of joy away,

How they were saved, relate. All shall confess,

That nought the meed of bravery can repay,

Like the sweet smile of those that round shall press—

The newly-pluck'd from death, their homes once more
to bless.



FLY WITH ME, LOVE !

OR THE TWIN STARS.

FLY with me, love ! the stars are beaming bright ;
'Tween us and heaven there spreads no veil to-night :
Think'st thou the Power to whom all hearts belong
Would look thus kindly on a deed of wrong ?
Fly with me, love ! Nay tremble not with fear :
Were thy dead sire—thy mother's spirit—here,
Would they not smile, and bless the happy hour
That frees thee from a tyrant's jealous power ?
Fly with me, love ! Speak not of forfeit gold :
Leave that to *law*, in thy false guardian's hold.
Have we not wealth ?—What richer could we prove ?—
Youth, health, truth, vigor, and all-conquering love !
Fly with me, dearest, to that forest land
Where all court Fortune with unfettered hand ;—
There, like twin suns in yon blue vault afar,
Each shall round each revolve—a ruling star !

THE SMUGGLER.

I SPENT the whole of last summer, and a part of the ensuing winter on the Hampshire coast, visiting successively most of its sea-ports and bathing places, and enjoying its beautiful diversity of sea and wood scenery, often so intermingled that the forest trees dip down their flexible branches into the salt waters of the Solon sea; and green lawns and healthy glades slope down to the edge of the silver sands, and not unfrequently to the very brink of the water. In no part of Hampshire is this characteristic beauty more strikingly exemplified than at the back of the Isle of Wight, that miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely throughout England. Early in August, I crossed over from Portsmouth to Ryde, purposing to fix my head quarters there, and from thence to make excursions to all such places as are accounted worthy the tourist's notice. But a guide-book is at best an unsympathising companion, cold and formal as the human machine that leads you over some old abbey, or venerable cathedral, pointing out indeed the principal monuments and chapels, but passing by unnoticed a hundred less outwardly distinguished spots, where feeling would love to

linger, and sentiment find inexhaustible sources of interest and contemplation.

For want of a better, however, I sat out with my silent guide, but soon strayed wide of its directions, rambling away, and often tarrying hours and days in places unhonored by its notice, and perversely deviating from the beaten road, that would have conducted a more docile tourist, and one of less independent taste, to such or such a nobleman's or gentleman's seat, or summer-house, or pavilion, built on purpose to be visited and admired. But I did not shape my course thus designedly in a spirit of opposition to the mute director, whose (not unserviceable) clue led me at last amongst the romantic rocks and cottages of Shanklin, Niton, and Undercliff. It led me to those enchanting spots and to that lovely vicinity; but to entice me thence, was more than its inviting promises could effect; and finally I took up my abode for an indefinite time in a cottage of grey native stone, backed by the solid rocks, and tapestried in front with such an interwoven profusion of rose and myrtle, as half hid the little casements, and aspired far over the thatched roof and projecting eaves. Days, weeks, months, slipped away imperceptibly in this delicious retreat, and in all the luxury of lounging felicity. Mine was idleness it is true, the sensation of perfect exemption from all existing necessity of mental or corporeal exertion;—not suspension of ideas, but rather a season of unbounded liberty for the wild vagrant thought to revel in, to ramble at

will beyond the narrow boundaries assigned by the claims of business or society, to her natural excursive-ness. Summer passed away—the harvest was gathered in—autumn verged upon winter, and I still tenanted the rock cottage. Nowhere are we so little sensible of the changes of season as in the sea's immediate vicinity; and the back of the Isle of Wight is peculiarly illustrative of this remark. Completely screened from the north by a continued wall of high rocky cliff, its shores are exposed only to the southern and westerly winds, and those are tempered by the peculiar softness always perceptible in sea-breezes. On a mild autumn day, or bright winter's morning, when the sun sparkles on the white sands and scintillating waves, on the sails of the little fishing boats that steal along the shore with their wings spread open like large butterflies, or on the tall grey cliffs, tinted with many coloured lichens, a loungee on the beach will hardly perceive that the year is in its "sere and yellow leaf," or already fallen into the decrepitude of winter. And when the unchained elements proclaim aloud that the hoary tyrant hath commenced his reign, when the winds are let loose from their caverns, and the agitated sea rolls its waves in mountainous ridges on the rocky coast, when the sea-fowl's scream is heard mingling in harsh concord with the howling blast; then, oh! then,—who can tear himself from the contemplation of a scene more sublimely interesting than all the calm loveliness of a summer prospect? To me its attractions were irresistible; and

besides those of inanimate nature, I found other sources of interest in studying the character and habits of the almost amphibious dwellers on that coast. Generally speaking, there is something peculiarly interesting in the character of sea-faring men, even of those whose voyages have extended little beyond their own shores. The fisherman's life indeed may be accounted one of the most constant peril. For daily bread, he must brave daily dangers. In that season when the tillers of the ground rest from their labours—when the artisan and mechanic are sheltered within their dwellings—when the dormouse and the squirrel hide in their woolly nests, and the little birds find shelter in hollow banks and trees, or resort to milder regions, the poor fisherman must encounter all the fury of the combined elements—for his children's bread is scattered on the waters.

It is this perpetually enforced intercourse with danger that interests our feelings so powerfully in their behalf, together with its concomitant effects on their character—undaunted hardihood—insurmountable perseverance—almost heroic daring; and, generally speaking, a simplicity of heart, and a tenderness of deportment towards the females and little ones of their families, finely contrasting their rugged exterior. But, unfortunately, it is not only in their ostensible calling of fisherman, that these men are forward in effronting peril. The temptation of contraband trade too often allures them from their honest and peaceable avocations, to brave the laws of their country, and encounter the

most fearful risks in pursuit of precarious, though sometimes considerable gains. Of late, this desperate trade has extended almost to an organized system; and in spite of all the preventive measures adopted by government, it is too obvious that the numbers of these "free traders" are yearly increasing, and that their hazardous commerce is more daringly and vigorously carried on. Along the Hampshire coast, and more particularly in the Isle of Wight, almost every sea-faring man is engaged in it, to a less or greater extent. For the most part they are connected in secret associations, both for co-operation and defence; and there is a sort of free-masonry among them, the signs and tokens of which are soon apparent to an attentive observer. "The custom-house sharks," as they term them, are not their most formidable foes, for they wage a more desperate warfare (as recent circumstances have too fatally testified), with that part of our naval force employed by government on the preventive service. Some of the vessels on the station are perpetually hovering along on the coast; but in spite of their utmost vigilance immense quantities of contraband goods are almost nightly landed, and nowhere with more daring frequency than in the Isle of Wight.

In my rambles along its shores, the inhabitants of almost every cottage and fisherman's cabin, for many miles round, became known to me. I have always a peculiar pleasure in conversing with these people, in listening with familiar interest (to which they are never

insensible) to the details of their feelings and opinions, and of their family concerns. With some of my new acquaintances I had ventured to expostulate on the iniquitous, as well as hazardous nature of their secret traffic; and many wives and mothers sanctioned with approving looks and half-constrained expressions, my remonstrances to their husbands and sons. These heard for the most part in sullen down-looking silence (not, however, expressive of ill-will towards me), or sometimes answered my arguments with the remark, that "poor folks must live;" that "half of them during the war had earned an honest livelihood in other ways; but now they were turned adrift, and must do something to get bread for their little ones; and, after all, while the rich and great folks were pleased to encourage their trade, it was plain they could not think much harm of those who carried it on." This last was a stinging observation, one of those with which babes and sucklings so often confound the sophistry of worldly wisdom. Amongst these humble families there was one at whose cabin I stopped oftenest, and lingered longest, in my evening rambles. The little dwelling was wedged in a manner into a cleft of the grey rock, up which, on every slanting ledge, the hand of industry had accumulated garden mould, and fostered a beautiful vegetation; and immediately before it, a patch of the loveliest greensward sloped down to the edge of the seasand, enamelled with aromatic wild thyme, and dotted, next the ocean, with tufts of thrift, centaury, and

eringo, and with the gold-coloured blossoms of the horn-poppy. The peculiar neatness of the little cabin had early attracted my attention, which was further interested by the singular appearance of its owner. He was a large tall man of about sixty, distinguished in his person by an air of uncommon dignity, and by a dress, the peculiarity of which, together with his commanding carriage, and countenance of bold daring, always suggested the buccaneer of romantic legends to my fancy. He wore large loose trowsers of shaggy dark blue cloth, a sort of woollen vest, broadly striped with grey, for the most part open at the throat and bosom, and buckled in at the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which two pistols were commonly stuck, and not unfrequently an old cutlass; and over his shoulder was slung a second belt of broad white knitting, to which a powder-flask, a leathern pouch, and often a thick short duck-gun, were suspended. A dark fur cap was the usual covering of his head, and his thick black hair was not so much intermingled with grey, as streaked with locks of perfect whiteness. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the harmless avocation of a fisherman was his ostensible employment, though, to all appearance, not very zealously pursued, for, in the day-time, he was oftener to be seen lying along the shore in the broad sun, or strolling by the water's edge, or cleaning the lock of his gun, under the shadow of a projecting crag, than busied with the hook and line in his little boat, or mending his nets by the cabin door. At almost all

hours of the night, a light was seen burning at the cottage window, and the master of the family, with his son, was invariably absent, if (as was sometimes my custom) I looked in on them after dark, on my return from some distant spot towards my own habitation.

At such an hour I was sure to find the female inmates (the wife and widowed daughter of the man I have been describing,) in a state of visible perturbation, for which it was easy to assign a cause; but I had remonstrated in vain with the infatuated husband, and it was still more fruitless to argue with the helpless women. Richard Campbell was not a native of the Isle of Wight, nor one trained from his youth up to "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy his business in great waters." For many generations, his family had owned and cultivated a small farm in the north of England; himself had been bred up a tiller of the ground, contrary to his own wishes, for they had pointed from his very cradle to a seafaring life; and all his hours of boyish pastime and youthful leisure, were spent on the briny element, close to which, at the head of a small bay or inlet, stood his paternal farm. Just as he had attained his twentieth year, his father died, leaving him (an only child) the inheritor of all his little property, and at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclination. The temptation was strong:—tumultuous wishes, and powerful yearnings, were busy in his heart; but he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He staid to comfort her old age, and to cultivate his little inheri-

tance, partly influenced perhaps, in his decision, by his attachment to a pretty blue-eyed girl, whose sweeter smiles rewarded his filial piety, and whose hand was very shortly its richer recompense. The widowed mother continued to dwell under her son's roof, tended, like Naomi, by a daughter-in-law as loving as Ruth, but happier than the Hebrew matron in the possession of both her children.

Many children were born to the young couple, "as likely boys and girls as ever the sun shone upon," said the wife of Campbell, from whom, at different times, I gleaned the simple annals I am relating. "But God was very good to them. He increased their store with the increasing family, and provided bread for the little mouths that were sent to claim it. She never grudged her labor, and a better nor kinder husband than she was blessed with, never woman had. To be sure, he had his fancies and particular ways, and when he could steal a holiday, all his delight was to spend it on the bay that was near their farm (the worse luck,) for many an anxious hour had she known even then, when he was out in his little boat shooting wild-fowl in the dark winter's nights. But no harm ever came to him, only their eldest boy, their dear Maurice," (the mother never named him without a glistening eye) "took after his father's fancy for the sea, and set his heart on being a sailor." And the father called to mind his own youthful longings, and would not control those of his child, especially as he had another son, a fine promising lad,

who took willingly to the business of the farm, and already lightened his father's labors. The mother grieved sore at the parting of her first-born, (what feelings are like those of a mother towards her first-born?) and the young Maurice was her most loving and dutiful child, and she had reared him with such anxious tenderness as only mothers feel, through the perilous years of a sickly infancy. But the father jested with her fears, and entered with the ardour of a boyish heart into his son's enterprising hopes; and at last the youth won from her an unwilling consent. And when she shook her head mournfully to his promises of bringing rare and beautiful things from foreign parts, for her and his little sister, coaxed a half smile into her tearful looks by concluding with—"and then I will stay quiet with you and father, and never want to leave you again."—"My Maurice left us," said the mother, "and from that time everything went wrong. Before he had been gone a month we buried my husband's mother; but God called her away in a good old age, so we had no right to take on heavily at her loss, though we felt it sorely." In addition to his own land, Campbell rented some acres of a neighbouring gentleman, whose disposition was restlessly litigious, and Campbell being unhappily fiery and impetuous, disputes arose between them, and proceeded to such lengths, that both parties finally referred their differences to legal arbitrament. After many tedious and apparently frivolous delays particularly irritating to Campbell's impatient spirit, the

cause was given in favour of his opponent; and from that hour he adopted the firm persuasion that impartial justice was banished from the land of his fathers. This fatal prejudice turned all his thoughts to bitterness,—haunted him like a phantom in his fields, by his cheerful hearth, in his once-peaceful bed, in the very embraces of his children, “who were born,” (he would tell them, in the midst of their innocent caresses) “slaves in the land where their fathers had been free men.”

In this state of mind he eagerly listened to the speculative visions of a few agricultural adventurers, who had embarked their small capital on an American project, and were on the point of quitting their native country, to seek wealth, liberty, and independence, in the back settlements of the United States. In an evil hour Campbell was persuaded to embark his fortunes with those of the self-expatriated emigrants. The tears and entreaties of his wife and children were unavailing to deter him from his rash purpose; and the unhappy mother was torn from the beloved home, where her heart lingered with a thousand tender reminiscences, and most tenaciously in the persuasion that if her lost child was ever restored to his native country, to the once happy abode of his parents his first steps would be directed. The ship in which the Campbells were embarked, with their five remaining children, and all their worldly possessions, performed two-thirds of her course with prosperous celerity; but as she approached her destined haven, the wind, which had hitherto favoured her,

became contrary, and she lost sea-way for many days. At last a storm, which had been gathering with awfully gradual preparation, burst over her with tremendous fury. Three days and nights she drove before it, but on the fourth her masts and rigging went overboard, and, before the wreck could be cut away, a plank in the ship's side was stove in by the floating timbers. In the confusion, which had assembled every soul on deck, the leak was not discovered till the water in the hold had gained to a depth of many feet: and, though the pump was set to work immediately, and for a time kept going by the almost superhuman exertions of crew and passengers, all was unavailing; and to betake themselves to the boats was the last hurried and desperate resource. Campbell had succeeded in lowering his three youngest children into one of them, already crowded with their fellow-sharers in calamity, and was preparing to send down his eldest son and daughter, and to descend himself with their mother in his arms, when a woman, pressing before him with despairing haste, leaped down into the crowded boat, which upset in an instant, and the perishing cry of twenty drowning creatures mingled with the agonizing shriek of parents, husbands, and children from the deck of the sinking ship. The other boat was yet alongside, and Campbell was at last seated in her with his two surviving children, and their unconscious mother, who had sunk into a state of blessed insensibility when the drowning screams of her lost little ones, rung in her ears. Five-and-twenty persons were

wedged in this frail bark, with a cask of water, and a small bag of biscuit. An old sail had been flung down with these scanty stores, which they contrived to hoist on the subsiding of the storm, towards the evening of the first day's commitment, in that "forlorn hope," to the wide world of waters. Their compass had been lost in the large boat, and faint indeed were their hopes of ever reaching land, from whence they had no means of computing their distance. But the unsleeping eye of Providence watched over them, and on the fourth day of their melancholy progress, a sail making towards them was descried on the verge of the horizon. It neared, and the ship proved to be a homeward bound West India trader, into which the perishing adventurers were received with prompt humanity; and on her reaching her appointed haven (Portsmouth,) Campbell, with his companions in misfortune, and the remnant of his once flourishing family, once more set foot on British earth. He had saved about his person a small part of his little property; but the whole residue was insufficient to equip them for a second attempt, had he even been so obstinately bent on the prosecution of his trans-Atlantic scheme as to persist in it against (what appeared to him) the declared will of the Almighty. Once, in his younger days, he had visited the Isle of Wight, and the remembrance of its stone cottages and beautiful bays was yet fresh in his mind. He crossed over with his family, and a few weeks put him in possession of a neat cabin and small fishing-boat; and for a time the little family

was subsisted in frugal comfort by the united industry of the father and son. Soon after their settlement in the island, their daughter (matured to lovely womanhood) married a respectable and enterprising young man, the owner of a pilot vessel. In the course of three years she brought her husband as many children, and during that time all went well with them; but her William's occupation, a lucrative one in time of war, exposed him to frequent and fearful dangers, and one tempestuous winter's night, having ventured out to the assistance of a perishing vessel, his own little vessel foundered in the attempt, and the morning's tide floated her husband's corpse to the feet of his distracted wife, as she stood on the sea-beach watching every white sail that became visible through the haze of the grey clouded dawn.

The forlorn widow and her orphan babes found a refuge in the humble cabin of her father, and he and his son redoubled their laborious exertions for their support. But these were heavy claims, and the little family but just contrived to live, barely supplied with the coarsest necessaries. When temptation assails the poor man, by holding out to his grasp the means of lessening the hardships and privations of those dear to him as his own soul, is it to be wondered at that he so often fails, when others, without the same excuses to plead, set him the example of yielding? Campbell (having first been seduced into casual and inconsiderable ventures) was at last enrolled in the gang of smugglers

who carried on their perilous trade along the coast; and from that time, though comparatively plenty revisited his cottage, the careless smile of innocent security no longer beamed on the features of its inmates. Margaret struggled long, with well principled firmness, against the infatuations of her husband and son; but flushed with success, and emboldened by association with numbers, they resisted her anxious remonstrances; and at last, heartsick of fruitless opposition, and shrinking from the angry frown of him who had been for so many years the affectionate sharer of her joys and sorrows, she first passively acquiesced in their proceedings, and in the end was persuaded to contribute her share towards furthering them, by secretly disposing of the unlawfully-obtained articles.

During my abode in the Isle of Wight I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these (consisting of a widow lady of rank and her two grown-up daughters) I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by a pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the island, and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, "a cottage of humility," about three miles from my own cabin at the Undercliff. They were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing

and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life; and in the dearth of society incident to their insulated retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even to welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles. One November evening my ramble had terminated at their abode, and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea-table, when a powdered footman entered, and spoke a few words in a mysterious half-whisper to the elder lady, who smiled and replied, "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whom she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was drawn lower than usual over her face, and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was wrapped closely round a figure that seemed endeavouring to shrink itself into the least possible compass. At the sight of me she half started, and dropt her eyes with a fearful eurtsey! "Ah, Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the object of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, laughingly saying, "Oh, never mind Mr. —, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his head so awfully. Well, have you brought the tea?"—"and the lace, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the younger ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the important budget, with their own fair hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. "Have you brought

us our scarfs at last? what a time we have been expecting them!"—"Yes, indeed," echoed lady Mary, "and depending on your promise of procuring me some, I have been quite distressed for tea—there is really no dependence on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress you with a just sense of your Christian duties, amongst which you have often heard me remark, (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same lesson), that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential—Well! where's the tea?"—"Oh! my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain our trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers as punctually as we would wish. I have brought the silks and scarfs for the young ladies, but the——" "What! no tea yet? Really it is too bad, Mrs. Campbell; I must try if other people are not more to be depended on."—"Indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get it for your ladyship; but there's such a sharp look-out now, and the Ranger has been laying off the island for this week past, our people havn't been able to get nothing ashore, and yet I am sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat these three nights, in all this dreadful weather; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they're out again;" and the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window,

against which the wind beat dismally, accompanied with thick driving sleet, that half obscured the glimpses of a sickly moon.

The lady was pacified by these assurances that the foreign luxury should be procured for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after some haggling about "the price of blood," as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated. Mrs. Campbell received it with a deep sigh, and, humbly curtsying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily, as it were) stealing an abashed glance towards my countenance as she passed me. She was no sooner out of the room than her fair customers began to expatiate, with rapturous volubility on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases—an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but," observed the prudent mother, "you were in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains; but it's always the way—and yet I winked and winked at you both. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

Indulgently tender as I am inclined to be to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends

a part of what was passing in my mind. At first they laughed at my quizzical scruples, and replied to them with the common-place remark, "that the few things they occasionally purchased could make no difference; for that the people would smuggle all the same, and find encouragement from others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences whether *all* who encouraged the trade were not, in a great measure, answerable for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost in the prosecution of it, they bade me not talk of such horrid things, and huddled away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke any thing rather than remorse of conscience and purposed reformation. My "sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually enlivened our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune—and the young ladies not in a singing mood. Their mamma broke her netting-thread every three minutes; and from a dissertation on the degenerate rottenness of modern cotton, digressed insensibly into a train of serious observations on the dangers impending over church and state from machinations of evangelical reformers—ever and anon, when the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic complaints of the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with government against the safe landing of the precious bales.

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way before the disappearance of a yet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak, I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlor into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence which obliged me frequently to pause and gasp for breath. Large masses of clouds were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals with ghastly indistinctness along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, buffeting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to me to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and laboring of planks, the splash of oars, was distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the billows) was discernible,

making her way towards the shore. At that moment another boat, close in shore, shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall, remarkable figure I recognized for Campbell's in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle re-echoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light, and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea-foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me; and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's day-light way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wave-washed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposely to apply there for a lanthorn and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home. I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from within

gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intense breathlessness, and with eyes rivetted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. My steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Amy! thank God! here's your father." The young woman sprang to the door with a light, and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought ——" was poor Margaret's eloquently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake; "but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, "for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son—Oh, sir! they are both, both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea; and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look-out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen. I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceable at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised my lady, and the cargo was all to be landed to-night. Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she, little think"——and the poor woman burst into tears. This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this," or "This would not have happened if you had listened to me," or, "Well, you have brought it all upon yourself." The

consequences of their illicit traffic were now brought more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the agonizing suspense they were enduring, than they could have been by any arguments I might have labored to enforce. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder: and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds for apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but, at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang, expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to continue my homeward path, I entered the cabin with the distressed females, whose looks thanked me for aiding them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates *had* at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light gleamed ruddy red on the clean brick floor; a carved oak table, and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and housewifery; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantel-shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups, some long-shanked drinking glasses, and sundry tobacco stoppers, of fan-

tastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elaborately set out with its rows of yellow ware; its mugs of various shape and quaint diversity of motto and device; its japanned tray, and mahogany tea-chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended; but Campbell's duck gun, and his two clumsy pistols, rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the youthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly on her lap, while her eyes were rivetted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman: not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length, there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the shallow hue of sickness; her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the languor of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of

her William's untimely death, and her timid, tender nature, was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach, that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face, I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid, and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle, she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"—"My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her, "why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your poor father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry? and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender kiss, were Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without; but the redoubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them from that momentary abstraction,

and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves was indeed tremendous; and I felt too forcibly convinced, that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it, in their little fishing boat, nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance, however, that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger without help from shore, and, in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was eagerly caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness. A gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations, seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent; now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,—now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that “ticked behind the door” in its dark heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped

from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she picked it up, and replaced it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf, where, twenty-two years back from that very day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's first born. "Ah, my dear son! my good Maurice!" ejaculated the heart-struck mother; "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me. Thou wert the first to leave me, and now"—She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice that sounded near us. We all started, but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone; it was that of one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay, opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell—Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstacy was he welcomed! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles! But the joy was transient, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back into it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. "My son! my

son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, "what have you done with him? He is dead! he is murdered! Oh! I knew it would come to this!" "Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, uncovering his face as he started up wildly from his chair, with a look of appalling fierceness—"Peace, woman! your son is safe:" then his tone suddenly dropping to a low hoarse murmur, he added, "*This* is not *his* blood;" and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell!" I cried, "unhappy man! what have you done? to what have you brought your wretched family? For their sakes escape; escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment, but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, "It is too late; they are at my heels—they tracked me home;" and while he yet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices was heard; the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage. "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated; "we have you at last, though the young villain has given us the slip."—"Villain!" shouted Campbell; "who dares call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued quiet tone, "but I am in your power now; you may do what you will:" and once more he seated himself in sullen submissiveness. The women clung weeping around him, his un-

happy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault—he would not hurt a fly. For all his rough way, he is as tender-hearted as a child. Richard! Richard! speak to them: tell them it is a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his eyes from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all, mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began to fasten a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed, indeed, almost unconscious of what was doing, when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who, having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from the bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, "Send away naughty men, grandad—naughty men frighten Amy."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled in touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her ten-

der arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to his weeping daughter, he said quietly, "Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb, she would ever find hurt or harm in her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene; even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened, and a second band appeared at it, a group of sailors, likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty, by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of a general conflict. "We've missed our boat, and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an exclamation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful; he turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with horror. I alone, retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might yet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid, apparently a corpse, on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonized feelings, and

she came trembling to assist in the painful examination. The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall, and almost covered by the luxuriant hair (a sailor's pride) which, escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already as cold as marble, and that no pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had, as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jacket, and checked shirt; and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying task. His neck handkerchief had been previously untied, and stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it, Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medalion, (a perforated gold pocket piece), and her eyes glancing towards it at the same moment, a half-choaked exclamation burst from her lips, and looking up, I saw her standing motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eyes starting almost from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were rivetted on the suspended token. At last a shriek (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her

daughter and husband, even the unfortunate man himself, to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fatal contemplation. She looked up towards her husband, (on whose brow, cold drops of agony were quickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit)—she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of hers, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a low steady voice, “Look there! *Who* is that, Richard?” His eyes rivetted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which they pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him; but the tremulous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive workings of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified, in the very burst of despair. Once more she repeated, in the same calm deliberate tone, “*Who* is *that*, Richard?” and suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. “There, there!” she shrieked—“I knew it was my son!” and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, “Amy! Amy! your brother is come home—come home on his birth-day. Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard, won’t you speak to your son, to our dear Maurice? won’t you bless him on his birth-day?” And snatching her hus-

band's hand, she endeavored to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heart-rending appeal was addressed, replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountain of feeling and of life. He staggered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features, and he fell back as inanimate as the pale corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brain-struck mother.

THE mind which will not be content with its condition is its own torment. People are only miserable because they are not where they would be,—because they do not what they would do,—because they have not what they would have. Wish not to be where you are not,—to do what you cannot do,—to have what you have not; but rather, be willingly where it is necessary that you should be,—do without opposition what you are obliged to do,—be contented with what you possess;—and you are at least as happy as those who command you, and surpass you in riches, in power, and in prosperity.

MADRIGAL.

BY J. R. CHORLEY, ESQ.

I MARKED, when last we met, mine own,
And longed to ask thee—why
That pensive look, that plaintive tone,
That ever downcast eye?
Thy voice—my ear has learned to know
Each change its tones betray;
What made its note so faint and slow?
My gentle lady, say!

O! I was born for gloom; but thou,
Mine own, to smile and shine!
The slightest shade that dims thy brow
Falls dark and cold on mine.
I mused, and grieved, and vainly sought
To wile the cloud away;
O was it care, or weary thought?
My gentle lady, say!

Methought—though still, my tongue, forbear
The silent cause to seek—
The fond request, the loving care
Perhaps a glance may speak;

So oft I sought thine eye,—so oft
Its timid start said, “Nay;”
What feared those tremblers, dark and soft?
My gentle lady, say!

Perchance, methought, remembrance brings
Some early grief to mind;
Or is she vexed with many things,
Or deems her friend unkind?
For I am rude—and eye and word
So ill my wish obey;
Has look of mine, or language erred?
My gentle lady, say!

I cannot bear to see a tear
Bedim that laughing eye;
It makes me start from thee, to hear
The murmur of a sigh:
With one so young, and pure, and sweet,
No heavy thoughts should stay;—
Wilt thou not smile when next we meet?
My gentle lady, say!

THE TWO FUNERALS.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

“Fortitude, and religion, enable some persons to support great trials; while frivolity, or obtuseness, prevent others from feeling them.”

ON the 20th of June, 18—, two coffins were brought into the church of —, and each contained a male infant, sole offspring of its bereaved mother. But with what various feelings were the innocent babes consigned to the tomb! The first procession was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony bestowed upon the mouldering remains of those who have dwelt in this world’s high places. Many were the persons who followed the highly-decorated little coffin, which bore all the insignia of nobility, and a long train of emblazoned carriages succeeded.

The Duke of —, the father of one of the deceased children, stood by the head of the corpse, mute, and apparently absorbed in thought; but no passionate burst of grief betrayed the anguish of a parent’s heart. No! he more lamented the heir to his titles, than the lovely and innocent boy who had just learned to lisp the endearing name of father: for he valued the child as the inheritor of his honours, not as his offspring.

Can this be possible? Alas! yes: too often do pride and ambition suppress the growth of every other feeling in the heart which harbours them; even the instinctive love which brutes bear their young finds no place in the breast of the proud man: and such was this child's father.

And the mother? Of her I would fain think better: yet her babe was ill, was dying, and this parent was attiring herself in gems and silken robes: and was in gilded *salons*, listening to the dulcet sounds of music, and winding the mazes of the dance, when her child, her only child, breathed its last!

'Tis true, she "shed some natural tears,—but dried them soon;" true, she confined herself to the house, now that the innocent being to whom she had given birth no longer needed her care. But she consoled herself by saying he had the best medical advice London could afford; and—shall I own the degrading fact? *I*, a woman, blush for my sex; *I*, a mother, scarce can bring my pen to trace the words which tell it—she consoled herself, too, with seeing her beautiful infant lie in state; with decking the corpse with lace, and satin, and flowers; with placing it in a coffin covered with velvet, with golden nails, and a plate of gold, whereon was engraved—

THE MOST NOBLE

CHARLES ALFRED ÆMILIUS,

MARQUESS OF ———,

DIED XII. JUNE, M.DCCC—,

AGED ONE YEAR AND FOUR MONTHS.

This vain and heartless woman selected the choicest exotics to place around the precious little flower she had so neglected, and even studied effect in arranging them. She ordered the most becoming mourning, and then—having gazed upon the inanimate features of her only child for the last time,—she retired to her splendid boudoir, to bathe her eyes with rose-water, and arrange her curls; which having done, she composed herself “with decent dignity” on a luxurious sofa, and, in the perusal of the last French novel, sought a relief from sorrow. And this was a mother!

There was one, however, who had tended the poor babe with maternal care, who had fulfilled with fond alacrity a mother’s duty. From her it had received the nourishment a mother’s breast had denied it, and all the devoted attention which affection only can bestow.

Aileen O’Shea was a widow within the first few months of her marriage, and had borne a dead child. Engaged to nurse the young marquess, he became to her as her own, and all the tenderness of her nature was lavished on him. When he was weaned, she implored so earnestly to be permitted to remain with him, that the duchess, though reluctantly, allowed her still to stay.

Night and day had she watched over him; hours had she sat by his cradle, when the woman to whom God had given the blessing of a living child was occupied by balls and *fêtes*, far from the sick couch of her only son. Aileen, with bitter tears and sighs, which almost rent

her heart in twain, embraced the lifeless form of the little being who had clung to her, who had drawn sustenance from her bosom, and whom she loved as though he were her own: and when the rude men came to close the coffin, to hide him from her sight for ever, she fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found they had already soldered down the lead; but she never left the room till the day of the funeral; and then, with a sorrowing and almost broken heart, she went to the church.

While the bishop read the first part of the service, she appeared stupified with grief; but when they lowered the coffin, she rushed forward, passed the duke, and screaming, "Oh! mavourneen! a ehorra ma ehree! ma graw bawn!" would have fallen into the vault, had not one of the bystanders caught her.

"Who is it?" was asked by those around.

"Only his Irish nurse," was the reply.

The second funeral approached. The coffin which enclosed her boy was followed by a young mother, supported by a female friend, whose looks denoted her sympathy in the affliction she witnessed. The weeping parent had hoped, on her husband's return from sea, to have presented to him their blooming child; to have heard her William bless her, as he pressed the babe to his paternal heart, and to have shared his transports. But her fond hopes were blighted. She watched the infant so uneasinessly, that she perceived instantaneously the first faint indication of illness, and called in the best

medical aid that her lowly fortune could procure. Her heart shrank with a sorrowful foreboding when the doctor pronounced the disease to be the most malignant species of small-pox; and her worst fears were confirmed, when, on the second day, her infant was covered with the eruption in its most loathsome form. The fourth, this so lately lovely boy, on whose beauty she had so delighted to gaze, was a hideous corpse, from the contemplation of which all eyes but those of a mother would have turned with disgust: but, though the unsightly appearance of the remains of her beloved child aggravated her distress, still she watched them with all the engrossing tenderness peculiar to the maternal breast.

In eight days from that on which Margaret perceived that her child was unwell, she followed him, with a breaking heart, to the grave, and felt now as if she were alone on earth; for he, who should have spoken comfort to her, the father of her lost boy, was, as she deemed, far away.

The early part of the burial service, one of the most impressive in our liturgy, being ended, the coffin was borne to the small grave which had been prepared for it; and the first handful of earth had just rattled on the lid, when Margaret, who was absorbed in sorrow, turned suddenly at hearing her own name pronounced. She doubted—could it be? Yes! she beheld her husband!

“Our child!” was all she could say; and pointed to the open grave. He clasped her in his arms, and they

wept together. Yes! he, the manly-hearted sailor, who had faced death in its most terrific forms, and whom no dangers could appal, was subdued by sorrow, and mingled his tears with those of the mother of his unseen babe. The friend who had accompanied Margaret to the funeral (a kind old woman with whom she lodged), tried to comfort the sorrowing pair, and, by her persuasion, they quitted the burial-ground, to return home; when, for many a day, all stimulus to exertion seemed dead in their breasts, now that their boy, the heir of their love and of their poverty, was no more.

Ere a year had elapsed they again entered — church, and now with a living child, whom they brought to be baptized. But the joy they felt was clouded by the remembrance of a former ceremony performed there; and the grassy mound which marked the lowly resting-place of their first-born was not passed without a tear.

TO A LADY READING.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

WHAT, lonely still? and bending o'er the page
Thine heart, if not thine eyes,—dear dreamer,
say,

Where led by bard inspired, or calmer sage,

Do thy young virgin thoughts, soft triflers, stray?

Hark! music sounds, and feet are on the floor;

Come forth, thy flatterers wait thee,—read no more!

Is it Romance that with her spells hath clouded

That gentle brow, made grave that laughing eye,

Whilst thou, in sweet bewildering fancies shrouded,

Wanderest through lands of gorgeous mystery?—

Wake, and return! there's folly in her lore,

The wise world laughs at fables—read no more!

Or is't a tale of some proud lip and cheek,

Worshipped of old, to-day, alas! forgot;

And thou, a shrine whom Beauty's pilgrims seek,

Now shrinkest sadly from the common lot?

Fear not hoar Time—too well shall Art restore

Dull cheeks and silvered tresses—read no more!

Come, wreath thy hair with roses, o'er thy heart—

What boots its aching?—clasp a jewelled zone;
And learn to laugh when burning tears would start;

To move 'mid crowds most gaily, when alone
Thou pin'st to sigh—and learn to hide thy store
Of rich, bright, *useless* thought for evermore!

So shalt thou have the mightiest at thy feet,

Kings at thine ear, and nobles at thy call;
Nor hand shall write, nor echo dare repeat

The envious whisper, "'Tis but mockery all!"
Still dost thou dream? unheeding, and unwon
By the world's lure—True heart! then read—read on!

THE ORPHAN OF PALESTINE.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“Let the waves sweep over them! Better the dark, silent, and fated waves of ocean, than the troubled waves of life.”

FRANCESCA CARRARA.

“THE union of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy had advanced England, as a country, to a condition of force and dignity; but, as yet, the English themselves, a mixture at once of Celts, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, remained without a king capable of taking advantage of their united strength, their spirit, and their prowess. Harold, indeed, who fell in the celebrated battle of Hastings, had proved a prince of ability, while the mildness of his government had endeared him to the people. But his right of succession to the crown was defective; and though the title of William of Normandy, surnamed the Conqueror, might, in justice, be esteemed as still more so, yet success in arms overbalanced that defect; and William kept firm possession of the kingdom, supported by a fresh accession of nobility, who took care to establish their power by the depression, and in some cases, the extinction, of the native inhabitants. Nevertheless, William of Normandy must always be considered more in the light of a successful, adventurous

conqueror, than as a legitimate king; and the Anglo-Saxons might have betrayed, in the event of a foreign war, the prince who had so unscrupulously placed over their heads the adventurers who had rushed to his standard from almost every quarter of Europe. His son, and successor, William Rufus, the avaricious offspring of a tyrannical father, did little to heal the wounds occasioned by the violence and rapacity of William I. But, on the accession of Prince Henry, whose military achievements had awakened the interests and affections of his countrymen, the chivalry of the English character burst forth in its splendor."

The immediate commencement of King Henry's reign, the first of a long line of successful monarchs of the name, was hailed by the final conquest of Jerusalem, after a century of wars, the waste of millions of lives, and an expense to support which, whole provinces, if not kingdoms, were occasionally sacrificed. But the bright stream of glory flowed from afar: the more important, and more nationally illustrious transaction, was the conquest, by Henry himself, of that same Normandy which had, within sixty years, given so many masters to the English; and, after a short campaign against the united kingdoms and principalities of France, Henry's forces occupied the towns, and his nobles the castles; while his daughter, now the widowed Countess of Perche, was established in the vast baronies of Perche, in the vicinity of Brenneville.

Success, however, had aroused the valor of Lewis, the bravest and the most accomplished of the French princes; and the chivalry of France had now, at the opening of this our story, advanced towards Brenneville, in order to wrest from Henry and his valorous son, Prince William, the territory of Normandy, so lately acquired by the English. But another motive prevailed with Lewis; he was enamored, by report, of a maid of honor, or, rather, the favorite friend and confidante of the Countess of Perche, rescued, it was said, from the horrors and convulsions of the holy war, and simply called the Orphan of Palestine. Her real name was unknown, the quality of her birth still less understood, and her origin itself remained a mystery, which time, all powerful as it is, was not very likely to unravel. Her beauty had been reported to him; and, though in most respects an amiable and a generous prince, Lewis, agreeably to the spirit and gallantry of the age, coveted, though it might be for a mere ornament of his court, the beautiful, the surpassingly beautiful, Orphan of Palestine. But the Orphan of Palestine and her affections were already betrothed to the Count Arnulf de Arnulf, the brave and handsome companion in arms of the chivalrous Prince William.

It was on the morning of the day of the battle of Brenneville that the fair Jerusha, the Orphan of Palestine, passed, thoughtful, from the castle of Perche, towards a pavillion in the garden, her heart fixed upon the final termination of the combat. The Count Arnulf,

her friend, her affianced, might be slain, might be sacrificed to the intemperate resentment of his enemies—might be torn for ever from her tenderness, her fidelity, and her care. As she breathed an inward prayer for his safety, the shouts of victory broke upon her ear. The chateau rang with the sounds of joy and triumph; and the accidental arrival of an attendant announced a victory to England, the flight of Lewis, the total overthrow of his power, and the return of Henry, William, and Arnulf to the chateau.

Affected by a succession of happy events, dazzling, as they were, yet in some manner unexpected, the beautiful Jerusha drew towards a jutting abutment of the marbled pavillion which looked out upon the plains leading towards the field of battle. The sun had just declined after a bright noon of light and heat, a few autumnal clouds alone appeared to rest upon the verge of the horizon, as golden islets on the still surface of a far ether sea. The view embraced the distant waters of the ocean, which had now caught the last reflecting rays of the sun's departing glory; while, in another direction, the still more distant mountains threw their purple shadows over the vallies.

The tumult which had resounded through the castle was now hushed, and all nature seemed to harmonize in the placid emotions of the heart.

“And he,” she murmured, “once more restored to me, and to part no more; he who holds with my heart the secret of my birth, my preservation; and now that

the perils of the war are ended, that secret he has promised, to confide to me. Would he were come, and that hope, all joyful though it be, were changed to certainty."

As if the open esplanade of the pavillion were too public a witness to the tenderness of her emotion, she was about to descend the trellised steps, festooned and garlanded on either side, with the still blooming and luxuriant roses of Provence, when the tread of an armed man suddenly met her ear. She paused to listen, but the sound was not repeated. "'Twas but the echo of my fears ;" she murmured to herself, "nevertheless, the perils of the times, my hopes—alas ! now seldom disentangled from my sorrows—but too often awakened in my mind phantasms that take the place of more serious superstitions."

The circumstance passed from her mind, and summoning to her aid that courage which had for a moment deserted her, she proceeded to her apartment ; where, disrobing herself of part of her attire, she threw herself upon her couch, and, oppressed with the repetition of so many anxious emotions, soon fell into a deep, though not untroubled, slumber. She dreamt, that instead of the wished-for coming of Count Arnulf, she beheld, by the solitary taper that illumed her chamber, a ruffian stealing by the foot of her bed, while his gaze seemed fixed upon her feeble and unresisting arm, which hung helpless by her side. Nor was her dream a more fitting vision of the mind. The battle of Brenneville had

already let loose many of those soldiers of fortune, who, following the good or evil success of a single campaign, afterwards relapsed into robbers and brigands: and one of these disbanded troopers, urged by the love of plunder, and encouraged by the apparent solitude, had tracked the unprotected Jerusha to her chamber. But, at the instant he approached the sleeping Orphan, a sword, sharpened in the wars of Normandy, was at his breast; for, at his side stood a knight in complete armour, save that his visor was in part unclosed. The trembling assassin shrank appalled from his threatening look, and, dropping his poignard, sullenly awaited his fate; but the stranger, intent upon his own urgent mission, remained gazing on the countenance of Jerusha. The ruffian gradually recovering from his fears, drew towards the still unfastened door of the chamber, and overleaping the adjoining balustrade, was soon lost in the surrounding woods. The stranger, drawing his sword, attempted to follow, when the noise awoke the slumbering Orphan.

“I have but dreamed!” she anxiously exclaimed, as the retreating figure of Arnulf caught her eye—“’twas but a phantasm, a delusion; and yet, was it not Arnulf whom I but at this moment beheld by my side?—it must be so! Arnulf, Arnulf!” and hastily arranging her attire, she found her lover awaiting her in the adjoining room.

“It is you, then!” she exclaimed, and gradually recovering from the agitation which his unexpected appearance had occasioned; “But why this sudden coming,

this soldier-like attire, when, to-morrow, the king himself, victorious and triumphant, should be with us? Have his messengers deceived us?" she added, with an effort, which did not, however, disguise from him the excess of her fears.

"All is well," returned the knight, unhelmeting, and kneeling at her feet. "The victory of Brenneville has secured, I trust for ever, the conquest of Normandy, and the future safety of all our possessions, but——"

"You falter, Arnulf; be seated until you have in part recovered from the speed with which you have sought to approach me. Take rest, take repose."

"Alas! my beloved Jerusha! fortune too seldom gives repose to the soldier. Even now, when thy constancy, thy goodness, and thy beauty, had given me promise of a happy and undistracted future, thou, Jerusha, art destined to quit the happy home of thy youth, and I, still hapless Arnulf, must follow the changing fortunes of my prince."

"But the occasion, Arnulf?—if, indeed, we be the victors, and that the king comes here in peace."

"Alas! all is changed!" answered Arnulf, sighing. "Growing rumors of rebellion in England, a fresh quarrel with the Primate Anselm, must tear your Arnulf from the sunny plains of France. But, weep not, fair Jerusha, the Countess herself, whom Henry will not abandon to the hostile stratagems of our adversaries, must presently repair to Barfleur, the place appointed for our embarkation; and I have but outridden the

king's messengers to steal from the troubles of the times this short interview with thee, dearest Jerusha, and thus to prepare thee still better for thy appointed journey. But why should we despond? In England, we shall find repose; and when, at last, I may call thee mine, what further happiness can await thy lover?"

"And is this, then," returned the beautiful Orphan of Palestine, thoughtfully—"is this the gay espousal, the happy joy and promised tranquillity, we had so long and so anxiously hoped for? Alas! I indulge in no ambition beyond the repose which I have hitherto enjoyed, even without thee, Arnulf; though I have often wearied for that history of my infant years so long promised by thee, my friend, and so long withheld."

"Dearest beloved," returned the Count Arnulf, tenderly, and taking her hand in his, "your wish shall, ere long, be gratified; but the time is urgent. I am absent from the prince without his sanction, he whom I would not willingly offend. But droop not, fair Jerusha, even amidst the trackless waters of the main, you will find in Arnulf a friend, in the prince, a brother, and in the king himself, a father. Adieu, dearest! until we shall meet again upon the shore, whose tides shall waft us in triumph towards the English coast. This packet give the countess: it is the petition of one Fitz Stephen, who solicits the honour of piloting the brigantine fleet, which is destined to contain the conquerors of Normandy. 'Tis just fifty-six years since he carried over in safety the prince's namesake and grandsire, Wil-

liam. His petition was discussed at noon day, in the camp, and the prince has left it for his sister, the countess, to accept or refuse. And now, to mount the fleetest steed her groom at arms can furnish?"

"Stay, Arnulf, stay!" exclaimed the beautiful Jerusha, anxiously, and placing her gentle hand, with an unconscious movement, upon the heavy steel-piece of his armlet, as if her feeble force had power sufficient to detain him by her side, "'Twas said in Palestine," she more faintly continued, as he bent himself attentively towards her, "*that when the sea should give a father to Jerusha, her day of earthly pilgrimage was over.*" My Arnulf, I have a fear within me that combats with my hopes; and now, that the first dawn of coming joy hath been thus suddenly clouded by the king's decree, our journey, from which you augur so much happiness and joy, may prove, perchance, too fatal to our love. Tell me, then, in this our certain, though too fleeting interview, tell me, I conjure thee, all that thou knowest, all thou hast known, of thy still unhappy Jerusha, of thy betrothed bride!"

Her appeal sunk into the heart of Arnulf, who resumed with her the lonely seat, and thus began:—

"My story is a fearful one, my beloved Jerusha. It is now nearly twenty years since the final capture of the city of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. In that dreadful massacre, in which no age, no sex was spared, and in which the red tumult of indiscriminating slaughter left the ignorant and enraged soldiery neither reason

nor remorse, a Christian captive, a female of rank and birth, who had unfortunately been seized by the infidels on the retreat of those brave crusaders, was said to have perished by the hands of the infuriated multitude. After the first terrors of the carnage were over, a child was discovered beside the dead body of——spare me, Jerusha, you were that unhappy infant! the corpse, that of your mother. A young soldier, scarcely in his fourteenth year, who, fired with the pious enthusiasm of the times, had followed to the siege of the Holy City, was first of the Christian host who flew to your rescue. He was in time to preserve you from the mad fury of the crusaders; he bore you through the disordered and ensanguined crowd, towards the sacred temple, which now resounded with the tears, the prayers, the thanksgivings, of its too terrible deliverers; but first he had preserved for you that same bracelet which you now wear, and which he had transferred from the arm of your mother. In the temple you were received with kindness; and, on the return of the victorious army, were consigned to the care of a lady abbess of a convent founded by the Countess of Perche, and who, on the demise of her husband, sought in you a companion and a friend. Of your mother's history I could only learn that she had fallen into the hands of the infidels in a skirmish, that her husband, a leader of rank in the Christian army, possibly believing her to be dead, had suddenly retired from his command, and had since been heard of no more."

"And the youth!" exclaimed Jerusha, "whom

Heaven permitted to assist in the deliverance of his child, was called——”

“Arnulf! the same whom you now behold.”

The fortitude of the fair Orphan had well nigh yielded to a flood of tears. The Count Arnulf raised her hand, for an instant, to his lips, whispered a few fond words of tenderness and consolation, and, under shadow of the now deepening twilight, retired from the pavillion of the chateau, and mounting a fresh steed, was speedily on the road to Brenneville.

The morning had scarcely dawned upon the day that followed the solemn and mysterious interview between the fair Jerusha and her gallant deliverer, when the countess to whom had now been consigned the petition of Fitz Stephen, was informed, by a fresh succession of heralds, of the necessity of her immediate departure. The autumn, which in most southern climates extends far into the winter, was now drawn towards a conclusion, but the weather remained still exquisitely mild and beautiful. The 8th of November had witnessed the arrival of the heralds of victory at the chateau of the countess; and the morning of the 11th saw all parties in full career towards the coast, their immediate place of embarkation being marked out for them by the then heavy towers of Barfleur, floating, as it were, upon the calm clear azure of the morning sky. Long files of cavalry glittering in the heavy, though not inclegant, armour of the times, were just seen rapidly nearing the shore. These were followed by the knights of the cross,

now the conquerors of Brenneville, bearing upon their shields and helmets, emblems and mottoes expressive of their fortune and their valour; and of which heraldic tokens not a few exist at the present day.

The king himself, wore a cuirass formed of scales and overfolding plates of polished steel, intermixed with gold; and on his brow, a low coronet of sparkling gems, set in front of a close-fitting helmet of glass-bright silver. In one hand he held a short but weighty mace, with the other, he directed the movements and pace of his beautifully-formed, cream-colored horse, "Amulet," encased, for the most part, in folds of mail, and adorned with a high *panache* of white and crimson feathers. By his side careered, in all the pride and grace of youth, his only son, the prince, and, inclining a little to the rear, his friend and companion, the Count Arnulf; both attired in bright and sumptuous armor, and wearing lofty plumes that bent to the breeze till they more than half concealed the high arching necks of their powerful steeds. Advancing by an opposite direction, came the open ear of the countess, drawn by milk-white palfreys. Their light and fanciful harnessings and caparisons glittering with gold; within it sat the countess and the fair Jerusha, deeply and almost obscurely veiled; by their side, ambled the pages in waiting, followed by a heavy train, consisting of the long-established band of musicians, and the domestics of the household; a slender guard in armor, concluded the cavaleade.

Approaching the shore by a route altogether different

from that of either the king or the countess, a third party was now seen to advance; it consisted of a troop of three hundred men, indifferently mounted, overworn with fatigue. At a short distance followed, though in somewhat better plight, a warrior of venerable and majestic mien, attended by a few knights and esquires, and some of whom, urging their tired horses forward, had already announced him to the king's party, as the celebrated Duke of Guienne, Earl of Poitiers, whose enthusiasm in the holy wars had engaged him to part with his province of Poitiers; and who had been called to Rome to receive, at the hands of the head of the church, compensation due to his sacrifices and his valor. Interrupted on his return, by the armies of Lewis of France, he had been prevented joining the standard of Normandy until after the victory of Brenneville, but, more happily, had been able to join the forces of Henry ere they had embarked for England. The king, with all the natural impatience of his temper, had passed towards his own division of the fleet, and had set sail for England, leaving the aged Fitz Stephen to conduct the prince and princess, their attendants, and the new-come Duke of Guienne.

The splendid barge, or galley, which had been appointed for the accommodation of Prince William, the Countess of Perche, and their suites, had now nearly lost sight of the French coast. The beauty of the day, and the novelty of the scene, soon tempted the countess and the fair Jerusha from their splendid state room, to

the canvass-awned deck, prepared for the Count Arnulf and the warrior duke. An hour had scarce elapsed when, as it were from the far extended horizon, a thin indistinct wreath or vapour, scarcely observed by any one, steadily took its place upon the farther borders of the surrounding sky. Across the clear atmosphere passed occasionally a half felt gust of wind, which breaking upon the as yet gentle sea breeze, rushed swiftly through the open vault of the sky. Suddenly, however, a hollow and angry noise, like that of a torrent heard afar off, resounded heavily but distinctly from out the fountains of the ocean, while at the same time, a fresh blast of wind whistled shrilly amongst the sails and shrouds and cordage of the galley. While all watched, all wondered, unwilling, and perhaps unable, to explain their inward sensations at a phenomenon, which for the moment disturbed the placid character of their agreeable voyage. Edwy, the countess's page, with the heedless vivacity of his years, remarked, that occasional heavy rolling waves were coming faster and faster upon them; and that one, overdriven by another, had, not very far from the vessel, leaped into the air and burst into foam.

A sensation of danger suddenly broke upon the mind of the countess, who turning in her consternation towards the quarter in which the king's galley had proceeded, looked for help and assistance from their power. But the king and his fleet, though but a few hours in advance, had got into the current of a wind that blew them directly across the channel, and was fast passing

out of sight, fast passing into safety. The apprehensions of the countess were not very long confined to herself; the now rapid movements of the mariners, suddenly aroused by certain signs only known to themselves, their total disregard of questions, though preferred in a tone of anxiety and entreaty; the increasing fury of almost interminable waves; the watery-looking clouds that gathered, whence none could tell, and dispersed as suddenly, but only again to meet in conflict over their heads, announced to every one, that death, fearful, terrible, and immediate, but too surely awaited them.

In this dreadful condition of human existence, the prince lent his help to his sister, now sunk into a stupor, the mixed result of horror and surprise. The Count Arnulf sustained with his vigorous arm, the form of his beloved Jerusha. The Duke of Guienne drew near to give his assistance to all.

“It is as I feared,” murmured Jerusha of Palestine, faintly, but composedly. “We perish.—Oh, Arnulf, my preserver, my friend, but that a few short peaceful years had been granted us; but this—and the princess, my benefactress! help me, Arnulf, to disencumber myself of these useless robes, that I may be prepared to render her that assistance which she so much merits at my hands.—And now this veil, the waters of the deep will, perhaps, but too soon shroud the face, which you, Arnulf,”—she was interrupted by her tears, “which you called beautiful. And now this armlet, Arnulf, a mother’s, as you say.”—She half unloosed the orna-

ment as she spoke, and the jewels caught the eye of the pitying Duke of Guienne. The duke sprang forward, "Whence these jewels, that armlet?" he breathlessly demanded; and, ere the half-fainting Jerusha or her lover could reply, his eyes had wandered over the features of the Orphan. "Can it be—can it be my child, my long lost Catherine de Poitiers!" he tremblingly exclaimed; "but this, and this must tell me and decide."

As he spoke, he pressed back the loosened dress that shaded her shoulder, and a small red cross met his gaze. He touched a hidden spring of the armlet, and two miniature portraits appeared, one the picture of himself, the other of his wife, the mother of Jerusha. Bending over his child, the venerable duke hastily pronounced his blessing upon her, while Arnulf, still supporting her half-fainting form exclaimed, "kneel with me, fair Catherine, for in the illustrious Duke of Guienne behold you father!"

But the fair Catherine heeded them not. "It is finished," she faintly murmured, "my destiny is finished, the prophecy has been fulfilled. I have found a father amid the tempests of the seas, and the earthly pilgrimage of the orphan of Palestine is over."

The duke, impressed with the increasing horrors of the scene, drew her gently towards him. "We have, indeed, met under circumstances too perilous for us not to fear, and a few words, my child, must now suffice. I lost your mother and yourself, then an infant, in a

retreat from the holy wars; my soldiers informed me that both of you were dead, and I retired from the crusades, broken alike in health and happiness. But your mother, whom this, my gift, transferred to you, informs me is now no more, has left her history for me alone, perhaps, to record. I must be brief.—She was the daughter of Edgar Atteling; driven from her kingdom, she became my wife. I dared not then acknowledge her.”

The long lost grandchild of Edgar Atteling bowed her head at these words in resignation to her fate; for ere the darkness of the night should fall, herself, her lover, her friend, her new found father, all must perish. Nor was the sad prophecy far from fulfilment; while she yet clung to her protecting father and her lover, a shriek of terror escaped the crew. The ship had neared a rock, and while the contending waves were now tossing her aloft upon their stormy ridges, or plunging her, streaming with their foam, into the still more fearful depths of the abyss, the man at the helm had been hurled from the wheel, and the mast of the galley had gone by the board. The aged Fitz Stephen, whose devotion for the prince seemed rather to increase amidst the fury of the tempest, ordered the boat to be lowered, then hastily addressing the prince, said earnestly, “I carried William of Normandy, my countryman and your ancestor, in safety, and shall you;—but my shipmates are fatigued, descend with them into the boat, while the lull of the tempest now enables us. Lend your efforts to their exhausted

strength to bring her under the quarter, while I bestow the princess in safety by your side. Delay not, and all will be well." The agitated prince attempted to reply, Fitz Stephen hastily interrupting him—"Descend, my prince, or the rude troopers of Guienne will soon cheat us of our last, our only help and hope."

The prince remained to question him no further, but ruffling the boisterous wind and broken sprays that deluged the deck, gained the stern, slid his feet into a short ladder of ropes, and dropped himself into the boat, and was in an instant drifted from the vessel. A loud shout of joy and triumph followed from Fitz Stephen, who, in spite of the utmost force of the gale, stood firm at the helm, now rendered useless, and waiving his hand in the air, exclaimed, "Praise be to God, the grandson of William the Conqueror is safe!"

The passionately expressed words of Fitz Stephen reached the unhappy princess, who, now left to perish amidst the horrors of shipwreck, uttered one long wild shriek, that rung the note of horror and despair afar, even upon the waving billows of the ocean. But the prince needed not this woe-struck summons; he stood erect in the boat, and grasping a dagger, called on the crew to return to the ship, and to save at least his sister and her friend. Awed by his manner, by an almost incredible effort they in a few moments regained the ship. The princess, to whom frenzy had lent courage, was in the act of springing into the boat, followed by the Count Arnulf and the duke, bearing with them the almost life-

less Catherine of Poitiers, when the despairing soldiers of the crusades, inflamed by excess, bounded with the speed of men escaping from a conflagration, trampling, in their endeavours to gain the boat, on all before them, and rushing headlong into it, overfilled and swamped it, before half their numbers had time to enter. The princee was seen, for a moment, throwing his arms towards his sister; but the cry of horror sent up by the disappointed soldiery, the dying sighs of the expiring Catherine, the agony of the countess, and the despair of Arnulf, were quickly lost in a scene equally terrible and equally immediate. A heavy sea struck the ship, sweeping from stem to stern post, and dashing her into fragments upon the fatal rock. Arnulf sunk back with the now lifeless body of his bride into the deep gully of the receding waters, and was seen no more. Fitz Stephen, who had clung to the remnants of the wreck, determined not to survive the princee, threw himself headlong into the sea. The waters had already closed over the bodies of his companions.

LINES

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

O HUMAN Beauty! far—how far,
Beyond the grace of flower or star—
Beyond all soulless things that smite
The sense with transports of delight!
Fair is the fount's transparent wave
Which jewel-tinted pebbles pave;
And fair the imperial Indian shell
Where all the rainbow's colours dwell;
And bright that rainbow's self, whose dyes,
When storms are past, flush all the skies,
And glorify with rich stained light
E'en the returning sunshine bright.
And lovely is the lustrous gem
That lights the kingly diadem;
And lovely, too, the glistening snows
Which on the mountain's crest repose;
And beautiful the blushing cloud,
The nearest of the vapoury crowd
To the rich setting sun's deep eye,
Flashing his farewell through the sky;
As he would fain, fain linger yet,

And grieved and sorrowed thus to set—
As he would leave his soul behind,
Midst those empurpled clouds enshrined ;
While, blaze by blaze, and ray by ray,
He sinks and languishes away ;
Leaving this changed world, dim and dun,
As though there should be no more Sun !
And, oh ! that sun himself how fair
In morning's blush, or noontide's glare ;
Or, in that pomp of parting state,—
Slow sweeping through his western gate.
But, Human Beauty ! far—how far
Beyond all things that loveliest are !
Can these—these glorious things, and fair,
With thy transcendency compare ?
No ! though thyself thou may'st not be
Endowed with immortality,
The eternal soul's *reflection* even
To thee so deep a charm hath given,
That nothing beauteous, under heaven,
Or in that heaven—spread visibly—
Can match—can even approach to thee !
Thou 'rt twin'd with holier things, and higher,
And holier feeling dost inspire.

And thou !—fair, gentle, guileless thing,
In all the freshness of thy spring,
To whom earth, heaven, and life, are new,
Doth not thy form approve this true ?

If I can read the *speaking light*
Of those soft smiling eyes aright,
Pure mystic, precious sympathies
Already link thee with the skies.
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, and Love,
These have their kindred things above.
O Human Beauty! far—how far
Beyond all things that loveliest are ;
Beyond the grace of flower or star ;
Beyond the glory that is shed
O'er fairest things around us spread—
Sun, rainbow, cloud, fount, shell, or gem,—
From *thee* we learn to appreciate *them*!
Thou first dost waken—first inspire—
First kindlest admiration's fire ;
And so we're led and taught to admire :
While thou dost still thy sway maintain,
Thy gentle, and thy glorious reign.
Ay, Human Beauty! still *thou* art
Fairer than all to eyes and heart.

JANET DONALDSON ;

OR, THE WEE WOMAN O' LOCH LOMOND.

A FABLE.

"Affliction's sons are brothers in adversity ;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"

FIFTY years ago the people of North Britain practically understood what a *Solitude* meant ; in these days we know it only by the term and descriptions ;—loneliness of situation, remoteness from the dwellings of men. There are no solitudes, no lonely dwellings such as existed in former times, when retirement was such, that it was little short of exclusion from society ; when the arrival of the old bagpiper, or the wandering pedlar, with his little basket of wares, was considered an event in the family ; an event which never failed to assemble the entire household, not only to gather all the news that was going, but to hear the old minstrel play "On Ettrick's banks in a summer's night," or "Farewell to Lochaber," and to purchase from the pedlar glasses, ribbons, and the four Seasons painted in such intensely bright colours, that, by the children, they were deemed nothing less than exquisite ! Neither a Claude nor a

Titian, with the chaster taste of after times, ever called forth half the admiration.

The solitude in such situations was often so unbroken, that in a calm day you might hear a horse's hoof for miles off; and then as to guests, they were a thing of such rare occurrence, that a dinner put not only every person but every animal about the place in requisition, from the anxious mistress downwards to the very herd-boy and the old mare Maggie. Preparation itself constituted a great part of the enjoyment, for in those days conversation was not very intellectual; all the care was, that nothing might be wanting in kindness and hospitality. The visit ended, every thing returned to its wonted course; the wardrobe received its long-boarded dresses; the old carved press its snowy *napery*; and then, perhaps, many a month would pass over ere another stranger would break in upon the solitude.

What a change does this country exhibit since art and science have given such facility to travelling! now every mountain and every valley are visited; every rural haunt, famed for beauty, is explored, not only by the painter, the poet, and the curious traveller, but by all classes of the community.

This intercourse, we must allow, civilizes mankind, and introduces important blessings into society, but it necessarily destroys much of that originality and simplicity which are so delightful to be met with. Collision may polish character, but it lessens individuality. Perhaps it is a foolish prejudice in favour of old times, but

we should wish to see some of those strong characteristic traits, which grow up in seclusion, preserved amongst our peasantry; we should rejoice to perceive all ranks Christianized in heart, but not all modelled and stereotyped either in manner or language. We would not have all solitude destroyed by perpetual frequency, nor all spontaneous feeling checked by imitation. But alas! we are afraid that ere another fifty years have passed away, there will be no individuals like WEE JANET—no solitudes like those of Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond.

“Lone, mang trees and braes it reekit,
Hafflins seen, and hafflins hid,”

There stood the cottage where Janet Donaldson, the subject of this narrative, resided: she was a woman of unusually short stature, and, by old and young, was always called *Little Janet Donaldson*. But, if her figure were diminutive, her humanity and benevolence of heart were warm and expansive. In contemplating her little history, one cannot help regretting that a being of such tender and compassionate feelings should have had to struggle with poverty and hardship through the whole of her pilgrimage; for she was literally a servant of servants; one who was expected to run at everybody's call, as if she herself were incapable of fatigue. The very children imposed upon her patient good-humor, and would climb upon her back and add to her burden as she returned from the distant well, with her pitcher

of water in one hand, and a bundle of sticks in the other. She wore a man's large slouched hat tied under the chin in all seasons, both within doors and without; and in the winter, when she could no longer work in the fields or tend the cattle, she spun hard all day, and thought her labours well repaid, if, in the evenings, her earnings amounted to a few pence. Her diminutive stature prevented her from ever being hired as a regular servant, so that when she was employed, she received only the wages of a girl. In those days the pay of the peasantry was very small, so that in all her life poor Janet rarely possessed more than a few shillings at one time; consequently, a sum of money that we should deem insignificant, would to her appear immense.

For a short period Janet left her little cottage at the foot of the mountain, and went to live at Langholm with her brother, who rented a small farm there; in his service she never received any wages, so, as a compensation for her labours, he at length presented her with a little Scotty calf, which she was to rear and sell for herself.—How she tended it—how she watched its growth as she drove it to the pasture, and how hard it was to part with this her *first* possession, even for all the money its dappled sides would bring, we may not declare. But to A—— Fair *wee* Janet Donaldson set off with her little Scotty:—her own simple narrative shall relate the sequel.

“I selt my bonnie cow at A—— Fair for three pund ten, and was just turning hame again, right glad o' heart,

wi' the money a' safe i' my pocket, when at the town fit what should I see but a meikle crowd o' folk, an i' the vera midst o' them a', a puir man wha stood wringing his hands an greeting unco sair; sae I spiered what was the matter, an they telt me he had just buried his wife, an they were e'en taking him awa to gaol because he couldna pay his mailens.—'An how meikle is't?' spiered I; and they said it was three pund ten.—Then I was sae wae, sae vera wae for the puir man, for the widower, to see him greet sae, for he'd just lost his wife, that I e'en gied him a' my money—my three pund ten! that I had selt my Scotty for. I said, 'Here puir man, here ye shall hau it a'.'—But the warst o't was, I was sae wae, sae very wae, and sae dinted that I never minded on to spier the puir man's name. Sae when I gat hame fra the fair, an telt them a' what I had done, oh the weary life my brother led me! he was e'en like to turn me out o' the onset, an ca'd me monie a puir silly daft body, and aye telt me I would never see a plack o' my money again.—But it was just that day six weeks, for weel I mind on, I heard somebody knock at the door, an a man spier gin a *vera wee* woman didna live there ca'd Janet Donaldson? 'It's me! it's me!' I said, an rinning to the door, wha should it be but the vera puir man's ain sel! an right justly did he pay me a' my money again, my three pund ten! an' treated us wi' a crown bowl o' punch forbye."

This narrative was often repeated to the writer, when a child, by a near relative who resided at B——, and who was intimately acquainted with the circumstance.—

By her benevolence, Janet's severe poverty was softened and relieved, and such was her simplicity of character and confidence in that benevolence, that she was wont to say, "I'll never apply to the parish as long as ye hae either milk or meal i' the house."

A. H.

LINES

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M. P.

COME, come to me! sigh on me, soft summer
breezes!

Bring back the old freshness of youth to my brow;
Oh! bring back the joy of that time, when all pleases,
And bring back the friends loved, and lost to me now.

I mourn for past pleasure—I mourn the lost hour—
I weep for the smiles that have long fled away;
I miss the secluded sweet eglantine bower,
When with Flora I lingered the long summer's day.

Beneath those thick hawthorns how oft have I listened,
To hear the lone nightingale warble its song!
How oft have my anxious eyes tenderly glistened,
As thence my fair Flora came tripping along!

'Tis years since my steed through these grassy glades
threaded,
And long have the woods lost the blast of my horn;
My heart hath, since then, to its sorrows been wedded,
And all its best wishes lie withered and torn.

There is not a bright stream, vale, moorland, or mountain,
Not a tree, nor a dingle, in deep forest dell,
From bleakest and barest rock, down to the fountain
That acts not on Mem'ry as though 'twere a spell.

That casement, which now swingeth idly and lonely,
Once showed me *such* loving and soul-searching eyes,
That even to look at, or think of it only,
Brings anguish—its mistress in yonder tomb lies.

Hush! hush! hence, away from this valley of sorrow,—
Of strange recollection of pleasure and pain;
Let me quit vain regrets, with the hope that to-morrow
Bright visions may bring, though they cheat me again.

LAKE OF COMO.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

IT is pretty generally allowed that the Lake of Como is the most beautiful in Italy: but, it is in reality something more than beautiful. It is divided into three distinct portions, each with scenery peculiar to itself; and thus in wandering along its banks, the traveller perpetually receives new impressions. The mountains which border the lake are in general upwards of two thousand feet high; and as they are extremely precipitous—in some places, indeed, overhanging the water, it might be expected that the preponderating character of the view would be sublimity. This, however, is not the case. In Italy, the giants of nature lose half their terrors by being divested of those deep shadows, and that mysterious gloom which they possess in other countries; for here the sides and summits of the mountains are entirely naked, and of a light stone colour, as if the vegetation had been burnt away by the sun.

But at the water's edge, and for some distance above it, the lake is girdled by a rich tuft of foliage. The pine, the ilex, and the chesnut fringe the shore, and climb the precipices; and in midst of all, the *gay* eypress (the fa-

yourite ornament of a Roman villa!) presents itself in striking contrast. Here, is a village; there, a country seat; yonder, a ruin. In a hundred places the delighted scholar discovers the Plinian villa, for there are a hundred places as beautiful.

These magnificent banks, so well calculated for concealment by their indented line, and overhanging rocks and woods, were the retreat of the early Christians during the first three centuries, and afterwards of the Greek exarchs, during the Longobardic invasion. In the middle ages, they were the haunt of banditti; and at present their caverns are not unfrequently the storehouses of Swiss and Italian smugglers.

It is chiefly from the villages above the lake that those shoals of pedlars sally forth who perambulate France and Germany with prints, gilt frames, small looking-glasses, and other wares. In England they are now rarely to be met with, and no wonder. To say nothing of our annuals with their score of engravings—for a guinea's worth of the fine arts would be a wholesale purchase to the patrons of the pedlar—we can now buy for one shilling *several* of the choicest specimens which the modern burin has produced, after the best painters of our day. The Italian hawkers, therefore, cannot compete with us even in price; and the consequence of the market being filled with an improved commodity must necessarily be an improvement in the national taste. This will do good eventually to all Europe: the English never keep things entirely to themselves—when they can get anything for

them. At this moment, the walls of almost every inn in Russia are hung with English engravings.

In consequence of the exodus of the young men, several of the villages alluded to are inhabited exclusively by females. These solitary women are as devout as nuns, and work very hard for their dish of polenta, which is almost the only food they ever taste.

The town of Como stands at the termination of the south-western branch of the lake. It was originally the seat of a Greek colony, but in the time of Pliny was a Roman corporation of great wealth and importance. The situation is fine, and the air excellent; but the town itself is gloomy, and presents little worthy of remark, except a church of white marble, curious from its architectural incongruities. Three miles and a half from Comb is the Villa d'Este, once the abode of the unhappy Queen Caroline.

TRIOLET,

FROM CABESTAING.

BY THE VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

A YEAR ago, a year ago,
I thought my heart so cold and still,
That Love it never more could know :

That withering Time, and Sorrow's chill,
Had frozen all its earlier glow.

A year ago, a year ago,
I said, "I ne'er shall love again"—
But, I had not seen thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,
My soul was wrapt in grief and gloom,
And sighs would swell, and tears would flow,
As, bending o'er the lost one's tomb,
I thought of her who slept below !

A year ago, a year ago,
I felt I ne'er could love again—
But, I had not known thee then !

A year ago, a year ago,
All vain were Beauty's witching wiles,
And eye of light, and breast of snow,
And raven tress, and lip of smiles,
They could not chase a rooted wo!
A year ago, a year ago,
I never wish'd to love again—
But, I had not kiss'd thee then!

TO A LADY IN A REVERIE.

OH! let me gaze on that still brow, fair dame,
And read the secrets of that pensive eye!
What are thy thoughts?—all tranquil as the scene,
Or does yon cloud that shades the summer moon,
Rest on thy face and fortunes? Is it love,
Brooding o'er cherish'd cares with delicate wing,
That holds thee so entranced? or can sharp sorrow
Touch with its envious tooth that form superb?
Perchance it is not love—perchance not woe,
But memory's spell that binds thee, o'er the past
Pondering with deep emotion; deep yet still;
The gentle musing of some life serene,
As yet that knows no grief, but through the world

As in a garden of delight hath roamed,
Perfumed with bright prosperity!

Sweet lady!

Thy face I see not, yet methinks that form
Is one that I should know, an altar, surely,
Whereon my faith is pledged with holiest creed,
No doubt can e'er disturb. A beauty thine,
To make full many sigh, yet rarer gifts
Than beauty to thy lot; a soul most pure,
A generous spirit, and a heart most true,
And all the charms of fancy like the spring,
Tender, and sweet, and gay.

I will not wake

Thy gentle spirit from its reverie,
Nor dare to dream thy thoughts may eluster round
One nearer than thy hopes: but to the air,
The summer air that fans thy radiant check,
I breathe my blessing, grateful if it light
Upon thy cherished head, and bring thee bliss.

THE END.



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