

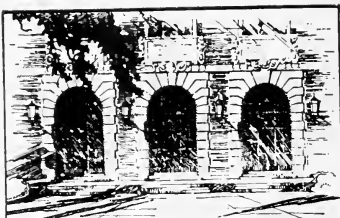




Gibson.

Anthony Russell 3-17

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Sir Sidney Smith.

TALES OF CHIVALRY;

OR,

PERILS BY FLOOD AND FIELD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,
By MR. S. WILLIAMS.



London :

G. BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND;

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P R E F A C E.

IN concluding the "TALES OF CHIVALRY," it becomes our pleasing task to present our heartfelt acknowledgments to the Public for the very liberal patronage which has been extended to it—a patronage which amply proves the power of the page of chivalric lore to charm and interest the reader.

It has been our aim throughout the work to illustrate as vividly as possible the manners and customs of the days of CHIVALRY, both in the engravings which adorn its pages, and in the rich store of legends which are contained therein; in most of which Romance, blended with the choicest treasures of Poetry, combine to enliven the imagination, and to purify the affections.

Remembering that the simple fact of a great battle being either lost or won, makes but little impression on us, as it occurs in the dry pages of an annalist, whilst our imagination and attention are highly excited by the detailed account of a much more trifling event—that a skirmish before a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Cressy—we have endeavoured to adopt as much as possible the *colloquial*—of all others the most interesting—style of history, and to bring before our readers, as forcibly as possible, the actors in the noble fields of love and war; to follow

them in the whirlwind of battle, in the savage fury of the onslaught, or the wild excitement of the *melee*; to recount not only their deeds of heroic bravery in the battle-field, but to record their sufferings on the stormy wave, in the dungeon, by the torture, or on the block, and to present a faithful picture of the times in which they lived.

Our efforts have been most ably seconded by the pencil of our artist. To him our warmest thanks are due, both for the spirit he has thrown into his illustrations, and for the great attention he has paid to the correct delineation of costume.

Again thanking him, the gentlemen of the press, and the public generally, we beg, in conclusion, to assure them, that a more grateful Editor never existed than the Editor of the "TALES OF CHIVALRY."

TALES OF CHIVALRY;

OR,

PERILS BY FLOOD AND FIELD.



Page 4.

UNDA; A TRADITION OF TYROL.

WHEN the wanderer, traversing the beautiful valley called the Ortzhall, in Tyrol, has passed the magnificent waterfall of Stuben, and the path, gradually becoming narrower and steeper, winds on among detached masses of rock, sometimes along fearful abysses on the one hand, and sometimes beneath immense perpendicular walls of stone on the other, he comes to a rude, uncultivated track, where, at the foot of a beetling cliff, overhanging the foaming torrent of the impetuous Ortzbach, there is a cavern almost closed by a block of gigantic magnitude. Having squeezed himself with difficulty through the narrow aperture, he discovers in the interior, which is nearly choked up with rubbish, seven crosses of black wood; and, in the rock forming the side of the cavern, are to be seen the same number of crosses, and an inscription, now nearly obliterated,

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cut in the decayed stone, and bearing the stamp of very high antiquity. It cost me considerable trouble to make out the date 1198, and the word UNDA. The romantic wildness of the spot, the evidences of some vast convulsion, and the singular situation of the place itself, together with these symbols apparently denoting some fatal catastrophe, excited my curiosity; but neither my guide nor any of the persons whom I met with could give me further information than that this was the burial-place of some people who had been killed by lightning. The traveller in these parts is accustomed to memorials of such accidents, for he frequently meets with votive tablets, as they are called, upon which is to be seen painted the melancholy story of one who has perished by the fall of a rock or a tree, or tumbled down a precipice, or been drowned by the sudden swelling of some mountain torrent. I conjectured, therefore, that the more modern crosses might commemorate an event

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of this kind; but that there should be the same number hewn in the rock with so ancient a date and a long superscription, to me, to be sure, illegible, piqued my curiosity, and I suspected that this might be the scene of some great catastrophe or other remarkable event.

I hoped to obtain information on this subject from the priest at the parsonage of the contiguous village of Solden, where I experienced a kind reception, but was referred to the archives of the neighbouring *hospice*. I took the trouble to turn over the not very copious collection of manuscripts, and, among several legends, I met with the following, which, on account of the date, the name of Unda, and the popular tradition, I could not help applying to this rude mausoleum.

When the emperor Frederic Barbarossa kept his court at Wimpfen on the Neckar, there lived at that place Unda von Wangen, an orphan adorned with all the charms of youth, beauty, and innocence. Henry of Neiden, one of the noblest of the court, saw her by accident, conceived a passion for her, and from that moment never ceased to persecute her with his importunities. Peremptorily as she rejected the coarse advances of the knight, he was not to be daunted. One evening, in a fit of inebriety, he penetrated to her apartment, and would have clasped her in his arms, but slipping from his grasp, she darted down stairs with the speed of a chased deer. The knight followed, but his limbs refused their office; he fell in descending the stairs; his dagger, being displaced by the shock, pierced his breast, and he was found weltering in his blood. The weak, the delicate Unda, was accused of his murder. The emperor was enraged at the loss of his favourite; and Unda, who protested her innocence, having no other witnesses but God and her own conscience, was doomed to die.

Justice seems to have been in those days tolerably rapid in its movements, and to have begun with execution, and finished with an investigation of the alleged crime. On this point, however, the legend merely intimates that she was made acquainted with the sentence. At this ceremony, Frederic of Reifenstein, who had been sent to the emperor's court by his uncle, the bishop of Trent, had an opportunity of seeing the fair Unda. He was captivated by her beauty, enchanted by the innocence

of her look and demeanour, and deeply affected by her melancholy fate. He vowed within himself to save her. But a few hours were left for the accomplishment of his design. He bribed the guards, procured the keys of the prison—how, my legend does not explain—and at midnight bore off the fainting Unda, who imagined that she was to be led forth to die. Consigning her to the care of his faithful Bertram, he ordered him to convey her to his castle of Naturns, in the Vintschgau. He himself remained for some time at court, as if nothing had happened; he then returned to his uncle, and flew to Naturns to receive the thanks of the lovely Unda.

Bertram had meanwhile conducted the lady in safety to the castle, and delivered her into the hands of the aged Buda, who had been the knight's nurse, and whose assiduous attentions and kindness dried her tears and silenced her apprehensions. The gratitude which she felt towards her deliverer was soon changed, by the old woman's praises of her master, into a warmer feeling. Frederic arrived. My legend says not a word about raptures, or love; nor is it till seven years afterwards that I find Unda again mentioned, as a wife and the mother of several blooming children.

This brings us to the precise period when, pope Urban III. having died of fright and grief on receiving the melancholy tidings of the conquest of Jerusalem by the great sultan Saladin, his successor, Celestine III., summoned all the princes of the west to the rescue of the holy city from the hands of the infidels. The kings of England and France, with the bravest of their nobles, and the great emperor Frederic Barbarossa, at the head of the flower of German chivalry, obeyed the call. Reifenstein, with his men-at-arms, prepared to join the latter. Unda, bathed in tears and filled with sinister presentiments, strained her husband to her bosom. He commended her and his children to the care of the Almighty and of his trusty castellan, Ulric of Grunnsberg, tore himself from her embrace, mounted his charger, hastened to Meran, and with many of the neighbouring gentry joined the main army on the Austrian frontiers. He assisted to strike terror into the Greeks, participated in the glory of the victory over the Seldjukes, was engaged in the storming of Acre, entwined

his brow with laurels, and bore several scars as tokens of his valor.

Not far from the spot where the cold waters of the Cydnus had well nigh caused the death of Alexander the Great, the emperor Frederic perished by imprudently bathing in the equally cold and impetuous Saleph. His second son, of the same name, conducted the troops further into the Holy Land, and took part in the siege of Acre, where many soldiers and persons of distinction fell. Our Frederic's brave band, too, was reduced to a very small number; and, as the discord which divided the princes and the army prevented further progress, he prepared, just at the moment of the arrival of a fresh body of warriors, to return to his country and to his family.

Unda lived meanwhile in close retirement in the castle of Naturns, and shed many bitter tears on account of her beloved consort, attending mass twice a-day, and offering up ardent prayers to heaven for the speedy return of her beloved Frederic. Ulric taught the boys to ride in the castle-yard, while the lady Unda instructed the girls in the innermost bower; and thus the time passed slowly and sadly away.

On the festival of St. Corbinian, Unda, in fulfilment of a vow, repaired to Mais, and, after performing her devotions in the chapel dedicated to that saint, rested herself in the shade of the lofty chestnut-tree which overhung it, contemplating, beside the solitary spring, the beautiful prospect presented by the surrounding country. Meek and pious as she was, Unda nevertheless had, unknown to herself, a most malignant foe. Hermgard, the wife of Rudolph of Vilenzano, had once cherished hopes of obtaining the hand of Frederic. He preferred Unda; and Hermgard, in despair, united herself with Rudolph, with whom she led a miserable life. She accused Unda as the author of her wretchedness, conceived the bitterest hatred against her, and vowed signal revenge. The tidings of her happiness only served to strengthen this vile passion, which was continually receiving fresh food from her own unfortunate situation. Her dark spirit did not meditate murder; she sought a species of revenge of slower but equally fatal operation: she wished to enjoy the gratification of seeing her hated rival pining under a protracted decay.

Long had she waited for an opportunity; the favourable moment seemed now to have arrived. She, too, had gone on the same day to Mais, not indeed to perform religious duties; but, inquisitive respecting every movement of Unda's, she had gained information of her intended journey, and it was only on such an occasion that she could see her, for Ulric cautiously guarded the entrance to Naturns, and his mistress never ventured beyond the precincts of the castle.

With syren look and speech she approached the pious pilgrim, whom Ulric had been prevented by illness from attending: she was overjoyed at having at last an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of the noble lady of Reifenstein, described herself as a juvenile playmate of her Frederic's, pretended that she had at home a palmer who had brought news from the Holy Land, and invited her to call as she returned at the castle of Thursteis, situated near the high-road. The virtuous Unda, suspecting no harm, and burning with desire to question the palmer, who had perhaps seen her husband, accepted the invitation; on which Hermgard parted from her with an hypocritical embrace and a triumphant heart.

After the pilgrim had finished her devotions, and fulfilled her vow by founding a yearly mass at the shrine of the saint, she hastened with her Bertha, an infant two years of age, to her new friend, impatient for the wished-for tidings. The lady of Vilenzano met her with demonstrations of joy in the court-yard, conducted her into the castle, and promised to introduce her to the palmer. Scarcely had Unda entered, with a heart throbbing with expectation, when Hermgard suddenly changed her tone.

"Have I thee in my power at last, traitress?" cried she, inflamed with rage; "have I thee in my power at last, to satiate my long-suppressed revenge! Many years of sorrow and sadness have I passed; it is now thy turn to pass as many. A slow poison shall consume thy life, and despair shall be thy lot! Now, choose between the death of this infant"—she had meanwhile caught up the child, and pointed a dagger to its breast—"or an oath from which no priest shall release thee, never more to embrace thy husband, but to repulse him from thy heart, that thou mayst experience in thy turn the

torture which thou hast prepared for me. Choose—swear—or thy child has not another moment to live.”

Vain were the prayers and entreaties of the half-fainting Unda, to be spared the cruel oath; maternal affection finally overcame every other feeling. “Hold!” cried she to her tormentor, who had already raised her arm to strike—“hold! I will swear.” Upon the host, which a confederate of the wretch, in the habit of a priest, handed to her, she swore a horrid oath, which was to embitter all her joys, to destroy the happiness of her whole life.

“Now,” said Hermgard to her, with a malicious sneer, “now mayst thou enjoy, if thou canst, the society of thy loving husband, who is not far off: such, at least, is the message which the pious palmer was to bring thee; for the same ship conveyed them both from the Holy Land to Cyprus, where Reifenstein was detained for some time. Thou mayst now return to thy castle as soon as thou wilt.” With these words she conducted Unda, more dead than alive, into the fore-court, where an old servant who had attended the lady on her pilgrimage, was waiting for her. Silent, and scarcely conscious of what was passing around her, she arrived at the castle, clasping little Bertha closely to her bosom, as if apprehensive lest she should be again snatched from her embrace.

Frederic had meanwhile arrived at the island of Cyprus, which king Guy, on being driven from Jerusalem, had purchased of the English monarch, Richard Cœur de Lion. A gloomy presentiment urged him to hasten his departure, but he was obliged to stay against his will, in compliance with the especial desire of the king and Lusignan, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. Unfortunately, man cannot always act according to the impulse of his feelings. Circumstances often interpose an insuperable barrier, and permit him to advance only step by step, at a time when the most ardent wish of his heart would impel him to an eagle's speed.

At length he embarked, and soon arrived at Rome, where he had letters to deliver to pope Celestine III., and, strengthened by the blessing of his holiness, he set out for Tyrol. He flew through Italy, had already passed Meran and Partschins, and once more beheld the turrets of his castle,

while his heart throbbed vehemently at the idea of meeting once more the beloved objects whom he had left behind.

Two months had elapsed, and the future presented itself to Unda's imagination in darker and still darker colours. The fearful hope had stifled in her bosom every emotion of joy, and tears, bitter tears, which she had once shed only on account of her husband's absence, were now wrung from her by the thought of a meeting equally desired and dreaded. For days together she would sit silent in her bower, with her eyes fixed on the distant horizon, or pursuing the winding course of the Adige, where every wave, hurrying past to return no more, was an emblem of her happiness which had fled for ever. Thus was she one day seated, her head supported on her hand, when a cloud of dust appeared in the distance; it approached nearer, in the direction of the castle; she recognized the plume and scarf of her husband; she rushed down the staircase; overpowered by her emotions, and forgetting the terrific oath, she sank swooning into the arms of her beloved crusader.

The first moment of returning consciousness brought with it the recollection of her heinous offence. With a shriek of anguish she tore herself from his bosom, all the horrors of her violated oath burst upon her soul, and she felt herself loaded with a curse from which she could never more be relieved. She fled to her most retired chamber, locked the door, and tore her hair and wrung her hands in an agony of despair. It was not till she had thus passed two days, that, exhausted in mind and body, she listened to the entreaties of her husband soliciting admittance, and made him acquainted with the horrible story. There he stood, pale, gnashing his teeth with rage, shuddering at the artifices of malice, thunderstruck, as well at his own misfortune, as to behold in the wife of his bosom an alien and a criminal laden with the guilt of perjury. No language can describe Unda's despair. Here the husband whom she had been forced to renounce for ever—there the idea of her soul doomed beyond reprieve to eternal perdition—overpowered her senses, and chilled every drop of blood in her veins. For a whole week she lay, sometimes in speechless stupor, sometimes in frightful convul-

sions ; till one evening she secretly put on a hair garment, and fled from the scene of her former happiness, forsaking husband, children, all, and pursued by the keenest pangs of remorse for her supposed crime.

She proceeded to the Carthusian convent of Schnalls, and poured forth the sorrows of her heart into the bosom of the reverend prior ; but it was not in his power to give her absolution. " Go, my daughter," said he, kindly to her, while the tears trickled down the deep furrows in his cheeks, and fell upon his venerable beard, " go, and expiate thy sins with patience and resignation : I have not the power to absolve thee. Seek a solitary place, and in fasting and prayer reconcile thyself to God. In a few years Heaven may perhaps give thee a sign whether thou mayst venture to throw thyself at the feet of his holiness, and to implore pardon." After wandering for some time in the wild valleys of the neighbouring country, she at length reached the dreary tract of the upper Ortzhäl : there she found a spacious cavern, in which she built a small chapel of stone ; this she made her abode, moss her couch, and roots and herbs her only food.

The fame of her piety soon spread abroad. She was revered like a beneficent divinity by the whole country. She expressed the juice of flowers and plants, and cured the sick ; she carried peace and consolation into every dwelling ; and whoever needed her assistance, had only to apply to the pious recluse. But for her own heart there was no peace, no consolation, and the tormenting thought of the curse that lay upon her soul haunted her incessantly.

Her husband had meanwhile employed all possible means to find out his lost Unda : he explored all Tyrol, with the exception of that solitary spot, without discovering any traces of her. He vowed vengeance against Hermgard, but was spared the trouble of executing it, for she died miserably, and in the agonies of remorse, in consequence of the ill-treatment of her brutal husband.

Several years had now elapsed : care, sorrow, and vexation, threw Reifenstein upon a sick-bed ; his illness lasted several months, and none could afford him relief. The fame of the skill of " the pious woman"—for so she was called—in the

healing art, had by this time reached the Vintschgau. The knight sent his son, who was approaching to years of manhood, to consult her. Without asking his name, she made enquiries concerning the nature of the complaint, and gave him a potion, with which Otto hastened home to his sick father. Frederic took it, and recovered. Otto, and his blooming sister Ottilia, resolved to perform a pilgrimage to their benefactress, to express their gratitude. Unda received them kindly, but, without speaking, extended her hand to the portrait which Ottilia wore suspended from a gold chain at her bosom. " How came you by this portrait ?" eagerly enquired she. " It is the likeness," replied Ottilia, " of my dear, but, alas ! long lost mother."—Daughter ! son ! mother ! were the exclamations that burst from them as they rushed into each other's embrace. Their transport was unbounded. Ottilia declared that she would never more leave her mother, and Otto conjured the latter to go back with them to their father. " No," said she, " I dare not see your father till my guilt is completely expiated, and an avenging God fully appeased. Go, then, my children, entreat your father to consult the venerable bishop of Conrad, as to what I have still to do to reconcile myself with the Almighty : I may not yet venture to appear before his sacred vicerent." Otto hastened home with his sister, for her mother would on no account suffer her to remain in so wild and solitary a retreat, and acquainted his father with the joyful tidings. Both flew to Trent, to the pious bishop, who referred them to Pope Innocent III., a pontiff distinguished for benevolence and kindness, who had been elevated in the flower of his age to the papal chair, and was just then paying a visit to Arigo Dandolo, the aged doge of Venice.

Frederic repaired to that famous city, knelt before the pope, expiated on the long years of suffering and sorrow endured by Unda and by himself, and implored his holiness to give back to him a wife, and to his children a mother. Innocent was deeply moved ; he annulled the oath extorted by force, and, for the sake of her long penance and her good works, he acquitted her of the guilt of perjury, and granted her full and complete absolution, on condition that Frederic should build a convent. He ordered a bull confirming

these grants to be prepared. Reifenstein and his son gratefully kissed the foot of his holiness, and, overjoyed at their success, hastened home with the utmost expedition.

In the meantime, the other children, instigated by filial affection, set out to pay a visit to their mother. The rapture of all was beyond description. Sometimes it was expressed in the long silent embrace; at others, it burst forth in loud congratulations. Ottilia informed her mother that her father and brother were gone to his holiness, and the first spark of hope glimmered in Unda's bosom. She had now with her four of her children, Ottilia, Rupert, Albert, and Bertha—the same Bertha for whose sake she had taken the horrid oath which had embittered her whole life. At this moment she forgot much of her suffering, and regarded this re-union as a sign of the renewal of the favour of the Almighty.

The rest of the day passed in affectionate converse, as they sat lovingly together at the entrance of the cavern. Evening arrived—the sun at times darted his rays through the majestic larches and pines; more and more faintly did they tinge the summits of the distant mountains, till these were at length wholly enveloped in a mantle of sable clouds. Nothing but the roaring of the neighbouring torrent, and the crash of descending avalanches, interrupted the stillness and repose of nature. Night came on: murky clouds suddenly began to collect on all sides; vivid flashes of lightning issued from them; and the tempest raged with appalling fury.

Fatigued with their journey, and the vehemence of their emotions, the children had retired to their couch of moss, and slept soundly, while the mother alone, prostrate before the image of the Redeemer, poured forth her soul in prayer. A tremendous clap of thunder shook the cavern; she trembled, sprang up, and ran to her children, to see if they were safe; a second shock followed; the subterraneous abode was filled with sulphureous flames; the roof fell in and buried the unfortunate Unda and her beloved children beneath the ruins.

On the very same day, Reifenstein and his eldest son reached Meran. Without stopping, they hastened onward by the shorter route, through the wild but beau-

tiful vale of Passeier, celebrated for its romantic scenery and its robust race of inhabitants; they determined to cross a difficult and dangerous mountain, that they might be a few hours earlier in the arms of wife and mother. Evening arrived, but still they hurried on by paths hewn in the rocks, across an endless succession of bridges, where one false step would be attended with inevitable destruction, over immense blocks of marble, which frequently seemed to bar their further progress, and loose stones which rolled from under their feet. It was a pitch-dark night when they reached the lake of Passeier. They found no track along the lake, either to the right or to the left: all the roads had been destroyed by avalanches. It was only by means of the lightning that they discovered a boat near the shore of the agitated lake; they leaped into it without further consideration, and pushed off in order to reach the opposite shore without loss of time. The passage is short, but extremely dangerous, on account of the sudden tempests to which this lake is liable, and which cause its waves to break with fury against the perpendicular cliffs around it. On this occasion all the elements were against them. One moment their frail boat was whirled on the crest of a mountain billow, at another it was plunged into the depths of the dark abyss. Exhausted with the long and useless conflict, both at length dropped their oars; a blast of unprecedented violence upset the boat, and buried them in the bosom of the deep.

Eight days afterwards the bodies, firmly clasped in each other's arms, were cast on shore. The faithful Ulric conveyed them to the remains of Unda and her children, and one sepulchre now unites in death those whose melancholy fate it was to be separated in life, and whom Providence removed thus early from the joys and sorrows of this imperfect world to the regions of everlasting peace.

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE clouds in heaving masses rolled across the blue and tranquil sky, their sides were tinged with the sun's fast lingering rays, as he was departing from this busy scene of human life, and the hill's tree-covered tops were reflected in his shining beam.—The crow was seen, as

from the fields he held his liquid journey to his solitary roost, and the rooks in one thick compact body filled the air with their discordant noises.—The moon peeped o'er the hills, as she arose in glorious majesty and splendour as queen of night. The halls of Glenalvon were lighted up.—The banners floated in the gentle breeze.—The noble earl of this rich domain had this day gained his five-and-twentieth year. Five years his noble father had departed from this life in a most strange manner. He died suddenly—how, was never learnt—how, was never known. The handsome apartments were filled with costly plate of every description, and shone a gorgeous spectacle—the company were arriving in rapid succession, one party followed another up the lofty avenue of trees, and then ascending the lofty steps they entered the castle, and took their seats at the banquet. Glenalvon himself sat as emperor over this splendid scene. But why is his noble eye dark? why does his lip quiver, why does his face grow pale as with the ghastly hue of death? why does his bearing, once so lofty, stoop in fearful agony? He surely cannot feel unhappy, he, the possessor of the most splendid domains. He who can command thousands of retinues armed and ready for war, can he be unhappy? Alas, it is but too true. He is one and not the only instance, of a possessor of riches feeling the withering hand of wretchedness.—He is not the only one, who can for a time conceal or cover a wretched and blighted mind with the outward appearance of gaiety and joy, whilst the heart burns with long-concealed crime and iniquity.—The bowl is filled and often filled, the minstrels strike their joyous chords.—The Troubadours' songs make the hall re-echo to their sweet and gladsome tune. But the bowl is filled in vain. The minstrels strike their chords uselessly. The Troubadours' songs no longer strike upon his ear with their wonted pleasure, and gloomy forebodings darken o'er the lofty brow of Glenalvon's noble lord. The lamps blazing around the tapestried halls, attract not his attention; nor do the frequent questions of his gay and laughing companions obtain responses.—His retainers bring him costly Malmsey of every description. They, bending low and cringing at his feet, look into his thoughtful face. O how glady would that per-

son, whom they think so happy, have changed with the meanest of the lot! but no such happiness was portioned out for him. 'Twas near eleven; he arose and thus addressed his friends:

“It is growing towards midnight, my social companions; let the banquet stop. Dull care sits heavy upon my weary brow, and affairs of importance must be executed by me before the sun approaches this land; therefore, I will e'en seek my tranquil couch. The first dawn, also, must see me departing on a journey.”

They all arose, drinking the health of the noble speaker, who, bowing low to the compliment, departed. Sleep had gained the victory over all the castle, and silence held his awful dominion over all the darkened apartments. The owl alone repeats his fearful screech, as he arose flapping his wings out of an old yew-tree which stood opposite the castle walls, and portended evil to its sleeping inmates. The castle clock sends forth its hollow sounds through the vaulted halls, and fearfully reverberates the hour of midnight. The fearful earl aroused, lifts up his eyes—he shrieks—he gives a hollow groan—his eyes are fixed in startled haste on a form which stands beside his bed. It speaks not—it moves not. Its hollow eyes stare wildly on him—its arrow is bent—its hand points to some blood which trickles down its vest, which, flowing round him as shaken by the passing night air, opens wide and shews a horrid gash, from which it was dropping—its face was pale and haggard. It seems no earthly form, but appears like some dead inmate of the grave, who travels o'er his old accustomed haunts, when midnight flings its dreary stillness around. Thus still and motionless, it stands and turns upon the earl its ghastly look. He stares wildly, and fearful words escape his trembling form:

“Why cam'st thou here? it was not I; why dost thou point? I know not what thou meanest. Why dost thou turn thy sepulchred smile on me? depart in peace.”

The form moved slowly forwards, and seemed about to touch the gasping lord. Then lifting up his left arm, he held a bloody poniard to startle his view, and a hollow tomb-like voice gave forth the following words:

“Glenalvon! base, degraded son of a loving father, who is permitted to roam

from out the tomb which you have con- signed him to, once in five years, beholds thee now—knowest thou me not—dost thou not know this wound—dost thou not know this dagger trembling with a parent's blood? Hast thou so soon forgotten all these things? does not thy conscience smite thee, and does not thy tortured face betray thee, if nothing else did? Yes, truly; thou hast obtained what thou wishedst for. Art thou not happy supremely happy? You must be." A wild unearthly laugh resounded through the lofty chamber. "Hast thou not murdered thy aged parent—didst thou not do this for the wealth that you anxiously longed for? Thou hast obtained it; but thou hast lost thy happiness, thy peace of mind is gone."

As thus he spake, the moon, which before had cast its beam around the chamber, suddenly immersed amongst the thickening clouds. A livid light shone around the spectre, as it slowly walked with unheard steps along the marble-covered floor. When it approached the door, it beckoned with a majestic air to the horror-stricken earl, who followed every movement with his eyes half starting, and spake the following words:

"Earl of Glenalvon, follow me."

Tottering forwards he silently obeyed, followed through the opening door, and moved along the picture gallery, down the noble flight of steps into the chief hall. The phantom then turning, beckoned to its staggering follower, who hastily unbound the gate. They passed out into the open air, the breezes blew freshly upon them, and dreary darkness covered all things with its mild and sleeping influence. The spectre's airy garments flung around their shining white, and made a fearful contrast. Thus on they passed, o'er hill and dale, and still they speak no more—and still they have no check, until they came to a crag, a deep unfathomed abyss opened wide its mouth with meagre destruction. The spectre pointed, then turning to his companion, thus addressed him:

"Thou knowest well this crag, this you have seen before. This abyss, these trees, this land, are all well known to the most noble and generous earl of Glenalvon. Why dost thou tremble—why is thy cheek so blanched—why sinks that guilty eye—why does that lip of thine

quiver—why do thy teeth chatter? art cold?" Another hollow laugh rang through the frightened vale. The owl, screaming, burst from his solitude—the bats come hovering round—the wild beasts started from their lairs and ran with wildness through the woods; his taunting words are not yet concluded, but again he spoke: "O illustrious Glenalvon, behold! dost thou know this piece of green earth? the poignard reached a father's heart just on this spot; here it was that thy grim smile frightened thy very self, as you obtained thy wretched desire; this is the very part of the crag where you threw my human form over the deep gulf; and now, brave Glenalvon, you must follow me. Thy life of sin has lasted long enough upon this earth—follow!" Having thus spoken, he moved towards the edge of the cliff, then looking down, he again addressed his frightened companion: "The water reaches mine ear with a deep murmuring sound—an awful depth below—wretched shall be the one who ever sees the edge of this depth; never shall he see the light of the day again; cursed be the man who passeth this way; but now, most wretched, miserable man, thy death approaches near thee; three minutes I grant thee, and then thou must come with me." The dreadful parricide fell to the earth—he groaned aloud: "Spare me, spare a wretch; I know not—I did not—I have spent a horrid existence, since I committed that terrible deed." Thus he, in broken sentences, implored for pity: "spare me, if only to live in wretchedness, to make some atonement for guilt; spare me; oh! spare me." He rose, he tottered forwards again, and fell at the phantom's feet, who, seizing him, addressed him for the last time, "Thou wantedst thy life, to live in misery: Behold thy death; thou hadst no pity—thou didst not spare thy father's life, when on his knees he implored thee, giving up all his wealth; think, parricide, on that! Think, glut thy mind with thy ferocity; but now, thy time is up; we must away." Thus speaking, he raised the almost dying murderer from the ground, and leaped from the precipice. A shriek, a long quivering shriek, burst from the heart-stricken Glenalvon—a fearful plunge—a horrid, fiendish laugh, and the parricide had expiated a life of wickedness and sin.



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THE SILVER LAMP:
A LEGEND OF THE HARZ.

The Harz Forest, in Germany, or rather the mountains called Blockberg, or Brokenberg are the chosen scene for witches, demons, and apparitions.

ANTIQUARY.

“HERE, then, dear Werdorf, we must part—perhaps for ever! Nay, I beseech thee, do not tarry longer—every moment places thy life still more in jeopardy. Farewell, Werdorf!—farewell!—Forget not—forsake not Hermione!”

“Forsake thee, mine own love—never! sooner shall yon planet forsake its parent sky. No, my Hermione, in the hour of triumph, or in the hour of danger—in the cell of misery, or in the bower of beauty, whithersoever fate may guide me—come weal, come woe, be sure this heart will never cease to love thee!”

The youth wrung the hand of his mistress, who, gently disengaging herself, stealthily retraced her steps towards a large castellated building, the lower part of which was closely concealed by several tall heathy hills, leaving only its numerous turrets to the view, and these, in this situ-

ation, were only visible when the evening breeze disported the heavy branches of pine and ash that rose against them. The rising moon was shining beautifully, and enabled the lover to discern the fleeting sylph-like form of his mistress, until she had totally disappeared amid the hills that skirted the castle.

Giving vent to his emotion in a deep impassioned sigh, Werdorf now turned his eyes and his steps in a different direction, and wandered for nearly the space of an hour among the glades and copses of the Harz Forest; now threading some sinuous and seemingly interminable passage, which, except where a stray moonbeam found entrance through the closely twisted foliage, lay in profound gloom. Now would he pursue the tortuous windings of some rushing rivulet—now traverse the brow of some fearful precipice, and, assisted by his good tough hunting spear, would hold on his course indifferently through swamp and stream. At length, however, he found himself utterly at a stand. Scarcely having given it a thought whither he was wandering, it now appeared to him that he had pene-

trated into the very heart of the forest, and brushwood, torrent and morass, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself, hemmed him in on every side: while numerous tall, gigantic trees, the aborigines of the wood, shot up around him, and their ponderous branches grasping each other over head, completely shut out every gleam of moonlight. The spot whereon he stood, however, was by no means dangerous, and the sweet mossy sward offered a favourable resting-place for the night. He accordingly stretched himself upon it, and a deep sleep speedily visited his eyelids. This had not lasted long ere an outcry in the forest bade him start upon his feet, when, by some dim exhalation on the swamp before him, he beheld a man furiously attacked by an immense wild boar. Werdorf's spear was levelled in a moment, and the ferocious monster fell, transfixed to the earth. Meanwhile the momentary lustre had passed away, and the swamp was again involved in perfect darkness.

Presently Werdorf's attention was once more arrested by a fluctuating point of light, which seemed to spring up before him: at first extremely diminutive, but gradually expanding, it formed at length a sort of halo around some singularly dazzling object in human shape. The bronzed and wrinkled brow of the figure was encircled with a beautiful silver diadem, the points of which sent forth incessant and beautiful coruscations of many coloured fires, and a white tunic covering his otherwise denuded limbs, was fastened at the waist with a broad silver belt, which likewise emitted brilliant sparks of flame. Its large dark eyes, glowing like orbs of fire, were fixed on our hero with an expression that seemed friendly, notwithstanding which, however, the latter was so completely astounded and terrified, that not without great difficulty could he at length contrive to stammer out—"Who are ye?—whence come ye?"

The strange figure immediately replied—"Thy friend I am, for thou hast befriended me," and he therewith pointed to the slain monster at Werdorf's feet; "and I come from the centre of the earth, of whose treasures I am master. Hear, therefore, and obey my commands. Return to the dwelling of thy enemy, and here is a talisman which will shield thee from all scathe; present it to his view, he

will ask it of thee—nay, will offer thee all in his possession for it—even the hand of his lovely ward, and his castle to boot."

No sooner were these words uttered, than all again was darkness: Werdorf rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he had not been dreaming, nor could he believe to the contrary, until his eye happened to catch a tiny sparkle of flame that appeared to oscillate around his right hand. On examination, he found it to proceed from a diminutive silver lamp which had just been given him by his singular visitant, and which now revealed to him a narrow vista of the forest that he had hitherto sought in vain. Werdorf instantly pursued it, and to his no small surprise, beheld in a few moments, from a beautiful moonlight glade to which it conducted, the turrets of Von Schloppenhause's castle, the grim guardian of the gentle lady Hermione, peering over the tree-tops at a trifling distance beyond. Leaving him, therefore, to hold on his journey thither, we will, in the meanwhile, introduce the reader to a few of its inmates.

In a room of considerable extent, which was powerfully illuminated by several massive iron lamps that drooped in chains from the roof, and perambulated by a clumsy oaken table, sat a vast and diversified assemblage, each of whom was diligently engaged in despatching his share of the choice viands it supported. At the upper end of the board sat the baron von Schloppenhause, displaying a long, gaunt shape, loosely enveloped in a dirty murray coloured gabardine, and surmounted by a grim unwieldy head, patched with long black wiry hair, which extended likewise to his chin and eyebrows, well nigh concealing the tiny greyish orbs which from time to time were glanced around the board. This worthy was profoundly engaged in dissecting the haunch of a wild buck, which having happily effected, he turned his attention to his guests, and thus addressed them—

"Ha, knights!—ha, gentles! how say ye? Is't not a right goodly animal?"

All unanimously agreed that it was certainly of the very finest quality.

"Ay, by St. Hans, is't," replied the baron; "marry, sirs, 'twas pulled down on the very spot where Merse the Wildgrave met the devil."

All professed their entire ignorance of any such spot existing.

"Then, gentles," said the host, "ye shall have the history on't, and that speedily. Ho, there! Miunesinger—sirrah Mirron, stand forth, and chirrup me quickly the story of the Wildgrave!"

Mirron instantly obeyed the command, and, aided by his instrument, thus began—

THE STORY OF MERSE THE WILDGRAVE.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Shrill the gnome his wild horn sounded,
'Hillo—hil—hil—hillo ho!
Fast and fierce his wild steed bounded,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Through the Harz-wood's gloomy bowers,
Furious ride the demon-host,
'Mid Helvellein's haunted towers,
Man, and horse, and hound are lost.

Whither, Wildgrave, dost thou wander?
Enter not you dreary walls;
Stay thy pace awhile, and ponder,
Hark, what fearful cadence falls;—

Der Wilde Jager Chorus.

"See the moon is rising red,
Spirits, spirits, hasten here;
Corses from your earthy bed,
In your winding-sheets appear.
Hasten hither
Ye who bide
Where fiery lavas
Glide;
From sepulchre
And charnel hie,
Where mortal relics
Lie,
And sluggish Acheron
Rolls darkly murmuring on,
Appear! appear!"

Leaped the Wildgrave from his steed,
Swift unsabarded his brand,
Pass'd the porch with dauntless speed,
And enter'd 'midst the demon band.
Ghast as death the Wildgrave turn'd,
All was dark and dismal there;
Frightful forms around him charm'd,
And wildly danc'd 'mid earth and air.
In vain, in vain to shout he tries—
His tongue is parch'd, his breath is flame!

Harshly roll'd the muttering thunder,
Lightnings blazed athwart the sky;
Earth and air seemed rent asunder,
As the viewless rout swept by.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

On they dash o'er rock and fell,
Sweeping now the murky air;
Threading forest, maze, and dell,
'Mid thunder whoop and levin glare.

Over heath and over hollow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!
Through air, and fire, and water, follow,
Forward, forward, hillo ho!

Through foaming torrents now they rush,
The hapless Wildgrave still pursue;
From dismal charnels now they gush,
Still hold their fleeting prey in view.
Over heath and over hollow,
Still they wend through glare and gloom;
Still their hapless victim follow—
Still pursue till "crack of doom!"

Scarcely had the minstrel ceased, when a confused clamour of voices, seemingly in high altercation, was heard without, whereat the baron, mightily exasperated, started furiously on his feet, and in a tone that completely drowned all others, demanded the cause of this unseemly riot.

"By my beard," cried he, "if ye disturb us again, there's not a varlet of ye but shall deeply rue it."

The din continued, notwithstanding, and the baron, in a towering passion, was about to quit the apartment: the goodly figure of the seneschal, however, staggering at that moment into his presence, caused him to halt and listen to the explanation that he seemed eager to render him. It was a proceeding, however, in which the good steward entirely failed, for his voice, as well as his limbs, was so completely disordered by the deep potations he had swallowed, that scarce a word could he stammer out. Meanwhile, the drunken air of gravity which he had thought proper to assume on addressing his master, was so irresistibly ludicrous, that every beholder laughed outright; which, serving only to anger the baron still more, he thus exploded his mine of wrath on the trembling retainer:

"Villain! ban-dog! slave! out of my sight; hence, I say—stop, move not from that spot at thy peril! Tell me, varlet—reptile—who and what was the cause of that infernal brawl? Who was't, I say?—answer me, slave, or—"

"My lord—my lord," replied the seneschal, trembling to the very ground, "I—I—my lord—"

"Ha! what!" interrupted the baron, misconstruing his meaning, "thou wert—and hast the audacity to confess it! Take that, sirrah!"—and he therewith hurled a ponderous copper flaggon with all his might at the head of the domestic. Fortunately, however, his staggering drunkenness protected it from the collision that would have otherwise taken place, so truly was it aimed. It will be readily supposed, that the seneschal waited not a moment more to experience a further proof of the baron's gentle treatment.

Scarcely had he quitted the apartment, when a similar clamour again made itself heard, and immediately a tribe of domestics presented themselves on the corridor, striving apparently to force back some refractory wight they had among them. At the command of the baron they immediately desisted, and forth from the group came Michael Werdorf.

Von Schloppenhausen looked upon him somewhat after the manner that a hungry tiger may be supposed to look upon his prey; his fingers clutched the hilt of his dagger, which he suddenly drew forth, and sprung furiously towards him. Werdorf drew back a pace or two, and shewed the silver lamp, when instantly the whole demeanour of the baron changed; the weapon fell to the ground, and he contemplated the singular object with admiration and wonder.

"Sweet youth—sweet Michael Werdorf," he exclaimed, after a while, "I see thou lovest my ward, and 'tis useless to check thee; therefore, take her—take her—but—this bauble—"

"Is thine," replied Werdorf: and he therewith presented it.

The fingers of the baron clutched upon it with such eager vehemence, that every one present, and even Werdorf himself, marvelled that a thing so apparently trifling in their eyes should seem in his of such great worth. He divined their thoughts; and Mirron, at his command, narrated the following legend, which will serve in some degree to elucidate its mystic properties:—

THE STORY OF WELZHEIM, THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

In the time of the emperor Frederick, surnamed Red Beard, there dwelt on a lonely heath in the Harz district, a solitary being, who earned a scanty subsistence in charring wood for the smelters. This, however, it was well known, occupied but a small portion of his time; how the rest was spent, was a matter of uncertainty. Some say it was devoted to the study of alchemy, and swear to have found him seeking the philosopher's stone. Some having seen him wandering at a late hour round his miserable hut, with his face upturned to the starry firmament, set him down for an astrologer: while others proclaimed him a necromancer, and protest having seen him in confabulation with the

devil. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that he possessed some familiar or other. Now it befel, on one black gusty starless night, that the solitary charcoal-burner was aroused from a deep reverie over his scanty fire by a loud knocking on the door of his hut. He suffered the alarm, however, to be repeated again and again ere he arose, so profoundly was he buried in thought. At length he bestirred himself, unbarred and threw open the door, and a tall mantled figure entered the dwelling.

"Why did you keep me so long waiting?" was his immediate address to the charcoal-burner.

"And why, sir stranger, let me ask, disturbed ye the solitude of a wretch like me?"

"Hush!" said the stranger, "be wretched no longer; here is the boon I promised thee;"—and he forthwith drew from beneath his mantle a small silver lamp,

"Ha! Rhe—," exclaimed Welzheim, who recognized his companion; he was interrupted, however, from proceeding, by the latter, who thus continued—"this magic beacon will light thee to the deepest recesses of the forest where shall be revealed to thee the mighty treasures of the earth; the palace of the gnome will appear to thee—enter boldly and fearlessly—and while the spirit sleeps, grasp thou his magic sceptre, and thou art lord of all the earth contains. Away—yet mark me—while thou retainest that mystic lamp, no harm can approach thee; suffer it to pass from thee, and be assured thy life passes with it—follow thy fortunes then—away!"

Obedient to the injunction, Welzheim instantly set forth, and found himself shortly threading the intricate labyrinths of the Harz Forest, under the sole guidance of the mysterious lamp. More than once he was fain to halt in his progress, and listen to the strange hubbub of voices, mingling with the loud yelling of hounds, the winding of horns, and the neighing and trampling of steeds, that ever and anon came ringing in his ear, and which dying gradually away in the extreme distance, would presently give place to the wild melody of the bugle. At one time the words of the Jager chorus—

"Over heath and over hollow!"

chaunted apparently by a thousand unearthly voices, were rendered fearfully

distinct, and they had scarce ceased when a dazzling blaze of light shooting athwart the profound gloom of heaven, revealed some object darting with almost equal rapidity amid the trees and copses of the sable wood—'twas the skeleton Wild-grave!

Welzheim still went boldly on, and presently the stupendous Blockberg rose dark and vast upon his view, and as he drew nearer towards it, a ponderous portal, to his utter astonishment, presented itself; he was most familiar with the spot, but never had he beheld that massive entrance before. The radiance, however, streamed through it, and he entered;—all was profound gloom till he had reached the further end, and then it was that a scene of dazzling magnificence smote upon his view. Here a torrent of molten gold was seen flashing over a huge rock of blazing sapphire, into a seemingly unfathomable gulf; here the topaz, the opal, the ruby, and the diamond, sent forth their blaze of splendour, while streams of boiling lavas and alkaline waters, catching and reflecting their myriad hues, poured in almost every direction; millions and millions of tiny globules glittered in the dewy atmosphere, and all around, far as the eye could reach, rocks of precious stones and ores stretched themselves away, till distance rendered them indistinct.

A most insignificant thing amid that scene of mighty vastness, Welzheim passed on uninterrupted, and scarce noticed by the tribe of gnomes that were there busied in their task of gold washing, and extracting the minerals and ores from their strata, until a ponderous portal of rugged gold opened on his view. He entered, and the blaze of splendour which immediately presented itself was so overpowering, that he had well-nigh fallen to the ground. So soon, however, as he could gaze around him, he found himself in a vast hall, the gigantic architecture of which terrified and amazed him: huge pillars, composed alternately of crystal, sapphire, jasper, and lapis lazuli, supporting a lofty gallery, extended down either side of the stupendous hall, till the eye could no longer follow them. Welzheim passed on, and having reached the further end, his eyes fell upon a beautiful silver diadem and sceptre, which reposed together on a gorgeous crystal tablet; he

instantly ascended the high flight of marble steps which led to them, grasped unhesitatingly the magic sceptre, and encircled his brows with the silver diadem; immediately it changed to flame, and seared his temples through to the bone; in the agony which it occasioned, both lamp and sceptre fell from his grasp, a burst of unearthly laughter was heard, and a shivering groan announced the fate of the presumptuous charcoal-burner.

Mirron had scarce ended his narrative, when a tremendous clang startled every inmate of the castle. Every one of his auditors huddled in a heap together, and presently, to their inexpressible dismay, they beheld the immense stained windows of the apartment wherein they were assembled shivered to atoms. The baron was not among them, nor was he any where to be found in the castle. No one had observed him quit the apartment, and, indeed, he might well have escaped their observation, so profoundly were they all buried in Mirron's history.

The morning, however, at length dawned; and in searching through the forest, the body of Von Schloppenhausen, horribly mutilated, was discovered; whether a similar fate to that of Welzheim had befallen him, we are unable to say; but certain it is, that the palm of his right hand was burnt through to the bone, and his face and body was rent and torn as if he had been beset by a legion of wild cats.

MY UNCLE.

MANY people, in affairs concerning their family, carefully hide or forget every thing which they imagine low and ignoble, while they endeavour to shed around themselves a sort of consequence, by retailing the actions of any individual of notoriety they can at all bring into their connexion. I might have been tempted to follow this example; but, fortunately, I have not a single being of sufficient importance to make me forget my poorer friends, and as to my uncle, he is too well known in our neighbourhood to have my veracity doubted, when I relate any of his adventures. Without any other remarks by way of introducing my relative, I will at once give him as he really is, a rough old tar, called by his associates, Uncle Billy—not that he is related to one out of fifty of them, but so they have named him; and not an urchin able to lip out

the word, or to distinguish men from each other, but uses it as familiarly as if he really had a right of relationship. Whoever has been on the pier of P—in fine weather must have seen him, for there, with about half-a-dozen others, remnants of the old school of seamen, he may be found, making wise remarks upon the shipping, or for their mutual edification, telling long stories (as it is technically called spinning a yarn,) of what they have seen or heard in their voyages. Of this little group, my uncle was by far the most able story-teller, and when in my hours of relaxation from school exercises, I could contrive by any means to mingle with the auditors, there I stood with ears open to receive the wondrous tale.

As he, like many others, was fond of repeating the same adventure over and over, I learnt several of them by heart; some of them were interesting only to the individuals concerned; others were reported merely to show the bravery of the narrator: the following, if I may guess by the number of times I heard it, was my uncle's favourite, and, as the transcribing it may keep the old tar in the memory of his acquaintances when he parts his cable and runs on the shore of death, I will try to give it in his manner to the world.

We were cruising in the channel in the summer of 18—, when a fleet of homeward-bound West Indiamen hove in sight; being rather short-handed, the boats were ordered out to see if we could not pick up a few good men; our commander went in one of them, and out of a ship tolerably well-manned, he took the second mate (Harry Trevillian) and two seamen. There was nothing in the men to attract attention; but Trevillian, who was a fine fellow about thirty, appeared to suffer the loss of liberty most acutely. Poor Harry!—when he came on board, the agony of his mind was plainly to be seen in his countenance, and he seemed the very picture of despair. I tried what I could do to make him comfortable, but the thought of his home was perpetually rendering him uneasy; and the rough manners of our captain did not in the least serve to allay his disquiet; he had a wife and two children living in a little village on the southern coast of Devon, and was returning home to them with his hard-earned property; fancy had painted to him the pleasure of meeting them, and now,

when the port was almost in sight, and all the worst of the voyage past, to be snatched away from his promised enjoyments, to go he knew not where, quite unmanned him, and made his life unhappy.

For all this he did his duty bravely, and without a murmur, and had become a little more reconciled to his fortune, when, by stress of weather, we were driven into Torbay; this was very near his home, and he asked liberty to go on shore to see his family, promising to return to the ship the next morning. The captain, without any regard for the feelings of a man and a husband, peremptorily refused, and ordered him to his post. There was nothing particular in the look of Trevillian when this was told him, but I could see by his actions the whole of the evening, something was in agitation.

In the morning he was missed; some one had noticed he never came below when the watch was relieved, and knowing him to be a determined character when his mind was bent on any particular purpose, it was immediately suggested to the mind of the captain he had slipped down the side and swam on shore; this was very possible, as he was an excellent swimmer, and knew every creek in the bay where he might safely land in.

A party was ordered on shore to retake and bring him on board; most of the men were inclined rather to favour his escape than otherwise, but among them were some of the captain's own men, and they were obliged to proceed. They found him at his house—his wife dangerously ill; and he was bending over the bed in sorrow at her situation and his own inability to help her. Without the least touch of pity they tore him away. Poor woman, her sorrows were soon over, she uttered a faint shriek when they entered, and fell back on the bed insensible—swoon succeeded swoon, and she died before he reached the ship. When the boat came alongside, the captain was pacing the deck like a fury, and ordered Harry in irons; there was not a man on board but pitied him, and yet none durst disobey.

The next morning at day-break all hands were piped on deck, every man was ordered to his station, and the boatswain and boatswain's mates ready to inflict the punishment ordered by their com-

mander. The prisoner was brought to the gangway; we expected all this was only a form, and he would be pardoned, as he solemnly declared it was his intention to return on board after seeing his family; but the captain had resolved to punish those disobedient to orders, and neither the prayers nor entreaties of his officers could turn him from his purpose. The articles of war were read, and Trevillian was seized up; he uttered not a word, and, when the lash came on him, tearing away the skin, and inflicting a severe wound at every stroke, not a groan escaped his lips, but he looked with defiance on the author of his torment—I would not have had that look upon me for a thousand worlds, and our commander felt its influence to his dying day. The surgeon of the ship told Trevillian, in the kindest manner he could, of the death of his wife, and paid every attention to his comfort; the wounds were soon healed, but the mind had received an injury it could never recover.

Soon after this we were ordered to the coast of South America. Trevillian was now permitted to come on deck, and ordered, as soon as possible, to return to his duty: he did what he was ordered—but the spirit of the man was changed—the spring of his actions was gone—he moved about like an animated statue; he rarely spoke, yet his mind was working, and the thought could not be controlled; it tore down the strength of the man, and rendered him almost helpless as an infant. No one could have thought the poor weak frame now before him was Harry Trevillian, who, a few months since, was the pride of the ship. The change of climate from winter's cold to the excessive heat of the tropics, brought a fever among the crew; many were laid down by it, and among them was Trevillian; he was so weak that little carried him off, and he died the first man. It was a merciful disposition of Providence, for then the conflict of contending passions was at rest, and though the wild waves of the ocean battled over him, he sleeps as peaceful in death as if he had died in his own little cot, and had been buried in the church-yard of his native place with his forefathers.

After the death of Trevillian, peace of mind was a stranger to our captain; wherever he went, whatever he did, there

appeared to be a ruling power to thwart his purpose; it rendered him nerveless and unfit for command; the ship was completely under the guidance of his officers, and he stalked about, muttering to himself; at times it seemed as though he talked to some other being, invisible to all but himself. In the dark still nights, he would come on the deck, trembling and staring as if afraid to meet some direful foe, and he would utter the name of Trevillian so supplicating and piteously, that those who knew him in former days, when in the pride and flush of vigour, could not help feeling sorrow for his situation.

One evening, when cruising on the coast of Brazil, from a fine calm sunny afternoon, all at once the wind began to moan and whistle through the rigging aloft; the sea-birds screamed as they endeavoured to make the land, and flew about in wild clamour around the ship; the vessel reeled to and fro, staggering under the influence of the commotion in the air; the sails were beating against the masts, and every thing in confusion, for we were hove aback by the sudden change of wind; yet, at that time, the waters were smooth and tranquil as a pond, and gave no sign of the approaching hurricane. The officers of the watch gave order to take in sail and secure every thing with all possible dispatch,—but, before half was finished, it came on our devoted heads; the heaving and struggling of the waters was fearful to look at, and they seemed waiting for their prey, as our destruction appeared inevitable.

Seeing the situation of the ship, and the little probability of escape by any exertion they could make, the men became dispirited, and in some instances refused to obey orders; the officers looked for their commander to come on deck and share their perils,—to show some remains of that courage and self-collection, which the hurricane, tempest and battle, used to call into action; but he came not; he lay on the floor of his cabin in agony of spirit; his conscience would not suffer him to rest, and when they came to him to report what was doing, and ask his advice, he prayed them to let him alone, that he might die in peace, if peace could be found. They left him, and came on deck; already the sky was become pitchy dark.

and except when the lightning played around them, scarce a man could distinguish his fellow; the waves rose mountains high, and the ship at times would be darting aloft with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and again be immersed in the foaming hollow. The officers, by force of entreaty, had secured good order and attention; every thing they could devise to secure the ship had been done, and we only waited the day to discover where we had been driven—when, all at once, with one tremendous crash, the masts went by the board, and the ship was grovelling among the breakers on a reef, we knew not where, and every one gave himself up for lost.

This did not last many minutes, for the huge seas completely lifted us over the reef, and we were in comparatively smooth water; the ship floated about twice her length, and then sunk: at this moment, though the rush of waters and the tempest were most tremendous, yet the cry of horror and despair as the ship went down was heard above the din and roar of the battling elements; the strong struggled with the waves, and many reached the shore; others, by clinging to the loose spars and floating wreck, escaped alive; but many, and among them the captain, perished; he was supposed to have been drowned in his cabin as the ship went down, for no one ever saw him on deck; only a few minutes before the ship struck, his groans and cries were heard by those who escaped alive, and for the world's wealth I would not have died the death of that man.

The next morning, any person walking on the beach would never have imagined the storm could so alter the scene as it had the night before; the little ripple was playing along the shore, bright shells were clustered in the crevices of the rocks, and the trees of the forest, close to the margin of the strand, were full of life and animation, for parrots and birds of all colours flew about them; the monkey chattered and played his antic tricks on the branches, and among the flowers at their feet; the humming-bird, searching for its insect food, darted to and fro, with its beautiful tinted plumage sparkling like gems in the sun's rays. The night before, all had been terrible; the waves beat over the rocks with overwhelming fury, and the cries of the dying, struggling with

the tempest, were heard in all directions. Now, only the few scattered planks of the ship showed the desolation the storm had made. In the morning the natives came down to assist us; we were kindly taken care of, and a few days after left the place in a ship sent to convey us to Rio Janeiro.

Soon after this we were ordered to England; war was at an end, and peace reigned triumphant o'er the world; we were paid off, but, thanks to my country, I am provided for handsomely. Still, while I have a leg to stand on, and an arm to maintain my country's cause, they shall be at her service, and as to the king—God bless him!

SINGULAR DECEPTION OF A MUTINEER.

ONE of them pretended to be an idiot, and had so far succeeded in deceiving the officers, that he was not put in irons like the rest, but merely placed under the charge of the sentinel at the cabin-door, where his apparently insane and unmeaning gestures excited the mirth of all but lord St. Vincent, who immediately read him through and through, and said to him, "I am very much mistaken, if you are not the greatest villain of the whole." The man kept up his disguise until the trial, and even before the court; but in the course of the investigation, some startling facts were elicited, and three of the prisoners fell down on their knees and implored for mercy. From that moment, the seeming madman shook off all dissimulation, and resuming his true character, astonished the court with his animated countenance, and keenly reproached his accomplices for their meanness and pusillanimity. "For shame!" he said, "is this the way you give yourselves up?" Then addressing the president, he said, "Sir, I wish to cross-examine that witness." This he did with the greatest ability, and the most remarkable acuteness of observation. In fact, he proved himself to be a man of superior talent and education, and fully bore out the observations of the person who had recommended him for the service, he having been selected from among the rebellious Irish to enter as a volunteer into the navy, in order to sow the seeds of rebellion and mutiny in the fleet, or in any regiment to which he might gain access.



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THE SEA-SIDE HUT.

"MERCY on us, what a storm!" exclaimed old Alice Bridport, as a flash of lightning momentarily illumined the wretched hovel, accompanied, rather than followed, by an awful peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very bowels of the earth. "Where can my boy Will be, tarrying at such a time?—Grant heaven, he's safe."

"Never fear, good mother," said her daughter Jane, "Will has been the road too often to mistake it, e'en were the night much darker than it is."

"Open the lattice, Jane; if my ears deceive me not, I hear footsteps." Jane threw it open—but no sound, save the wind and the roar of the proximate sea, betokened Will's return. "Heaven shield me in my old age," said the mother, "for it can boast no other tutelage. What matter—I shall soon take my long rest beside my good old Jonathan."

"Aye, very soon," said a rough voice from without.

"Good God! what can that mean?" exclaimed Alice, hastily glancing at Jane, VOL. II.—3.

who stood aghast on hearing the ominous words. "Look to the door; is it barred?"

"'Tis fast," answered the girl, and with a trembling hand she closed the window shutters.

"It can be no friend who calls at such a time as this," said Alice, raising her tottering form from her oaken chair.

"Open the door," shouted the same hoarse voice; "if ye give me not ready admission now, it shall go hard with ye when I've gained it by force."

"What want ye here?" said old Alice; "if 'tis money, you will find none; for I am poor, and need it, mayhap, more than thee."

"You lie, dame Alice," said the ruffian; "you know—but open without further parley, or I'll spare neither thee nor thy young nursling." A tremendous blow, which made the old door quiver on its hinges, followed these menaces.

"He'll soon force it," said the dame; "haste, haste, Jane, and fetch Will's pistols—you know where they hang. Hie thee, girl, or we are lost."

Jane hurried off, but returned immediately with a face as pale as death.

"They are taken down, mother; I think Will took them with him when he left us before sunset."

"Mercy on us!" said Alice; "keep close, child, and trust to Providence."

Every blow which the ruffian dealt on the door became more effectual, until, no longer able to resist them, it violently flew open. Jane screamed aloud as the ruffian rushed in; while old Alice, completely unnerved by terror, sank down in her chair. The looks of the savage intruder bore an aspect conformably fierce with his nature.

"How now, old hag," said he, with a fiendish grin, "I'll take vengeance on thee for thine obstinacy. Hand me the iron coffer, I know its contents—hand it over—what, do you hesitate?—then take this," muttered the villain, drawing a knife from his bosom, which, in another moment, would have drank the blood of its victim, had not the report of a pistol been heard close by the doorway. The knife dropped, and the ruffian, staggering a few paces, fell motionless to the ground.

"What means this outrage?" cried the well-known voice of Will, rushing in, and throwing the pistol he had just discharged on the table. "Mother, Jane, ye arn't hurt, are ye?"

Old Alice raised her head, and exclaimed, "God be praised for this deliverance!"

Jane spoke not, terror had so overpowered her, that she sank to the floor. Will gently raised and placed her in a chair; then stooped to examine the face of the ruffian.

"A grim fellow!" said he, "methinks I've seen his ugly mug before; he's got it though, whoever he is."

Old Alice and Jane gradually recovered from their alarm. "'Twas the mercy of Providence," said the former, "that you came so opportunely, Will; but where tarried you so long?"

"Oh, at a friend's, mother, some way up the coast; 'tis a dark night, which much impeded my progress homewards; but good luck for us, it made no odds to me in taking aim. What meant this fool in breaking into this wretched hovel?"

"He sought money of us," answered Jane. "He spoke of your iron coffer, mother; I did not understand him."

"Nor I, child, unless he meant that old

iron chest which poor Jonathan used to keep his writings and papers in; but how he should have known aught concerning it, confounds my powers of conception."

"But where shall I stow the rogue's carcase?" asked Will, "it strikes me I'd better drop it over the cliffs."

"Put it where you will," said Alice, "it matters not, so as we get rid of it."

Will proceeded to execute his purpose, when a deep groan issuing from the ruffian's lips, proved that life was not yet extinct.

"By heavens," said Will, "the wretch breathes. No good can come of him, so I'll finish him."

"Nay, brother," said Jane, catching his arm, "he must not die, if we can save him. He is a fellow-creature, and though a villain, must not be butchered like a dog. 'Tis folly to fear him now. Consider, brother, I entreat you, should he recover, he may live to repent his past crimes."

Her entreaties were not fruitless.—Will, after a little demur, scratched his head, and at length ejaculated, "You're right, Jane, it shall be as you desire." So saying, he raised the wounded man's head.

"Now, Jane, bring the brandy flask, and fetch a little water to staunch this ugly wound."

Jane speedily produced both, and applied the brandy to the man's mouth, which did not lack its noted efficacy.—The ball had pierced the lungs, leaving the heart untouched; but from the extreme difficulty of respiration, it was evident that the sufferer would not live long. He half opened his eyes, and with a faint voice begged a chair. Will raised him, and placed him in the one which old Jonathan occupied when living.

"Th-anks, th-anks," said the man, "for this unmerited kindness." But his tones amply testified the agony he was enduring.

"Compose yourself," said Will, "we'll treat you better than you seemed to treat us."

"Rebuke me not," said the wretch, "my time is short; the pain I suffer tells me so; let me make the best use of it. Dame Alice, you know me not."

Alice looked gravely on his haggard features, and shook her hoary head.

"Then, answer this question: was the name of Martyn Gaunton ever mentioned in thine hearing?"

"What!" said Alice, starting, and eyeing him with the deepest scrutiny;—"What of him?—he perished long since at sea."

"Report said so," replied the man, "but spoke falsely. No; 'twere better for him if he had perished, than lived to perpetrate a catalogue of crimes, the recollection of which now stings and racks his conscience. Woman! I am Martyn Gaunton; I—the once bold buccaneer—I tell thee, though you knew it not, I have cruised many a time with old Jonathan, thy late husband. Nay, stare not, my words are truth; I would not add falsehood in my last moments to my former crimes." A fresh flow of blood followed the exertion required in speaking. Will stood staunching the wound.—Jane sat silent and motionless; while old Alice listened to the dying man's account with increasing curiosity. After a short pause, he again spoke: "Woman," said he, "I once claimed thy husband's friendship and confidence; some twenty years back we belonged to the same ship, and fought our country's battles side by side. I can remember as well as if it were but yesterday, how cordially we shook hands when we beheld each other alive, after the bloody but glorious 1st of June. Many a time I have reflected on that day, and sighed to view the contrast it formed with my subsequent life. Madman that I was, when I might have risen to an honourable post in my king and country's service! Through some whim or caprice, I deserted, joined a numerous gang of smugglers, and soon, from my experience at sea, became their captain. In that accursed hour I forfeited honour, and all that made my former life happy; among other things, I lost the friendship of good Jonathan. He had but one fault, and that I abhorred—he was a miser."

"Say not so of old Jonathan," said Alice, "I knew his habits better than thee, man."

"I speak the truth, woman," said the man, "though a sailor, thy husband was a miser, if ever one lived, and 'twill be proved ere long."

"Why scandalize the dead?" said old Alice.

"I do so in service to you," said the

man; "'tis the only compensation for thy wrongs I can offer. Had I not known that my booty was rich, I had not thus visited thy wretched abode. And now, woman, to prove my words, fetch me the iron coffer I demanded; fetch it, I implore you!"

Old Alice, more to gratify her own curiosity than from any other motive, bade Will produce it. It resembled in shape an old clumsy writing-desk, and the rust which had partially corroded the exterior, amply proved its antiquity. When it was placed on the table, Old Alice produced the key from a drawer in the room.

"Now open it," cried the man, impatiently.

The bolt, after a short tug with the brawny hand of Will, at length receded. The lid was raised, and dusty papers first presented themselves. These were carefully removed, under an idea that some inexhaustible treasure was concealed beneath. But no such thing appeared. After routing out every parcel of paper, Will found a massy key at the bottom of the coffer. All gazed on Martyn Gaunton for an explanation—but it was too late; in the eager scrutiny his last convulsive gasps had been unheard. In death, his stern eyes were fixed on the iron coffer. What was to be done?—What clue could be gained to the mysterious assertions of Martyn Gaunton?

"The papers, Will, the papers, peruse them," said old Alice.

Will and Jane took the papers and examined them separately. They contained mostly letters dated some time back; but the hand-writing bore no similarity with that of old Jonathan.

"'Tis all a cheat," cried Will, somewhat chagrined at the event of his search; "the man either lied or was a fool." So saying, he sulkily threw himself on a chair.

Jane was soon tired of her job also. The iron coffer was replaced in its former situation, but the key which had been found in it was kept in the safe custody of old Alice. No further step was taken to realize the words of Martyn Gaunton. About a year after the eventful night, old Alice died; Jane shortly after was espoused to a sturdy member of the preventive service; and Will became the solitary inhabitant of the sea-side hut. Wind

and weather had united their efforts against its mouldering walls, and gained an easy admittance through the chasms which appeared in every direction. Will often thought of changing his wretched abode, but he remembered that it had been the shelter of his father for many a year, and could make no determination of leaving it. One night, whilst sitting in a somewhat meditative mood, beside the expiring embers of his grate, the wind whistling in his ears, and the dash of the wave on the shore distinctly audible, Will's thoughts wandered back to the night of Martyn Gaunton's death. He ruminated on the villain's dying words.

"What motive," said he to himself, "could have induced the rogue to speak false? His looks were impressive, and mayhap there is some foundation for his assertions. But the more I try to solve it, the more inexplicable the riddle seems. The key, too, for what could that be concealed under a parcel of papers? I'll e'en take another peep at the interior of this iron coffer, as it's termed. I may as well employ my mind in reading the letters, as sit moping over this miserable fire."

With this determination he arose from his seat, placed the coffer on the table, and was soon busied in the perusal of his father's papers. The writing was not very legible, and somewhat puzzled Will, who was anything but an apt scholar for such a task. Will persevered in his researches for two hours, but, unable to derive the least information from the papers, he gave over the task as hopeless, and again despaired of a clue wherewith he might unravel the tale of Martyn Gaunton, which now impressed itself more deeply than ever upon his mind.

"If," thought he, "my father was in truth a miser, would he not have trusted my old mother with the secret? Could he possibly have concealed it from her?—And yet," continued he, "misers have been known to contrive secrecy so artfully, that no earthly wisdom could detect it, and chance alone has revealed their hidden treasures. Be that as it may, I am resolved to satisfy my mind on this subject, and an inward foreboding tells me that my labour will not be lost. I'll search in every crack and corner of this hut, and, though house and home, I'll pull it down and lay bare the very foundations."

That very night Will set about executing his purpose, and ere an hour from the commencement of his operations had elapsed, the mystery explained itself. It may readily be supposed that the upper room, which old Jonathan had always set apart for himself, was deemed by Will to be the more worthy of scrutiny. His father had used to take his nightly repose on a wooden couch of his own construction, which stood in a recess of the room. Will removed it, and on applying his axe to the flooring, discovered from the sound there was a hollow beneath. The boards, which were of a much harder substance in that spot than in other parts of the room, offered a stubborn resistance to Will's repeated blows. Will at length laid down the axe, and began to reconnoitre with the aid of a lantern. In a corner he found a large key-hole bored in a plank.

"This looks well," he exclaimed, on describing it. "I'll wager the key in the iron coffer fits it."

So saying he fetched it, and on applying it, found he was not wrong in his calculation. The lock yielded, the broad plank was raised, and a neat vault developed itself beneath. In it two kegs, neatly encircled by iron hoops, were carefully deposited. On raising them, Will's hopes were strongly excited on account of their immense weight. On breaking them open those hopes were realized. Each keg contained a vast quantity of gold and silver coins; most of them bore the stamp of queen Anne's time, some were of a later period. Will was quite at a loss to find a reason why his father had never, not even on his death-bed, disclosed the secret to his kindred, but he thanked his kind stars which had thrown their light upon the subject. It was ever a mystery to him by what means his father had amassed so much wealth. No living soul could give evidence concerning it. Martyn Gaunton had been the only being whom old Jonathan had trusted.

The sequel is obvious: Will was in possession of more wealth than from his humble station in life he knew how to enjoy. When the circumstance became known, the antiquaries were all on the alert, and the ancient was soon exchanged for double and treble its worth in the then current coin. The contents of the

two kegs disappeared, with the exception of a queen Anne's guinea, which Will determined to keep in commemoration of the fortunate discovery.

Will inherited not the miserly propensities of his father. He shared his profits with his sister, and in his own affluence did not neglect the wants of others. On the site of the old hut he built a snug house; and when sitting alone before his cheerful fire, often reflected on the night in which the statement of Martyn Gaunton was verified.

A TRUE TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

It was in the autumn of 17—, that I left Italy in company with my daughter, the last child of that family of brave and fair ones who had made my fireside so joyous, when I returned home from the voyages which my calling of merchant obliged me frequently to take. My two boys had fallen gloriously on the field of battle; and of my girls, two had already perished by an insidious disease; to avoid which, beneath the bright skies and gentler airs of the south, I was now again, for the sake of the remaining one, about to become a wanderer.

We left our desolate home with feelings we dared not acknowledge to each other, and only spoke of the *future*. My child seemed to be possessed with an insatiable yearning to rest in some quiet retreat in Rome or Naples; and, therefore, to avoid the fatigue of a long overland journey, we embarked at Falmouth, on board a small vessel bound to Leghorn; resolving to reserve Switzerland, France, and the Rhine country, till our return; and, in dwelling upon our plans, we endeavoured, as much as possible, to forget the chasm which death had made in our affections in the short space of two years.

Our voyage was prosperous for many days; and, indeed, there seemed every reason to think that the step I had taken was a fortunate one; for my invalid certainly looked less pale, and her colour was less changeable than it had been since we left Hampshire. Her spirits, too, were relieved of a part of the oppression they had borne so long; and she loved to sit on the deck for hours every day, and, for the first time since our calamity, would sing me my favourite romances, and the wild airs I had brought her across

the seas. There is one Hindoo tune, which, as it was my greatest favourite, she always sung the last. I verily think that to hear it *now* would drive me to distraction.

Towards the evening of the day when we passed Marseilles, the sky darkened, the sun shot behind a huge bank of heavy clouds, and the wind began to arise, and to sweep the waters with a loud moaning swell, which died fitfully into silence, again to awaken with a wilder and sadder tone. I had so often crossed the sea, and been an attentive observer of the signs of the heavens, that I foresaw a storm was approaching; and I persuaded Helen to retire to our miserable little cabin earlier than usual,—while I watched, with an anxious heart, the gathering of the clouds and the fading of the daylight. The captain was a silent and somewhat rude man, (we had only chosen his vessel to avoid a delay which, my daughter's physicians had assured me, might be fraught with peril); and the crew were mostly Maltese and Spaniards,—a people who, on the seas, are proverbially timid and insubordinate. It was, however, too late to think of these things: the gale presently increased till I could hardly keep my feet; the sails were all close reefed, and we scudded along with a fearful speed. There was neither moon nor star that night; and the only light I could discern was the foam of the waters, which boiled, like a mighty cauldron, on every side.

The crew were now all thoroughly terrified, and incapable of comprehending or executing the captain's orders. They rummaged their sea-chests for the images of saints long forgotten, and knelt to them, weeping like children, and praying, and vowing costly offerings to their shrines, if they might be delivered from their peril, while the storm increased every instant.

It was about midnight that the man at the helm gave a loud cry, which I shall remember to my dying day—the cry of "Land!" It was even too true: we had mistaken our course, and were fast approaching an iron-bound and rocky shore. Dreadful was now the uproar on deck: shrieks, and oaths, and confessions of crimes long concealed, were heard even above the fiercest wrath of the storm. At length the captain ordered the boats out;

and while the men prepared to obey his commands, I hurried below to prepare my daughter for the worst. I had been several times that evening in her cabin, and marvelled at, while I admired, the calm self-possessed courage she maintained, amid so much calculated to terrify a woman's spirit. I now found her dressed, and on her knees, though that attitude was scarce possible from the deep pitching of our crazy vessel. She arose, and, without a word or expression of fear, suffered me to wrap her in my cloak, and to support her up to the deck.

By this time the boats were lowered—and only just in time. With a shock, like the rending of the eternal hills, the vessel struck upon a rock; and the terrified mariners crowded into the boats, frail and leaky though they were, with the selfish eagerness of fear. I waited but an instant ere I committed my child to these, our only insecure chance of life; for the vessel had sprung a leak, and was fast filling; and while I yet paused, there came an immense wave which broke over the vessel and boats with the roar of a cataract. It subsided;—but I never saw our companions more.

There was now little time to deliberate: the shore seemed not very far, (indeed, I had certainly seen a light in that direction), and the vessel was rapidly filling. I emptied, therefore, in haste, two of the largest sea-chests I could find, and binding them together by the handles with a rope, lowered them from the vessel's side. It was our only hope of life; and, almost without a word spoken, my child placed herself by my side, though, owing to the pitching of the vessel, this was a work of difficulty; and we committed ourselves to the waves. From this moment I remember nothing.

* * * * *

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying in an old ruinous shed, upon some straw. Helen was beside me; saved indeed, but so bruised and exhausted, that, as she lay there, with the water streaming from her garments and her long loose hair, it was an instant ere my dizzy senses could believe that she yet lived. A lamp was placed beside her on the clay floor, and a dark loose mantle, which wore signs that some human being had been there. I spoke to her,—I bent over her,—and supported her unresisting

head upon my knee. "Father," said she, softly, "I think I am dying."

"O God! and is there no help?"

"I know not," she said feebly, "and yet, since I have been here, I have seen twice an old man, who looked upon me through the door, and who left this lamp here." That instant a thought struck me that there must be habitations near, and I resolved to seek shelter and assistance: but first I made my poor girl more comfortable, if gathering up the straw into a close heap under her head, and covering her with the coarse rug or mantle, could be called comfort; and then, in an agony, rushed out into the open air.

The earliest dawn, which had partially broken upon the stormy sky, enabled me to discern, at a little distance, a small hut or cabin, whence the light proceeded which I had not been mistaken in imagining I had perceived. As far as I could see, this, and the shed I had just left, were the only dwellings of man near: they stood upon a broken rock which overhung the sea. The hope of obtaining succour gave wings to my feet, though, when I attempted to walk, the pain was excessive, for I too was bruised and wounded: but it mattered not; I thought only of Helen, and, guided by the light, made haste towards the cottage, which was distant about one hundred yards.

Misfortune abolishes ceremony; and, perceiving from the sound of voices that the inhabitants were yet astir in the house, I raised the latch, unbidden, and entered what seemed to be the cottage of a fisherman. The room, though small, was scrupulously clean, and neatly furnished: a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The appearance of the place seemed to promise a friendly shelter; not so the countenances of its inhabitants. By the side of the fire sat an old man and woman, decently clad in the provincial dress; the features of both were singularly stern and hard, and they rose not, neither testified surprise at my intrusion. I had therefore to speak in French, as well as I could, and tell them of our calamity. "We are English," I said—

"English!" interrupted the austere old man, for the first time breaking silence, and speaking in pure good French. "Wife! do you hear this? Thank God, our prayer is granted, and our vow shall

be fulfilled! Go, stranger, and clamour elsewhere: I have no aid for you!"

"But," cried I, passionately, "I am shipwrecked and wounded, and have lost every thing, and my daughter is dying hard by; dying of cold and weariness. Give us shelter and dry clothing; and I promise you an ample reward, so soon as I can send to Marseilles."

"What I will not give I will not sell," replied the old man, in the same cold and unmoved tone. "Go back to your daughter; I have brought you both from the shore, and given you a light and a garment. What would you have more? Go!"

"But, good heavens! have you no mercy? no human feeling? You, my good woman, may have been a mother yourself. You may—"

"Aye," cried she, bitterly, rising and confronting me face to face; "*I have been a mother! Listen to me—I had a daughter. My husband, there, was captain and owner of the fairest ship that sailed out of the port of Marseilles. I sailed with him, and my child, who was then eighteen, and fifty times as fair as your pale girl—she was to be married when we returned. Well, our vessel was wrecked on the western coast of your island; the rocks were crowded with people, but they put no boats out, nor came to save the poor perishing wretches who shrieked for aid, even in the struggles of death. Of the crew, we three were alone saved, with what treasure we could bear about us; and your people helped us vastly! They rifled us of our money, and tore the rings from the ears and fingers of my Rosalie, and broke open our chests, while my husband and I were too weak and wounded to resist their plunder, and knew not a word of their language to complain. And my Rosalie they left on the cold wet sand in her swoon—left her for an hour, with the spray dashing over her; and then two rude men brought her rudely into the hut where they had laid us (believing we were dead), wounded, and crushed, and pale, and bleeding: yet they searched her for money, and she, old man! she died that night!—and they buried her in their churchyard.*"

"It pleased God, however, that we both recovered, though none cared for us, nor restored us the money or the clothes they had robbed us of. We begged our

way through the country, through a land of strangers who hated our nation. Even the very children jeered at us as we passed them, and the magistrates put us in prisons and stocks. But at last, thank God! we got home; and we bound ourselves with a solemn vow, as your people had dealt with us, so to deal with you, should ever a like chance happen. That vow we have broken already, this night. Here" (giving me a bundle from a clothes-press) "is clothing: and here" (handing me, as she spoke, a crust of black bread and a cup of water) "is food. Go, old man! and as you sit by your dying daughter, remember the tale I have told you."

It was in vain to make further entreaty: the inexorable old woman, when she had ceased, returned to her seat; nor could prayer, or the anguish of a distracted father, extract another word from her. It was in the chill sickness of despair that I turned away from the door, which I heard immediately and closely barred behind me; and, with the wretched food and raiment I had received, hastened eagerly to the shed where my beloved child lay.

The churlish aid had been given too late, for the feeble spirit had left its clay in my absence; and I sat alone, in my agony, beside her dust till the morning dawned.

TRADITION OF THE NORSEMEN.

THE Norsemen were the most prone to superstitions, because it was a favourite fancy of theirs, that, in many instances, the change from life to death altered the temper of the human spirit from benignant to malevolent; or, perhaps, that when the soul left the body, its departure was occasionally supplied by a wicked demon, who took the opportunity to enter and occupy its late habitation.

Upon such a supposition, the wild fiction that follows is probably grounded; which, extravagant as it is, possesses something striking to the imagination. Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes, or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor

should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion, Assueit, having been slain in battle. The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom in what was called the age of hills—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps, the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions; and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot, as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentations for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves, like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned a heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes, by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back, when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the

profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with his improvisatory poetic talent which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses, containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems, that no sooner was the sepulchre closed, than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to a state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed. The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the Vampire. It affords, also, a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.



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THE MINER'S WIFE.

Thou know'st, that in my desert halls
The pride of youth and hope is o'er;
That sunk, defaced, my crumbling walls
Repose or shelter yield no more.

Yet on this dark and dreary pile,
Thy love its tender wreaths hath hung;
And all it asks, is still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

THE young countess Blanch Volner stood alone in the magnificent saloon which had been just thronged with lordly company. She had that day taken possession of her immense property; and her high rank and remarkable beauty and talent had gathered around her the noblest and wealthiest families of Vienna. Not a guest returned home dissatisfied; the dignity and simple grace of the countess, and the unaffected sweetness of her manners, had charmed even more than her surprising loveliness; and *much* more than the splendour of her entertainment. But Blanch had far higher claims to the admiration and love of all who really knew her; every one talked with rapture of her graces and accomplishments; a few hearts

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thought chiefly of her unpretending consistency of conduct,—her real, humble goodness, the fair fruit of genuine piety. Blanch stood alone, and sighed; she partly sighed over her beautiful flowers, which hung in fading garlands round the room; she pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her: with a true girlish fancy, she took from the tall candelabra beside her, a long drooping branch of white roses, which seemed dazzled like herself with the brilliant light; but as she touched them, the rose-leaves fell on the ground; she sighed again, but from a very different cause: her heart had not been in the gaiety and splendour of the evening; she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in it at all, while Herman Alberti was exposed to the dangers of a distant war. As the young countess was about to retire to rest, the arrival of a stranger, agitated and in haste, who earnestly requested to see her, was announced. She hesitated at first, but, after a few minutes' consideration, she consented to appear; and, returning to the deserted

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saloon, there waited till the stranger was introduced to the presence. The countess desired her servant to remain in the ante-room, for she observed that the young stranger hesitated to speak. How often did she turn pale!—how often did she tremble with agitation during that short interview! The man was the servant of the count Alberti, and he had hurried to inform her that his master had dangerously wounded his commanding officer in a duel, and that he had not been since heard of, though a high reward was offered for his life. He had fought against the express command of the emperor.

Many months passed away—months of sorrow and anxiety to the hapless lady Blanch. The young deserter was never heard of, and the festive magnificence that had flashed for a moment in the palace of the countess, entirely disappeared; but she was not giving way to useless grief; she had sought out the wretched and the forsaken, and she relieved and consoled them. Her money, her time, and her prayers, were devoted to the afflicted; and it was not their gratitude, but their restored happiness, which rejoiced her; she loved to watch the clouds of sorrow gradually rolling away from the care-worn countenance, and she knelt down to bless God, that in all her own heart-breaking grief, she could still be made the humble means of diffusing happiness. The wounded general was slowly recovering: there seemed some hope that Alberti would be pardoned. Alas! at the very time that the numerous petitions in his favour were beginning to be attended to, he was brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, among whom he had been taken. He told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti, but nobody believed him, and he spoke of it no more. Blanch did believe him; she entreated to be allowed to see him, but her entreaties only extorted a promise, that on the night before his execution she should be admitted to his cell: he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.

The tale which count Herman related was true: he had fled, all unknowingly, to the wild haunts of the banditti amid the mountains of Istria. Among those mountains, which abounded with the dens of the banditti, he was taken by the royal troops. The true captain of the banditti escaped; but, hearing that the brave

Herman was mistaken for him, and having been once a man of honour himself, he came forward and gave himself up to justice, relating every particular of the count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful change? The young and gallant count Herman was condemned for life to become a workman in the mines of Idria. Blanch had been long the constant companion of the old countess Alberti. The intelligence of Herman's life having been spared, was brought to them when they were together; they were about to visit Herman, and they now hastened to the prison. The first surprise which made known to the aged countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned, at the thought of the dreadful sentence which still awaited him: but Blanch seemed restored to happiness, and entered the dark cell, trembling indeed, but with overpowering joy. A venerable priest, who had daily attended the young count, had promised to meet them in the prison; and there Blanch and the countess Alberti found him conversing with Herman. After the first agitated moments of this affecting interview were over, Blanch rose up, and wiping away her tears, said,

"I have a petition to make to you all, and one that may easily be complied with. What I ask must not be refused, unless you will hesitate to promote my happiness. 'Tis a strange request for me to make, but I do not blush to make it," she said, as a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. "Dear Herman," she said, "it was not always thus: must I remind you of our long-plighted affection? I have known the time when you were very eloquent in pleading a cause that you appear now to have forgotten. I see that you will not recall that time; but do not think me too bold in seeming to forget my sex's modesty. You know, my Herman, that I should not once have spoken thus—I should not once have come to you and offered you my hand, as I do now; I should have waited, like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids; and when at last I yielded to your suit, I should have done so but at long entreaty. Dear Herman, will you not accept my hand?" Blanch looked up through her blushes, and smiled, as she held out her small white hand.

“Blanch,” said Herman, while he gently took her proffered hand, and, having pressed it to his lips, still held it trembling in his own. “Sweet Blanch, I was prepared for this; I knew that you would speak as you do now; I doubted not but the same timid maid, whose modesty sprung from true and virtuous love, would think it a most joyful duty to prove her faithfulness in such a time as this; and yet I almost wish that you had been less true, less like yourself; for to refuse the most trifling of your chaste favours, is a grief to me. I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate lady of high rank, whom Providence had nursed in the soft lap of affluence and ease: but for a woman, Blanch, a tender, helpless woman, to be doomed to pine away in a dark, horrid cavern, whose very air is poison—”

“Herman,” said Blanch, eagerly, “have not the miners wives now living with them?”

“It may be so,” he answered; “but remember, those women must be poor, neglected wretches; accustomed to the sorrows and hardships of their life, they may be almost callous to distress.”

“And think you, then,” said Blanch, her whole countenance brightening as she spoke, “think you, that such cold and deadened feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient, heavenly fortitude, which the spirit of the Gospel gives, and only gives? When I thus freely offer to become the partner, the happy partner, of your misery, I think not, dearest, of my woman’s weakness (though I can hardly believe that it would fail). No; to another’s arm I look for strength; to those everlasting arms which now support the burden of the whole world’s sinking woes. My strength is in my God; and he will hear my never-ceasing prayers. I have no fears but that a miner’s hut would be a happy home; it must be so to me, for now the happiest lot for me, is to remain with you. I should indeed be wretched with my wealth and my titles—utterly wretched, without one sweet consoling thought, which conscience will often bring in those dreary mines. Here, then, I am pleading for my happiness, not so much for your’s, dear Herman. Kneel with me, do kneel with me, to ask your mother’s blessing; for that is the request I make to her; and then the third petition

may soon be guessed—that you, my holy father, will consent to join the hands of count Alberti and myself in marriage.”

It was not her language—it was the almost unearthly eloquence of tone and manner, that gave to the words of the lady Blanch an effect which it seemed impossible to resist. When she finished speaking, her hand extended to Herman, and her face, as she leaned forward, turning alternately to the aged countess and the friar; her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flooding in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips—lips on which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung; they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment; one sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Blanch moved, at last fell on her extended hand. When Herman saw the pale transparent red which her slender fingers assumed, as the sunbeams shone through them, he thought, with horror, that the blood now so purely giving clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would, in the mine’s poisonous atmosphere, become thick and stagnant; he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seemed exultant in the slight and graceful form of Blanch, would be palsied for ever. Herman was about to speak, but the old priest interrupted him by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day; then the lady Blanch, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed; and till then the young count would be permitted to remain in Vienna.

“I will consent, but on this one condition,” said Blanch—“that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. You know, dear Herman, that I cannot change.”

Blanch went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected countess during her life. But Blanch smiled with a smile

of satisfied happiness, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home. Their conductor opened the door, but the count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow. Blanch uttered a faint shriek, her first and only exclamation in that dark mine. The alarm which Blanch betrayed at his accident, banished the gloom which had begun to deepen on her husband's spirits: to remove her agitation, he persuaded himself to speak, and even to feel cheerfully; and when Blanch had parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she said playfully, as she bent down with an arch smile, and looked into her husband's face, "After all, this terrible accident, and my lamentations, have not had a very bad effect, as they have brought back the smiles to your dear features, my own Herman."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Blanch began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her two narrow rooms; she had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices; she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf one of the few books she had brought with her. Their days passed on rapidly; and, as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings to the Almighty were as fervent as their prayers. Herman had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which had enabled Blanch to support, at first, all the severe trials they underwent without shrinking; but he was surprised to find that in the calm, the dull and hopeless calm, of undiminished poverty and hardship, her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching.—Blanch, the young and tender Blanch, was about to become a mother; and one

evening, on returning from his work, Herman found his wife making clothes for her unborn infant. He sat down beside her, and sighed; but Blanch was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles, the sweetest smiles he thought he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Blanch had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman Herman received his first-born son—the child who, born under different circumstances, would have been welcomed with all the care and splendour of noble rank. But he forgot this in his joy that Blanch was safe, and stole on tiptoe to the room where she was lying: she had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him.

"I have been thanking God in my thoughts," said Blanch, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; "but I am so very weak! Dear Herman, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own."

Surprising strength seemed to be given to this delicate mother by Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and she recovered rapidly from her confinement; but when her infant was about a month old, Blanch began to fear for his health. It was a great sorrow for her to part with her own darling child, but she felt it to be her duty to endeavour to send him out of the mines, to the care of the old countess Alberti; it was very hard to send him away before he could take into the world the remembrance of those parents who never would behold him more—before his first smiles had seemed to notice the love and the care of the mother who bore him; but Blanch did not dare to think of her sorrowful regret, for it was necessary to make every exertion to effect this separation, so painful to herself. She knew that the wretched inhabitants of the immense mines were dropping into the grave daily; she knew that their lives seldom exceeded the two first years of their horrid confinement, and she panted with eager desire to send her pallid child to pure, untainted air.

It was at this time that Herman, as he was at work in one of the galleries, be-

held a stranger, attended by the surveyor of the mines, approaching the place where he stood. Herman turned away as the stranger passed, but he started with surprise to hear the tones of a voice which he well remembered; he could not be mistaken, for the person spoke also with a foreign accent. At first he nearly resolved not to address him; but the stranger had not proceeded many steps when Herman stood before him, and exclaimed, "Mr. Everard, have you forgotten me?" The Englishman, who had come there to examine the mines, did not indeed recognise at once, in the emaciated being who addressed him, the young and gallant count Alberti, whom he had known at Vienna as one of the bravest and most accomplished men of the court. Who would not have been struck at such a contrast! Who could have refused to grant the request that Herman made? He entreated Mr. Everard to enable him to remove his infant from the mines, and to deliver him to the care of the old countess. The generous Englishman hesitated not to comply with his wishes; but his heart and soul were interested in the cause when Albert conducted him to the hut, and he beheld the pale and drooping Blanch bending over her sick infant like a drooping lily—preserving, in the midst of toil and misery, all the sweet and delicate graces of a virtuous and high-born female; when her beseeching and melancholy smiles, and her voice, like mournful music, pleaded for her infant's life.

Mr. Everard left the mines immediately, to seek the means of the child's removal; but had no sooner reached the small village which is nearest to the mines, than a person arrived at the post-house there express from Vienna, anxiously inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. In a few hours after, another person arrived, with the same haste, and on the same errand; they were, the one, a near relation to Blanch—the other, Alberti's fellow-soldier and most intimate friend. Pardon had been at length granted to the young exile, at the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded; and he was recalled by the empress herself to the court of Vienna.

The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light

which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark, coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slowness, still enough of her former loveliness remained to tell them that the pallid female they beheld was the young countess; and the heart admired her more, as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love—than when elegance vied with splendour in her attire—when her hair sparkled with diamonds, and, in full health and beauty, she was the one gazed at and admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Blanch had begun to sing, and had chosen a song which her hearers had last listened to in her own splendid saloon on the last night she had sung there; the soft, complaining notes of her voice, had seemed out of place then, where all was careless mirth and festivity; but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of hope in the cave of despair.

The feelings of Blanch, as she ascended slowly in the miners' bucket, from the dark mine, cannot be described; she had unwillingly yielded to her husband's entreaties, that she should be first drawn up, and, with her infant in her bosom, her eyes shaded with a thick veil, and supported by the surveyor of the mines, she gradually rose from the horrible depths; the dripping damps that hung round the cavern fell upon her, but she heeded them not; once she looked up at the pale, pure star of light, far, far above her, but immediately after, she bent down over her infant, and continued without moving or speaking. Several times the bucket swayed against the sides of the shaft, and Blanch shuddered, but her companion calmly steadied it; and at last she was lifted out upon the ground: she did not look up—she only rose to kneel; and she continued kneeling, till she heard the bucket that contained her husband approaching. The chain creaked, and the bucket swung, as it stopped above the black abyss. Even now there was danger, the chance of great danger: it was necessary for Herman to remain immove-

able; at the highest certainty of hope, he might yet be plunged at once into the yawning depths below. Blanch felt this, and stirred not—not a feature of her face altered; she held in her breath convulsively; she saw, through her thick veil, the planks drawn over the cavern's mouth; she saw Herman spring from the bucket;—some one caught her child, as, stretching out her arms to her husband, she fell senseless on the ground. There were some hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The wretched miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time when too many a heart had almost forgotten to love and to hope; had learned from their kind counsel, but more—oh, much more!—from their example, to shake off the dreadful bands of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passeth all understanding. Herman and Blanch had taught them to feel how happy, how cheerful a thing religion is! Was it surprising, then, that at his departure his poor companions should crowd around him, and weep with mournful gratitude, as he distributed among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising, that Blanch and her husband, as they sat on the green hills that surrounded their country residence, with a clear blue sky above them, and the summer-breeze bringing with it full tides of freshness, and fragrance from the orange-trees around them, watching the pure rose-colour which had begun to tinge their infant's fair cheek; was it surprising that they should turn, with feelings of affectionate sorrow, to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Herman and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their former titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court, for that purpose. At the royal command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed, and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable old mother, Alberti advanced to the throne; a deep blush seemed fixed upon his manly features, and the hand which supported his infirm parent, trembled

more than the one which he tenderly clasped in his; the empress herself hung the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hand the sword which he had before forfeited—but, as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard: the young soldier instantly kissed them with quivering lips. And now every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Blanch had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress—not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazle eyes; her delicately shaped lips had, however, regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark brown hair, partly concealed by a long veil, shone as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, only adorned with one large fresh cluster of pink roses (for since she had left the mines, she was more fond than ever of flowers.) Every eye was fixed on her; and the empress turned coldly from the glittering forms before her, to the simple, but elegant Blanch. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her before she could kneel, and kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Blanch to the highest step of the throne; then, turning to the whole assembly, and looking like a queen, as she spoke, said,

“This is the person whom we should all respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example, whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Let us all learn of her, to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and, like her, to act up modestly, but firmly, to that high religious principle which proves true nobility of soul! Count Alberti,” continued the empress, “every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy with the rank and wealth to which I restore you, as you were in your miner's hut.”

A DISASTROUS VOYAGE.

In the year 1619, an able navigator, named Jens Munk, was sent out on a voyage of discovery towards the north-west coast of America, by Christian IV., king of Denmark. Sailing from Elseneur on the 18th of May, he succeeded in reaching Hudson's Bay. In passing through the straits, after leaving Cape Farewell to enter the bay, he conferred upon them the name of Fretum Christiani, in compliment to the king of Denmark, although they had been discovered and named before. Munk had two vessels, one of them of small burthen, manned with only sixteen hands; the largest had a crew of forty-eight. He met with a great deal of ice, which forced him to seek for shelter in what is now called Chas-terfield's Inlet. It was the 7th of Sep-tember when he entered the inlet, where, from the lateness of the season, it was but too obvious he must winter. The ice closed in around him, and every prospect of returning home the same season, was shut out very speedily. Munk now began to construct huts on shore for himself and crews, which being completed, his people set out to explore the country around, and employ themselves in hunting for their future subsistence. They fell in with an abundance of game. Hares, partridges, foxes, bears, and various wild-fowl, were equally applied to secure them a winter stock of provisions. On the 27th of November they were surprised by the phenomenon of three distinct suns, which appeared in the heavens. On the 24th of January they again saw two, equally distinct. On the 18th of December they had an eclipse of the moon. They also saw a transparent circle round the moon, and what they fancied a cross within it, exactly quartering that satellite. These particular appearances were regarded, according to the spirit of those days, as omens of no future good fortune. The frost speedily froze up their beer, brandy, and wine, so that the casks burst. The liberal use of spirituous liquors, which in high latitudes are doubly pernicious, was quickly productive of disease. Their bread, and such provisions as they had brought from home, were exhausted early in the spring, and the scurvy having reduced them to a most miserable condition, they were unable to pursue or capture any of the multitudes of wild-fowl

which flocked to the vicinity of their miserable dwellings. Death now committed frightful ravages amongst them. They were helpless as children, and died in great numbers. In May, 1620, their provisions were entirely consumed, and famine aided disease in the work of death. Never was the waste of life in such a situation so terrible. Summer had nearly arrived, but not to bring hope and consolation to those who had lived through the dark and dreary winter, but to show the survivors the extent of the havoc death had made among them. Munk was among the living, but so weak as to be unable to indulge a hope of recovery. In despair, and perfectly hopeless, he awaited the fate which seemed inevitable. He had been four days without food. Impelled at length by hunger, and ignorant of the fate of his companions, he gathered strength enough to crawl out of his own hut to inquire after the others, and try to satiate his appetite. He discovered that, out of fifty-two, only two remained alive among the dead bodies of their comrades, who lay unburied. Seeing they were the remnant of the crews, and hunger-stung, they encouraged each other to try for food. By scraping away the snow, they were fortunate enough to find some roots, which they devoured with ravenous eagerness, and then swallowing some herbs and grass which happened to be antiscorbutic, they found themselves better. They then made corresponding efforts to preserve life. They were soon able to reach a river, and to take fish, and from that they proceeded to shoot birds and animals. In this way they recovered their strength. The two vessels lay in a seaworthy state, but crewless and untenanted. On seeing the ships, which were a few months before well appointed and exulting in anticipated success, and observing the numbers to which their crews were reduced, what must have been their sensations! They, nevertheless, took resolution from despair. They made the smaller vessel ready for sea, taking what stores they had a necessity for, from the larger, and a crew of three hands embarked in a ship to navigate her in a perilous voyage, which had sailed from home with a complement of sixteen. They succeeded in re-passing Hudson's Straits, enduring dreadful hardships.— Their passage was stormy. Day and

night they were necessitated to labour, until the vessel was almost wholly abandoned to her own course. Nevertheless, they succeeded in making a port in Norway, on the 25th of September. The sufferings of Munk and his crews have perhaps never been equalled in the fearful catalogue of calamity which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. No fiction has ever painted a scene so horrible as the gradual death of 49 persons, in such a situation, before the eyes of three survivors, whose constitutional strength kept them alive, the witnesses of misery, to the sight of which death must have been far preferable. The escape of the survivors and subsequent navigation to Europe, amid ice and storms, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances on record.

SIEGE OF ANCONA.

THE misery to which this town was reduced, may be estimated from the returns made by commissioners instructed to search for food, in order that it might be applied to the public service. Their utmost exertions, after carefully exploring the most secret hiding-places in which the avarice of want might be supposed to treasure up its hoards, produced no more than five pecks of various grain. Yet the city at that moment contained no less than twelve thousand souls within its circuit. Food, the most disgusting at other times, had been greedily coveted, and was exhausted. Even the skins of animals whose very flesh is commonly rejected as unclean, the wild herbs which grew on the ramparts, the sea-weed which was reputed poisonous—all these had been tried, and all had now failed. Whatever may be the constancy of his endurance, there is still a limit to the physical powers of man; and it cannot be a matter of wonder, if nature sometimes gave way under this accumulated and hourly-increasing wretchedness. A sentinel, worn with hunger, fatigue, and watching, had sunk upon the ground at his post, when a young and lovely woman, of the noblest class in the city, bearing an infant at her breast, observed and rebuked his neglect. He replied, that he was perishing from famine, and already felt the approach of death.—“Fifteen days,” answered the more than Roman matron, “have passed, during

which my life has been barely supported by loathsome sustenance, and a mother's stores are beginning to be dried up from my babe: place your lips, however, upon this bosom, and, if aught yet remains there, drink it, and recover strength for the defence of our country!” The soldier, shamed and animated by her words, and recognising and respecting the dignity of her birth, no longer required the proffered nutriment. He sprang from the ground, seized his arms, and, rushing into the enemy's lines, proved his vigour by slaying no less than four combatants with his single hand.—One other, and a yet more touching instance of the self-devotion of female affection, may be produced in striking contrast with the unnatural deed recorded of the frenzied mother of Jerusalem, under circumstances of similar destitution and horror. A woman of Ancona, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and hopeless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices and condiments (for these luxuries still abounded, as if to mock the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its own sad necessity), presented them with the beverage: thus prolonging the existence of her children, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported.

REVOLT OF THE JEWS.

THE emperor Adrian having built a temple to Jupiter Capitolinus in Jerusalem, the Jews, instigated by Barcochebas, an impostor, who persuaded them that he was the Messiah, revolted against the Romans, who instantly attacked them, and, after having massacred 800,000 of that wretched people, they sold the residue for slaves, at a public auction. Judea, after this heavy calamity, was rendered almost a desert.

TERTULLIAN.

WHEN the Roman emperor Severus published his edict against the Christians, Tertullian addressed to him a remonstrance against it. “We fill,” said he, “your cities and towns, your senate and your armies; we only abandon your temples and your theatres.”



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THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.
AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

I AM sure, Cleveland, you have been astonished at my silence, and I cannot say that either amusement or occupation has withheld me from performing the chief duty and pleasure of my existence. One entire and absorbing interest has lately taken possession of my whole soul, and drawn, as it were, all my powers into itself. It has been said that love is the business of woman's life—but only an *episode* in that of man. Though my youth has sobered into manhood, and manhood is gliding imperceptibly into old age, yet one "episode" of my early days has been treasured up with but too faithful a remembrance. Judge, then, my chosen friend, my second self in all, except the weakness of my nature, what my feelings must have been some weeks ago, when, in a ghastly and attenuated being, who leaned his head languidly on the velvet lining of a splendid landau, as it crept along Pall-mall, I recognized the once handsome and animated B—. An uncontrollable impulse led me to remain
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near the door of the United Service Club, which he was about to enter. His trembling frame was supported at either side by two footmen as he ascended the steps—Good God! how painfully altered he appeared! his cheeks yellow and wrinkled—his teeth were broken and decayed—his eyes, once so brilliant, black and penetrating, darting and catching light, now were sunken and changed both in colour and size, and unmeaningly strayed from object to object. It was only when their dullness rested upon me, that any thing like a feeling of life passed over his countenance—then he paused, pressed the servants' arms with his gloved hands, and raised himself to his full height as he peered into my face, with a wandering, undefined expression of dread and uncertainty. This was the action of a moment, his grasp relaxed, and he proceeded up the staircase, with the same restless and bewildered air. My heart ached within me, at the full tide of recollections that rushed upon it; I literally gasped for breath, and involuntarily hastened towards the park, eager to escape from the vision that you will readily believe my
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imagination conjured up at this strange meeting. I walked rapidly onward, as if memory could be obliterated by violence of motion. I had scarcely turned the corner of St. James's, when a powdered menial arrested my steps, and politely inquired if my name were not Leyden. I replied in the affirmative, and he requested that I would accompany him back to the United Service Club, as his master wished particularly to see me. I retraced my path, and was shown into a private room, at the upper end of which B—— sat, or rather reclined, upon a sofa. On entering I felt a chilliness steal over my frame, as if the atmosphere I breathed was tainted. As I approached, he endeavoured to stand up, but the effort was unavailing, and while extending his hand he buried his face in the cushions that supported him. For many minutes we were both silent, but when he did speak, his delivery was slow and broken, yet he was the first who acquired self-possession enough to articulate.

"Years have passed, Mr. Leyden," he commenced, "since we have looked upon each other. Years, sir; yes, years have passed—years of worldly prosperity—of mental anguish—anguish—anguish," he repeated, in a low and monotonous voice that sounded like a death wail; "anguish—more than *that*—years of feelings that have rendered this bosom," and he struck it with his clenched hand, "a living, an eternal hell!"

What could I say, Cleveland? Had you seen him at that moment, as I did, you would have forgotten the injuries he heaped upon your friend, in witnessing the misery he endured. You could not have looked upon, and not have pitied him.

"Tell me," he continued, reading, doubtless, the softened expression of my countenance, for you must remember how fatally skilled he was in every movement of the human face, as well as in every winding of the human heart—"tell me *where* they have buried her?" Little as I had anticipated such a question, I *felt* it was one that he ought to ask, and, without faltering, replied:—

"A small black marble urn, supported on a slight pedestal, in the south corner of Old Windsor church-yard, marks the spot; it is near the vault of her ancestors."

"Who," he inquired, "who raised the tablet?"

"I did." He gazed, Cleveland, as if into my very soul, and then muttered in an under tone, "Black, why made you it of *black* marble? She was pure as God's own light; I ought to know it best, and I say it; and why did they exclude her from the vault?—was her flesh less fair than theirs?" After one of those distressing pauses, which come when the mind is too full for utterance, he continued:—"Leyden, you are not changed as I expected; your brow is smoother than mine, though you are an older man, and there is a look of peace—*inward* peace—about you. Strange that, after an absence of twenty years, you were the first of my old acquaintances to meet me—you, whom I would have most avoided, and yet most wished to see:—there is only *one* other——"

"There is *no* other," I interrupted; "her father died broken-hearted within a year after her fatal act was known."

Cleveland, I cannot describe to you the shudder that passed through his frame as I uttered these words; it was a positive convulsion, and, sensible of the hideous effect it produced, he covered his face with his hands, while his limbs quivered as if in mortal agony; when the paroxysm had subsided, I collected myself sufficiently to say, that having communicated the information he seemed anxious to obtain I would now leave him, sincerely hoping that he might experience a return of the tranquillity he had lost. He raised his eyes to mine, and though they instantly sank to the earth, in that one look there was more of despair, more of hopelessness, than I ever beheld conveyed by human expression; there is something like it in a fine picture I once saw, but cannot remember where, that presented with fearful reality the betrayer of his Saviour flinging back to its purchasers the price of his master's blood.

He then rang the bell, and with forced composure inquired my address; I presented my card, and he bowed with somewhat of his once courtly air, as the servant conducted me to the door.

During the remainder of the day, London was to me as a peopled solitude; and I longed to escape from the multitude that pressed me on every side. I was out of tune with all things, and night itself

brought no repose. A few days afterwards, I resolved upon a strange expedient, suggested, doubtless, by a secret wish to ascertain if B—— had visited poor Cicely's grave. I resolved to go to Old Windsor, to look upon her mourning tomb, and see if the clematis and flowers I had planted with my own hands, were flourishing there still.

Full of these feelings, I took my way in solitude and silence to the church-yard, so retired, and, as I have sometimes thought, so picturesque. I stood for a moment by the little white turnstile, looking down that solemn avenue of stately trees, the Thames gliding

“At its own sweet will,”

a broad and polished mirror, reflecting every passing cloud, and numbering the stars as they betokened the coming night. All was deeply, beautifully still; for the occasional shout of noisy children, brought upon the breeze from the sweet village of Datchet, accompanied, at intervals, by the deep bark or querulous yelping of the household dogs, rendered more intense the silence that succeeded. It was an hour and a place fitted for deep meditation—for self-examination; and (dare I confess it, even to you?) for communion with the invisible spirits that draw nearer to our world, when the bustle and business of life yield to that repose which the soul delights in. I lingered where I had first stayed, until the beams of the early moon silvered the clustering ivy that climbs the church-yard wall: this partial light, while it deepened the darkness of the avenue, warned me that the night was come. A single beam, like a thread of silver, rested on the urn when I knelt upon *her* grave. I could hardly distinguish the flowers from the grass; but all was soft and green; and I confess that it afforded me a melancholy pleasure to think that no rank weeds violated the little mound which——But I weary my friend with the recital of feelings, that, if the world knew, they would scoff at, in a man whose hair is grey.

I thought I heard an approaching footstep; the little ray vanished; and, looking up, I beheld B—— himself, resting against the monument, while his eyes were fixed upon me with an expression I cannot attempt to describe. I started from the grave; but he seized my hand with a strong grasp, and, throwing him-

self upon the spot I had just quitted, almost dragged me to the earth.

“The time is fitting—the place is fitting,” he murmured; “bear with me for a little, and you shall know all—more, aye, much more than you anticipate.”

After the first or second sentence, his manner was calm and collected; but then, his mind was so evidently wound up for the exertion, that a fearful re-action might well have been looked for.

“Strange I should meet you here, Leyden; but there is a fate in all things, and a cruel one has been mine! There are those, I know, who disbelieve this; but you shall hear. I need not ask if you remember *her*, or the anxiety with which I strove to win affections that, at the very time, were comparatively worthless in my eyes. You seem astonished; but so it was. I was not half as eager to possess *her*, as I was to rival *you*. You had boasted of your security; you had openly defied me; you had baffled me, in more ways than one; you had preserved your temper, your equanimity, in all our differences. In all essential things you were *more* than my superior; but the peculiar *tact* that can call forth all the fascinating littlenesses of every-day existence, and mould them to the best advantage, was fatally awarded to me. To mortify *you*, and show forth my own power as best I might, I resolved to try my success with the innocent Cicely. At first, I trifled in mere, but wicked wantonness, as I had done with others; but gradually I felt her acquiring a powerful ascendancy. Her innocence, her purity, her full and perfect simplicity, and the celestial character of her beauty, which gained instead of losing by more intimate acquaintance, overpowered me. I might well be compared to a second Satan, tempting a second Eve, who dwelt in the paradise of pure and holy imaginings. For a length of time the untaught girl of eighteen baffled the practised libertine of five-and-twenty. But, in the end, a secret *marriage*, as I called it, gratified my passion, and gave me nothing more to woo for. The rified flower withered at my touch. Cicely was too holy, too refined, to enchain a wandering profligate. Her silent but visible virtues rose up in judgment against me. Fresh beauties led captive a heart laden with divers lusts; and the being that, but a little month

before, I had strained to my throbbing bosom, as if to make it her everlasting resting-place, I now loathed—Yes, Leyden, loathed as if she had been a poisonous serpent! Her voice—Leyden, you remember *her* voice—its very tones gave me positive pain; her small white hand, when resting on my bosom, felt heavy and cold as lead; and all those little offices of kindness, which woman only can bestow, became absolutely disgusting to me. When, with blushes and many tears, she told me that she must, in time, become a mother, and begged me, *for my infant's sake*, to confess our marriage, I thrust her from me so rudely, that she fell even at my feet! When again we met, she did *not* curse, but blessed me! I urged my uncle to procure for me the situation in India I had once offended him by refusing to accept. He seemed pleased, as he expressed it, ‘at my recovering my senses;’ and, much sooner than I anticipated, I was informed that my departure was immediately required. I wrote to Cicely, whom, under various pretexts, I had declined to see from time to time, and whom I now sought most particularly to avoid; for, as I said to one of my companions in iniquity, ‘I hated scenes.’ I enclosed her a sum of money, scathed with the intelligence that she was *not* my wife; but (wretch that I was!) containing the cold assurance of my friendship and good wishes. This I sent from ship-board, where we were under sailing orders, waiting only for a fair wind. While I was lounging the next evening on deck, and longing for the moment when the sails should fill, and we should go rejoicing over the clear blue waves, a note was presented to me from Cicely, returning my money, containing no word of reproach, but adjuring me in the most solemn manner, to meet her for five minutes, for the last time. The simple appeal concluded by naming a little creek, where, she said, she waited for me. My spirit revolted at seeing that the note was signed ‘*C. B.*’ I felt irritated that she should presume to use a name to which I had said she was unentitled. You cannot conceive how that small circumstance rankled in my bosom. I had caroused, more than usual, with my shipmates—my brain was fevered and confused—my resolves bewildered and changing. From

the deck I could discern the trysting-place, and distinguish the fluttering of a white robe. I determined, at last, not to shrink from a meeting with a *woman*, and asked the captain if he would lend me a boat, adding, with a bravo's tone, and a bravo's feeling, that an affair of gallantry called me on shore for about an hour. As I rowed towards the creek, the spire of Milton church stood coldly, and I thought reproachfully, out against the sky—there was nothing else which indicated the proximity of human habitation; for the little town of Gravesend, then only a straggling village, was concealed by a sudden winding of the river. Amid this solitude the fiend was busy with me, and whispered devilish suggestions in my ear. Cicely seemed resolved to retain my name. I felt that she would be an everlasting barrier to my advancement, as I called it; and the affair, if bruited abroad, was almost too serious to receive the applause even of my gayest friends. I believe I was coward enough to dread the resentment of her grey-headed father. I trembled at my own imaginings, and passed my hand across my burning brow, as if to dissipate ideas, which, congregating there, became too strong for my enfeebled brain. My boat touched the strand, and Cicely sprang upon my bosom. God! how I hated her, even when her arms were clasped, with all the intensity of woman's love, around my neck! when, unmindful of the injuries I had heaped upon her innocent head, she covered my hand with kisses, not to desert her—not to leave her to shame and misery—to the scorn of the scorners—to the bitterness of self-reproach. Her long dark hair clustered over her figure, and her soft eyes were turned upon me—as the dove turns, in its agony, its last gaze upon the vulture that destroys its most sweet life—yet, in that hour, Leyden, I hated with a deadly hatred—”

As he pronounced the last words, my blood ran cold. I could neither speak nor move—every power of vitality was paralyzed; and, when he recommenced, I listened with swollen veins and straining eye balls:—

“I am sure she read my purpose; for she implored that, for the sake of the unborn, I would spare her life. I flung her from me with violence; she shuddered; and, exhausted by exertion, fainted at my

feet. I gazed upon her pale and beautiful features, which grief had touched, but not destroyed. 'Why,' whispered the ready demon that dwells within the bosom of the wicked, and impels him to destruction—'why should she awaken to the shame and disgrace that must await her? Why should she awaken to mar your fortunes? What is death but everlasting sleep?' Leyden, I raised her in my arms, and, turning away my head, consigned her to the everlasting waters! O God! O God! that this had been all—that she had departed without the knowledge which, for a brief moment, she acquired. The sudden plunge revived her paralyzed senses; and, with a wild and fearful shriek, she sprang upwards. She would have grasped the boat, but I—I—"

Cleveland, the blood rushed, foaming and boiling through my brain. I was no longer master of myself. Cicely's murderer was there—there before me—her acknowledged murderer. His vile sentence remained unfinished—for my grasp was on his throat, and the wretched being, twisting like a reptile among the tombs, was at my mercy. Suddenly I remembered that your friend was but anticipating the hangman's office; and, letting loose my hands, and throwing myself upon the long grass, which contained her mouldering tomb, I found relief in a violent burst of tears. One weight, one dreadful weight, was removed from my mind—SHE had not the horrid guilt of self-destruction on her soul: for *that* I fervently blessed the Almighty. And, when I turned and beheld the creature "who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," crawling amid the receptacles of the tranquil dead, unable to arise, like a man, and stand erect before his Maker, but trembling with fear and sin, even in that hallowed solitude, I felt ashamed that I had degraded myself by yielding to the momentary impulse of revenge.

"I deserved it, Leyden," he exclaimed, in a low and broken tone; "but justice shall not be deprived of her prey. I came to England with the intention of delivering myself as a murderer to the offended laws of my country: for I could no longer support the load of misery that each year brings more heavily upon my soul. God of mercy! have I not been punished? I seem to have lived an eternity of re-

morse. Each night I see her at my bedside, with out-stretched arms, and the same sad and unrepentant face as when she sank into the pitiless waters. How could I reply to *her* father's letter? For years I wrestled with my feelings; I tried to believe there was no God; I drank the richest, the most intoxicating wines—they blistered in my throat. The jest and the song were as funeral music in mine ears. The young and the beautiful would have been mine—mine only; but I could not bring the earthly to meet the spirit bride. Honours poured upon me; gold cursed me, with its yellow and pestilential abundance. I was called brave—brave at the very moment when I felt that I only rushed into the battle, courting death to be released from misery. Cicely is never absent from me by day or night. It is there now—now"—and he pointed his finger upward as he spoke, "there—pure, transparent, so transparent that I can count the stars through its shadowy form; and yet, with *that* ever before me, the world call me fortunate. *Fortunate!* ay, as hell's own devils!"

Loud and terrific laughter succeeded this horrid summary; and, at the same instant, the bright moon discovered features riven, as it were, by madness.

I conducted him to the inn, where his valet assured me that his master was subject to such insane fits. "He says strange things, sir," said the old man in a compassionate tone, "but the wildness soon passes." I must hasten to conclude. The wretched man was dying. I will not harrow up your feelings by a detail of his last agonies: they are over. Oh! it was awful to hear him imploring the spirit of the departed Cicely to stand away from between him and heaven!

TOM CRINGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF A MERCHANTMAN.

On this evening (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbadoes) the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we were bowling along right before it, rolling like the very devil; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark, and we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck.

A gun from the commodore, who showed a number of lights. "Who is that, Mr. Kennedy?" said the captain to the old gunner. "The commodore has made the night signal for the stern-most ships to make more sail and close, sir." We repeated the signal—and stood on hailing the dullest of the merchantmen in our neighbourhood to make more sail, and firing a musket-shot now and then over the more distant of them. By-and-bye we saw a large West Indiaman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

"Forward there," sung out Mr. Splinter, "stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boat-gun, if he does not bear up. What can he be after? Sergeant Armstrong," to a marine, who was standing close by him, in the waist; "get a musket, and fire over him." It was done, and the ship immediately bore up on her course again; we now ranged along side of him on his larboard quarter.

"Ho, the ship, a hoy!" "Hillo!" was the reply. "Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you, sir, keep in the wake of the commodore?" No answer.

"What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir?"

"Yesh, yesh," at length responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. "Back your maintopsail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain's mate, pipe away the crew of the jolly boat." We also backed our main topsail, and were in the act of lowering down the boat, when the officer rattled out, "Keep all fast with the boat; I can't comprehend the chap's manoeuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove-to." Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. "Why don't you heave-to, sir?" All silent.

Presently we could perceive a confusion and noise of struggling on board, and angry voices, as if people were trying to force their way up the hatchways from below; and a heavy thumping on the deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way, and then another, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly. "We are captured by a ——." A sudden sharp cry,

and a splash overboard, told of some fearful deed.

"We are taken by a privateer, or pirate," sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain.

By this the captain was on deck, all hands had been called, and the word had been passed to clear away two of the foremost carronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—get below, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape."

The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to, under her lee—and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenail, and myself, and sixteen men, with cutlasses, were sent on board.

We jumped on deck, and at the gangway Mr. Treenail stumbled, and fell over the dead body of a man, no doubt the one who had hailed last, with his skull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ringbolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords, so tightly, that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a privateer schooner, sir; the lieutenant of her, and twelve men, are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the fore-castle, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

We immediately released the men, eighteen in number, and armed them with boarding pikes. "What vessel is that astern of us?" said Treenail to the mate. Before he could answer, a shot from the brig fired at the privateer, showed she was broad awake. Next moment captain Deadeye hailed. "Have you mastered the prize crew, Mr. Treenail?" "Aye, aye, sir." "Then keep your course, and keep two lights hoisted at your mizen peak during the night, and blue Peter at the maintopsail yardarm; when the day breaks, I shall haul my wind after the suspicious sail in your wake."

Another shot, and another, from the brig. By this time the lieutenant had descended to the cabin, followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand, and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered. The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels were filled with crimson cloth and gold mouldings, with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and the side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate-glass mirrors in the panels. In the recess, which in cold weather had been occupied by a stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels; it was open, a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and two long white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

The rudder case was particularly beautiful: it was a richly carved and gilded palm-tree, the stem painted white, and interlaced with golden fret-work, like the lozenges of a pine-apple, with the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper, with cold meat, and wine, and a profusion of silver things, all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and knives, and forks, and spoons, scattered all about. She was evidently one of those London West Indiamen, on board of which I knew there was much splendour and great comfort. But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself, with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running to his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stentorious breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain.

He was a stout portly man, and although we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he

never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly-looking men were sitting at table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian-looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full on them. Three of them were small, but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with the square high-boned visage, and long, lank, black glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trousers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very fact of some horrible atrocity, which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy-whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still, wonderful to relate, with, if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair-lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trousers and shirts, yellow silk sashes round their waists, and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascon caps, with the peaks, from each of which depended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads. The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table, with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horribly with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, on the snow-white damask tablecloth. They were immediately seized, and ironed, to which they submitted in silence. We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing, and another praying. But, merciful heaven! what an object met our eyes! Drawing aside the curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay, more dead than alive, a tall and most beautiful girl, her head resting on her left arm, her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood in her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long dark hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild sparkling black eyes, protruding from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept

gibbering an incoherent prayer one moment, and the next imploring mercy, as if she had still been in the hands of those who knew not the name ; and anon, a low hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the hard deck, and lay in a dead faint.

Alas the day ! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered master of the ship, and never awoke in her unclouded reason, to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonour and her parent's death.

"Tom," said Bang, "that is a melancholy affair, I can't read any more of it. What followed ? Tell us."

"Why the Torch captured the schooner, sir, and we left the privateer's men at Barbadoes, to meet their reward, and several of the merchant sailors were turned over to the guardship, to prove the facts in the first instance, and to serve his majesty as impressed men in the second."

CAPTURE OF TRINIDAD.

WHEN the British soldiers landed, they broke open the boiling-house and distillery, and made grog in a most original manner, and on a very extensive scale. They rolled out three hogsheads of sugar and seven puncheons of rum, which they emptied into a well of water, and drew up the mixture in bucketfuls and drank it. This singular mode of making grog was introduced by the regiment under the command of colonel Picton—the immortal Picton of Waterloo. During his government, he endeavoured to make the colonial department reimburse the proprietor of the plantation for the damage sustained on the landing of his regiment ; this he was not able to accomplish. Sir Thomas Picton was one of the most able governors this island ever had. His way of treating debtors that had the means, but wanted the will to pay, was original ; instead of undergoing the heavy delay of a Spanish law process, creditors were in the habit of going to governor Picton. He would summon the debtor before him, and ask him if the plaintiff's claim was just. If the defendant answered in the affirmative, Picton rejoined, "Pay him, sir, immediately." Perhaps the defendant would remark that he had not the money at the moment. "When will you have it, sir ?"

"This day week." Here the governor would say, addressing the plaintiff, "Here is your money," at the same time paying him himself ; and then, turning to the defendant, he would add, "Take care, sir, that you produce the money within ten days." This was enough, for few men would venture to trifle with the governor. He had the art of making himself loved and respected by the honest members of the community, and feared by the worthless.

COLONEL ASTON.

THIS gentleman, in 1799, while absent from his regiment, having been informed of a quarrel between a lieutenant and majors Picton and Allan, he declared, in a private letter, that he considered the two latter had acted towards the lieutenant with illiberality. This having come to the ears of the majors, they demanded a court-martial, which was refused, and the colonel himself was called upon for an explanation. He answered that he could not be called to account for his public conduct by the officers of his corps, but added that he should be ready to give satisfaction to any one who could allege any thing against him as a private gentleman. He was accordingly challenged by major Picton, and a meeting followed, when the major's pistol flashed in the pan, and colonel Aston fired in the air. The next day satisfaction was demanded of him, in offensive language, by major Allan, with whom he accordingly went out, and having received his antagonist's fire without showing signs of being hurt, the colonel, in an erect posture, and with the utmost composure, levelled his pistol, to show that he had the power to discharge it, and, then laying it across his breast, said, "He was shot through the body ; he believed the wound was mortal ; and he therefore declined to fire, for it should not be said of him that the last act of his life was an act of revenge." He languished for a week, in excessive pain, which he bore without a murmur, and died deeply regretted by all who knew him.

A NEW METHOD OF MAKING AN OFFER.

"REALLY," said a lady, "Mr. Von Wheeler, you and your umbrella seem to be perfectly inseparable." "We are ; will you allow me to present you with my umbrella ?"



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THE EMISSARY.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Most of our readers, *sans* doubt, have heard of the remains of a certain old inn which might be seen at Islington some twelve months back, y'clep'd the Queen's Head. It was a low house of singular architecture, apparently in the style of the Elizabethan period—perhaps, for we do not profess to be positive judges in such cases, even of a later date. Lately, however, it has been pulled down, and a more modern edifice erected in its stead. It is said that Elizabeth had honoured this hostel with her presence on more occasions than one, in company with a few noble knights and ladies, condescending freely to compliment mine host on the good entertainment he offered both for man and beast, and on the truth of the assertion, that *his* wine “needed no bush.” Whether this account be “quite correct” or not, we must leave to the scrutinizing antiquarian and others interested in the research, and proceed at once to the subject-matter of our tale.

It was on a cold frosty evening in the
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month of January, 159—, that a party of stragglers were seated around a blazing fire in the tap-room of this inn. They appeared to be, from their dress, artisans or shopkeepers of a middling order, determined to forget for a few short hours the cares of business, and enjoy a drop and a sup with their well-known “bully host.” One of the party, “a man of melancholy mien,” whose large cloak, apparently a powerful protector against the roughest winds and keenest snow, hung on a peg close by, seemed in no very congenial mood. He had withdrawn himself rather apart, so as not to be too far from the influence of the cheering flame, and yet at a *respectable* distance from the rest. His liquor was placed on the table before him, and appeared not to have been so well plied as that of some of the others. With his head resting on his hand, he seemed sunk in thought, save at intervals, when his keen eye was anxiously fixed on the door, or uneasily glanced over the small latticed window of the apartment.

“Our old friend,” half-whispered an old shrivelled looking being, “seems in an unpleasant disposition; now, well, I

warrant me that trade hath been bad with him of late—losses have attended his business; and who knows," added he, in a still softer tone, "but bankruptcy may stare him in the face. Ah me! ah me! how fortune declines! I remember me now, that when I was young profits were good, and money ready; but out upon the new-fangled methods of shopkeeping, they leave no man the chance of earning an honest penny with success—sad change, sad change!"

"Peace, old croaker!" said a bold and goodly favoured youth—"wilt never cease bewailing the march of improvement?—Away! I'd bet my bran new Sunday doublet against thy every day hose, that the stranger feels the smart inflicted by a fair damsel's black eye. Prythee, friend, draw thy stool nearer to us, and honestly confess thou art in love."

The person thus addressed roused himself from his apathy.

"My friends," said he, "heed not my listlessness, fancy me unwell, or—anything—but tire me no more with heedless questions. Believe me, I am in no mood to crack jokes with the young, or lament over past ages with the old."

"Well, well," rejoined the other—"each man here has a right to enjoy himself as it best suits him; so we leave thee to thine own communings, and be they black or white, gloomy or delightful, it signifieth nought to us. Come, friends, fill your cups, and like 'good men and true,' drink with me to the health of Elizabeth, queen of England."

This spirit-stirring toast was cordially received, and drunk with much avidity.

"Aye," said the old shopkeeper, "God bless old queen Bess, and may she—"

"Marry, friend," interrupted another, "if report belies not, she would be little pleased with thy homely truth. Elizabeth hath been too long used to court flattery, easily to digest such a sentence as that. *Old queen Bess!* why, she esteems herself youthful, and tender as Hebe. Did'st thou not hear with what pleasure she received the fawning address of those oily foreigners the ambassadors, but last Tuesday se'night?"

"Silence thy irreverent tongue, master Winlove," exclaimed a fat, burly-looking man, assuming a frown of importance, "nor blaspheme our lady sovereign's name by such indecorous assertions. To

my plain understanding, the thing that most approaches folly in the mind of her sacred majesty (Heaven bless her chaste name), is the complacency wherewith she doth look upon those idle places called playhouses, and the smiles with which she greeteth the productions of that vain scribbler, Will Shakspeare."

"Vain scribbler! in thy teeth, thou paltry and envious calumniator," cried the youth, animated with ardent zeal for the honour of the Shakspearean muse—"I tell thee, master Wilford, that poet's works shall live for ages after thou hast passed the doom of rottenness. Thy musty folio shall fall to pieces through sheer neglect, whilst Shakspeare's fame shall bloom in unchanging freshness through each successive age. Scribbler, forsooth! Now fie upon thee for a puritanical churl."

What more might have passed between the two disputants it is impossible to say, for just as the old man's face was colouring up with indignant wrath, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the house (which the careful host always closed at dusk), that at once startled the company, and a large dog that was lying composedly at the feet of one of them.

"How now," cried the host, approaching the portal, "what person, at this staid hour, thus rudely disturbs our quiet?"

"Open, varlet, open directly, or the safety of thy door shall not be secured another moment—Open, I say."

The warning was not in vain—the door was opened, and in rushed a figure that caused no little surprise to our merry-makers. This was a man, apparently young, and of extremely handsome appearance. His beard was trimmed after the most approved fashion of that day, but in every other respect (save, indeed, a light rapier which hung by his side) his apparel and demeanour were those of a plain artisan. A large cloak enveloped his body, and nearly covered the form of an almost senseless female he bore on one arm. He cast a hurried glance around him.

"How now, mine host," cried he, "hast no other room wherein to bestow a timid damsel and her friend, but amongst a set of noisy roysterers. Aroint thee, knave! be quicker in thy movements, and disclose the best room in thy domicile without more gaping, or, by St. George,

force more than thy back will like to bear shall be bestowed on thee in lieu of reckoning."

"Verily, most uncourteous sir," rejoined the offended host, assuming a dignified air, "thou talkest somewhat largely; hast not learnt the wholesome doctrine, that a man's house is his castle? Never, while I have an arm to raise in my own defence, shall the inn which Elizabeth herself (Heaven bless her majesty!) hath honoured with her most noble presence, be made a refuge for a trifling youth and his loose leman.—Nay, then," added he, as the other lifted a menacing arm, "gentlemen;" (turning to the gaping company), "if ye be men, assist an honest innkeeper in the defence of his lawful rights."

On the word, up started some three or four of the most stalwart guests, and ranged themselves on mine host's side. A slight change passed over the countenance of the assailant; he bit his nether lip angrily, then drawing forth an apparently well lined purse, he threw it towards the offended host.

"Pardon me," he added quickly, "I am to blame, friend—prithce obey my command, and that speedily; irritate me by no farther delay—the damsel lacketh assistance, and be assured none purer than her in heart and deed ever crossed thy threshold. Come, haste thee, man."

No mollifying ointment, bestowed by the most skilful leech, ever assuaged the wound of a disabled man with greater celerity than did the clink of the purse calm the mortified vanity of the innkeeper.

"Nay, now, indeed," said he, "thou speakest like a noble and generous youth, and I will forthwith present unto your worship's notice the best and neatest apartment in Christendom. Verily, friends," turning to his coadjutors, "you may reseat yourselves—the gentleman is an honest gentleman, and—"

"No more words," said the party aluded to, "but the room, good sir, the room."

The other bowed and led the way up the well-worn staircase with alacrity.

"Now fie upon these inconsiderate and dissipated town youths!" said the old shopkeeper, as the sound of receding footsteps gradually died away, "for that he is a town-bred youth, I will wager my

yearly profits, by his bold assurance and impudent swagger. I'll warrant me he hath ruined the soul and body of that deluded damsel for ever and a day, by his wicked artifices."

"Peace, thou grumbler," said the youth; "more likely he hath rescued her from the fang of some luxurious *veteran* in sin, who, though worn down with age, hath still a longing for more youthful joys; or, perhaps, she flies from some stern guardian, who, like thee, would fain better her will, and force her to renounce her first and truest love. I'd swear she's pure—that lovely face betrayed no signs of guilt, or—"

"Did'st see her features, then?" asked the gloomy stranger we before mentioned, with an air of deep curiosity, if not interest.

"Ay, marry, sir, one glance, and that was all; for in her companion's fury towards our host, he disarranged the folds of his mantle, and her face for one moment was exposed to view. Ay, and a fairer I have seldom seen; pale, indeed, it was, but soft and placid as the sculptures of a Phidias."

"Indeed!" rejoined the other, and the conversation for a time dropped.

The host shortly after returned, and numberless were the questions proposed, but to all was the same answer returned.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, excuse me—honour bright, you know—num's the word. Suffice it, they're an honest pair, and will do our hostel no discredit. Ay, and by George, 'tis now (mercy on us!) ten of the clock, and my staid principles ye all know, friends; and the laws every honest subject is bound to obey; so prithce, neighbours, retire like peaceable and worthy gentlemen to your several homes."

One after another they dropped away; the stranger, however, still remained in his seat; the admonition of the worthy landlord was once more repeated to him, when he roused himself—

"Hark ye, friend," said he, "business of higher import than thy mind can guess at, hath brought me hither; and till my task be done and my errand accomplished, no power of thine shall make me budge an inch."

"Marry, then, shall the power of the nearest constable place thee in the stocks, thou saucy varlet," retorted the

other, or my name's not Wynkyn Gosport."

"Nay, I defy that too—but a truce to folly; listen, master Wynkyn—a word in thine ear, man. When the queen vouchsafed to honour thy hostelry with her presence, thou didst remark a certain ring she wore."

"Ay, marry, 'did I. Oh, the sparkling of that ruby brightness—it caused my very heart to beat at the thought of its massy worth."

"True, and the slanderous say that thou did'st—but no matter; to refer to that tale now, 'tis sufficient for my purpose that thou rememberest the ring—now behold it here again."

The host stretched forth his small twinkling eyes to their full extent, as with an amorous ogling he viewed the sparkling treasure held by the stranger. "By this sign, then, know that my commission comes from Elizabeth herself; listen to me, therefore, and obey my words as thou would'st her's. Nay, look not incredulous, or refuse my bidding, lest it go hard with thee. I, too, have gold to feed thine avarice, as well as yon fool that has so lately crossed thy threshold: here, take this purse, and now surrender to me the person of the female thou hast just received." Gosport looked aghast. "Nay, stare not, man," resumed the other, "but comply with my demand—give me a key (if the door be fastened) of the chamber where she and her lover are concealed, and leave me to pursue mine own plans.—What they may be is no business of thine—be silent and obey, and thy reward shall be doubled—trebled, mayhap; but if in thy folly thou darest resist, or shall hereafter tell what thou may'st see or hear to-night, dread the vengeance of insulted majesty,—it will be swift and sure."

Gosport, a notorious coward, save when backed by his friends, hesitated but a short time; the threats were alarming; the messenger he could not doubt; and then his avarice was to be gratified—the reward was noble.

"Far be it from me to doubt the queen's power to revenge, most noble sir," replied he, "or mistrust her generosity in rewarding her most humble servants, among whom the host of this inn desires ardently to be enrolled. Here is the key you wish for; yet allow me to hope that your de-

signs are not harsh; the damsel, poor thing, is but young and gentle as a lamb; she has a companion, too, fierce and hot-headed, who might cause thee some trouble."

"Fear not, I know the risks, and my designs are nought to thee," rejoined the other, "be they dark or generous, it can concern thee but little—now leave me; yet stay, one word, the damsel, from what you hint, still continues with her protector," (there was a slight sneer as he pronounced the latter word,) "she is not alone?"

"No, fair sir, they are both in the same room,—at least they were so when I left the chamber some few minutes ago, and indeed he seemeth to have much ado to console her; she soon, indeed, recovered from her insensibility, but only awoke to passionate grief and upbraidings."

"He must be removed if possible," half muttered the other, "and yet how can a contest be avoided; I am well armed, and more than a match for him in sheer strength—but no, there must be no scuffle. Is there no means to detach him from her side?" There was a slight noise without. "Hark, Gosport, methinks I hear the door above gently open—go, see, and bring me news."

The host left the room. The emissary paced up and down thoughtfully.

"So," said he, half aloud, "so my information was correct after all. He has taken this road, and, as good luck will have it, spared me much trouble and research, by resorting to the same inn that I myself have used. What imprudence to bring her to a common hostel! but 'tis like his rashness. Good luck, too, did I say? Alas! what an undertaking is before me. Rid me of the minion that dares to alienate the noble Essex from the duties he owes to the state that employs him. And does Elizabeth think me so blind to the real motive of this cruelty. Thinks she I discern not the burning fever of jealousy that urges her to such injustice? Alas! the state might wait long enough for the services of the noble Essex, were but those services rendered to this aged maiden queen. Rid me of this minion—How? She recks not—cares not. Who is this girl, too, that so captivates the luxurious earl? Why am not I trusted with her name? young, they say,

and beautiful. Alack, poor wench! how art thou deceived. But if there be strength in this arm, or wit in this brain, thou shalt be saved from the snare of this Fowler. Thy heart, I trust, is pure, and if thy betrayer has not succeeded in his cursed artifices, thou may'st yet be happy. Whoever thou art, it signifieth nought to me; thy danger shall be shown thee, and a path of safety pointed out, if heaven but 'prosper all my good intents.' Hum!—what saw the queen in my features to insult me by such an employment? Am I not a belted knight, poor indeed in this world's pelf, but rich, I trust, in honourable feeling? Do I then possess such a ruffian-like exterior? Ah, Matilda, thy unkindness hath indeed deprived my cheek of colour, and imparted gloominess to my behaviour—but, thank heaven, the 'milk of human kindness' still flows warm within my heart. Hark! I hear receding footsteps—he is leaving her then; now let my purpose be swiftly carried into execution ere he returns; should a contest ensue, noble blood might flow; or should I fail, the queen's displeasure might be fatal to me indeed. How now, mine host," continued he, turning to Gosport, who had just re-entered, "has the gallant gone?"

"He hath, most noble sir," returned the other, "but not without vowing swift vengeance on my unlucky head, should I permit aught of harm to reach the fair treasure he hath left behind. He will be back anon, therefore, whatever thy good pleasure may be, (if thou wilt deign to receive the advice of thy humble servitor) it would be well to carry it into speedy effect, if thou would'st not be interrupted by the presence of the lady's friend."

"Enough, enough, most courteous master Winkyn, fear not yon gallant's threats of vengeance, thou shalt be protected by a mightier power than his, and thy good services shall not be forgotten by Elizabeth; now, show me the apartment—yet stay, I will find mine own way thither. What thou hast already received is but a kind of first fruits of that which thou art entitled to hereafter, if thou provest faithful; but if thou betray'st me, once more I warn thee, dread the vengeance of one who remembereth her foes."

"Fair sir, rely on thy servant—he is dumb."

* * * * *

In a small but tastily arranged chamber of this inn, sat the fair damsel who seemed to have given the queen such unlucky cause of uneasiness. Her appearance was that of a girl about the "delightful age of sweet fifteen;" her figure (of the middle size) was exceedingly proportioned, and her light auburn ringlets shaded a face of extreme and delicate beauty; she had evidently been weeping, for the remains of tears, "those oracles of grief," were still wet on her pale cheek. She cast many and anxious glances towards the door of her apartment.

"Why did he leave me," she exclaimed, "methinks, if it were for ever so short a period, I would not be left alone. And why thus timid now! Was I not bold enough to leave my father's home, and for a mere stranger. Have I not dared to quit the scenes of infancy, to wander in a desert track? Be still, thou peevish heart, rely on Alfred's truth, for that is now thine only stay—should that fail me—horror—horror. Yet there is no retreat, even if I would. Am I not in his power; yea, and my fame—pure as I know it—at the mercy of his breath? Away with these doubts, these foolish fantasies, that strive to scare my mind? there is—there can be no deceit in such a heart as *his*. Hark! he comes—O joy!"

The door was cautiously, almost timidly, opened, and a figure far different to that which she expected, appeared on the threshold—it was that of the emissary. He cast one hurried glance around, and then fixed his clear dark eye on the female. He started back as if struck by an assassin. A deadly paleness passed over his countenance, and he stood without power to move or speak; nor was the effect less singular upon the damsel herself. A flash of "rosy red" overspread her face, and then suddenly forsook it, leaving it still paler than before. With one faint shriek she fell senseless at his feet. The man hastily recovered himself; with a trembling hand he wiped away the cold dews that had gathered on his forehead, and raised the poor girl from the ground.

"Merciful powers!" he exclaimed, "can it be possible? is it not all a dream, or am I mocked by some phantom form that has assumed the character of her I loved? Alas! no—these glossy ringlets gem no phantom's brow; that gentle face belongs

to one alone—one living, lovely image. It is no dream—no false delusion mocks my aching sight ; it is too real—too true. O Matilda ! was it for this thou slighted'st me, to become the minion of a man like him—the object of aversion and revenge to your sovereign. Wretched ! wretched girl !”

A few burning tears fell on the face of Matilda. She began slowly to recover some degree of consciousness.

“So you are come at last,” murmured she. “O Alfred, why have you kept me thus long alone—alone ; I have had such visions—such alarms ! methought the form—ha !” she shrieked, seeing the emissary's face, and suddenly comprehending her real situation, she continued, “Is it not a vision then ?—no, it is indeed the very form of him I wronged ! O mercy, Walter, mercy !

“Guilty, unfortunate girl ! well may'st thou cry for mercy, for thou need'st it. Well may you supplicate protection from the despised Walter, for he alone can aid thee now. O Matilda ! could I have believed this of thee, the slight thou didst me I could soon have pardoned, but to see thus lost to all sense of shame or—but enough, I will not now upbraid thee with thy sin ; time flies apace ; if thou dost value thy life, (I dare not say thine honour) arise, exert thy strength, and follow me. Quick, lady—nay, never frown ; I tell thee, if thou would'st have safety, another moment must not be passed in this spot,—thou must fly this neighbourhood, and with me.”

A flush passed over the damsel's face. “Walter,” cried she, “whatever thoughts thy mind may raise concerning my rashness, never let them dare to imagine aught against my honour. Is it manly in you, sir—you, too, a rejected lover—to insinuate such baseness as your tongue has just uttered, to insult an unprotected, helpless female, whom once you vowed you loved ?”

“Once loved ! by heaven, Matilda ! thou knowest not how much my heart was bound to thine. Once loved ! even now methinks I love thee well nigh as wildly as in those days of thy purity and truth, when—”

“Again, Walter, again those words.”

“Have I not cause, lady ? why do I find thee here,—away from thy friends,—in the chamber of a common inn—in company with a—a—paramour ?”

“'Tis, false unmannered sir, thy heart can never feel such purity as dwells in Alfred's bosom—no, nor such holy and disinterested love. Hence, if thou fearest not death, before my lord returns to smite thee to the earth for such audacity in wronging him.”

“I would rather face death at thy feet, Matilda, than bear words like those drop from thy lips again. I tell thee, girl, thou art deceived—betrayed ; thy boasted hero—thy virtuous lover, who, to prove the depth of his disinterested love, hath borne thee from thy father's roof, and lured thee from thy friends. This demi-god—this noble and romantic admirer, is—”

“All virtue, honour, truth—as thou art ‘all a lie.’”

“Pardon, fair lady, thou hast marred my phrase. This Alfred is a man of parts—thou knowest but half his virtues : I must tell thee all. Know, then, thy lover is of goodly favour in our sovereign's court. Many are the fair hands that waft him gentle salutation from young and rosy lips, as he passes through ‘the glittering throng’ of gay and joyous companions—nay, royalty herself vouchsafes a courtly smile at Alfred's manly grace, and condescends to grant the favoured youth full many an honour for services, which, slander saith, are light. Nay, she is careful of his virtue, too, for when she feareth lest, through headstrong passions, this hero's foot should slip and be decoyed from his duty's path into the service of the fair, she sendeth one to watch his wandering track, and bear away the cause that leads to such ‘accursed effect.’ Yet, strange to say, the name by which his courtly friends denominate this idol of thy heart, is somewhat different from that which sounds so sweetly from thy mouth,—it is—”

“What, Walter—what ?” gasped the female.

“My lord of Essex, lady.”

The girl sank back on her seat in a kind of stupor. Walter looked aghast.

“What have I done ?” cried he,—“Madman that I was to torture her thus rashly. Alas ! have I murdered her ?—Why looks she thus fearful ? Matilda, rouse thyself from this apathy ! Look up and fly with me ere it be too late. She heeds me not. What's to be done ? Shall I call Gosport to my aid ? The meddling trifer would but hinder us. Shall I bear her off e'en

as she is?—the cold air, perchance, will quicken her perceptions. Yes, it must be so—it is the only hope now left me.”

He gently raised her in his arms. There was an outcry suddenly raised below, and steps seemed rapidly approaching. The sound reached the maiden. A sense of danger seemed to inspire her with new life.

“Walter! Walter!” she faintly uttered, “he comes—’tis Alfred’s tread I hear upon the stairs. Oh, take me from his sight!—Indeed, I am as pure, as unstained in virtue, as when first thou knewest me. I have been deceived, been light and foolish, yet do not despise me, Walter. Take me hence—restore me to my father—to my home.”

“Dearest, I will indeed restore thee to thy home. Thou shalt be snatched from this betrayer’s grasp, and find the path of happiness once more. At his life’s peril let him advance one foot beyond the threshold.”

“Walter” exclaimed the terrified girl, as she saw the steel flashing in his hand, “for mercy’s sake, be calm!—traitor as he is, spare, oh, spare his life! For my sake forbear! in judgment, O remember mercy.”

She sunk upon the bed, and covered her face with her trembling hands. The door, which Walter had fastened on his entrance, at length yielded to the repeated blows of the infuriated Essex, and the two lovers met face to face.

“How now, sir Walter Arden,” exclaimed the rash earl, “is it thus we meet again? What dost thou here?—Avant, if thy life be worth a thought, lest I crush thee ’neath my feet as a despised worm.” He advanced upon the other as he spoke.

“Proud lord,” cried Arden, “I despise thy words and thee. Depart thou, whilst I bear back this gentle flower to bloom in that fair garden from which thou hast so basely torn her. Nay, sir, I have warrant for my deeds—in the queen’s name, I warn thee—back.”

He displayed, as he spoke, the ring we have before mentioned. Essex started and paused for a moment, but it was only to burn forth with still fiercer rage.

“By whatever means thou didst obtain that bauble, I know not—care not. It may be thou didst find the treasure—borrow it, perhaps. Thou knowest my

meaning, ha! Take it as ye list. But even if indeed thou art commissioned by the queen to dodge my paths, beware the vengeance of an insulted man. Never shall it be said that Essex wavered in his designs through the mandate of a baughty woman. I scorn her signet, and refuse allegiance to her fancies. No longer will I yield a calm obedience to a foolish tyrant, who plays such ‘fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.’ Depart or die.”

He made a furious lunge at sir Walter as he uttered the last words. The contest was not of long duration: Arden was one of the most skilful swordsmen of the day, and the passionate Essex was too intemperate to offer a successful resistance—he was thrown prostrate on the ground. With the speed of lightning Walter rushed upon him as he lay breathless, and twisting a scarf he wore between the arms of the prostrate man, he dragged him towards the bed, and fastened him firmly to the low post thereof. Then, raising the half-senseless Matilda in his arms, rushed from the room, and barring the door after him, hastened down the stairs. His horse he had left ready saddled in the stable; to this place he proceeded, and holding Matilda still more firmly on one arm, he vaulted in the saddle, and spurring onwards, in a few minutes was far from the inn of master Wynkyn Gosport, and fast nearing the residence of the father of Matilda.

A few explanations are necessary to make our tale clearer, and we shall then give a parting bow to our kind readers.

Every one but a downright dunce, who has been well flogged at school for errors in his historical reminiscences, knows of the favourable eye with which Elizabeth looked upon the young and handsome earl of Essex. Old as she was, and faded as were her charms at this period of her life, her vanity made her still lend a willing ear to the egregious compliments of her courtiers, and delight in the common-place euphuism of the day. Essex, from his fine person and well-stored mind, had attracted her attention; but rash and headstrong by nature, he seemed rather to take delight in mortifying her feelings, than in seeking her favours. Several of his gallantries were well known at court, and gave no small degree of scandal to the queen. In a solitary ride he had been

charmed by the fair form of Matilda Arington, the daughter of a retired baronet, who, possessed of ample income and loving a quiet life, dwelt a few miles from Islington, apart from the troubles and turmoils of court. This damsel was betrothed to sir Walter Arden, a poor but noble knight, whose necessities obliged him to be but little better than a mere hanger-on at court. This, however, formed no obstacle to his wishes : the old baronet was pleased with his manly and disinterested character, and vowed that, as he had plenty wherewith to line his daughter's purse, money should form no obstacle to her happiness, provided the suitor were of honourable conduct and noble birth. Matilda's mother had died in giving birth to her only child, therefore nothing hindered sir Walter's being received as Matilda's future husband. But a slight quarrel (lovers will snarl at each other now and then, like other folk) had taken place between them, and Essex came into the field just as the mortified lady dismissed her lover with a frown. The earl introduced himself as a young student, one Alfred Welton, of poor birth and no distinction ; and as this would necessarily form a bar in the baronet's eyes, it became a good excuse for his wishing to meet Matilda in secret. We have no time to detail the various schemes he used to induce her to fly with him. He had indeed "a tongue could wheedle like the devil." His artifices succeeded, as we have shown. On their road an accident occurred to the earl's horse, which forced him to take refuge in the very hostel where the emissary was sitting.

Walter, during this period had wandered about court an altered and gloomy man. Nor was the queen in a much more enviable mood. The continued absence of Essex annoyed and displeased her. She was not long in discovering the cause, and determined to avenge herself on the being that dared to thwart her affections. She cast her eyes on sir Walter Arden. He was summoned to her presence ; the interview was long, and, on the sovereign's part, subtle and cautious.

"The good of the state," she argued, "required that one of the chief nobles of the land should not be allowed to waste his time in idle gallantries, which she moreover, as a chaste queen, despised

and scorned. Example should be made of her who dared seduce Essex from his duty."

Sir Walter saw her drift, and understood her jealousy. At first he felt indignant at being employed on such an errand, but on consideration resolved to undertake the charge of securing "the person of the damsel in the name of the queen," lest another more callous than himself might fulfil the commands to the letter, and fully accomplish her majesty's wishes to "be rid of the minion." At all hazards he resolved to save the maiden, and restore her to her friends. By some secret means Elizabeth possessed a perfect knowledge of the particulars of the intended elopement. Full instructions were given him, but the name of the maiden was not mentioned, and Walter, careless of the matter, did not make the inquiry. Every means were put in his power—money and information afforded him, and he set forth on his commission. What his plans might have been had he not so luckily encountered the party, we cannot say—certain it is, that after having searched anxiously for them according to the instructions he had received, he returned, dispirited, to the 'Queen's Head,' hardly expecting to find them, and attentively listened for the sound of any horseman that might pass by. But the result of all this has been told, and we have now only to relate the sequel.

Walter and the maiden reached the baronet's home in safety. The astonished father's pardon to the offending child was granted on condition of Arden's re-acceptance as her suitor. This was readily conceded to. Her love for Essex had been more like a dream than reality, and the discovery of his perfidy had alarmed and disgusted her, while Walter's honest, manly conduct, filled her heart with shame at her neglect of him, and ardent wishes for his returning love.

The discomfited Essex was soon relieved by Gosport, who, in his terror at the clash of arms, had hastily run for assistance. The earl's fury passed beyond bounds : the innkeeper was abused and cuffed, and the hasty lord, flinging himself across his horse, rode with all speed from the place, lest his person might be recognised by any of the half-dressed and sleepy crowd that, roused from their beds, thronged to the inn to know the "matter of the disturbance."



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THE BRIGAND OF EBOLI.

It was on a fine afternoon early in summer, the day of the annual festival of Santa Maria degli Angioli, that a troop of peasants, coming in the direction of Salerno, took the steep mountain-path leading to the far-famed sanctuary of the Madonna, which stands on the loftiest peak of the grand chain of Apennine that extends between Avellino and the Salernitan gulf. They passed on with hurried steps, though they were far too late to witness the miracle performed every year by the uncouth wooden statue of the Virgin, or to have any part in the devotions of the day and sport, which were always finished long before noon. Perhaps they were only anxious to lose as little as possible of the feasting and dancing that always closely follow the offices of religion, in the gay south, on days like these; but the wayfarers did not look so gay and careless as men usually do when repairing on such pleasant business. Their dark rough brows were knit, their large coal-black eyes were darting and restless, as though habitually so, from fear or vigilance; and

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though they failed not most devoutly to cross themselves at every one of the innumerable crucifixes, and little white chapels, that formed from the mountain's root an avenue to its summit, the words on their tongues were unholy and ungentle.

One among them, indeed, seemed more light-hearted and unconcerned; he went on caroling some simple ditty, but the theme of the song was a robber's exploit, and the boldness depicted on his bronzed countenance, partook of ferocity, and was bordered by an expression of wiliness or cunning. To judge from his figure, which was much exposed, as he wore only a loose shirt open at the neck, and drawers that descended no lower than the knee, he must have been a young man; but the lines of his face had the depth and rigidity that older years, or that hard life and violent passions, which can anticipate the work of age, impress on the human countenance. His form was cast in a fine manly mould, and his face, sun-burnt as it was, would have been handsome, but for those deep passion-furrows, and that rigidity;—indeed, it was handsome at moments when some soothing feeling occu-

H

ped him, as it would now and then on his way, when, emerging from a thick wood of ilex, or turning some obstructing rock, the view of the rich and smiling plain at his feet would burst upon him, or a glimpse of the white façade of the Sanctuary of the Madonna, high above his head, with the crowding, festive groups before it.

When they drew nearer to the sanctuary, the merry sounds of the tabor and the zampogna (a sort of bagpipe, which primitive instrument, highly modified, is found in the higher regions of the Neapolitan kingdom, as well as in nearly every mountainous district of Europe), somewhat cleared up the countenances, and tranquillized the uneasy eyes of the other peasants, who walked towards the attractive scene with quickened steps.

"We shall get a tune and a dance, and a draught of good wine, under the shadow of the Virgin, if we get nothing better," said one of the wayfarers.

"Aye, aye, a cup of *Lachryma Christi*, and a slice of *presciutto*, and a *terraglio* or so," said another.

"And a squeeze of the hand, and a smile from a pretty girl or two!" joyfully cried the least ill-looking one of the party.

"Those pretty girls will be thy ruin, sooner or later!" said one of the sourest-visaged of the peasantry, "take my word for it they will, unless thou changest thy fantasies, and ceaseest to be caught by the rustle of female garments after this guise."

"Peace to thee—bird of evil augury!" replied the other; and he added, after a short reflective pause:—"But even if it should be so, what matters it? Some take their way to the devil's mansion by cards and dice, some with the wine-cup, some go one way, some another; and if woman be as sure a way as any, it is certainly as pleasant a one! But we are near the sanctuary!—a prayer to the Madonna, my comrades!"

And in the next moment, these men, who seemed occupied by any thing rather than sentiments of religion and peace, devoutly crossed themselves, and pronounced an "Ave Maria," with much fervour. They were now in a thick grove of hardy mountain ash, and finishing their prayer to the Virgin, they advanced to its extremity, at which they paused to observe the scene. It was picturesque and ani-

mated. Before the snow-white sanctuary which stood on a peak of bare rock, that was ascended by a winding staircase cut in the rock's face, there was an esplanade, partly natural, and in part artificial, of considerable extent. On this elevated flat the devotees from all the neighbouring country, and many from distant parts of the kingdom, and on the slopes of the mountain, immediately beneath it, were assembled in gay confusion, which was increased and rendered the pleasanter to the eye, by the variety of costume; for then, as now, nearly every district had its peculiar mode of dress, and that of the females was frequently graceful and striking to an extreme degree.

Some groups were refreshing themselves with provisions and dainties, furnished copiously by certain itinerant venders or other more sedate dealers, who had erected temporary kitchens in the open air; others were exclusively engaged with the wine-flask, that passed rapidly round, with a *brindisi*, or rhymed toast or sentiment, supposed at least to be an impromptu, from each gay Bacchanalian; whilst the sweet nuts that grow so plentifully in the romantic district of Avellino, were munched now and then as an accompaniment to the juice of the grape. Conjurors, mountebanks, and story-tellers, for whose extravagant narratives the Neapolitans have always had an extreme taste, occupied several of the company. One of the ingenious narrators entertained his auditors with the life and wonderful adventures of the brigand chief, Benedetto Mangone, the celebrated peasant of Eboli.

He stated that Mangone was a lion in courage, a fox in cunning, a wolf in rapacity, a tiger in cruelty; how he had attacked whole hosts of travellers; how he had beaten the nobles and their *armigeri*; how all the Spanish troops of the viceroy that had ever gone against him, had been foiled and cut to pieces in detail; and he wound up the hair-breadth escapes and the surprising adventures of his hero, by an hypothesis of his own, that king Mangone must be the devil, or a direct lineal descendant of his satanic majesty; for, otherwise, how could he do such deeds, and escape?

"I would shew to that don Bugiardo that Benedetto Mangone has no cloven feet," said one of the new comers in the wood.

"Pr'ythee, be still, and don't let the devil get the upper hand of thee here," whispered one of his companions, and pointing to a dancing group, which, one among many others, occupied another part of the esplanade, he added, "By St. Gennaro, that's a pretty tarantella, and better worth heeding than this old ballad-monger!"

"We will even go nearer, and see those free-legged maidens," said the man who had first spoken; "it is clear there are none of the viceroy's most valiant macaroni eaters here, and, as for any of the few peasants who may have the honour to know us personally, why, we are safe in their fears, or indeed just as likely to find friends as foes." Saying this, he walked out to the open esplanade, and was followed by some of his comrades, whilst others still hesitated in the wood.

As this man, whom I have described as being the handsomest of the party we have seen ascending the mountain, walked through the festive crowd, nobody seemed to notice him, or if they did, it was but to remark that he was a good-natured looking fellow, for he had put on his fair-weather countenance, and smoothed his features to a holiday smile. But as he approached a party of peasants, whom their dress showed to be inhabitants of some of the villages in the vast open plain that extends between Salerno and Eboli and the sea, the faces of every one of them waxed pale as death, and an old man muttered unconsciously, "Benedetto Mangone!"

"Well! and what of that?" said Benedetto in his ear; "cannot I come to the Madonna's shrine, and pray my prayer as well as thou, and dance a turn or two in the tarantella, as well as any lout here? Hold thy peace, good master shepherd—I am not here with evil intention—my coffers are too well filled with the gold of nobles and Spaniards, to feel the want of a peasant's purse of copper, or his wife's trinkets.—Hold thy peace, I say, and no harm shall be done here by me or mine!"

"We are thy slaves, and here to do thy bidding!" replied the old man, in a low, faltering voice, to Mangone, who had turned round with a laughing face to watch the merry dance.

"Had we not better retire hence, with the Madonna to our aid?" inquired one of the pale peasants,—a woman who was

but too well acquainted, from the circumstance of near neighbourhood, with the exploits and freaks of the formidable banditti.

"Not so, Annarella," replied the old man; "the devil is not so black as he is painted. Mangone always keeps his word; and be it said between us, is often a better friend to the poor peasants than their baron's steward, or the Spaniards, and the tax-gatherers of his excellency the viceroy."

The group of dancers which had attracted the attention and admiration of the robbers, reposed for awhile, but now began again with a fresh infusion of glee and vigour. There were several pretty girls engaged in this tarantella, but one among them absorbed the faculties of Mangone. She was the most youthful and graceful of the party, and a life of labour and exposure to the scorching sun had not been able to spoil the beauty and delicacy of her face and complexion. There was an expression of innocence mixed with her really heart-felt gaiety, that might have charmed any heart; and as vice does not necessarily destroy our taste for that quality in others, but, on the contrary, rather increases it, the bandit gazed on the thoughtless girl with looks of intense interest; and when her joyful, laughing eyes met his, and were fixed, wondering, by them, his heart became her captive.

"By San Benedetto, I will try a tarantella with that maiden, though all her kindred should say nay!" whispered Mangone to his companion: and at the very next step in the dance, heedless of the frowns of her previous partner, and of her father and mother, who did not approve of a stranger's attentions, he placed himself before her.

Had the young creature acted as propriety required—for, strange as it may appear, the peasantry of Italy have very strict notions on that head—she would have refused to dance with a man unknown to her; but she was fascinated by Mangone's ardent gaze, and perhaps felt already, although all unconscious of it, that mysterious influence which will not allow a being passionately loved, not to love again.

With one momentary, deprecating look at her displeased parents, the innocent creature responded to the animated mo-

tions of Mangone; and if ever a dance could express, or favour and forward the passion of love, it is assuredly the tarantella! For some time the maiden, as the forms of the dance required, and as the feelings of her heart would have dictated, moved at a distance from her partner; then by degrees she approached him, or permitted his approach; then with pretty coquetry she bounded back from him, and danced again afar off; then she came nearer—nearer than before—then again glided from him. After this alternation of fond advance and coy retreat, the maiden, as if vanquished, sank on her knee, and the triumphant Mangone danced round her; but bounding from the ground the next minute, and clapping her hands together as if in joyful defiance, she renewed the coquetry and the dance until her partner dropped on his knee at her feet, and she finished the tarantella by dancing round him in her turn.

While kneeling at her feet, the enamoured bandit whispered some fond words, caught by no ear save that of the young Nicoletta. Whatever they were, they were evidently effective. When the dance was over, Mangone went back to his comrades, who had all now come to the spot. They procured and discussed some of the choice refreshments the place afforded; but while he partook of them, Mangone joined not the merry remarks and hearty laughs of his fellows, and never took his eye from her, who he had sworn already should be his love-mate or his victim.

In the course of the afternoon, Benedetto, in spite of some opposition, contrived to dance another tarantella with Nicoletta, and to pour more words of passion and temptation into her innocent ear. He learned from her, moreover, the village she belonged to, and the road she was to take homeward. This was all the information he required; and having obtained it, he despatched one of his trusty band to bring round horses, and to await him at a certain point at the mountain's base.

At the approach of evening, the festive parties began to break up from the holy, but most jocund spot, and to take their separate roads to their frequently distant homes, whence they had started the preceding night, with the discharge of fireworks and long-echoing acclamations, for the mountain-shrine of the blessed Virgin. Their retreat was picturesque, and other-

wise impressive. Long troops were seen, marching two by two, down the steep and narrow mountain paths; they chaunted a hymn to the Madonna as they went.

Benedetto Mangone, with his comrades, mingled with one of these troops, closely following the fair Nicoletta, until the descent of the mountain was performed, and the plain, traversed by numerous diverging paths, was before them. They did not go much further with the peaceful peasants, for at the point fixed they found the messenger and several others of Mangone's robbers armed to the teeth, waiting with a horse for each of them.

The peasants were thrown into consternation; the women screamed;—but Nicoletta, who little suspected the part he had in this sudden and alarming apparition, instinctively rushed to her bold-looking admirer,—to the handsome stranger—to Mangone himself—for protection.

“Fear not, my sweet one! it is pleasanter and fitter for pretty feet like thine to ride than to walk; this is only an escort for thee, and this thy steed,” said Mangone, bending his face to her's. The next moment his arm was round her waist, and he had leaped into his saddle, with the maiden, who had screamed and fainted, before him; and the movements of his companions being almost as quick, they at once cantered from the peasants, among whom the bereaved parents of Nicoletta shrieked and tore their hair with the wildest demonstrations of grief.

For a quarter of an hour the robbers rode at a rapid pace; but being then far away from the villagers, and at the foot of a mountain they had to cross, they relaxed their speed, and Mangone, stopping for a few minutes, attended to his fair burthen. Nicoletta recovered her senses, but her alarm was extreme, and she piteously begged to know who he was that had such a command of men and of horses, and whither he was carrying her, away from her father and her dear mother.

“I am not what I seem,” said Benedetto; “instead of this labourer's attire, I can clothe myself in the noble's mantle, or the cavalier's inlaid armour; and I am carrying thee where I will deck that pretty head and neck of thine with gold and jewels, such as few princesses possess, an' thou wilt but love me.”

"I did love thee but now," said the artless girl, "but tell me who—what art thou?" and as, waiting for his reply, she gazed on his face, which indeed wore the touching expressions of love, and love for her, she felt her own impetuous feeling revive, in spite of her fears and affliction.

"Whatever I may be, I will be thy fond lover, thy husband, an' thou wilt," said the bandit—"there! cheer thee, and tremble no more! Is not wealth better than poverty—ease and luxury, where others shall do thy every bidding, better than hard labour and subjection? my love better than?"

"True, true," interrupted the maiden; "but how is that wealth acquired? and—Oh, tell me! who art thou?"

"The wealth," he replied, "is the bleeding of our oppressors, and I am!"

"Benedetto Mangone! why loiterest thou? Brave captain, our road is long," exclaimed one of the banditti, who were all impatient to reach their homes.

"Mangone!—dost thou answer to that dreadful name, thou so gentle?" wildly inquired the poor girl.

"For want of a better, I do," replied the robber, composedly.

The maiden again screamed and fainted; and when she recovered at length in the robber's embrace, she so struggled to escape from him, that they had both well nigh fallen from the horse. His mild persuasive voice, his vows and assurances that to her he meant nothing but good, and the utter impossibility of doing any thing to avert her fate, whatever it might be, at length tranquillized her, and she rode on with him in the silence of woe and despair, and that agonizing sentiment that must accompany the disclosure, that the being who has warmed the heart to love, is the object of the world's detestation, and cannot be loved without risking one's happiness here and hereafter.

Night had now closed in, but the broad bright moon shone on the robber's mountain paths, which they pursued for many hours, until they crossed the lofty and extended chain, and reached a secluded village on the borders of a far-spreading and apparently desolate level. Here they seemed on a perfectly good understanding with the inhabitants, who were all shepherds and goatherds, and Mangone not only procured refreshments for her, which she refused to partake of, but

allowed Nicoletta time for that repose, of which she stood in need.

When they continued their journey the day dawned, and the wondering maiden found that she was crossing a wide plain bounded semicircularly by mountains, and edged afar off by the blue sea.

The robbers went on at a rapid pace, the mountains on the opposite side of the plain, which had seemed unapproachably remote, gradually became higher, bolder, and nearer to the eye; a rapid river was crossed by a difficult ferry kept by men, evidently the comrades of Mangone's troop, and the party plunged into a deep thick wood. They had advanced for some time in this mysterious neighbourhood, when Nicoletta's ears were assailed by a tremendous barking of dogs.

"Our faithful friends keep good watch over our woodland homes, where we shall presently be, and where thou shalt be as queen!" said the robber-chief, who had not failed, at frequent intervals of the hurried journey, to speak kindly and encouragingly to his prize, and to endeavour to reconcile her to her destiny.

And in a few minutes, having passed a strange-looking edifice, and some ranged columns which seemed to the peasant girl like skeletons of some giant's abode, she found herself in the midst of a group of cabins and huts that formed a little hamlet in the depth of the wood, where no eye could see them, until so near that the hand might almost touch them. A number of ferocious-looking men, and some women and children, came out to welcome the returning troop and their chief, Mangone, who, with briefer courtesy to them than he usually practised, lifted Nicoletta from the horse, and carried her, terrified and almost lifeless as she was, into the largest and best of these sylvan abodes.

The interior of this cabin was far different from any thing she had ever seen; and when with timid eyes she had glanced over the bright arms, and the wolf skins that hung on its walls; on the huge chests—rich garments, inlaid cuirasses, and massive plate, piled with picturesque confusion in open recesses, or in the corners of the room, she threw herself on its earthen floor, and wept for her own poor cottage at home among the mountains of Atripalda. Mangone, seeing he laboured in vain to cheer her drooping spirits and dissipate her alarm, after he

had with difficulty prevailed upon her to take some goat's milk and bread, left her to repose. He did not again intrude upon her for some hours; but when he did, instead of finding her in the enjoyment of restoring and tranquil sleep, or refreshed by its genial effects, he found his beautiful prize burning with a tremendous fever, and almost delirious.

(To be continued.)

MILITARY EXECUTION OF TWO HAYTIAN CAPTAINS.

Mr. S. told us, that the two unfortunates in question were, one of them, a Guernsey man, and the other a man of colour, a native of St. Vincent's, whom the president had promoted to the command of two Haytian ships that had been employed in carrying coffee to England; but on their last return voyage, they had introduced a quantity of base Birmingham coin into the republic; which fact having been proved on their trial, they had been convicted of treason against the state, condemned, and were under sentence of death; and the government being purely military, they were to be shot the next morning. A boat was immediately sent on board, and the messenger returned with a prayer-book; and we prepared to visit the miserable men.

Mr. Bang insisted on joining us, ever first where misery was to be relieved; and we proceeded towards the prison. Following the sailor, who was the mate of one of the ships, presently we arrived before the door of the place where the unfortunate men were confined. We were speedily admitted; but the house where they were confined, had none of the common appurtenances of a prison. There were neither long galleries, nor strong iron-bound and clamped doors, to pass through; nor jailors with rusty keys jingling; nor fetters clanking; for we had not made two steps past the black grenadiers who guarded the door, when a serjeant shewed us into a long ill-lighted room, about thirty feet by twelve—in truth, it was more like a gallery than a room—with the windows into the street open, and no precaution taken, apparently at least, to prevent the escape of the condemned. In truth, if they had broken forth, I imagine the kind-hearted president would not have made any serious enquiry as to the *how*.

There was a small rickety old card table, covered with a tattered green cloth, standing in the middle of the floor, which was composed of dirty unpolished pitch pine planks; and on this table glimmered two brown wax candles, in old-fashioned brass candlesticks. Between us and the table, forming a sort of a line across the floor, stood four black soldiers, with their muskets at their shoulders, while beyond them sat, in old-fashioned arm-chairs, three figures, whose appearance I never can forget.

The man fronting us rose on our entrance. He was an uncommon handsome elderly personage; his age I should guess to have been about fifty. He was dressed in white trousers and shirt, and wore no coat, his head was very bald, and very dark whiskers and eyebrows, above which towered a most splendid forehead, white, massive, and spreading. His eyes were deep-set and sparkling, but he was pale, very pale, and his fine features were sharp and pinched. He sat with his hands clasped together, and resting on the table, his fingers twitching to and fro convulsively, while his under jaw had dropped a little, and from the constant motion of his head, and the heaving of his chest, it was clear that he was breathing quick and painfully.

The man on his right hand was altogether a more vulgar-looking personage. He was a man of colour, his caste being indicated by his short curly black hair, while his African descent was vouched for by his obtuse features; but he was composed and steady in his bearing. He was dressed in white trousers and waistcoat, and a blue surtout; and on our entrance he also rose, and remained standing. But the figure on the elder prisoner's left hand, riveted my attention more than either of the other two. She was a respectable-looking little thin woman, but dressed with great neatness, in a plain black silk gown. Her sharp features were high and well formed; her eyes and mouth were not particularly noticeable, but her hair was most beautiful—her long shining auburn hair—although she must have been forty at the youngest, and her skin was like the driven snow. When we entered, she was seated on the left hand of the elder prisoner, and was lying back on her chair, with her arms crossed on her bosom, her eyes wide open, and staring

upwards towards the roof, with the tears coursing each other down over her cheeks, while her lower jaw had fallen down as if she had been dead—her breathing was scarcely perceptible—her bosom remaining still as the frozen sea, for the space of a minute, when she would draw a long breath, with a low moaning noise, and then succeeded a convulsive crowing gasp, like a child in the hooping cough, and all would be still again.

At length captain N—— addressed the elder prisoner: "You have sent for us, Mr. . . .; what can we do for you, in accordance with our duty as English officers?"

The poor man looked round at us with a vacant stare—but his fellow-sufferer instantly spoke: "Gentlemen, this is very kind—very kind. I sent my mate to borrow a prayer-book from you, for our consolation now must flow from above—man cannot comfort us." The female, who was the elder prisoner's wife, suddenly leant forward, and peered instantly into Mr. Bang's face—"Prayer-book," said she—"prayer-book—why, I have a prayer-book—I will go for my prayer-book," and she arose quickly from her seat.—"*Restez*," quoth the black sergeant. The word recalled her senses—she laid her head on her hands, on the table, and sobbed out, as if her heart was bursting, "Oh, God! oh, God! is it come to this?" the frail table trembling beneath her, with her heart-crushing emotion. His wife's misery now seemed to recall the elder prisoner to himself. He made a strong effort, and in some degree recovered his composure.

"Captain N——," said he—"I believe you know our story. That we have been justly condemned I admit; but it is a fearful thing to die, captain, in a strange country, and by the hands of these barbarians, and to leave my own dear——." Here his voice altogether failed him—presently he resumed: "The government have sealed up my papers and packages, and I have neither Bible nor prayer-book: will you spare us the use of one, or both, for this night, sir?" The captain said, he had brought a prayer-book, and did all he could to comfort the fellows. But, alas! their grief "knew not consolation's name."

Captain N—— read prayers, which were listened to by both the miserable men with the greatest devotion, while

all the while the poor woman never moved a muscle, every faculty appearing to be frozen up by grief and misery. At length the elder prisoner again spoke: "I know I have no claim on you, gentlemen; but I am an Englishman—at least, I hope I may call myself an Englishman, and my wife there is an English woman;—when I am gone—oh, gentlemen, what is to become of *her*?—If I were but sure that she would be cared for, and enabled to return to her friends, the bitterness of death would be past." Here the poor woman threw herself round her husband's neck and gave a shrill sharp cry, and relaxing her hold, fell down across his knees, with her head hanging back, and her face towards the roof, in a dead faint. For a minute or two, the poor man's sole concern seemed to be the condition of his wife. "I will undertake that your wife shall be sent safe to England, my good man," said Mr. Bang. The felon looked at him—drew one hand across his eyes, which were misty with tears, held down his head, and again looked up—at length, he found his tongue: "That God who rewardeth good deeds here—that God whom I offended—before whom I must answer for my sins by daybreak to-morrow, will reward you—I can only thank you." He seized Mr. Bang's hand, and kissed it. With heavy hearts we left the miserable group; and I may mention here, that Mr. Bang was as good as his word, and paid the poor woman's passage home, and, so far as I know, she is now restored to her family.

We slept that night at Mr. S——'s, and as morning dawned we mounted our horses, which our worthy host had kindly desired to be ready, in order to enable us to take our exercise in the cool of the morning. As we rode past the Place d'Armes, or open space in front of the president's palace, we heard sounds of military music, and asked the first chance passenger what was going on. "*Exécution militaire*, or rather," said the man, "the two sea captains, who introduced the base money, are to be shot this morning—there, against the rampart." Of the fact we were aware, but we did not dream that we had ridden so near the whereabouts. "Aye, indeed," said Mr. Bang. He looked towards the captain. "My dear N——, I have no wish to witness so horrible a sight, but still, what

say you, shall we pull up, or ride on ?” The truth was, that captain N—— and myself were both of us desirous of seeing the execution—from what impelling motives, let learned blockheads, who have never gloated over a hanging, determine ; and quickly it was determined that we should wait and witness it.

First advanced a whole regiment of the president’s guards, and then a battalion of infantry of the line, close to which followed a whole bevy of priests clad in white, which contrasted conspicuously with their brown and black faces. After them, marched two firing parties of twelve men each, drafted indiscriminately, as it would appear, from the whole garrison ; for the grenadier cap was there intermingled with the glazed shako of the battalion company, and the light morion of the dismounted dragoon. Then came the prisoners. The elder culprit, respectably clothed in white shirt, waistcoat, and trousers, and blue coat, with an Indian silk yellow handkerchief bound round his head. His lips were compressed together with an unnatural firmness, and his features were sharpened like those of a corpse. His eyes were half shut, but every now and then he opened them wide, and gave a startling rapid glance about him, and occasionally he staggered a little in his gait. As he approached the place of execution, his eyelids fell, his under-jaw dropped, his arms hung dangling by his side like empty sleeves ; still he walked steadily on, mechanically keeping time, like an automaton, to the measured tread of the soldiery. His fellow-sufferer followed him. His eye was bright, his complexion healthy, his step firm, and he immediately recognized us in the throng, made a bow to captain N——, and held out his hand to Mr. Bang, who was nearest to him, and shook it cordially. The procession moved on. The troops formed into three sides of a square, the remaining one being the earthen mound that constituted the rampart of the place. A halt was called. The two firing parties advanced to the sound of muffled drums, and having arrived at the crest of the glacis, right over the counterscarp, they halted on what, in a more regular fortification, would have been termed the covered way. The prisoners, perfectly unfettered, advanced between them, step-

ped down with a firm step into the ditch, each led by a grenadier. In the centre of the ditch they turned and kneeled, neither of their eyes being bound. A priest advanced, and seemed to pray with the brown man fervently ; another offered spiritual consolation to the Englishman, who seemed now to have rallied his torpid faculties, but he waved him away impatiently, and taking a book from his bosom, seemed to repeat a prayer with great fervour. At this very instant of time, Mr. Bang caught his eye. He dropped the book on the ground, placed one hand on his heart, while he pointed upwards towards heaven with the other, calling out, in a loud clear voice, “Remember !” Aaron bowed. A mounted officer now rode quickly up to the brink of the ditch, and called out, “*Depechez.*”

The priests left the miserable men, and all was still as death for a minute. A low solitary tap of the drum—the firing parties came to *recover*, and presently taking the time from the sword of the staff-officer who had spoken, came down to the present, and fired a rattling, straggling volley. The brown man sprung up into the air three or four feet, and fell dead ; he had been shot through the heart ; but the white man was only wounded, and had fallen, writhing, and struggling, and shrieking, to the ground. I heard him distinctly call out, as the reserve of six men stepped into the ditch, “*Dans la tete, dans la tete.*” One of the grenadiers advanced, and putting the musket close to his face, fired. The ball splashed into his skull, through his left eye, setting fire to his hair and clothes, and the handkerchief bound round his head, and making the brains and blood flash up all over his face, and the person of the soldier who had given him the *coup de grace*.

A strong murmuring noise, like the rushing of many waters, growled amongst the ranks and the surrounding spectators, while a short sharp exclamation of horror every now and then gashed out shrill and clear, and fearfully distinct above the appalling monotony.

The miserable man instantly stretched out his legs and arms straight and rigidly, a strong shiver pervaded his whole frame, his jaw fell, his muscles relaxed, and he and his brother in calamity became portion of the bloody clay on which they were stretched.



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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE queen of Poland entered the apartment of the princess Maria Josepha of Saxony, her daughter, with a quick step and animated countenance, and, making a sign for the young lady's governess to withdraw, she said—

“I come to announce to you, my dear child, the joyful intelligence that the king of France has demanded you in marriage for his son the dauphin.”

A slight colour suffused the usually pale cheek of the young Josepha, as she looked up from her embroidery frame in surprise, exclaiming,—

“The king of France cannot mean me, mamma.”

“Why not, my dear?”

“I am so plain, you know, my dearest mamma; I am sure,” pursued she, blushing and casting down her eyes, which filled with tears as she spoke, “the dauphin would be sadly disappointed on receiving such a bride as your poor Josepha.”

“The dauphin has seen your picture, my love.”

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“Oh! but, my dearest mamma, that picture was such a flattering resemblance, that he will have reason to say he has been deceived when he beholds the original. Pray let him be informed how very inattractive I am.”

“Nay, nay, my simple child, that would be indeed very far from the truth,” replied the queen; “for if I form any adequate idea of the word attraction, it is a quality in which you are far from deficient. The dauphin is aware that you are not beautiful, but he has been informed that you are amiable, sweet tempered, and high principled: in short, that the charms of your mind more than compensate for the absence of that outward beauty which is to him a matter of perfect indifference; for his heart is buried in the grave of his first wife, the lovely Maria Theresa of Spain.”

“Why then does he marry again?”

“Because it is the will of his royal father that he should sacrifice his private feelings to the wishes of his country.”

“And I, then, dearest mamma, am to be torn from your tender arms, to be consigned to a reluctant husband, who

has never seen me, and who will regard me with coldness and distaste," said the weeping princess.

"My dear child," replied the queen, "you are, no less than the dauphin, the property of the state, and, like him, bound to submit your own inclinations to the good of your country and the authority of your parents. It is the lot of royalty."

"Cruel heritage!" sighed the princess; "yet, dearest mamma, think not that I am about to embitter our approaching separation with unavailing opposition to my royal father's will. I know my duty, both as a daughter and a subject, and I submit myself to the disposal of my king and country."

"Spoken like my own noble girl," replied the queen, embracing her daughter, and fondly kissing away the sorrowful drops that still hung on her cheek. "Go, my child," continued she; "fulfil the glorious destiny that awaits thee. Thou art worthy to reign over a mighty nation. Qualities like thine cannot fail to conciliate the respect, and finally to win the love, of any husband who has a heart to appreciate virtue and mental charms. Instead of thy father's, thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands."

"But, oh! my mother," said the princess, pressing closer to the maternal bosom from which she was so soon to be separated, "how shall I meet the queen of France, and who is the daughter of the traitor Stanislaus Luzinski, who endeavoured to rob my father of the throne of Poland; nay, even succeeded, through the assistance of the conquering arms of Charles of Sweden, in driving him from his dominions, and wresting for a season the sceptre from his hands?"

"You must forget the circumstance, and treat her with the reverence that is due to your sovereign, and the mother of your consort."

"But how, dearest mamma, will the daughter of the deposed usurper, Stanislaus, endure the presence of the child of the royal Augustus, whom Poland, with an unanimous voice, recalled to his rightful throne, when released from the foreign domination of the king of Sweden? Will she not make use of her power as queen of France, and, above all, as the mother of my husband, to treat me with unkindness

and neglect? And my husband, too, may not he regard me as the daughter of an enemy?"

"My child, you will be placed in a delicate situation," returned the queen; "but you are aware of its difficulties, and are, I trust, possessed of sufficient greatness of mind, sweetness, and forbearance, to meet and conquer them."

It was a severe trial for the youthful Josepha, when the dreaded moment came for her to bid adieu to her fond parents and weeping friends. She struggled to appear composed, and in some measure succeeded in concealing her grief, and the strong reluctance she entertained against this marriage; but though she bore herself like a princess and a heroine, she felt like a timid, tender-hearted girl, on quitting the scenes of her childhood, and the beloved objects of her affection and reverence, for an unknown land of strangers.

The French hastened in crowds to obtain a sight of the new dauphiness, on her public entrance into France; but they are a people so influenced by externals, that, although they could not help admitting that her countenance was ingenuous, and indicative both of talent and sweetness, there was a murmur of disapprobation when they contrasted her appearance with the recollection of her beautiful predecessor.

The bride was painfully aware of this impression, which was the more distressing to so young a female, when deprived of the soothing support of a mother's encouraging presence, and for the first time in her life thrown on her own resources, to think, to speak, and to act for herself: but, with the true dignity of a superior mind, she summoned all the slumbering energies of her character to meet the trying scenes that awaited her.

Her first interview with the dauphin and his royal parents was at hand, and she was compelled to stifle alarm, agitation, and childish tremors, to comport herself in a manner likely to conciliate the regard of these arbiters of her future destiny.

The queen, Maria Luzinski, received her with frigid politeness, but uttered no word of soothing or encouragement.

"It is plain," thought poor Josepha, "that her majesty remembers the relative situation of our fathers, and dislikes me for the sake of mine."

There was a greater show of friendliness on the part of Louis the Fifteenth in the reception of his daughter-in-law, as far at least as complimentary phrases and expressions of affectionate regard went; yet the slight but perceptible shrug with which the royal profligate scanned her from head to foot, when she advanced to offer him the homage of her knee, was sufficiently indicative of his contemptuous opinion of her person.

Josepha saw and felt it all; but she had strength of mind and magnanimity enough to endure the mortification with calmness. Her keenest pang was caused by the unanswered appeal for sympathy and compassion which her meek eye addressed to the pale statue-like being to whom a marriage of state policy was about to unite her.

The touch of his hand, as with formal courtesy and averted looks the dauphin raised her from her kneeling posture, chilled her with the contact of that mortal coldness which is of the heart.

"Why did they take me from affectionate parents and a happy home?" thought the offended bride, suppressing, with a powerful effort, the gush of bitter tears which appeared ready to overflow her eyes, in spite of her struggles to restrain them.

It was difficult for one so young and unaccustomed to disguise, to conceal the feelings of wounded pride, and all the other painful emotions that filled her heart. Yet she commanded herself sufficiently to make graceful and appropriate replies to the observations which the king addressed to her; and so well did she acquit herself, that his majesty, after she had withdrawn with the ladies of the bed-chamber, was pleased to express his approbation of the ease and elegance of her manners, her ready wit, and the agreeable tones of her voice. Even her countenance, he said, became pleasing when she spoke.

Poor Josepha, meantime, unconscious of these commendations, had quitted the royal presence with a heavy heart, and was preparing to exchange the simplicity of her virgin attire for the splendid robes prescribed for the approaching nuptial solemnity. Far, however, from betraying the secret anguish and proud reluctance of her troubled spirit, with which she assumed the jewelled tiara and glittering

decorations of a dauphiness of France, she conversed with those about her with a sweetness and affability that made them almost forget her want of beauty.

The fair courtiers even carried their complaisance so far as to pronounce the princess "*tres charmante*," when the duties of her tedious toilette were at length completed, and she stood arrayed in all the pomp of her bridal magnificence; and they vied with each other in lavishing all the expressions of admiration, their language could convey on the beauty of her luxuriant flaxen hair, which was, in truth, deserving of all that could be said in its praise.

In compliance with the urgent entreaties of these ladies, Josepha walked to the mirror, but with a deep sigh she withdrew her eyes, after a hasty glance, which at the same moment showed her the reflection of a full-length portrait of the late dauphiness, whose angel features and graceful figure, as there depicted, appeared to render her own want of personal attraction more apparent from the contrast.

"Alas!" said she, "why did they cruelly select, for the second wife of the dauphin, one so little calculated to bear a comparison with his first?"

"The most beautiful woman in the world would be regarded by my brother, the dauphin, with the same feelings of indifference, when considered as the successor of his lost Theresa," observed Madame Louise of France, who had entered while the young dauphiness was thus speaking. "Courage, my sister!" continued this amiable lady, affectionately embracing the dejected bride: "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong: you may, by unobtrusive gentleness and softness, obtain an influence over the heart of your husband which beauty might fail of acquiring, unless assisted by the charms of mental superiority. That you possess those charms in no ordinary degree, I am persuaded. Be patient; and the time may come when you will be as much to him as her for whom he laments with such passionate regret."

Thus comforted and encouraged, the princess Josepha was enabled to present herself to the scrutinising eyes of the French court, with the self-possession which the formidable ceremonial that awaited her presence required.

“ I must forget the sensitive feeling of woman’s delicacy and woman’s pride, which prompt me to shrink from exchanging the nuptial plight with a man to whom I am too evidently an object of dislike ; and remembering only that I am a princess, act in conformity with the duty I owe to my country and my parents,” thought she, as she encountered the tearful melancholy glance of the dauphin, when he took his place beside her at the altar ; and when the archbishop united their trembling hands, the mortal coldness of his touch again thrilled her heart with a foreboding pang which shook her frame with a tremor of agitation that subsided not till the conclusion of the momentous ceremony which had united her for life to one in whose ear the officious congratulations of courtiers and friends appeared to sound more dismally than a knell.

Painfully aware as she was of her husband’s feelings, it was impossible for her to pause for the indulgence, or even the analysis, of her own.

She was compelled to smile, to appear composed, to exchange appropriate compliments with the king, the queen, and the whole court. She had a prescribed part in the heartless drama of courtly ceremonial, and she saw the necessity of performing it well ; and in this she was engrossingly occupied till the hour arrived for her to withdraw to her own apartment.

The magnificence of the bridal chamber, the richness of its decorations, the blaze of its lights, and the glittering *coup d’œil* of the toilet that was prepared for her, oppressed her full heart with the sickening consciousness of how much at variance was all the pomp and splendour with which she was surrounded, with the dark and joyless aspect of her destiny.

The ladies of the bedchamber were urgent in their entreaties to be allowed to assist her in disrobing.

She stood for a moment irresolute : then feeling it impossible to overcome her reluctance, she implored them to retire for half an hour, that she might enjoy the unrestrained opportunity of performing her devotions.

It was in the first moments of this privacy, so eagerly desired by the gilded puppet who had so sorely wearied of the part she had been reluctantly performing in the pageant of that festive day, that

she gave vent to the long restrained flood of tears which could no longer be suppressed, and throwing herself upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, she fervently implored counsel and support of her heavenly Father ; and so deeply was she absorbed in the earnestness of her tearful supplications, which she at length breathed in audible murmurs, mixed with convulsive sobs, that it was not till a heavy sigh near her informed her she was not alone, that she became aware of the presence of an earthly witness of her communings with God.

Starting from her kneeling attitude, the trembling agitated girl encountered, for the first time, the mournfully intense gaze of her husband.

Her timid eyes sought the ground in confusion, and she stood, covered with blushes, waiting, with a fluttering heart, for only one kind look or word of encouragement from him with whom her destiny was now irrevocably united. But he was silent ; and when she again summoned courage to direct a glance towards him, she discovered that his eyes were averted from her, and turned with a glance of agonising recognition on the jewels of his late wife, with which the toilet was covered ; and, with a cry of anguish, he exclaimed,

“ Is it not enough, that I have been compelled to give thy name and place to another ; but must they mock my grief by arranging for me to keep a second bridal in this very room, my lost Theresa, where every object so painfully reminds my widowed heart of thee.”

At these words the weeping dauphiness approached, and, throwing herself at his feet, exclaimed, “ Fear not, my lord, that I shall ever seek to intrude upon the love and regret which are given to my lamented predecessor. We are equally the victims of state policy, in being compelled to a marriage in which you must be aware my inclinations have been as little consulted as your own. All I ask of you is compassion and endurance : I am too evidently an object of aversion to you, yet I entreat you not to hate a young, a helpless, and a very friendless creature, who is thrown upon your protection, and who is anxious to devote herself to your will, either as the most dutiful of wives, or the tenderest of friends.”

The unexpected frankness of her address—the modesty, yet the boldness of her eloquent appeal to his justice and his sympathy—the touching sweetness of her voice, and the pleading tears which filled the eyes of the youthful wife, made their way resistlessly to the heart of the dauphin.

He raised her from the lowly posture of supplication which she had not disdained to assume, and, begging her to forgive the coldness and abstraction of his manner, and the inconsiderate indulgence of his passionate grief for his first wife, he gently drew her to him, and, imprinting a first kiss on her lips, said—

“The confidence, the friendship, and the esteem of a widowed heart, Josepha, is all I can offer to any one—dare I ask you to accept these?”

“The confidence, the friendship, and the esteem of a heart like your's, is much for me to have gained in one day, my lord,” replied the dauphiness, pressing her consort's hand to her lips; “doubt not of my valuing these precious offerings at their full worth, and making it the study of my whole life to improve and deserve them; and perhaps a time may come——”

She did not finish the sentence, her apprehensive delicacy checking the expression of hopes which might alarm the fastidious feelings of the dauphin; but the time, the happy time, which then arose before her in blissful anticipation, did at length arrive, when the grateful husband acknowledged that the fond soother of his cares—the tender mother of his numerous and hopeful progeny—the prudent counsellor on whose wisdom he could confidently rely in every situation of doubt and difficulty; and the affectionate nurse who watched over his sick, and, finally, his dying bed, was dearer to him than even his adored Theresa in the bloom of her bridal beauty.

THE BRIGAND OF EBOLI.

(Concluded from p. 54.)

EVERY assistance that he, aided by an old woman of the lawless colony, to which she was sole medical practitioner, could bestow, was lavished on the young Nicoletta; but, in spite of all this, which was, perhaps, not always of the most judicious nature, she continued to suffer from the

fever brought on by the excitement of the mind, and the fatigues of the rapid journey; nor was it until several days had elapsed, that she was so far convalescent as to leave the couch of wolf and sheep skin that her dreaded host had affectionately prepared for her. On the evening of that day that she felt so far recovered, as she was sitting alone in the robber's cabin, wondering at the wealth it contained, and almost forgetting by what unlawful means that wealth had been acquired, Mangone appeared suddenly before her, humanized by the feeling of love, and with the same expression of countenance, the same attitude, and the same sweet tones of voice, by which he had captivated her simple heart in the tarantella, at the Monti degli Angioli. She had been sensible of his tender, unwearying care, during her illness—she had caught his sighs on her lip—she had seen the tears in his eyes, which had never glanced with their fatal ferocity on her, or on any one in her presence—and now, uninformed as she was, wanting of that strong moral feeling which only education can give, and which, even in the educated, cannot always subdue the passion of love for an unworthy object, it is not surprising if her heart softened towards her captor, and she regarded with less horror her separation from her family and friends—the condition he proposed to her of becoming a robber's bride.

That night, being passed with the restlessness which fever generally leaves, and which was increased by her peculiar situation, the young peasant opened the door of the cabin, and remarking that the whole of the robber-hamlet was buried in deep repose, issued from the confined apartment, to breathe the cool, nocturnal air. It was a calm, lovely night, the broad moon illuminated an open glade of the deep wood, which ran immediately before her hut; she walked along this with slow, meditating steps, until she came to an ancient edifice, like that she had passed in another part of the wood, when carried thither by Mangone. This, like its fellow, was one of the three glorious temples of Paestum; those sublime remains of antiquity which have since attracted the wondering travellers from all the civilized countries of the world, but which were then, as they remained for many years, buried in a wild wood,

and unknown, save to the robbers, who made them their haunt, or to the wandering goat-herd, or the fisherman, who might catch a glimpse of them peering over the trees from the contiguous coast.

She was proceeding with hurried steps, when her attention was attracted by an object that lay on the ground beside one of these moonlit columns. Whatever it was, it gleamed with a wax-light ghastly hue, in the rays of the sweet planet—she stooped to ascertain it, and saw with horror, a human body streaked with blood ! With her own young blood congealing in her veins, she rushed onward without purpose,—but what other object was that, glaring at her from the diverging branches of an old tree ? It was another human body in the attitude of crucifixion, with the writhed countenance of one who had died in torture, displayed by the pale moonlight. With the fascination of horror—with eyes starting out of her head, she stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the spectacle of atrocity. Then she ran wildly forward to escape its sight, to the temple ; but there, even on the holy *ara*, other objects of dread disgust met her sight ; and at her sudden intrusion, a swarm of ravens and night-birds, that were batten- ing on the mutilated victims of the robbers' barbarity, flew on high to the archi- traves of the ancient edifice, where they croaked and screamed in wild, horrible discord. This was too much for Nicoletta to bear, and with a shriek she fainted and fell on the floor of the temple.

How long she remained in this state, she knew not ; but with her returning senses came the dreary conviction of Mangone's hellish guilt, and the firm determination to escape from him or die. Not knowing whither she went, she ran through the thick wood that closed immediately beyond the open space in which the temple stood. For a long time she wandered in its intricacies, but at length, guided by chance, followed a narrow opening that led to its issue, near the sea-shore. Day was now beginning to dawn on the beautiful and tranquil gulf, and she saw, by its light, the little town of Acropoli, standing on a cliff that is washed by the sea. Thitherward she was direct- ing her steps, when she perceived a fisherman's bark preparing to leave the shore, close at hand. With a supplicating, piteous cry, and with tottering limbs, she

ran towards it : she reached it breathless, and a grey-headed mariner was easily persuaded to receive the exhausted, pallid, horror-stricken maiden, on board his bark, which instantly glided from the atrocious neighbourhood.

It was not until several hours after her escape, that Mangone, previously to start- ing on an expedition to intercept the viceroy's *procaccio*, or mail, repaired to the cabin to commune in gentleness and love with his captive, whom he destined for his wife as soon as she should be well. His consternation and rage at not finding her in the hut—nor in the hamlet—were such as only a fiery, volcanic nature like his, could feel with such intensity. The ex- pedition was abandoned, and himself and his somewhat murmuring comrades went off in different directions, to scour the country in quest of the peasant girl.

But Nicoletta was safe with the old fisherman, who carried her to his own town of Salerno, at the opposite end of the gulf : nor was it until weeks after that her tiger-lover, who never gave up his endeavours to recover her, learned from one of his numerous emissaries, that a girl answering to her description had been received into the service of a noble- man of that fair city. With this intimation, and under cover of a skilful disguise, the daring, fearless Mangone, flew from his retreat to Salerno, and ventured within the walls of the city, where he soon traced out the fugitive, who, dreading to return among her kindred and friends with the suspicion of dishonour upon her, so readily entertained by those jealous, susceptible people of the south, and so acutely felt by the female peasantry, and by all the lower classes of Italians (whatever be the morals of their superiors)—had indeed deter- mined to live among strangers, and had obtained service in the noble mansion to which he had traced her. His ever-ready wits, now sharpened by the value he attached to the prize at stake—by the passion that raged in his breast, and aggravated by disappointment—at once busied themselves in devising the means of decoying Nicoletta from the town, and carrying her off again to his haunt. He watched about the nobleman's house in which he supposed her to be, during the whole day. A glance he caught of her beautiful face at a window, almost mad- dened him, and his prudence could scarcely

prevent him from rushing into the mansion and seizing her at that moment.

The gloom and stillness of night fell on the town of Salerno; the inhabitants had gone to their peaceful slumbers, and the robber Mangone was still prowling round the dark walls which contained the object of his fierce affection, when he saw a person enveloped in a large Spanish cloak approach the silent mansion. He glided into a deep shadow, where he remained unseen, but whence he could watch the proceedings of the mysterious visitor.

Presently, the man in the cloak clapped his hands; the signal was answered by opening of a window: the man threw up the ends of a rope-ladder he carried concealed under his mantle, and in the next instant, before Mangone could reach him and stab him to the heart, he ascended with the active steps of youth and love, and entered the house.

It never entered into Mangone's mad-dened brain, that in the mansion there must be other women; absorbed himself by one image, he felt that the beautiful Nicoletta must be the object of this night visit, and burning with furious jealousy and revenge, he stayed to kill his fancied rival when he should descend into the street. Just at this moment of absolute madness, a Spanish patrol approached the spot, and the robber bethought him of a recent and sanguinary law:—to put a stop to the immoralities and intrigues carried to a shameful excess by the lawless young nobles of that day, the viceroy had decreed that any individual found entering another's house, or even detected carrying a rope-ladder by night, should be instantly punished with death; and the Spartan severity of this law, as the robber well knew, had been really put in practice. Now, therefore, fearful of being apprehended himself—fearful that his rival might escape the vengeance of his arm—blinded and mastered by the jealousy of the moment—he rushed to the guard, and informed them of what he had so unwillingly witnessed. The captain of the Spaniards instantly roused the house, and while he entered with part of the men the gate the porter opened, the rest remained stationary under the window, or went to the rear of the mansion to intercept the retreat of the offending lover. In a few seconds, a young man in the garb of a cavalier—for he had thrown off the large

mantle that impeded his flight—appeared at the window where Mangone had seen him enter; and though he perceived but too plainly the Spanish guard in the street, he threw out the cords, and drawing his sword, glided down in the midst of them. However strong and expert his arm, and valiant his spirit, he could in no respect have offered a successful resistance; but as he reached the ground, he stumbled and fell, and was at once pinioned by the soldiers. He was scarcely secured, when a young lady—a very different person indeed from Nicoletta, for she was the daughter of the noble owner of the mansion—to escape the first fury of her dishonoured father, and perhaps, still more, to witness her lover's fate, or to intercede for him, descended into the street by the same giddy, unsafe rope-ladder, and calling piteously on the name of Luigi—her dear Luigi—she rushed to the captive youth.

At this sight, which proved to him his jealousy had committed an awkward mistake, Mangone would have gone off and evaded inquiries as to himself, which he felt would be rather difficult to answer. But as he was slinking round the corner of the mansion, some of the Spanish guards stopped him, and told him he must go with them to the guard-house. And away therefore he went, with the weeping lady, and the astounded, enraged knight.

They had scarcely entered this stronghold, whose iron-bound doors and iron gratings somewhat damped the spirit of the imprudent robber, when the lady's infuriated father arrived with the captain of the guard. On perceiving who was the lover—that he was noble as himself, though estranged by a family feud, and unmarried and free—the old baron's heart relented, and as his passion cooled, he listened to the cavalier Luigi, who represented, that not only might he be saved from the law's severity, but the honour of all parties preserved, by his immediate marriage with the young lady, whom he had wooed and won in secrecy, solely because the existing enmities of their families prevented him from pursuing any other course. The captain of the guard, who now found that in arresting Luigi he had placed a friend's life in jeopardy, joined him in his endeavours to conciliate the old nobleman, and to make up matters at once.

"We must thus avoid further scandal and remark," said he; "none but my faithful men here, and a few of your own domestics, as yet know aught of the unpleasant occurrence—except, indeed, this fellow, who turned informer."

"And who is he?" cried Luigi.

"Aye, who is he?" echoed the guard, and some of them rushed to bring the robber (who would have sunk in the earth, or buried himself in eternal darkness) to the light of a cresset lamp that hung from the high roof of the apartment.

But though thus caught in his own trap—though confused with the sense of his own folly, and pent up and surrounded by armed men, the bandit's presence of mind did not quite forsake him: approaching the captain, he said, boldly,—

"I am a peasant of Apulia, poor and houseless, and seeking for work, but a faithful subject of his majesty the king of Spain, to whom I did my duty in obeying the orders of his excellency the viceroy!"

One thing, however, he forgot; he did not disguise his natural voice, which was but too well known to one present and most deeply interested.

"By the saints! I have heard the tones of that voice before now, and thou art not what thou sayest," exclaimed Luigi, coming forward to the light, and confronting the robber: "if thou art not Benedetto Mangone, hold out thy right hand!"

"Benedetto Mangone! on whose head is a *taglio* of a thousand golden ducats! Is our fate so fortunate?" cried the Spanish soldiers, closing round the robber, who did not hold out his hand, but, pale as ashes, gazed with fixed eyes on the cavalier, whom he indeed had too late recognized as one whom he had robbed and captured not many weeks before.

"The villain is well disguised," continued the cavalier; "but I know that peculiar voice, and I could swear to Mangone, among thousands, by an extraordinary wound under his wrist: let him hold out his right hand!"

"'Tis here!" said the robber, gnashing his teeth, and drawing his arm forth from his bosom, on which it had been crossed; but he drew a dagger from beneath his vest with it, and would have stabbed his detector to the heart, but for one of the guards, who levelled him to the earth with a tremendous blow of his halbert.

In falling, his high conical cap, and a quantity of false red hair, flew from his bleeding head; the soldiers who stooped to remove him, found a breastplate under his peasant's dress; and Luigi recognised the wounded hand of Mangone.

When the robber came to his senses, he muttered, "Old Pasquale's prediction is verified, and I am lost for woman!" but no other words could be forced from him. On the morrow, when hundreds of the Salernitans, attracted by the astounding news, that the long-dreaded Mangone was at length taken, thronged to the prison, his person was sworn to by many, and he was sent under a formidable guard to Naples, to meet the death he so richly merited. But the horrid tortures that preceded that death, and the mode in which it was finally inflicted, are such as humanity shudders to think of. He was dragged through the streets on a hurdle, executioners tearing his skin as he went with iron pincers; and, after months of captivity, he was broken on a wheel by blows of hammers, in the Mercato, or great market-place of Naples. "And of no avail," says the Neapolitan historian, Giannone, "was this dreadful spectacle, and horrid example, for others: almost immediately after Mangone's death, another famous robber, called Marco Sciarra, took the field, and in imitation of king Macrone of Calabria, another bandit, styled himself the king of Campagna, and, with a troop of 600 men, surpassed the exploits and the atrocities of his predecessors.

But, to conclude my tale with pleasanter matter: the young cavalier Luigi was united to the fair daughter of the Salernitan baron; and the pretty Nicoletta, instead of being a robber's wife, soon made a more fitting match with one of the pages of her mistress's husband.

FACINO CANE.

A man in middling circumstances complained to the celebrated military chief, Facino Cane, that he had been stripped of a cloak by one of his soldiers. Facino, seeing that he had a good coat on, asked him if he was dressed in the same way when his cloak was taken. The man answered that he was. "Then get about your business," said Facino: "the man who robbed you is none of my soldiers; none of them would have left you so good a coat upon your back."



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THE BULL-FIGHTER OF MADRID :
A SPANISH STORY.

AT a vine-encircled cottage, embowered amidst the beautiful sierras of a valley about three leagues from Madrid, a group of light-hearted damsels had met to enjoy the dance and song characteristic of a holiday excursion. The day had been a delightful one, and the evening lustre of a sunset sky irradiated the charming landscape with its mellow rays. The wide expanse of the surrounding vally presented the somewhat crowded features of Spanish scenery—gorgeous groves of orange-trees displaying their golden load, encircled by the vernal relief of the ilex and algorobo—hedges of rosemary, myrtle, or the thorny pear, intersected with thickets of geranium. To the left were heathy declivities, from which was wafted the aromatic smell of the balm of Gilead; and to the right were clusters of wooded rocks, on the steep and pointed summits of which browsed the shaggy goat, whilst down their dangerous sides paced the weary muleteer. The

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glow of eve cast upon the Moorish gardens and fountains a hue of solemnity befitting well the regretful mood inspired by the contemplation of the scenes of departed chivalry and glory, of which Spain, in the era of Moorish domination, was the well-adapted theatre.

Inez de Lavedoz, the mistress of the ceremonies of this rural merry-making, was the daughter of the keeper of one of the principal fondas, or hotels, in Madrid. A young man of some literary eminence had long paid his court unto her; but he was more renowned for love of study than for love of his mistress: that very day he had strolled into the vicinity of the spot selected by Inez as the rendezvous of her happy party—his object in this country ramble being to make a few sketches of the adjacent scenery, for the enriching of his portfolio. Inez bore from her more gay companions no little bantering on the score of her lover's lack of gallantry. She had a natural taste for poetry, which Alvarez omitted no opportunity of fostering: she could play the *improvisatrice* occasionally; and, on being solicited by her cheerful associates

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to give them a ditty, accompanied by the guitar, she sang the following:—

TO MY STUDENT LOVER.

Alva, aught so cold as thou
Could my sorrowing song but move,
Inez would no longer vow
Thine to be an icy love.

If a casual smile we see
O'er thy pallid features flit,—
Inez, it is not for thee,
But for old Cervantes' wit.

If perchance thy changing eyes
Fire with thought, or flash at wrong,
Prompting unresponding sighs—
'Tis at Garcilasso's song.

Sculpture is a speechless god,
From the Grecian's frigid bust—
Fireless as the valley's clod,
Moveless as its maker's dust—

From the pictur'd Moorish lines,
Rushing to the red affray—
From Murillo's mute designs,
Turn thy dotting eyes away.

Here, beneath the evening star,
Are we merry maidens met;
Singing to the soft guitar,
Dancing to the castanet.

Thy delights abjuring now,
Kneel, and here thy passion prove;
Inez then no more will vow
Thine is but an icy love!

The song was but just ended, when the whole group were startled by the sudden intrusion of two strangers, one of whom Inez immediately recognized as Alvarez. Each damsel promptly let fall her flowing veil, thus rendering herself incognito to the two gallants.

Alvarez, in returning from his jaunt in search of the picturesque, overtook an old comrade, whose avocation differed as much with his own as does the profession of the dancing-master with that of the pugilist. This quondam companion on whom the scholar had accidentally stumbled, was no other than Gomeo de Santerros, the celebrated *mattadore*, or bull-fighter of Madrid. Despite the severity of the student's general demeanour, he had been induced, by his jolly fellow-traveller, and the excellent wine at the inn where they tarried, to take a bottle too much.

"Take note of your steps, *senhor* Alvarez," said the superstitious Gomeo, stretching forth his hand to guide his unsteady companion up the steps of the garden terrace: "to fall *now*, in the presence of such an assemblage of beauties, would augur some matrimonial fatality."

"By the petticoat of the Virgin!" ejaculated the student, "I forgot, Gomeo, that you were a believer in the absurd

doctrine of *destiny*. Ha, ha! I'll ask one of these smiling houris for her thoughts on that fantastic theory. Tell me, fair *senhora*!" said he, addressing a black-eyed, olive-complexioned girl in the group, "can you spell my fate?"

"Overlooking your indecorous intrusion," answered she (for Inez had apprised her of their identity), "on account of the quantity of wine which I perceive you have drunk, I will venture to spell each his fate: you, *senhor*" (looking Alvarez full in the face), "will marry my companion here," pointing to Inez, "live a long life, and die happy."

"Jesu!" exclaimed Gomeo de Santerros, "thou art so marvellously pleasant in thy prophecies, that thou shalt look in my face, and tell me my destiny!"

Struggling to prevent Alvarez from approaching Inez, with whom he vowed he would exchange greetings, as she was adjudged to be his livelier companion, the dark-eyed maid appeased him by requesting that he would desist, to hear the destiny of his temulent associate. Alvarez became all decorum, as, gazing in Gomeo's face, the little hypocrite faltered out—

"I am sorry to divulge it, ill-fated *senhor*!—May the church pray for you! Your destiny is, to be slain by a black bull!"

There breathed not, in all king Ferdinand's dominions, a more superstitious mortal than Gomeo de Santerros. At the hearing of this sportive prophecy, uttered by one who was informed of the nature of his profession, intoxicated as he was, the temporary glow kindled by the exhilarating wine, left his rough, rude cheek—his knees smote each other in the quaking of his heart, and he reeled to the steps of the terrace for support. As he spoke not one word as to the cause of his apprehension, the laughing assembly conjectured that the prophecy had made little impression upon him, and that the visible change which his carriage and countenance had undergone, was neither more nor less than the effect of the sherris he had drunk. They paid him every attention; and after seeing him safely under the *conducteur*-ship of Alvarez, they beheld the two take their abrupt and silent departure, without either of them having recognized any one of the group.

Ere the lapse of a fortnight, it chanced

that Alvarez was united to Inez de Lavedoz—thus singularly fulfilling one part of the prophecy. From a reprehensible delicacy, Inez had refrained from revealing to her husband the innocent hoax played off upon him and Gomeo. The decease of a relative at a considerable distance from Madrid, called her from home on the fourth day of her marriage; and it was arranged that, some immediate business transacted, Alvarez should follow her on the succeeding day.

The student, on the evening prior to his departure, was thoughtfully sitting, gazing on some exquisite pieces by Murillo and Velasquez, the luxury of whose handiwork he was about to forego for an uncertain sojourn in the country, when his valet announced the arrival of Gomeo, who entered the apartment, and who, but for such aforesaid announcement, would have been as utterly unknown to Alvarez as the veriest stranger. Sixteen days had hardly transpired since the student had last beheld him—stout, florid, and muscular—the sanguine and desperate Gomeo, the mattadore or bull-fighter of Madrid; and now the only vestige whereby could be recognized the fearless man, was his voice! Emaciated, haggard, blighted, grown old in the interim, stood Gomeo de Santerros, and with his phrenzied eye fixed on Alvarez, he addressed him as follows:—

“Aye, you may wonder, Alvarez, to behold me thus; but I am doomed to death to-morrow!—I come to convince you of your cursed heresy as regards the doctrine of destiny, before I leave this world. Know, then, that since that calamitous evening I have rested not—my life has been a perpetual fever, which has consumed my flesh. Last night I dreamed that the fated hour had arrived, —to wit, the splendid bull-fight which is to take place to-morrow,—and that I stood before my old enemy, which proved to be a black bull, for the first time in my life, with trembling. He made some desperate rushes at me, which were but lamely evaded; until at last, as I was advancing with the bare instrument of death pointed at him, he made a precipitate leap un contemplated by me, and, passing his horns through my ribs, tossed me aloft in the air, and I fell at the feet of the identical girl who pointed out my doom! In the agonies of death, with

every bone crushed and mutilated, I gazed up to her, and beheld on her countenance the same devilish laugh with which she foretold my end! I awoke in horror, dressed myself, and without suffering a morsel of food to pass my parched lips, I sought the cottage, where, Alvarez, we strolled to on that momentous evening. I asked the goatherd's wife if she knew and could direct me to any of her guests of that day, so that some word of comfort might mitigate the intolerable agony of existence. She knew but one of them, and that, oh! unbelieving Alvarez! was Inez de Lavedoz, now thy wife! Her becoming so has rendered valid the prophecy as regards thyself and I!—to-morrow will bring with it my last hour: I am commanded to combat the bull at the grand fight in honour of the English nation. It would be folly in me to attempt to evade the battle—it is destiny!”

“Wretched Gomeo!” said the astonished Alvarez, as he held up the lamp, the light of which flashed on the despair-struck lineaments of the unhappy mattadore; “you are next to mad! Alas! what can I do to alleviate your misery? My wife is at some leagues' distance from Madrid, whither I must, on the morrow, follow her: here, take this purse, and, ere it be midnight, commence your flight from the capital, never to return to it,—retire to Segovia, resume your agricultural pursuits, and be happy!”

Gomeo, pursing his lips into an expression of fanatical contempt, thrust from him the extended hand of Alvarez, which held the purse containing the proffered assistance. He stood with his eyes stupidly fixed upon him for a moment, and then, suddenly relaxing into tears, he embraced Alvarez, and rushed out of the apartment.

The student was overwhelmed with grief and perplexity. To tarry in Madrid till the bull-fight took place was impossible; as the necessity to follow his wife, starting by day-break, was imperative. He half resolved to go in search of the mattadore, and attempt, with more collected arguments, to disarm him of his terror—but time pressed: the preparations for his journey, scholar-like, had been procrastinated to the latest hour: thus he had no alternative but that of leaving the miserable fatalist to the forlorn forebodings of his diseased imagination.

PERILS OF THE SOLWAY.

Three hours after sunrise, on the morrow, the broad streets of the capital were crowded with gay multitudes hurrying to the bull-fight, which was to be in the magnificent square of the Plaza Mayor, the area and houses of which were covered with spectators to witness the warfare. Every thing wore the appearance of joyous exultation at this somewhat gladiatorial festival in honour of "the great English." The time drew very near to the anxiously expected moment, and the bull was at length let loose, when—wo to the mattadore!—it proved to be a black one! After every device for irritating the savage animal had been exhausted, and his mounted assailers had become weary of the length and fatigue of the equivocal sport, the introduction of the mattadore—preparatory to the last scene—took place; and the thousands of eyes bent on the arena of the conflict, beheld in the midst of it, dressed in the most splendid and costly manner, Gomeo de Santerros, the celebrated mattadore; but so changed was he in bulk and features, as to be scarcely recognizable: he looked but the phantom of his former self, and the richness of his robes seemed but to mock his miserable depression. The spectators near him noticed, also, that he shook violently; and it was generally observed that his escapes from the infuriated animal were most awkwardly made, insomuch that he narrowly escaped being gored on one or two occasions. The finish of the sanguinary spectacle, by the sacrifice of the bull, was now decreed; and Gomeo, casting aside the scarlet mantle which he had used to irritate his formidable opponent, drew forth his naked weapon, similar to a stiletto, and approached the bull with the point directed to his most vulnerable part. At this breathless juncture the countenance of the infatuated mattadore assumed a deathly sallowness, and his frame quivered with terror, so that he lost all command of his weapon, and making a false thrust at the bull, he missed his point,—the animal rushed forwards, and he fell amongst the horrified spectators, a disembowelled corpse!—Thus was the unfortunate mattadore a victim,—not to the caprice of destiny, but to his own wayward belief in its inscrutable awards.

THE Solway is well known to be a bay which deeply indents the west side of our island, between the county of Cumberland on the one side, and those of Dumfries and Kirkcubright on the other. This is a remarkable arm of the sea, as its waters, owing to the great shallowness of the channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide, for not much less than forty miles, leaving a waste of sand of about that length, and eight miles at an average in breadth. Through this far-spreading tract, the channels of various rivers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the Annan, and the Nith, are *continued* from the land part of their courses, forming, with some large pools, the only conspicuous features by which the uniformity of the surface is broken. When the tide is in ebb, and the sands are left dry, it is possible to ride or walk over them without danger; but when there is any water on the surface, however little, the sands are apt to give way beneath the feet, and allow those who may be upon them to sink into a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies beneath, and from which it is scarcely possible to extricate one's-self. In many places, the sands are much thinner than in others, and these thin places are continually shifting with the tide; so that it is not easy for any but the most experienced persons to avoid them. When any one is so unfortunate as to get upon a place which allows him to sink into the marl, he usually finds it quite impossible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper and deeper every moment, till, after beating for some time the surface of the water with his extended arms, his head becomes immersed, and he dies by suffocation. Horsemen, finding themselves on a quicksand, have a chance of escaping by putting their steeds to full speed—in which case the sand does not open quickly enough to retard the animal's feet. Having companions also affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend, is to *tread him out*—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground, being pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the

artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for the ferry communication, even at high tide; at low tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chanced to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of between twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination to roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not yet reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable circumstances, this is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave, like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Dr. Currie to the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, may be quoted with reference to this danger. "I once," says he, "in my early days, heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the

pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February, 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfrieseans, who had been at the horse fair of Wigton in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide: the night was calm, clear, and starry. "No thought of danger occurred to them," says a chronicle of the day, "until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right-about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was bound for England or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and re-plunged into the bed of the river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr. Thomas Johnston, Thornywaite, and Mr. Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval, they paused to listen to the incessant cries, of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short,

of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoes of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised that they had found a guide in the person of Mr. Brough, of Whinny-rigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence, the danger was not yet over. In a little time even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his advice was that the tide was coming—that they had not a moment to lose—that every thing depended on decision and speed. At times he dismounted and groped about until he came to some object or spot of ground which he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree, which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in daylight, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use; his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, every thing depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly

three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach, the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider, and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever ensnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger, was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr. Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, these individuals had *weathered* the mist; but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scotch side, much about the same time as Mr. Brough. But, in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

And here we must return to the other half of the travellers, who, after the hasty council of war, replunged through the river with the view of returning to the village of Bowness. The guide was amongst them, but what with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were every where raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than flee from, the coming tide. But the church bell at last proved a sort of beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night.

CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SLAVE-BRIG.

Mr. Leonard, in his records of a voyage to the western coast of Africa, gives the following description of slavery and the ships employed.

“The tender had only two gnus mounted, eighteen-pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and, taking place during the night in calm weather, when each vessel

was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gained upon him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the utmost; and the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and, I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two of the slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle.

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When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself, was truly heart-rending. The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen) were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor helpless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed, and several wounded: and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement,—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture, thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven were placed in the wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent, under the superintendance of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize, for adjudication in the court of mixed commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured,

the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub, for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it, and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many years, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new; until they tasted of its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own extensive fresh-water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement, went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations."

A DOLPHIN CHASE.

SHORTLY after observing the cluster of flying-fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of these aquatic chases, of which our friends, the Indiamen, had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait; for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather-gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon-ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air, gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying-fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep a-head of him for a considerable time. The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forwards with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding-sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below. The group of wretched flying-fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it; at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy; who was fol-

lowing them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things! The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying-fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a manner really not unlike that of a hair, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen, that the strength and confidence of the flying-fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skilful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying-fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may have been said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.

NOTION OF HONOUR.

M. de Vauban once sent a common soldier to examine the outposts of the enemy. The man cheerfully obeyed the order, and though exposed to a sharp fire, remained until he received a ball in his body. He returned to make his report with a calm air and aspect, although the blood was streaming from his wound. Vauban praised his courage, and offered him money, which the soldier refused. "No, general," said he, "it would spoil the credit of the action."

A DISSATISFIED NATION.

The author of *Gil Blas* says, the English "are the most unhappy people on the earth—with liberty, and property, and three meals a day."



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LAUTREC THE PAINTER;
A PROVENCAL LEGEND.

IF nature had given to count Laurent Chevillion a rough and unprepossessing exterior, she had, at the same time, moulded his disposition to fit it for a form which it was impossible to believe could belong to an amiable or virtuous being. His stature was large and commanding; his legs muscular, but ill-shaped; his chest ample; and the lineaments of his countenance, at least such as were visible through a thick beard and moustachios of raven blackness, at once forbidding and repulsive. His disposition was sullen, morose and sanguinary, and but few of his neighbours ventured to be upon terms of intimacy with him. His conduct towards his dependants was arbitrary and cruel; to offend him was to provoke inevitable destruction, and only the most reckless and desperate were to be found among his household.

Chevillion was, in fact, the most unamiable noble in all Provence, and happy it was for those who lived near his estate, that his time was chiefly occupied in the

chase—a recreation he seemed to prefer to all others. If, however, there was one being who could mollify the heart of the fierce count, it was his daughter, his only child,—as fair a maid as ever formed the subject of the countless lays for which her country has been so famed. But the beauty of the lady Isaura was not her only attraction; as if to perfect the contrast, her disposition was as gentle and amiable as her father's was harsh and cruel; and it was a matter of astonishment to all that a being so mild and good could be the daughter of one of such opposite qualities. Carefully watched by the jealous eye of her father, who had been left a widower upwards of five years, and who doated on his child, though he appeared to sympathise with no other earthly being, the lady Isaura rarely left the chateau, and when she did quit it for a time, it was always in company with her stern parent. A circumstance, however, occurred that tended to relieve the monotonous life she was leading. It chanced that as the count was one day abroad on a hunting excursion, he met, in one of the romantic dells on his estate,

with a young artist, who was so busily engaged in making a sketch of the surrounding scenery, that he did not observe the approach of the count, until Chevillon rode up to the spot where he sat. Startled at his unlooked-for appearance, and taking his visitor for a person of title, the young man sprung to his feet, and saluted the count with a profound obeisance. The haughty noble returned the salute, and enquired the name of the young artist.

"My name," said the youth, "is Lautrec du Biez; Geneva is my native city, but I longed to see the land of which so much has been said and sung in times gone by."

"You are a cunning limner," observed the count, looking at the sketch in progress. "Have you much skill in portraiture? I would shew thee a fair subject for thy pencil at my chateau which thou see'st yonder."

"You may command me, my lord," replied the artist, "and I will do my poor endeavour to please you; but I must to Avignon to-night—to-morrow I shall be proud to wait on you."

"Be it so, then," said the count, turning his horse's head, "I shall expect you by mid-day."

The youth bowed, and Chevillon, with a grim smile, which he intended should be conciliating, rode off to join his attendants, who were waiting at some distance, leaving the young artist overjoyed at the prospect of a lucrative engagement with, and the patronage of, a man of such consequence.

At noon on the following day, Lautrec arrived at the chateau, a gloomy structure, erected in the twelfth century, but repaired and modernized in after ages. Its base was washed by the rapid waters of the Rhone, and a deep fosse surrounded the whole building, which was partly covered by ivy, the growth of many years. The young painter paused for a moment on the drawbridge, to indulge his love of the picturesque, and then entered by the large Gothic gate, in which the huge portcullis grinned like a row of gigantic teeth.

"Ah me!" sighed the youth, as he reached the court-yard, in which little was seen to attract the attention of the visitor, "the days of song and romance are gone, and in this dull chateau, which perhaps once echoed to the strains of

Brulez or Jacques de Chison, naught now is heard but the blast of its lord's hunting-horn."

"And what then!" said a voice near him; "wouldst thou quarrel with that, monsieur!"

Lautrec turned quickly round, and beheld a square-built man, whose physiognomy was the very reverse of prepossessing. His swarthy complexion, hooked nose, and coarse features, added to a disagreeable squint, gave to his countenance a most sinister expression. The painter at first recoiled from this ominous looking personage, who was no other than the count's huntsman, Gaubert; but, judging it prudent to dissemble a little, though he could ill conceal the disgust he felt, he enquired for the count.

"You will find him in the second chamber of that tower," said Gaubert; "he bade me send you thither."

Lautrec was about to proceed there, when the huntsman, seizing his arm in a familiar manner, continued—

"Harkee, monsieur, no talking of Trouveres and love ditties—my master likes them not; our music, as thou saidst but now, is of a rougher fashion."

He was proceeding in the same strain when Lautrec, disengaging his arm, bounded across the court-yard, and ascended the stairs of the turret to which the huntsman had pointed. Here he found the count sitting in a large high-backed arm-chair, and playing with a hawk which was perched on his hand.

"You are punctual," said Chevillon; "I love the man who respects the time of others. Beshrew me, you are firmly built, and would make a proper man-at-arms."

The count spoke truly: Lautrec was indeed a comely figure; his height exceeded that of most men, and his broad, though well made shoulders, attested his great bodily strength; yet such was the symmetry of his frame, that the most scrupulous could not characterize it as rough or clownish; whilst his countenance, expressive of frankness and good temper, had in it a slight dash of hauteur, which added to the dignity of his appearance. The young painter blushed deeply on hearing himself thus flattered by the count, who enquired why he had adopted such a profession?

"I had ever a love for the arts, my lord," said, Lautrec; "and in happier

days it proved my greatest pleasure. My father fell in the service of the prince of Conde, in whose cause he had expended the whole of his patrimony."

"I should have chosen a more stirring employment," said Chevillon, "and I had thy frame; but, fah! you are right; your man of valour now fighteth for scars and gashes only, since your roystering Rutter or Lanznecht might be had to cut throats at per guilder. Follow me, young man; I will shew thee this rare piece of workmanship, of which I would fain see thy representation."

He rose from his seat, and opening a door, passed through a long passage, and arriving at another, struck on it with his knuckles. A waiting-woman appeared and admitted the count, who beckoned Lautrec to follow him into the room. Here sat a young female, whose dress and mien proclaimed her rank: she was busily engaged with her women in embroidering a piece of tapestry, but rose on the entrance of her father, and offered her cheek, which the count brushed with his huge moustaches, and turning to Lautrec, introduced him to his fair daughter. It was arranged that the beautiful Isaura should sit for her portrait on the following day, and Lautrec, until the evening came, found in the count's library abundant amusement.

The young painter rose early the next morning, and betook himself to a romantic spot in the neighbourhood, which he began to sketch, when he was startled at a voice behind him: hastily turning round, his eye fell on the burly figure and ominous physiognomy of Gaubert, who, grinning a ghastly smile, gave him "good morrow." Lautrec returned the salute with a slight inclination of the head, and continued to work at his sketch; but the huntsman would not be foiled.

"Why, how now?" he cried—"your's is a cold greeting, monsieur. 'Sdeath! you do not hold yourself too high for me, who am the count's huntsman."

The bullying tone with which this was uttered somewhat disconcerted Lautrec. He dreaded a quarrel with such a ruffian, merely because he was a servant of the count's, who might take it ill, while at the same time he wished to shew the intruder that he could not insult him with impunity: he therefore replied, carelessly—

"I came not here to meet acquaint-

ances, good fellow, and I would wish now to be alone."

"Mass!" exclaimed the enraged Gaubert, "dost thou *fellow* me! Know that I esteem myself a better man than thee and thy whole tribe, who are a race of thieves——"

He was proceeding in this strain when the painter interrupted him.

"Insolent hireling!" said he, his blood rising at this insult, "get thee gone from my sight, or I may forget thy base birth, and punish thee for thy daring!"

The huntsman champed his teeth with fury on hearing these words; he paused for a moment, and then unsheathed his hanger.

"Look to thyself," he cried, rushing towards Lautrec; "draw, boy, and take thy last look at sun and sky." And suting the action to the word, he struck at the painter with all his force.

Lautrec had not time to unsheath his weapon, but, stepping lightly on one side, he avoided the blow, and, ere the huntsman had recovered himself, he closed with him, threw him violently to the ground, and wrenched the hanger from his grasp. Had the painter been merely a spectator, instead of an actor, in this scene, he might have been furnished with an excellent subject for his pencil. The figures in the ancient paintings of Saint Michael and his enemy, the Arch-fiend, present not a more perfect contrast to each other, than did Lautrec and his brutal adversary. Gaubert lay foaming with rage beneath the foot of his victor, whose elegant figure, noble countenance, and long auburn hair, served to make the burly frame, uncouth visage, and black curly locks of the huntsman, appear to more disadvantage. Gaubert struggled hard to rise, but the foot of the painter prevented it, and perceiving him endeavour to reach the hilt of his dagger, Lautrec, for the first time, unsheathed his sword.

"Minion!" cried he, "desist! If thou offerest any shew of resistance, I will smite off thy right hand."

"Let me rise, then—take thy foot from my throat," growled the huntsman.

"Swear," replied his antagonist, "that thou wilt cease to molest me, or, by heaven, I will stab thee as thou liest!"

As he uttered this threat, he brought the point of his sword in contact with the

prostrate ruffian's throat. Gaubert gnashed his teeth with rage, but the naked weapon of his adversary gleamed before his eyes, and he reluctantly took the oath required of him. The young painter suffered him to rise, and the huntsman, recovering his legs, shook himself, picked up his hanger, which had in the struggle flown some paces from the spot, sheathed it, and plunged into a neighbouring brake to hide his shame, muttering, as he went, curses upon the youth by whom he had been so roughly handled. Lautrec, much chagrined at this rencontre, returned to the chateau immediately, and shortly after commenced the portrait of the lady Isaura.

Reader, if thou hast ever sketched the features of a beautiful woman, thou wilt readily imagine the emotion of the young painter when tracing the likeness of one of the fairest maidens in France. Lautrec had painted the peasant beauties of Italy and his own country, and not a few dames of quality, but Isaura was the realization of his fondest dreams—he had never beheld a face and figure at once so beautiful and winning. He pursued his delightful task, wondered and loved, without dreaming for a moment of the danger of encouraging his passion. A life so secluded, with so few opportunities of observing the youth of her country, exposed Isaura to the same danger; she began by admiring the personal comeliness of the painter, and ended where hearts as young and as susceptible as her own, are sure to end. A few days' intercourse ripened their mutual regard into love.

The completion of the portrait was, of course, delayed,—the work of one day was obliterated the next, and excuses were not wanting. Love not only makes lovers blind to the faults of each other, but renders them insensible to the approach of danger. Our fond couple had quickly cultivated an acquaintance, and dreamt that it was unknown to all but themselves. But they erred. Lautrec's enemy, the wily and malignant ruffian Gaubert, had watched him narrowly, and waited but for an opportunity to crush him. He had, through the treachery of one of the lady Isaura's maids, become acquainted with their evening meetings in a small apartment which the count seldom entered; and one morning, as Chevillion rode out to the chase, he threw out some hints

for his master's ear, which the count heard in silence, but appeared not to notice. Gaubert was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, about mid-day the count leapt from his horse, and sitting down on the fragment of a broken column, by the side of a small spring, desired him to be more explicit.

"Gaubert," said he, "I would fain hear more of this; think'st thou this painter loves—pshaw! I would say, dares to——"

"Dares!" interrupted the huntsman, "what will not such as he dare, my lord? The prize is worth some risk, and——"

"Villain!" cried Chevillion, starting on his feet, and clutching his sword.

"I am your vassal, my lord," replied Gaubert, "and you may sacrifice me in your anger, but I have done my duty; I say your house is dishonoured by this beggar painter."

The count uttered a volley of imprecations against the young painter, when he was again interrupted by the huntsman.

"My lord," said the wily villain, "command but this arm, and the cause of your anger shall not look upon to-morrow's sun."

"Thou art a fool," said the count, "he would prove thy master: I must deal with him myself;" (Gaubert shrugged his shoulders, and gulped the rebuke, bitter as it was, for it reminded him of the morning's scuffle,) "call together my people, and proceed homeward."

As they returned to the chateau, the huntsman took care to possess his master with all that had come to his knowledge respecting the lovers; and the count, after dispatching a hasty meal, retired to his private room, resolving to wait the appointed time, and be himself a witness of the truth of what he had heard from Gaubert.

Evening came, and with it the hour at which the lovers usually met. Chevillion, swallowing a large goblet of wine, proceeded to the apartment, and stationed himself at the door, listening attentively.

He heard voices in earnest conversation, but in an inaudible tone, and he doubted not but that the guilty pair had met; yet he resolved to wait and receive confirmation, lest he might be deceived, and create an alarm ere he had sufficient evidence. The sound ceased for awhile—was renewed—and some one approached the

door. The count stepped aside—the door opened. A flood of light which entered at the large window on the opposite side of the apartment, streamed across the gloomy corridor; and Chevillion, his vision distempered by rage, the sudden burst of light, and the wine he had drank, imagined that he saw his enemy emerge from the doorway, and leaping forward, struck his dagger against the approaching figure. But, oh! horror of horrors!—the faint and stifled shriek of a female smote his startled ear, and his only child fell at his feet bathed in blood. A cry as of some wild animal in the agonies of death, rung through the chateau, and the domestics, hastening to the scene of blood, discovered the wretched father gazing, with the distorted eyes of a maniac, on the lifeless form of his child, and still clutching the fatal weapon with which he had destroyed her.

The count was with difficulty removed to his chamber, where his paroxysms were such, that nature yielded to their violence, and, ere morning dawned, Laurent de Chevillion was numbered with his fathers. Lautrec was never seen again, and his fate was unknown until many years afterwards, when a monk received the confession of a criminal at Avignon, who was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, wherein the penitent stated, that he had murdered the young painter on the evening that the event we have recorded took place, and that he had secretly interred the body in a neighbouring wood. The prisoner was the huntsman Gaubert.

Reader, if thou wouldst desire more, ask it of the murmuring waters of the Rhone, which daily receive the mouldering fragments of the ruined chateau de Chevillion; or of the owl, that on its only remaining turret, nightly sings the requiem of its once proud owners.

THE POLISH REGALIA.

IN the outskirts of the forest of Bielowiez, one of those wild tracks of woodland which are scattered over Lithuania, stands a small cottage, apparently built for a hunting-box, or temporary residence during the season of the bear-chase; but several circumstances show that it has not been of late years the mere resort of a migratory visitant. A narrow strip of ground has been cleared, though the soil submits but sullenly to the innovation of

culture; and, here and there, a few fruit-trees have dispossessed the lords of the forest of their ancient domain. The little hermitage, however, is now fast verging to decay; and the weeds and bushes are contending for possession of the patch of ground.

The family circle which lately tenanted the cottage, was one in which death had made the most capricious, and, at the same time, most extended devastation, having reduced it to two members—a hoary-headed patriarch and a youth, who, together with two or three serfs, composed the whole household. The old man's features were of that character which speak of mind, and whose expression was too marked to be merely the secondary formation of habit or circumstance; while his white hair and bent figure proved that he had weathered many winters. Count Zaleski was the title by which his serfs addressed him; but neither they nor the youth knew any thing of his history. He called the boy Victor, and would sometimes add the epithet, "son;" but on these occasions a tear might always be seen stealing down his wrinkled cheek, and he would afterwards sit buried in thought for hours.

In the beginning of November, 1830, the arrival of a horseman at the cottage, and his hasty departure, after being closeted with the count a short time, excited much speculation in this little society. Some weeks, however, passed on in the usual "leaden-footed" monotony: Zaleski made no communication to Victor on the subject; and, at length, even the domestic's curiosity was fairly tired out. Victor observed, or imagined he observed, a considerable change in the deportment of his venerable guardian: new vigour seemed to be infused into his languid veins; and, ever and anon, the flashes of former ardour would light up his faded eye. But the boy was obliged to content himself with conjecture as to the reason of this apparent alteration, and the object of the stranger's visit. There were never any two persons between whom there existed more unrestrained intercourse, than Victor and his aged relative; all the frost of Zaleski's manner melted away at a glimpse or a sound of the boy; but there were subjects which were forbidden to be touched on. Zaleski would sometimes ransack

all the stores of his well-furnished mind, for the amusement or information of his young companion—would often tell him the glorious tales of Poland's ancient annals, the deeds of war and chivalry achieved by the Casimirs and Sobieskis; but, if questioned on the events which had occurred in his own time, the old man would convulsively draw his hand across his brow and relapse into his customary taciturnity.

Nearly a month had crept away since the mysterious visit, and the little family had been one evening wiling away the time with their usual avocations, Zaleski musing, Victor reading; the count was even more absorbed in thought than in general, when, after gazing intently at the youth some minutes, as if fathoming his very soul, he started from his seat; and, seizing an old sabre, which hung over the fire-place, he drew it from the scabbard, and waved to the servants to leave the apartment.

"Victor!" said the old man, in a loud impassioned voice, "throw away your books; a more glorious page than those will yet be added to Poland's history, and we may have a share in it. This night, I say, is the last of Russian despotism; perhaps the blow is already struck, and Poland is free!"

Zaleski then explained to the astonished youth, that the stranger, whose visit had excited so much curiosity, was a messenger from one of his friends at Warsaw, who were acquainted with his hermitage, bringing tidings of the conspiracy that was in active preparation to shake off the Russian yoke. This night, the glorious 29th of November, was the time concerted for striking the blow; and by this hour," said Zaleski, "the standard of independence is waving on the walls of Warsaw." The old man now, for the first time, informed Victor of his personal history; the narrative, occasionally broken by sighs and a few tears, was to the following effect:

Count Zaleski was one of those patriotic Polish nobles who fought so long and valiantly against foreign oppression; he was a Lithuanian by birth, of considerable wealth, though his estates had now passed into the possession of the Russians. He had engaged heart and soul in the unfortunate confederacy of Bar, and had stood by the side of the gallant Kosciusko, in

the fatal field of Maciejowicz; after which he had shared the fate of his other brothers in arms, being severed from his wife and child, a boy of ten or twelve years old, and dragged to the wilds of Siberia. On the death of Catherine, in 1796, Paul, who then ascended the Russian throne, proclaimed a general amnesty; Zaleski was restored to the arms of his wife and child, and retired into an obscure nook of Lithuania, with the wrecks of his fortune, to pine over the sad fate of his unfortunate country, and to bring up his boy to be an avenger of its wrongs. Time rolled on, and Zaleski saw himself the grandfather of the little Victor. Shortly after his birth the gigantic army of Napoleon marched towards Moscow, to lay low the arch enemy of Napoleon; and the count and his son were marshalled in its ranks. That awful and ill-starred expedition bereaved Zaleski of his child, and Victor of his father; grief leagued with war to thin this unfortunate family; and the old man and the infant were all that were left.

"Think not," said the count, with energy, "that the crown which has bound the temples of a Boleslas, a Casimir, and a Sobieski, has ever adorned the head of a Nicholas. No, the glittering bauble which, in the disgraceful pageant of last year, was prostituted to the gratification of a despot's pride, was as new as his hated dynasty. The diadem of Poland shall only grace the head of a Piast! See!" exclaimed Zaleski, as he drew forth a small key which was suspended round his neck, and throwing open a closet, raised the floor, which was constructed so as to form the lid of a large chest. The astonished youth beheld five crowns, four sceptres, three golden apples, two chains of gold, and a curiously wrought sword.

"Swear upon the cross of this holy sword," said Zaleski, as he presented him the sabre to kiss which was once wielded by the great Boleslas, "that you will never reveal the secret I am now about to disclose, till a Piast shall be on the throne of Poland!"

"I swear!" said Victor.

"Count Bielski," continued the old man, "was one of my oldest and best friends: he fought with me under Kosciusko, but the close of that unfortunate campaign severed us; I was dragged to Siberia, and heard nothing of his fate till some years afterwards. In our dreadful

retreat from Moscow we were continually harassed by the Cossacks, who invariably seized and butchered any straggler from the main corps, whether in the van or rear. One of their victims was one day lying in our road; and the soldiers, who had lost all commiseration in the absorbing feeling of self-preservation, were heedlessly riding over the body, when I chanced to pass by, and, imagining that I saw the blood still oozing from the wounds, ordered the men to remove and examine it. It proved to be a Polish officer; he had received some severe cuts in the head; but, by dint of what few restoratives we could furnish, animation returned. You may imagine my surprise and horror, when, on looking at his pale but handsome features, I recognised my dear friend. At the sound of my exclamation, he opened his eyes, and faintly uttered my name, and, at the same time, made a motion for me to bring my ear nearer to his mouth. I could only distinguish the word "secret;" and in a few moments his eyes were again closed, and his voice suspended; he was exhausted with loss of blood; and as proud a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom then ceased to throb for ever. I hung for some time lingering over the corpse, straining my ears to catch if it were but the slightest murmur from those pale lips; but they had closed for the last time, and the beautiful mind which had peopled that brain with exalted ideas, had flown to heaven, and carried its secret with it!

"The anxiety and bustle of the retreat, for a while, banished the circumstance from my thoughts. I should have followed the waning fortunes of the Corsican with my brave countrymen, but there was another little voice calling to me for protection. I laid by my sword for the third time, and taking you, Victor, in my arms, set out to seek for a seclusion where the Russian blood-hounds might not hunt me out, and where I might not be insulted with the despot's mercy. I wandered on from day to day; and, having got into the rear of the enemy, who followed up the fugitives, I bent my way into Lithuania, seeking shelter by night in the huts of the serfs. On these occasions, the image of poor Bielski continually haunted me; and I frequently started from sleep with the word "secret" ringing in my ears. Grief and fatigue had perhaps somewhat

unhinged my mind, and I began to imagine that the spirit of my friend could not rest until this secret were discovered, and that it was perpetually reproaching me with not doing so. One night, after having lulled you to sleep, and tossing some hours on the hard couch which chance gave me, haunted with superstitious imaginations, nature seemed quite tired out, and I fell into one of those delightful slumbers which appear to flow over the parched brain, with a faint murmuring whisper of all the joys of by-gone days. Bielski was by my side as in former times; and we were threading the mazes of this very forest, as was often our custom, when we suddenly emerged from the wood, and he pointed to this cottage, which was formerly his hunting-seat, to which I often accompanied him, and exclaimed, 'There!' I turned, but he was gone; and with the exertion I awoke.

"I will not deny that this dream made a deeper impression on my mind than my philosophy can account for; but, at the same time, nothing could be more natural than, after thinking so much of my friend, that my ideas should revert to the scenes where we spent so many happy days together; and in no place was I so likely to arrive at a discovery of the secret as in this cottage, which he always made his residence during many months of the year, being passionately fond of the chase, and which it was most probable he had made his hiding-place after the unfortunate campaign under Kosciusko. This was the reasoning with which I excused myself for obeying the command of my spectral visitant; and, being at no great distance from this spot, I hastened on with the determination of making it my abode. I found the cottage much gone to decay, but tenanted by two or three serfs, who had served Bielski, and who instantly recognised me as his friend, and volunteered their services. I was soon established in this little domicile; but still the secret haunted me night and day. I searched the house with care, but nothing was to be found; I questioned the serfs closely, but they could not give me any information: at length I despaired of success, and tried to drive away the thought by turning over a few books and papers which Bielski had left here.

"One day, when putting some writ-

ings, with which I had been amusing myself, into the escritoire, I saw that the damp had warped the wood; and, on closer inspection, I found that the bottom was loose, and artfully constructed to conceal a small partition. I eagerly tore it up, and, to my gratification, met with a sealed paper addressed 'To Count Zaleski.' The envelope told me that the enclosed papers would reveal to me a secret of some importance, in case of Bielski's death, and that I was the only person to whom it was to be confided, until old age rendered me an unsafe guardian of it. The writing consisted of the following narrative:—

"During the glorious struggle for independence, in 1794, it will be remembered that the traitorous governor of Cracow, Winiawski, surrendered that city to the Prussians without a blow; and among other things, the castle, which contained the royal treasury, fell into the hands of the enemy. The news reached Kosciusko's camp, which was before Warsaw, in which Bielski served as a volunteer; and every mouth was full of imprecations against the treacherous governor.

One night, shortly after this event, Bielski was roused from sleep by a foot gently stealing into his tent: his midnight visitant was enveloped in a cowl, but presently made himself known as his brother. Thaddeus Bielski was from infancy a superstitious enthusiast, and had entered the ecclesiastical profession from principle, with a mind whose very perceptions of the most natural events or phenomena were so morbidly exaggerated, that circumstances which appeared trivial to others, exercised over him the most unbounded influence. 'Brother, said he, in a solemn voice, 'the royal treasury is in the possession of the enemy; the impious Lutherans have, perhaps, ere this, laid their unhallowed hands on the sacred diadem of Mieczylas, and the holy sword of Boleslas, and the sceptre has passed away from Poland! Vow to aid me in the recovery of these sacred relics, before it be too late!'

"Although Bielski did not share in his brother's superstitious adoration of the regalia, he readily promised, from an appetite for enterprise, to lend himself to the undertaking. He obtained leave of absence the next day; and the two brothers, both habited as ecclesiastics, set

out towards Cracow, on the perilous design of passing through the Prussian lines, and carrying off the regalia from the vaults of the castle. Fortunately, the enemy were concentrating their forces on Warsaw, and were so engaged with that object, that the two adventurers arrived safely at Cracow, where the discipline being rather relaxed, their sacred habit served them as a passport into the town. What was the indignation of Thaddeus at finding the magnificent castle, and even the cathedral, turned into barracks! A portion of the castle was transferred into a hospital for the Polish prisoners; and the two brothers occasionally obtained admission to them in the character of ecclesiastics. After several visits, they had sufficiently reconnoitred, and, taking advantage of a dark night, they went to the castle, accompanied by six locksmiths, in the disguise of pall-bearers, whom they had sworn to secrecy, and were admitted by the soldiers with little demur, as they had before performed the funeral ceremony of several deceased Poles in the hospital, at that hour. Without loss of time, they proceeded to the treasury, and breaking open the doors, threw the pall over the chest containing the regalia, and left the castle with a solemn pace, as if they were bearing a corpse to the grave. They passed all the guards: the treasure was deposited in a vehicle without the town, and conveyed to a place of safety, and Bielski hastened back to Warsaw to join Kosciusko, with his six followers as recruits. Bielski survived the horrid massacre at Prega, and escaped with his brother; and, when peace was restored, returned to his country, and removed his treasure to this cottage, where he took up his abode. It was concealed where you now see it, and the key was inclosed in the bundle of papers. Bielski's fate you already know; and I suppose his brother's was similar. I have been," continued Zaleski, "for some years the guardian of this secret; but my life is drawing to a close, and you must succeed me in the charge. You will leave me to-morrow to join the brave patriots of Warsaw; and may this fourth flight of liberty be more happy than the last; and may the hour shortly arrive, when you, Victor, may place the true crown of Poland on the head of a Piast!"



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THE BOY OF EGREMOND.
A TALE OF BOLTON ABBEY.

"HEAVENS, what a night! it thunders as though hell were battling with earth," said the rough herdsman, Clinnington, as, shaking the rain from his doublet, he entered his cottage, which was sheltered by one of the principal hills in Craven.

"Wae's me, child!" exclaimed the withered old Alice Dinner, raising her palsied head in the chimney-corner, "it is not for nothing that ye hear the thunder roar, and the wind howl through the welkin: the heir of Emsbay sleeps right cozily to-night, with his body stretched on feathers, and his head pillowed on down; but his next bed will be the bottom of the Wharfe, with the water-rat. I have dreamed, Clinnington, what I may not tell thee. My curse was on Fitz-Duncan—the Scottish fiend!—when he tilled his stolen fields with the flesh and blood of Craven's best and bravest!—when he slew my son, my bright-haired Alison, in that fight which left many a mother childless. God's wrath is on him for that deed, and life for life is demanded,—even

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that of his darling, the heir of Emsbay, from whose destiny none can deliver him!"

"You rave, Alice," said Clinnington. "Hold your peace," answered she, "poor, unbelieving, short-sighted mortal! Ye cannot track the ways of God, nor ken ye his voice in the thunder which is now rolling over us, and which declares that young Romille's hours are numbered!"

"When dies he, then?"

"To-morrow, before noon."

"And where, and how?"

"Ah! may be ye would frustrate the orderings of heaven, and prevent a death due to justice, by saving the offspring of Fitz-Duncan. Seek to know no more than this, Clinnington. If I spell my vision rightly, those yellow locks of his will twine with the weeds in the black waters of the subtle Wharfe—those dainty feet, wont to be attired in silken shoon, will wade its unfathomed mud; and he at whose beck the stout yeoman bows, shall stretch his hands, and cry for succour to the mocking winds! Monks shall wander, and masses be said, where rest the slain of Fitz-Duncan."

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“Where shelter the flock to-night?” asked the wife of Clinnington.

“I drove them to the slack beneath Bardon knoll,” said he; “pray God some of them be not swept away, for the floods rush heavily from the hills!”

“Fear not any such mishap,” rejoined Alice; “thy flock is safe; not a lock of their wool will be harmed.”

Clinnington doffed his saturated upper garments, and sat him down on the squab by the crackling fire on the hearth. The mysterious prophecy, delivered in menacing attitude by Alice Dinmer, had awed him into thoughtful silence, for he was aware of her notoriety for the gift of soothsaying. She had lost her son in the hapless fight of Bolton, where the Scots, led on by Fitz-Duncan, the nephew of David, king of Scotland, were stoutly opposed by the Craven men. The victor, Fitz-Duncan, usurped the patrimony he then possessed, married Adeliza de Romille, and—a popular farce in those days—founded the priory of Emsay, as atonement for his savage and indiscriminate massacre of the undisciplined Yorkshiremen on the banks of the Wharfe. Clinnington, out of pure pity, had adopted the bereaved old Alice as one of his family. She was no less feared than famous, on account of having predicted some remarkable mishaps to the disturbers of the peace of her mountain home, which had been literally fulfilled; and, notwithstanding Fitz-Duncan’s affected penitence in establishing the priory at Emsay, it was ordained by a trackless Providence, that Romille, his own child, should be the expiatory sacrifice for such lawless and sanguinary outrage.

The herdsman retired to rest both puzzled and perplexed. Independently of earning his subsistence under the haughty Fitz-Duncan, he had the most profound reverence for the character of the lady Adeliza, distinguished as it was by acts of benevolence and mercy; and he would have ventured any thing, even to the risking of his own life, to avert the augured fate of the boy of Egremond. He arose with the sun, and hied him unto the brow of the highest hill in the vicinity of the Wharfe, expecting that young Romille might that day be following some sport in the woods lining its banks, and trusting to the power of his voice to warn him off the margin of the dreaded

Wharfe, should he be fortunate enough to espy him.

The night had been a rough one; but the morning brought its benison of cheerful sunshine, developing the varied prospect of continuous lines of mountainous elevation; brown heaths, dense woods, and fertile dales, peculiar to the wild and romantic district of Craven. With hawk and hound, the blithe young Romille left his father’s hall, and bore down to the woods of Barden, winding his way through many a verdant field-path, and rocky and romantic glen. He was a beautiful and fascinating child—

The Hamadrads’ haunt—the Muses’ bower, which imagination might plausibly have conceived to have been in the sylvan solemnity of the old woods of Barden, could not have presented or portrayed a more god-like being. His long flaxen ringlets disported them on his glossy brow, and his azure eyes shone out beneath them with a lustre equal to that of the pearly morn; while the frequent display of his milk-white teeth, and his merry laugh as he prattled to the hound, bespoke that envy-exciting rapture of infantine joy, which mocks alike the seriousness of youth, the sorrows of manhood, and the infirmities of age.

“Ah! Dian,” said he to the hound, “I fear for our fortune to-day: we shall have but meagre sport—an ugly magpie flies over us—I would there had been three.”

Shaping his course to the central wood skirting the Wharfe, young Romille’s attention was attracted by the rising of a fern on the opposite bank of the river. Lucklessly, he chanced to be within a few paces of the *Strid*, a place where the Wharfe, suddenly contracted, rushes through the fissure in a rock there constituting the bed of the river, and which is so narrow as to admit of a person bestriding it—hence its name, the *Strid*. He hastened to the spot, dragging behind him the reluctant hound, which, aware of his approach to the water, showed great disinclination to proceed. The immense volume of the river, passing through so confined an outlet, roared and hissed with intimidating effect, throwing upon the overhanging herbage and bordering trees a continual spray, which imparted to them an inviting greenness, tempting to the foot of the youthful adventurer. Here and there amongst the long and

luxuriant grass were tufts of the daisy and the primrose, nourished by the ever-descending shower thrown up from the foamy river. The hound hung back still more as they neared the point at which it was intended to cross; but not so his master: he had many a time overleaped that dangerous torrent, and he now moved forward to accomplish such feat with greater alacrity than ever.

"What startles ye, cur?" peevishly exclaimed he to the hound; "mayhap a cold bathie would benefit your cowardly carcass this fair morning."

He tugged at the leash which held the animal, casting his eyes now and then to the flying hern. He had taken his last stride, and, planting one foot on the edge of the cavernous bank, he made a fatal spring with the intent of alighting on the opposite mound—but the hound was immovable, and, thrown off his balance by such detention, he was instantaneously drawn backwards into the dreadful abyss, which received in its oblivious embrace the hapless boy of Egremont and his favourite merlin!

Clinnington, gazing from the summit of the hill, had beheld young Romille advancing to the Strid; he called to him, but the distance from which he stood from him, and the emotion which partly paralyzed his voice, rendered the attempt to deter him abortive. The shepherd bounded down the side of the eminence, struck through the woods, and ran along the margin of the Wharfe until he arrived at the Strid; where, rambling about amidst the fern and brushwood, he found the timid young animal which had been the cause of the disaster. Clinnington hopelessly wandered to the brink of the Strid; but all that he could discover of the fate of Romille, was the print of his feet in the clayey earth—he knew the rest. He attempted to catch the liberated hound, which eluded him, and with fleet footsteps made its way back to Embsay, whither the herdsman despondingly followed it.

The lady Adeliza was seated in an ante-room at Embsay, when the fawnsome hound which had set out from thence with Romille, rushed in. Overjoyed at having arrived at home, he leaped up and licked the hand of the lady, capered about the room, and tossed about the rushes with which it was strewn. She

playfully bade him desist, and exclaimed as to his release from his young master, wondering how it had occurred. The herdsman entered at this moment out of breath; his countenance wet with perspiration, and his hose covered with dust. Vacantly gazing on the lady Adeliza, who read the mournful story on his visage, he wildly exclaimed—

"The Mother of God support ye, lady! Solve me what is left us earthly sinners, when hope is taken from us!"

"Alas! herdsman," cried she, falling down and clasping his feet in the bitterest agony, "I can but answer thee, from the dismal tidings written on thy face—continual tears!"

"Nay, comfort ye, lady, comfort ye; say ye know not the issue—your boy may have got into the thicket below the great Mear. Holy Mary! she is dying—why do I trouble her!"

Thus spoke the affrighted herdsman as the domestics of Embsay lifted up the fainting lady Adeliza, over whom stood Fitz-Duncan, with his fixed, glassy eye bent on the shepherd. The wailings of the house of Embsay pitifully pealed around him, but he spoke not—his grief, doomed to last with life, could find no words, and, tearing himself from the scene, he sought the wide woods, where to unburden him of that proud and haughty sorrow, which scorned all sympathy save that with the savage solitude of rock and glen. His slaughter of the unaggressive Craveners was avenged—in the shelving depths of that river which had been dyed with their blood, lay the body of the drowned Romille, his own and only child.

The prior of Embsay was removed to the woods of Barden, and re-endowed by Fitz-Duncan, in order to commemorate the tragic death of the heir of Embsay. The stately forestry of Bolton, encircling the crumbling arches of the sumptuous abbey,—the most attractive of all monastic ruins, as regards the natural adjuncts of scenery and situation,—the boisterous rush of the fatal Strid, and the sublime outline of heath-clad mountains surrounding that part of the district of Craven,—often recall to the tourist and antiquary the destiny of the boy of Egremont.

SCOTTISH LEGENDS.

It was about the year of redemption one thousand twelve hundred and eighty-five, when king Alexander the Third of Scotland lost his daughter Margaret, whose only child, of the same name, called the Maiden of Norway (as her father was king of that country), became the heiress of the kingdom of Scotland, as well as of her father's crown. An unhappy death was this for Alexander, who had no nearer heirs left of his own body than his grand-child. She indeed might claim his kingdom by birthright; but the difficulty of establishing such a claim to inheritance must have been anticipated by all who bestowed a thought upon the subject. The Scottish king, therefore, endeavoured to make up for his loss by replacing his late queen, who was an English princess, sister of our Edward the First, with Juletta, daughter of the count de Deux. The solemnities at the nuptial ceremony, which took place in the town of Jedburgh, were very great and remarkable, and particularly, when, amidst the display of a pageant which was exhibited on the occasion, a ghastly spectre made its appearance in the form of a skeleton, as the King of Terrors is said to be represented. Shortly after the appearance of this apparition, king Alexander died, to the great sorrow of his people, and the Maid of Norway, his heiress, speedily followed her grandfather to the grave.

It was about the era above mentioned, that the Castle Douglas (called by sir Walter, under the peculiar circumstances related by him, 'Castle Dangerous') was held in trust by sir John de Walton for the English king, under the stipulation, that if, without surprise, he should keep it from the Scottish power for a year and a day, he should obtain the barony of Douglas, with its appendages, in free property, for his reward; while, on the other hand, if he should suffer the fortress during this space to be taken, either by guile or open force, he would become liable to dishonour as a knight, and to attainder, as a subject; as also that the chiefs who took share with him, and served under him, should share in his guilt and his punishment; when the young lord Douglas, accompanied by a minstrel named Hugo Hugonet, set forth on the dangerous exploit of redeeming

the lost honours of his house. On their arrival at the castle, they found it a scene of tumult, and succeeded in entering it unobserved by the sentinels. They made their way undiscovered to the library, where they thought it prudent to remain for a time to discuss the plan of future operations. Here Hugonet, on scanning the contents of the library, discovered a book of poetry, to which he had been attached of old, and aware that the lord Douglas had been a man of some reading, he was doubly anxious to secure it. This book contained the lays of an ancient Scottish bard, distinguished by the name of 'Thomas the Rhymer,' whose intimacy, it is said, became in his time so great with the gifted people, called the faery folk, that he could, like them, foretell future deeds before they came to pass, and united in his own person the qualities of bard and of soothsayer. The time and manner of his death were never publicly known, but the general belief was, that he was not severed from the land of the living, but removed to the land of faery, from whence he sometimes made excursions, and concerned himself only about matters which were to come hereafter. Hugonet was the more earnest to prevent the loss of this ancient bard, as many of his poems and predictions were said to be preserved in the castle, and were supposed to contain much, especially connected with the old house of Douglas, as well as other families of ancient descents, who had been subjects of the old man's prophecies; and, accordingly, he determined to save this volume from destruction. With this view, he hurried up into a little old vaulted room, called the 'Douglas study,' in which there might be some dozen old books written by the ancient chaplains, in what the minstrels call *the letter black*. He immediately discovered the celebrated lay, called 'Sir Tristem;' Hugonet, who well knew the value in which this poem was held by the ancient lords of the castle, took the parchment volume from the shelves of the library, and laid it upon a small desk. Having made such preparation for putting it in safety, he fell into a brief reverie, when, as he bent his eyes upon the book of the ancient Rhymer, he was astonished to observe it slowly removed from the desk on which it lay by an invisible hand.

The old man looked with horror at the spontaneous motion of the book, for the safety of which he was interested, and had the courage to approach a little nearer the desk, in order to discover by what means it had been withdrawn. Close to the table on which the desk was placed, stood a chair; and it had now so far advanced in the evening as to render it difficult to distinguish any person seated in the chair, though it now appeared, upon close examination, that a kind of shadowy outline of a human form was seated in it, but neither precise enough to convey its exact figure to the mind, or to intimate distinctly its mode of action. The bard of Douglas, therefore, gazed upon the object of his fear as if he had looked upon something not mortal; nevertheless, as he gazed more intently, he became more capable of discovering the object which offered itself to his astonished eyes, and they grew by degrees more keen to penetrate what they witnessed. A tall thin form, attired in, or rather shaded with, a long flowing dusky robe, having a face and physiognomy so wild and overgrown with hair as to be hardly human, were the only marked outlines of the phantom; and, looking more attentively, Hugonet was still sensible of two other forms, the outlines, it seemed, of a hart and a hind, which appeared half to shelter themselves behind the person and under the robe of this supernatural figure. The phantom addressed Hugonet in an antique language, being a species of Scotch or Gaelic: 'You are a learned man,' said the apparition, 'and not unacquainted with the dialects used in your country formerly, although they are now out of date, and you are obliged to translate them into the vulgar Saxon of Deira or Northumberland; but bright must an ancient bard prize one in this 'remote term of time,' who sets upon the poetry of his native country, a value which invites him to think of its preservation at a moment of such terror as influences the present evening.'

'It is indeed,' said Hugonet, 'a night of terror, that calls even the dead from their grave, and makes them the ghastly and fearful companions of the living. Who or what art thou, in God's name, who breakest the bounds which divide them, and revisitest thus strangely

the state thou hast so long bid adieu to?'

'I am,' said Thomas the Rhymer, 'by some called Thomas of Erceuldoun, or Thomas the True Speaker. Like other sages, I am permitted at times to revisit the scenes of my former life, nor am I incapable of removing the shadowy clouds and darkness which overhang futurity; and know, thou afflicted man, that what thou now seest in this afflicted country, is not a general emblem of what shall herein befall hereafter; but in proportion as the Douglasses are now suffering the loss and destruction of their home, for their loyalty to the rightful heir of the Scottish kingdom, so has heaven appointed for them a just reward; and as they have not spared to burn and destroy their own house, and that of their fathers' in the Bruce's cause, so is it the doom of heaven, that as often as the walls of Douglas Castle shall be burnt to the ground, they shall be again rebuilt still more stately and more magnificent than before.'

"A cry was now heard, like that of a multitude, in the court-yard, joining in a fierce shout of exultation; at the same time, a broad and ruddy glow seemed to burst from the beams and rafters, and sparks flew from them as from the smith's smithy, while the element caught to its fuel, and the conflagration broke its way through every aperture.

"See ye that," said the vision, casting his eye towards the windows, and disappearing—"Begone! the fated hour of removing this book is not yet come, nor are thine the destined hands. But it will be safe where I have placed it, and the time of its removal shall come."

"The voice was heard after the form had vanished, and the brain of Hugonet almost turned round at the wild scene which he had beheld; his utmost exertions were scarcely sufficient to withdraw him from the terrible spot, and Douglas Castle that night sunk into ashes and smoke, to arise, in no great length of time, in a form stronger than ever.

"In conclusion, this strange tale, though incredible, is so far undeniable, that Castle Douglas was three times burned down by the heir of the house and the barony, and was as often reared again by Henry lord Clifford, and other generals of the English, in a manner rendering it more impregnable than it had previously

existed: thus verifying the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer."

THE UNFORTUNATE MAJOR ANDRE.

OLD Tappan, which consists of only two or three small houses, was the place selected for the execution of the once brave, noble-hearted, patriotic and accomplished major Andre. I was anxious to make a pilgrimage to the grave of my unfortunate countryman; and, as the wind was scarcely sufficient to bear us up against a strong ebb-tide, I easily prevailed on the captain to anchor his charge, and allow the small boat to go on shore. Major Andre, you may recollect, was taken prisoner by the Americans during the revolution, as a British spy. The house or hut in which he was kept in confinement had only very lately gone into ruins. It was then a tavern, and its landlord, now extremely old, still resides close by, and recites the melancholy tale with much affection and feeling. He witnessed the gentlemanly manners and equanimity of this heroic soldier while in his house, under the most trying circumstances, and from its threshold to the fatal spot. In his room the prisoner could hear the sound of the axe employed in erecting the scaffold; and on one occasion, in the presence of a friend, when these sounds, terrible to all but himself, were more than usually distinct, he is said to have observed, with great composure, "that every sound he heard from that axe was indeed an important lesson; it taught him how to live and how to die." When conducted to the place of execution, and on coming near to the scaffold, he made a sudden halt, and momentarily shrunk at the sight; because he had, to the last, entertained hopes that his life would have been taken by the musket, and not by the halter. This apparent want of resolution quickly passed away, and the disappointment he felt told more against the uncompromising spirit of the times, than against himself. Rejecting assistance, he approached and ascended the platform with a steady pace and lofty demeanour, and submitted to his fate with the pious resignation of a great and good man. A large concourse of spectators, among whom were several well-dressed females, had assembled on this sorrowful occasion; and it is reported that scarcely a dry cheek could be found throughout the whole multitude. Andre was then seen

as he always had been, and moved by that which had through life presided over all his actions, resolved beyond presumption, and firm without ostentation.

"The person and appearance of major Andre were prepossessing: he was well proportioned, and above the common size of men; the lines of his face were regular, well marked, and beautifully symmetrical, which gave him an expression of countenance at once dignified and commanding. His address was graceful and easy; in manners he was truly exemplary, and in conversation affable and instructive. Polite to all ranks and classes of people, he was universally respected; fond of discipline, and always alive to the just claims and feelings of others, he was beloved in the army, and generally appealed to as the common arbitrator and conciliator of the contentions of those around him. In a word, he was a sincere friend, a scholar and accomplished gentleman, a patriot, a gallant soldier, an able commander, and a Christian.

"General Washington, when called upon to sign his death-warrant, which he did not do without hesitation, it is said, dropped a tear upon the paper, and spoke at the same time to the following effect: — 'That were it not infringing upon the duty and responsibility of his office, and disregarding the high prerogative of those who would fill that office after him, the tear, which now lay upon that paper, should annihilate the confirmation of an act to which his name would for ever stand as a sanction. He was summoned that day to do a deed at which his heart revolted; but it was required of him by the justice of his country, the desires and expectations of the people: he owed it to the cause in which he was solemnly engaged, to the welfare of an infant confederacy, and safety of a newly organised constitution which he had pledged his honour to protect and defend, and a right given to him that was acknowledged to be just by the ruling voice of all nations.'

"Andre, after he had heard his condemnation, addressed a letter to Washington: it contained a feeling appeal to him as a man, a soldier, and a general, on the mode of death he was to die. It was his wish to be shot. This, however, could not be granted; he had been taken and condemned as a spy, and the laws of nations had established the manner of his death.

But where were the humanity and feeling of the British on this occasion? Why did they not give up the dastardly Arnold in exchange for the brave Andre, as it was generously proposed by the United States? This they refused on a paltry plea, and suffered, in consequence, the life of one of their finest officers to be ignominiously taken."

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

THE Dublin University Magazine for February, among other articles of interest, contains a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person, after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin; it then proceeds to state, that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of king James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a pedlar; how, while on the way, he had an interview with general Sarsefield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before captain Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland.

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal; "unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here, where you are."

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me, with a strong light from an opposite window. As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. "I think, my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?" "I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honourably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of lace ruffles? very cheap, your worship." "Why

do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestion. "I promise you, I think no good of you; throw back your hair, and let me see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir."

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred; he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment that he would strike his sword into my heart, he said, in a kind of whisper, "Hardress Fitzgerald?" "Yes," said I, boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, captain Oliver. I know how you hate me. I know how you thirst for my blood; but in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you." "You are a desperate villain, sir," said captain Oliver; "a rebel and a murderer. Hallo there, guard, seize him." As the soldiers entered, I threw my eyes hastily around the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew general Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. "Secure the papers," shouted the captain, and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the butt end of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy I rose with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber, or rather cell, in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor to the ceiling being not less than twelve or

fourteen feet. A narrow slit placed high in the wall admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant a whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain if possible whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard. I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought, with all my combined strength and weight, to force it open ; it, however, resisted all my efforts, and thus baffled in my appeal to mere animal power, exhausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavoured to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbour. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the door of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening, ere the moon rose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. "He shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog ; shot to-night, and hung to-morrow ; hung at the bridge head ; hung, until his bones drop asunder !"

It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror, crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened ; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would

burst ; thoughts the wildest and the most hideous, scared my very soul ; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured ; but still I could not view the slow approaches of certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened, and locked again upon the inside ; a measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake, fellow ?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself ; get upon thy legs." His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on ! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son." There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key, "Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin ; but if you go to any of your gammon, before two hours are passed, you will have as many holes in your carcase as a target." "Name your conditions," said I ; "and if they consist with honour, I will never baulk at the offer."

"Here they are : you are to be shot to-night, by captain Oliver's orders ; the carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

(To be continued.)



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BLACK-GANG CHINE.

“God protect us!—that was a cry of blood!” exclaimed Phœbe, the wife of Tom Fenton, an Isle of Wight smuggler, as they sat at their scanty supper, late on a summer’s evening—an expression which she uttered on hearing a stifled shriek come from the direction in which lay the grounds of the almost adjoining villa of sir Hugh Standen.

“Finish your mess, and go to your hammock, girl,” said Tom; “I am to be up at four. You are ready to blubber at every squall.”

This rough rejoinder of Fenton did not emanate either from want of conjugal gentleness, or a desire to screen any deed of darkness committing under the auspices of sir Hugh Standen; but he had learned, during the precarious routine of contraband trade, to attach a fatal importance to the sound of alarm. He left his wife, however, to her own fears, and withdrew to bed. But the terror of Phœbe had “murdered sleep” for her; and, on hearing a second shriek, which she then knew to be that of a female, she hastened to the

garden behind their cottage, which was separated by an intervening lawn from the pleasure-grounds of sir Hugh, at the distance of about ten rods from whose residence was an out-house, appropriated to the use of the gardener. This hovel was immured in a cluster of dark pines and Portugal laurel; its roof was overrun by ivy, and it was lighted from a window looking out upon the lawn which interfered with it and Fenton’s garden. From this recess issued the sounds of mystery which had so troubled Phœbe Fenton, and she resolved to discover their cause, at all hazard. Nerved with that mental courage which is so inherent in the female character, and which is prominent when displayed in defence of their own sex, she stretched out her hands, and catching hold of the twisted boughs which grew over the vine-embowered wall, scrambled to the other side. It was a fine moonlight night; but she perceived, through the thickly-planted trees behind the villa, some one carrying a lantern, with which they entered the garden-house. There was a light also moving in the drawing-room; but, owing to the

closely-drawn curtains of gauze, she could not distinguish the person of the mover.

Gliding across the lawn, she drew near to the window in the gable-end of the garden-house, through which she beheld a female rudely seated on the ground, her hands tied behind her, moaning most piteously. It was but the fear of sharing her destiny which deterred Phœbe Fenton from attempting her deliverance; for, by the glimmer of the suspended lantern, she beheld three ruffians occupied in adjusting a rope, which they fastened to a beam behind their beauteous victim, leaving a noose for her neck. Shifting the lantern, the light fell upon their cut-throat countenances, and Phœbe, uttering a faint cry, recognised them to be of her husband's gang, three of the crew of the 'Saucy Anne,' then lying about a mile and a half out from Chale Bay, with a contraband cargo. Horrified beyond measure at this discovery, she could scarcely manage to support herself by clinging to the creeping ivy attached to the building. She was a daring and stout-hearted woman, however, inured to the beholding of such strange escapes and rencontres as distinguish a smuggler's life. She again looked through the window, and saw one of the murderers issue forth, closing the door after him, to keep watch on the outside. The remaining two, then, under the pretence of soothing the hapless female, slipped the cord over her neck, and instantly drew her up to the beam, where, hanging, she struggled so violently and so long, that one of them snatched up a crow-bar, and struck her on the head so ferociously, that the blood streamed in torrents down her dishevelled hair, and splashed against the window, through which the pale-faced Phœbe was looking. The latter, terrified to fainting, dropped on the turf of the shaven sward. On recovering, she crept across it on her hands and knees, until she gained the wall, and, after many an effort, the cottage.

Fenton, startled by a noise, awoke out of his slumber, and heard a feeble call of "Fenton, get up!" Huddling on some of his clothes, he descended the stair, lifted up his fallen wife, and bore her to the bed. Half an hour elapsed before she was able to give an account of what she had witnessed. Having resumed

sufficient command of her feelings, she told her husband the terrifying story. Indignant at discovering himself the partner of such atrocious murderers, and bent upon sifting the secret, he overleaped the boundaries of the two enclosures, and was soon at the dismal spot, where, prying about amongst the trees, he discovered a spade stuck in the ground, close to a hole which some one had been digging. The door of the out-house was fastened, and baffled his essays to force it. He bent his ear to the rocky ground, and heard footsteps at some distance, descending the cliff, and proceeding towards the bay. Retracing his way, he emerged from the front of his cottage, and advancing to the most towering part of the cliffs, he took his stand on the highest point.

The moon lit up the scenery with a lustre equal to that of noon-day. The undulating sea murmured with a subdued gentleness that bespoke a parley with the adventurous voyager. Fenton shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed on the quietly anchored 'Saucy Anne,' seen within half-a-league of land; below him lay the melancholy wreck of the 'Melville Watson.' On his right, the chalky outline of Freshwater, proximate to the Needles, gleamed in the moonshine; while, in dark relief, the sable shores of Atherfield were traceable in the foreground. On his left, the island, sloping to its easternmost extremity, wore the warm and golden hues of one of the clustering cyclades,—the moon's rays vividly illumining the verdant heights of Ventnor, and the craggy steeps of Bonchurch. Behind, arose the giant hill of St. Catherine's; the grey ruins of the chantry, and the abandoned light-house, mouldering on its cone. More immediately, and forming a part of the line of rock on which Fenton was standing, the gloomy fall of Black-Gang Chine diversified the otherwise unbroken chain of crags parallel with the shore. The heat of summer had dried up the mountain-springs, the united streams which composed the roaring waterfall of Black-Gang Chine, and their diminished waters fell down the dank and blackened sides of the curving precipice with a hollow, trickling sound, which added to the terror inspired by gazing on its repulsive form.

The peering eyes of Tom Fenton

glanced in every direction, his ears were open to every quarter, to catch either sight or sound of the remorseless trio of which he was in quest. His endeavours to obtain information by means of the latter medium, were abortive—

“The pebbly music of the rippling bay”

prevented his hearing the trampling of the murderers; but, looking intently, he plainly beheld them, within pistol-shot, moving along the shingled beach, bearing amongst them what he took to be the body of the mangled maiden, the lovely mistress of the blood-guilty sir Hugh Standen. At the centre of the bay, where was moored their boat, the smugglers made a stand, and, embarking with their burden, put out to sea. They rowed from the entrance of the bay towards the defined edge of a bristling reef of rocks which constituted the terror of every mariner. There Fenton saw them lay-to, for the purpose, he had no doubt, of dropping the corpse. Their business dispatched, they made for land; while Fenton, with all speed, shaped his course to Black-Gange Chine, to the recess at the bottom of which he knew they would resort.

After a most hazardous scramble down the stony ridge which formed the eastern side of that tremendous precipice, forty feet in height, he alighted with his feet on a level space immediately on the side edge, and overlooking part of Black-Gang Chine. In a short time, his comrades entered at the bottom, and took their stand in the recess, which, as he stood, was directly beneath him. He could hear every syllable of their conversation distinctly, and, from their voices, discovered them to be three of the most ruffianly wretches in the whole gang.

“The devil seize me!” said one of them; “I know not how I shall get the blood out of my shirt and trousers: we shall be nosed, after all. Hang me, she was a ripe ’un; for when I hit her, the juice spurted a yard high!”

“Was sir Hugh tired of her?” asked one of the others.

“Partly,” answered the third, “and partly afraid of her. She had a chirper to him, and he gave it a gripe one day, and settled its account. The foolish jade threatened to split; and so, to save his own neck, he has had her put out of his way.”

“Well,” said the first, “she’s far enough out of his latitude now. Come, my lads, out with the prize-money, and let us settle: the sneaking lubbers who are out of this job, will be very inquisitive to know how we came by so many shiners.”

It was with the utmost difficulty that Tom Fenton could suppress his feelings. What could he do? With chagrin he recollected his want of fire-arms; for he had left his wife in such perturbation, that his pistols had been overlooked. Luckily, the three were similarly unprovided. But Fenton discovered a means of attack equally effectual. Upon the verge of the yawning cavern, and where he leaned, was a piece of loose and shelving rock, of half a ton in weight, to appearance, which he found he could move, and, if needful, throw down upon the heads of his despicable companions beneath. The ground where they stood was difficult of access, and to and from it they could pass, but by one at a time. Fenton knew this; he felt emboldened, and, turning to clasp the piece of rock in his arms, so that he might be prepared, in case of discovery, to give decisive battle, his foot loosened a fragment of stone, which rolled down and fell amongst them. The alarm was given, and, looking up, they perceived Tom Fenton clinging to the detached portion of rock, ready to hurl it on their heads; a circumstance of which they were not immediately aware.

“Ah! we are betrayed!” exclaimed one of the trio; “I’ll either cut his throat, or he shall mine! On, my boys! let us give him chase!”

“Stir one foot,” shouted Tom Fenton, “and, by the God of heaven! I will crush the three of you into a mummy! Look here! d’ye see this stone?”

Aghast with fear, they tempted not the extremity, but tried to reason Tom out of his resentment.

“Don’t argue with me, you gibbet villains,” cried Tom. “Close with my proposal, or your bones shall swing in the wind, on high St. Catherine’s. Two of you are brothers: leave one, and let the others to boat immediately, and if, on your way, you make any attempt to grapple me, I will instantly, as I expect mercy from God, hurl down the stone on your brother’s head. Jem Whitely, I

will not move from this place until I see you alongside the 'Saucy Anne!'

Gladly enough did they embrace this offer, one of the brothers staying behind. Immediately Fenton was certified of their being on board, he called to the remaining Whitely to surrender himself, or fight for the issue. He chose the latter; and Tom Fenton descended to the beach, and drew his cutlass. After exchanging a few desperate gashes, Tom closed with his antagonist, disarmed, and threw him. To insure more certainly his passiveness, he bound his hands strongly with a piece of cord, and then conducted him to the adjacent hamlet of Chale, where he left him in custody till the morning.

Through the information of Tom Fenton, two of the custom-house cutters gave chase to the 'Saucy Anne,' boarded, and took her. The murderers were apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed at Winchester; and their bodies were suspended in chains on St. Catherine's, overlooking the scene of their crime. Sir Hugh Standen, the abettor of the foul deed, escaped the justice of his country, and died abroad. As for Tom Fenton, he became a new man: he was admitted into the preventive service, and constituted, while he lived, one of its most active and uncompromising officers, dating his reformation from the awful night of his discovery of the murderers of Black-Gang Chine.

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

(Concluded from page 88.)

"WELL, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to headquarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humour him a little, and, when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan, surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man thus completely crippled, and without a weapon." "I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier. "When you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case; walk boldly

out—I am appointed to ride with captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster pistols loaded in case of pursuit, and with the devil's help we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again and again, until he is *finished*—and I trust to your honour to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manacles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles!—the first step towards freedom was made—my self-reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. "Now for the weapon," said I. "I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he; "but if well handled it will do as well as the best Toledo; it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself; it has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat with which I had secured the cross part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not be easily forced from my hand; and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall, and my hands together under my coat, awaiting for my visitor. The time wore slowly on; the dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. "How's this?" said I, inwardly. "Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy." As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant.—I knew that the decisive moment was

come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, captain Oliver entered the room where I lay: he was equipped for instant duty, as far as the twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his military cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath come thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death-struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

"Hardress Fitzgerald," he began at length, "are you awake? Stand up, if you desire to hear of matters nearly touching your life or death; get up, I say."

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movements of one whose hands were bound.

"Well," said I, "what would you of me? Is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and violent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor? What do you want of me?"

"As to your punishment, sir," said he, "your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know, that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavoured this day to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels."

"And if I do this I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?" Oliver bowed.

"Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more

to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honour of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigations, and defy your utmost power?" "In that case," replied he, coolly, "before half an hour you shall be a corpse."

"Then, God have mercy on your soul!" said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with my whole force; the point unfortunately struck the cuirass, near the neck, and, glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if any thing rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain; the body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and shook the weapon and the bloody cloth from my hand, the moon, which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass which had so lately been a living and comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done; the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked hat upon my head, threw on the cloak,

drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, to the door of the guard-room; this I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "How soon, captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner dispatched?" "In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice. The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

"Is all right?" said he, eagerly.—"Aye," said I: "which horse am I to mount?" He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "Who goes there?—stand and give the word?" Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on; so did also the soldier who accompanied me. The sentinel fired.

"Hurrah!" I shouted; "try it again, my boy," and away we went, at a gallop which bade fair to distance every thing like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however; for soon the clatter of horses' hoofs, in full speed, crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. Away we went, with our pursuers close behind. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade, "Lower your body; lie flat over the saddle; the fellow is going to fire." I had hardly spoken when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head foremost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on,

and save myself and my dispatch. I rode on at a gallop. Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapidly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismount. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimbly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more I crossed Thomond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet, the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besiegers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster-brother of Oliver, whom he thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another!

THE FISHERMAN.

FROM the early part of August to the end of October, every little creek on the coast of Cornwall puts forth its boats and men in pursuit of the pilchard fishery. The large boats, with nets of immense extent, called *seans*, lie close to the shore, watching the approach of the fish, while others of a different construction, with smaller nets, are engaged in what is termed the drift fishery, at a distance from the coast. The fishing-towns of Newlyn and Mousehole, in the Mount's Bay, are particularly active in this occupation. In the afternoons may be seen the little fleet getting under weigh, and one after another sailing out to the different fishing-stations; the drift is always in the evening, and continues throughout the night; with the first dawn of day, like a cloud, nearer and nearer comes the little fleet, returning to their home with the produce of the night's fishing. The beach then is a most animating scene; it is covered with women, old men, and child-

ren, helping ashore the nets, taking the fish to the cellars for salting, or to the next market-town for sale; even wee toddling things, hardly able to stagger under the burden, marching away triumphantly with the large boots used by the fishermen, wet jackets, &c., to be dried and got in order for the next trip.

To the most indifferent stranger, this is a scene to be viewed with pleasure; and to a Cornishman, whose pride is in the fishery, it is ever a subject of delight. Every age finds employment at this season, from tenderest childhood to extreme old age; the light, laughing countenance of youth and beauty (for the fishermen's daughters of Newlyn and Mousehole bear off the prize from the whole country round), is contrasted with rough faces which have weathered the gales of more than half a century, and who now, exempt from the toils of the sea, remain on shore to secure and preserve the finny spoil.

Yet sometimes, in all this, the sudden tempest destroys the labour of the fisherman; his nets and boats are lost; his means of subsistence are gone, and poverty usurps the place of plenty; occasionally even lives fall a sacrifice. It is then that the season of joy is changed into mourning, and what was looked forward to with pleasure, is for a long time remembered with grief.

The boats, in the month of September, 182—, had been on the drift with a fine breeze for two or three hours, with every prospect of success; the evening had been cloudy, but nothing serious was apprehended: suddenly the breeze increased in violence, and the nets were taken up by the major part of the fishermen, in order to make their way home. Some, in the hope that the wind would not continue boisterous, remained at their fishing; but the gale freshened up, and that which at first was an easy task, became dangerous in the extreme. One solitary little boat, much to leeward of the rest, manned by a father and three sons, toiled to get all right, and made most desperate efforts to secure their property; but the heavy sea breaking around, obliged them to cast off and try to save their own lives. The wind was dead off the shore, and the distance at this time, from being obliged to beat up for the pier, was a subject not to be looked at with pleasure: it was attempted; but, instead of working to windward, they

lost ground, and, in the end, were obliged to run before it.

Harder and harder blew the wind, and the hope which had animated the little crew, became fainter every moment. The father looked on his sons, but dared not utter a word to the elder ones; he saw the agitation of their minds, and feared to ask a question, lest even the bare answering it would take off the attention absolutely required for their preservation; for the sea roared and broke incessantly around them, and the distraction of their thoughts but for an instant would, perhaps, have been fatal. In this distress the eye was strained to catch a glimpse of any object from which succour might be derived, and, at the same time, to watch the seas and trim their little boat.

The youngest child, the last blossom, apparently so soon to be blighted, sat at his father's feet; the awfulness of the scene, to which he was a stranger, had for some time stopped the inquiries he was used to make: he was looking attentively on what was doing, and his little speaking eye seemed to ask, could he assist. The father, seeing the poor boy so unusually quiet, asked him if he was afraid?

"If you are not, father," said the little fellow.

"But should you not be afraid to die, Joe?"

"No, father, for mother says, God watches over the poor fisherman, and I am sure she prays for us now; and if we should die, I should not be afraid, father."

At that time the mother was praying for her family, and watching anxiously the tempest; her heart was full, even to bursting, but her distress broke not forth in loud complaints—it was the silent yet impressive submission to the will of God, yet looking to him for assistance. The whole of that night passed; at break of day the fisherman's wife was on the cliff, looking with fearful anxiety for the return of her husband. The other boats were arrived, but he came not. The day passed, the night came, and yet no tidings. The neighbours, who pitied and felt for her forlorn situation, tried to comfort her; they told of many who had escaped the storm in all its fury, and had returned to the bosom of their families; though her husband was not now among them, he might still be saved and live many years. They were thanked for their kindness, and she

tried to believe what they said might be true ; yet, at the same time, the heart failed to give comfort, for the idea of her loss would not allow her mind to cherish hopes seemingly never to be realized.

When the storm was past, and fair weather returned to cheer the fishermen, they went out and came in as usual ; though at first they mourned the loss of Norton and his sons, whom they considered dead ; yet when six months were passed, the memory of them was fast fading away from all but the widow and her orphan daughter.

One afternoon in April, three men and a little lad were seen toiling along the road from P—— ; they had apparently walked far, and each carried his bundle slung over the shoulder. Some of the men lounging about uttered a cry of surprise, and a little girl darted away from them towards the advancing party—the only word she spoke was “ Father ! ” and in an instant jumped into the arms of the eldest of the group.

It was indeed the fisherman and his sons ; they had escaped the perils of the storm, they had traversed the great ocean, and now once more returned to throw light upon the dark hours, and cause sunshine and smiles again to illumine the cottage of her who thought herself desolate ; she was no longer the widow mourning the death of her husband and family, but the happy wife, and the mother of sons who had been her pride and support : nor was the enjoyment solitary ; old faces dropped in to see their lost comrades restored to them, to wish them joy on their return, and offer assistance should they need it. They asked them by what miracle they had escaped, and why they had not before informed them of their safety ? It was soon told :—they had passed that night and the next morning in great distress ; the gale had not decreased ; when at their last extremity, they were taken up by an outward-bound vessel on her voyage to South America : they had no means of returning, or even sending home to their family, and were obliged to wait on board until they could obtain a passage to England. The captain had allowed them handsomely for their assistance ; they were grateful to him, and thanked heaven for the blessing of deliverance from death, and giving them something to assist in recovering the loss they had sustained.

The next season the fisherman's family were engaged in their former occupation, with a fresh boat and nets, purchased by the money they had brought with them, and the kind assistance of their friends. They have since weathered many a gale, and been signally favoured by Providence : but this was the principal feature of their lives—it formed a tale for many wintry nights ; and the recital of the adventure always convinced them that God protects those who put their trust in him.

NAPOLEON'S MARCH OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

ON the 6th of May, in the year 1800, Napoleon, then first consul of France, set off from Paris to assume the command of the army of Italy. On the 13th, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne.— Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the Lake of Geneva, and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal (not more resembling that warrior in military talent than in perfidy) passed through Burg and St. Brenchier ; and, after great toil, difficulty, and danger, arrived with his whole army at the top of the Great St. Bernard. The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes which it presents are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulphs, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not a soldier but was alternately petrified with horror, or captivated with delight—at one time feeling himself a coward—at another, animated with the inspirations of a hero ! Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating nothing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending from these regions of perpetual snow, on suddenly turning a road, they beheld tables, covered, as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment. The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted, returned tumultuous thanks to the monks, and passed on. A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy.



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THE LEGACY:
A SKETCH.

"*ALLEZ, allez, vite!*" cried Jean Henri Latour to his mule, as he trotted along the road to T—, under the blaze of an autumn sun. Jean was the only son of an old merchant in the town, and had been absent more than five years; and his eye gazed with delight on the landscape, still as familiar to him as in his boyish days, when his headstrong disposition urged him to seek adventures in another country—far away from the strict discipline of his father, who, for a Frenchman, was one of the most austere devotees that ever mortified a mad-brained son, or offered a bait to a designing batch of monks. Jean resembled his mother, who was possessed of all the natural vivacity of a Frenchwoman: she sung and played with taste, danced admirably, and wrote an elegant letter; but monsieur was unworthy of such perfection: he loved business and his money better than his wife, and, finding remonstrance useless, he suffered her to have her own way; and his plan succeeded, for,

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when their son was only five years old, Madame Latour over-exerted herself at a ball, caught cold, and came home alarmingly ill, was blistered, cupped, and dosed, and—died! Her husband made a decent show of mourning, but bore his loss like a stoic. Many of his neighbours were so uncharitable as to hint that his grief was artificial, or, as the English say, "all my eye!" Be this as it may, the calamity was not great enough to offer a serious check to the speculations of our widower, who became more assiduous than ever, and his business increased with his exertions.

Jean Henri was instructed in all the various branches of polite education, until the age of sixteen, when his father resolved to make him a man of business, and transferred him to his counting-house; but Jean was incorrigible, and could not bend his mind to business, despite of his father's remonstrances and threats to disinherit him: his hand-writing was illegible, and his accounts quite unintelligible to any one but himself. This conduct caused his father much chagrin and vexation, for monsieur loved his son, and wished to

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make him like himself—a thing morally impossible. At length, disgusted with the dull monotonous life he was leading, Jean determined to seek his fortune elsewhere, and not obtaining his papa's consent thereto, he determined to take French leave of his parent—which determination he put in force one morning before the merchant had risen from his bed. Where he went, is of little consequence: he was absent five years, and saw many strange things, as all travellers are allowed to see; and when he returned he was a head and shoulders taller than when he left France, had quite as good, or even a better opinion of himself than ever, and, of course, thought every girl in love with him. He had, however, come home almost penniless, and his last louis was expended. Giving the mule a liberal taste of his riding-whip, Jean soon reached the town, and hastened to the house of the parent he had abandoned, when he received the chilling intelligence that his father had been dead upwards of six months. This was a bitter draught for poor Jean, who thus suddenly found himself without a friend in the wide world; and his grief was as violent as it was sincere. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the shock which this news had occasioned him, he ventured to inquire how his father had disposed of his large property; and, to his horror and chagrin, was told that it was bequeathed by the deceased merchant to the monks of a neighbouring abbey. To the abbey the young Frenchman immediately went, and begged an interview with the superior, who confirmed the intelligence by producing an extract from the merchant's will.

"You see, my son," said the father, "that your parent had given you up for lost: what says he:—

"I leave to the good fathers of the convent of S—— the whole of my property, after such debts as may be owing by me are paid; but if my son should return, I desire that they may give him such a portion as they may choose," &c.

Jean read over the extract again and again, and then ventured to ask the superior what portion had been allotted to him? The abbot stared at this question, scratched his head, and replied that the whole of the money had been expended; that a new wall had been built round the abbey; that many hundred poor and sick persons had

been relieved; and that missionaries had been sent out to convert the savages in distant lands, by means of the money which the good merchant had bequeathed to them.

During this explanation, Jean eyed the superior with an air of distrust, and found it in his heart to tell him that he lied; but the sanctity of the place checked his indignation, and he quitted the abbey, disgusted at what he had heard, and half inclined to turn misanthrope. So much did the strange will which his father had made, and the cupidity of the abbot, occupy his mind, that he almost ran over one of his old friends in the street, who greeted him most cordially, and invited him to dinner.

While enjoying his friend's wine, Jean informed him of his ill-fortune, and begged his advice. The advocate looked thoughtful for a moment, and then assured his guest that he would certainly recover, not only the part which the merchant had left to his son, in the event of his return, but the whole of it. Our prodigal listened attentively, and assured his friend that he would amply remunerate him if he succeeded in making the monks disgorge the wealth they had so unjustly appropriated to themselves.

Not to tire the reader with an account of all that took place previous to the day on which the cause was heard, we shall proceed to recount what then took place. The advocate, in a long and eloquent speech, inveighed against the rapacity and cruelty of the monks, and concluded with these words:—"The father of my client thus words his will—'I leave to the good fathers of the convent of S—— the whole of my property, &c.; but if my son should return, I desire that they give him such a portion as they may choose,' &c. Now, these avaricious brothers have *chosen the whole*: is not, then, my client entitled to the whole of his father's property?"

This piece of logic was irresistible; the judge declared in favour of the plaintiff, and Jean Henri Latour was once more a happy man. Cured of his rambling propensities, he devoted his time to business, got married to a lovely girl in the neighbourhood, and lived contentedly to a good old age.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

WHEN admiral John Willet Payne, of facetious memory, was first lieutenant of the —, at that time commanded by the very eccentric captain James, or, as he was more usually called, Jemmy Ferguson, there often occurred scenes between these two extraordinary characters, of so ludicrous a nature, that they not only relieved the monotony of the ship's daily routine of duty in port, but seemed to cheer, by their repetition, many a dull hour at sea, and to arouse the hearty laugh of those to whom they were recounted on board the other ships of the fleet, who all highly enjoyed the practical jokes the senior lieutenant presumed to play off on his hot-headed but warm-hearted commander, while they were equally astonished at the address by which he escaped the punishment his wit and temerity but too often richly merited. One of those feats of dexterity, the genuine offspring of his ever-fertile mind, occurred shortly after the breaking up of the frost in the ice-bound harbour of Halifax, where the frigate had been laid up for the winter.

Before she sailed, it was determined by the inhabitants to add one concluding ball to the festivities that had reigned throughout the dreary months of the past year, as a friendly farewell to the officers of the ship, with whom they had lived in an uninterrupted course of hospitality. Preparations were therefore made on a more than usually splendid scale, to render this last *fete* the most brilliant of all, and invitations were soon sent on board, and were joyfully accepted. But it so happened, that, on the appointed day, captain Ferguson and his mad-brained lieutenant had several high words on some trifling occasion, which proceeded, as customary, to epithets of no measured description on the part of the enraged commander, and of calm ironical retort on that of his officer; and as the superior considered his dignity would be more compromised in acknowledging the impropriety of his foul language, than in using it (a very common error), so he would not condescend to apologise; neither would the inferior yield the point relative to his impertinent presumption and sarcastic replies, both continuing to remain in a temporary state

of hostility and cross-purposes—no uncommon case with them.

As the wished-for evening advanced, the captain, having had leisure to dress himself for the gay scene of revelry and dance, came suddenly on deck, ordered his barge, and at the same time directed Meester Payne not to leave the ship on any account whatsoever, but to remain on board, and prepare for sea at daylight. The half-adorned premier, thunderstruck with this despotic and unlooked-for mandate, attempted to remonstrate; but he soon found it was totally in vain, by that infallible token, that ominous sign of settled displeasure, the formal appellation "Meester Payne; I say, Meester Payne, selence. Meester Payne, I tull ye, selence: doe as I tull ye,"—while, with imperturbable gravity and stateliness, he descended into his barge; but no sooner had the boatswain's long, loud crescendo-pipe proclaimed his friend's departure, than Mister Payne, casting a hasty but satisfactory look at his own well-made limbs, already cased in kerseymere and silk, resolved they should not be deprived of the pleasure of exhibiting themselves once more in the mazy dance, before they resumed their sea-worthiness: he therefore hastily descended, completed his toilette as a private gentleman, and left the ship in charge of his second, taking care to land at a distance from where the barge had grounded, giving strict orders for the boat's crew not to hold any intercourse whatsoever with the bargemen, and to be ready at a moment's notice; then bending his way towards the assembly-rooms, he requested an interview with the stewards and a few other trusty friends, who had already expressed their surprise at his not appearing, but from the brief and crabbed answers of captain Ferguson, had easily divined the truth. His unexpected arrival, therefore, gave great pleasure, and they readily agreed to fall in with the humour of his proposal—to personate a stranger from the province, well knowing there was not an individual in the room but would aid in supporting the assumed character, however palpable, as a just revenge for the captain's ill-humour in depriving them of his officer's company. This preliminary step being taken, he entered the splendid hall of Terpsichore, with that frank, easy, and gallant bearing, which denoted him a

true and favoured worshipper at her soul-inspiring shrine. The ladies received his salutations with gracious smiles, the gentlemen, with hearty congratulations—being all of them secretly apprised by the stewards with the reason for his adopting plain clothes.

During his *entree*, and the friendly greetings of the company, he was unnoticed by his commander, who had entered into a profound dissertation with the collector of customs, on the comparative merits of Scotch haddock and Newfoundland codfish; but no sooner had the newcomer began to flourish away one of the gayest of the throng, than his eagle eye caught the well-known symmetry and light step of his very obedient first officer. An involuntary feeling of amazement caused him to half rise from his seat, but a momentary doubt, as Payne partially escaped his view while turning his fair partner, as quickly reseated him again; but although the collector earnestly attempted to recal his attention, it was in vain. Scotland and its salting superiority, the fish and their unrivalled good qualities, were as far and as free from his thoughts as they were themselves in the bleak northern seas, or on the misty banks of Terra Nuova. His ears, his eyes, his every sense, was too insensibly fixed on the real or ideal form of the gay Lothario, now arrived at the head of the set immediately opposite, and within a few yards of himself. He could no longer restrain the forcible impulse that urged him to utter his rage and astonishment; with a convulsive bound he sprang on his feet, and in nearly breathless accent, exclaimed, "By ——! look, te's him, mon! te's Payne! that rascal Payne! haw dar he come here!" and was hastening to a personal attack, when his friend the collector, the stewards, and others, quickly interposed, and mildly inquired what excited his indignation? "Why, don't ye see, don't ye see that scoundrel Payne?"—"Where, my dear sir?" said those around, affecting to look in the direction indicated. "Why, there, to be sure, at the head of the dance, wei that bonny lassie for a partner;" at the same time advancing, in despite of every effort to restrain his impetuosity.

Payne, who was fully prepared, received his first salutation with the greatest *sang-froid*, begging to know (in a well-feigned

tone) whom he had the honour to listen to; at the same time declaring his entire surprise at so rude an address from a perfect stranger. "Weel," said Ferguson, "if e'er in aw my life did I see such impudence! What, not kna yer awn captain, ye dog? Didna I tull ye, ye munna come here? Out aw the room; on board we ye instantly, and get the ship ready for sea."—"My dear sir," replied the incorrigible, "your discourse is quite a riddle; you are mistaken in my person, I assure you, sir! I have neither the honour of knowing you, or the Mister Payne you mention; and as to a ship, I was scarcely ever on board one in my life." Lost in utter amazement, Ferguson could hardly refrain from laying hold of the daring impostor; the whole assembly had by this time collected around this diverting scene; and knowing the parties, and the precautions taken to prevent a disagreeable *denouement*, they enjoyed in the highest degree so rich a treat, being barely able to restrain their laughter, while they listened to the following continuation of this extraordinary dialogue—Ferguson nearly choked with rage, while Payne was as calm and collected as a Stoic. "Why, are you not Payne, you rascal? are ye not him? Can ye, dare ye deny it to my face—tell me that, I say!"—"You are, sir, in an egregious error, and I regret much your importunities and ill manners should lead you to annoy me, and interrupt the reigning harmony;" then, making a profound bow, resumed his *nonchalance*. "Deed ye ever see the like of his confounded impertinence?" said Ferguson, turning to the company. "Why, ye aw ken him as weel as I do myself! Look on him, and say is not that my own Payne? Speak, an' ye would that I should nae burst!" The company, thus appealed to, readily acknowledged the resemblance in form and features, but at the same time declared the voice was materially different, and, moreover, that the gentleman's declaration clearly and absolutely negatived the presumption.

But as it was too evident (however distinct the gentleman was from Mr. Payne, in the pretended opinions of all present) no persuasion could remove the thorough conviction from captain Ferguson's mind that they were one and the same individual, the company were therefore content to entreat his present forbearance, and to

permit the dancing to proceed without farther altercation, hinting, that if the gentleman was not really Mr. Payne, he was acting very unjustly towards him, and, on the other hand, he would know the truth when he returned on board: these pressing instances, added to the confusion of his mind, caused by excessive exasperation at the effrontery and bold denial of his hopeful right arm, induced him to forego all farther contention, but not until he had shook his head, and fist too, at the provoking *incognito*, muttering between his teeth, "that he'd pay him off when he got on board." This farce being ended, the entertainments were gaily renewed till past midnight, when Ferguson, feeling his anxiety too great to wait for supper, hastily arose, and casting a fierce glance at the new Dromio, was followed by the good wishes of the company, as he proceeded with hurried steps to his barge, determined to revenge himself on Payne.

The whole room now resounded with applause, at the success of the stratagem, yet mixed with some apprehensions of the final issue, from which Payne soon relieved them by assurances that he had fully provided for his safety, by sending a trusty messenger to the bargemen, with a guinea in the captain's name, desiring them to enjoy themselves, as they would not be wanted until daylight; and, in consequence of such timely precaution, they were all long since too drunk to be collected before he could get on board in his own boat. But as there was now no time to lose, he bade and received the farewells of all his kind and joyous friends, and hurried down to the landing-place, whence he rowed rapidly off to the ship. To hoist up the jolly-boat, and change his ball-dress for his uniform, was but the work of a few minutes; and long before the barge came alongside, he was on deck to receive his impatient and furious captain, whose face and gestures exhibited an amazement far surpassing what they had done on shore, when he stepped on deck and beheld his supposed disobedient and mutinous first lieutenant, with a half-suppressed yawn and rubbing his eyes, waiting *in statu quo*, as if just awoke, and determined by his presence to show a more than usual respect towards his imperious commander.

When Ferguson could recover the use

of his speech, his scarcely articulated words were—"Why, Jock! mon—why, Jock, is that ye yersel? Can it be possible? and have ye ne'er been to the ball?" "The ball, sir! how could I go to the ball, when you so positively prohibited my leaving the ship? But, sir, I beg your pardon—I beg to waive this discourse. I see you are inclined to be merry at my expense, after depriving me of once more enjoying the company of my friends before our sailing, for which I am excessively obliged to you." "Why, Jock, I am quite bewildered, mon.—Zounds! I either saw ye or yer ghaist at the dance. Gude Lord deliver us aw, it may have been the de'el himself! How I have abused a gentleman there, thinking aw the while it war ye, ye rogue!"—"Not at all uncommon with you, sir! And I should not be surprised at some very awkward consequences from your rudeness to a stranger," said Payne, while he secretly chuckled at the evident uncertainty and embarrassment of his captain, and more so at the complete success of his *ruse*. Nor was it until long after that the truth was told to the old commodore, who, being an excellent-hearted man, laughed heartily at his rascal Jock's trick, and whom he sincerely forgave, from that affectionate regard he always felt, as he declared, towards a scapegrace—but who was at the same time a gentleman, and an honour to his profession.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

"HOME—we shall soon be home!" was the joyful sound which ran through the British army in the south of France, when its successful career was stopped by the cessation of arms, previous to the final arrangement of the terms of peace by the belligerent powers: to none came the word more welcome than to lieutenant Tremayne; lying on a bed of sickness, severely wounded, and tired of the scenes of blood he had witnessed, home had more charms for him than to many other persons. Animated with the enthusiasm which pervaded all classes of society, at the time when the struggle for liberty against the tyranny of France had almost entirely rested with Britain, Arthur Tremayne entered the British army as a volunteer in one of the regiments about to embark for Portugal. He took upon him the profession of arms from the pure

motive of resisting tyranny and oppression, and to give his aid to a people striving to repel a foreign invader who sought to banish freedom from the world. With this idea in his mind, he was the foremost in every engagement in which his regiment took a part, and acted on all occasions as became a British soldier: but when he saw the deadly hatred of man against man, the secret murderous attacks, and the demoniac rage which influenced the contending parties, the scathed and ruined villages, and all the horrors of protracted warfare, he sickened at the carnage and misery by which he was surrounded, and sighed once more to behold the peaceful and happy home he had left in his native land.

But he was doomed to have his fill of horrors even to loathing; and though he was not deficient of the desire to win renown, yet to obtain peace, and to see the fine, fertile country, now lying waste, once more cultivated by a contented and cheerful peasantry, he would have given up all worldly glory and honour to accomplish it. Singular as it may appear, he saw the British army enter Lisbon, and pass throughout the whole of Spain—was at Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria, without receiving a wound, or suffering anything beyond what the ordinary course of events might have occasioned; but the moment the army entered the French territory, and the peace he wished for was hourly expected to put an end to the war, in almost the last engagement, under the walls of Bayonne, a cannon-ball struck him in the leg, and he fell amongst a heap of dead and wounded.

Unable to move from where he lay, and suffering the most acute pain from his wound, he saw the battle raging around, and was exposed to the fire of both parties. As the place where he fell was of importance, the possession of it was warmly contested; and in the continued advance and retreat of the troops, he was trampled on without any regard to the anguish inflicted, and expected death every moment, from some of those who in wanton cruelty mangled and cut the wounded and helpless soldiers with their sabres. The battle at last ceased. He had remained in this situation the whole day, and now night came on with all the horrors of rapine and murder the field of battle is witness to after the combat; but

Arthur Tremaine saw it not—he knew not the fate of many of his comrades in whom life still remained, and who were mercilessly deprived of existence by the marauders, fearful of interruption in their work of plunder; for, faint with the loss of blood, he was not conscious of his situation, and was for some time in the friendly care of one of the neighbouring peasantry, who, forgetting national animosities, had kindly taken him under his roof, and given him every attention and comfort his situation afforded: it was here he heard the joyful intelligence of peace, and the sound of home which echoed from every quarter.

The pleasing anticipation of returning to his home—to the friends he had left, and the scenes of his earliest days, on which his memory delighted to rest, for they brought to recollection the brightest and happiest season of his life—cheered Tremaine in his anguish, and enabled him to bear his misfortune as a man and a Christian: he knew that in his native village he should meet with many friends, and there was one above all he wished to behold—one who had breathed a prayer for his safety when he left England, and whom he still hoped thought of him. The chances of war, the continual change of place, and the difficulty of communication with Britain, had prevented his hearing from her for some time; but the confidence he had in her affection, was a beacon-light which bore him through the stormy path he trod, and pointed out, from the darkness which enveloped him, the accomplishment of his desires, and the road to happiness.

The month of June, 1814, will be long remembered as the termination of a protracted and ruinous war, and the announcement of a general peace among the nations of Europe. The good people of D— had been celebrating the joyful intelligence; the bells were merrily ringing, the inhabitants were assembled in parties, talking over the blessings of peace, the girls were thinking on the return of their sweethearts from the wars, and not a heart but what enjoyed the prospect with pleasurable anticipations—when a chaise (a rare occurrence at D—) drove rapidly through the village, and stopped at the door of Goodman Tremaine. Speculation and conjecture were instantly on foot to discover who and what

were its contents: they were soon set at rest, for in a moment a military officer, by the help of a crutch, descended and entered the house: it was Arthur, their son, returned once more to bless the old couple by his presence; but their hearts sunk within them when they observed the paleness of his countenance, and the weakness of his whole frame. The old dame bustled about, and got a glass of cordial to strengthen him, the pride of her old days—and the father moved with greater celerity than he had exhibited for many years, to get an easy chair, that he might rest his wounded limb.

That evening was a season of triumph to the old couple: their son was returned from fighting his country's battles, with the honourable badges of distinction, gained in a cause worthy a Briton: even his wound was talked of with proud exultation, and his battles were fought over again in the kitchen, by the old man and some friends who dropped in to wish him joy. To give the subject more effect, they made an attack on the ale and cyder, as firm and determined as ever was attempted by mortal man, inflamed with a desire to show his good will towards his neighbour, in marvellous large draughts of good old mellow October, while volumes of smoke issued from a battery of pipes enough to give some idea of the smother arising from the discharge of several pieces of artillery. While this was doing below, the person whose feats were so much talked of, lay quietly in a little room over their heads, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to that kind Providence which had permitted him to return and be the comfort of those who in childhood watched over his head, and passed many anxious hours on his account; they now stood in need of his support, though even that support was feeble.

The next morning, Tremaine arose refreshed and invigorated by the repose he had enjoyed: once more he took his seat at the little breakfast-table; and though three years had passed since he last occupied that place, it appeared but as a dream, and the troubled scenes of war and desolation he had witnessed, were but as the visions of the night; but there was something wanted—something looked for—the want of which rendered him uneasy, and evidently engrossed his whole attentions; it caused him to be inattentive

to the questions of the old couple, who were anxious to make him comfortable, and who had discovered that there was a cause of uneasiness, and tried to find it out. Their endeavours were useless; it lay not with them, but from without, for the door never opened, or a footstep approached, but it could be plainly seen some one was expected. Was it the doctor's daughters, who came full of smiles and empty compliments?—or the parson's niece, languishing, and ready to fall in love with the first hero she could find?—or the sister of the lawyer, grave and solemn, with thoughts soaring to heaven, drinking inspiration from the glorious sun, or the tender moon? No! They all came, and were kindly received, but the restless eye of the soldier showed he was unsatisfied—there was one looked for, who came not.

After breakfast, Tremayne silently took his crutch, and proceeded through the village to see the alterations of three years, and call on those old friends who were unable to leave their homes to come and welcome him: house after house was visited, yet there was one he appeared afraid to enter, although it seemed to possess the power of attraction, for, spite of opposition, and something like reluctance, he found himself at the door, without for a moment seeming aware of his proximity. It was the house of the widow Ross, one of his earliest friends, and the home of some one more than a friend—the being in whom all his hopes centred—her daughter Jane; she had seen his approach, and came to meet him: there was more in the few words she spoke than in all the fine speeches about heroism told him in the morning; and in the full round tear which trembled in her eye, the tear through which a smile beamed in affectionate recognition, there was a tale told which spoke more eloquently to the heart, than the parade of elegant compliment, frequently so liberally bestowed without ever conveying any thing but empty sound. Mutual inquiries and explanations soon renewed the feelings they had formerly felt for each other. Arthur's countenance (a sure index to his mind) pointed out the tranquillity within, and in a short time he was exactly on the same footing as in former days, though Jane could not help looking with anxiety on the pale cheek, the effects of his recent illness,

and affectionately inquired of him, could she at all promote his return to health ?

It was evening when the invalid left the cottage to return home, and the next and succeeding mornings he was again an early visitor ; the widow, now very weak and infirm, would sit in the warm sunshine in the porch of her little mansion, and listen to the details of engagements in which their visitor had taken a part : the eye of the daughter told the interest she took in them, and the narrator seemed full as eager to give pleasure by the account of his adventures.

In a few months Tremaine entirely recovered his health, and, besides this, had made such good use of his time, as to obtain the consent of Jane Ross to unite her fortunes with his—to the manifest dismay of the doctor's daughters, the parson's niece, and the lawyer's sister—all of whom had marked him as a prize ; but in possession of the heart he had gained, the soldier finds more real pleasure, than when surrounded with the pomp and panoply of war, and receiving the hollow smiles of heartless flatterers. At D— may be seen the soldier's home, where he quietly passes through life, envying and injuring none, but doing good to all. Many a time may the traveller be seen to linger near his dwelling, for, though simple and unadorned with architectural ornament, there is a charm, a quiet feeling of repose about it, that it seems rather the abode of something beyond that of an earthly being, and finely illustrates that sentence of Holy Writ which says, "How beautiful are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of peace."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

WHEN at Saint Helena, I started one morning, with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell, girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desertedness, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand upon the slab which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones, and sceptres, he

wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument ! There the restless was at rest ; there the emperor of the French, king of Italy, protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, grand master of the Legion of Honour, reposed, with almost as little sepulchral pomp as the humble tenant of a country church-yard :—

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well !"

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I also was a soldier of fortune. Our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way not an eye was dry, and some who had served immediately under 'the emperor,' wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular ; but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave, at uniform intervals knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate, and the others in succession, then kissed the slab ;—when they arose, every lip was fixed—every bosom full.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commodore was, "The king of England—three times three !" I really thought that the "Hip—hip—hurra !" of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed, "The memory of that great warrior, Napoleon Buonaparte." The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honour of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting.



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THE DEATH-SOUND.

THE peasantry of the north of Yorkshire have a superstitious dread of the *gabrielle-ratchard*, the name of an imaginary bird, which is said to shriek in the neighbourhood, or immediately at the doors, of the sick who are destined not to recover. The fear consequent on the hearing of this dreadful visitant, has no doubt been the means of terrifying many an invalid to death. Nevertheless, the superstition, old as our Saxon ancestors, is so firmly believed in, that not to give credence to it is considered, by some, to be a crime little short of blasphemy.

It was on a fitful evening in the scowling month of November, that the family of the good Mr. Tobitt, the curate of Killington, were clustering round the fire, talking over the contemplated marriage of Maria Ripley, the arch little niece of Mrs. Tobitt, to a spruce London draper, who had come down to settle the preliminaries to the wedding, much to the annoyance of Maria, whose real lover was a young farmer yclept Dawson Furnaby. Maria had pretended indisposition for

some days, in order to prevent her good-natured aunt from burdening herself with the expense of preparations for an event which Maria had determined should not take place. She looked exceedingly pale, and was a little feverish, in consequence of an emetic which she had secretly taken. Mr. James Woolington, the Cheapside draper, showed her all the attention in his power, and had now taken his seat by her, crossing his legs in order to display a handsome pair of tartan trousers, down the sides of which were run broad black bands, dragoon-like. A half-crown eye-glass hung from his neck, by a broad black ribbon, and inside his waistcoat his double-frilled shirt, in which was a mock-diamond brooch, was crossed by a thick red silk watch-guard. He wore a blue coat, with velvet collar, and buttons of the king's pattern. Mr. James had a perpetual simper on his countenance, with a self-satisfied curl of the upper lip, which showed that, however satirical and severe he might be upon others, he was on the best possible terms with himself. He spoke bad French, was a dabbler in politics, and a critic in poetry—having

addressed sir Francis Burdett across the counter, and having once attended lord Byron to his carriage. Yet, with all these accomplishments, he failed to win the affections of Maria Ripley, though encouraged by her foolish aunt.

Maria acted her part extremely well, though the fictitious hue of sickness cloaked a heart which was all expectancy and joy. Mr. James Woolington wore away the evening in relating his "voyages and adventures" to Bordeaux and Havre de Grace; and, encouraged by Maria's arch smiles, which he mistook for those of admiration, he spared not to exaggerate his "hair-breadth 'scapes" on the wide ocean, and his daring ventures on land. Suddenly the whole group were terrified on hearing a dismal screech, coming, apparently, from the elms edging the church-yard. The women screamed; the men turned pale; the jaws of Mr. James Woolington distended like those of an articulated skeleton.

"A barn-owl!" exclaimed the old curate, mechanically stretching forth his hand to his loaded gun, which was slung from the old-fashioned ceiling of the room.

"The gabrielle-ratchard!" shrieked Mrs. Tobitt.

"The gabrielle-ratchard!" roared out Betty, who, in her terror, had unceremoniously entered the apartment.

"I will wager a bottle of sherry and sixpennyworth of biscuits," faintly observed Mr. James, after smelling his bottle of salts, "that it is a strange bird which has escaped from some ship in the nearest port—one of the *eagle* species; I have heard such a noise off Dover. I hope you are not frightened, my love, Maria?"

"Indeed but I am, Mr. James," replied she.

The eyes of Mrs. Tobitt were mournfully fixed on Maria, and her superstitious apprehension doomed the *intriguing* girl to approaching dissolution—the event of her death being inferred, by the sagacious dame, from the doleful cry of the alleged gabrielle-ratchard.

"Alack-a-day!" exclaimed she; "as we are all here this blessed night, I knew we should have dismal tidings before long. My poor Maria! what shall I do with your wedding-dress, and what with your"—and here she paused, to absorb with her handkerchief the foolish tear trickling down her furrowed cheek.

"Cheer up, aunt," replied Miss Ripley, "I shall wear my wedding-dress yet, depend upon it."

"More likely your shroud," whispered the old lady to herself—in which sentiments the thoughts of the frivolous Mr. James Woolington coincided; and so firmly had the ominous look of Mrs. Tobitt fixed itself upon his imagination, that he already looked upon Maria as a withering rose. After the alarm had subsided, and Maria, acting well the invalid, had withdrawn to her apartment, the said Mrs. T. apprised him of her forebodings as to the fate of Miss Ripley; and it was mutually agreed that the wedding should be postponed for a few days. Mr. Tobitt said little; he smiled at the ridiculous augury of his spouse, and persisted in his affirmations, that the bird which had terrified with its awful voice the whole neighbourhood, was the large dusky owl, commonly haunting barns and ruinous buildings. Cordials and restoratives were put in requisition for Maria, who, the trembling dame was sure, had the "death-sickness;"—the noise of that ghostly bird portended a speedy passage to the grave, she was certain; and she went on enumerating the times she had heard it, and the unvarying consequences which infallibly followed. Mr. James Woolington became horrified, his teeth chattered, and he retired to his chamber in dismay.

In the morning, Maria feigned to be a little better. The attendance of the stupid old doctor from the adjacent town had been procured. He advanced, big with importance, to the bedside of the sham invalid, without removing his hat or taking off his coat with its enormous capes. Maria held out her fair wrist, at his request to feel her pulse. He pronounced her to be in some danger, agreed to send her a mixture, and departed. "If I be in any danger," thought Miss Ripley, "it is that of having my plot discovered."

Mr. James sat by her bedside for some hours during the day, and annoyed her no little by his shallow conversation. In the broad sunlight he laughed away the alarms of the previous night, and dangled his eye-glass on his finger with all the *nonchalance* of a most courageous gentleman, cracking his jokes upon the ungraceful ploughman passing beneath the window, and boasting of the many tricks he had played off upon "joskins" he had

casually met with in London. Evening approached, but not a word of apprehension, as to the repetition of the gabrielle-ratchard's visit, escaped the lips of any of the family. Certainly, as night set in, they looked in each other's faces with silent meaning. Each of their chairs were drawn closer round the fire, and their conversation was mutually interrupted by significant listenings. Ten o'clock came, and the announcement of its arrival had scarcely ceased to sound from the steeple bell, when the shriek of the gabrielle-ratchard, piercingly shrill, broke on the fireside silence, and scared the whole group into one general cry of terror. For a long time they stirred not from their seats, but clung closer to each other, until the dreaded repetition of the screams of the supposed death-bird had died away. At last, poor Mrs. Tobitt ventured to the window, with the candle in her hand, when, imagining she heard the bird tap its beak against one of the panes of glass, she drew aside the window-curtain to look. The curate became more grave, and declared his intention to procure the assistance of Nathan Elgie, the parish clerk, to discover the bird, should its visit be repeated on the following evening.

The morrow dawned, and found Maria in much the same condition—save that, from having feigned to be sick for so long a period, she was likely to become so in earnest. However, it was the last day which the bewitching valetudinarian was doomed to pass in her chamber, and it elapsed in a similar manner to the preceding. The curate, in the interim, had conferred with his clerk, the pugnacious Nathan Elgie, who took his seat amongst the family group on the third night of the gabrielle-ratchard's serenading. Fortified interiorly with a glass or two of Mrs. Tobitt's "particular cordial," and, exteriorly, by a pair of pocket-pistols, lent him by Mr. James Woolington, the parish clerk sat in hourly expectation of hearing the cry of the feathery visitant. As an auxiliary to his offensive preparations, the curate's gun lay, ready loaded, on a table at the elbow of Nathan Elgie. The hour arrived, and the anticipated screech was heard. Nathan leaped up from his seat, buttoned his coat, and, armed with the pistols and gun, sallied forth into the church yard. The gardener preceded him, carrying a lantern, aided by the light

of which they gazed up to the boughs of the sullen elms which grew by the churchyard, but in vain; for, spite of Tom Mills (the gardener) fancying, at every shake of the trees, that it was caused by the movement of the ominous bird, they neither heard nor saw anything coming under the description of a bird, natural or supernatural. They stood mutely listening for the screech to be repeated, which it was within ten minutes. Nathan was now convinced that it was from the interior of the church that the sound came, and turning the key in the ponderous door, they paced the vaulted isles, and looked up to the roof, in expectation of making the desired discovery, but all to no purpose; when, on passing through the inner door, preparatory to crossing the porch, Tom Mills was startled by the falling of a large piece of plaister, which dropped on the hand that held the lantern. Holding it up, they perceived the legs and feet of a boy hanging over a stone projection immediately over the door-way.

"Pull him down, whether he be man or devil!" said Nathan, pointing the loaded piece to the spot.

"He is neither, but your own son Josh," replied the shrewd little urchin, descending from his elevation.

Nathan was astounded at beholding his own boy in the artful little rogue just dislodged from his perch. He glared upon him with a mingled expression of mortification and anger on his countenance; but Josh stood inflexible to the impression of fear; when at last Nathan relaxed, and promised him, on the condition of a "full" confession, to exonerate him from punishment.

"Who taught you to imitate the gabrielle-ratchard, Josh?" said he; "tell me truly, and I'll spare your hide, you rascal!"

"Why, father," replied he, "as it's no matter now, I'll tell you—it was Dawson Furnaby."

"Oh, the villain!" exclaimed Nathan; "what will Mrs. Tobitt and Miss Ripley say to this?—poor Miss Ripley, who is more likely to die than to live!"

"Ask Dawson about that," said the jeering young trickster.

But Dawson was many a mile off, even with Miss Ripley, and both on their way to Leake Church, to be married. A deserted room, an open window, with the

gardener's ladder placed immediately beneath it—these circumstances, together with the disappearance of the wedding-dress, declared the upshot of the whole affair. Mr. and Mrs. Tobitt were very angry, and Mr. James Woolington was astonished. On cool consideration, they consoled themselves with laughing at the plot, and determined to regard its issue with kindness. The person most aggrieved by the stratagem, Mr. James Woolington, the London draper, "packed up his duds," and made the best of his way to town, fully determined, in his next essay at wife-hunting, to fix on some more propitious region than the North Riding of Yorkshire.

THE EVIL OMEN.

A DREADFUL and distressing circumstance occurred while we lay becalmed off the island of C—. The vessel lay motionless and still, while not a breath of air so much as ruffled the glassy smoothness of the water: at the same time, the heat was so intense, that it was particularly painful to walk the deck in the thin slippers that are usually worn on board. The paint all rose in blisters, and it was deemed necessary to keep the men constantly employed in laving the sides and deck with water, to prevent the tar and pitch from oozing away from between the planks. Three days had we remained almost stationary—a slight difference in the inclination of the vessel's head, alone showed that the ship had moved. Fears began already to be entertained, that, should the calm continue, our supply of water would be insufficient. A thick scum or film had, within the last two days, been collecting on the surface of the water, which was only disturbed by the buckets of the sailors, or the long fins and tails of the numerous sharks which were skimming and hovering about within cable's length, awaiting, as the sailors superstitiously affirmed, the carcase of some one of their unlucky crew. Two albatrosses, which had been floating at an immense height, almost perpendicularly over the ship, and which had been discovered at the first dawn of day, were adduced as corroborative evidences that some ill was portended either to the ship or crew.

A young, thoughtless, good-tempered fellow—one of our cabin passengers, who, having finished his education in England,

was returning to his friends at Calcutta—was supposed by our bigots on board to be the Jonah on whose account we were to be visited—from having, some three or four days before, shot a petrel, either to show his dexterity as a marksman, or to add to the collection of curiosities he was forming; which, in the eyes of the sailors, was a greater crime than any sacrilege whatever.

Several attempts had been made, without success, to catch one of the sharks that swam around the ship; at length, a sailor who had been leaning over the taffrail, watching the motions and movements of the long-finned monsters, hastily cried out that a shark was approaching the bait—a piece of pork, which the above-mentioned Mr. W— had begged of the captain, and which was floating some twenty or thirty yards from the stern, on the starboard quarter. Hearing a commotion overhead, I hastened up the companion-ladder, and joined the crowd who were thronging the bulwarks and the main and mizen channels, intently awaiting the approaching capture of the victim, who seemed somewhat aware that there was "more than met the eye," from his not immediately doing as "sharks are wont to do."

Nothing could be seen of the rascal but a long, black, slender, and pointed tail, which rose almost upright from the water, about three feet in height, and occasionally his nose, as he neared the bait. It was really beautiful to observe with what swiftness and grace he performed his evolutions round the focus of attraction—leaving behind a wake which was the more distinctly traced, owing to the scum alluded to. At length, he could withstand the temptation no longer, and having at last made up his mind, dashed with astonishing velocity to the devoted piece, first upturning himself, as he neared, upon his side, and showing, for the first time, his light grey belly, and the most tremendous mouth that can be conceived. His upper jaw and nose projecting considerably beyond his lower, is the reason assigned for the singular manner in which all sharks take their prey. The shark having, in rising, shown almost his whole body, immediately after sunk, but in a few seconds rose, evidently smarting from the hook. No time was lost in attempting to haul him in, which,

however, required great caution in the execution, for fear the line, which was not a stout one, should fail, or the hook might slip, which sometimes happens, for the shark made most desperate plunges in his efforts to escape, and which required some score fathoms of additional line to be given out.

We could now better calculate his size, for, having weakened and exhausted himself by his exertions, his evolutions were less rapid, and he showed himself more frequently above the surface. He was of the largest size, certainly not less than fifteen or eighteen feet, and of a species remarkable for their great voracity. It was at this period that the romantic and restless W—, anxious to finish the adventure, insisted upon giving the *coup-de-grace* with the harpoon, after the manner of the Greenland fishers. The captain and others most strenuously opposed the mad scheme so fraught with danger, and failing by argument to convince, was obliged to refuse him the boat. Foiled in his designs, he stationed himself on the mizen channels, armed with a harpoon, and there, with uplifted arms, awaited the next appearance of his opponent. The shark neared him—he gathered himself up, and with desperate force sent the harpoon whizzing from his hand.

A lurch which the shark made at the moment, prevented it from taking effect, and it (the shark) remained unhurt, saving the hook, which must have annoyed him. A far more dreadful and certain fate awaited the hapless W—: the effort had been made with such energy, that he lost his equilibrium; he tottered some time in vain endeavouring to regain it, and, without being able to snatch hold of the shrouds or ratlings behind him, was precipitated into the sea, within a few yards of the infuriated monster. A loud and piercing shriek from the unhappy wretch was responded to by most of the spectators on board. A rope was thrown hastily over, to which the poor sufferer endeavoured to cling: the jolly-boat, too, was instantly manned, and was being lowered from the davits—when another dreadful shriek announced that the shark was preparing for an attack. The poor, ill-fated wretch, had seized the rope; the splash of water told that the boat was already on its way to the rescue; already the hurrah of the crew anticipated success

—when, horrible to relate, the shark, who, on the first dash of the poor youth into the water, had retired some distance, no sooner saw the cause, than he wore round, remained a few minutes stationary, and then, alike regardless of the noise occasioned by the men—the splash of the boat, as it touched the water—and its contiguity to the ship—impelled by that insatiable voracity which so peculiarly distinguishes sharks, he neared his victim, who was now hanging suspended some feet above the water, when, at this awful and peculiarly painful moment, a tremendous splash of the water was heard—and, at the same time, the huge monster, throwing itself entirely out of the water, apparently with as much ease as a salmon or dolphin, seized its devoted victim—and when, with a dreadful plunge, it returned to its native element, the legs of poor W— were missing from above the knees. The thighs, dreadfully lacerated, streamed with blood: but for a few seconds did he maintain his hold—pale, and apparently convulsed, one long shriek was all he uttered, before, relaxing his hold, he fell into the sea—when he immediately disappeared. A slight gurgling in the water, succeeded by a splash, gave evidence that he sunk not alone.

Whether, in the excusable flurry of the moment, the coil of line to which the shark was attached, had been dropped overboard, or whether the shark, in its last retreat, had silently drawn it away, was never ascertained—for certain, it was never more seen. A few minutes afterwards, a commotion in the water being observed some hundred yards a-head, the boat rowed to the spot—which commotion ceased as soon as the boat arrived near: and there, on the surface, surrounded for many yards by blood, floated all that remained of poor W—, a portion of his entrails.

Such was the end of a gay, kind, high-spirited, but thoughtless youth—one who, a short half-hour before, had been the life of the ship's company, and who had conduced, more than any one else on board, to dissipate and lessen the monotony and tediousness of the voyage—who, with youth, fortune, education, and powerful friends, had a brighter prospect than many. This solitary tale—if any proof was wanting—is enough to convince us of the certainty and immutability of *fate*.

A singular coincidence, as connected with the sailors' predictions, occurred, and which not a little confirmed them in their prejudices. While the above sad adventure was taking place, the albatrosses had disappeared: in less than an hour after, the air became more cool; and in a few minutes more, the wind freshened into a breeze, which soon bore us from a spot fraught with such horrible and tragic associations.

HENRY AND EMMA.

IN the little town of St. Mary's, the capital of the Scilly Islands, resided two families, who were united to each other by more than common friendship: the one was that of general S., governor of the isles, and commander of the garrison; the other was captain T., an old veteran naval officer, who, worn out in the service of his country, had retired upon half-pay and the hard-earned gleanings of a long series of toils and adventures; he was a widower, with an only daughter, dear to him as bringing to remembrance days of happiness long gone by, and as being the only offspring of a wife he tenderly loved: his daughter's affection consoled him for the loss of the mother, and this affection he sincerely returned: he was a kind parent, and his child's happiness was the thing most dear to him on earth. Captain T. was not a native of Scilly; his principal, indeed, almost only inducement to reside, was his friendship for the general, with whom he had contracted an intimacy when on service abroad, and which a succession of mutual good offices had afterwards ripened into an almost brotherly affection. The secluded life of the Scillonians render them more dependent on each other for amusement and society, than persons inhabiting large towns; and to this may be attributed the social feeling spread throughout the islands: the families of the general and captain T. were rarely separated: to Emma T., as an orphan, the whole of the household of general S. were particularly kind; but in Henry, one of his sons, she found a similarity of taste, which gave a charm to his conversation, and this was much more heightened by the discovery, that he regarded her with a warmer feeling than mere friendship.

Henry S. was an officer in one of his

majesty's ships, at that time stationed in the Channel; and as Scilly was within the limits of their cruise, he was enabled to pay frequent visits to his friends. In these visits, the goodness of heart and manly boldness which he evinced, won the love of Emma, and nothing but filial piety prevented her from blessing the young sailor with her hand; the captain's infirmities increased very considerably, and his daughter considered that without her society the poor old man would be almost destitute; his friends would, she knew, pay him every attention, but who so proper as a daughter, to comfort and support his aged head? She therefore determined never to leave him in the hands of strangers, but remain and minister to his wants and wishes, until death should release him from his sufferings. Knowing the wish of Emma to remain with her father, Henry forbore pressing his suit; he thought, and justly so, that she who had proved so good a daughter, would make him as good a wife: it was a prize worth waiting for; and in the meantime he would have an opportunity of increasing his fortune, and thus be enabled to offer her something equal to what he believed she deserved: the love of such a woman was a treasure to be purchased at any rate, and he determined, by his exertions, to show how highly he estimated and prized it.

During the period Henry was stationed in the Channel, the intercourse between the lovers was frequent; but in a cruise during the winter the ship he belonged to received such serious damage as to be obliged to bear up for Plymouth, and, on examination, was declared not sea-worthy, and put out of commission. The necessities of the country, then at war with France and Spain, would not allow any inactivity, and Henry was immediately re-appointed to another ship, then under sailing orders for the East Indies: a very short interval was allowed him to prepare for his voyage, and he was obliged to sail without seeing either Emma or any of his family. A letter hastily written to apprise his friends of the circumstances in which he was placed, was all he could do: to Emma he wrote more particularly; it was a letter in which tenderness was mixed with the manly boldness of the British sailor, expressing hopes and wishes for her welfare, and little schemes of hap-

piness, which were doomed never to be fulfilled.

The voyage out was accomplished with safety, and for some time every thing seemed to smile; but fortune, ever wayward, assumed a frowning aspect, and a succession of accidents quickly followed each other. On the change of the monsoons or trade winds, the Indian seas are subject to hurricanes or tornadoes, which blow with a violence scarcely to be conceived by an inhabitant of this country who has not witnessed their effects.—Trading vessels usually lie in port until the monsoon begins to blow with its accustomed regularity: but at the period this narrative refers to, war was carried on with vigour in the east, and the government cruisers were obliged to keep to sea, lest the enemy, seeing the coast clear, might embrace the opportunity of throwing supplies of men and arms into their different forts and establishments. The ship in which Henry sailed was thus employed on the watch, when it encountered the fury of one of these gales. From the experience of the commander, and the readiness with which his orders were obeyed, joined to the firmness of the ship, very little damage was sustained; but they were driven out of their course a considerable distance, and it became necessary, when the weather cleared, to bear up for some harbour and refit, as well as to obtain a supply of fresh provisions and water. In an attempt to go on shore on one of the islands of the eastern Archipelago, for the purpose of obtaining this supply, lieutenant S. was cut off (after a brave resistance) by some Malay proas lurking about the coast for plunder, who immediately made off with their prisoners with the speed they were so celebrated for, to another island. From the knowledge he had of the cruelty of the Malays, he expected immediate death, or, at most, a very short respite; but, though often threatened on any appearance of impatience of restraint, contrary to expectation he arrived at the port to which the proas belonged, and was delivered up to an agent of the French government, who, with a view to annoy the British interests, had offered a considerable reward for any vessels or prisoners captured.

After waiting several hours for the return of the boat with lieutenant S., the ship, which before had a considerable

offing, ran in shore as near as could be done with safety, and another boat was dispatched to ascertain the cause of delay: the search was fruitless—not a mark could they discover on the beach, or any sign of a landing being effected: night obliged them to close the search, and the vessel lay-to, with a light hoisted as a signal: hopes were entertained that the party with Henry were driven to leeward, and in that case the light would guide them in making the ship. The night passed, and search was again made; the boat was at last discovered, nearly broken in pieces by the violence of the surf, and some of the seamen, dreadfully mangled, lying near it. As none of the seamen had seen the skirmish, and the reports of the muskets had not been heard on board the ship, the impression on the minds of the crew was, that the boat had been caught in the breakers, and that all had perished; the mutilation of the bodies was supposed to be caused by their beating against the sharp coral rocks common to the Indian seas, and of which an extensive reef ran nearly along the whole shore of the island.

In a few months the news reached England. Poor Emma, who about this time expected a letter, as usual, full of high hopes and promises, was surprised at the delay; from motives of kindness, the reason was not immediately told her. She was surprised, on her visits to the general's, to find the family moving about with an unusual solemnity; and though their greeting was equally kind and affectionate as at former times, still there was a restraint in their behaviour which appeared to her as very singular: from the eyes of love it is impossible to hide any thing of this nature, and Emma was, at length, told of the sad fate of her lover. Though Emma endeavoured, as much as possible, to reconcile her mind to the loss she had sustained, the effect of the bereavement soon became visible: the uncertainty of the fate of Henry, the thoughts of her own destitution on the death of a parent now tottering on the verge of the grave, and whose infirmities demanded the whole of her attention, so harassed her mind, as finally to bring her health into such a state as to leave very little hope of her being long an inhabitant of this world. Often at night would she start in terror from her pillow, and fancy she saw Henry

struggling with the waves, exhausted, and in the agonies of death; sometimes a faint hope would spring up, that he was still alive, and that by the next packet she would hear from him as usual; but as time wore away, and no farther tidings arrived, this hope disappeared, and left a blank in her mind—a heart-chilling vacancy, which the endearments of her friends, who tried all they could to divert her melancholy, failed to obliterate. Some of the young men of the islands, who knew not the strength of her attachment, hoped to gain her love;—they were, one after another, rejected: she thanked them for their kindness, but Henry had been her first, her only love, and the sole wish of her heart was to rejoin him in heaven.

At the time Henry's comrades were lamenting his supposed death, he was confined in a fort held by the French of one of the native Indian princes. The commander of it treated him with much kindness, and allowed him every liberty he could, consistent with the orders of his government, yet slowly and painfully passed the hours of his captivity: the uncertainty of its duration rendered it the more irksome; hours would he pass when all around him were at rest, looking from his prison window on the world of waters which dashed at its foot, and then thoughts of home came fresh in his memory: hours of happiness, long since fled, passed in review before him, when all was joy and gaiety. Months rolled on, when one morning he was hurried on board a French ship, to be sent as a prisoner to Europe. Off the island of Bourbon he had the good fortune to be captured by an English frigate homeward bound; and after a voyage of more than common quickness, the pleasure of which was increased by the joy he anticipated from the society of her he loved best, the shores of Britain greeted his sight. Safe landed in England, his first step was to secure a passage to his dear, his native isle.

It was a lovely summer evening when the packet hove in sight, and every eye was eager to watch who were its passengers, and inquire the news from England. The arrival of the packet is ever a subject of curiosity to the inhabitants of Scilly, as it is almost the only means they have of hearing what is passing among their brethren on the continent. How many anxious inquiries are made for letters or

tidings from those away! what joy and exultation is shown, if they hear that friends are well, and will soon be among them!—and how great the contrast between those and the looks of despondency unable to be suppressed by them who are not so fortunate!

Emma's health was at this time very precarious; with all the flattery of pulmonary complaints, her friends little imagined how soon (without any extraordinary event happening) she would cease to be among the living. She had this evening taken a little walk, and had been watching the packet working into the harbour, when Henry, who had then landed, hurried towards her. Was it only imagination, or he himself?—a moment, and she was convinced of its reality; but the excitement of that moment was fatal:—the tremor, the agitation on a frame already shattered and weakened by anxiety, was more than nature could bear—a blood-vessel was broken internally, and in less than an hour the world and all its pleasures had ceased to be thought of, and her soul had winged its way, to join its sister spirits in the mansions of the blest!

Schooled as he lately had been by adversity, Henry had hoped, that with his arrival at Scilly his troubles would cease—an event so fatal he had never thought of: he was prepared to see her in a low and depressed state; but to have all he loved on earth snatched from him at a moment, when, as a recompense for all his fatigues and troubles, he hoped to be rewarded with the hand and heart of his beloved one, was a death-blow to all his hopes of happiness. He endeavoured to bear up against his evil fortunes, but Scilly had become hateful to his sight: he sought employment from the government, and was appointed to a ship on the coast of Africa, where, in a few months after, a fever terminated his existence, in that grave of Europeans, Sierra Leone.

The remainder is soon told: the general had others who demanded his attention, and time lent its aid in smoothing over and filling up the chasm; but the poor old captain, missing his daughter's attention and kindness, soon found his resting-place and home in the grave. His old friend caused a small tablet to be erected in memory of him and his beloved Emma.



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DE LINDSAY:
A TALE.

RUPERT DE LINDSAY was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most elegant and refined, he very early learned the art to compensate, by the graces of manner, for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton*, and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature, and his honours in the senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses, among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master-desire pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock

than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualities, not for himself. One loved his fashion, a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover, because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind was then sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system; and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the

vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And de Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit, and his sole ambition: and now he had arrived at the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion, and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner; the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the brother, simply and laicly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung for ever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid her rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared—like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the —— regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his gude-woman to wear the willow in the village of T——, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and

relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the visions of his creed, of a manner whose repellant austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible, of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise, that de Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—de Lindsay, fascinating in manner, and consummate in experience—soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be

deceived: she is innocent and happy—I will never teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and they were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard; and every morning the same light step returned gaily homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day, Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the axe; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordi-

nary habits, and a fever of severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoilt paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection—from this olio of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament which never forgives an injury. He had sent his Ach-tes twice during Rupert's illness to de Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sate for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second-hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters, he smiled with pleasure; presently, his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there!—my carriage-and-four directly!—lose not a moment! Do you hear me? Too ill, do you say?—Never

so well in my life! Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly! Put in my swiftest horses!—I must be at T—to-night before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blest her through the livelong days, suddenly ceased. What could be the reason? Was he faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her.—“Are you sure there are none?” she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth, in letters to him, all the love and bitterness of her soul. “He *must* be ill,” she said at last; “he never else could have been so cruel!” and she could bear the idea no longer. “I will go to him—I will soothe and attend him. Who can love him, who can watch over him, like me?” and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. “If he should despise me,” she thought; and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home, reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language, acquainted her father, and, after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes, compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and a rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare, of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and scrip—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country-house: to the son, he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James's) influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified, and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden, mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master. Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society, and had no wish to lose it, and as, above all, Mr. James had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias which ended in the alliance of their interests—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a lawsuit to the lord chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately,

about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless for ever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system, which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union, to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion; "I ask not by what means, I care not for what end—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long; I write to you no romantic appeal: God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die—only let me die unseparated from you; *you*, who first taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad, if I would; but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert! on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!"

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room in which the few guests invited were already as-

sembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. "My child, my child!" said the old man, "have you not one word for your father?"—"Is it too late?" she said; "can you not preserve me yet?" There was relenting in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. "God forgive you!" said Mary; and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prim and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry, and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden saints; they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats and resumed their former posture. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireside, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflexion, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention rivetted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of "Puss!"

On the window-seat, at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall, military-looking figure, apparently about forty years of age. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something

to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscott. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T—, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and, always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave; and never was a wedding party more ominous in its appearance. "We will have," said the father, and his voice trembled, "one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the house of God. James, reach me the holy book!" The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners—the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. There was a long pause—they arose; even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open, leant forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption), "I think, father, it must be time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses." And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and, so

wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of affection, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. "Thank God!" he cried, "I am not too late!" and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arms round the slender form which clung to it all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. "Old man," he said, "I have done you wrong; I will repay it; give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches treble his. Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? Look, old man—are this cheek, whose roses you have marred—this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—aye, all, every one amongst you, know that she does; and may heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love! Give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees." "Avaunt, blasphemer!" cried Zacharias. "Begone!" said the father. The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. "Wretch!" muttered, in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy's cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother, coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

"Nay, is it so?" said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and fled down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. "Follow him, follow him!" cried the father, in his agony; "save my daughter—why will ye not save her?" and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. "I will save her," said Monkton; and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold,

he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and had himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing, with a reckless daring natural to his character, "She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scaur!" when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Your name is de Lindsay, I think," said the former. "At your service," answered Rupert, gaily, endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp.—"This, then, at your heart!" cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rupert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightened eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer. "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton!—do you know me now?"—"Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse, with one low and inward shriek, into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another; on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest!

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to follow the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a gaol—or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton: these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small church-yard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warner!

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic

vanity, they laid him in his pallid and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!

REEFING TOPSAILS—FOR THE FIRST TIME.

TOWARDS midnight I had managed to fall into an uneasy kind of dose, from which I was aroused by a strange and astounding clamour. The ship was lying down nearly on her beam-ends, the waves rushed madly past her sides, and the wild blast mourned shrilly and sadly on the night air, dashing the loose sails against the masts with the noise of thunder; while, at intervals, the voices of the crew mingled with, or rose above, the elemental clamour. Presently, I recognized the voice of Sellis issuing a peremptory command. Instantly there was a confused trampling of feet overhead, a clattering of blocks and slackened cordage, and a voice, broken by a thousand fogs, dismally summoned, "All hands, reef topsails!"

I am not ashamed to confess that I clung to my hammock in considerable trepidation; but when the master-at-arms presented himself at my side, and demanded, "Why do you not turn out?" I fairly shivered with affright. "Come, come," said he, rudely shaking me by the shoulders; "every one that cracks a biscuit in this ship must do something for it."

Resistance I knew to be wholly unavailing; I quitted my hammock, and, scarcely aware of what I was about, drew on my trousers, and followed him up the companion-ladder, my teeth chattering with cold and apprehension. The night was pitchy dark; and the ship, close upon a wind, drove furiously through the long heavy sea, occasionally throwing up vast sprays from under her bows, and flooding her decks fore and aft: sky above, and sea beneath, presented alike black and dismal murkiness, save a long line of phosphoric radiance, which the vessel left behind her, and the momentary dismal brightness that succeeded to the breaking of each long swell as it swept across her laboured track. The wind came in sullen gusts, for a moment laying the ship nearly on her broadside, and straining her every spar and timber in a fearful manner; and then dying away, left her rolling and

pitching in the trough of a tremendous sea. One of these squalls had just spent itself as I put my head on deck, and the cross swell catching the ship on her weather-quarter, bore her larboard-bow under water; but as suddenly righting herself, the masts creaked and nodded, as though about to fall, and the sails (thrown back for the moment), fluttered loosely against them with a tremendous noise; and the deluge of water she had taken in forward descended again to its parent source with the force of a cataract.

My tormentor, the lieutenant (Sellis) immediately perceived me, and said, "Ha, ha, shipmate, is it you? Come, jump into the mizen-rigging. Let go the topsail halyards!" he sung out in an authoritative tone.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded a gloomy voice.

I could scarcely see my hands before me, but as remonstrance would only subject me to some new mortification, I groped my way to the weather-rigging; and when all else had begun to ascend, I placed my feet in the lanyards, and cautiously followed them to the topsail yard. For the service I was of, I might quite as well have remained on deck. Absolute terror utterly incapacitated me from any exertion, save that of clinging with convulsive tenacity to the yard. Suspended on the tottering spar over the midnight and stormy sea—a false step, a sudden yaw of the ship, might sweep me into its inexorable vortex; and before I was missed, she might have passed miles on her trackless way. I thought of this, and my faculties and limbs seemed paralyzed.

When I again found myself safe in my hammock—

A PREDICTION.—LOUIS XVIII.

WHEN seated within the walls of the Tuilleries, the officers of Louis's household frequently heard him exclaim, "Modena is right," or "Modena is wrong." But the former words fell oftenest from his lips when his bodily sufferings were most excruciating. No one about him was able to account for either exclamation; nor should I have had it in my power to solve the enigma, had it not been explained to me by an aide-de-camp of the emperor Alexander.

The count de Modena, who was one of

the leading officers at the court of monsieur, when count de Provence, used to amuse himself with necromancy, and, having a quick and lively imagination, wrought himself into such high repute, that all the world ran after him to learn their future destinies. One evening, when monsieur was relaxing in a private circle of friends, he observed to the merry teller of fortunes, "Modena, the success of your predictions has reached my ears; and am I to be the only one left in the lurch as to my future luck?"—"Monseigneur," replied the count, "you have but to command me." Cards were immediately laid upon the table, and the operations began. After meditating on them for several minutes, Modena exclaimed, "Monseigneur, the crown of France will sit upon your brow." A loud roar of laughter broke from the bystanders—for at that moment Louis XVI. was in all the vigour of health and youth; and the duke of Normandy, the dauphin's brother, was still in the land of the living. Modena joined in the general merriment, but carried on his operations. "Yes, monseigneur," he continued, after a transient pause, "I do not deceive myself, you will one day wear the French crown; but be assured of this—you will never be anointed." The incongruity of the two prophecies added notably to the general ferment and hilarity.

Louis XVIII. treasured this seemingly ridiculous prediction in his memory; and when the course of events had placed the French sceptre in his hands, and a glimmering of returning health bade him look forward to his solemn inauguration at Rheims, he was often heard to exclaim, "Modena is wrong;" but when violent attacks of the gout dispelled the fond hopes he had indulged, he would exclaim, "Modena is right." And the result was, that Modena was right.

VANITY OF NAPOLEON.

When Buonaparte was at Schoenbrunn, he occasionally amused himself with a game at *vingt et un*. One evening, having been fortunate, and won a small sum, he boastingly shook the pieces in his hand, saying, "The Germans love these little Napoleons, don't they?"—"Yes," answered general Rapp, "they do, sire, but they are not at all fond of the great one."



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ALICE DACRE;
OR,
THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER.

"THEN you have no faith in witches, wraiths, second-sight, and all the wonders wrought by supernatural agency," said my gay young college chum, Frank Evelyn, as we sat together one winter night, in the oriel chamber at the priory, his paternal estate (bearing, no doubt, that sacred title from being erected on the site of some monastic establishment, levelled to the dust in the reforming days of the eighth Harry). "And yet," continued he, "if you look at my fair ancestress in the corner, and listen to the legend I could tell of her, your scepticism would be put to flight;" and rising, he stirred the already blazing fire into fresh brilliancy, and holding the wax candles to a picture, rallied me on my infidelity, which I confess I persisted in the more steadily, in the hopes of luring him on to the promised story; for Frank was one of those careless creatures, who are apt to whet your curiosity to the utmost, and then fly off to some other

subject, leaving you in all the tortures of uncertainty, as to whether you may ever hear the termination of the previous anecdote. His "fair ancestress" was painted in the attire of an Arcadian shepherdess, but with all the free and graceful outlines and classical arrangements of drapery, which distinguish the productions of the Italian school. Her large round straw pastoral hat, with its floating green ribbons and cluster of wild roses, which caught up on one side some of the rich profusion of her fair silken curls, suited the expression of a sweet girlish face, whose features had no pretensions to regularity, but to which their smiling youthfulness, and a certain piquant air of archness, gave an indescribable charm; blue eyes, whose "violet light" had more of fire than languor; lips like twin strawberries, fresh with the honey-dew of morning, and dimple cheeks tinted with the delicate bloom

The apple blossom shows,
were the principal beauties of the pastoral nymph; her form was slight and graceful, her attitude airy and Dryad-like, and you might gaze upon her picture till,

amid the floating and varying light, it almost appeared that with that bounding joyousness of motion, she was about to step forth from her sylvan paradise, to woo you to her dwelling in Arcadia. "Don't you expect," said Frank, smiling, "this prettiest lass that ever ran o'the green sward, this Perdita, to offer you her store of

—violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

"But come, you must not fall in love, for the original was my great grandmother, so we will remove from the fascination of eyes, whose light has long been the tomb, to the emerald gleam of my father's veritable Hockheim glasses, whose antique tracing, and good old German inscription, never show to such advantage, as when the rich wine sparkles through the green lustre of its crystal prison; and now we are comfortable again, I will try to confute your sceptical arguments, by the simple facts which have been handed down to the descendants of the fair Alice Dacre.

"Sir Reginald Dacre inherited from his ancestors not only their unsullied name, but extended possessions, whose revenue was almost princely; his establishment at Dacre Hall, his principal seat, was magnificent in the extreme; and he wedded, early in life, the orphan daughter of a noble house, whose rich dowry increased his almost boundless wealth. The beautiful Blanche had been his betrothed from childhood, and blest alike by love and fortune, the heir of the house of Dacre was the brightest star of 'exclusive society.' Years fled away, and a change was in the hall of his fathers; dissipation had bowed the proud form of sir Reginald, and the young and broken-hearted Blanche had faded away into the grave. Gambling, 'the worm that dieth not,' was the fiend which had blighted his paradise; and the vast possessions of his ancestors, the princely dowry of his bride, were madly cast upon the altar of the demon. Old in heart, and scathed by the conflicting passions attending his infatuated career, sir Reginald found himself, at thirty-five, an irritable hypochondriac, whose morbid feelings could only be excited by the fatal passion which had destroyed him, and whose revenues were bounded by the produce of the rents attached to the state of Dacre Hall, where

he lived in comparative obscurity, a prey to wild and unavailing memories of the past. Alice, his only child, grew up there, disregarded by her father, a lady of nature's own—

'A maid whom there were few to see,
And very few to love.'

But those who did see, loved her. Dora Evelyn, her school friend, rather older than herself, was Alice's chosen one; and how joyous were the gay holidays they spent, chasing the deer through the green sunny glades of Dacre, with the sylvan feasts of cream and wood strawberries, in some pastoral nook where they sat and sang together, sweet as wild thrushes in the depths of the green woods,

'In the leafy month of June.'

And, oh, how sad were their partings, when Dora Evelyn returned to school, and Alice, by the stern decree of her inflexible father remained alone at the hall, with no companion save her own favourite fawn, and a pair of white doves, the parting gift of her friend. Occasionally, she was summoned from her little aviary and her fairy garden, to appear before her father and amuse him with the playful sallies of her wit and youthful gaiety of imagination (which even solitude, and a certain dread which, in spite of herself, mingled with her love for her father, had not the power to repress); even the cold heart of the misanthrope seemed yielding to the charm, and the few ancient domestics he retained, dared to hope for smiles once more on the countenance of sir Reginald. The silvery laugh and joyous carol of Alice, met with no reproof, and she was allowed to bring her dewy violets and fresh strawberries to his morning meal, at which she presided with looks of sunshine and of love. Sir Reginald appeared about to enter on a new era of his life, a second Eden, the bliss of a peaceful home—the happiness of a father, when a nobleman, once the inseparable associate of his short and splendid career, purchased a hunting-box near Dacre Hall, and with a select party, stormed the 'Castle of Indolence,' as they called it, and carried off 'Giant Despair' in triumph. A few convivial parties, from which he returned early, gave sir Reginald a fresh zest for that society he had so long abandoned, and which he now wondered how he could have forsaken; the re-action of his spirits gave a flush

to his cheek, and a firmness to his tread, which had long been banished. Alice was exiled to her garden and her birds, and invitations given and received, filled the halls of Dacre, and led sir Reginald day by day, to the gay revels of his noble friends. Time thus passed away till, after one of those *petit soirees*, sir Reginald returned home long after midnight much excited, and his noble steed exhausted by the speed to which he appeared to have been urged. Sir Reginald was heard pacing his room for a long interval of time, and in the morning his countenance bore the traces of some strange revulsion of feeling. Alice was summoned, but she had wandered away far into the forest glades, and some time elapsed ere she could obey the call; with a bounding step she rushed into the apartment, but suddenly stopped on perceiving two gentlemen, with whom her father appeared in violent dispute. 'Robbers! demons!' furiously exclaimed sir Reginald, 'do you come to brave me in my own halls? the spirit of my ancestors rises within the degenerate bosom of their son; begone, can I not produce the evidence of your guilt, and brand ye to the world as ye deserve? begone, or dread the chastisement which your indignant victim'—rising suddenly as he spoke, sir Reginald raised his hunting-whip, his daughter rushed forward to arrest the blow, and the next minute he lay at her feet a lifeless corpse!—a blood vessel had burst, and, without a groan, the spirit of sir Reginald Dacre passed to the world we know not of. * * *

"Dora, the only friend of the orphan Alice, wrote to her father, the Rev. Arthur Evelyn, who, alive to the call of sorrow, arrived instantly at Dacre. Sir Reginald had few relations, and those so distant, and so long banished, that no one came forward. Mr. Evelyn arranged the funeral ceremonies, and followed as mourner. When sir Reginald was laid amid his ancestors, the nobleman with whom the fatal quarrel originated, produced such proofs of debts (of honour) with the signature of the deceased, that the impoverished estate of Dacre could hardly satisfy them. Mr. Evelyn had no legal right to contest his claims, and after making some slight arrangements in favour of Alice, the noble gambler took possession of the hall; the old servants were discharged—the antique furniture

(for there had always been preserved the Gothic grandeur of the olden day) sold or scattered about the world, and Alice Dacre left the hall of her fathers, an almost portionless orphan!

"Business called Mr. Evelyn to London, and Alice and Dora accompanied him; his son was about to make his *débüt* at the bar, and the anxious heart of the father was too interested in the success of his boy to remain at a distance. The enchantments of the metropolis, the gay society of Clarence Evelyn, the young advocate, and the true kindness of her friends, ameliorated the (at first) excessive sorrow of the orphan girl; but she still loved the solitude of her own chamber and the mournful reveries which she could not help indulging. Seated one evening alone, just as the twilight began to deepen around her, Alice fancied she saw an unusual appearance at the extremity of the apartment—a slight mist appeared to gather, and as it became more defined, it was broken and confused, like the fleeces of summer clouds driven by the wind; forms and hues floated over its surface, and growing stronger, it at last resolved itself into what almost seemed a picture reflected on the surface of a polished mirror—it represented part of an oriel chamber; through the windows of richly stained glass, a faint light dimly gleamed like the departing sunset, only so shadowy, that though the gorgeous colouring of crimson and azure in the heraldic devices was distinguishable, the forms were indistinct; a Grecian tripod stood on each side of the window, supporting white marble vases filled with flowers, and the centre space was occupied by an Indian cabinet, which Alice instantly remembered as having been in her father's study, and whose nest of fairy drawers, inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl, always appeared to her as treasure-cells of Indian wonders; the scene was so distinct, and became every moment so palpable, that Alice almost imagined it must be reality, and stepped forward to assure herself of its truth, when the hues became broken and dim, the objects confused and shapeless, the mist gathered up in dark and cloudy masses, and as she approached it, suddenly vanished, leaving the apartment with its usual appearance.

"Alice, amazed and terrified, sank upon a sofa, almost disbelieving the evi-

dence of her own senses ; for a long time she remained debating with herself, whether to mention the circumstance or not, but her dread of the laugh of Clarence, who had rallied her on the superstitious romance of her disposition, at length prevailed, and the mysterious day-dream remained a secret which even Dora was not allowed to share.

"The time of the family's departure arrived, and Alice still accompanied her friends ; it was sunset when the carriage drove up the avenue of the priory, and as the crimson light gleamed through the boughs of the magnificent chesnuts, Alice thought of far distant Dacre, and wept in silence.

"'Welcome to my house, to your home, my Alice, my sister!' whispered Dora, as they entered the portal ; Alice blushed—she knew not why, but the paternal welcome of Mr. Evelyn, banished all feelings save reverence and gratitude, and the happy group entered the oriel chamber of the priory. Alice gazed around her with a sudden exclamation of surprise ; the setting sun gleamed through the richly tinted panes, casting a thousand hues of amethyst and amber on the white marble vases, with their store of silvery lilies and Provence roses, and the gold and ebony of the Indian cabinet : it was the very apartment of the vision, and she could no longer be silent on a subject which appeared to her so wonderful ; a new thought seemed on the recital to strike the mind of Clarence—the Indian cabinet had been purchased at the sale of Dacre, for Dora to arrange her shells and specimens of mineralogy—in a moment the carpet was covered with corals, spars and glistening shells, but the search was vain—no private drawer was discoverable, and even the enthusiastic Dora was about to yield, when her hand accidentally pressing the head of an enamelled bird, which fluttered on one of the compartments, the whole slid back, and a roll of papers fell from the secret receptacle it disclosed ; they were eagerly examined, and amongst them carefully folded was a written paper, which contained the secrets of the petit L'Enfer established at the noble marquis's hunting seat : it appeared, from this document, that after luring sir Reginald by slow degrees again to the gaming-table, they had by one desperate effort left him a beggar ; after obtaining his signature,

which he gave in a paroxysm of frenzied agony, he rushed out of the apartment into the garden to cool, if possible, his burning brow ; throwing himself on the wet grass beneath the window, he lay long meditating suicide, when the loud laugh of the revellers within struck upon his ear, and some indistinct words thrilled through his frame like lightning ; in the heat of the evening banquet, some one of the party had thrown open the French window, and the crimson curtains were all that intervened between the speakers and sir Reginald—they made a mockery of his easy folly, his blindness to the artifices by which they had long made him their prey, and echoed with triumphant laughter their fiendish joy at having levelled with the dust the once proud lord of Dacre ; in a moment their victim stood before them, the pistols with which he had meditated his own destruction, levelled at their heads. Paralysed with the mean fear of their coward hearts, the discovered traitors signed a paper which he produced, acknowledged their guilt, as well as giving up all claims on his possessions ; and with this document in his possession, sir Reginald left the den of infamy with the speed of a whirlwind. Through the long night he debated within himself whether to disclose them at once to the world, and save others from the ruin they had lured him to—but then to blight so many illustrious names with infamy ! his noble nature disdained the thought, and placing the record of their guilt in the secret panel of the Indian cabinet, he determined never to reveal the circumstance. Urged and aided by the fiendish daring of one of his desperate colleagues, the marquis arrived at Dacre in the morning, and discovering the transaction of the evening, slightly mentioned his claims of honour ; the sudden paroxysm of sir Reginald's rage at the audacity of the attempt, was too much for his enfeebled and excited frame, and the triumph of the gamblers was complete.

"The discovery of this paper was sufficient for Clarence Evelyn ; proceedings were instantly instituted against the noble marquis and his colleagues ; the brilliant and pathetic oratory of the young advocate, as he alluded to the orphan Alice, touched every heart ; the production of the written document banished all doubts, and Clarence left the court in triumph, bearing with him the decree which rein-

stated the daughter of sir Reginald in her lawful rights. The noble marquis evaded the hands of justice ; for, long before the decision of the trial, he had fled a seducer and a murderer to the continent, and was supposed to have fallen in some midnight broil in one of the low gambling houses of Paris. The day of Alice's triumphant return was, indeed, a festival to every heart, whether in the college or in the hall ; but the bells rang a blither peal, and the flowers were scattered with more profusion in her path, when, as the white streamers floated in the summer wind, Clarence Evelyn led forth from the village church his wedded wife, the lady of Dacre Hall."

A TALE OF THE BUREAU DE POLICE.

I USED frequently, on a summer's evening, some years ago, after putting in my pocket a volume of a favourite author, to stroll away to the Thuilleries gardens, intending to pass away an hour or two on one of the seats. It was that one on the terrace, near the palace, where I could see the craft passing along the Seine, and the bustle of the quays from one side, and the crowd of loungers in the garden on the other ; although I fully intended reading the work I had put in my pocket, yet it rarely happened I did so, for I had contracted the acquaintanceship of a gentleman, whom I used frequently to meet on the same bench. He was a man far advanced in years, and who rather added in appearance to his age by wearing his hair, which was of a shade 'twixt grey and silver, combed back from off his forehead, and turned into a queue behind ; but there was a lurking something in his eye I could not for the world describe ; whenever I found his gaze fixed upon me, I shrunk from him as I would have done from a basilisk ; he seemed to force the very secrets of my heart from me, by reading their imprint on my face ; but he was a friend of never-failing amusement, his conversation teemed with anecdotes of men and circumstances, with whom, and in which, he had borne part in many a deadly strife, and many an act of boldness and cunning, the recounting of which, I have sat and listened to, until the growing darkness of the evening, and the stillness of all around, have made me fancy that I sat listening to he of the other world, registering the deeds of wicked-

ness of his children on earth. The old gentleman (I mean my friend of the seat) had been one of a most useful body of society, though but a little esteemed in his own country, that of a commissary of police, in which capacity he had seen much of the varied ways of life ; and some few of his adventures and narrations I have tried to remember as he told them, and as nearly as possible in his own words ; one of the first things he related to me, was as follows :—

At the time I first became commissary, my arrondissement was that part which included the Rue St. Antoine, which you know has a great number of courts, alleys, culs de sac, issuing from it in all directions, and from their proximity to a very great thoroughfare, gave me no inconsiderable deal of trouble. The houses in these alleys and courts are for the most part inhabited by wretches wavering betwixt the last shade of poverty and actual starvation, ready to take part in any disturbance, or assist in any act of rapine or violence. In one of these alleys, there lived at that time a man named Jean Monette, who was tolerably well-stricken in years, but still a hearty man. He was a widower, and with an only daughter, occupied a floor, "au quatrieme," in one of the courts ; people said he had been in business, and grown rich, but that he had not the heart to spend his money, which year after year accumulated, and would make a splendid fortune for his daughter at his death. With this advantage, Emma, who was really a handsome girl, did not want for suitors, and thought that being an heiress she might wait till she really felt a reciprocal passion for some one, and not throw herself away upon the first tolerable match (according to the sense of the word) that presented itself. It was on a Sunday, the first in the month of June, that Emma had, as an especial treat, obtained sufficient money from her father for an excursion with some friends, to see the water works at Versailles.

It was a beautiful day, and the basin was thronged around with thousands and thousands of persons, looking, from the variety of their dresses, more like the colours of a splendid rainbow, than aught beside ; and when at four o'clock, Triton and his satellites threw up their immense volumes of water, all was wonder, astonishment, and delight, but none were

more delighted than Emma, to whom the scene was quite new, and then it was so pleasant to have found a person who could explain every thing and every body; point out the duke of this, and count that, and the other lions of Paris; besides such an agreeable and well-dressed man; it was really quite condescending in him to notice them; and then towards evening, he would insist they should all go home together in a fiacre, and that he alone should pay all the expenses, and when, with a gentler pressure of the hand and a low whisper, he begged her to say when he might come, and throw himself at her feet, she thought her feelings were different to what they had ever been before; but how could she give her address—tell so dashing a man that she lived in such a place—no, she could not do that, but she would meet him at the “Jardin d’Ete” next Sunday evening, and dance with no one else all night.

She met him on the Sunday, and again and again, until her father began to suspect, from her frequent absence of an evening, which was formerly an unusual circumstance with her, that something must be wrong; the old man loved his money, but he loved his daughter more. She was the only link in life that kept together the chain of his affections; he had been passionately fond of his wife, and when she died, had filled up the void in his heart, by placing in its stead his daughter; they were the only things, save his money, he had ever loved; the world had cried out against him as a hard-hearted rapacious man, and he, in return, despised the world. He was, therefore, much grieved at her conduct, and questioned Emma as to where her frequent visits led her, but could only obtain for answer, that she was not aware she had been absent so much as to give him uneasiness. This was unsatisfactory, and so confirmed the old man in his suspicions, that he determined to have his daughter watched; this he got effected through the means of an *ancien ami*, then in the profession of what he called an inspector, though his enemies (and all men have such) called him a *mouchard*; however, by what name he called himself, or others called him, he understood his business, and so effectually watched the young lady, that he discovered her frequent absence to be, for the purpose of

meeting a man, who, after walking some distance with her, managed, despite of the inspector's boasted abilities, to give him the slip. This naturally puzzled him, and so it would any man in his situation; now only fancy, gentle reader, the feelings of one of the chief government employed in the argus line of business, a man renowned for his success in almost all the arduous and intricate affairs that had been committed to his care, to find himself baffled in a paltry private intrigue, and one which he had merely undertaken for the sake of friendship. On the second time, he tried the plan of fancying himself to be well paid, thinking this would stimulate his dormant energies, knowing well a thing done for friendship's sake, is always badly done; but even here he failed; he watched them to a certain corner, but before he could get round it, they were no where to be seen: this was not to be borne, it was setting him at defiance; should he call in the assistance of a brother in the line—no, that would be to acknowledge himself beaten, and the disgrace he could not bear—his honour was concerned, and he would achieve it single-handed; but then it was very perplexing, the man, to his experienced eye, seemed not as he had done to Emma, a dashing gentleman, but more like a bird in fine feathers; something must be wrong, and he must find it out—but then again came that confounded question, how?—he would go and consult old Monette—he could, perhaps, suggest something; and, musing on the strangeness of the adventure, he walked slowly towards the house of the old man to hold a council with him on the occasion. On the road, his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the street, and mingling with the crowd, in hopes of seizing some of his enemies exercising their illegal functions, on whom the whole weight of his official vengeance might fall, he for the time forgot his adventure; the crowd had been drawn together by a difference of opinion betwixt two gentlemen of the vehicular profession, respecting some right of preference, and, after all the usual kind and endearing expressions of esteem usual on such occasions, had been exhausted, one of them drove off, leaving the other, at least master of the field, if he had not got the expected job. The crowd began to disperse, and with them also was going our

friend of the "surveillance," when, on turning round, he came in contact with Mademoiselle Monette, leaning on the arm of the object of his inquietude; the light from a lamp above his head, shone immediately on the face of Emma and her admirer, showing them both as clear as noonday, so that when his glance turned from the lady to the gentleman, and he obtained a full view of his face, he expressed his admiration of the discovery he had made by a loud whew, which, though a short sound, and soon pronounced, meant a great deal; for first, it meant he had made a great discovery; secondly, that he was not astonished he had not succeeded before in his watchful endeavours; thirdly, that, but perhaps the two mentioned may be sufficient; for, turning sharp round, he made the greatest haste to reach Monette, and inform him this time of the result of his espionage; which, after a long prelude, stating how fortunate he was to have such a friend as himself, a man who knew every body and every thing, proceeded to inform him of the pleasing intelligence, that his daughter was in the habit of meeting, and going to some place (he forgot to say where) with the most desperate and abandoned character in Paris; and one who was so extremely dexterous in all his schemes, that the police, though perfectly aware of his kind intentions towards his Catholic majesty's subjects, had not been able to fix upon him in the commission of any one of his kind acts, for he changed his appearance so often, as to set at nought all the assiduous exertions of the *corps des Espions*, whose industry and caution in their avocations have reached the acme of praise, viz., to be proverbial, and the unhappy father received from his friend at parting, the assurance that they would catch him yet, and give him an invitation (those French people do use such polite words) to pass the rest of his days in seclusion.

On Emma's return, her father told her the information he had received, wisely withholding the means from which his knowledge came, saying, he knew she had that moment parted from the man who would lead her to the brink of destruction, and then cast her off like a child's broken plaything; he begged, nay, he besought her with tears in his eyes, to promise she would never again see him.

Emma was thunderstruck, not only at the accuracy of her father's information, but at hearing such a character of one whom she had painted perfection's self, and calling to her aid those never-failing woman's arguments, a copious flood of tears, fell on her father's neck, and promised never again to see him, but, if possible, to banish all thoughts of him from her mind.

"My child," said the old man, "I believe you from my heart—I believe you—I love you, but the world says I am rich—why, I know not; you know I live in a dangerous neighbourhood, and all my care will be necessary to prevent my losing either my child or my reputed wealth; therefore, to avoid all accidents, I will take care you do not leave this house for the next six months to come, and in that time your gallant will have forgotten you, or what will amount to the same thing, you will have forgotten him; but I am much mistaken if the man's intentions are not to rob me of my money, rather than my child."

The old man kept his word, and Emma was not allowed for several days to leave the rooms, *au quatrieme*; she tried, during the time, if it were possible to forget the object of her affections, and thought if she could see him but once more to bid him a long and last farewell, she might in time wear out his remembrance from her heart; but in order to do that, she must see him once more; and having made up her mind that this interview would be an essential requisite to the desired consummation, she took counsel with herself how it was to be accomplished, and there was only one great obstacle presented itself to her view, which was "she couldn't get out." Now woman's invention (I mean of those who are in love, or fancy it, for its pretty much the same thing) never fails them, when they have set their hearts upon any desired object, and it occurred to her, that although she could not get out, yet it was not quite so apparent that he could not get in; and this point being settled, it was no very difficult matter to persuade the old woman, who occasionally assisted her in the household arrangements, to be the bearer of a short note, purporting that her father having been unwell for the last few days, usually retired early to rest, and that if her dear Despreau would come

about eleven o'clock on the following evening, her father would be asleep, and she would be on the watch for a signal, which was to be three gentle taps on the door.

The old woman executed her commission so well, that she brought back an answer, vowing eternal fidelity, and promising a punctual attendance at the rendezvous. Nor was it likely he meant to fail; seeing it was the object he had for months in view, and he reasoned with himself, that if he once got there, he would make such good use of his time, as to render a second visit perfectly unnecessary; therefore, it would be a pity to disappoint any one, and he immediately communicated his plans to two of his confederates, promising them an adequate share of the booty, and also the girl herself, if either of them felt that way inclined, as a reward for their assistance.

His plans were very well managed, and would have gone on exceedingly well, but for one small accident which happened through the officious interference of the inspector, who, the moment he had discovered who the Lothario was, had taken all the steps he could to catch him, and gain the honour of having caught so accomplished a gentleman; rightly judging that it could not be long before he could pay a visit to Monette's rooms, and the letters, previously to their being delivered by the old woman, had been read by him, and met with his full approbation.

I was much pleased on being informed by the inspector, that he wanted my assistance, one evening, to apprehend the celebrated Despreau, who had planned the commission of a robbery near the Rue St. Antoine, and me acquainted with nearly all the before-mentioned circumstances; so about half-past ten o'clock, I posted myself with the inspector and four men, where I could see Despreau pass, and at eleven o'clock, punctual to the moment, he and his two associates began to ascend the stairs; the two confederates were to wait until he had been admitted some time, when he was to come to the door on some pretext and let them in; after the lapse of half an hour they were let in, when we ascended after them, and the inspector having a duplicate key, we let ourselves gently in, standing in the passage, so as to prevent

our being seen; in a few minutes we heard a loud shout from Emma, and old Monette's voice crying out murder and thieves most vociferously, and on entering the rooms, perceived that the poor girl was lying on the ground, while one of the men was endeavouring to stifle her cries by either gagging or suffocating her, though in the way he was doing it, the latter would have soon been the case; the old man had been dragged from his bed, and Despreau stood over him with a knife, swearing, that unless he showed him the place where his money and valuables were deposited, it should be the last hour of his existence. Despreau, on seeing us, seemed inclined to have made a most desperate resistance, but not being seconded by his associates, submitted to be pinioned, expressing his regret that we had not come half an hour later, when we might have been saved the present trouble; I begged to assure him I did not think it so; but, on the contrary, we should be delighted with his company, which we hoped to have for many years to come, and begged to have the honour of escorting him to the lodgings, provided in expectation of his visit.

Despreau was shortly after tried for the offence, which was too clearly proved to admit of any doubt. He was sentenced to the galleys for life, and is now at Brest, undergoing his sentence. Emma soon afterwards married a respectable man, and old Monette behaved on the occasion much more liberally than was expected.

A FEARLESS AMBASSADOR.

JOHN BASILOWITZ, or Joan IV., Grand Duke of Muscovy, was so cruel and ferocious a prince, that he ordered the hat of an Italian ambassador to be nailed to his head for presuming to be covered in his presence. The ambassador of the queen of England, however, was bold enough to wear his hat before him; upon which Basilowitz asked him, if he knew how he had treated an ambassador for the like behaviour. "No," replied the intrepid Englishman, "but I am sent here by queen Elizabeth; and, if any insult is offered to her minister, she has spirit enough to resent it." "What a brave man!" exclaimed the czar; "which of you," added he, to his courtiers, "would have acted and spoken in this manner to support my honour and interests?"



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WALTON:
A TALE FROM LIFE.

PERHAPS, in our weary journey through life, there are no recollections so dear to us, amid the noise and bustle of a jarring world, as those of our youth: when we recall to mind long-past scenes of earlier and happier days, when the heart was a stranger to the corroding influence of care and anxiety, and the mind, strung with hope—young, deluding hope!—looked forward to the world as to a garden strewn with ever-blooming flowers, that

“Wooed the hand, courting to be pluck’d.”

Ah! thoughtless, careless, light-hearted youth! how little do you deem, when longing, in the enthusiasm of your young and ardent nature, to plunge into the world, of exchanging a life of gaiety and pleasure for one of disappointment and sorrow. After all, “ignorance is bliss.” How many a sensitive and aching heart, undecieved by the cold world, sighs over the blighted and withered hopes of its youth in secret!

It fell to my lot to receive the greater

part of my education at a public school in Cumberland, where I mixed in the sports and amusements usually incident to a public seminary; and, like others before me, left it when my turn came to enter myself a pupil of that great finishing-school, the world, over which fortune presides as mistress with unlimited sway. Though, perhaps, as successful as many in winning her favours, yet have I frequently, in moments of contemplation and retirement, found a melancholy pleasure in recalling to my mind the sports and amusements of my school-days; and have thought of the probable fortunes and fate of those once my intimates and constant companions—now, perhaps, scattered throughout the four quarters of the globe, in various capacities, professions, and situations. Out of three hundred school-fellows, it has been my fate to meet but few in this great and varied scene of strife: to meet an *old croney*—to sit over a glass of wine, and bring back times of “auld lang syne”—the various characters, pursuits, and eccentricities of our former mates—with the many accidents that once “teemed by flood and field”—

is a pleasure that has but too rarely fallen to my lot.

One circumstance, invariably connected with the reminiscences of my boyhood, I cannot help remarking: it is the melancholy and unhappy fate that appears to have attended the steps of those distinguished in youth for genius. It would seem to have been the bane to prosperity and happiness, in those that possessed this almost fatal "gift sublime." Whereas, the common, dull, plodding lad, of acknowledged stupidity, has, singularly enough, generally been successful in his sphere of life. It is a harrowing reflection, that those sensitive and finely-strung minds should be the most subject to the keen arrows of disappointment and misfortune. Among all the companions of my boyish pleasures, this has never, perhaps, been more strikingly displayed, with some other strange and coinciding circumstances, than in the unhappy fate of the subject of this slight and imperfect sketch.

From very early youth, Vecy Walton was imbued with one of those wild and daring dispositions—more often read of than met with—that, though calculated to raise its possessor to some notice in the world, is seldom known to lead to happiness. At school, he was always more distinguished for genius than application—for skill in "King Senio," and "Prisoner's Base," than for his attainments in learning; and was known by far to prefer writing verses of his own, to scanning those of Horace or Virgil. Excelling in proficiency at the sports of swimming, running, and climbing, from a very early age, it was common to see Vecy first in the field and the last in his class.

Possessing a romantic temperament, open-hearted, sincere and enthusiastic, Vecy was a greater favourite with his mates than his masters; while nature had gifted him in no ordinary degree with respect to his person, which was tall, straight, and remarkable for strength and symmetry, while it was adorned with a countenance intellectually handsome and prepossessing, shaded by jet black curly hair, with eyes of the same raven colour, that, in times of excitation or passion, gave a glimpse of the wild soul within.

Many are the daring feats that now crowd upon my memory, in which Vecy Walton bore conspicuous parts. One I well remember, that may serve to show

the fearless tenor and daring of his mind to plan and execute. On the long winter nights, it was a practice in bed with us to beguile the time by reciting tales impromptu, or from memory. If I recollect correctly, Vecy was a great favourite in his narratives, which generally had some fearful superstition for their subject, turning upon supernatural agency. One night, when we had been listening with the deepest attention to one of his narratives, sleep, as usual, gradually overpowered us, and one after another dropped off into the arms of Morpheus, leaving Vecy, who had got prosing and dull (like myself, perhaps, at present, reader), as both speaker and auditor, to finish by himself. Now, it was the practice of one of the ushers on duty to visit the different wards every night, previous to retiring to rest, to see that every thing was right, and in order; at which time, it being very late, we were usually sound asleep. On the aforesaid night it so happened that this inspecting visit took place rather earlier than was customary, and we were all not a little astonished at the unusual circumstance of being awakened from our slumbers by the visiting deputy, who, by the way, was a short, snub-nosed fellow, of brutal manners, and very much disliked as an idle tale-bearer, and a great enemy of poor Vecy's.

"Where's Walton?—how comes it he is not in bed?" savagely demanded Mr. Ralph, or rather "Old Rap," as we used to designate him, for fun and brevity's sake.

"Not in bed, sir?" echoed two or three of us, who had roused ourselves in astonishment at the uncommon interruption; and looking in the corner of the ward in which Walton slept, we were indeed surprised to perceive that his couch was empty, though we could scarcely fancy it more than ten minutes since we had heard him holding forth to us. For several moments we sat gaping and rubbing our eyes, wondering where he could possibly be—as down stairs he certainly could not have gone, without some of the inmates knowing it.

"So! so! my young gents, you doubtless think this mighty clever! I see how this is—it's a planned scheme among you, to screen that imp of a lad, who's the devil's own for mischief. However, I'll make you repent pretending ignorance,

I warrant me, for the doctor shall know it this minute." So saying, and turning a deaf ear to our frequent protestations, after scrutinizing the chamber, he was about to depart *pro tempore* only, when an open window, at the farther extremity of the apartment, arrested his attention.

"How came this window thrown up?" he demanded, in a stern voice.

But of this circumstance no one, in truth, could tell him. This was a bow window overlooking a broad deep stagnant ditch, that separated the road from the high railings of the playground, at least five-and-twenty feet to its base. So, after looking out in the clear frosty moonlight, and apparently confident, in his own mind, that he could not have made his exit that way, he shut it down, and proceeded with quickened steps down stairs, eager to make his report, uttering on his way a long low savage growl, for which at times he was remarkable—as if already anticipating the pleasure of soon hearing the switch of the birch and the groans of his victims.

No sooner had he left the room, than we began to wonder and conjecture what could possibly have become of Walton, when, suddenly, to our surprise, we heard a noise outside of the wall, and presently after, a rap against the identical window overlooking the ditch and road; and on one or two of us jumping up and opening it, who should spring in but Vecy, breathless with haste, and dragging after him a single rope about an inch in diameter, with which, as it afterwards appeared, he had been, "at the peaceful midnight hour," in the habit of descending and ascending at pleasure.

His surprise at seeing us all on the *qui vive* was excessive; and hardly had we time to give him a brief and hurried sketch of what had passed, and he to undress himself and enjoin strict secrecy, when we heard the doctor's heavy and stately tread, accompanied by Rapp's obsequious skulking shuffle on the stairs. In a moment all were in bed, and half asleep again, apparently; but it availed us not—the doctor was *up* to us, although we were *down* to him—as some of our wits at the time had it.

The astonishment of the informer was excessive, on beholding Walton snoring and apparently fast asleep in bed, and was displayed by many contortions of his

prominent sharp-set countenance, as though the change before him had been the result of magic.

"Why, how now, Mr. Ralph!" said the doctor, "I thought you told me, just now, that Walton was not in bed, and nowhere to be seen. There he is, fast asleep!"

"So it would seem, sir," answered the usher, as he peered in his anticipated victim's face; "but I can positively aver he was not five minutes ago; neither were his garments visible."

Upon this, the doctor turned and questioned us, when, taking the hint, we all exclaimed, *una voce*, that he had never been out of the room. It was a bold assertion, truly, given *con spirito*—and, were I to live for a century, I could not forget the petrified and confused look of astonishment depicted on the mean, lantern-jawed face of "Old Rap," whom we all cordially hated for a mean, cringing, and unprincipled spirit. Though many years and sadder things have rolled between, it still sometimes flits before my mind, and provokes the laugh that then in triumph we were scarcely able to suppress, as we gazed upon his discomfited face, with his rat-like eyes glancing from under their shaggy, pent-up brows, in rage and suspicion around.

Of course he denied it, and asserted we were in general league; but there was something so overwhelming in the common and circumstantial evidence, that I do believe, at length, from his confusion, that he began to doubt the reality of what had passed, and imagine that his senses had played him false, as his affirmatives grew fainter and fainter, as the general appearances went stronger against him.

With very excellent judgment, Vecy, who had shammed sleep to the very acme of perfection, now, as if awakened out of his doze by the noise of the investigation going forward, after one or two restless yawns and moves, opened his eyes, suddenly exclaiming, in the wondering and confused face of "Old Rap"—"Good heavens, sir! is anything the matter?"—This was so well contrived and *apropos*—instead of being awakened by Rap—that it formed a complete *chef-d'œuvre*, and seemed at once to overset him, as he looked now, indeed, literally to borrow a nautical phrase, "dumb-founded."

"It's evident, you see, sir, you have

been strangely mistaken—the lad has never quitted the bed; the other wards are locked, and down stairs he could not have gone without discovery,” uttered the doctor, with a look of displeasure at his mortified assistant, as he walked towards the door, followed by his humbled deputy.

The doctor was in the door-way, and Rap had the handle in his hand, just making his exit—his little piercing eyes sparkling with suppressed rage; already had those behind the door started up in bed, in the attitude of silent congratulation—when, oh! dire mishap!—in that eventful moment, the glancing eyes of the usher seemed attracted by something under the bed—he hesitated half a second—peered again—and then, re-entering, put his hand under Vecy’s bed, and, with a long-drawn whistle of satisfaction, drew forth—oh, moment of scholastic horror!—the fatal rope. It was the act of a minute. Suffice, a discovery took place, and we were all punished—Walton severely so; but he bore it, I well remember, like a Trojan.

One thing, indeed, the doctor vainly endeavoured to discover, and that was, the place of Walton’s resort on his nightly wanderings. The senior even went so far as to threaten renewed flagellation and expelling; but he was firm, and perhaps I was the only one entrusted with the secret, that, even at his early age, he was warmly susceptible of the charms of female beauty—a susceptibility he ever carried through an ill-fated life—and that he was frequently in the habit of offering up his adoration, by nightly assignation, to the charms of a certain little rustic beauty, the daughter of a neighbouring miller, and the *belle ideal* of female perfection throughout the whole school.

From the period of this anecdote may be dated the commencement of a very sincere friendship that took place between Walton and myself, and we were soon distinguished throughout the forms as intimates, though many of our thoughts and ideas had little of reciprocity in them. I then, indeed, compared him, in his adventures and sufferings, with no less a hero in the classics than Leander, when he swam the Hellespont to visit his mistress—though I little thought, at the time, that they were both to have an unhappy termination.

Notwithstanding the disgrace attached

to our *expose*, confident in our numbers, it did not prevent us from determining to be even with “Old Rap,” who had assumed a fresh degree of importance and impudence, and who took every malicious means of annoying and mortifying us. Accordingly, as *lex talionis* was a rule we ever acted upon, it was carried among us, in full council, to plan some scheme of revenge, which we forthwith did. Suffice it, without tiring the reader with a repetition of scholastic detail, our scheme was admirably put into execution, to his no small bodily detriment and fear; while we, the authors, hidden under an impenetrable veil, escaped. But there would be no end, were I to recount one half of our boyish sports, in almost all of which Walton bore his share; and I can truly say, I never knew him to flinch or betray, however difficult the task assigned him.

And yet, notwithstanding an excellent flow of animal spirits, there were times of contemplation, when a strange melancholy, bordering on reserve, crept apparently insensibly over young Walton’s manners; when he seemed wrapt up in a fairy world of his own creation, in which he would dreamingly indulge for days together. At such times he seemed to take a solitary pleasure in those poetic moods which were generally followed by some inspired production of his pen—in wandering alone, on the half-holidays, among the wild and magnificent scenery the country abounded with. No longer, at such periods, was he to be observed the first among the noisy, giddy throng, sporting on the green: but was more likely to be found by some adventurous birds’-nest hunting party, seated upon some elevated crag, commanding a fine view of the ocean and the surrounding country.

On such occasions it was frequently found difficult to rouse him from these fits of abstraction, which seemed to possess a strong power over a mind that was early sensible of the wild beauties of nature, and of those peculiar charms whose influence is insensibly calculated to attract and exalt the imagination to realms of its own imagining.

Inseparably as I grew with Walton, in almost all our sports and studies, I had an opportunity of marking the various shades and bearings of a character strangely original, whose very vices were not of the common order, too frequently springing

from a wrong and mistaken bias in the mind. Among many curious beliefs Vecy possessed, was a belief in predestination; how it was gradually engendered, I know not, but he was a fatalist. He acknowledged the action of free-will centered in the mind, but contended that that free-will was previously registered in the book of fate. Many were the controversies we used to have on this subject, but never was I successful in reasoning him out of the fallacy of a credence which, first imbibed in boyhood, held its sway through the maturer years of his after life.

At school it was a common practice with us on the holidays, for parties of us to obtain leave to go out for the afternoon on some specious pretext or other, when we frequently set out on what we used facetiously to dignify at the time with the imposing name of a voyage or travel of discovery; the former of these consisted in hiring a boat, in the use of which habit had made us tolerably expert—with which, manned by a chosen crew, we sailed along, or, to carry on the conceit, explored the neighbouring coast. A far tramp, in which we thought nothing of crossing hill and valley, to reach some wood or other favourite spot, came under the latter denomination.

It was in returning from one of these travelling excursions, wet-footed, weary, and hungry, that Walton, three others, and myself, agreed to stop and rest ourselves at the mouldering remnants of an abbey, some three or four hundred yards before us, generally known to the country people around by the name of "The Hermit's Ruin," so designated in consequence of having, in the last century, been the abode of an anchorite or recluse. Seated on the summit of a rising ground, through which flowed the murmuring waters of a rivulet, it stood partially embowered in woodland, whose gigantic spreading arms, supporting in many parts the crumbling walls, formed a screen in the winter's blast, and a shade in the summer's sun. Like most ancient and deserted ruins, there were many superstitious and idle tales afloat respecting it, among the vulgar and the ignorant, that have long since faded away in my recollection; but not so the strange occurrence that took place there on that night, when, confident in our numbers, and prompted by feelings of boyish bravado,

to say we had fearlessly ventured within its terrific precincts, we drew nigh its still tall and towering turrets.

The last faint, flickering light of the declining sun, disappeared on the crumbling and ivy-bound walls, like a smile on the aspect of venerable age, leaving the ruin dimly discernible in the dusk of approaching night, as, desperately fatigued with our day's ramble, we drew ourselves up to the remnants of a small octagon portico, under the cover of which—none of us caring to enter the building—we ensconced ourselves, though not without some slight touches of fear and awe.

These feelings by no means decreased, as, huddled together on the damp stones that formed the seats of our retreat, we recalled the dark reports of the ruin, which now received, if possible, an additional hue of faded melancholy grandeur, as the beams of the moon, which now rose in splendid majesty over the distant line of blue hills that bounded the horizon, gilded the time-worn structure, whose lofty fretted roof once resounded with the loud peal of the swelling anthem of mingled voices, of those whose tones of woe or gladness have long since sunk in the oblivious stream of time:—

"Yet were they here—but now are gone;
They form the dust we tread upon!"

As feelings of a similar uncongenial kind with the tenor of our minds began to rise, which too often are apt to set imagination on the wing—and, moreover, as the damp, moss-clad stones formed any thing but comfortable seats, we hastily rose to pursue our way home, which was still more than two long miles, but little relieved by our short sojourn.

Traversing the side of the abbey to cross over the slope on which it stood, and occasionally stumbling over the stones and skulls that plentifully lined our path, we had advanced within ten yards of what had once been the grand entrance;—whistling, shouting, and making various noises, putting a brave exterior upon those fears we could not entirely suppress—when we all suddenly halted, and drew silent and breathless together at the sight of a human figure in the bright moonshine, sitting upon the remaining fragment of a pillar; it appeared that of a little old woman in a scarlet cloak, reclining with her back towards us, wrapt apparently in sleep, or in such profound medi-

tation as not even our precious noisy bravado seemed to have in any way disturbed. As we grouped closer to each other, forming a small and close circle, a feeling of fear and surprise pervaded our little band, as, keeping our eyes fixed suspiciously on the lone object of our doubt and conjecture, a low timorous whisper went on among us. At the same time there was a tucking up of coat tails, buttoning up of jackets, and other slight "preparations of note" for a hasty flight, in case things chanced to turn out as our fears suggested they might do.

"My life upon it!" whispered one of our party, "she's none other than 'Old Janet,' the witch that lives in the hut on the black hill nigh the east ford. She's come here to cull some of the dead men's bones and poisonous herbs to put in her hellish cauldron, that she may work some wicked spell as a grudge upon some of the folks, surrounding poultry or cattle: it was only last week that she destroyed farmer Baker's crop with a sudden blight, which before was quite prospering, merely because he had ordered her off his grounds. She's a spiteful, malignant, bad woman, is 'Old Janet.'"

"No, no, you mistake," said another, whose optics were not so distorted by fear; "it would take at least three of the little old dumpy lady sitting there, to make one of Janet."

"Hush, Williams—don't speak of her in that way; its well known she can make herself any size she likes best. Not that I fear her much," said the first speaker, a tall, thin lad, named Ennisley, and the swiftest runner of the party.—"But I think we had better scamper; for who knows," he continued, in a low whisper that grew more timorous every moment he directed his view to the almost inanimate looking object of his fears—"who knows but she may presently take it into her head to turn round upon us and strike us, as she did labourer Dobbs, with a sudden palsy, for daring to watch her."

Prepossessed with this notion, without more ado, the speaker, confident in the powers of his only acquisition and protection in danger, after having fixed his cap tighter on his head, and made other dispositions for his favourite pastime, by seizing a coat skirt in each hand, was on the eve of starting, which would have

been followed doubtless by a general hasty and disgraceful flight; when, partly by entreaties that he would not desert, but more perhaps by force—several less skilful *footboys* having laid forcible hands on his skirts, as though determining to be dragged with him—he was induced, though much against his will, and not before he had made several vain attempts to free himself, to stop awhile longer and await the result of the adventure.

"Hist, see!" uttered one who had not yet spoke; "as I look, she seems the very image of old crutchy Dolly Wimple, whom you used to be always teasing, Walton, and who died a fortnight ago in a fit."

"True," assented another, while a cold sweat and tremor ran through the party, "she had just such a cloak and hat, I well remember."

"Her exact figure, I swear," responded a third, his teeth chattering while he kept a firm and determined hold of the coat-laps of Ennisley, whose fears were at their highest pitch, as he made several convulsive efforts to throw his hangers-on off, to the great endangerment of his garment, which threatened every instant to give way under their united efforts.

At this eventful crisis, when nothing prevented a common flight but the circumstance of Ennisley's coat, Walton, whatever his real feelings might be, was the only one that appeared undismayed and collected.

"Psha!" he exclaimed, as he gazed on the knot; "to be frighted at a poor old gipsy woman sitting down and resting herself, and fancy her a witch. Oh, you cowards! Is there any one who accompanies me, for I am going to speak to her," he continued.

"Lord a mercy! is he mad? We shall surely have some awful visitation, and get stricken dead or blind, at least, if he disturbs her. Let me go! let me go!" said Ennisley, in a voice of terror he dared not raise above a hissing whisper, again turning, kicking, and scrambling, to get away from the three that held him.

"Will no one accompany me, then?" said Vecy, as he looked at me. I felt the appeal, and thought this a good opportunity to distinguish myself, though I could not suppress unpleasant ideas at the scene, and the strange immovable object before me, whom all had agreed in recognizing,

except Walton and myself, as an old woman, remarkable for swearing and drunkenness, who had died some ten days previous in the neighbouring village. Accordingly, with an outward air of firmness, though I quaked greatly within, I followed him. Vecy had walked within a few paces of the object without having disturbed her, when he waited for me.

"She looks a gipseey woman—how shall I address her?" he whispered, as, with feelings of doubt and curiosity, we both scrutinized the object of our conjecture closer; but nothing new met our sight: it was evidently the diminutive form of the somewhat anciently dressed figure of an old woman of the lower orders.—"Well, here goes at once," said Vecy, evidently summoning up no small resolution to his aid, as, walking within a yard of her side, he stamped, coughed, and whistled, making repeated noises to attract her attention; but the being moved not, nor showed any consciousness of his presence.

There is a certain kind of fear, very different from the common, that frequently prompts an individual in uncertain danger to know the worst at once—nothing being so torturing as suspense. It was actuated by some such feeling, doubtless, that Walton suddenly placed his hand upon her shoulder, uttering, with a quivering voice close to her bowed head—

"What, ho! mother, do you sleep?"

The figure slowly and gradually raised its head, whose features were undiscernible under the shadow of its broad-brimmed hat.

"What seek ye hither of me, that I am disturbed?" it exclaimed, in solemn, sepulchral tones, that at the time seemed to thrill through us.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Vecy; "only—only, we thought you asleep or dead."

"My death had then been far happier than yours may be in time to come," she rejoined in the same impressive voice, as, turning her head full towards him, he thought he beheld the glance of a pair of glassy grey eyes fixed upon his face in full contemplation.

"Then my death!" exclaimed Vecy, with a shudder: "know you when that will be?"

"Seek you to know?" uttered the woman, in a hissing derisive whisper.

"I do: when do you think that will be?"

"Think? ha, ha, ha!" echoed the being, with a fearful, scornful laugh, that froze the current in our veins.

"Ay—when say you it shall be that I depart this life?"

"Years! years! years! hence!" was the reply.

"How am I destined to die, then?" demanded Vecy, spurred on, as he afterwards informed me, by a strange unaccountable curiosity.

For a minute the little being remained immovable as stone, when Vecy, emboldened, repeated—

"How shall I die?"

"A criminal, by poison—in madness and misery!" she yelled: suddenly springing up, her eyes seemed to flash flame in malignant rage.

The effect so instantaneously produced was electrifying. Walton sprang backwards a space of three yards, overturning me in his way, while a loud shriek of terror rose in chorus from the anxiously watching party a short way off, who, hearing the words poison, madness, and misery, yelled in a shrill voice of venom, and perceiving Walton spring back, thought beyond doubt that he was visited by some dreadful calamitous curse—the reward of his rashness. Ennisley, as I learned afterwards, taking this opportunity, made one convulsive effort, and sprang from his holders, leaving his coat-tails in their hands; while Walton and myself, with the rest, urged by our fears, came in the rear at full speed, and such an impetus had fear leant to our wearied limbs, that not one rested until he had reached the house.

The alarm was first given at school by Ennisley, who, having long distanced us, arrived panting with fatigue and terror, and asserted that he had seen Walton struck dead by a flash of lightning from a witch, and that most of the others were probably dead or maimed for life at least by that time. But, as the rest came in one after the other, each congratulating himself on his escape, the tale was again recounted and variously told, with any thing but slight additions, as the different fancies or fears of the party had dictated. But the upshot of it was that we were all laughed at by the teachers and the elders, as a parcel of cowards, in being frightened by some poor old woman. Walton said

little or nothing : I well remember suppressing the facts with regard to himself, affecting to laugh at it as a mere frolic ; but as I observed at the time, notwithstanding his outward bearing, in reality it had made a great and deep impression on his mind, as, frequently musing for many weeks after, the ominous words, "poison, madness, and misery," at times unguardedly escaped his lips.

(To be continued.)

LEGEND OF THE THREE SAINTS.

IN THE YEAR 1341, an inundation, of many days' continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice ; and during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the Riva di San Marco. The storm was yet raging, when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would ferry him over to San Giorgio Maggiore. "Who," said the fisherman, "can reach San Giorgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try!" But as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed, and, having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion, and ordered him to row to San Nicoli di Lodi. The astonished fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a further confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At San Nicoli they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to proceed to the Two Castles at Lido. Though the waves ran fearfully high, the old man, by this time, had become accustomed to them ; and moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew, which either silenced his fears, or diverted them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely had they gained the Strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with devils, who seemed hurrying with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled, and the strangers, crossing themselves, conjured the fiends to depart. At the word, the demoniacal galley vanished, and the three passengers

were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare ; and, before parting, he implied pretty clearly that the sight of this miracle, after all, would be but bad pay. "You are right, my friend," said the first passenger ; "go to the doge and the procuratori, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark ; my two companions are St. George and St. Nicolas. Desire the magistrates to pay you ; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a schoolmaster at San Felice, who first bargained with the devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair." The fisherman, who seems to have had all his wits about him, answered, that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed. Upon which St. Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, "Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing." The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial.

ALEXANDER THE SIXTH.

THIS pope, in passing through the Romagna with his hopeful Cæsar Borgia, after a contested election for the popedom, in which at first he was unsuccessful, observing the inhabitants of some petty town very busy in taking down the statue of his unfortunate rival from a pedestal, and placing it upon a gallows, which they had erected for the purpose on the spur of the occasion very near it, said very coolly to Cæsar, "Observe, my son, how short the distance is from a statue to a gibbet. Upon how slender a foundation, then, does that man build, whose foundation of fame or honour is the breath of the rabble."

HOPEFUL PRINCES.

Dean Swift once observed, "that, considering how many *hopeful princes* we have had, it is astonishing that we have had so few *tolerable kings*."



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THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

“THERE again that beautiful figure flits before me: am I then in love with a being to whom I have never spoken even a passing word, whose name I know not, or whether she be worthy of being treasured for an instant in my imagination? But then a form so lovely, a face so fair, and eyes that sparkle with a lustre such as woman’s never did before. I can scarce believe it is one of earth’s creatures: however, be it what it may, should we again meet, I will boldly declare my passion. She may disdain it, laugh at me, call me presumptuous; well, well, call me as she will, I shall have spoken to her.”

The quickly passing figure of an elegant being had drawn forth the above soliloquy from Albert Meenen, a young Hungarian by birth, and nearly related to some of the first families in Presburg. He had often in his ramblings met the object who had gained such strong hold upon his affections, and fancied she did not altogether gaze upon him with indifference: but who was she? nobody knew. The

spies he had employed to watch her had always been baffled, and there appeared a mystery hanging around her that was quite beyond his power to unravel. Could she be a stranger staying a short time in Presburg? He caused inquiries to be made at every hotel in the town, whether high or low, but there was no one at all answering the description had been staying there.

Uncertain whither to go, he one afternoon dashed his horse through the magnificent suburbs of Presburg, and found himself, in a short time, galloping across the wide and open plain. He was completely wrapped up in his meditations, allowing the animal to go where and as he would, until the creature, suddenly shying, nearly threw him from his saddle. This made him look up to see what had occasioned it. A few paces before him stood the fair incognita he had so diligently and ineffectually sought; her gaze seemed fixed upon him. Albert was now some leagues from Presburg; the wide plain seemed untenanted except by themselves; it was far out of the beaten track—this he saw at a glance—how, then,

came she there? Her long and flowing dress, of the purest white, and slight veil thrown partially over her beautiful tresses, were not such as the proud Hungarian dames were in the habit of wearing. He threw himself off his horse, and approaching towards her, said—

“Maiden, I have sought thee every where, and, until this moment, never have I been so blest as to have it in my power to express the feelings of my heart.”

“You say you sought me: yes, as such as you do seek far and wide, midst the haunts of men. Think you it was there I passed, otherwise than as a flitting shadow? Had you sought me here, in the wide-extended plains, in solitude and quiet, you would have found me, where only I could listen to you.”

“Oh! maiden, be you what you may, hear me while I say I love thee, as man never loved before. It is not a passion of earth, but more approaching the nature of thyself—pure as the air which plays around us. I will worship thee, will leave all to follow and love thee: do but listen to me.”

“Your love is like that of all earth's creatures, fickle and changing as the wind; amongst yourselves you win affections, and then cast off the softer of your kind, to linger on for years in heart-broken anguish, or fall the prey of misplaced fondness. With us it is not so; the rolling course of time still finds us the same, and we know not the sorrows of blighted affection.”

“Oh, do not cast me from you, fair being, for the faults of others: I swear, by all I hold most sacred, by thyself, that lengthened years will find no change—ever shall I be the same, the fondest, most devoted.”

“You promise bravely; but I have been warned against the promises of men, and bid to seek those amongst my own kind with whom to plight my faith. Had I not seen you, I might have done so, but now it is too late: I have ventured much for thee, more than thou canst ever know. Should I be deceived, then farewell all—”

“Nay, maiden, speak not thus, but augur for the best.”

“Dare you venture to meet me here, just as the evening star is shining forth, alone?”

“For your sake, I would face the arch fiend himself.”

“You promise me?”

“I do.”

“Till then, farewell!” and, waving her hand towards him, her form gradually became indistinct, until not a trace remained to shew that a moment since she had been there.

Albert found his horse at some little distance from him, quietly grazing; the animal allowed itself to be taken without difficulty, and was soon on the road towards Presburg. At the suburbs, they met the throng returning from the promenade, and as Albert rode slowly on, many a fair hand was waved to him from a carriage window, and many a dashing Hungarian officer, as he proudly curveted by, made a friendly salutation; but all passed unheeded—he was counting the hours, the minutes, nay, the very seconds, until he should again behold his fair spirit.

“Are you turned exchange broker, and counting the bales of merchandize, duly consigned?” said a gentleman on horseback, riding up to him.

“Alas, no!” sighed Albert, scarce knowing what he was saying.

“Alas, no! Mercy on us, what a sigh! How much would many a fair maiden give for such an one from you, Albert!”

“Did I sigh, Storzwald?”

“Why, something very like it, I must confess.”

“I was thinking of my poor aunt, who lies buried in the church we are passing: you know she used to be very fond of me.”

“Why, she has been dead these three years, and, often as I have ridden by the church with you, I never heard you sigh for the poor old lady before: but it won't do; that was not a sigh for an aunt—it was too deep, too heartfelt. I'll wager all I'm worth, it's for the sweet daughter of the countess Eitlingen, that you waltzed with so much at the court fete.”

“Storzwald, I pledge you my honour you are mistaken;” but he had spurred on his horse, and was out of hearing. “This is very provoking; it will be bruited about everywhere, that I am smitten with the countess's daughter, and there are people foolish enough to believe it.”

Albert gave his horse to the servant,

and retired to his own room, there to await, in patience, until it was time to seek the plains. He attired himself in a light hunting-dress, and armed only with a small sword, which he carried more for ornament than protection, sought the appointed rendezvous. As he reached the spot, the growing gloom was increasing to darkness; all around was still as death—not even the distant sound of the evening chimes was borne towards him: he looked up, and saw the evening star shining brightly, but nowhere through the gloom could he trace the figure of her he sought.

“Maiden, I am here alone to seek thee.” As he spoke these words, he perceived an indistinct form, which, as it approached towards him, he saw was that of the spirit maiden. He flew to clasp her in his arms, but she motioned him back with an air of offended dignity.

“Creature of earth, listen to me, and I will say why I have wished thee to meet me here. In my wanderings I have seen thee often—have loved thee—nay, more, would be thy bride: will you forsake the creatures of thy kind, to dwell with me and mine? Thou shalt have all thy fancy or imagination can paint—all thy most unbounded wishes can suggest, as conducing to thy happiness. I ask in return, only thine affections, pure and unalloyed.”

“Oh! fair being! for thee alone I will forsake all: the most I could have wished would be to dwell with thee; I want not other aids for perfect happiness. Believe me, sweet creature, for I speak with all sincerity.”

“But one thing more: with us, whenever our faith is plighted, if by word, deed, or action, we sully those vows of faith but for an instant, then must we for ever part. It is our law—we must obey: wilt thou bear it in thy remembrance?”

“Dearest maiden, for ever.”

“There, then, is my hand: look up towards the evening star, and swear that thou art mine—mine for ever—and wholly mine.”

“I swear!”

As soon as he had uttered these words, he perceived a dense mist gathering around them; his hand remained clasping that of his bride, but she spoke not: the mist was too thick to allow him to see her features, and he feared to question her,

lest it should imply that he had no confidence.

In a few seconds a breeze came sweeping by, and quickly dispersed the mist. Albert looked up, and perceived before him a palace more magnificent than even his fancy could have imagined: lights streamed from every window, of all hues and shades; whilst from out the doors burst troops of beings, some making the air resound with most melodious music, and others singing sweet welcome to Eva the bride, and the creature of earth. On every side were bands of spirit beings seeking amusement in a thousand various ways, but joining their voices in the loud chorus of welcome: all seemed in search of pleasure and happiness, when and as they would; and the loud laugh, which, at intervals, burst forth with such hearty good will, was repeated by the echo until it died faintly away, or mingled with the music's sounds.

“This is now our home: think you it will cause you to regret the dwellings of mankind?”

“It is indeed beautiful,” replied Albert; “imagination could not paint such; to pass my days here, and with thee, my charming bride, will be happiness such as we could not feel on earth.”

“Each seeks for pleasure as the fancy prompts: our laws are so simple that we scarce know of their existence; they are only for the general good; one individual cannot oppress another; nor have we the vain ranks and shadows of authority like you on earth. We live always in one continued round of enjoyments, and the cares of old age and decrepitude are unknown: but let us onward.”

They joined the pomp which had come out to meet them, and entered together the palace, the interior of which was of corresponding magnificence with all around: one saloon was lighted with lamps, sending forth a soft blue shade, which gave the appearance of a beautiful clear moonlight night, whilst another, throwing forth rays of chastened red, seemed to imitate the fiery aspect of the setting sun. The festivities were long continued, and often and loudly did the walls resound with the praises of the bride, each voice joining in the full chorus, whilst some sweet singer gently breathed forth the melody.

Time passed away unheeded; each day

saw the recurrence of the joyous scene, but, unlike the pleasures of earth, they never pallied. Albert felt a gaiety, an elasticity of spirits, such as he had never known on earth. It seemed one continued summer season—the dull and dreary winter was unknown; day after day he wandered forth with the fair Eva, who would point out to him the various beauties of their fairy world.

“Look at that sweeping dale, and yon blue mountain rising so majestically: is there not a softened boldness which harmonizes with all around?”

“It is indeed a lovely scene: where on earth could we look for such?”

“Look again at this vast plain, so richly studded with forest beauties, and the shining river working its irregular way through the midst, and breaking out at intervals in smaller streams.”

“’Tis beautiful.”

“And the temple which crowns the summit of yon rising ground, and overlooks the whole: it is a lonely spot, whose quiet is only broken by the bird’s sweet warblings: I used to love it once, and have passed many an hour alone, when I could not join the merry throng, and share their mirth; but of late the path thither has been untrodden—let us towards it now.”

“Aye, and we will sit there and bring to mind the by-gone time when first we met;” saying which, they turned and sought its path.

Albert was one day sitting alone in an arbour formed by the overhanging boughs of the willow; his gaze was fixed upon the vast expanse of the calm unruffled lake before him, whilst his thoughts wandered unheeded. A light bark had pushed off from the side of the lake, and seemed to fly along the waters, its only tenant being a fair spirit, who was evidently making towards the arbour in which Albert was reclining. As she approached, he perceived it was one whom he had frequently before remarked, not alone for her exceeding beauty, but because often, when suddenly turning, he had found her looking intently upon him, and as their eyes met, a slight blush mantled o’er her cheeks, and she would turn away with an air of confusion: she drew up the bark to the side of the arbour, which she entered.

“Why, creature of earth, have you sought this solitary spot? I had thought

your kind had only loved to be in quiet and seclusion when the heart was sad, to pour out its griefs unheeded: you should be happy.”

“So, fair being, am I.”

“So, too, is the gentle Eva.”

“Indeed I hope so, but there are times when sadness seems to weigh upon her; a sudden thought flashes on her mind, that in an instant dispels the smiles that have been playing on her countenance: often have I asked her to tell me the reason, but never has she done so.”

The fair spirit turned to look towards the lake, for her cheeks were suffused with a crimson hue, which she strove to conceal.

“’Tis well you should not know.”

“I will not add to her sadness by further questioning.”

“Tell me, creature of earth, whether, amongst your kind, men love but once.”

Albert looked up; the eyes of the fair creature were fixed upon him, and he slowly replied—“Once only with the true fervour of love; the second time it is but—”

“There is then a second time: have you loved more than once?”

“But once.”

“Then you may love again,” and she drew towards him; “think you there are none, save Eva, who have seen and loved you? Have you looked with indifference on all besides? There is one who, from the moment you first entered our spirit land, has never ceased to feel for you, as for one—”

“I must not listen further,” said Albert; “let me beseech you to consider—”

“I have considered, and, for your sake, will risk all! Oh, do not cast me from you—say you will not hate me;” and she sank upon her knees before him. “I will pray for you to the evening star whom we all worship—I will watch over you—but oh, do not, do not hate me.”

Albert gently raised her from the ground; his arm had encircled her waist, and her head fell upon his breast; he looked an instant at her lovely face, and, in token that he felt not hatred, imprinted on her lips a chaste and gentle kiss;—a boat at that moment passed before the arbour, and, to his horror, he perceived it contained the gentle Eva—he flew towards her.

“Eva, hear me—I have not wronged

thee; but listen to me for one short instant, Eva! Eva!"

She faded from his sight, and he saw a thick mist was gathering around him, which every moment became more dense; in a short time it died away, and he perceived he was again in the plains of Hungary—it was in the open glare of broad day.

"Eva!" he sighed faintly, "I have not deserved this—never have my thoughts an instant wronged thee:" he looked up, and saw, standing a few paces before him, the figure of her he called upon; her arms were folded across her breast, and her countenance seemed worn by grief; whilst burning tears were fast chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Albert, fare thee well—for ever, fare thee well: it is our law—I must obey."

He flew towards her to clasp her in his arms, but they encircled only the thin air—she was gone for ever. His feelings overpowered him, and he sank swooning to the earth, where he lay until the cool air of the evening restored him: dejectedly he sought the road to Presburg.

Many were the inquiries as to where his months of absence had been passed, but he always maintained the strictest silence when questioned concerning it; refusing to give any account of himself during the time he had been away. It was apparent, however, to all, that he had become an altered man; the charms and pleasures of life he carefully avoided, preferring always to wander forth alone. Often was he pressed by his friends to enter into an alliance with some of the noble Hungarian families, who were desirous of the connexion: it was in vain, for, to the last hour of his existence, the dearest object of his life was Eva, his Spirit Bride.

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

(Continued from p. 136.)

TIME rolled on, and the adventure of the ruin had sunken into partial oblivion, or was only recalled with a laugh by all, except Walton, when a circumstance occurred that was destined to bind me still closer to him by the ties of gratitude. As I have previously remarked, it was a custom with us to request permission, in companies of three or four, to go out in the half-holidays, on various excursions

we might previously have planned, and which was invariably granted, when the duty of the morning had been properly executed.

On the occasion I allude to, Walton, two others, and myself, had obtained leave one day, and hiring a boat, after rowing about half a mile from the land, the day being remarkably fine, we agreed to bathe. Undressing, three of us jumped into the sea, leaving the fourth in charge of the boat. Not the breathing of a zephyr disturbed the glassy surface of the water, as it reflected the warm sunlight of a day in June, while we sported about, swimming, floating, and diving, as our various fancy prompted. Imperceptibly almost I had swam beyond my two companions, Walton and Stubbs, the other lad, when, just as I was in the act of turning round to regain their company, I was seized with the cramp in the left side—so instantaneously, that I had only time to utter a cry for assistance, and throw up my convulsively grasped hands, when the bubbling waters closed over my sinking head. I shall never forget that moment of horror. A thousand lights flashed tumultuously before my eyes, while the thundering roar of rushing waters assailed my ears, as, suffocating, I sunk through the liquid element, despair of agonised life struggling in the fast encircling arms of death. Since that period, to my surprise, I have heard many persons assert, that drowning, of all violent deaths, was the most easy—a theory, by the way, that will be found most inconsistent with sage experience.

No sooner had my shriek for help been heard—as I was since informed—than Walton and Stubbs made towards me with all possible expedition; but had not Walton very greatly distanced his competitor, it would evidently have been of no avail; for he only reached the place in time to see me sinking the third time, within a few yards of him, when, diving, at which he was very expert, he contrived to seize me by the hair of the head, and bring me up to the surface of the water, where he held me until the boat came to his assistance and took us both in, when, after some time, by chafing and wrapping me up warmly, they succeeded in recovering me.

On the following morning, when I proceeded to express my gratitude in a

calmer and more intelligible manner than I had previously been enabled to do, he stopped me short, exclaiming,

"Don't make me ashamed of a simple act of duty: the facts refer to our old argument; you were destined to be nigh drowned—and I, as the unworthy instrument of Providence, to save you."

"Yet, nevertheless," I rejoined, "as the unworthy instrument of Providence, it is no less my duty to thank you, which I do in words that ill express the sincerity of my feelings."

He cordially grasped my hand, as he uttered one of his singular opinions.

"You see, then," he said, "upon a close inspection of the circumstances, thanks are not my due. I was actuated, as when I put the question to the woman of the ruin, by one of those irresistible feelings of the soul we cannot define, that though coming under the denomination of good or bad, are, in fact, both equally the offspring of chance and circumstance, emanating from resistless fate."

As he alluded to the adventure of the ruin, a slight gloom passed across his countenance, like the cloud on a summer sky. Perceiving that the circumstance, notwithstanding his dislike to admit it, dwelt upon his mind, and willing, if possible, to eradicate it, I exclaimed—

"You surely cannot for a moment, Walton, have allowed the random words of a crazed and malignant old woman to affect you in the least. Pardon me," I continued, "for alluding to a circumstance that, whether named by others or yourself, seems, to my surprise, to cast a gloom over your countenance and demeanour, as if, indeed, you dreaded the accomplishment of a prophecy silly and improbable."

"I have not forgotten it: I do not say I put faith in it, but I assert that far stranger and more improbable circumstances are on undisputed records, both ancient and modern."

Since that period he evinced an evident desire not to refer to the prophecy of the ruin.

From very early choice, Walton, though an only and indulged son, was intended by his father, a widower, and eminent stock-broker, for the noble profession of arms, of which he was enthusiastically fond. Having just passed his sixteenth year, he was now in quarterly expectation

of leaving. But the event was partly hastened by unhappy circumstances connected with the blooming little rustic beauty previously mentioned, whom Walton had been in the habit of meeting—over which I would fain draw a veil. It was the first act that dimmed the lustre of his honour; but if sincere remorse and contrition might be received in palliation for the first fatal effects of youthful passion, he certainly felt them severely.

To be brief, Walton left the academy for the military college of S——h, to qualify himself for the profession he was to enter; I need scarcely say that he went attended by the sympathy and friendship of nearly the whole school. I, on my own part, was sorely grieved to part with the first sincere and truly disinterested friend I had ever known. However, as some alleviation to the sorrow we mutually expressed, we both agreed to keep up a regular correspondence.

During the space of eleven months, I had the pleasure of constantly hearing from Walton, who, with the exception of a duel, in which he had wounded his opponent, had written nothing out of the common course of gossip between two young men. The last letter I ever received from him in Cumberland, which followed close upon a previous one, seemed written in the very effervescence of hope and high spirits, as he informed me that a commission had been procured him in the —— Dragoons, and that he had orders to repair to W——, the depot of the regiment, immediately, which was in expectation of receiving orders for the Peninsula, the war having just then broke out. Scarce a month after this, and much sooner than I had expected, I received a visit from an uncle, under whose guardianship I was placed, who came for the purpose of accompanying me to that great capital and trading mart of the British empire, London, where an appointment had been procured for me in an office under government. Accordingly, bidding good-bye to my playmates and scholastic tuition, I immediately lost no time in complying with an order so gratifying in every way to my then exulting feelings of enfranchisement.

On my arrival in town, I immediately wrote to Walton, informing him of my removal, and giving him the latest news of the old seat of our education; among

which I remember telling him of Ennesley (the lad so conspicuous for cowardice in the adventure of the ruin), having left since my last letter. But days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and I was much surprised at receiving no answer to my epistle. At the time I gradually got into the belief, that, mixed in the gaiety of a military life, and surrounded by new friends, he had ceased to think of an old crony and schoolfellow. Such were the painful thoughts that filled my mind at his supposed contemptuous neglect, that at length, hurt and indignant at his conduct, I determined to forget him, and think no more of the fickle friendship of one whom the world had so soon estranged.

I had been three months in town, when I received an invitation to a splendid evening party given by an East India director, at which I anticipated no small gratification, as it promised to abound with beauty and fashion. Dressed out to what I considered the utmost advantage, on the evening mentioned in the card of invitation, I was announced, and made my entrance into the splendid and brilliantly lit-up drawing-room, where, after going through the usual compliments and salutes with some nervous embarrassment—for I had just commenced being initiated into fashionable society—I took a chair facing the door, watching for the arrival of some friends.

While sitting in my somewhat lonely situation, and occasionally eyeing the gay and elegantly dressed groups interspersed over the room, chatting and laughing, I observed that the two only daughters of the director, with a whole bevy of young ladies, had taken a station close to my side, where, giggling and prattling, they appeared watching, like myself, the entrance of some one.

"And is he then, really, so very—very handsome and engaging?" inquired one lispng young miss.

"I tell you, Letitia, he is the most charming young fellow you ever beheld. So noble-looking and accomplished—it's impossible not to like him!" was the animated reply of the eldest of the host's fair daughters.

"Well, I must confess," said another of the group, "from all I have heard, I should extremely like to see this young cornet, just—just merely to see if I approve of your taste."

"Oh, it's utterly impossible, Isabel, you could see him without admiring him. The only thing I fear is, that some of you may go away with aching hearts!"

This was uttered with a seriousness of expression that produced a general laugh, as all declared there was no fear.

"Does he sing?" inquired one.

"Delightfully—and composes, too."

"Does he dance?" uttered another.

"Delightfully well!"

Here a long conversation followed, in which the aforesaid cornet's qualifications were discussed; which, to equal the catalogue held out by the two young ladies, must indeed have been numerous. In fact, I had heard sufficient to inspire me with some slight curiosity to see this prodigy of fascination in our sex.

"Is that him?" would exclaim in a whisper, at least some half-a-dozen voices, as the door opened, and a handsome young man chanced to enter; when followed a negative proportionably contemptuous to the appearance of the individual.

The fair cluster near me were just getting on the tip-toe of expectation, in consequence of many disappointments, when the young friends whom I had expected to meet arrived. I had just quitted my seat, and walked across the room to join them, when the hastily whispered words of, "That's him!—that's him!" from the group of young ladies, made me turn hastily round. But words are ill adequate to express my astonishment, when, in this military favourite, I beheld none other than my old crony Walton, most elegantly habited, and looking to far greater advantage than I had ever seen him before. It is true, the effect of dissipation was visible: there was no longer the ruddy look of health in his countenance—nor had his figure retained that look of stoutness it formerly possessed; but there was a fashionable ease and elegance in his manners, bordering upon *nonchalance*, as he addressed the hostess of the mansion, who evidently treated him with great distinction. After returning the recognizances of many about him, with whom he seemed acquainted, he sauntered towards the group of young ladies who had so anxiously, within my own knowledge, been waiting his arrival, and with a courtly assurance commenced, to judge by their united reprisals and

bursts of laughter, a light, witty, and animated strain of conversation.

Hitherto, I had kept my eye upon him, in the vain expectation of encountering his, not without the doubtful feeling, as I had reason to suppose that the change in his exterior might have communicated to his heart, and that, in reality, he might not be particularly anxious to acknowledge one very much his inferior in appearance, and that fashionable air of courtly breeding, such an essential requisite in polished society.

Determined to ascertain, beyond dispute, whether he had indeed, as the fashionable phrase goes, "cut me," I made up my mind that he should never plead ignorance of not having seen me, and for this purpose, after refreshments had gone round, and all were repairing to cards, music, or conversation, I walked up to a circle he was surrounded by, of fashionable young men, to whom he was holding forth, in a mock heroic, on the folly and uncertainty of all sublunary joys, in a tone and manner that set his auditors in a roar of laughter.

Suddenly his glancing eye rested and fixed upon mine—a nervous twinge ran through my frame for a moment; in the next, he was through the croud, calling me by my name, and had given me a wring of the hand that reminded me of his former celebrity for grappling. After being seated and making the usual inquiries, he was the first to tax me with unkindness and want of friendship, in not writing and letting him know of my having left the north; at the same time informing me he was the more surprised, as he had written three letters directed to me at the school. In return, I informed him, that I had written to him two months since, telling him of having come up to town, likewise not forgetting penning my address, and was much surprised at receiving no answer; which, as time went on, I could not help attributing to the hurry and bustle attending new friends, fresh scenes, and a new life altogether.

"Then you wronged me greatly," was his reply. "With respect to your letter, which I never received, I can only account for it, by supposing it must have been lost or mislaid by a drunken fellow of a servant whom I some time since dismissed on account of his drowning the few senses he had in liquor. But, tell me, how is it

you never received my letters, for, unlike you, I wrote no fewer than three, one after the other?"

"That is easily accounted for," I said, "as my address in town is unknown in Cumberland; consequently, they were unable to forward them."

I learned likewise from Walton, during the course of conversation, that he had only come up from Chatham a week ago, on a month's leave of absence, which, he gaily informed me, he intended spending in the pleasures of the metropolis, previous to being shot off in the Spanish Peninsula, where the regiment was in expectation of being ordered.

(*To be continued.*)

TOURNAMENTS

Were first introduced into Germany by the emperor Henry, surnamed the Fowler, who died in 936. He was allowed to be the greatest prince and ablest statesman of his time, in Europe. Amongst other ordinances relating to these sports, he forbade the admission of any person to joust, who could not prove his nobility for four descents. This prince was so solicitous to promote valour, and increase the military strength of his kingdom, that he published a general amnesty in favour of all thieves and banditti, provided they would enlist in his armies: those who took advantage of this, he actually formed into a regular troop. The first tournament in Germany was appointed to be at Magdeburgh, in Lower Saxony. There was a great difference between the tilt and the tournament, which consisted in this:—a tournament was a prelude of war, and fought by many persons together, with blunted weapons; whereas, jousts could only be fought by two. These last were often used for the purpose of duels, and military trials of offences.

THE HUNS.

Such was the dread of these ferocious hordes, that even the Romans were occasionally obliged to bribe and flatter them. In the sixth century the Danube was frozen over, and the Huns, passing it, spread themselves throughout Greece, Thrace, and the neighbouring countries, carrying with them dismay and terror. They even menaced Constantinople; but Belisarius, with the promise of an annual tribute, prevailed upon them to retire.



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PAULINE LETROBE.

[As our limited space prevents us from giving the introduction to the following tale, it is necessary to premise, that the author, having a *penchant* for visiting mad-houses on his travels, becomes acquainted with M. C—, the keeper of one of those abodes of sorrow at Abbeville, who presented him with a manuscript containing the melancholy fate of one of the unfortunates committed to his charge.]

THE father of Pauline was an opulent farmer in the village of S—, in Picardy. He had been a soldier in his youth, and, having amassed a considerable sum, had married, and turned his thoughts to agriculture. His wife died shortly after the birth of Pauline, leaving her, an only child, to the care of her sorrow-stricken parent. At the time our story opens (about August of the year 179—) few men were more respected in the province than Gaspard Letrobe, then in his 60th year; and no maiden, for miles round, could vie, in point of beauty, with Pauline. She was just twenty, and the dazzling charms of girlhood were softening down into the mature beauties of the woman. Pauline was a brunette, and a most lovely

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one; her raven hair flowed in luxuriant natural ringlets over a neck and shoulders of the most perfect symmetry; and her form might have served at once for a model both to the painter and the sculptor. But her eye! here was the charm; it was a mild eye—albeit a most speaking and eloquent eye! See her—the buoyancy of her feelings raised by the dance or the song—no eye flashed more brightly than her's; and yet, anon it grew calm and pensive, for of that turn was her mind, by reason of her retired education and habits. It was altogether a most commanding eye, and one that few could gaze on unmoved. She had many lovers, but on none did she deign to waste a thought, anxious as Gaspard was to see her comfortably settled—for Pauline's mind did not seem formed for love.

In the same village, and not far from the house of M. Letrobe, resided an old woman, verging, as the villagers said, upon a century, alone with her grandson. Mabel Demourier was one more feared than loved by her neighbours; no one remembered the period of her settling at S—, but she was evidently possessed of

U

property, for neither she nor her grandson, Edouard, were engaged in any commercial or agricultural pursuits. Old Mabel was, in person and manners, repulsive to the last degree, never joining with her neighbours in their fetes and rejoicings, nor sympathizing in any way with their feelings. Her great age, the unknown source of her wealth, the superior nature of her conversation, together with the ancient fashion of her garments, did not fail to procure her the reputation such characters so generally obtained in a country and at a period when the minds of the lower classes were universally tainted with the grossest superstition—namely, of dealing in forbidden arts. Mabel Demourier was considered as a witch all over the village. Neither was Edouard much better respected; moody, and subject to fierce bursts of passion on the most trivial occasions, he was, as a boy, banished from the society which, in maturer years, he did not seek to regain. He seemed to consider himself as superior to all around him, and, in consequence, was only the object of their contempt and hatred. Yet was he one of Pauline's suitors, and a most constant one, for she could scarcely stir from the house without being pestered by his odious attentions, which nothing could repulse, until at length, with a great apparent effort to allay his pride, he asked her hand in marriage of Gaspard Letrobe. The old man consulted his child, and, on her decision, denied him without hope of repeal. How shall we describe the enraged feelings of Edouard Demourier at this? He had evidently considered it a lowering offer from him to the daughter of a farmer—and to be repulsed! He could not venture to meet the triumphant glances of the villagers—much less the angered and contemptuous looks of his ancient relative; and immediately on quitting the roof which had witnessed his disgrace, he left the village, and joined the army as a volunteer.

It was a joyful day to the rivals of Edouard that made them acquainted with his departure, for they feared that his wealth would have tempted Gaspard to become his advocate with Pauline: but what effect had it on Mabel Demourier? Truly, none, to a casual observer, unless we except a more perceptible bend of her proud neck, and a deeper frowning of

her withered cheek, for she loved—she adored him; he had been her sole stay, and, like a building deprived of its support—like a tree after the loss of its sap—she drooped, and the villagers doubted not she would soon cease to deplore him in this life.

* * * *

It was a lovely evening; the glorious rays of the setting sun glanced their dying lustre over hill and dale, corn-field and meadow, as if reluctant to leave so fair a scene, as Pauline slowly sauntered down a shady lane to meet her father returning from the vineyard. It was a lonely spot amid much splendid scenery; on either side of the lane rose a high bank, covered with hemlock, briony, and other rank weeds, and skirted with two rows of alternate elms and beeches, whose thickly-foliaged branches, meeting over the pathway, formed a roof almost impervious to the cleering sun-beams. Pauline was more than usually dull, and she quickened her steps to quit the lane, which she had entered heedlessly—for of it strange tales were told; and besides this, Pauline knew it to be the favourite haunt of old Mabel, whom she had not seen since her grandson's departure, and who was one of the last persons she would wish to meet. She had almost attained the farther end of the dreary pathway, when a sound smote her ear, as of one moving along among the dry and withered leaves of autumn. She looked up, and beheld, slowly advancing from the opposite end of the lane, no less a personage than the dreaded Mabel herself—although apparently not aware of Pauline's approach. She would have given worlds to have been spared this meeting; but as she saw that it was impossible to avoid it, she walked towards her. As she came near to Mabel, and perceived that tears were trickling down the care-worn furrows of her cheeks, and heard the half-repressed sobs of the aged woman—when she saw her misery, and considered how instrumental she herself had been to that misery—she felt a strange kind of pity creep into her breast towards her; and, as she was now close to her, in a soft voice she bade her “a good evening.”

Mabel started—threw her eyes, flashing fire through their moisture, on the maid—and, in a suppressed tone, answered—
“You here! I dreamt there crept an

adder in my path. Go on your way, for I have had enough evil from your sex!"

Pauline shuddered, when the old woman, seeming suddenly to recollect something, stood before her path, with a menacing air.

"Yet, hold!" she continued, "I remember: you are she whom my Edouard would have wedded. Fool! fool! knew he not that the young eagle pairs not with the raven? You refused him! that was nobly done—refused *him*. Girl! I tell you, he has blood in his veins, one drop of which were basely compared to all that foul and craven tide which now deserts your face beneath my gaze. Ha, ha, ha! you are passing fair. Look at me: I was once called *Fair Mabel*. See these withered lips: were they not fit for a monarch to gaze upon and sigh for?—now all withered and shrunken. Such, I tell ye, will one day be the beauties you prize. Girl! girl! where is my Edouard?"

Pauline trembled from head to foot, but answered not. Again old Mabel spoke:

"Where is he? I ask. He that was my hope—my life? Gone. You have deprived me of my joy: a curse is all that is left me, and to you——"

Pauline screamed, and threw herself on her knees before the infuriated old woman.

"Oh! no—no—no; for mercy's sake, not a curse—not *your* curse!" For much was old Mabel's ill-word dreaded by all who knew her.

"Not *my* curse!—and why? Will it not make you wretched?—you have made me so. *Mercy!*—showed you any to me and mine? Yes, my curse—Mabel's curse be on you; and, as you have made me childless, friendless, so may you die—fatherless—friendless—and a *murderer!*"

Pauline heard no more; her eyes grew dim, and she fell prostrate on the rank grass. When she recovered, she was on the same spot, supported in the arms of her father; but some time had elapsed, for the sun had vanished, the breeze that fanned her cheek was chill, and a few pale stars twinkled through the leafy roof above her.

"My poor, poor child," said Gaspard, tenderly, "my friends and I have sought you long and anxiously. Tell me, Pauline, what has befallen you?"

She raised her head with a deep sob, and cast her eyes wildly around her. They fixed at length on an object oppo-

site; and clinging convulsively to the arm that supported her, she pointed it out to her father's observation. A ray of the moon just then poured its lustre through the overhanging branches, and fell on the figure of Mabel Demourier, seated on the opposite bank, her eyes apparently fixed upon Pauline. Gaspard advanced a few steps.

"How now, beldame!" he said, comprehending at once the whole truth; "what do ye here? We'll have no more of this: away! begone!"

There was no answer; and he followed his speech by a rude thrust, when the body tottered, and in an instant lay at his feet.

"Good God!" ejaculated Gaspard, "Mabel is dead!"

"Dead!" ejaculated Pauline, in horror—"dead! oh, say not so." She flew towards the helpless corpse, and gazing for a moment on the half-closed eyes, which had so shortly before darted their fury at her, turned away with a sickening heart.

"Heaven's will be done! I have heard her death-words, and they will surely be fulfilled! What said she?—a *murderer!* Father, lend me your arm—support me: hark! do you not hear—the air is full of voices, calling *your* Pauline a *murderer!* She gasped for breath, and the next instant lay senseless in her parent's arms.

Months passed away, and winter's hand had imprisoned the broad stream of the Seine in his chill embrace; the late luxuriant banks now presented a very different, yet even now cheerful, aspect. In the lower lands, which had been partially overflowed during the months of October and November, and seemed now one sheet of polished mirror, broken at intervals by some rising bank, or the knotty trunk and grotesque branches of an aged willow—the eye was occasionally delighted by the graceful evolutions of some group of experienced *partineurs*, who had left Abbeville and its suburbs, to enjoy their favourite amusement free from the gaze of the *canaille*. In the higher portions, which had escaped the flood—such, for instance, as the Bois-de-Lavier, and the many inferior woods along the banks—the bright and red-berried holly, and the luxuriant laurels, were in brilliant contrast to the snow-clad bosom of the earth whence they sprung.

All in the humble village of S—, wore the cheerful and busy appearance which industry and content confer in the most dreary seasons—but more especially in this joyful one of Christmas. It was a week after the holy *Jour de Noel*, and the festivities of that high day were still scarcely on the wane in many of the superior farm-houses, and the blazing log still cheered and illuminated even the poorest *chaumiere*. We shall take the liberty of conducting our readers into the principal apartment of one of the superior farm-houses of S—. Never was a happier party witnessed than that now assembled to celebrate the wedding of one of the prettiest little brunettes of the village with the son of an opulent *marchande* of St. Valarie. On this jovial occasion, the host (the father of the bride) had broached his strongest and clearest cyder. Apples and nuts, too (the peculiar fruit of Picardy), were there in abundance—the huge vaulted chimney-corner smoked and blazed with its cheering load—and frank good-nature, that leaven of a company, was there—far more contributing to the general content and satisfaction, than cyder, nuts, apples, or fire. All were resolved to be happy, and, consequently, all were happy.

A laughing trio was assembled in the apartment of the bride; and as their conversation may prove interesting, inasmuch as it concerns some of our former characters, we shall take the liberty of recounting a portion of it.

“Dear Lisette,” said one, addressing the bride, “how dull you are; cheer up, or I will summon Claude to rouse you. Tell me, what ails you? I am positively ashamed of you.”

“Nay, Amie,” replied the girl, “indeed I do not know why I should be dull—but it is getting late, and our poor friend Pauline Letrobe promised, at my repeated solicitations, to visit us, and partake of our revelry.”

“I should more have wondered, love, if she had come, for you know she has attended none of our fetes since she lost her—”

“Hush,” said Lisette, placing her hand on the mouth of her bridesmaid—“do not mention that: you know that Dr. Roland gives us hopes that her senses will recover the shock they received on that fatal day—and she will become as gay and happy as the best of us.”

Amie shook her head doubtfully, and moving towards the piece of mirror hung against the wall, began arranging her hair, and turned the current of the conversation. They shortly after joined their companions in the lower apartment.

The room was now cleared of the tables and chairs, and the party commenced the favourite and mirth-inspiring game of “*Colin-maillard*”—vulgo, “Blind-man’s buff.” We will not pause to describe the progress of the game, or many little favours given and taken by the rustic revellers: suffice it—they were shortly at high romps.

The large clock at the upper end of the room told it to be near nine (a late hour in the unsophisticated village of S—), when suddenly the door opened, and those nearest to it retreated from the figure that entered, with a universal shudder, as one after the other repeated the name of—

“Pauline Letrobe!”

Very different was the Pauline we must now describe, to the lovely and graceful being whom we before introduced to our readers. She wore no hat or bonnet, and the snow, which was falling heavily, had settled on her black, dishevelled hair, now dripping with moisture. The remainder of her attire was hidden by a long red cloak, which she kept closed around her with one hand;—but her face—oh! it was in her face that was more plainly to be traced the ravages of a few months. Her once blooming cheek was now sallow and sunken—her lips of a pale, unnatural blue colour—and her eye, that eye which we once described with such enthusiasm—it was sadly altered; not that it was less bright—but the expression was so different, that none would have recognised, in the wild-looking figure that entered, the laughing and gleeful Pauline of other days!

She proceeded to the upper end of the apartment, where the bride was seated, and all made way for her—some from pity, some from fear, until she stood facing the shrinking Lisette.

“Pauline!” cried she, “my own Pauline, you are cold and wet: why did you not come before?”—and she proceeded to place a seat for her near the fire. “Come, give me your cloak.”

“No,” said Pauline, with fearful wildness, and grasping her cloak with a tightened hold; “no—not that.”

"And where is your father, dear Pauline?" asked Lisette.

"My father!" she answered slowly, as if striving for recollection; then gazing around her on the pitying group, who had left their sports on her appearance—"My father! he is well—he sleeps! 'Tis good to behold the innocent and free sleep," she continued, half aloud; "his eyelids seemed scarcely to be pressed by slumber, so gentle was its influence. And I thought, it must be pleasant to die thus—sleeping, and calm, like an infant. Ah, me! I would that I could sleep as the old man slept—as the old man *sleeps!* I gazed on him as he lay—long—long, and fondly; and he seemed to smile in his dream—and yet I—"

She paused, as if some hateful recollection broke upon her brain; and then her dark eye was fixed on some imaginary object of terror, and she spoke in low, beseeching accents: "And yet, it was not my fault; I loved him—oh, how dearly! But the curse was on me, and old Mabel was with me; and she is there now—look, look, Lisette! She threatens me with her crutch. Pardon! pardon! Mabel—I *have done your bidding!* Save me, Lisette—oh, save me from her!" Her feelings quite overpowered her, and she threw herself fainting into Lisette's arms.

"Cheer up, dear Pauline," she cried, "none but friends are near you now. Alas!" continued Lisette, turning to the guests, "she is wet with the snow—I feel it on my arms. Aid me to support her."

They proceeded to move her to a couch, in doing which, her cloak became loosened, and they all started back with a cry of horror—for the whole front of her white robe was saturated with *blood!* Lisette, too, who had supported the poor creature, was stained with the same fatal colour. While they stood, gazing in speechless terror from each other's faces to the sickening object before them—the door was suddenly thrown open, and a labourer entered the room, out of breath, and pale from agitation—

"Messieurs," said he, "I have seen a horrible sight: old Gaspard Letrobe lies murdered in his bed!"

* * * *

Here the original manuscript ended: but a postscript by M. C.—informed

me, that Pauline was tried and convicted of the murder of her father; but the evidences of her insanity were so numerous, that the sentence of death was commuted into one of imprisonment for life. Accordingly, she had been entrusted to his charge; which charge death had just concluded.

Such was the awful recital my friend had submitted to my perusal, and which filled me with the profoundest feelings of interest and pity. Its heroine was interred in the *cimetiere* of St. B—; and a plain marble slab, with the name "Pauline Letrobe," alone point out the spot where lies this hapless victim of SUPERSTITION!

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

(Continued from p. 144.)

OH, fie, Mr. Walton!" exclaimed the eldest of the hostess's fair daughters, as she broke in upon our conversation; "how can you be so ungallant in spending so much time upon your own sex, when there are so many sighing for a glance and a word among our's? Come," she added, laying her jewelled fingers very complacently on his arm, "you must positively attend me with your friend to the music-rooms below, where the sons and daughters of harmony are already assembling; and where I shall expect you positively to sing that delightful song of your own composition, which you once favoured us with. I have pledged my word for you."

The young lady's harangue admitting of no appeal, we repaired below, where the tuning of instruments, and rustling of silks and music-paper, gave "note of preparation." It was after several popular pieces had been very tolerably executed by some amateurs, that Walton was requested by a knot of young ladies to sing. As I remarked, unlike many others, without any pressing, he seated himself at the piano, and ran over the keys of the instrument in a manner in which taste was more conspicuous than science. The verses were some he had composed at school, which I well remembered; in themselves they were simple and trivial—but rich, full of sweetness and melody, the tones of his voice sounded with pathos and feeling as he sung them:—

SONG.

Give me a kiss from thy pure lip,
 By thee, dear Ella, given,
 'Tis like Elysian dew we sip,
 For, oh ! it tastes of heaven.
 Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
 That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
 Do not—do not deny me !

Give me a kiss, nor turn thine eye
 Away, its dark blue beaming,
 Like moonlight from Italia's sky,
 In mild refulgence streaming,
 Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
 That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
 Do not—do not deny me !

Give me a kiss, there's naught I prize
 On earth one half so dearly !
 I swear it by those soul-lit eyes,
 There's none loves more sincerely.
 Then give me all I ask—a kiss,
 That melts the soul in trembling bliss—
 Do not—do not deny me !

A murmur of approbation and pleasure sounded among his auditors as he finished, who placed him in constant request during the evening : and it was after spending the time most pleasantly, that the party broke up early in the morning, when Walton and I separated, engaged in the service of the ladies, under a promise of meeting on the morrow.

I shall pass over that and several subsequent interviews, which enabled me to perceive a change in Walton's real manners and habits, that a little reflection might have led me to expect in one of his impetuous and enthusiastic nature.—Young, handsome, admired, and courted, his once frank, careless demeanour, had become confident, vain, and haughty. While plunged into, and revelling in the very depths of dissipation, with funds to gratify his almost every wish, he had become a mark for the shafts of the vicious and designing. Hence arose those after-scenes of misery and desolation that marked the course of one qualified for a splendid ornament of society.

Half the period allotted for his leave of absence had scarcely expired, when I perceived a gloom upon Walton's countenance, which the sunshine of pleasure and gaiety seemed ineffectual to disperse. To my anxious inquiries, he at first alleged some trivial cause; but perceiving me, perhaps, incredulous, he at length informed me, with apparent indifference, that his father had sustained a loss of a few thousands in a banking-house in which he had much confided, that had vexed the old man, and occasioned himself a temporary inconvenience. But a few days made it generally known, through

the medium of the papers, that those few thousands, as Walton had termed them, were, in fact, a large capital.

Notwithstanding the reports that were afloat in consequence of this circumstance, Walton was gayer and more dashing than ever; the number of his horses and servants was increased, but it was evident his spirits were no longer the same; they were depressed, except when elevated by wine to a fearful contrast of unnaturally wild exuberance. Latterly, too, Walton had formed a close intimacy, much to my surprise, with Ennesley, whom the reader may remember as the superstitious, cowardly lad, some pages back, and who was destined to be closely connected with the future fate of Walton. At school, there had always been something so despicably mean, sly, and cowardly, in his deportment, that Walton and myself had ever treated him with a marked contempt, while it had entitled him generally, from the rest of the school, with the name of "the Fox," by which appellation he usually went. His history is shortly as follows :—

Richard Ennesley was the eldest son of a gentleman who filled the situation of confidential clerk in a first-rate mercantile house. He was early destined for a desk in the office which his father conducted, with credit to himself and his principals. When very young, Ennesley gave indications of the bent of his mind: few boys were better accountants, could solve a question of figures sooner, or could write a better hand; but, at the same time, few in the whole class were so utterly ignorant of every other requisite and necessary acquirement. His chief pleasure seemed always coupled with his profit, in buying, changing, selling, and lending on interest to those in want; in all of which he was noted for taking contemptible and petty advantages, that many times drew upon him severe correction. At the age of eighteen he had quitted school, an object of contempt and dislike to all who had known him, to fill a mercantile situation. Though parsimonious and selfish to a degree, a love of dress and frequenting public amusements marked his character, and grew upon him. Servile and flattering when anything was to be gained, Richard Ennesley's tall, spare figure, and small grey eye, was a true index of his mind. By an insinuating and flattering

address, in which a wish to oblige seemed prominent, he had contrived to get introduced into some circles, where his station in life would hardly have entitled him. It was in one of these circles that Walton met him, and, infinitely to my surprise, commenced the acquaintance with Ennesley, whose pride—and, strange to say, he had pride—seemed highly gratified in so often occupying a place in Walton's elegant curriole.

There were one or two, who, like myself, knowing something of Ennesley, perceived the acquaintance with sorrow; and even Walton himself, I thought, at times felt a touch of shame in introducing him, even though it was very evident he made a complete cat's-paw of him. "Good fellow—goes through business like a lion—none like him for raising the wind, or quieting a dun—knows every turn of London—cannot do without him!" Such was the kind of half-apology Walton usually made, whenever his name was mentioned.

From a circumstance that occurred, I felt for Walton, and presaged the worst from his new acquaintance, while it accounted in some measure for Walton's constant absence from some of those parties I had been in the habit of meeting him at in an evening.

It was about three in the morning; I was walking down a street at the back of St. James's, returning home from a party, when two men, in high spirits, muffled up in cloaks, came out of a house before me, in the grated door-light of which was burning a square lamp. "Done them, in high style!" they both exclaimed, in loud boisterous terms, rattling the gold in their pockets, as, with flushed countenance and hasty steps, they walked on before me. The voices were not to be mistaken—they were those of Walton and Ennesley. I crossed the street with a sigh, in the conviction that he had at length obtained the high road to perdition, in the occupation of a gamester.

To one to whom I was so much indebted as Walton, I could not but perceive the dangers that environed and threatened him, and reflected with pleasure that in a fortnight he would be necessitated to join his regiment, when he would be placed out of the reach of a man I firmly believed to be a designing villain.

Though animated and gay, fashionable

and witty, as usual, driving his elegant equipage about the parks and St. James's, it was to me very evident but a semblance to hide that inward anguish there were times he could not entirely suppress. With evident design he had avoided the usual confidential discourse that had ever existed between us, while a foreboding darkness gathered darker on his brow, as the expiration of his leave of absence drew nigh.

It was within a week of the time appointed for him to join his regiment, that I called upon him at the superb hotel where he resided during his stay in town. His blood-shot eyes and pale countenance sufficiently announced the little rest he had received since the preceding night, as he reclined upon an easy chair, in his dressing-gown, at an elegantly set out breakfast-table.

"I have written for renewed leave of absence," he uttered, after I had been seated; "and I am sorry to say it has been refused me."

"And the difference is, I am very glad of it," I observed.

"The deuce you are!—and why is that, I pray?" he asked, with some asperity.

"Walton," I said, with greater seriousness than he had ever heard me before, "I believe you know the sincere gratitude I bear you—that, in fact, binds me to your service, and which I can never forget. It is not my purpose to allude to anything disagreeable, but what I feel will be for your benefit. I merely appeal to your own sense and feelings, whether a longer stay from your profession would not be more prejudicial, detrimental, and more ruinous, I would say, in every respect, to your interests?"

He was touched: a shade of pensive sadness passed over his features, as he hung his head for a minute, as if in bitter reflection on the past.

"But come—away with these unmanly feelings of regret. What's done cannot be undone!" he suddenly exclaimed, as, with an action approaching to the wildness of despair, he struck off the top of a champagne bottle on the breakfast-table, and filled two glasses. "Here—pledge me a short life and a happy one!" he continued, in a manner that affected me greatly at the moment, as he drank off the wine, and dashed the glass into a

thousand pieces against the fire-place, with a look of bitter anguish.

"You join, however, on Thursday," I observed.

"You mistake: *I shall never join, if I can retire or sell out!*"

"Never join your regiment, when you are on the point of being called into service, and realizing, perhaps, all your boyhood's dream of glory you have so often canvassed with me?—Impossible! Walton, you joke," I exclaimed, greatly surprised and shocked at his declaration.

"Would to heaven it were all a joke!" he uttered, as he sank back upon his chair.

I perceived that the only chance of effecting any good was, to use a homely phrase, to strike while the iron was hot; and immediately proceeded to expostulate with him on the headlong course he was running—and the end that, sooner or later, inevitably awaited it.

"It's too late, my dear fellow, now to preach a sermon," he exclaimed, with bitterness.

"It can never be too late," I answered, with the energy I felt at the moment. "Many a gallant vessel has struck upon a rock during her voyage, that has been gotten off, and saved by perseverance."

"Yes—assisted by a rising tide," he said, madly. "Alas! there's no tide to assist me in my extremity. I am but fulfilling my fate. Yet," he exclaimed, after a pause of some duration, "if I could but clear the mesh that envelops me—"

The opportunity I had wished for had now presented itself. Gradually inspiring confidence that circumstances might not be so bad—and that, in fact, by a little care and attention in the close investigation, they might be placed to rights—I was proceeding; when, after two or three efforts, in which I perceived a fierce mental struggle, the pride of his nature at length yielded before better feelings, as, with a request of my assistance and advice, he laid open to me a statement of his affairs.

I cannot but say that I was greatly shocked at the enormous amount of his debts, considering his very short residence in town. But even these, I learned, were comparatively trifling to the enormous losses he had sustained by other means, less creditable to himself, in the more profligate fashionable vices of the age.

I was aware of the difficulties I had to contend with, in a mind so fine and sensitive as Walton's, who, at times, during a necessary investigation, that took up an hour, shrunk like a patient under the probe of the surgeon. I persevered, however, and at length obtained the desired information. One thing I learned that I had long suspected, and that was, that his father had been reduced from a state of affluence to comparative indigence by the failure of the bank previously mentioned—while Walton, to set off debts to the amount of eight hundred pounds, and maintain himself in his profession, possessed but some freehold property that his father had presented him with a short time previous, bringing in an income of two hundred a year.

I did not fail to observe what Walton—maddened by the loss of that fine fortune he had been led to expect, and immersed in debt and a thousand wild extravagances—had overlooked, that, with economy and circumspection, he might still have sufficient, besides his pay, for a genteel maintenance in his profession, after he had discharged his debts, by mortgaging or disposing of his freehold. Suffice it: adopting my advice, he sold off his horses and other superfluities, and dismissed his servants, taking private apartments during his remaining week in London; while, employing a solicitor, in a few days he succeeded in raising the requisite sum, by mortgage, that enabled him to stand free in the world.

I shall pass over the grateful and kind feelings displayed towards me by Walton, for being the chief means of effecting that which procured me the sincerest pleasure, in serving one to whom I was indebted for the prolongation of my own existence. He was evidently agreeably surprised in the turn his own affairs had taken, which, in his utter ignorance of business, he had imagined far more complicated; so that, notwithstanding the loss of that fortune he had been led to expect one day, he seemed restored to a degree of calm content, that had been a stranger to his mind during his eventful stay in the metropolis.

(To be continued.)

THE sun never sets on the British dominions, for before his evening rays leave Quebec, his morning beams have enlightened the banks of the Ganges.



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THE MERCHANT OF LYONS.

JACQUES St. Julien and Suzette de Vallois, the father of the former, who was one of the principal merchants of Lyons, had seen, with unbounded satisfaction, that his son was passionately enamoured with the amiable daughter of one of his oldest friends. It was a match in every way snitable for him. Monsieur de Vallois was a man of considerable wealth, though not engaged in commerce; he had at first been much averse to the union taking place, on account of the wild and reckless disposition of the young St. Julien; and strange accounts had reached Lyons, of his proceedings during a two years residence at Paris; but upon his return to Lyons, the charms of the fair Suzette had so worked upon him, that his irregularities were abandoned, and he sank from the gay and dissipated man of fashion, into the staid and industrious merchant; and it is but justice to him to say, that it was not outwardly alone that he had become an altered man. Some scenes in which he had borne a part at Paris, and his narrow escapes from infamy

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and destruction, had determined him to make a strong effort to effect a total change in his habits and dispositions; and the presence of his dear Suzette had strengthened these resolutions, until their practice had convinced him, that during the eighteen months he had been at Lyons, after his return from Paris, he had been for the first time in his life, a happy and contented man. There was but one thing galled him, and that was, any allusion to his residence at Paris. It was clear there was something connected with it which he could not drive from his remembrance, and since it seemed sensibly to annoy him, all mention of it was studiously avoided.

The change that had taken place removed the only objection entertained by Monsieur de Vallois to the marriage, who willingly gave his consent to the union taking place; and on the appointed day, young St. Julien led to the altar the fair and blooming Suzette, and in the face of heaven, they interchanged their vows of constancy and fidelity.

Jacques St. Vallois felt that he was now a truly happy man; possessed of the

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being he so fondly loved, enjoying the sweet communion of reciprocal affection, unclouded by the discontent of poverty, his course of life flowed on as gently and as calmly as the summer's brook that musically ripples on, without impediment.

He was one day sitting with his wife in their dining-room, conning over some circumstances of domestic life, looking upon the busy groups that thronged the quay, and, at times, upon the merry laughing tenants of the boats that shot along the Rhone's swift stream, whose loud joyous laugh gave token of their presence, even when the gloom of the closing summer's evening had begun to envelope them in its obscurity. He was holding one of his wife's hands, listlessly playing with her fingers, and felt that he was enjoying one of those moments of life, when the lightness of our spirits bids us feel for a short space, a sensation of true and pure happiness; the door opened, and the servant announced a gentleman, who wished to speak with Monsieur "St. Julien."

"Did he mention his name?"

"He said his name was not of consequence, though his business was."

"Oh, show him into the counting-house, some of the clerks will attend to him."

"I wished to have done so, sir; but he said he was no merchant, and that his business was with you alone."

"Well, show him in, since he is desirous of seeing me."

The person advanced; he was a man of middle age, with a countenance of a dark and sinister expression, and his clothes, which were covered with dust, showed that he had just completed a long journey. After cautiously looking to see the door was closed, he approached towards de Vallois, and, gazing at him, said—

"You have not forgotten me, have you?"

"Good heavens! it cannot be the Chevalier Arnaud?"

"The same."

"Why is this? why, sir, am I to be hunted down in this manner? do you again seek to entangle me in your meshes?"

"Softly, softly, my good sir, you are alarming this lady without cause."

"Suzette, my love, will you leave us a few moments? It is long since I have

seen this gentleman, and we have something of importance to speak about."

His wife obeyed with reluctance, pausing at the door, to say they were engaged to spend the evening at her father's, and it was almost time they were gone. She scarce noticed the chevalier's attention in opening the door as she passed through, and left him and her husband together.

"Arnaud," said St. Julien, advancing, "you have broken the compact betwixt us; when I furnished you with money to begin the world as an honest man, you promised never again to obtrude yourself upon me."

"I did."

"Nay, more, you professed gratitude to me, for doing that you had no right to expect."

"I did so, and felt it."

"Felt it," echoed the other, with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, I say again, felt it."

"And yet, yet you show it, by breaking the only promise I exacted from you."

"Listen to me, and I will explain my conduct. You, of course, remember that night at Paris, when having lost at the salons far more than you were enabled to pay, we passed a forged bill of exchange."

"Oh! merciful heaven! after all the anguish I have suffered, must I still have my crimes thrown in my face by my very associates."

"Be calm, and listen: you remember too, it was a bill at three years' date, and that a few days after we had passed it—I was afraid to tell you the circumstance, you gave me the money to take it up."

"I did! I did!"

"Of course you did, and I don't deny it; and I was going to the person to do so, but somehow or other, passing by the salons, I just looked in to see what they were about, and—and—I lost the money before—I knew I had been playing—I was afraid to tell you the circumstance, so I said the bill had been taken up, and that I had destroyed it—but it was all a fiction."

"Ha, ha, ha," said the agonised St. Julien, "now you are laughing at me; come, laugh, and say it is all a jest."

"I wish it were, but the worst part of the story is, that the bill being due, has been discovered to be a forgery, and is now in the possession of the police, who

are tracing it through the hands of the different holders until they will come upon you; now, as I felt I owed you a debt of gratitude, I have travelled day and night from Paris, to give you notice to save yourself."

"Then am I a lost and ruined man!"

"Not at all, the frontiers of Savoy are but a few leagues from hence, and there you are in safety."

"I will not fly."

"Not fly?"

"No!"

"Are you mad?"

"If I am not, I soon shall be."

"This is folly."

"Call it madness, desperation, or what you will. Oh, thou villain, you taught me first to play—led me on step by step, squandered my money, and then plunged me in the lowest depth of crime. I am lost for ever," saying which, he paced the room to and fro with quick and agitated steps, until a gentle knocking at the door attracted his attention, and his wife's voice, saying—

"St. Julien, shall you be much longer? I am dressed, and only waiting until you are ready."

"Longer! Heaven only knows. I will follow you to your father's—do not wait for me."

"I cannot go without you," replied his wife. "I'll wait up stairs," and she slowly turned away.

"Well, St. Julien," said Arnaud, "are you determined not to seek your safety in flight? Come, think better of it, and be guided by me."

"Yes, I have before trusted to your guidance, and what has been the result: I am a lost and ruined man—no, I will stand and face the danger. My reputation—my name—all blasted and destroyed. Oh! guilt! guilt! when once a man has been contaminated by thee, thou wilt not be shaken off by him, but with the course of time, comest rushing on to overwhelm him."

"Well, I can see no use in moralizing; I shall not consider myself safe until I am at Chambéry; I have horses waiting at hand—so, for the last time, will you accompany me?"

"I will not."

"Then, fare thee well," said the chevalier, leaving the room, muttering to himself about the folly of staying for the

police, when he may so easily gain the start of them.

The night brought neither rest nor sleep to St. Julien; his wife, who perceived the agony of mind under which he laboured, forbore to question him; she saw that she could not alleviate his sufferings, but determined in the morning to see his father, and mention the circumstance of the preceding evening to him, not doubting, that if any thing were wrong, it was in his power to rectify it.

As St. Julien ascended the stairs in the morning, he was informed a gentleman was waiting in the breakfast room to speak to him; as he entered, he perceived a person dressed in black, who rose to return his salutation.

"I am speaking, I believe, to Mons. St. Julien?"

"The same, sir."

"I am sorry to say my business is of an unpleasant nature: I am the commissary of the town, and have this morning received orders from Paris to arrest you. I am afraid there must be some mistake, but, as your name and address are so particularly described, I have no alternative but obeying my instructions."

"Heaven's will be done," said St. Julien, passing his hand across his eyes, and trying to suppress a rising sigh. "Oh that this had happened ere I had mixed my wife's fate with mine. Suzette! Suzette! I did not wrong thee willingly; as heaven knows all, I have striven to be an honest and an upright man; but the crimes of former days are marshalled against me, and cry out for justice."

The commissary turned away, to avoid hearing the sentence uttered by St. Julien; "my instructions, sir," said he, "are simply to arrest you; they do not state the cause, but merely say, further instructions will be sent; in the absence of these, I do not wish to act harshly; from the known respectability of your family, I am willing to run some risks. If you will promise me not to leave the town, I will not alarm your family by taking you from them, until I hear from Paris, that such a proceeding is absolutely necessary—have I your promise?"

"This is, indeed, kind; I can safely promise you, since my inclinations do not prompt me to avoid any charge that may be brought against me."

The commissary rose to withdraw, after

this assurance, expressing his belief that the charge against him arose from his having incautiously uttered some expressions against the government, and which a little explanation might set to-rights.

St. Julien thought, and knew, otherwise ; he saw that he was now lost, without the least chance of escaping the impending accusation ; nothing would now avail him ; not even the high character and respectability of his connexions would have any influence ; justice would have its victim, and he must be that victim.

As soon as she had risen, Suzette hastened to her father-in-law to inform him of the agony of mind under which her husband suffered, and to beseech him to ascertain the cause, if it were not in his power to alleviate it. The elder St. Julien was surprised at Suzette's recital ; he could not conceive that any thing could have occurred to distress her husband, as she had told him their affairs were in a highly prosperous situation ; he would walk over, however, and speak to him on the subject.

On arriving at the house, they entered the breakfast-room—St. Julien was not there ; they therefore ascended to his own room ; it was true they found him, but what a sight for a wife and father ! The body of St. Julien lay distended on the ground, whilst in one of his hands was grasped a pistol, the contents of which had been lodged in his head ; the blood oozing from his forehead, streamed down his face, working its way along the ground. The unhappy man, driven to desperation by seeing his character and prospects in life blasted for ever, and unable to bear the dreadful images conjured up by his excited imagination, had, in a moment of frenzy, seized the pistol, and by his own hand closed his career of life.

WALTON : A TALE FROM LIFE.

(Continued from p. 152.)

THE day at length arrived for Walton's departure ; and, with a warm grasp of hands, and anticipations of a happy meeting, we parted. Alas ! what is life but a stormy passage over a sea of sorrow, piloted by hope ? As I said, we parted in anticipation of a happy meeting ; but fate had willed it otherwise. Poor Walton, indeed, seemed marked out by fate as an object of resentment. A fortnight after

his joining his regiment, they were ordered for Spain, to assist in the operations of the Peninsula, overrun by the victorious troops of the then formidable Napoleon.

At the battle of Vittoria he conspicuously distinguished himself, taking prisoner with his own hand a French general officer ; and at the siege of San Sebastian, shortly following, an opportunity again presented itself, in which he acquired the praise of his colonel, and immediate promotion. But it was but a brief sunshine, precluding the bursting of the dark clouds his destiny was fraught with.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary for me, in this eventful sketch of an unhappy being, to enumerate the particulars of the sudden reverse of fortune that awaited him, or rather, that was brought on, probably, by an irritable temper, and a high sense of etiquette. Instigated by some fancied wrong, he challenged his superior officer, and shot him ; for which, under the bearings of the case, he was brought to a court-martial, deprived of his commission, and declared unworthy of again serving.

Such were the facts that rumour, with her hundred tongues, sent home with the news from Spain, previous to a letter I received from him, written apparently in all the gloomy despair incident to his unhappy belief. After recapitulating the particulars of the fatal encounter—which he considered pre-ordained—he acknowledged the justice of the sentence in the capacity of a soldier, but felt himself justified as a man on the score of oppression. His epistle concluded in the subjoined remarkable way :—

“ You may remember our old argument respecting fatality, in the once happy days of our boyhood, when we mutually looked forward for that happiness in the world, that I, alas ! feel I shall never attain. This unhappy affair with poor major H— is another instance that confirms me in my dark belief : he acted, as I've said—I was irresistibly swayed : I had no choice : necessitated by the feelings I've been bred up with, I challenged him—we fought—he fell—so was it written and pre-ordained to be.

“ As adversity closes around me, there is a circumstance that flashes across my memory—even in those moments of exuberant gaiety that at times chequer my sad existence—that you probably, long

ere this, have ceased to think of—perhaps, in fact, forgotten. I allude to an adventure that took place some some years back, when thoughtless lads at school, which, at the time, we both designated the ‘prophecy of the ruin.’ That prophecy regarded *me* only. Shall I say it, that the remembrance is still fresh in my mind, as though it occurred but yesterday. ‘Tis strange, unaccountably so, that a thing apparently so idle and worthless in itself, should leave so deep an impression on my mind. I vainly endeavour to banish it. The words of the old withered hag, in moments of depression, still seem to ring in my ears. Even now, as I write on the subject, they press indelibly on my brain with an indefinite feeling of future evil. As you read, you may be led to suspect that the little understanding dame Nature vouchsafed me at my birth, is impaired by the train of misfortunes that have overtaken me—perhaps I am *superstitious*. In the latter you would be right—I confess I am. Like the mariner tossed upon a sea of doubt and uncertainty, circumstance—that all-powerful and nameless guiding engine of Providence—has made me so, as it has men of distinguished abilities and transcendent genius, in times both ancient and modern.

“I am sick—oh! how sick of the world, already. All the prospects—those blooming prospects—that treacherous hope had painted in colours of heaven’s brightest hue, in dreaming visions of by-gone happier hours, are fled or blighted. Fare thee well, my best, my warmest friend—oh! that you may never feel that misery it is my lot to experience. I am now about to hide my sorrows, and endeavour to seek, if possible, a new existence in a far foreign climate, where fate, perhaps, may cease to persecute.

“Fare thee well, perhaps for ever”—
Fate commands, and friends must sever.

Once again, farewell: although we may never meet again, that you may be happy is the warm prayer of

“Your sincere and unhappy friend,
“VECY WALTON.”

Oh! the vanities and vicissitudes of this ever varying and changing life—the fluctuations of hope and despair, with a hundred other passions, in the human breast, but too truly inform us of our frail nature; while they indeed would almost favour the casuist’s opinion, that “circum-

stance and chance” alone were the revolving hinges upon which our fates of weal or woe depended. At least, so it almost seems to me: looking back upon the past, as connected with the present subject of my pen, memory, that faithful mirror of the mind, brings back, unweakened by time, those scenes and circumstances, that, though here under different names, will never be effaced from my painful recollection.

But to proceed without retrospection. Year after year passed away until they had numbered six; and, never having heard of or from Walton, I was but too inclined to believe that death had freed him from an unhappy existence. Ennesley, indeed, his former schoolfellow and acquaintance, I frequently beheld; fortune, and the world, consequently, seemed to smile propitiously upon him in all his undertakings. Shortly after Walton’s departure, he had unexpectedly come in for a handsome fortune, left by an old lady, a distant relative, into whose good graces he had ingratiated himself successfully. Established as one of the firm of a flourishing bank—for his desire of gain induced him to speculate—his property had increased, and his once cringing manners had undergone a vast change, having grown proud, supercilious, and haughty, while his equipage, liveries, town and country houses, exhibited a style of first-rate city importance.

Great heaven! that a man, such as I knew him to be, insincere and heartless, should roll in luxury and splendour—should prove fortunate in all he attempts; when the generous, confiding, and open-hearted Walton, is made the sport of fortune—who, bowed down, the victim of sorrows, probably sleeps in an unknown and unlamented grave, in a foreign land! Such was my frequent melancholy reflection, as Ennesley, with a cold nod of recognition, has driven by me in his elegant carriage. Alas! had the impenetrable wisdom of Providence allowed me to look into the future, how different would my sentiments have been!

It was at that season of the year when the members of fashion, tired for awhile of the dissipation of the metropolis, seek the reinvigoration of their health and spirits in the umbrageous retreats of the country, or the genial air of the sea-side, which bustle, racket, and late hours, are

calculated to depress—that myself, most gentle reader, humbly following in the rear of that all powerful and absorbing thing, sought a temporary relaxation from the duties of my office, in a sojourn at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

There is something curiously singular in chance. It might be about a week after my arrival, I sauntered forth to take my usual walk in the cool of the summer evening. I had chosen a narrow path through the rich luxuriance of the verdant meadows skirting the high road to St. Omer. The sunlight of day was just giving place to the sober twilight preceding night, when I perceived a lady and gentleman approaching at a short distance. As my eye dwelt upon them, I could not help thinking that, in figure and deportment, they might serve as a model of perfection in the sexes. Both above the common stature, dressed apparently with more regard to neatness than costliness, they might both have been taken for foreigners—the lady decidedly so. There was something in their appearance that interested me. As they advanced at a slow pace facing me, the lady appeared endeavouring to rouse her more gloomy companion from a fit of abstraction in which he seemed sunken, by that delicate show of interest and endearment, as she gazed in his face, and whose very appearance spoke more eloquent than words. There was something in the figure and firm elegant carriage of the gentleman that struck me as having met with him before, but where I could not recollect. The next instant, in passing, as I gave up the foot-path, he happened to turn his head full upon me, displaying features, bold, prominent, dark, and sun-burnt almost to a degree of swarthiness, with an immense pair of whiskers and moustachios. I could scarcely be mistaken—the form and expression of that countenance, though changed by years and a tropical climate, were not to be forgotten. The well-known name of Walton was just trembling on my lips, as, gazing intently, his full, dark eye, encountered mine in recognition. Pronouncing my name in accents of surprise, he saluted me with the same frank and friendly cordiality that had ever marked his manners, expressing his pleasure at our meeting, and introducing the lady as his wife, whom I perceived could only speak a few words of broken English.

Such were the circumstances that again so unexpectedly led to the renewal of our friendship. Though frequently in his company during our mutual stay at Boulogne, I learnt little how he had spent the long interval since our previous parting. From all I could learn at different periods, he seemed to have led a wild, wandering, and uncertain existence, under an eastern sun. How he had employed himself, did not appear. He seldom or ever spoke of his past residence abroad, and I thought at times seemed uneasy when any one questioned or alluded to it.

The same strange mystery, from some reason or other, was attached to the lady he designated his wife, who, young and beautiful, seemed born and bred an Asiatic, her features possessing all the admired classical outline of the Grecian. Truly applicable were those exquisite lines of Byron—

“ Her’s was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where’er we turn’d the eye,
The morning-star of memory.”

It was impossible not to observe the deep undying love that seemed to bind them. The very fibres of Walton’s heart seemed entwined in her existence, as he humour’d her every wish with a fondness and devotion almost approaching idolatry; while she, no less fond of him, seemed never so happy as when dwelling, with all of woman’s love pictured in her large, dark, brilliantly-expressive eyes, upon him, for whose smile she seemed to look as for that of some superior being. Her feelings seemed but too expressive, perhaps, of that eloquent and admired couplet of Moore’s, which I cannot refrain from quoting—

“ I know not, I ask not, if guilt’s in that heart ;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !”

A short time sufficed to show me Walton had received that ascetic change that so frequently may be observed in men whose prospects in life have been blighted through unforeseen occurrences. Whatever his real feelings were, in outward semblance he was no more the same free, reckless, and open-hearted being I had known him in earlier days. The suspicion and distrust engendered by a residence in the world, seemed to have shut up the free sluices of a heart naturally disposed to be candid and sincere, while his broad and expansive forehead had re-

ceived the impressive lines of care and anxiety. There were times, too, when, perhaps, in the sudden burst of a high, fierce, and wounded spirit, he delivered sentiments of democracy, that in some ears would have sounded daring and lawless in the extreme.

At different periods, there were moments when Walton seemed immersed in fits of the deepest and saddest reflection, from which he was only roused by the silvery voice of his fairy-formed companion. In tones of plaintive sweetness, as frequently she sung to her harp the songs of another clime, then would the firm compression of his brow relax, and the dark clouds of bitter reflection disperse, as he met the glance of those brilliant orbs trembling with the pearly tear of devoted tenderness. There was something beautiful and uncommon, in beholding the all-pervading feeling that enshrouded their mutual existence, enhanced, perhaps, by seeming clouds of mystery and romance that enveloped them.

As I have observed, he had never spoken or alluded to the family or the land of the birth of Inez, as he familiarly and fondly termed her, while there was a *naivete* and guileless simplicity in the beautiful foreigner, as she sometimes, without reflection, endeavoured to express herself in the little English she knew relative to those past scenes Walton evidently desired should remain unknown.

The spot Walton had chosen for a residence, was admirably well adapted for the summer sojourn; standing about a mile from the town, and within two or three hundred yards facing the sea. I had called one evening, and after taking tea in the favourite sitting-room, commanding a view of the out-stretched coast and ocean, we sat admiring the beauty of an uncommonly fine evening in August. All was so stilled and hushed in the air around, that scarce the breathing of a zephyr trembled the honeysuckle that wound itself luxuriantly clustering in at the bay-window, out of which we gazed on the broad and expanded bosom of the ocean, reflecting the rich light and beautifully bright colours of the declining sun, in whose fading beam the white sails of many a vessel were visible. There was that beauty in the scene, the stilly air, the slumbering sea, bright blue and crim-

son sky, calculated to raise and elevate the mind to pure and holy thought. At least, some such might have been our feelings, as, immersed in silence, we sat gazing on that sinking orb of day that was then gradually enlightening far lands and waters. Turning my head for a moment round, I perceived the brow of the lovely foreigner was paler than I had ever seen it before. A liquid pearl had gathered in her brilliant eye, impelled by some saddened feelings of remembrance. As though almost involuntarily, without being sensible of it, she struck the harp beside her, which emitted a melody wild and irregular, but tenderly expressive of emotion, giving a kind of momentary magic to the minute. Suddenly, as if overpowered by feelings of the past, the stronger from temporary suppression, she ceased, leant over the instrument, and wept.

"It tell me of dem I never see more, and the land so beautiful where I once live," she sobbing uttered, in her imperfect English, as she endeavoured to stop with her slender delicate fingers the spring remembrance had caused to flow.

Impelled by a tenderness he had ever displayed towards her, Walton raised in his arms her sylph-like form, that contrasted strikingly with the muscular breadth and height of his own. I could not but perceive that he seemed hurt as he spoke to her in a language apparently eastern, in tones so low and gentle, that I could only guess their import by her answer, as she said, with energetic simplicity—

"Oh, yes, once more and again—me leave dem all—all my own—for your ship to run me away cross sea!"

"Come, love, put your cloak on; I think a walk on the sands will dispel these vapours," uttered Walton, in some embarrassment. Accordingly, we proceeded down to the sands, where, in a short time, I parted from them with those mingled feelings of surprise and curiosity I could not suppress.

Walton, as a short time sufficed to show me, ever improvident of the future, and foolish in respect to pecuniary matters, from a number of little circumstances needless to mention, was but indifferently well off, living in a style far above any apparent income he had. In fact, I had heard him more than once jocularly remark, that fate had sent him there, and he

trusted it would take him off. By that alluding to many heavy debts he had contracted, the payment of which was growing more urgent every week.

"Whom do you think I met and dined with yesterday, at the Hotel d'Angleterre?" uttered Walton, when I saw him one day.

"I cannot possibly tell," was my reply.

"Why, none other, I assure you, than our old school-fellow, 'Fox Ennesley,' whom you may recollect."

"Proud as Lucifer, I suppose," I remarked.

"Far from it as possible," continued Walton; "the fellow has vastly improved, seemingly in every respect, since last I saw him. He was exceedingly kind and friendly in his professions, and appeared only desirous how he might testify his old friendship for me."

A smile half ironical sat upon his features as he spoke, which I vainly endeavoured to read.

"And do you put faith in his professions, knowing his early character so well?"

"I may try them—no harm can result from that, whatever. He may be of service in enabling me to raise some cash, which I am endeavouring to do. By this time he is in England—having seen him aboard the packet this morning, when he gave me a most cordial invitation to take up my residence at his house in Portland Place, on my return across the Channel, until I could suit myself with a mansion."

"I most sincerely trust," I rejoined, "that you may not have cause to regret the testimonies of that man's friendship. For myself, notwithstanding his advancement in the world, I never can associate him in my mind with any real kindness, without believing he has some end or other of his own to gain."

"Pooh! my dear fellow, never fear for me—though I hardly think you do him justice. The boy should be forgotten in the man."

"'Tis a degrading reflection—but manhood is spent too frequently in maturing the designs of our boyhood."

Without intending it, my observation seemed momentarily to affect the spirits of Walton, who changed the conversation to some indifferent subject.

Two days after this, Walton received a letter, informing him of the dangerous

illness of his father, who was not long expected to survive. Urged by those feelings of filial affection, which neither sorrows nor years of absence had been able to weaken, his perplexity and anxiety were great, how he was to be enabled to quit Boulogne; his debts being to that large amount as to preclude entirely the possibility of present payment, without which there was no prospect of leaving.

"I have it!" he said, suddenly, as we conferred together; "desperate circumstances require desperate remedies!"

On the following morning, calling by appointment, I was surprised to learn that his wife had embarked that morning for Dover, with his two English servants: at the same time he informed me of his intention, which was to endeavour to make his escape in an open boat that night; when he doubted not, if the wind continued favourable, to make the English coast in the morning. Though the plan was rash and full of peril, I knew the folly of attempting to dissuade him from that which he seemed fully bent upon. So, after making a tender of my services, which he told me in the present case could not avail him, we parted, under the mutual understanding that I was to hear from him immediately if he succeeded.

That same night, at a late hour, the wind rose in gusty squalls, while the rain in big drops patted against my chamber windows, intimating the approach of a storm, as I walked to and fro, sincerely hoping that he could never have been mad enough to have run into almost certain destruction, in putting to sea in an open boat in such weather. Luckily, however, the anticipated storm died away in its infancy, for the next morning a fishing-boat being missing, and inquiries made, it was soon known, and generally bruited about, that an English officer had gone off without his passport, and left his creditors in the lurch.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES THE TENTH, of France, being once prevented from attending divine service at the usual hour, the priest determined to wait his majesty's arrival. After the celebration of the mass, the king sent for the holy father, and thanking him for his attention, "In future," said his majesty, "you will not wait for me—in the house of God I am no longer king."



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THE FOUR FUGITIVES:
A TALE OF 1658.

THE storm, which had long threatened, burst forth about midnight with astonishing fury, and loud peals of thunder roused from their dog-like slumbers the three inmates of a miserable hut, which then stood on a cliff jutting over the sea, near to the inconsiderable little village of Brightheimstone.

The walls of this hut were formed of mud, and a partition of similar material divided the interior into two unequal parts: in the largest of the two, a few flickering embers yet blazed on the rude hearth, while on a block of wood, serving for a table, stood an expiring lamp, from which occasionally a fitful blaze would spring, and light with sudden glare surrounding objects. By its aid might be discovered little that every fisher's cabin might not boast of possessing; no article of furniture adorned the hut, save an old high-backed chair; strings of dried fish decorated the roof; a bench fastened to the wall on one side the hearth, supplied the place of chairs. Immediately opposite

the resting-place, was the door which afforded egress to the inmates, and between that and the hearth was a decayed and broken casement, before which was hung a piece of old and dirty sail-cloth; a doorway led into the other chamber, and a shelf, on which was displayed a few drinking-cups, completed the miserable aspect of the place.

Seated on the chair, which was placed before the hearth, and gazing on the dying embers with a vacant stare, sat a young man attired in tattered and mean habiliments; his skin, always dark, when seen by the uncertain light which the hut afforded, appeared almost to approach a Moorish tint; his eyes, likewise dark, were large and penetrating; now abounding with deep thought, and then anon flashing with glee, as though their owner was one on whom the frowns of Dame Fortune had fallen in no trifling degree, but who possessed spirits of so mercurial a character, that the severest misfortune would descend upon him lightly; as though that which would bow another with misery to the earth, would but with him serve to vary life with some slight

portion of seriousness. His features were so strongly marked, as to approach coarseness in their expression ; but a certain air of nobleness in his appearance, as though his spirit scorned the clothes which prudence commanded him to wear, proclaimed him elevated far above that rank which at the first glance would have been assigned him. His dark hair, curling in wild confusion over his shoulders, announced him to be one of those cavaliers who were at that unfortunate period forced by stern fate to adopt almost incredible disguises to escape the barbarous warfare of their fanatical and victorious adversaries.

A second person reclined at full length on the bench, and displayed a stout, short, square-built figure, whose garb showed his occupation to be that of a fisherman, and whose sleepy, passionless eye and features, announced his Dutch parentage ; this was Hans Molken, the owner of the hovel ; while, at a trifling distance from the other two, lying stretched on the floor, and muffled up in a large cloak, reclined the manly figure of a person of middle age.

The fire-watcher had dropped his eyelids ; loud snoring testified the profound repose Hans Molken enjoyed, and he who lay on the floor was buried in slumber, when the sudden bursting of the storm aroused them.

"Richard! to arms!" shouted the young man, addressing his startled companion, and springing from his seat ; a second burst of thunder passed over their heads, and distinctly might the waves be heard, lashing with angry power the base of the cliff.

"'Tis but the storm," muttered he to whom the ejaculation was addressed, with half-closed lips ; "sleep on, sir ; to-morrow we may perchance pass without rest ;" and following precept with practice, he again threw himself on the ground, and composed himself to slumber.

"Right—right," answered the other, and suffering his form to sink into the capacious chair, once more he fixed a wondering gaze upon the embers. Hans Molken, more accustomed to these storms in all their fury, did but turn upon his side, mutter "Der deyvil!" and sleep again.

"Loud roared the spirit of the storm," mighty gusts of wind swept o'er the deep,

but, sheltered by a rising rock from their violence, the little hut remained safe from all danger of destruction. Bright flashes of lightning played across the horizon, and when the wind paused in its wild career, torrents of rain descended.

Suddenly the young man bent forward with convulsive motion, and then, starting from his seat, he uttered, in the loudest whisper possible,

"Richard! Richard! arouse thee—this cursed lamp" (and he dashed it to the ground) "has betrayed us."

"How now, my lord? I hear nothing," sleepily answered he who reposed on the ground.

"Then arouse thy drowsy ears, and listen well.—There! Did'st not hear it then? They come—they come: out with thy trusty blade, good Richard ; let us not die like children!"

The person addressed had started from his recumbent position, and listened attentively.

"Good sir, your ears deceive you ; 'tis not the sound of pursuers, but the cry of some bewildered traveller that comes borne on the blast."

"A traveller, Richard? What should a traveller on a barren cliff like this at midnight? A feint, sir—a mere feint to draw us forth. Confusion on this vile disguise, which forced me to discard my trusty sword." At that moment the wind having sunk to a mere whisper, a loud and anguished cry for help distinctly reached the ears of all.

"My life on't, there's no disguise in that!" exclaimed Richard ; "there's agony in the very sound"—and he hastened towards the door.

"How!" shouted the cavalier, "would you betray me?—sacrifice me for a stranger?"

Richard looked at him reproachfully, yet hesitated.

"Der deyvil!" exclaimed the Dutchman ; "would'st pause and suffer him to die? Shall we not be three to one?" he added, contemptuously, as he rushed from the hut.

"Follow him, an' ye think it no deception—follow him, in the name of heaven!" Richard waited no second bidding, but vanished instantly.

Few moments elapsed ere the Dutchman and his companion re-entered the hut, accompanied by a stranger : he was

a man of athletic yet finely formed figure, as near as might be judged from a person enveloped in the folds of a large cloak; on his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with drooping feathers, which partly concealed his features, and in his arms he bore a slight female figure, closely enveloped likewise in a large roquelaire.

The cavalier advanced and tendered his services, but the arm of the stranger waved him away; the latter advanced to the hearth, and seated his fainting companion in the chair: in the act of stooping, the hat she wore fell off; and although rich clusters of ringlets fell over her neck and shoulders, enough might be discovered to prove her countenance was bewitchingly beautiful. The discovery of her face produced a great variety of feelings in the breast of the cavalier; his colour came and went with astonishing rapidity, and the look with which he turned to survey again the person of her companion, betrayed the mingled feelings which swelled his bosom. His agitation, however, passed away unnoticed: the Dutchman proceeded to open a cupboard, which would have defied the scrutiny of any supervisor, and drew a bottle of Nantz from it, which he handed to the stranger.

"A thousand thanks, good fellow," he cried; "I will repay you for this kindness. But, prithee, have you any place in which this lady can repose for a short period? Your hospitality shall not go unrewarded."

"There is yonder room," answered Hans, in his best English; "but it has no better bed than straw."

The stranger had knelt by the side of the chair which supported the lady, who now seemed somewhat recovered from her exhaustion.

"Dearest Roselle, will a straw bed content you?"

"Oh yes, Robert; grateful will any resting-place be. But you—you require repose."

"Fear not for me, dearest: a soldier is not accustomed to sumptuous fare or lodging; the threshold of your door will well content me."

The lamp was relit, and Roselle, taking it in her hand, bent gracefully to those around, and, supported to the door by her companion, entered the inner chamber.

"Drink, friends," cried the stranger, handing the bottle to Richard; "and

many thanks to you for your timely assistance."

"Name it not, sir," replied Richard; "the man who can hear the voice of distress, and not fly to the aid of the sufferer, is unfit for civilized society." The stranger grasped the hand of the speaker, and shook it cordially; the young man, who interpreted these words, however differently meant, as intended to satirize his suspicious tardiness, regarded the speaker with a scowl, which, however, passed unnoticed. He seated himself again in the chair, and, apparently regardless of the persons around, or the conversation which ensued, appeared deeply engaged in thought. The stranger threw himself across the entrance to the inner chamber, and placing his cloak for a pillow, appeared fast resigning himself to slumber.—Richard lay near him; and Hans Molken, with whom sudden impulses were rare, and consequently overpowering, when attended, as in the present instance, with physical exertion, lay sleeping on the bench.

"The storm is dying away, sir," said Richard; "I think you buffeted the worst."

No answer followed, and Richard, dying with curiosity to know what circumstances had placed the stranger and his fair companion in so perilous a situation, puzzled his brains to discover some mode of ascertaining this fact without adventuring a direct question: this, indeed, he cared not to hazard; for there was a certain flashing in the stranger's eye, which seemed to say, mere idle curiosity would not obtain its paltry end from him; and Richard wisely considered, that to arouse anger in the man whom he had assisted to save from destruction, particularly one so well armed (for having thrown off his cloak, pistols and a sword were plainly visible) would be neither generous nor prudent.

A short pause ensued, and then the reflections of Richard, struggling with his curiosity, produced the following remark:

"'Twas fortunate, sir, you had not horses: had you been mounted, the chances are fifty to one, the headstrong animals would have sprung from the cliff."

"We were mounted," was the reply; "but, terrified at the lightning, our jaded steeds refused to move, and, fearful of goading, lest they should become des-

perate, and carry us to death, and likewise observing the light from this cot, we determined to dismount and seek shelter here until the dawn. Fatigued before, the lady found herself inadequate to the exertion of climbing the steep, and being unable to discover any way to this door, and unknowing likewise whether trenches crossed the path, I shouted loudly, and you kindly came to my assistance."

"Can then the light in this cottage be seen from the road to Brighthelmstone?" demanded Richard, well knowing that it might, but wishing to ascertain if that place had been the stranger's destination.

"Plainly. We were journeying to that village for the purpose of going on board a vessel which sails to-morrow. But you are, I presume, a stranger here, by that question?"

However willing to learn the affairs of others, it was by no means the intention of Richard to discover his own: he therefore mumbled out an inarticulate answer, and pretending to be overpowered with slumber, stretched himself on the ground, and counterfeited snoring, which speedily changed to real nasal oratory.

One hour passed away, and then the cavalier, who had carefully replenished the fire, cautiously rose, took a flaming brand, and advancing to the stranger, passed it repeatedly before his eyes. He slept profoundly: the brand was thrown down, and the inquirer grasped the arm of Richard, and shook it gently; the first touch aroused him, and he sprang from the ground.

"Is there danger, sir?" he demanded, and his hand caught his sword.

"No: silence, and follow me," was the reply; and Richard obeyed.

The cavalier threw open the door of the hut, and stepped out on the cliff, followed closely by his companion. Having closed again the door, and advanced some trifling distance, he paused, and looked around him. The storm had died away, and a clear night had succeeded its violence; the moon was now sinking, while in the east, a few streaks of early light foretold the approach of dawn. The cliff on which the hovel stood divided the common road to Brighthelmstone from the coast; the ascent to it from the road was steep, but far from difficult, while the part that fronted the ocean overhung it in some trifling degree. A rugged path,

dangerous to inexperienced climbers, led from the hut to the sea-shore beneath it; and the tattling neighbours sometimes said, that Hans Molken might be seen occasionally toiling up it with a hamper on his back: but perhaps this was mere scandal.

Clifford—for such was the name, assumed or real, of the cavalier—appeared lost in thought, and Richard stood by his side with his arms folded on his breast, patiently awaiting whatever his companion might eventually choose to communicate.

"You remember," at length he said, "that while concealed in the house of sir Roger Myrston, I became desperately enamoured of his fair daughter, the lady Roselle."

"I do remember it well, sir," answered his companion, drily; "and I also remember that you fell likewise desperately in love, at the same period, with her cousin who was visiting there, and her cousin's sister, and also her own waiting-woman."

"Nonsense, Richard, nonsense; it was the beauteous Roselle, and her only, I adored."

"Perhaps so, sir; and I recollect I used to think then that your passion was increased because you knew she loved another."

"It might be so. The girl must surely be bewitched to love a rascally Round-head, with his sanctimonious phiz, and hypocritical eye, impious conversation, and rebellious sentiments."

"I never, I must confess, sir, saw colonel Selworth; but people do say he is very different from the character you describe, except in the last particular, and that, perchance, renders him interesting in the lady's eyes."

"Well, well, a truce to this trifling," said Clifford, warmly: "listen to me: of all that I have loved, or fancied I loved, the daughter of Myrston reigns pre-eminent; nay, so much do I adore her, that the greatest love I ever felt before sinks into mere admiration in the comparison. Richard," and he grasped his arm almost convulsively, "give me but your assistance, and she shall become the partner of my exile."

His companion staggered back several steps, overcome with sudden astonishment at its unexpected conclusion.

"Is it possible? Do I hear aright?"

"Yes, yes, she has fled from her father, the firm old royalist, with Cromwell's officer, Robert Selworth; and they now are——"

"Where?" demanded Richard.

Clifford pointed to the cottage: "they sleep there; they are the fugitives."

"Then that," said Richard, exultingly, "explains why they came to be travelling so late. Doubtless they leave England, she to fly from her father's resentment, for having dared to love a Roundhead; he to free himself from the power of Cromwell, having dared to love the daughter of a cavalier."

"Pause not now to speculate so uselessly, but listen to my plan, and remember that, in assisting to rob a Roundhead of his intended bride, you assist to avenge your king on one of his enemies. Here is a powder—it is a powerful soporific; mix it with brandy, and dexterously contrive to induce the Roundhead colonel to take it. It will immediately take effect; and, undeterred by his presence or interference, we can bear the lovely Roselle to yonder smack:" his finger pointed out a light which shone on the ocean's surface at some distance. "We will conceal the colonel as she passes from her sleeping room; and a well-told tale that he awaits her coming, in the boat, will induce her to descend the cliff in quietness: we can pretend to suppose he is gone on board, and left us to follow him: once there, leave to me the charge of deprecating her anger."

"Pardon me, sir—with this wild plot I will have nought to do." The speaker had expected a burst of anger at this plain avowal, but it came not, and, consequently emboldened, he continued—

"To rob a Roundhead of his intended bride, I would have no objection; but to oppress one who has fled to your refuge for safety, agrees not with my temperament, nor will it with your's, I am certain, if you will but dispassionately observe your purposed conduct. Moreover, sir, it will be but ill requiting the hospitality and loyalty of sir Roger Myrston, to carry away his daughter to a distant land."

"Have you done, sir?" inquired Clifford.

Richard bowed.

"I cannot say," continued the former, "that I ever heard Barebones, the leather-seller, of Fleet Street, preach; but it

appears to me, that you would far eclipse him in lessons of morality. Be this as it may, allow me to congratulate you on your conversion from staunch cavalier to Roundhead preacher; inform the worthy burgesses you have had a miraculous call; relate all you know respecting that reprobate fellow called Charles Stuart—not forgetting to receive a reward for the same; bring a guard to this hovel, deliver into their hands the person of your obedient servant; and then, as a return for what silly persons will call treachery, preach and expound to him all the way to the scaffold. Away, sir!"

Richard bowed lowly, and turned to withdraw.

(To be continued.)

WALTON: A TALE FROM LIFE.

(Concluded from p. 160.)

My only fear now was, that he had not succeeded in crossing in safety; from this, however, I was freed in a week, by the receipt of a packet from him, informing me of his safe arrival, after some dangers, having made Romney, on the English coast, whence he had proceeded and joined his wife at Dover. Starting directly to London, he had arrived just in time to close his parent's eyes. Enclosed were five Napoleons he desired me to give the fisher whose boat he had cut out; likewise the address where he would find it at Romney; while there were also several letters for his creditors, containing assurances that the different amounts of their bills should be remitted soon.

After executing his various commissions, in three weeks afterwards, the expiration of my leave of absence having expired, I returned to London and the duties of my office. Two days after my arrival, I called upon Walton, who was strangely altered since last I had seen him: a dark brooding care sat upon his haggard countenance, which he endeavoured to account for by the recent death of his father. In my own mind I attributed it to some far different cause, as remote as his careworn look was to the kind of grief felt for the death of a relative, whose advanced age must previously have fitted the mind for that event.

That same day Ennesley made his appearance at the dinner table, and I could not but observe that his late supercilious manners to me were changed to

great affability, as, circulating the bottle freely after Walton's lovely companion had retired, he rallied him upon his low spirits, with what in my eyes then seemed a boisterous and affected mirth, more calculated to depress than raise the mind.

I perceived with wonder the close intimacy that seemed suddenly to have taken place between Walton and Ennesley, the latter of whom was almost constantly at Walton's apartments, which were sumptuous and elegant in the extreme—so much so as to excite my surprise, considering the very small resources I had reason to believe he possessed. I remarked, too, that the sly, half-smirking expression of Ennesley's sharp-set countenance, when he thought himself unnoticed, wore a look of restless anxiety, which he generally endeavoured to conceal under an artificial exterior.

It chanced one evening, when at Walton's, as I handed a chair to the tea-table, perceiving a piece of paper under the table, resembling in size a cheque or bill stamp: I picked it up, with some remark on carelessness. The moment Ennesley's ferret-eyes glanced on the paper, he snatched it from me with a sudden exclamation of fear and horror, while looks of mutual alarm and doubt were exchanged between him and Walton. Some trivial excuses and apologies immediately followed, but from that minute a vague and undefined suspicion arose in my mind that all was not right. Ennesley's well-known wealth and credit at the time alone dissipated a black and tangible idea that at first was rising in my mind. Besides, there were other reasons for unpleasant supposition; Walton's style of living, sumptuous at first, had grown extravagantly so, without any apparent means; his father, who had but a life annuity, having left no property. His lodgings were now exchanged for an elegant house, a short way out of town, that was furnished in excellent style, with a carriage, servants, and every other requisite for a man of large fortune. At times Walton could not but perceive my surprise, as some new and extensive purchase came to my knowledge; at which times he seldom failed to put on a cheerful look, and hint at some very successful mercantile speculations he was engaged in, in conjunction with Ennesley.

Thus things went on until the winter,

and I thought that, but for an occasional absence of mind, Walton had recovered the greater portion of his wonted cheerfulness—exchanging visits among many of his former acquaintance, and becoming once more the delight of the society he moved in. About a week previous, Walton had issued cards of invitation to a few particular friends for Christmas-Day; during which period, as I saw him once or twice, I perceived a return of his former anxiety, which at the period I naturally enough attributed to a tender care respecting his wife, who was within a month of her confinement.

On the day of invitation, being among the number of invited guests, I was introduced to a select party of ladies and gentlemen, assembled to dine; after which meal, the ladies, as usual, retired, leaving the gentlemen over the bottle, to crack their nuts and jokes. Perhaps in my life I had never seen Walton in more exuberant spirits, or to better advantage, as he sat presiding at the festive board, the very soul and essence of conviviality, joking, laughing, and singing, by turns.

Ennesley seemed infected with some of Walton's high-flown spirits, as his loud, chuckling laugh and noisy merriment—drinking deep to the toasts that passed round—contrasted strongly with his usual apparent staid, and, latterly, melancholy demeanour. I had at different times remarked, with respect to this man, that the immense quantity of wine he was in the habit of drinking never produced signs of intoxication in him. There was a slight circumstance occurred, which, but for the sequel of that day, I should never have recollected, and which served to illustrate the truth of a superstition I have known very many sensible and even learned people place faith in. It was remarked by one of the company, an elderly gentleman, that there were thirteen at table, with the half-jocose and half-serious observation, that he trusted we should all be alive to enjoy the next Christmas. The observation was followed by a laugh or jest from all, except two, whom I observed affected—those two were Walton and Ennesley: in the former it seemed to cause the gloomy reflection of a single minute, while the laugh the latter was uttering at the time died faltering off his lips, followed by a visible diminution of animal spirits.

Supper time arrived, and everything went on jovial and pleasant, promising a separation with regret. But who can look into the dark pages of fate, to perceive the rising tempest about to burst over our devoted heads when least expected. Walton was at the head of the supper table, laid out in the drawing-room, carving, and facing his beautiful partner, whose pale and delicate countenance, as she assisted in the duties of the table, seemed overspread with what I often afterwards thought a sadness and melancholy prophetic of the future, which not the tender attentions of Walton, or the hilarity of the convivial party could in any way dispel—it hung like a dark speck upon the serene and brilliant firmament, the sign and forerunner of a storm. As I have said, Walton was at the head of the festive board, carving, with Ennesley on his right hand, who had regained his mirth, and was joining vociferously in the merriment produced by Walton's sallies of wit, when all were suddenly startled by the reverberating sounds of feet and high altercation of voices below in the hall, in which the fatal word "warrants" was very audibly pronounced, while a voice, loud and coarse, shouted, "Secure the front and back entrances, and see no one passes." All present had started up in dire dismay and alarm, except Ennesley, whose terror and conscience-stricken countenance was deadly pale, as with convulsive quivering hands he pulled several slips of paper from a pocket-book, and thrust them in the fire, exclaiming, in a husky whisper, to Walton by his side—(heavens! how his voice was changed at that moment)—"It's all up—the game's over, and we are dead men." At the same time sinking back on his chair, striking off the drops of perspiration from his cold and clammy forehead.

"Never! fate has not sealed while there is breath—head to plan and hand to execute," replied Walton, the flush of desperation mantling his countenance and firing his eye, as turning from the pallid and horror-stricken Ennesley, he snatched a pair of pistols from a recess in the wall, sprang across the room to his lovely and unfortunate partner, upon whose blanched lips he impressed a hasty kiss, on which his soul seemed to linger a moment in trembling ecstasy, and whispered a few words in her native tongue—the last she

was ever destined to hear. As the hurried and irregular noise of feet sounded on the rich-carpetted staircase, he leaped to a door that opened into a dressing-room, overlooking a large spacious garden. Scarcely had he passed the door, turning the lock and bolt, which from the first moment of alarm, scarcely occupied a minute and a half, when two officers rushed in at the other. One of them locked the door and stood sentinel with a drawn cutlass, whilst the other advanced, and scanning the company with an eagle eye, immediately made the trembling Ennesley prisoner on a charge—(oh! what a light burst on me as he named)—"FORGERY."

"But how is this?" exclaimed the officer, with a sudden imprecation before the astounded spectators, upon whom the occurrences of the last five minutes seemed more like a dream than reality—"The other bird flown—*mizzled* by G—d!—we'll nab him yet though."

Transferring Ennesley to the custody of his companions, the officer proceeded to break open the door, which the ill-fated Walton had escaped through into the garden below, from whence he had proceeded to the stable by a back way, and in a minute had saddled and mounted one of the fleetest horses in his possession. Moving quietly at first, he had just cleared the paddock-gate, when he was challenged and fired at ineffectually, by a man at the front door. The next minute, Walton, having put the animal to his full speed, near half a mile was placed between them.

Walton's wretched wife, whose small knowledge of England and its customs seemed just sufficient to be fully sensible of the scene and her husband's danger, with a heart-rending shriek had fainted away, the pale image of wretchedness and despair, at the report of the fire-arms. In that moment of terror and confusion, calling to one or two of the servants that had congregated in amazement on the stairs, I saw the wretched wife borne to her chamber, more dead than alive; while I desired one to run for a doctor, it being but too probable that the shock, considering her situation, might be too much for her tender frame to bear.

I shall pass over all further description of a scene my recollection still sickens at—the confusion and breaking up of the visitors—the search of the officers—and

the weak and pitiable exclamations of the pale and abject wretched Ennesley, as rendered wild and delirious by his awful situation, he offered immense sums for his liberation—by turns calling upon and conjuring the by-standers, in the most piteous manner, to save him from an ignominious death, as the officers bore him off to the carriage in waiting.

On the ensuing day, the papers were teeming with the occurrence, while it produced no small sensations of surprise and alarm in the city, at the lengthened detail of a scheme of forgery, almost surpassing credibility, which, for the last ten years, Ennesley had enacted with perfect success, to the ruin of many hundreds of individuals, whose property had thus become the prey of his extensive villainy. It is now almost scarce necessary to say, that Walton—who, notwithstanding the strictest search, and a proclamation, offering a reward for his apprehension, had not been heard of—had latterly, tempted by poverty, and seduced by the plausibility of the scheme, become a coadjutor, which but too well accounted for his ill-gotten wealth.

Nor was the measure of human misery yet full. The alarming and unexpected events of the Christmas night had taken such a sudden and fatal effect upon the mind and nerves of Mrs. Walton, that she was seized with premature labour—calling upon him fondly in the quivering pangs of agony she endured, as she died in giving birth to a being destined not to survive its unhappy mother. When this news reached me, my thoughts involuntarily dwelt upon what the tormented and self-stricken feelings of Walton must be, when this finish of his blasted hopes reached him in the death of a being he so fondly idolized, in whom his soul almost seemed to have a second particle of existence.

Six months afterwards the trial of Ennesley came on, when he was found guilty and condemned. The wretched man fainted on hearing the last impressive sentence of the judge, that he should suffer the extremity of the law, and was carried senseless out of the dock. Since his committal, indeed, to Newgate, he had shown an abject and pusillanimous spirit in the extreme, vainly endeavouring to obtain mercy from the fountain-head of those laws he had so dreadfully outraged, and

for which he was justly condemned to suffer unpitied and unlamented.

On the fatal day of his execution, fear had taken such possession of his faculties, as to produce a listless kind of insensibility, from which he trembling passed into that dreaded and unknown eternity—"from whose bourne no traveller returns"—leaving an awful lesson behind on the minds of men, that crime, though it may be suffered by an all-wise providence to flourish for a while, never fails, sooner or later, to meet a fitting punishment.

Time, upon whose crowded tablets we recorded our joys and sorrows, swept on in his swift career, and many years had rolled away, leaving the past upon the public mind like "the baseless fabric of a vision," buried in partial oblivion, the temporary interest and bustle of which had been succeeded by that of a thousand other occurrences. It was alone occasionally recalled to my mind by the continued disappearance of Walton since the night of Ennesley's arrest, of whom no news had ever been heard, though it was believed by many that he had succeeded in making the shores of America. The generality of the public, indeed, credited that he had met a violent death, from the circumstances of a body being found in the Thames, some time after, in a complete state of decomposition, which, from appearances connected with it, there was some reason to have believed was his—the remnant of a suicide! But certain it was, that never, since that fatal night, had any thing certain been heard of the wretched and conscience-stricken Walton; and, whether he had really found a miserable refuge in a foreign land, or an obscure grave in his own, is, perhaps, for ever buried in oblivion!

A RACE OF TEN THOUSAND.

In the attack of Toulouse, the Spaniards, anxious to monopolise all the glory, made their movement a little too soon. The consequence was, they got into a fire their nerves could not sustain, and the whole of them set off on the full run to the rear. The duke of Wellington regarded them for some time, expecting they would stop in the rear of the English, who had obliged the French to retire: but no—they absolutely ran out of sight—when the Duke exclaimed, "Well! hang me if ever I saw ten thousand men run a race before."



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THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

TIME was, when the grandfathers of the present race of cockneys could, by travelling a couple of miles north or south of their great land-mark, enjoy a walk in the country, smoke a pipe at a village ale-house, and drink prosperity to the house of Hanover, and perdition to the pretender. Time was, when the almost eternal roar of the great metropolis could not be heard at Walworth turnpike; when he who had escaped for a short period from the toils of business, found, at that distance, the rumbling of carriages, the hum of voices, and the shuffling of countless feet, exchanged for the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the occasional music of the country team, and the buzz of the bee and the cockchafer. In those days, some few people of fashion did not disdain to reside at Peckham and Camberwell, when their important duties required not their attendance in town. It is not so now. A continuous line of dwellings stretches from the city to these villages, and a rapid succession of short stages whisks you in a few minutes from one to the other. We have authors of

quality now, and so we had a century ago—witness the neglected duodecimos on the book-stalls: “A Satyr; written by a Person of Honour” (alas! that such aristocratic productions should be tumbled about by the paws of plebeians). Our nobility, as heretofore, seek alliance with actresses. But our very merchants despise the red-bricked, long-windowed houses of the two last generations of aristocrats. Nay, your retired tailor displays his carriage and liveries in “the west-end,” and scorns to live in such habitations. These neglected tenements have their traditions, as well as the castles of our feudal barons. Two or three houses of this description overlook the Green at Camberwell; and one of them, if we may credit the domestic servants, was the scene of strange pranks; but they are of such a description, that the vulgar origin of the ghost who haunts it is quite obvious. Who, for instance, ever heard of the shade of a peer or a baronet, suddenly shutting the drawer and crushing the fingers of him who had opened it? Whose ghost, save that of a washer-woman or a cook-maid, would take the trouble to turn a rump-

steak, whist hissing on the gridiron, or entering the larder at the "witching hour," stick a mould candle bolt upright in the centre of a jam tart! Such things have occurred, or I have been grossly deceived. But to my story:—

In the year 172—, a gentleman, whom I shall name Mr. Charles Aspinall, purchased of the proprietor the house referred to. He was a tall, handsome man, with a pale oval face and dark hair; but, although apparently not more than thirty, he had the staid demeanour of a man of nearly twice that age. He kept but little company, and seemed to find in his books the delight and amusement which most men endeavour to discover in society. Mr. Aspinall was a very temperate man; he ate and drank but sparingly, slept little, and studied hard. Constant attendance at church led the more grave part of his neighbours to look upon him as a man of singular piety; and he had performed some acts of charity, which the officious who wished to cultivate an acquaintance with him, took especial care to magnify.

It is a false and dangerous philosophy, which teaches a man to avoid the society of his fellows: excessive mortification and self-denial is as dangerous. The crimes of recluses have not been the least in the black catalogue of human iniquity; and not a few, who in early life devoted themselves to a life of austerity, have perished in infamy. Mr. Aspinall was not conscious of this: he did not perceive that the extremes of self-denial and dissipation often lead to the same results. He had resided at Camberwell about twelve months, when he became acquainted (the world never knew how) with a young lady of considerable beauty, who lived with her family in the immediate neighbourhood. Their acquaintance was, for some time, kept a profound secret; but it was afterwards discovered by the brothers of the lady, who insisted upon her seducer making her his wife. They expressed their determination to wreak their vengeance upon him, in case of his non-compliance with their wishes; but in the event of his accepting their terms, they solemnly assured him the circumstance should not be known beyond their own circle. These conditions would have been spurned by many men, however they might have wished to make reparation to an injured woman and an insulted family;

yet, strange to say, Mr. Aspinall consented to make the lady his wife, and the marriage was immediately solemnized, but in the most private manner.

Mr. Aspinall was a dissembler and a coward. He dreaded a rencontre with the brothers, and, to avoid it, had married their sister; but whatever love he might have entertained for her previous to his adopting this alternative, it is certain that every trace of affection was obliterated by this forced marriage—he conceived the most deadly hatred against his bride, and resolved to destroy her. The accomplishment of this was, however, deferred until the congratulatory visits of his wife's and his own friends had ceased. But he was repeatedly thwarted in his designs, and during the whole time never treated his partner with cruelty, although his cool behaviour occasioned her much unhappiness. The birth of a child would have appealed to the heart of one less cruel than Aspinall's; but his was the fell determination of a coward, the most cruel of mankind, if an indifference to human suffering accompanies his natural timidity. About two months after the birth of the infant, Aspinall resolved to put his diabolical plan into execution. His wife had one evening retired to rest and dismissed her servant, when the monster entered the bed-chamber, closed the door, and approaching the bed-side, presented a phial and a glass to his victim, telling her that he had procured a draught which would relieve the headache of which she had complained during the day. The unsuspecting woman took the draught, and uncorking the phial, poured the liquid into the glass. It was thick and of a dark colour; but supposing it to be in reality a draught prepared by a chemist, she drank it off, while her fiend-like husband regarded her with a look of deep intensity. He then took the phial and glass from her hand, and placing both on the table, walked hurriedly up and down the room. Mrs. Aspinall was not surprised at this strange demeanour of her husband; she had become familiarized to his peculiar habits, and not wishing to disturb him whilst in what she supposed to be one of his moody fits, she endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. Her sleep was the long and dreamless slumber of the dead; for when her husband approached the bed, he found that the fatal draught had effected

his deadly purpose. Those who are aware of the sympathy between the mother and the child, will scarcely need be told, that the poison which deprived Mrs. Aspinall of life, had closed the earthly career of her infant; the little innocent had breathed its last on the bosom of its mother. The cold gray eye of Aspinall regarded the bodies for a few moments, but no tear of pity or remorse dimmed its sullen glare: he turned from the spectacle, and striding across the room, whispered to some person on the landing-place, and his Italian servant Jacopo entered. We must draw a veil over the scene which followed. To dwell on such, would argue a bad taste and want of feeling. Mr. Aspinall and his servant that night secretly buried the bodies of his victims in one of the wine cellars.

To account for the disappearance of his partner, required the utmost ingenuity of the murderer; but a tale was soon trumped up, and ready by the next morning.—Mrs. Aspinall in due time was missed—the household was in alarm, and every one in a state of anxiety—when Jacopo, with apparent reluctance, stated that having occasion to rise early in the morning, he had seen a carriage waiting at day-break on the green, and that, suspecting it was there for some improper purpose, he had kept watch, until he saw with surprise, his mistress pass out and proceed towards it, when she was received by a gentleman in an undress military frock, who handed her into the carriage, which immediately drove at a rapid rate towards town.

He who had planned so diabolical a murder, would not, it may be supposed, find much difficulty in counterfeiting surprise and grief at this piece of pretended information. Mr. Aspinall acted his part so well, that the story was never for a moment doubted by any one.

From that day, however, he became an altered man; his demeanour, always haughty and unprepossessing, was now harsh and repulsive; he was more gloomy than ever, and seemed as though worn down by inward grief, which those who knew him, attributed to a far different cause than the true one. Remorse haunted him like a shadow; his slumbers were broken by ghastly visions, in which his murdered wife bore a prominent part: the blood of the innocent was upon him,

and he knew not where to turn for refuge from the phantoms that incessantly pursued him. Such a state of mind so harassed a constitution naturally healthy and vigorous, that Mr. Aspinall was near sinking under this accumulation of misery. Physicians were summoned to his aid, and change of scene and climate were recommended: he was urged to travel, and he did so. He proceeded to Paris, and revelled with the gayest of that great city; but he could not drown the recollection of the past. He visited Switzerland; but the smiling faces and cheerful hearts of the inhabitants, contrasted too strongly with the tumult of his own bosom. He affected an air of gaiety in Rome and Naples, though his haggard features too plainly told of the inward fire that consumed him, and he returned to England pale and attenuated, the remnant of a man, with his Italian servant, who had accompanied him in his travels. It was observed that this man took greater liberties with his master than his situation warranted, and it was evident that, although Mr. Aspinall did not relish the fellow's familiarity, he did not like to part with him; perhaps he feared him, but no one could divine the reason, and the death of this man, which happened but a short time after, was not regretted by any of the household. Mr. Aspinall, evidently relieved of a cause of much uneasiness, now kept company at his house, and endeavoured to be gay, but it was an abortive attempt to scare the demon that haunted him; his mirth was forced, his smile was the grin of a skeleton, and the sound of his laugh was cheerless. Still he lacked not visitors. The second anniversary of the murder of his wife and her infant arrived, and Mr. Aspinall, dreading the recollection of that frightful evening, had a large party to sup with him. They did not break up until late, when several of the guests were invited to stay until the morning, and beds were accordingly provided. One of them was a hair-brained young man of fortune, named Powis, who, complaining of a violent headache, besought his host to allow him to retire to rest a little earlier. The request being complied with, the beau was conducted to his chamber: he knew not that it was the one in which the wife of his entertainer had been so foully murdered—Mr. Aspinall dared not sleep in that. The guests dropped off one by

one, till at length those only remained who had resolved to pass the night where they were—when suddenly a loud shout was heard, and some one, hastily ascending the stairs, burst into the room. It was Mr. Powis: his right hand, which shook violently, grasped the candlestick, from which the candle had escaped in his flight; his cravat and perriwig were left behind, and he stood before them in an agony of affright, without the power to articulate a word.

"Powis! Powis!" said Mr. Aspinall, affecting a composure which he was far from feeling, "What ails thee, man? art thou mad?"

"Aye, I believe so," faltered the beau; "but if I be not, I have seen *that* which would turn the head of a wiser one than I. Give me, I beseech you, a glass of brandy (he sunk into a chair), or I shall surely faint with terror."

"This is foolery, Powis," said Aspinall, whitening with alarm; "one of thy mad pranks."

"Yes, it *was* a mad prank, to follow a ghost into your wine-cellar, Aspinall; I'll say with the school-boys, that I'll never do so again. Some foul play has been acted in this house. I believe I was drunk just now, but this has sobered me."

"Let us know what you *have* seen," said several of the company, pressing round him. In the meantime, Mr. Aspinall, unobserved, had left the room.

"Let me have breathing-room, then," said Powis, "and you shall hear all. You must know that I had stolen off to bed, in the hope that a sound sleep would rid me of a bad headache, which I feel returning. I had fastened my chamber door, and hung my perriwig on a chair-back, when, finding my cravat had become too tightly knotted, I approached the glass and endeavoured to unfasten it. I had not been engaged thus many seconds, when, oh, heavens! I became conscious that some one was standing near me; and turning my head, I saw, as plainly as I see you all before me, a lady with a little child in her arms."

"A lady and a child!" echoed half a dozen voices.

"Aye, a lady and a child!" said Powis, "but hear the issue of it: I was disposed to be a little merry with the intruder; but when I looked in her face, there was an expression in it which assured me—un-

believer as I have hitherto been—that my visitor was not of this world. I was about to address the figure, when it laid its finger on its pale lips, and glided out of the room—not through the keyhole nor the pannel of the door, for it flew wide open at her approach, and then proceeded down stairs. I was literally confounded, but, after a moment's pause, I snatched up the candle, and followed the figure.—A rushing wind, which seemed to fill the house, extinguished my light; but I had no need of one—a pale glimmering guided my steps, and I followed my conductor into the cellar, when she appeared to enter one of the vaults; I pressed forward, and striking my head violently against the door, fell backwards. My fit of courage, or rather desperation, had now ended; and quickly regaining my perpendicular, I flew up stairs, and entered the room just as you beheld me."

All who heard this wild tale stared for a moment on the narrator, and then each began to make his comments. One agreed with Powis, that it told of some foul deed of murder; another voted for an investigation of the cause of the fearful visitation; while a third enquired for Mr. Aspinall, who they then found had quitted the room. A servant was desired to request his attendance; but the messenger returned in a few seconds, and informed them that he had been to the door of his master's chamber, which was locked, and that he had heard a low moaning within.

All flew to the chamber: the door was immediately forced, and Mr. Aspinall was found stretched on the floor deluged in blood, and quite insensible. He had with his penknife severed the radial artery with such fatal determination, that his wrist was fairly cut to the bone. A surgeon was summoned, but the hemorrhage had been too great; the wretched suicide was lifeless before his arrival. A scrap of paper lay on his dressing-table, and on it was written in pencil a confession of his crime. It expressed his resolution rather to perish by his own hands, than be made a spectacle for the multitude.

The bodies of Mrs. Aspinall and her infant were discovered in the vault, and consigned to a more hallowed spot; whilst that of their destroyer was interred in a neighbouring cross-road, with the customary formalities.

THE FOUR FUGITIVES.

(Continued from page 165.)

Clifford watched his proceedings with troubled surprise, and having allowed him to advance several steps towards the hovel, followed and caught his arm.

"Richard, where go you?"

"I go, sir, to my resting-place, to sleep for another hour: with the dawn I will return to London."

"Do so," replied Clifford, throwing violently away the arm he had grasped; "do so, and prithee do not forget my instructions respecting your future conduct."

"Ere I leave here, I trust, sir, to see you in safety in yonder vessel."

"Richard, Richard, why will you not assist me? Add to your inestimable services but this one action, and my gratitude will be everlasting."

A long and somewhat impatient argument ensued, and, as it generally happens, that when a superior condescends to entreat and flatter an inferior, he gains his point, so Richard at length agreed to forward the designs of the cavalier.

On returning to the hovel, they discovered the Dutchman still sleeping soundly; the stranger, or rather Selworth, slept restlessly, probably overcome by excess of fatigue, and the two confederates, as had been agreed, commenced roaring a revolutionary song, or psalm, of the time, with astonishing vigour. Almost the first word produced what they aimed at, and Selworth started up perfectly free from the influence of Morpheus.

"How now, friends? Is it dawn?" he demanded.

"No," answered Richard; "time flies not so swiftly when danger lurks around. Drink," he added, handing him a cup of brandy, and dexterously slipping in the powder, "drink to our toast, down with Charles Stuart!"

"Charles Stuart," said Selworth, "folks say, has abandoned all hopes of playing tyrant here, and only now wishes to escape from England. I, for one, will not exult over a fallen enemy. Let us, therefore, change the toast to 'A safe escape from all enemies,' and I'll pledge you with all my heart."

"Amen, amen," responded Richard; and Selworth took a hearty draught, and then returned the cup.

Very few minutes elapsed ere, wrapped

in profound slumber, Selworth once more reclined on the ground, and the cavalier now watched him with eager attention; in doing so, the cup caught his eye.—
" 'Sdeath! he has not drunk it all! We have no time to lose—his slumber will scarcely exceed two hours. What, ho! Hans Molken, would'st sleep for ever, man?" An inarticulate grunt answered this question, and the Dutchman, distending his jaws most fearfully, rose gradually from his resting-place. Richard withdrew the rugged sail-cloth which hung before the window, and disclosed the eastern atmosphere glowing with embryo day: the light which now shone in, rendered the lamp unnecessary.

"Hans Molken, haste down to the coast, and row with all possible speed to yonder smack; ask captain Tattersal if he can take two passengers instead of one: fail not to tell him the reward he will receive shall be proportionately increased. We will await thee on the beach; and now, good fellow, be quick—remember life and death depends on speed."

One might as well talk of speed to a tortoise or to a snail, as to a Dutchman—the one will appreciate the meaning of the word as well as the other. Hans Molken left the hovel at a most unpromising pace, followed by divers impatient looks from the cavalier, who at length pursued his footsteps with renewed promises of reward, to the edge of the cliff, and from thence watched him as he descended the rugged path before mentioned, to the beach. Arrived at the bottom, he proceeded to drag a small boat from a little cavity in the rock, wholly concealed at high tide, and, after divers delays, at last started, and, with tolerable speed, began to row towards the vessel, which the brightening dawn now revealed, although somewhat indistinctly.

Clifford returned to the cottage, and found his companion had not been idle; he had removed the sleeping colonel to the farthest corner of the room, and covered him with a cloak, which effectually prevented his being noticed by a mere passer through the hut, and yet did not in the slightest degree tend to prevent respiration.

"Good," said Clifford; "now for the lady." Richard sighed, and the speaker approached the door which led into the inner chamber, and tapped gently against

it: it was immediately opened by the lady Roselle, looking still more lovely, and ready for immediate departure.

"I am ready, dearest Robert," she said, as, without raising her eyes, she advanced a step, and presented her hand to Clifford; "let us leave this place. Oh, heavens! who art thou?"

"A friend, lady Roselle Myrston," replied Clifford, bowing lowly, and speaking in a hoarser tone than natural, and without taking her hand, which had been instantly withdrawn; "a friend and fugitive like thyself, commissioned by my esteemed comrade, colonel Robert Selworth, to conduct you to the beach; he has been fortunate enough to secure a passage from England without entering the village of Brighelmstone, and now impatiently awaits your coming at the boat."

"But why did he go before me?" inquired Roselle, no suspicion of treachery entering her mind, but feeling somewhat offended with her lover for what she might justly esteem neglect.

"It is a smuggler's vessel, lady, and it was necessary that the colonel should personally negotiate a passage with the captain: he is accordingly just now gone. It is highly probable that, if we haste, we shall join him ere he leaves the beach."

"Oh, let us haste then," added Roselle, taking the offered arm; and they left the cottage, followed at a little distance by Richard, on whose countenance might be traced with ease the most dissatisfied feelings.

"My master is certainly mad," he muttered almost audibly; "no man who retains the slightest portion of that useful commodity, common sense, would ever embark in such a piece of baseness as this, when, if he regarded his own life in the least, he would embark in that vessel which would convey him from these shores."

It was a labour of much time, danger, and difficulty, to descend; and when they succeeded in reaching the strand, no trace of the Dutchman's arrival could they discover: the mist, however, shortly cleared away, and then the keen eye of Richard detected his boat close to the vessel: in fact, he had not commenced his return to the shore.

"We are too late, madam," said Clifford, speaking still in his affected tone of voice, and concealing his features as much

as possible without actually exciting suspicion; "the colonel has reached the ship; but fear not—the boat will quickly return and convey us on board;" and, as though in corroboration of his words, Hans Molken jumped into the boat, and began to row towards the shore. Richard discovered a broken crag, and on this the trio seated themselves, all awaiting, with equal anxiety, the arrival of the tardy boatman.

Our story now returns to Robert Selworth.

The guess of the cavalier, that his sleep would last two hours, was very near the truth: in about three-fourths of that time, he became slowly conscious of existence; and noises having aroused him somewhat before the full power of the powder had been exhausted, his ideas were for several minutes wild and unconnected. Strange visions floated before him; but, as his senses slowly recovered their pristine excellence, and burst from the bonds of uneasy sleep, he surveyed with astonishment the scene around him. His position was, as we have seen, wholly different from that in which he had first slumbered; the door leading to the inner chamber was open, and the sound of several hoarse voices within petrified him with fear, not for himself, but Roselle; while a man with a drawn sword paraded before the door leading to the cliff, apparently for the purpose of preventing the egress of any one from the hut.

Selworth was far from having recovered from the stupifying effects of the drug; and, instead of springing from his recumbent position and disarming the sentinel, as with his usual promptitude he would have done, he lay partly concealed by the old arm chair—peering from under the cloak with which Richard had covered him, with sleepy surprise and consternation. A loud shout from the inner chamber did much towards awakening him, and the appearance of a noble-looking man, of middle age, who rushed from it, holding in his hand a bracelet which had the preceding evening derived beauty from clasping the wrist of Roselle, also contributed much to arouse his faculties.

"She has been here! she has been here!" distractedly exclaimed this personage, gazing on the bracelet; "follow me, friends—she cannot be far away." He rushed from the hut, and two or three

attendants, who had likewise issued from the inner chamber, and the man who had guarded the door, quickly vanished after their leader. Their disappearance seemed the signal for Selworth's becoming perfectly sensible; he now rose, and pressing his burning forehead, he shouted "Do I dream?" so loudly, that it is utterly impossible to surmise why they who had just left did not hear the exclamation.

"Am I awake?" pursued the wretched lover, as he burst into the room in which his mistress had reposed; and ocular demonstration fatally convinced him she had disappeared.

"Roselle! Roselle! speak and save me from distraction!" No voice responded to his anguished cry, and he cast himself on the ground in utter despair. A very few minutes, however, beheld him rise from the ground, to all appearance an altered man.

The soldiers of Cromwell were taught to avoid all tumultuous feelings; emotions of all kinds, save fanatical revenge on their enemies, were forbidden them; and all human passions being condensed to one object, had produced a result precisely similar to that which their politic leader and tutor had expected. A mistaken view of the objects and points in dispute had originally induced Robert Selworth's father to join the Parliament in the civil wars, and having once espoused the cause of "Liberty," he devoted his whole energies to it, and educated his only child in the fiercest republican sentiments. Robert Selworth, like many distinguished characters of the same era, was a man naturally of strong and powerful passions: intrusted to revolutionary preceptors, he was early taught to govern his emotions according to the doctrine of Cromwell, and only allow free scope to their ardour in fanatical bigotry and revenge against the enemies of the Commonwealth. The former, his good sense taught him to despise; the latter, bred in a camp, appeared more pleasing to his eyes, and, in the course of time, he gave a freer scope and definition of it to himself, and added revenge against private enemies to revenge against the supporters of what Cromwell's partizans termed "tyranny." Thus, in this anguished moment, education came to his aid, and ideas of revenge—deep revenge—probably saved him from distraction.

"Idiot! fool that I am! Was it not evident the inhabitants of this place were cavaliers? And what could I expect from royalty but deception and treachery? I have slumbered on my post, and they have profited by my folly; but let them beware—Robert Selworth is neither child nor churchman, calmly to receive an injury." Let it not be supposed that he stood unoccupied while thus giving vent to his feelings—far from it; he uttered the sentences coolly, and with intervals between, during which time he employed himself in charging his pistols, and having replaced them in his belt, he drew his sword, and rushed from the hovel.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUSADES.

No age of the world ever presented such a spectacle as did France for some months after the Council of Clermont. Everywhere were to be heard the sermons of the clergy, exhorting the people to take the cross; all who hesitated to do so, from whatever motive, were branded as infidels and traitors: wives stimulated their husbands to abandon their families and their homes; for this cause the monk deserted his cell, the priest his church, the artisan left his workshop, the peasant his fields: women put on the dress of men, to share in the glory and the gain. A ruddy cross on the right shoulder designated the wearer as a warrior in the sacred cause. The crossed (*croises*), as they were named, poured from all quarters to the appointed place of rendezvous; with the arrival of spring, some came down the rivers in boats, some on foot, some on horseback. Here might be seen a peasant, with his wife and children and household goods, in a cart drawn by oxen shod with iron, the children crying out, at the sight of every town or castle, "Is that Jerusalem? Is that Jerusalem?" There a knight, with hawk and hound, prepared to take the pleasures of the chase as he journeyed towards the *terra incognita* for which he was bound. Few had any clear notion of where Jerusalem lay, what was the distance to it, or what countries were to be passed through to reach it. Books were rare, and few could read; maps were nearly unknown; and since the Turks had seized Asia Minor, the pilgrims had mostly gone by sea to the Holy Land, and the land track had fallen into oblivion.

The assemblages of the pilgrims also presented a motley aspect. Pavilions, tents, booths, huts, rose around the towns and castles ; old and young, women and children, warriors and clergy, were mingled in the strangest confusion : the *crossed* robber or murderer became the associate of the *crossed* saint or eremite—the virtuous wife or maiden was contaminated by the proximity of the pilgrim-courtesan. Hard by the spot where the priest had erected his altar, and celebrated the divine mysteries, the pilgrims of either sex abandoned themselves to sensual gratifications. Each day a tale of some sign or wonder, sent or wrought by heaven, awakened the attention of the pilgrims, and assured them of the divine favour. Now it was a report that the glorious Charlemagne would rise from the dead, and visit, as erst, the holy sepulchre, at the head of the sacred bands. Again, they heard how a priest had seen in the sky, at the ninth hour of the day, two men on horseback fighting, one of whom smote the other with a huge cross, and, after a protracted conflict, overcame him ; or how a priest, as he walked with two companions in a wood, saw a sword carried by the wind through the air ; or shepherds beheld a great city in the sky. Comets and northern lights, of unusual brilliancy, appeared, and, previous to the Council of Clermont, the stars had fallen in showers from the sky. Men lived by faith, and not by sight : heaven, it was firmly believed, would, as of old, miraculously supply the wants of the chosen people.—Europe was thus, as the princess Anna Comnena expressed it, about to precipitate itself upon Asia. Everywhere lands and other possessions were offered for sale or pledge—

“They sold the pasture now to buy the steed.”

Arms, military equipments, and solid money, were alone in request : the market was so glutted with lands and houses, that purchasers could only be obtained at low prices ; and those who had money and were wise enough to stay at home, got dead bargains in abundance.

ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.

In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another

—first the young, and then the old, of a whole family—dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night ; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned once a week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them in a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlid, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, “Good bye, mother,” in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. “Good bye, mother,” repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered ; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more.

IRISH COMMODORE.

An Irish commodore being confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout, some sweeps were employed to sweep the chimnies of the house next door to him ; and one of the boys, by mistake, came down into the commodore's apartment. The boy, confused at his mistake, and seeing the commodore in bed, said, “Sir, my master will come for you presently.” “Will he, by Job !” exclaimed the commodore, leaping out of bed ; “I beg to be excused staying here any longer, then,” and immediately ran down stairs.



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EMMA POULTON:
A LEGEND OF THE CIVIL WARS.

THE small chapel in the village of E—, in the county of Wiltshire, though not noticed in the "Beauties of England and Wales," is by no means an object devoid of interest. Its shape and evident antiquity would justify the supposition that it was once one of our primitive churches; at any rate, the few Gothic ornaments still remaining on its walls indicate that its foundation belongs to a very remote period. The spot, too, on which it stands, is not without its associations: tradition says, that it was once the site of a Roman encampment, which is partly borne out by the existence of a deep and extended trench that reaches to the river which winds round the foot of the hill on which the chapel stands. The churchyard, too, where,

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

contains many tributes to departed worth, erected by those whose children shall in turn perform for them the same melancholy duty. But there is one lonely, though not

wholly forgotten grave, to which a tale is attached, that furnishes a striking illustration of the manners of that period when the unfortunate Charles incurred the displeasure of his rebellious subjects, and the country was disturbed by the strife of the contending parties; while the ties of friendship and kindred were severed by the violent factions, then known by the several names of Cavaliers, Independents, Anabaptists, Fifth-monarchy-men, Presbyterians, and a multitude of others; all professing to be guided by their zeal for religion, or love for their king; while the licentious freedom of one party was only exceeded in iniquity by the cool and deliberately atrocious acts of the other. But to turn from our digression:—The small stone slab which covers the grave alluded to, is now cracked in many places, and round its margin the grass has risen so as to screen it from view, and the weeds, forcing themselves through the fissures, spread over the tablet, from which time, assisted, perhaps, by the foot of the wanton school-boy, has long since erased the inscription.

It was only upon my last visit to this

spot, that I obtained from the old sexton the materials which enable me to present the following tale. I tell it because it is of other times; to the stories of which, I have, from my infancy, been most passionately attached.

Emma Poulton was the only child of a country gentleman, in the village of E—, who had sacrificed his life, and nearly the whole of his property, in the cause of Charles the First. At the commencement of the "troubles," as they were then emphatically called, he mortgaged the greater part of his estate to a grasping attorney in the neighbouring town, and with it equipped a troop of horse, which did good service for Charles in the desperate engagement at Nazeby; but their leader, and the chief of his company, perished in the field. One of those who escaped the disastrous conflict was Reginald Berkley, the son of a wealthy yeoman of Purton; and it fell to his lot to be the bearer of the sad tidings to the widow and child of the fallen royalist. With a heavy heart the young soldier returned home. The mission was doubly painful to him, for he was the betrothed of the gentle Emma. Those who are lovers can tell how they met, after absence on a service fraught with much danger; and those who have loved, may still call to mind such scenes; but the pen cannot describe those moments of rapture. The maiden's second thought was of her father (and who will not pardon its being her second thought?), when her joy was suddenly clouded by her lover informing her of his death. Her widowed mother, her first burst of grief being over, saw with alarm their destitute condition; while Emma consoled herself in that particular by a reliance on the honour of her lover, whose conduct became more marked and affectionate than it had been even in the lifetime of her father. Reginald returned to his family at Purton, but made frequent visits to his beloved, during which time nothing occurred to interrupt their tranquillity. The prince, afterwards Charles the Second, had, after many hair-breadth escapes, evaded his pursuers, and reached the continent in safety. But this state of things did not last long; news soon arrived that the exiled prince had landed in Scotland, and was advancing with a powerful army to claim his just rights. This intelligence once more aroused both

friend and foe to monarchy; and while some of the royalists set out to join their prince, the parliamentarians assembled their forces in that prompt, yet steady manner, which always characterized their proceedings, and strongly contrasted with the headstrong zeal of the other party, and prepared to resist him "to whom," says the author of "Boscobel," "they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart." It was then that the young soldier tore himself from the arms of his beloved, and hastened to prove again that valour which had gained for him the applause of older and more experienced cavaliers.

We shall not follow Reginald through his journey, which was one of neither pleasure nor security, for the prince had many bitter enemies, who were continually on the watch to entrap his adherents—but return to her in whom all his earthly hopes were centred. Many months passed away, during which period no tidings were heard of Reginald. At length it was known that the prince's army had entered England. All was anxiety and excitement; Emma had heard that a battle would soon be fought, and her heart sunk within her when she reflected, that though the victory might be given to the royalists, her lover might be one of the victims in the fight.

She remained for some days in torturing suspense, when intelligence arrived that the army of Charles was advancing upon Worcester. Anxious, yet dreading to hear the issue of the contest, the maiden would sit for hours at her casement, and watch the landscape till the sun had descended, and left every object undistinguishable. She had thus watched one evening while the sun was yet above the horizon, intently gazing on every figure that appeared in sight; but the form of her lover met not her gaze. The rays of the setting sun still lit up the latticed windows of the small chapel, and glowed in the stream which wound round the base of the hill. In the distance stood the town, the spire of its noble church rising majestically above the houses which surrounded it. Not a breeze moved a leaf of the stately elms which shaded the house of the once happy family. Twilight succeeded, and the light-shunning bat flitted in the cool evening, and flapped its leathern wing as it flew in fantastic circles

round their dwelling; but the hour had no charms for its inmates: Reginald had not appeared, to remove their anxiety, and the widowed lady, as the night arrived, sought consolation in her Bible, a chapter of which she was reading to her daughter, who sat absorbed in her own meditations, while her inward prayers were directed to the great Author of all things—when the distant clatter of horses' hoofs arrested their attention.

"'Tis Reginald!" exclaimed Emma, in a half-smothered tone, partaking both of pleasure and doubt—and her hand was upon the bolt of the door, ere her mother was aware of the cause.

"Wist, child, what would ye do?—Are we not alone, and unprotected? What if it should be some of the wild and lawless troopers abroad—would ye give such as them entrance? Prithee, withdraw thy hand from the fastening, and come hither."

To these remonstrances the maiden made no reply, but turning from the door, was about to resume her seat, when the noise of footsteps was heard, and a gentle knock was given on the outside.

"Who's there?" demanded the matron, shutting her Bible, and looking over her spectacles, while she motioned her daughter to keep the door fast.

"'Tis I," replied a well-known voice; and the next moment the bolt was drawn, and Reginald Berkley entering, received in his arms the almost fainting form of Emma. In a few brief words he informed them of the issue of the battle, and of his own danger. His buff coat, the sleeves of which were sprinkled with blood, was cut and torn, and but a remnant of the feather in his morion was left; his face looked wild and haggard, and his whole appearance gave evident token that he had not been idle in the bloody strife.

"All is lost!" he mournfully exclaimed; "our army is dispersed, and the prince has fled, heaven knows whither! I have ridden hard to escape from the bloodhounds, who may be even now at my heels, for they followed me and Ockle of Marston for twenty miles. The poor fellow had his arm broken by a harque-buize shot; but he is safely housed now, and may escape."

"You will remain here to-night?" said the widow and her daughter, at the same time.

"'Tis impossible!" replied Reginald;

"I must go to Purton before daybreak, and conceal myself, or—ha! what noise is that?" he suddenly cried, as the distant clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear—"by heaven! the blood-hounds are here: whither shall I fly?"

"To the secret place," cried Emma, eagerly; "there is a sliding panel in the wall of the little red chamber above—there you may lie secure." As she spoke, the noise became more distinct, and the voices of several men were heard. Without loss of time, they proceeded to the little chamber Emma had spoken of, when the hangings were drawn aside, and the maiden, touching a spring in the oak wainscot, a panel slid back, and discovered a recess capable of holding two or three persons. Reginald had scarcely entered it, when voices were heard under the window, and immediately after a loud knocking sounded at the door. To have remained with the fugitive would have only tended to excite the suspicion of the pursuers: the widow and her daughter therefore hastened down, just as a female servant (their only domestic) had opened the door, when five or six men, habited as troopers, entered the house. The state of their dress and accoutrements told that they had been engaged in the work of death; and as the light flashed on their grim and determined features, the terrified woman shrunk from their gaze in alarm.

"Woman," said the foremost of the troop, "where is the young malignant ye have sheltered?"

"What mean ye, sir?" enquired the matron, endeavouring to conceal her agitation.

"It is not for thee to interrogate," replied the trooper; "waste not our time, but tell us where he is hidden, for the Lord hath this day delivered into our hands these sons of the ungodly, whom we have smitten till the going down of the sun."

"He is gone hence," said the widow, in an almost inarticulate voice.

"Daughter of Moab," replied the trooper, taking the light, and holding it before her beautiful face, while a tear glistened on her blanched cheek; "thy trembling frame, and faltering voice, tell me that thou hast spoken the words of falsehood. In, brethren, in, and search the dwelling of these Moabitish women." As soon as the signal for havoc was given,

the rest of the troopers drew their swords, and dispersed themselves over the house, while the females remained in the room below, half dead with fear; but in a short time they were summoned to open the several cupboards and presses in which the rebel troopers imagined their victim might be concealed.

The room to which they principally confined their search, was that in which Reginald was secreted; and they hesitated not to tear down and destroy those pieces of furniture which they supposed might furnish a shelter for the fugitive; during which the females remained in a state of frightful apprehension. Some of the troopers bore off the bedding, and pierced the furniture with their swords; while others struck on the panels of the oak wainscot, in the hope that they might discover by the sound the hiding-place of their victim, who they knew, from the agitation of the women, must be somewhere in the house. On a sudden, one of them struck the panel which concealed the recess with the hilt of his sword, when a hollow sound was returned, which plainly indicated that it did not cover the wall alone.

"Come hither, brethren," cried the trooper, in a tone of exultation, "lend me your aid to tear down this wainscot, for I have a shrewd suspicion that a secret place is behind it. Zebulon-fear-the-Lord, prithee, lend me thy dagger—it is much stronger than mine, and will serve to force out this panel."

The dagger was handed to him; but his efforts to break the hard oak of which the panel was formed, proved abortive.

"Hold!" cried one of his companions, as he drew a petronel from his belt—"this will tell if any one is concealed behind it. I will fire through the wood!"

These words were like an electric shock to the nerves of the poor maiden, who, in a frantic manner, besought the ruffian to spare the life of her lover, and falling on her knees before them, she entreated them to have mercy, while her fair eyes streamed with tears, and her heaving bosom betrayed her mind's agony. But she spoke to men whom a gloomy fanaticism had rendered callous to human misery, and a grim smile played on their countenances, as they beheld her distress, for it told them their victim was already within their grasp.

"Daughter," said the first trooper, as he coolly wound up the lock of the large horse-pistol, or petronel, he held in his hand; "we are none of those who do their work negligently; the Lord of Hosts hath delivered him into our hands: is it not written, 'the ungodly shall be cut off,' even as—"

"Oh, spare him! spare him!" cried the agonised girl, clasping the knees of the trooper—"spare him, and all we have is your's."

"Tempt not a soldier of Emanuel with the riches of this world," replied the trooper; "away with thee, thou child of the ungodly!" and striding forward, he fired at the wall. The report shook the house, but high above it rose the shriek of the almost frantic Emma; the glass in the latticed window showered down on the floor, and the chamber was filled with smoke. The terrified youth, uninjured by the bullet—which, however, passed near him during the confusion—gently drew aside the panel, and emerged into the chamber. He immediately made towards the door, thinking to escape unobserved; but two of the troop were already there, and shouted loudly at his appearance, while their drawn swords were presented at his breast, and he was desired to surrender. They pressed forward to seize him, when, quickly drawing a pistol from his belt, he presented it at the foremost, while with his right hand he drew his sword.

"Down with the son of Beliel!" cried the sergeant of the troop; "smite him dead!" but Reginald's menacing attitude kept them at bay, when the sergeant fired his pistol. The shot was deadly, and the unhappy youth staggering back a few paces, fell prostrate, while a torrent of blood deluged the floor. Who shall describe the anguish of the hapless Emma at this moment? As her lover fell, she rushed from the arms of her mother, and threw herself upon the corpse with a shriek so loud and shrill, that it sounded like no human cry. It was followed by a death-like silence, interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of her widowed mother.

"Thus perish the ungodly," said the sergeant, in a drawing tone. "Now, brethren, get to your horses, for it waxeth late, and there are more abroad who must be smitten with the edge of the sword; tarry not, but let us away, lest, peradven-

ture, the son of the late man, whom the ungodly call king, escape from the land. But first," he continued, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him, "let us possess ourselves of the vessels of gold and silver which this Midianitish woman hath." He quitted the room as he spoke, after casting a glance of satisfaction on the corpse of the ill-fated young royalist, from which the distressed lady, assisted by her servant, was endeavouring to raise her child. The heavy tramp of the troopers was heard throughout the house, and the violence to which they resorted to obtain every thing of value, was indicated by the crashing of the various articles of furniture which contained any thing portable. At length their footsteps were heard in the court in front of the house; immediately after, the trampling of their horses told that they were mounting, and in a few minutes they quitted the place at a round trot. The agonized mother listened to the hollow sound of the horses' hoofs, until it died away in silence, when she again endeavoured to raise her child, who still remained in a state almost as death-like and as pale as the corpse of her lover. Having succeeded in raising her, they bore her to her chamber, where she remained for several days in a state which left but little hope of her recovery.

Intelligence of Reginald's murder was conveyed to Purton, from whence, however, the Berkleys had fled, to escape the vengeance of the parliamentarians, who, from their having espoused the cause of Charles, were much incensed against them. The corpse of the murdered youth was interred in the church-yard of E—, and was attended to the grave by the widow and her daughter. It was not until this awful ceremony took place, that Emma returned to a state of consciousness; her tears then relieved in some degree her heart's anguish, but no smile was ever seen on her fair cheek; her once cheerful and melodious voice was changed for a tone of melancholy and sadness; her form wasted, and as each year revolved, those who knew her saw with sorrow that death was gaining fast upon his victim. At length her slight strength began more rapidly to fail, and showed that the affectionate anxiety and attention of her beloved parent were of no avail. The only request she was wont to make was, when the evening was drawing in, to be sup-

ported to the porch of the door where she had often sat with her lover, in happier days. She was thus sitting one evening, while her mother read from a volume of tracts, a passage in which the afflicted are told to look for comfort through the merits of Him whose life while on earth was one of sorrow and suffering, when a horseman was seen approaching. As he advanced, the widow saw that it was her brother, who had fled from England with prince Charles. The cavalier, dismounting, received her in his arms, and with a smiling countenance informed her that the exiled prince had returned, to fill the throne of his fathers. His attention was next drawn to Emma, whose condition he beheld with evident sorrow, and affectionately pressing her hand, he bade her take comfort, for that her friends were hastening home, and the prince was now in quiet possession of the throne. The maiden feebly returned the warm pressure of her uncle's hand; her pallid cheek flushed for a moment; a smile (her first since the death of her lover) illumined her wan, though still beautiful, countenance; she essayed to speak, but the sound died away in a scarcely audible murmur, and bowing her head, her gentle spirit fled for ever!

* * * *

Her remains, and those of her lover, have long since mingled with their kindred dust in the church-yard of E—, and the mutilated and defaced slab which covers their grave, is all that remains to tell of their ill-fated love!

THE FOUR FUGITIVES.

(Concluded from page 175.)

SELWORTH surveyed the quiet waters which spread unruffled before him, as though mocking his impatience, and the sails of the smuggler's vessel speedily caught his eye: he advanced to the cliff, and the sound of voices below excited his attention; he leant over the dizzy height, and the form of his beloved Roselle met his eager gaze, as did likewise those of Clifford and his companion. They were watching anxiously a boat which rapidly neared the shore, and which was rowed by a man whom Selworth recognized as being one of those he had seen in the cottage.

He rushed along the edge of the cliff and surveyed it with the keen accustomed eye of a soldier, endeavouring to discover

some path by means of which he might descend to the beach; nor was it long ere the jutting craig attracted his attention; he pushed it slightly, and it moved—he forced it rudely from its position, and the carefully concealed path became visible. Down he sprang, and with dexterous, yet speedy step, he sought the spot where stood his Roselle. The boat now touched the shore, and Hans Molken having nodded assent to the inquiring looks of Clifford, as to the success of his errand, placed a board from the shore to the boat, and with great astonishment did the colonel behold lady Roselle step on it, not unwillingly, but with joy.

“Roselle! Roselle!” he shouted—“would you leave me?”

A loud scream escaped her, and quickly turning, she beheld her lover springing from craig to craig with dangerous rapidity, and violently waving his sword, which gleamed brightly in the rising sun.

“Merciful heavens! how is this?” she exclaimed.

“Lady,” answered Clifford, who now perceived that speed or force alone could secure his prize; “I cannot pause to answer questions—you must come with me,” and seizing her in his arms, he attempted to bear her into the boat. Again her screams were echoed, and she struggled so violently, that, forced to relinquish her, lest the fragile board on which they stood should give way, he snatched the sword which Richard had drawn.

“Since you will have it so, your lover dies,” and he rushed to meet Selworth, who, panting with rage and ire, yet exhausted by the rapidity of his descent, could scarce summon sufficient strength to defend himself against the fierce and masterly attack of Clifford, who fought with a determination which showed him alike possessed of will to retain, and skill to defend his prize. In a few passes, the sword of Selworth was forced from his hand, and staggering back three or four paces, his foot slipping, he fell upon the strand. Clifford pressed forward, but Roselle, escaping from the gentle hold of Richard, rushed forward, and caught his arm.

“Hold, monster! Would'st thou destroy a fallen adversary?”

“Intercede not for me, Roselle—I can save you yet: die, villain!” and he drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it at

Clifford: another moment would have beheld him stretched lifeless upon the ground, had not Richard, who had closely followed Roselle, in turn caught his avenging arm.

“Pause, sir, pause: in him you seek to destroy—behold your king!”

“I scorn,” said Charles—for it was indeed that ever thoughtless and vicious monarch—“to owe my life to my name. Fire, sir—an' ye miss me, your life pays the forfeiture.”

“I own no king,” said Selworth, rising unopposed from the ground, and lowering his pistol—“an' if ye be Charles Stuart, I can but say your present conduct countenances your banishment from these realms!”

“'Tis well, sir,” replied Charles, bitterly; “your pistols make you master of my person, until your followers arrive, and then you will, I presume, deliver me to a death similar to that of my royal father;” and he pointed to about a dozen men who were (yet at some distance) advancing along the coast to Brightelmstone.

“If ye were to perish on a scaffold, perhaps it would be well for England,” pursued the republican officer; “but it must not be through Selworth: in to yonder boat, sir. I will advance to those who approach us; I know them not, but will, either by words or actions, for a few moments, delay their coming. Although I dislike your principles, I regret and sympathise with your misfortunes.”

“Oh, Selworth, Selworth, let us haste away!” exclaimed Roselle; “he who now approaches, comes to tear us asunder for ever! 'Tis my father!”

“Rejoice, sire, rejoice,” shouted Richard; “they who approach are friends: it is your loving subject, sir Roger Myrston, and his attendants.”

Robert Selworth clasped Roselle in his arms, and endeavoured to soothe her agitation, and Charles, after a moment's hesitation, addressed him:

“Colonel Selworth, in attempting to separate you and that lady, I wronged you both: accept the only reparation in my power—the passage for two persons is secured in yonder vessel to Normandy: this boatman will take you on board, and heaven speed your passage!”

“Sire, what will become of you?” demanded Richard.

"I must await in yonder hut the departure of another boat."

"Charles Stuart," said Selworth, "deceive not yourself; your disguise and retreat are discovered, and long ere yonder sun sinks in the west, the cot will be surrounded by the brave soldiers of the commonwealth."

"I have spoken," said the king—"if you would escape, pause not to parley: enter the boat and fly."

"Never!" cried Selworth, firmly; his proud soul would not permit him to receive safety from one whom his principles taught him to despise.

"Your obstinacy," said Charles, "deserves punishment; and here are they who will administer it."

"Seize them all!" exclaimed the voice which Selworth had heard in the cottage. "Ungrateful girl," said her father, addressing the miserable Roselle: "but I will not reproach you; eternal separation from the presumptuous roundhead who has dared to love the daughter of Myrston, shall prove your punishment."

"That I forbid, sir," said Charles, in his assumed tone.

"You! and who are you?"

Charles drew off the false beard which had adorned his chin, and then addressed the knight in his natural voice—

"Do you know me?"

Sir Roger bent the knee of reverence, and his followers, forgetting the precaution which was essential, shouted loudly—"Long live king Charles!"

"Listen, sir Roger Myrston: ere five minutes have past, I shall have bid a long farewell to the shores of England, and it is my last injunction that you unite these two in holy wedlock. What say ye?"

"Sire, your commands are law."

"And what say ye, master Selworth?"

"I thank you heartily," replied the colonel; "but by accepting your interference, I must sacrifice, or at least compromise, what is dearer to me than lady Roselle—my honour. I scorn to accept assistance from the man who—but no matter—fare ye well, sire."

"Fare ye well, most pugnacious," replied Charles, gaily. "Remember, sir Roger, my commands:—when this roundhead colonel, whose iron heart even love cannot soften, will hear reason; that is, will remain neuter in this struggle (I do not expect him to become cavalier), give

him thy fair daughter,—but not till then. Now, Hans Molken, show thy loyalty in the strength of thy arms," and he sprang into the boat. "Farewell, Richard," he said, leaning back, and giving him his hand, which the latter enthusiastically kissed on bended knee: "I shall not forget thee." The Dutchman, who had been listlessly gazing on the scene, now proceeded to exercise his oars, and Charles waving his hand, exclaimed, "A kind farewell to all." A loud shout answered him; the little boat in which he sat swiftly cut the silver waves, and carried him from England: and in the evening of the same day, accompanied by lord Wilmot and colonel Gunter, Charles safely landed at Fecamp, on the coast of Normandy.

The boat was followed by the eyes of all until it reached the vessel, and then sir Roger said to Selworth—

"You heard my promise, sir: when you fulfil the annexed condition, my daughter becomes your bride."

"Farewell, then, Roselle—farewell forever," and, with a last embrace, the lovers parted.

* * * * *

The reception of colonel Selworth at the court of Cromwell was far from being cordial: it was well known that he loved the daughter of a cavalier; and when it was discovered that Charles had escaped from England, and had embarked at Brightelmstone—a place from whence Selworth had posted direct to London—in spite of past services, strong suspicion was attached to him. These suspicions Cromwell hesitated not to notice to him; and Selworth having indignantly rebutted the charge of having changed his opinions, acknowledged that he had seen Charles depart without throwing any obstacle in his way.

Beloved as Selworth was by his soldiers, Cromwell deemed it not prudent openly to punish conduct, of which he could bring no certain proof; he therefore affected to believe, that it was not in his power to seize the person of the king, and, at the same time, sent a private intimation that his services were no longer required. Selworth left London in disgust, and retired to the estate which the death of his father had left him in possession of: here the recollection of Roselle haunted his mind, and the resignation of his commission, which speedily occurred,

was immediately followed by his marriage to the idol of his affections.

* * * * *

As all my readers know, nine years after his clandestine departure, Charles returned the acknowledged sovereign.—This event gave some uneasiness to Selworth, who feared that a recollection of the rough exposure of his sentiments still lurked in the breast of Charles: his alarms were, however, without foundation. With a strange inconsistency, the king (with some slight exceptions) alike neglected to reward his friends or punish his enemies; but with unpardonable folly, to give it no harsher term, heaped those benefits with which he should have rewarded his staunch adherents, on those who, with no uncommon motives, changed from avowed contemners of the exiled Charles Stuart, to venal flatterers of the English king. Thus the peace and harmony of Selworth Castle remained undisturbed.

There is one whom we have as yet neglected to notice—the most faithful of friends, the most loyal of subjects: reader, wouldst thou perform a pilgrimage to his tomb, go to the churchyard of that noble edifice dedicated to St. Giles, and then and there shalt thou behold a stone, which bears a name well known in English history—RICHARD PENDEREL.

Peace to his ashes!

AN EXECUTION ON SHIPBOARD.

THE author of "The Naval Officer," says—"That the execution of a man on board of a ship of war, does not always produce a proper effect upon the minds of the younger boys, the following fact may serve to prove. There were two little fellows on board the ship; one was the son of the carpenter, the other of the boatswain. They were both of them surprised and interested at the sight, but not proportionably shocked. The next day I was down in one of the wings, reading by the light of the purser's dip—*vulgo*, a farthing candle—when these two boys came sliding down the main-hatchway by one of the cables. Whether they saw me, and thought I would not 'peach, or whether they supposed I was asleep, I cannot tell; but they took their seats on the cables in the heart of the tier, and for some time appeared to be in earnest conversation. They had some articles folded up in a

dirty shirt and pocket-handkerchief; they looked up at the battens to which the hammocks are suspended, and producing a long rope-yarn, tried to pass it over one of them; but unable to reach, one boy climbed on the back of the other, and effected two purposes, by reeving one end of the line, and bringing it down to the cables again. They next unrolled the shirt, and, to my surprise, took out the boatswain's kitten, about three months old; its fore-paws were tied behind its back, its hind-feet were tied together, and a fishing-lead attached to them; a piece of white rag was tied over its head as a cap. It was now pretty evident what the fate of poor puss was likely to be, and why the lead was made fast to her feet. The rope-yarn was tied round her neck; they each shook one of her paws, and pretended to cry. One of the urchins held in his hand a fife, into which he poured as much flour as it would hold out of the handkerchief—the other held the end of the rope-yarn: every ceremony was gone through that they could think of. 'Are you ready?' said the executioner, or he that held the line. 'All ready,' replied the boy with the fife. 'Fire the gun,' said the hangman. The boy applied one end of the fife to his mouth, blew out all the flour, and in this humble imitation of the smoke of a gun, poor puss was run up to the batten, where she hung till she was dead. I am ashamed to say I did not attempt to save the kitten's life, although I caused her foul murder to be revenged by the *cat*. After the body had hung a certain time, they took it down, and buried it in the shot-locker: this was an indictable offence, as the smell would have proved—so I lodged the information: the body was found, and, as the facts were clear, the law took its course, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who saw the brats tied upon a gun and well flogged. The boatswain ate the kitten; first, he said, because he had '*larned*' to eat cats in Spain; secondly, because she had *not* died a natural death (I thought otherwise); and his last reason was more singular than either of the others: he had seen a picture in a church in Spain, of Peter's vision of the animals let down in the sheet, and there was a cat among them: observing an alarm of scepticism in my eye, he thought proper to confirm his assertion with an oath."



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THE WILL:
A TALE OF LONDON BRIDGE.

FEW of our readers will require to be informed, that in the reign of our first James London Bridge supported many gates and towers of considerable strength, and that its shops and houses were tenanted by some of the wealthiest citizens. It will also be remembered that many mills were turned by the rapid current which passed beneath its arches. The dwellings on either side hung in a terrific manner over the river, which, together with the tremendous roaring of the water beneath, rendered them only habitable to those who were accustomed to such a residence. Notwithstanding its narrowness, the bridge street was always a scene of bustle and activity, and the resort of all classes, from the gallant ruffling in silk and velvet, to the sturdy porter and nimble 'prentice. Here, too, the dame of quality and the rich citizen's wife came to make their purchases, for the shops in the bridge street were then held in great repute.

At the commencement of the reign of
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James the First, nearly opposite the chapel of St. Thomas, which stood on the eastern side of the bridge, dwelt one master Bartholomew Wyvil, an old merchant, who was accounted passing rich by most of his neighbours. In early life he had taken unto himself a wife, but after a few short years of uninterrupted happiness, dame Wyvil quitted this sublunary world for another, and it is to be hoped a better, bequeathing him two fine boys. The death of his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, was a severe trial for master Wyvil; but time and his children did much towards alleviating his grief. He determined to spare no expense in educating them; and as soon as they had arrived at a proper age, they were sent to the grammar-school in Southwark. For the first few years, the progress the boys made in their learning exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their indulgent father, who never forgot to visit them every Sunday, after leaving St. Magnus' church, at which he was a constant attendant. Perhaps it was not the good curate's pious exhortations alone which made the old merchant so constant and

regular a visitor. 'Twas there he had first beheld the fair form and blue eyes of the being who had been so suddenly snatched from him, and who now lay beneath the cold marble slab near the seat which he usually occupied. His whole care was directed to his children, whom he anticipated would be a solace and a comfort to him in his declining years;—but these visions of happiness were soon dispelled: the boys were growing up, and it was clearly perceptible that the youngest, who was named Edward, paid less attention to his studies than his brother Osborne, whom the old merchant had named after his deceased wife. Edward became tetchy, wayward, and stubborn, and set many examples of insubordination to his school-fellows. Chastisement only tended to inflame his spirit the more, and at length, wearied in his fruitless endeavours to subdue his fierce and fiery temper, he was dismissed from school by his master, who dreaded the consequence to the other boys if he remained any longer.

The good merchant, on receiving his son back, determined to treat him with all possible kindness, well knowing that harsh measures seldom succeed in reclaiming such spirits. Edward was therefore treated with great tenderness by his father, and all but old Martha, his housekeeper, thought he had succeeded: she, on the contrary, always maintained that he was “an imp of the old one,” and would again resume his proper character. These sage sayings were heeded not by the old merchant; but on Osborne's leaving school, he soon experienced the truth of them. The brothers (spite of Osborne's peaceable disposition) were perpetually quarrelling. Master Wyvill witnessed it with evident concern; for three years his house was a scene of strife and contention whenever they met; even the presence of their father could not restrain them. The good merchant at length began to dread the issue, as they had almost arrived at man's estate, and the conduct of Edward became every day more fierce and violent. After considering a long time on the most expedient means of separating them, master Wyvill resolved to send his eldest son into Italy. He fixed on Osborne, not because he loved him less, but that he feared to entrust Edward with such a journey.

Osborne accordingly left England with

letters of introduction to some of the first merchants at Leghorn, with whom his father had become acquainted in the course of business.

On the departure of Osborne, master Wyvill's house became once more a scene of quietude. The brothers were separated, and the object which had so often kindled Edward's ire, no longer troubled him; yet he showed no stronger inclination to business than before. The counting-house was seldom visited, unless for a fresh supply of money, which the old merchant—such was the ascendancy Edward had gained over him—dared not refuse him. Much of his money was spent at taverns, and on different articles of dress. His doublet and hose were made after the fashion of the most cutting gallants, and a long rapier of Spanish steel, of the newest and most approved shape, dangled by his side. He was known by every one from his father's house to St. Paul's, where he daily lounged, with several gallants of his acquaintance, jingling his spurs and assuming the looks and airs of his superiors. A year had passed since Osborne left England, and the old merchant evinced great anxiety for his return; but on mentioning it to Edward, he flew into violent paroxysms of rage, and used many threats against his father and his brother, till at length the old merchant abandoned his intentions for a time. Osborne had been heard from several times since his departure, but his letters did not express any wish to return, which no doubt arose from the recollection of his brother's violent temper. This, however, served as an excellent pretext for his brother, who failed not to taunt his father with it. Yet it had but little weight with the old man. Another year passed, during which Edward's conduct grew more violent; his father gave up all thoughts of his ever reforming, and became melancholy and dejected; his health declined, and his life became a burthen to him. He at length, unknown to Edward, wrote to his absent son, begging him to return speedily.

On a fine evening in the spring of the year, two horsemen were seen advancing along the High Street in the Borough. The soiled and dirty condition of their apparel, and the jaded state of the beasts they rode, told that their journey had been long and unpleasant. He who rode

first appeared, from the superiority of his habiliments, to be the master, while the other wore the garb of a menial, and though he barely kept at the distance usually prescribed to those of his class, and laughed and chatted with the other, yet he preserved a degree of respect which the good nature and gentlemanly bearing of his master commanded. Their steeds seemed almost incapable of proceeding much farther, and the foremost horseman by turns laughed at the knave's remarks on the passers-by, and coaxed and patted his steed.

"So-ho!" cried the latter, eyeing a respectable looking couple who were walking on one side of the way, followed by a strapping wench with a fine infant in her arms. "Mistress Joyce is married at last to Ralph, the felt-maker's son, and has a fine boy, too. And there," continued he, pointing to a demure-looking personage, "there's Puritan Peter Cole, o' the Bank Side, with his Bible stuck in his girdle, and his rapier hanging behind him, like the tail of a lean rat. And there's Gaffer Robbins, with his buxom daughter, an arch little Jezebel that. And here is the White Hart, with a fresh daub of paint, which has been laid on pretty thickly." With these remarks, he followed his master, who rode under the gateway of the White Hart. It will be hardly necessary to inform our readers that the travellers were Osborne Wyrill and his man. He had obeyed his father's orders, and left Italy immediately on the receipt of the letter.

Osborne walked hastily along, and entered the Bridge Street, after passing through Southwark Gate. In a short time he arrived at his father's house, at the door of which he knocked loudly. It was opened by old Martha, the house-keeper, whose wrinkled face assumed a smile on beholding her young master again. "Well, Martha," said Osborne, "how fares my honoured father and my brother Ned?—has he grown steady yet?" To these interrogatories Martha made no reply. The smile which had lit up for a moment her aged features, gave place to a look of sadness; she shook her head, and on being again questioned, raised her apron and covering her face, wept aloud. Osborne's mind misgave him, and on Martha's recovering herself, his worst fears were realized. On hearing of his

father's death, he bitterly reproached himself for not having returned sooner. To add to his grief, he learned that his brother's conduct had become worse and worse—that he was an object of hatred and execration to all his neighbours; and, to crown all, she informed him that his father had willed all his property to the worthless Edward. However sincerely Osborne might have mourned the death of his father, his chagrin and vexation overmastered his sorrow, on hearing that the old merchant had left him destitute. His further inquiries only tended to confirm what Martha had informed him of. He learned, too, that the house was a nightly scene of riot and debauchery, and had been complained of to the city authorities. Martha sympathized with the distress of her young master, who had flung himself into a chair, and remained for some time in a state of stupor. When he recovered his self-possession, he enquired for his brother.

"Alas!" replied Martha, "I know not whither he is gone; no doubt he is drinking at the White Horse with his trusty companion Bradshawe, or some other swinge buckler."

"I will seek him—I will seek him this instant," cried Osborne, starting up—"I will examine the will myself: my own eyes shall be witness that it bears my father's seal and his own signature." As he said this, he hastily threw his cloak round him, and passed out, followed by his trusty Jasper. A few minutes sharp walking brought them to the Bankside, and Osborne eagerly sought for the tavern spoken of by Martha. The sun was sinking fast and poured its light on the Thames, which glowed like molten gold. The noble steeple of St. Mary Overies threw its long shadow across the church-yard, and seemed to look down with an air of pride and protection on the gable fronted and whitewashed houses which surrounded it. Amongst the houses alluded to, stood one more conspicuous than the rest, having its door-post ornamented with cheques of white, red, and gold. Over the door was fixed an uncouth figure, but little resembling the animal it was intended to represent; underneath which was painted, in legible characters, "THIS IS YE WHYTE HORSE." Osborne abruptly entered the house, bidding Jasper remain without. He had already laid his hand

on the handle of the door which communicated with the public room, when the sound of several voices calling for a song arrested his attention: he paused awhile, thinking he might recognise his brother's voice amongst them, when the following song was sung in a deep base, but not unmusical tone, though it was evident the singer's voice had suffered from long and frequent potations:—

Drain, drain the bowl,
If ye would not have your soul
Oppressed by grisly care,
That lank imp o' the devil;
With us he'd badly fare,
For merrie are they who revel
In sherris and canarie.

Hasten, hasten here,
Not an eyelid drops a tear,
Save what laughter does shed.
If your damsel's unkind,
Here a refuge you'll find;
Light o' heart, light o' head,
The stirrup-cup to the minde
Is sparkling canarie.

Hither, hither fly,
If the sherieves man be nigh,
With his freedom killing paw;
Or if boldly you'd essay,
Your bilboe to draw,
You'd find the right way
Is to drink bright canarie.

A loud roar of applause followed, when Osborne entered the room: his dark eye glanced hastily round the apartment; but his brother was not there.

"Ned's brother!" whispered some of the company, as they gazed with vacant countenances on Osborne, whose face and figure strikingly resembled Edward's.

"Yes, gentlemen," replied he, somewhat hastily; "I am indeed the brother of that Edward Wyvill—would to God it were not so."

"Why so, fair sir?" enquired a tall gaunt figure, who sat with his elbow resting on a table, on which stood a Venice glass and a flask of Canary;—his high crowned and narrow brimmed hat, in which was stuck a tuft of cock's feathers, was placed on one side of his head, from which flowed a profusion of black hair; he wore a pourpoint of Milan fustian, with silver points—a broad belt sustained his dagger and a Bilboa blade of great length, and his high-heeled boots were ornamented with a pair of gilt spurs.

Osborne made no reply to this man's question, but enquired of one of the company if he had seen his brother Edward.

"He has just left us," replied several voices; "for his friend, the captain there, has won his last purse."

Osborne glanced scornfully at the person alluded to, who was, in fact, he whom we have just described.

The captain noticed it with a "You seem chafed, gentle sir."

"Chafed!" echoed Osborne. "Yes, sir captain, I am grieved that my brother hath so far forgotten himself as to spend his time in dicing and drinking, to the neglect of his business."

"Truly, you are a moralizing young gentleman," said the captain, rolling back in his chair, and stretching out his legs; "but mine host here does not favour Puritans, so ye may e'en depart the way ye came."

Osborne's blood boiled at this insult, and he answered the captain sharply.

"Sir Stranger," said he, "I can ill brook such language; bridle your tongue, or your coat may suffer for your want of courtesy."

"Thou answerest like a malapert boy," replied the captain; "Mike Bradshaw hath slain his man ere now for a less word. But come," continued he, "chafe it not; I would forgive thee for thy brother's sake, who is a promising fellow, believe me:—wilt drink, my young master?" As he said this, he filled a glass, and presented it to Osborne, who, provoked at the captain's indifference, seemed too full for words, and as the latter held out the glass, he raised his arm, and dashed it to the ground.

"By buff and bilboe!" cried the captain, "thou shalt pay the forfeit of thy daring!" and springing up, he unsheathed his rapier, and called on Osborne to defend himself. Osborne's blade was bared in an instant, and their swords crossed. The captain was well skilled in fence, and pressed hard upon his adversary, but Osborne threw aside his passes, and returned them with great skill and strength. Fortunately he had, while in Italy, received instructions from some of the most skilful masters of the art. The combat was not of long duration, for the captain, enraged at being foiled by one of such youthful appearance, fought with less caution; and Osborne, watching his opportunity, passed his rapier through the body of his adversary with such force, that the hilt struck him on the breast, and he fell heavily on the floor.

"Away!" cried several voices, on perceiving Osborne attempt to raise the

body. "If thou hast a light pair of heels, thou may'st save thy neck. Fly to the water-side and take boat—the constable and his knaves will be here anon."

These persuasions were lost upon Osborne. They all crowded round the wounded man, who raised himself upon his elbow, and throwing back the long dark hair which overshadowed his face, he faintly articulated, "'Tis a just judgment. Come hither, youth—closer still," he continued, as Osborne knelt by his side—"Mike Bradshaw is sped, but he would make some atonement for the injury he has helped to do thee: here," taking a bale of false dice from his breast—"here is that which will bring thy brother to an end as untimely," and he threw them on the floor.

"Will any of ye hasten for a surgeon?" enquired Osborne.

"'Tis of no use—none," said the dying man; "I have not long to live, but the time left me shall—Oh! I faint—thou knowest the chest which standeth in thy late father's counting-house?"

"I do."

"Hasten thither—it contains the will—the forged will! the one *thy brother made and I witnessed!* Possess thyself of that—and——" The miserable man could no longer articulate—the effort he had made to reveal his villainy overpowered him—the death-rattle choked his speech—his clenched hands relaxed—his jaw fell, and the next moment he was a corpse.

Osborne stood for some moments fixedly regarding the body of his fallen adversary, when he was aroused from his stupor by the entrance of the constable, followed by half-a-dozen men bearing brownbills, the usual weapons then carried by those officers.

"Make room," said the officious constable, forcing his way into the apartment; "what!" cried he, espying the corpse of the captain, "what, the captain dead at last! Which of ye have robbed the hangman of his due?"

"A truce with your jesting, sir!" said Osborne; "the unhappy man died by my hand, but he drew on me first."

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed the constable; "then you are likely to take a short journey to Tyburn ere long, if I mistake not."

"My heart is too full," said Osborne,

"or I would resent your gibes. Come with me, sir, I command you, for I have much need of your assistance." The constable was about to reply, when one of those who had witnessed the encounter acquainted him with what had passed, particularly the captain's dying confession.

"Oh, oh!" cried the man in authority, "that alters the case: 'tis a foul conspiracy to defraud an honest gentleman. I am ready to attend ye, sir."

"Then on to the Bridge Street," said Osborne; and the whole party proceeded thither. On arriving at the house, Osborne, together with the constable and his fellows, were admitted. The chest mentioned by the captain was quickly forced, and the first object that presented itself was the forged will. Osborne emptied the contents of the chest, which chiefly consisted of papers, and, to his great joy, discovered the will his father had made, but it was not witnessed. Old Martha beheld this scene with mute surprise; while Osborne waited impatiently for his brother's return. In a short time, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and, on its being opened, Edward entered.—Without knowing of his brother's return, he abruptly strode into the apartment where Osborne and the constable were waiting. He started on beholding them, and, in a voice of mingled surprise and displeasure, welcomed his brother.

"Edward Wyvill," said Osborne, "I know thee well: do not attempt to deceive me. I know my presence troubles thee much, and that my return was not expected." Edward surveyed his brother from head to foot, and whether it was from the violence of his passion, which he was endeavouring to smother, or the effect of conscious guilt, his whole frame was palsied, and the fingers of his right hand, which played with the handle of his dagger, shook like the aspen.

"These are strange words, brother Osborne," replied he, "and thy bearing still more strange: it lacks of that brotherly feeling thou didst once love to boast of. But," continued he, "what brings these men here? Speak, knaves, who brought ye hither?"

"Marry, sir, this good gentleman, your brother," said the officious constable, when Osborne interrupted him.

"Edward," said he, "I have heard of

thy misdeeds during my absence, and much does it grieve me to act in the manner I am now forced to do. I always thought thee wild and turbulent, but never did I consider thee capable of doing a deed so black as that thou hast been guilty of. I see thine eye flash, and thy lip quiver : nay, speak not till I have shewn thee the instrument you and your confederate have forged." As he uttered these words, he drew the forged will from his bosom, and held it up. Edward regarded it for some moments with a fixed stare, while his brother cried, "See, here is thy infernal contrivance to rid me of my just heritage."

"Liar !" shouted Edward, springing forward, "dost thou doubt that document ? Does it not bear thy father's signature ? and is it not witnessed in due form ?"

"Thy father never saw this parchment," said Osborne, firmly ; "'tis thine own writing, and he who witnessed it was bribed for the purpose."

"Ah !" cried Edward, while his countenance grew deadly pale, and every limb quivered with emotion. "Osborne, thy art will not avail thee : I'll seek the gentleman who witnessed my father's will." He was about to leave the room, when the constable and his men interposed.

"What !" cried Edward, in a voice of thunder, "am I a prisoner in my own house ? Make room, varlets, or, by heaven——"

"Profane not that word," interrupted Osborne. "Thou goest not hence : guard well the door : and know, thou heartless son of a fond and indulgent father, that the wretched man who aided thee in thy villainy, sleeps in death : I slew him not half an hour hence, and he confessed that——"

"'Tis false !" screamed Edward—"tis false, thou lying varlet !" and drawing a small dag or pocket-pistol from his breast, he discharged it at the head of his brother. The ball passed through Osborne's left arm, but luckily without touching the bone, and lodged in the oak wainscot. Edward started back on perceiving that his brother did not fall, then suddenly drew his sword, and rushed upon him. Luckily, Osborne had drawn his rapier in time, and succeeded in parrying his brother's lunges, when the constable and his men interposed. Osborne's superior skill

at his weapon had enabled him to wrest his brother's rapier from his hand, which, flying to the side of the apartment, dashed to fragments a large mirror which hung against the wall.

Maddened with rage, Edward drew his dagger and rushed upon Osborne, when a blow from a bill brought him to the ground ; the weapon fell from his hand, and the constable's men secured him. They raised him up, and one of the men was sent to procure cords to bind his arms, when Osborne spoke—

"Unhand him," said he, in a voice almost choked with grief. "Edward, acknowledge thyself guilty, and I will forgive thee for our father's sake."

The men released their prisoner, and Edward, putting aside with his hand the long auburn locks which were dyed with the blood from the wound he had received, replied—

"Osborne Wyvill, I thank thee : trust me, I could not live to hear the yellings of a Tyburn mob enjoy thy father's wealth undisturbed : live amidst thy merchandize, and forget thou ever hadst a brother. Curse on my folly, and the fiend that tempted, and curse the drivelling fool who died betraying me." With these words, ere those present could interpose, he leapt on a chair which stood under the window overlooking the river, and sprang from it into the roaring tide beneath. Osborne flew to the casement, but it was only to see the body of his brother borne along by the resistless current.

ANDREAS VEIT WOODIR ;

THE MYSTERIOUS GERMAN FORESTER.

IN a lonely castle among the Hartz mountains, embosomed in trees and high rocks, lived, as tradition says, Andreas Veit Woodir, a mysterious German forester, and the best archer among those hills, which are celebrated for game. This was at a remote date, when the mountains were infested by desperate gangs of plunderers and robbers, which made Veit Woodir, it is said, choose such a retreat for himself and daughter ; for, many years before that, he had lost his immense wealth in speculations at Lubeck, where he had been a merchant of great opulence.

Little was for many years known of this rigid forester, he being seldom visible, either by day or night, to the shepherds, who eagerly watched to behold him, and

were always sure to be disappointed. Time wore on; and little was seen of this recluse of the hills, except sometimes when snow lay in drifts upon the ground, when he was seen hunting on the heights, and chasing the goats down with wonderful force and agility—for on these he chiefly subsisted in the winter season. His daughter was said not only to possess extraordinary beauty, but a very fine talent for music. She was never seen on the hills, but sometimes by the river Oides, or among the woods, wandering with her harp, and singing pathetic and melancholy airs, in all the enchanting paths of nature. Her name was Theresa. She was remembered to have been baffled in a love affair at Lubeck, when extremely young, which ever since that period had left her very dejected.

Her extraordinary lovely person, enchanting appearance, and form light as air, caused all the young men in the neighbourhood to be in love with her; many made attempts to gain an interview, but the wary Theresa beheld this with contempt, and tripped lightly, on the approach of a lover, into the intricate labyrinths of the mountains, laughing as if a legion of witches had disappeared, having drawn their victim into utter disappointment and dangerous snares.

After some time, a young man, whose name was Angelo, an Italian, came over into these parts, to view, at the proper season, that singular phenomenon, the Spectre of the Brocken—and saw, whilst walking among the mountains, this nymph in all her grace, reclining on a rocky hillock, singing sweetly a song in the Dutch language. He approached, and leaning down beside her, she became so alarmed, that her shrieks were re-echoed from mount to mount, and from crag to crag. A rough form was instantly seen on the hills above, clad in a forester's habit of German green, and a Dutch bandit's slouched hat. His dress was adorned with many grotesque figures, and his features were bony, gaunt, and marked with age. It was Andreas Veit Woodir, who smiled as he saw the innocent face of Angelo gazing on his beloved Theresa; while she, attempting to run to her father, was held in the grasp of Angelo, who was still more in love with her than ever.

Andreas now appeared; and, as if displeased, struck Angelo a blow with the

shaft which he held. This raised the choler of Angelo, who, in his turn, let go Theresa, and struck the old man with his sword. Andreas fought dexterously, and after an equal combat for some time, he fell, covered with wounds. Theresa in the mean time laughed, and seemed delighted, which surprised the youthful Angelo. Indeed, he little thought she rejoiced in the agonies of her dying parent—a few groans from the aged sufferer completed his life for ever. When the mysterious man was dead, Theresa threw herself at the feet of her deliverer, and briefly related to him the incidents of her eventful life.

This old wretch was not her father; he was an amorous mortal, who had torn her from her parents, and compelled her to lead a miserable life among the solitary Hartz mountains, in consequence of an oath she had been compelled to take, in order to redeem her father from a foreign prison. Having thus bound herself to him for life, he advanced money sufficient for her father's redemption; and she sufficiently fulfilled her oath, and never left the old miscreant, always appearing to the world as his daughter. He was said to have supernatural agency; but whether this was true or false she could not decide, and love towards him had never entered her bosom.

When she had concluded, she begged the mercy of Angelo, who was in raptures to think he had at length liberated the lovely woman. They travelled together to Wirtemberg, where Angelo proposed to marry her. In this city she found her father in great prosperity; and after each of the parties had related their little histories, Angelo and Theresa were united in marriage.

Strange, however, as it may appear, at midnight, when the parties were feasting, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and a tall meagre spectre appeared to the partner of Theresa, whom she instantly recognised to be Andreas Veit Woodir. He said nothing, but clasping his long hands round Angelo and Theresa, bore them through the bosom of the earth, and no more was heard of these lovers. Yet it is said that they are visible every New Year's Eve, at the bottom of Wirtemberg Cathedral; and a stern menacing figure, leaning over them, shews himself the spectre of Andreas Veit Woodir.

THE HUMANITY AND GENEROSITY OF
CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

THE following magnanimous conduct of this celebrated traveller, is related as having taken place during his Canadian career:—

During the winter, he was in command of a blockhouse on Lake Huron, with a party of men, for the purpose of defending it; he had only one small gun for its defence. He was attacked by an American schooner; the blockhouse was soon demolished by the superiority of the enemy's fire, and he found that himself and party must either become prisoners of war, or form the resolution of immediately crossing Lake Michigan upon the ice, a journey of nearly sixty miles, to York, the capital of Upper Canada, and the nearest British depot. Notwithstanding the difficulty and danger attending a journey of such length over the ice in the depth of winter, the alternative was soon adopted, and the party set out to cross the lake; but had not proceeded more than ten or twelve miles, before a boy, one of the party, was unable to proceed on account of the cold; every one of the sailors declared that they were unable to carry him, as they were so benumbed with the cold, and had scarcely strength sufficient to support themselves. Clapperton's generous nature could not bear the idea of a fellow-creature being left to perish under such appalling circumstances, for a dreadful snow-storm had commenced; he therefore took the boy upon his back, holding him with his left hand, and supporting himself from slipping with a staff in his right. In this manner he continued to go forward for eight or nine miles, when he perceived that the boy relaxed his hold, and on Clapperton examining the cause, he found that the boy was in a dying state from the cold, and he soon expired. The sufferings of the whole party were great before they reached York; their stockings and shoes were completely worn off their feet, and their bodies were in a dreadful state from the want of nourishment which they had experienced, having had nothing during the journey except one bag of meal. From the long inaction of Clapperton's left hand, in carrying the boy upon his back, he lost, from the effects of the frost, the first joint of his thumb.

A MEDITERRANEAN SQUALL.

EMERSON, in his Letters from the Ægean, says—"As we were seated at breakfast, a sailor put his head within the door, and saying briefly that it looked squally to windward, hurried again upon deck. We all followed, and on coming up saw a little black cloud on the verge of the horizon, towards the south, which was every instant spreading over the sky, and drawing nearer to us. The captain altered his course instantly, preferring to scud before it, and in the meantime ordered all hands aloft to take in sail; but scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around; the wind came rushing and crisping over the water, and in an instant the ship was running almost gunwale down, whilst the rain was dashing in torrents on the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards, and as the gust rushed through the rigging, the sheets and ropes were cracking with a fearful noise. The crew, however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour, or even less, the hurricane had all passed by—the sun burst again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train—the wind sunk to its former gentleness, and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, which continued for the remainder of the day, agitated and billowy.

HEROIC ANSWER OF PRINCE RUPERT.

A gentleman who assisted prince Rupert in putting on his armour before the battle of Marston, perceiving him tremble, asked what could cause such emotion in a man of such known bravery? The prince answered, "My flesh trembles at the dangers into which my soul will lead it."

WAR MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

It is the custom of all nations to stir up themselves to fight by the sound of some musical instrument or other. The ancient inhabitants of Etruria used the trumpet for this purpose; the Arcadians, the whistle; the Sicilians, an instrument called the *peerida*; the Cretians, the harp; the Lacedæmonians, the pipe; the Thracians, the cornet; the Egyptians, the drum; the Arabians, the cymbal.



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MARY FENWICK.

DURING a short journey in the north, my attention had been much excited by the modest demeanour of an interesting young woman, accompanied by a venerable-looking old man, who, on the arrival of the coach at Berwick-upon-Tweed, took leave of her with an almost filial farewell, saying, "God bless and reward you." She then drew a black veil over her face, and sat down opposite to me. I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open a conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable; to treat it with indifference, impossible. I at length summoned up courage, and observed to her, that I supposed, like myself, she was not going far. She answered, that she was on her way to London. Perceiving a tear trickle down her pale cheek, and imagining that further conversation must be fraught with more of pain than pleasure, I therefore suppressed my curiosity, and we remained silent until the arrival of the coach at my friend's gate, with whom I intended to sojourn a few hours. Now that all idea

of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness; I observed to her that the idea of her going such a journey by herself grieved me, and asked her if I could be of any service in recommending her to the protection of the guard. She thanked me a thousand times, and I think, if we had been destined to go another stage, I should have known her history. Time, however, on all occasions despotie, is inexorable when armed with a mail-coach horn, and I had only time to shake hands with the gentle being, slip a crown into the guard's palm to look well after her, ere the coach started, bearing her from my view for ever. I passed an agreeable few hours with my friend, enjoying his old claret and older stories, and then started to fulfil an engagement in Edinburgh. No sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the inn from whence the coach was to start, than the circumstance brought full on my memory the romantic occurrence of the previous day.

I found myself a few minutes too early; and as I stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicissitudes of a northern

April day, I could not help asking the landlord (a civil, old-fashioned Boniface), "Pray, sir, do you know any thing of the history of that nice decent-looking young woman who started from your house with me this morning, for London?"

"Know, sir!" said he, as if in compassion for my ignorance; "aye, that I do! and so does all Berwick, and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it too. If ever there was a kind heart and a pretty face in Berwick bounds, it's surely Mary Fenwick's!"

"It's rather a long story, though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there is one goes with you as far as Haddington, that won't want pressing to give you the outs and ins out." So saying, he pointed to a stout, grazier-looking personage, in a thick great-coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly yeoman-like bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. "This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself, and a familiar nod to the borderer (a substantial wool-stapler in Berwick, but passing, in quest of his pastoral commodity, half his life among the neighbouring farms), "wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You've known her from the egg, I may say, and been in court yourself on the trial yesterday; so you'll be able to give it him to his heart's content."

The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach; in jumped I, and in clambered the borderer—reconciled to the durance of an inside berth by the sharp east wind, and the pleasure of talking of Mary Fenwick.

Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young, and apparently inexperienced, travelling above six hundred miles, to pass one day in Berwick, my portly *vis a-vis* civilly begged my pardon, and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey. "There's a blessing on her errand, and that the very stones on the road know; and, besides, she's so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as fit to go through the world as her grandmother."

To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego

all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret, for not having told me herself. "Does she belong to this place," asked I, "that you seem to know her so well?"

"Yes, sir; born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter should be. Her mother, a clever notable woman, taught her to bake and brew, and knit and sew; in short, every thing that many girls in her station are now too fine to do. They think these good old-fashioned things make them ungenteeled, but they never made Mary Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable dress and simple manners, you might have taken her for a lady.

"Well: Mary came often in her father's little cart to market, to sell her butter and eggs (we've a great trade in eggs here, you know, sir); and, somehow or other, she fell in with a young man of our town, a merchant's clerk, who was taken with her good looks, and cared for very little else. His old father, however (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning), made many inquiries about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothing but good of her, he had the sense to see, that though one of a large, hard-working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, thoughtless son, if any thing would.

"And very idle and extravagant he was, sir! The only son of people well to do in the world, and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could, and loved company, and dress, and horse-racing, far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, than he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man, to gain her favour.

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously, and had a horror for every thing evil. But Dick Mansel was very clever, as well as handsome; and, when he pleased, could make one believe any thing; and really, to give him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love, no saint could behave better. At last, however, he fairly gained her innocent heart; though

I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as by his own winning ways.

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for his portionless girl. But Mary said, "Richard, you have kept free of cards, and dice, and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes; let me see you do it another, to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us." Dick stormed, and got into a passion, and swore she did not love him; but she answered, "It is just because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely, it is no hardship to be for six months what you intend to be all the rest of your life?"

"Richard was forced to submit; and for three of the six months behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is every thing; and his had for years set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs, and idleness, and junkettings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighbourhood. Dick first stayed away with a bad grace; then went, just to show how well he could behave; and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever.

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow; and feared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet gentle soul! once or twice (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man), he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness. Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she only could save him from perdition; and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this, joined to the love for him, which was all the deeper for its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly—for vice was never as yet laid to his door—in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle again into a sober man of business. At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town; and Dick was not to be kept from either before or behind the curtain.

He fell in with a gay madam of an actress, very showy, to be sure, but no more to be compared with Mary Fenwick, than a flaring crockery jug to my best China punch-bowl. She persuaded him, that to marry a poor farmer's daughter was quite beneath him; and to be kept in awe by her, more contemptible still. So, to make a long story short, sir, Dick, after trying in vain to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give *him* up (that he might lay his ruin at her door), had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth or breeding; and that if ever he married, it should be a wife of more liberal ways of thinking than she was!

"He had been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put up to this base conduct by his stage favourite; but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale, and shaking, and kept saying, "Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!" he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little; but she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came to her father's gate: and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in a post-chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off—her parents would not tell whither."

"And where did she go?" asked I, for the first time venturing to interrupt the honest Berwick's *con amore* narration. "It came out, sir, afterwards, that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now that her engagement was so sadly broken off, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service, to keep out of the way till Dick should be married. 'Or hanged!' cried her father, in his passion (as he afterwards acknowledged), little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon-snack lying in the river just then, whose master was Mary's cousin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, and got safely to London."

"How long was this ago?" said I.—"Oh! about five or six months, perhaps: let me see, it was in October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary stayed but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a

thing she never liked; but through his wife (who had been housekeeper to a nobleman), she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nursery-maid; which her gentle manners, steady temper, and long experience in her father's family, made her every way fit for.

"She had not been long with them, when lord S—— was appointed to a government in the Indies; and as he resolved to take out some of his younger childer, nothing would serve lady S—— but Mary must go with them. They were grown so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified ways, made her a perfect treasure in a country where I understand girls' heads are apt to be turned. Lady S—— knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half Mary's ample wages secured them, by her desire; and she went down to the sea-side to be in the way to embark at the last moment, when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over."

"So this explains a hint she threw out, about going to the world's end!" said I.

"Yes, sir; she would have been half-way there already, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind, to save Dick Mansel's life." "His life, poor wretch!" said I: "did he take to worse courses still?" "Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can.

"There came about Berwick, now and then, a scamp of a fellow, whom every body knew to be a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money of Richard, both on the turf and at the card-table. They had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser.

"But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and, good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations, who began to think it worth while to inquire into it. The last person in whose company he had been seen, in our town, was

certainly Dick Mansel, who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade. But Dick's own character by this time was grown very notorious; and though no one here, from respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisted on an inquiry.

"In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out: a pair of pistols, well known to have been Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession; and a story of his having received them in part payment of some gambling debt, was of course very little, if at all, believed. There were plenty of people who could depose, that on the 23rd of October, at a tavern dinner, the two had quarrelled, and had high words; though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends.

"The next step in evidence was, two people having returned late that evening, and on passing a little stunted thicket, about half a mile from town, hearing something like groans and cries—which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry nature of the ground, were in good preservation.

"Things now began to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir!) that he had met Dick—or some one so like him, that he had no doubt of its being him—on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that, on being addressed by his name, he passed on, and gave no answer.

"Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body—and, above all, the evidence of this man—a complete case was made out for a jury: there were many things besides to give it a colour; especially poor Dick's own reckless habits, and his evident confusion when first asked what he had been doing on the evening of the 23rd of October. To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when taken by surprise, and his

angry defiance afterwards, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt.

“Dick was committed for trial; and, oh! sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty, curly-haired child, and then a manly, spirited boy! His behaviour in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did;—but on his poor father (who never would credit it) urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs, whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though it seemed wrong from him by his parent’s distress—“There’s one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she’s left England), and that’s Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for my usage of that girl!”

The agonised parents lost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed, but it pleased God otherwise; and though the wind that first kept them had changed, they were detained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress, and told her all.

“She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow-servant to take care of her, but she was steadfast in declining it. ‘I would wish no unnecessary witness of poor Richard’s shame and his parents’ sorrow, my lady,’ said she; ‘and God will protect one who is going to return good for evil.’

“There was not a moment to be lost, to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time; so into the mail she stepped, and arrived here as soon as a letter could have done. When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost fainted for joy. They kissed and wept over her, as they had done many a time when their son’s wildness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to save their gray hairs from despair and disgrace.

“They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard, but she said, mildly, ‘We have both need of our

strength for to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him; and pray that it may not be from danger in this world alone.’

“She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down once more on her mother’s bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial (and hard it was to one so modest and retiring) of appearing in court before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an occasion.

“She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she should be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into; and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel—a rather flippant young man—said, ‘This is a hollow case, you will see, my lord. Nothing short of an *alibi* can bring him off.’

“‘And that shall be proved immediately, my lord,’ replied, very unexpectedly, some of the prisoner’s friends.—‘We have a witness here, come more than three hundred miles for the purpose;’ and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false, but lawyers have a frightful pride in showing their ingenuity; and he did not quite like his ‘hollow case’ to be overturned. At all events, his manner was any thing but encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

“On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible, that Richard Mansel could not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S— farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

“Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear,’ said the counsel, flippantly; ‘but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account.’

“‘I am sure they ought,’ said Mary, in

a tone of deep and solemn sincerity, which dashed the lawyers a good deal.

“But,” said he, recovering himself, ‘Richard Mansel met you, you say, on the road to S—, at a little after the hour of nine, on a certain evening. Pray what reason may you have for remembering the hour?’

“Because I stayed to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left town; and because, just as I got to my father's gate, the church clock struck ten.’

“Very accurate! And pray what leads you to be so positive as to the day?’

“Because, the very next evening I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on a Friday, and Thursday must have been the 23rd.’

“Very logical, indeed! And now, my dear, to come more to the point, how come you to remember this meeting itself so very particularly? It was not the first, I dare say.’

“No, sir,” said Mary, her paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dignity; ‘but it was the *last*! I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very kindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on between us so long was for ever at an end! I have a right to remember this, sir, I think.’

“Mary had made, to muster strength and utterance for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, fainting, into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court.

“‘This is an *alibi*, with a witness,’ said an old shrewd barrister. ‘Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would come six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!’ In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of simple memorandums contained (evidently written down at the moment, and blotted with a small discernible tear), ‘Oct. 23.—This day, parted for ever in this world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant we may meet in the next.’”

“And did they meet again in this world, sir?” said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes.

“No, sir; Mary felt it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter, though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! we'll see if this great escape will sober him!”

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Dunbar were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents—a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married, in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom lord S— has promised a living in her own native north, on his return to Britain.

A NIGHT ON THE ATLANTIC.

How faithfully the sacred writer of the Psalms pictured the situation of the seaman in a storm, when he wrote—“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep,” &c. It is the actual, the living semblance brought to the mind's eye; while the ocean in its sublime workings, as described in the verses following that quoted above, is no less truly depicted. Indeed, so universally have these wonders been unfolded, that scarcely a seaman exists who has not his tale of storms and tempests to relate; but where is the being who can tell half the wonders of the mighty sea, when the spirits of the vasty deep have lashed it into fury? So awfully sublime and terrible is it, that the recollection of its vastness only leaves the mind oppressed with the littleness of man, and it shrinks from attempting to describe one of the greatest works of its Creator. In whatever situation it is seen, whether in calm sleep under the summer's sky, when only the light zephyr plays sportive on its bosom, so softly that not a ripple disturbs the surface, or in the furious tumult of the hurricane, only in parts can its greatness be told.

Among the many scenes of wonder that have occurred, the following, which happened one night on the Atlantic, shews the sweeping destruction which a few minutes will effect upon this awful element; and, though but feebly related, it will give some idea of the disasters incident to a seaman's life.

His majesty's brig B— was return-

ing home from the West Indies in the latter end of the year 1829: fine weather and favourable gales had brought her far on her course; the officers and seamen were looking out joyfully for land ("they were returning to their homes again")—when, one evening, the sky assumed a dark and threatening aspect, and the wind shifting round to an opposite quarter, baffled these hopes, and made the probability of meeting their friends an object of greater speculation than they had before anticipated. Still, the weather was not of such consequence as to keep more than the usual watch on deck, though, as the night advanced, the darkness increased, until one could scarcely see the ship's length, and the wind rose to a smart breeze.

Twelve o'clock came—eight bells were struck, the watch changed, and the ship secure, when the man on the look-out gave the word, "A sail right a-head!" Before the helmsman had power to shift the helm, and alter the position of the brig, the ships met with a force inconceivable to one who has not witnessed a scene similar to this which now occurred. In a moment another crash took place, as the strange sail came with her quarter on the bow of the B—. A loud and piercing shriek was heard—the dark body of the ship disappeared—and all again was silent as the grave, save the roaring surges of the ocean.

For some time, the crew of the brig only looked at each other in silent sorrow and amazement; they knew not what damage their own vessel had sustained by the shock, while the disappearance of the other caused a sad feeling in their minds as to the fate of the beings whom they supposed to have sunk into an ocean grave: yet, when the alarm of the moment had subsided, and they found their own damage to have been but trifling, the possibility that some part of the crew might yet be saved, or that the vessel was still floating on the waters, induced them to make every exertion to rescue their fellow-men from the perilous situation in which this unbappy meeting had placed them. Lights were immediately hoisted on different parts of the ship, signal-guns fired, and the vessel hove-to, near about the spot where the accident happened. All was useless—no return was made to the signals, nor a sign appeared that any

of the crew were yet alive; when, at the moment they had given over the hope of saving any of their fellow-creatures, one of the seamen, going forward, discovered a man clinging to the foremast rigging. How he was not perceived before surprised them, and that he had not ventured on the deck was equally singular; but to suffer him to remain in the situation he then was, the humanity of a British seaman would not allow, and some of the crew proceeded to assist him on board. It was with some difficulty that they removed him, for he clung with an eager and convulsive grasp to the rigging, while his frenzied look showed the desperate effort he had made to save himself; but when they had unclasped his hands, and got him on board, he suffered them to lead him about like a child. By degrees his features lost their stern appearance, and something like consciousness returned; but their intelligence had fled, and he appeared plunged into a state of helpless lethargy, or melancholy madness. Whatever question was asked about his ship or himself, he only looked at the inquirer with a vacant stare, and then said, "Lost, lost—all gone!" and then resumed his former appearance.

As they could not gain any information from him, the vessel continued to cruise about the spot all night, so that nothing should remain untried to save any Providence might have been pleased to spare from destruction; but no sign appeared to indicate such was the case, though the weather gradually cleared up, and the sea became so smooth that a boat might have lived on it with little difficulty. The next morning the weather was beautifully mild; vessels were continually passing and passing; of every one enquiry was eagerly made, but none had seen the wreck, or any thing to mark that such an event had taken place: indeed, the whole would have appeared but a troubled dream, had not the poor stalking wretch, moving listlessly about, convinced them of its reality.

Day after day passed on, and he was still the same melancholy being, though, as he refused to take any food, he was become so emaciated as to have the appearance of a living skeleton. They attempted by force to make him eat, but he resisted all their efforts, and showed such signs of madness, that the crew,

though unwilling, were obliged to give up their benevolent design. The first few days he had been on board the brig, every morning he would go aloft, and remain there for hours, apparently looking out for his lost companions; but by the time the vessel entered the Channel, he was so reduced as to be unable to come on deck, and it was evident he would not live to reach the shore. From the first moment he was brought on board, the ship's surgeon had declared, that in the end he would recover his reason; but he feared that the recollection of the loss he had sustained, and his own providential escape, would be too much for his weakened frame to bear, and that he would sink under it to the grave. The crisis was now arrived: as his weakness increased, his faculties appeared less clouded, and, according to the doctor's report, he became sensible of his situation. After a long sleep, the first he had ever enjoyed on board the brig, he awoke and faintly enquired where he was? The doctor was immediately called, and ordered him to be kept quiet; but it was plainly to be seen that his end was at hand—his sand had just run out—a few grains only were left; they fell—his eyes closed, and he was no more! His end was so soon after the recovery of his senses, that he could not explain much as to who he was, or of the vessel to which he belonged; his only words were—"Write my father, James B—— B——, Devon." Poor fellow! his wanderings are over, and his cares past: wrapped up in a hammock, the sea received him to itself! On its bosom he had lived, on it he had died, and beneath its bosom are his last remains placed!

FIGHTING FOR FRIENDSHIP.

THE laws of honour are so imperative as to render them in many cases extremely painful. We think there are few of our readers, on perusing the following anecdote, but will coincide with us in our opinion—in this instance, at least:—

The Tiger frigate, commanded by captain Harman, lying in the port of Cadiz, at the same time that a Dutch squadron was there, de Witte, a captain of one of the Dutch frigates, was particularly intimate with captain Harman—which made the Spaniards insinuate that he dared not fight the English frigate. Evertzen, the Dutch admiral, on hearing this report,

told de Witte that he must challenge the English captain to go to sea and fight him, with sixty seamen and seventy soldiers. Captain Harman readily accepted his proposal; and, on a day fixed, both ships stood to sea, and began to engage within pistol-shot of each other. In a short time, the Dutch ship's mainmast was shot away. Captain Harman availed himself of the confusion into which this disaster had thrown the enemy, boarded, and compelled him to surrender, with the loss of one hundred and forty men. The English had nine men killed, and fifteen wounded; among the latter was captain Harman, who received a shot which went in at his left eye, and came out between the ear and jaw-bone. He was perfectly cured of this wound, and lived several years after.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE SOLDIER'S GOOSE.

THE day after the battle of Alkmaer, his royal highness the duke of York, who had taken no sleep the preceding night, sat down upon the rising bank of a windmill to rest himself. He soon saw a soldier with a piece of provision in his hand, the smell of which had reached him. The duke bid one of his attendants to see what the soldier had. The latter came, and it was a goose, about three parts plucked, and roasted at a camp fire. The duke asked him if he could spare a bit? The man immediately proceeded to make apologies about the bad dressing. The duke replied—"Prithee, my good fellow, don't make compliments to an hungry stomach," and he began eating eagerly, with a biscuit for his plate; some of the other commanders ate a bit also. The private ran back for some drink, and brought a firkin of Hollands. After the relish was finished, the duke took a pull out of the firkin's mouth; the other officers also drank. "I hope, comrade, I have not spoiled your dinner?" "No, your honour; my five comrades in the mess are now eating another goose."—"Then," said the duke, "take a louis for yourself, and five others for your comrades."

THE love of adventure is a sort of mental spirit-drinking, as hard to be overcome as the passion for strong waters itself.



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THE IMPORTUNATE LADY.

THE lady Estifana was one of the most agreeable ladies of the court of Spain, and was, in truth, as good as she was handsome, if a little haughtiness of demeanour and excessive proneness to jealousy may be overlooked. She was the only child of the rich old marquis d'Olina, and heiress of his great wealth; so that it is not to be wondered at that the marquis was very watchful over her conduct, especially as he was by nature suspicious. This noble lady much loved, and was much loved by, don Alvarez, the nephew of the then minister of the king. He was a noble youth, well bred in all honourable sentiments, and accomplished in all the arts of a cavalier; and, moreover, possessed of a calm and temperate mind, not often found in one of his age.

It happened at this time that the infanta was not betrothed; and, being unengaged in heart to any royal lover, she took much delight in the young duke of M——'s company, who was over ready, as the king and his minister thought, to show to her all those soft attentions by which the

hearts of women, be they illustrious princesses or poor peasants, are too apt to be ensnared. Whether in the tournament, the bull-fight, or the making of madrigals and love sonnets, the princess was ever the lady of the duke's devotion, until it came to be marked by the most dull observers. Such conduct did not go unblamed by the king and the more grave part of his court; but, for weighty reasons, it not being convenient at that time to banish the duke, the great minister was obliged to furnish some other mode of getting rid of this sad and growing evil. After divers consultations with the king, and much parleying among the elders of the court, both ladies and lords, it was proposed by the ministers, because neither the king nor any of the grandees could think of any other feasible plan, that the lady infanta should be privately conveyed away to the convent of Santa Barbara, the lady abbess whereof boasted of the royal blood; and in the privacy and holiness of which place it was hoped the princess would regain those lofty thoughts befitting her high state. This being determined on, the next difficult considera-

tion was the selecting an hidalgo wise enough to be trusted with such an important mission as the conveying the heiress of Spain, in secrecy, to the convent—young enough to defend her in case of need from any rude attack—and politic enough to fashion his conduct so as not to betray the royalty of her whom he escorted, and yet so as not to approach too familiarly his sacred charge. Where was this Phoenix to be found? At length the minister ventured to propose his nephew, don Alvarez, as one whom he would stake his life to be worthy of such great confidence. Accordingly he was appointed to the perilous office.

Don Alvarez received many and strong injunctions as to his conduct and secrecy; and the infanta, having by much and long discoursing with her ghostly confessors, royal father, and governing ladies, been subdued into an obedient quiet, prepared to set off, with her proper attendants, to the lady abbess of Santa Barbara, under the disguise of a lady travelling with her brother, to become a novice thereat. You may be assured that don Alvarez did not fail to present himself to his dear Estifana, and lament the necessity of his absence; and when she, with woman's natural curiosity, sought the purport of that absence, he excused himself with some double-meaning apology, that oftentimes they who deal in the world's politics are forced to invent. The lovers parted with much grief, for young and tender hearts make much of parting, even for fleeting weeks.

It is easily to be supposed that a lady so noble, so handsome, and so great in wealth as donna Estifana, was not without many and persevering suitors, who redoubled their gallantries on the departure of him whom they had strong suspicion to be more favoured than themselves. And there was one among them, a man noted for his deep and crafty spirit, who had wonderful softness of manner, and took it much to heart that he could not prevail in her good graces. He had so far fallen from his true Castilian honour, as to darkly vilify his absent rival. But in this it needed his utmost caution, for the lady Estifana possessed a most pure soul, and right ready wit, that would have soon discovered and scorned such baseness. However, by his great sagacity and long experience in the ways of women,

he perceived her weak side, which was a too great susceptibility of any fancied slight, and a great proneness to suspicion—qualities for the most part ever joined; and by most subtle modes he insinuated don Alvarez to be gone at that very time secretly to conduct a lady to some unknown retirement. The lady Estifana, though she would not manifest the slightest care at this notification, pondered much on it privately, until at length, by too frequent meditation thereon, it took sole possession of the fancy, and then raised a storm of doubt, and fear, and anger in her breast, which nothing but disproof could allay. The tormentor, seeing his poison work, threw out a hint that don Alvarez would, at a certain time, rest at the marquis Piombo's, whom he knew to be a much-prized friend of the marquis d'Olina. And this was the truth, however he came by it; for the marquis Piombo being, it was said, a creature of the government, had had orders from the minister to receive the travellers as persons of rank, but, on pain of deep displeasure, to make no enquiries who they were, whence they came, or whither they were going. Possessed of this information, Estifana pretended to grow sick of the town, and wearied her father to pay a visit to the marquis Piombo, and, after some delays, they arrived at his noble castle, where much gay company was assembled, and where she anxiously sought for don Alvarez, but did not find him. Already had she begun to repent of her misgivings, and to take to task her unconfiding heart, for thus daring to impugn the faith of a knight so loyal and so tender as Alvarez. She had begun to detest his base rival for his false news, when, as she stood at her window, looking out on the setting sun, that ever driveth pensive minds to meditation, she heard tones of imploring, tones which made her shake from head to foot, for they were those of don Alvarez. She listened again—again she heard them in tender entreaty, to which a soft female voice made answer. Her rage flashing up, and towering into haughty wrath, she was about to seek a door to rush in on the perfidious man, when her foot catching in the arras, drew it aside, and discovered a little circular hole, which had been devised by some spy for cunning purposes. Forgetting in her frenzy the laws of honour—so debasing is passion—she looked

through it, and saw don Alvarez beseeching at the feet of a bewitching lady. Overcome by emotions, she struggled to her bedside, and, throwing herself on it, gave way to a convulsion, which ended in floods of tears.

It was don Alvarez she saw: it was don Alvarez beseeching his princess not to faint in her good resolves, but to proceed in the same unknown manner to her destined abode at the convent, as most befitting her royal heart, and most productive, in the end, of her glory and joy.

The hour of the common banquet approached, and as he was to quit the castle on the morrow, he felt it his duty to be present at it.

Estifana having, by this time, called pride and resentment to her aid, resolved not to give cause for any notice of her father, by absenting herself from this meal; and, having endeavoured to recompose her features, and smooth her swollen eyes, she entered the great hall a few minutes previous to the serving of the banquet. Scarcely had she entered, ere don Alvarez, enraptured and astonished, beheld her, and approaching her with joy, expressed his unexpected delight. But what were his sensations, when, turning abruptly from him, she called out to a nobleman near her, "Don Louis, oblige me by conducting me to my seat, and relieving me from the presence of an impertinent intruder." Unconscious of deserving such treatment, Alvarez stood bewildered, until reminded the banquet was served, joining which, he did all he could to conceal his chagrin. At length the company separated, and he wandered forth he knew not whither, lost in conjectures and alarm. Sometimes he fancied Estifana must have lost her senses; the next moment that she had become enamoured of some other. With a soul thus disturbed, he wandered back, and passing through the great gallery, he perceived Estifana sitting at a window overlooking the now star-lit scene, abstracted and in tears; approaching her, in the most supplicating tone, he said, "Estifana!"—"Ah!" and, overcome with mingled emotions of shame, regret, and anger, she slowly and dignifiedly walked up the hall. "Estifana," cried he—"by all my happiness on earth, I conjure you tell me what this means? what have I done? what do

you mean?" She had not been unobservant of don Alvarez' emotion at the banquet, and already repenting her of her fatal curiosity, and grieved at knowing the truth, as she conceived, love and regret had taken the place of resentment: "Leave me," she now said, in a voice scarcely audible—"there is no necessity for further insult." "Insult! impossible—you cannot think it! you, whom I cherish with a devotion second only to that which is due to heaven—Estifana!" "Leave me, sir; I did not deem you so accomplished a hypocrite." "I know not what you mean, nor why you thus torture me. Nay, you shall not go—my distraction overcomes all delicacy. Hear me, Estifana! Tell me, Estifana, what I have done, to merit this cruelty." "Unhand me, sir!" "I cannot, till I know the cause of your great anger." "You knew it when you made it, sir." "You speak in riddles: if I have done any thing, oh! tell me quickly." "You're adding to it now." "Hear me on my knees ever before the saints, and in the presence of—" "Oh! perjure not yourself. You have knelt before to-day." "Ah!" He started to his feet, and for the first time the hapless don Alvarez caught a glimpse of the suspicious situation he stood in with the princess. "Now, sir, if you can explain," said Estifana, with a dignity more awful than her anger. "Oh, Estifana! oh, touch not upon that—I must not, dare not." "It is well, sir;" and she moved to retire. "Oh! no, hear me, I conjure you." "I do." "It is a state affair—a secret of the government. That lady can be of no consideration to me." "Indeed! and do you kneel to all ladies thus?" "Estifana, have I for years made you the confidant of every thought, that now you will not trust to my solemn assurance once?"—"Have I ever failed in my fidelity and secrecy?" "No! no! but now!—" "Sanchez"—seldom did the lady address him by his Christian name; let all those who have ever loved, and been so named by the lady of their love, judge how it thrilled upon him—"Sanchez, I have been prodigal, and given every thought to you—never withheld the slightest shadow of a thought from your inspection; and do you now, when our love hangs on the disclosure, refuse to make it?" "Yes, I must, for duty bids!" "Then, sir, let

duty conquer love." "Oh, stay, stay!" "What for?—to be again told I am not worthy of your confidence? Had I not with my own eyes and ears witnessed and heard—oh, sir! I wrong my sex to falter thus." And she advanced a considerable way. Don Alvarez faltered—"Hear me, then, Estifana; hear me, and acquit."—"Well, sir?" "That lady is the infanta!" and don Alvarez dropped his voice, but not so low that the marquis d'Olina, who had been passing through the hall, and seeing his daughter in conversation with her lover, had had all his meanness aroused, and resolved to listen to their conversation. "The infanta? How? Why? What for?" asked the astonished Estifana. "Come into this embrasure, and, since you demand it, I will put my secret and my life into your keeping;" and he related the particulars of his mission, and all that had passed, to the lady Estifana. She was relieved, bewildered, and grieved—grieved at the manner she had forced his secret from his keeping. She said, "Oh, Sanchez! you know your life to me is dearer than my own—what could I think? The infanta!" "Hush! those syllables might cost my head."—"Oh, forgive me, Alvarez—forgive my mean suspicions, my hard belief—it cannot harm you." "Oh, did it—cost it my life—your anxiety would repay it, Estifana! The princess will soon be confided to the convent, and then you can no longer delay; after all this, my Estifana—you will not." "Of that hereafter."—"Promise." "I do." "I am too blest!"—"Hush, Alvarez! Oh, heaven, should I thought I heard—" "No! it is nothing," and Alvarez stepped out into the hall. The Marquis had adroitly slipped behind an abutment, and there was nothing to be seen but the faint checquerings of the reflected windows by the starlight on the floor. "Oh! we must part—farewell, Sanchez; say again you pardon me! Would I had confided more! Should it be known, and you—oh!" "It cannot—never can." "Farewell!" "I'll see you to the gallery." And don Alvarez, having conducted her thither, withdrew to his chamber.

The next day he proceeded with his royal charge, and in due time delivered her safe into the hands of the abbess. At taking leave, the infanta presented don Alvarez with a ring, as a token of her

sense of the noble way he had conducted himself in his odious task. With speed he returned to the capital, and in the smiles of Estifana, and the approbation of his uncle, who, in reward for his judicious conduct in so nice an affair, granted his long withheld consent to his formal asking of the hand of the marquis d'Olina's daughter. The future smiled before them, and the anxiety the lady Estifana occasionally felt at being the depository of so weighty a secret, only served to add an additional charm to her tenderness towards him.

But in this world we walk as upon ice, which, when most smooth, is also most slippery. The marquis d'Olina having, by such nefarious means, acquired the important knowledge of the destination of the infanta, lost no time in making use of it in political cabals. He had been long in the confidence of the duke of M—; and had he not thought the nephew of a reigning minister better than the heir of one who had only a chance of becoming such, he would not have consented to his daughter's union with don Alvarez. Possessing this information, he knew he could nowhere take it to a better market than the raging duke, who would have parted with ten times the advantages he had rather than have foregone the knowledge. The marquis, though cunning, was never far-seeing, and, reckless and careless of consequences to others, merely stipulated that the duke should not, in any case, reveal his informant; and thus he satisfied himself no ill consequences could accrue to don Alvarez.

The duke lost no time in making the most of his information; and the ardour of the lover so far overcame the prudence of the politician, that it soon reached the minister's, and finally the king's ears, that the infanta's retreat had been betrayed. Don Alvarez one morning entering his uncle's cabinet in his usual high spirits, perceived a strange alteration in his countenance. After a pause, in which he appeared to be deeply engaged with some papers, the minister suddenly rose, and drawing himself up—he was a full-made, majestic man—he demanded of don Alvarez thus—"What are you?" "A Castilian," proudly replied Alvarez. "Then put your hand on your sword, and swear, by the honour of your country, you never revealed to human soul the

mission for which I selected you from out the hidalgos of Spain." Don Alvarez was confounded. "You hesitate. You refuse to deny it. That hanging of the head is sufficient." "But, sir, hear me: she I did betray it to—" "Fool!" muttered his uncle; "nay, you confess, and I have but one course," and going to the arras, he drew it aside, and opening a small door, beckoned some persons, and merely saying, "He is your prisoner," they immediately grappled his sword. "Nay," cried don Alvarez, "not with force; be gentle, and I follow—" but ere he could utter the sentence, he was enveloped in a rough mantle, and conveyed into the anti-chamber, and thence through innumerable passages, so muffled up he could scarcely breathe, by four athletic men, and a strong guard, might he judge from the trampling he indistinctly heard. He was finally left in a small dark apartment, which, whether it were above or beneath ground, he had no means of ascertaining.

Gradually recovering his reflection, despair at first overwhelmed him; but regaining the composure so much the habit of his mind, he endeavoured to nerve himself for the worst. He had lain here for many hours, without hearing the sound of living creature, when he was aroused by the approach of feet, and presently an officer entered his apartment with attendants. "Signor," said he, addressing Alvarez, "speak not: I now for the first and last time address you; if you signify your assent by bowing your head to my proposals, follow me. Promise, on the oath of a Castilian, not to attempt to break the laws of the state prison by addressing any of its attendants, and you will be furnished with an apartment more befitting your rank. You comply: it is well; follow me." Don Alvarez and the alguacils arranging themselves around him, they proceeded through many passages to an apartment, which, though dim and secluded, was preferable to the dreary hole he had left. Throwing himself on his couch, the current of his thoughts revived by even this slight event; and the prospect of an ignominious and secret death, the blighting of all his hopes, and thus being torn from the consummation of all his joys, mingled with the upbraiding of his judgment for his failure in firmness, alternately lashed him into desperation,

and sunk him into despondency. A repast was served—the server first ostentatiously tasting all the dishes. When the attendants came to remove it, it was untouched, and was removed without the slightest expression of surprise. Shortly after, an unusual bustle somewhat aroused him; and with marks of the most slavish homage, his uncle, the minister, entered. The attendants withdrew, and they were left alone together. Dan Alvarez arose, and stood erect in silence. "I come to announce to you death!" said the minister. The colour forsook and returned to Alvarez' cheek—a slight tremor ran through his frame—but he became firm as marble the next moment. "You have betrayed the confidence of your king—you have frustrated the plans of your master and relative. You have put me into the power of the duke. I am accused of being engaged in a counter-plot. You are possessed of secrets of the state, which the tomb alone can be trusted with. I have raised and supported you, young man, and I will shew you I can pluck you down and crush. The king would have pardoned, but the blood of Alvarez can alone atone for the dishonour of Alvarez. I forbade it. Ere another sun rises and sets, you inhabit another world. These are the last accents of mortal that will reach your ear, save those of your father confessor. May God pardon what I cannot." And, so saying, he withdrew.—"It is just!" murmured Alvarez; "O, Estifana! Estifana!" and he fell on the floor.

We must now leave Alvarez and seek the lady Estifana. When she learned the sad tidings of the imprisonment of her betrothed, her heart poured forth a torrent of self-upbraidings. "It is I who have murdered him—my importunate jealousy has thus cut him off in the bloom of his life. I will die also—I will not live."

When don Alvarez had been so hurried to prison, his uncle proceeded to the cabinet of the king, where a council was sitting to examine the proofs of the charge against Alvarez. They were incontestible, and the sentence was passed which the minister himself conveyed to Alvarez. The king, who was by nature of a clement disposition, on re-considering the youth and fidelity in all other matters of don Alvarez, called for the minister the night

before the morning destined for the execution, and transmuted the sentence into one of secret imprisonment. The minister at length fell in with the king's clemency, on condition that none but themselves knew of his redemption, and that he should be sent to some distant fortress, where not even his keeper should be aware who he was. The wretched Alvarez had composed himself to meet his fate : and means had been allowed him to write to donna Estifana, which he did, conjuring her, by all their hours of love, not to cast away her own happiness in vain regrets. The letter was dispatched, and he, taking leave, as much as he could, of worldly concerns, resigned himself to the ghostly consolations of a holy father. But before the hour appointed for his final suffering arrived, his uncle again appeared, and informed him of the king's mercy. At the first news of prolonged life, the natural man swayed in his bosom, and hope and the world again danced before his eyes. But on hearing the doom of perpetual and solitary confinement, it seemed but an aggravation of his torments. He entreated, he commanded to be led to death—but no answer was returned to his ravings ; he was again left alone, and at the close of the day a mask and mantle were put into his chamber, with commands to array himself in them, and an intimation, that to attempt to utter a word to those who would shortly come to conduct him to his final destination, would be answered by a poniard, and death. He habited himself as directed, and awaited the coming of his guards. When darkness had completely set in they appeared, and in a close carriage he travelled two nights and a day, in what direction he knew not. At length he was conveyed to the tower, in the uppermost chamber of which, overhanging the river and the cliff, he was immured. No communication with existence allowed him but his mute attendant, he passed the slow hours in alternate agonies of misery, and attempts at recovering his steadiness of soul—the fate of his betrothed, his newly espoused Estifana, unknown.—Months had elapsed in this undisturbed monotony of misery, when one morning, watching the dawn of day, as was his frequent custom, what was his surprise to see a female, in dishevelled apparel, seated on a small ledge that overhung

the stream. Absorbed in deep meditation or melancholy, she remained, regardless of the dawning day, until the violent chirping of the birds around seemed to restore some faint traces of animation. She rose—he darted against the bars of his window—his heart leaped against his breast—it was Estifana ! “ Oh, God ! ” he cried ; “ Estifana ! Estifana ! My beloved, it is Alvarez calls you ! ” She looked up with a vacant countenance to the tower. It was, indeed, the lady Estifana, on whom a deep melancholy had settled, accompanied by frequent aberrations of reason. Sometimes she would walk up and down her chamber for hours, repeating such incoherent words as—“ I will go to the king—Yes, yes !—Haste my mantle—there—yes, yes ! But I did not betray—no, no, Alvarez, I did not. Alvarez ! ay, his head—lay it in my lap—he is gone to sleep ”—and such like. She had been ordered by her physicians to change the scene entirely, and had been conveyed to a seat not much frequented. It happened to be near the unknown prison of Alvarez, and she, having eluded her attendants the previous night, had wandered to the place he now saw her on. Long and loud did he call on her, and he pronounced his own name ; and she started, and cried in a maniac tone, “ I am called ! Yes, Alvarez ! I come ! ” Don Alvarez maddened—he tried the door—he called on his gaolers—they were deep sunk in sleep. He rushed again to the window—“ My Estifana ! Estifana ! ” “ Yes, it is Alvarez' voice ! I come, my beloved Sanchez, I come ; ” and gathering her mantle closely round her, she cast herself into the river.—“ God ! God ! ” raved the mad Alvarez, and, with the vigour of despair, he tore the bars from the aperture. He saw her body just rising, and her lovely arms waving in the waters : he cast himself from the tremendous height, and was dashed on the edge of the rock, and thence into the stream. Their families were informed of the mournful occurrence ; and their bodies, parted in life, were borne to one cemetery, where, together, they have long since mouldered into dust !

DUELLING IN AMERICA.

THE following is from the *New York Spectator*:—"We received a letter from a friend in the West, a short time since, from which we extract the following account of a duel, which, for novelty and brutality, the reader must confess, has not been surpassed:—

'Writing of their genteel and honourable mode of settling disputes, I will endeavour to give you a description of a duel which took place in a southern city not long since; and, to do the narration justice, I must inform you of its origin. One night, a stranger—a tall, bony, and powerful man—stepped into the bar-room of a fashionable hotel, and swaggered about, to the no small amusement of the company. His dress was unique, being a coarse Petersham coat, deer-skin pantaloons, and heavy water-boots. His head was graced with a huge Mexican hat, with a brim half a yard wide. The butts of two large horse-pistols protruded from either pocket of his coat, and the handle of a bowie-knife projected from under his vest. The strangeness of the man's appearance rivetted the attention of all present, and those who did not boast the bump of combativeness, shrank from the swing of his giant arm. "I'm a gentleman," said he, by way of introduction. No one appeared to dispute it, so he proceeded: "I own three thousand acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, and one hundred negroes, and I can chew up any man in this room." Still no one disputed him; and locking round with a sneer, he exclaimed, "I've killed eleven Indians, three white men, and seven panthers; and it's my candid opinion you are all a set of cowards!" With this denunciation he jolted against Dr. B——, a man of high honour and unquestionable courage. The doctor immediately threw the disgraceful epithet back on him, and at the same time spat in his face. The bowie knife of the stranger immediately glistened in the light, but the timely rush of several gentlemen prevented his plunging it into the heart of his opponent. Matters were soon brought to an understanding, and a formal challenge was given and accepted by both parties. Dr. B—— was a thickset, muscular man, and considered one of the best shots in the states; and even the arrangements of the duel did not shake his determination to

humble the arrogance of the stranger. The terms were these:—The parties were to be locked up in a dark room (the seconds remaining outside), each to be stripped of his clothing with the exception of pantaloons, and the arms and shoulders to be greased with lard. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie knife. At a given signal from the seconds, the butchery was to commence. The doctor, who survived the dreadful conflict, stated that for nearly a quarter of an hour they kept at bay, and scarcely a tread or breath could be heard after the cocking of the pistols. At moments he could see the cat-eyes of his antagonist; and when he was about to fire, they would disappear, and appear again in another part of the room. He at length fired: as quick as thought the shot was returned, and the ball passed through the shoulder. In his agony he discharged the second pistol at random; the flash brought a return from his opponent, and another ball passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Faint with the loss of blood, he staggered about the room, and at length fell heavily upon the floor. The stranger chuckled when he heard the noise of his fall, but soon became silent, and slowly and softly approached his victim, with the intention of dispatching him with his knife. This, however, the doctor, with much presence of mind, though barely alive, prevented—for the grey eyes of the stranger betrayed him; and while they glared like fire-balls over him, he struck his knife upwards, and it went through the heart of his antagonist, who fell by his side without a groan. The door was then opened, and the duellists were found weltering in each other's blood."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR JAMES M'DONNELL.

SOME three years ago, the duke of Wellington was waited upon at Apsley House by two gentlemen, who announced to him, that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British army, they called for the purpose of handing to his grace a check for that amount; being fully satisfied that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely

declined to receive the money, alleging that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his grace's visitors earnestly requested that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded, promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The duke received them with great courtesy, but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested that, if they had no objection, he would make his selection from the battle of Waterloo, that being the last, the greatest, and most important action of the war. This point being adjusted, his grace proceeded to state, that Hougomont having been the key to his entire position, and that post having been defended not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by major-general sir James Macdonnell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to sir James Macdonnell, and having acquainted him with the decision of the duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day the French troops rushed upon Hougomont with such irresistible force, that the gates of the farm were burst open, and for a moment the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful serjeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards, the French were driven back with great

slaughter, and the fate of Hougomont was decided. Sir James added, that the duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant officer who assisted him, at so critical a moment, in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept the £500, and divide it with serjeant-major Fraser, to whom he accordingly paid £250 of the money.—*United Service Journal*.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF MOREAU.

In the conflict that proved fatal to general Moreau, a cannon-ball struck his right knee, and passing through the body of his horse, carried away the calf of his left leg. He fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp, but soon recovered his power of perception. Seeing the tears fall from the eyes of the emperor of Russia, he faintly uttered, "Though I am little more than a trunk, my head and heart are still your majesty's!" He was immediately borne away on the lances of the Cossacks to the tent of the emperor, where his right leg was amputated by Dr. Wylie. During this painful operation, he smoked a cigar with great composure; scarce a muscle of his countenance moved. The doctor then examined the left, and uttered an exclamation of alarm. "What! must I lose this, too?" cried Moreau; "well, well! set to work!" This second torture he bore with equal fortitude.

RUSSIAN SUBMISSION TO DISGRACE.

THERE is scarcely one family of any distinction in Russia which has not some relation exiled in Siberia; and, what is still stranger, the family of the exile never long bewails his loss, but give *parties soirees* as usual: it is the will of the emperor, and his will is law.

HEROIC REPLY.

A Spartan once joined the ranks of his countrymen, who were proceeding to battle. He was lame, and the circumstance of his appearing under such disadvantage provoked the ridicule of his companions. "*I came to fight—not to fly!*" was the response of the limping hero.



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THE GOLDSMITH OF WESTCHEAP.

At the close of the fourteenth century, old London presented a noble and picturesque appearance. The eye was not then wearied with unbroken lines of brickwork, pierced full of squares for windows; but the streets displayed rows of lofty houses, lifting their sharp-pointed gables, adorned with many a fanciful and grotesque device; and the massive stone mansions of the superior class of citizens emulated the castellated dwellings of the nobles of the land. And then, enriched with all the decorations of Gothic architecture, arose the various religious establishments, each with its fair chapel and spacious refectory, surrounded by its wide and well-cultivated garden, and overshadowed by century-aged trees; while, on every side, the stately churches, with their pinnacled towers or tall airy spires, stood prond trophies of an era most unjustly termed barbarous.

One of the handsomest and most frequented of the streets, at the period when the following tale commences (although its Goldsmith's-row, subsequently the

boast of the old city, was not yet built), was Westcheap, the Cheapside of modern times. As the inhabitants were mostly dealers in delicate and costly commodities, being mercers, embroiderers, and goldsmiths, and as at this period too (1399), according to the united testimony of all contemporary historians, luxury had attained a greater height than had ever been anticipated, "alle exceedinge in gorgeously and costly apparel, farre above theyr degre; yeomen and grooms clothed in silke, saten, and damaske, bothe doublets and gownes—and hadde their garments entte farre otherwise thanne it hadde beene before, withe broidered worke, ryche furies, and goldsmythes work," as Master Robert Fabian sets forth; it is easy to imagine the splendid appearance of the different shops. Here, a mercer displayed to view damasks, satins, and velvets—even that costly fabric, forbidden to all but the highest order of nobility, "cloth of gold;" and beside him the broiderer exhibited his hoods, girdles, purses, and ecclesiastical vestments embellished with the most delicate needlework; while the precious stores of the

goldsmith, from the jewelled buckle for the head to the silver chain that fastened the long-peaked shoe to the knee; from the postel-spoon given by the godmother to the infant, to the large silver dish, or enamelled chalice, given by the noble to "holy church,"—all courted the admiring gaze of the passenger, from beneath the overhanging penthouse of the low unglazed window.

It was a stirring and a lively scene that this street presented one autumn evening, between vespers and complin; for there walked the city dame in bright-coloured sweeping mantle, her gold-hafted knife and tasselled purse hanging from her broad girdle; and the city damsel with silken kirtle and laced bodice; and the sober citizen, warden perchance of his company, or common-councilman of his ward (prond office in those early days), wrapped in his sad-coloured long gown, and lingering with a kind of quiet ostentation the well-filled velvet purse, or adjusting the rich enamelled brooch that fastened his hood; while, in that strangely grotesque dress, the silken long coat with hanging sleeves that swept the pavement, the tight party-coloured hose, and shoes which turned up "six inches at the end," and his hood worked with poppinjays, appeared the exquisite of the fourteenth century. Nor were the common people wanting. There, close beside the conduit, was a crowd of apprentices vociferously joining chorus to a ballad sung by a green-coated minstrel, which asserted with laudable patriotism that undoubted fact, in their estimation, that London was the first of cities, and her citizens the first of men. A little further on, a more quiet and elderly group surrounded another minstrel (or rather *disour*), who stood detailing in a kind of monotonous recitative the prowess of king Brut and his very apocryphal descendants, from that ancient compendium of metrical history, "The Chronikyl of Englande." Still farther on, mounted on the shopboard of one of his zealous disciples, a portly gray friar, with stentorian voice, and vehement action, recounted to a large and greatly edified auditory some outrageous miracles from the life of his founder, St. Francis of Assissi, not forgetting, in the pauses of his long narration, to send round the bag for the contributions of the faithful.

In the midst of this lively scene, two

men closely wrapped in those large coarse cloaks which formed the common travelling dress of the period, and were often used for purposes of concealment, appeared near the conduit, apparently engaged in deep conversation, and making their way through the crowd in a manner that betokened either a haste which admitted no delay, or a pride which brooked no opposition. Whatever were the cause, it was not without many an angry look and angry word that the multitude gave way; and the strangers, on their arrival opposite to the conduit, inquired of some of the apprentices, in a tone of command, where Arnold de Rothing resided.

"Two worthy personages to ask after goldsmiths!" answered one of the 'prentices, irritated at the haughty manner of the inquirer: "and what do ye lack? an enamelled brooch, a jewelled thumbing, a forty-mark girdle to match your goodly mantles—eh, lordings?" And a loud laugh burst from his well-pleased companions.

"Nothing but a plain answer to my question," retorted the stranger peremptorily.

"Well, then, master questioner," suddenly replied the 'prentice, as Master de Rothing is not looked upon by his fraternity, I should like to treat him to two such goodly customers as ye. Yonder's his house, next to old Forster's, the mercer, who hath turned the white hart of king Richard into that spotted antelope in honour of our good king Henry, by cutting off his horns and collar, and spotting him all over."

"Alas, the goodly white hart!" said the other stranger, in a suppressed tone; but low as was the ejaculation it did not escape the quick ears of the 'prentices.

"Ay, my good master, no wonder ye lament for the white hart," cried one; "ye ruffled in silks and damasks then, perchance, instead of your goodly mantle; but those days are gone, I trow."

"Come on!" whispered the other stranger.

"Ay, on with ye!" cried the first 'prentice, "with the malison of all true English hearts on ye, and the white hart too! Up with your caps, boys, for king Henry of Lancaster, the friend of the commons, who hath driven pilling and polling clean out of the land! St. Mary, though, I should like to know what you

two scatterlings can want with de Rothing. An' I had thought their pouches had been lined with rose-nobles, I had sent them to the Silver Unicorn."

"Trust not to outside, Symond," replied his companion; ye may have lost your master two good customers: see, there they go!"

"Ay, there they go!" responded a stern voice; "but the cunning shall be taken in his craftiness."

As this was said in Latin, and as the valiant 'prentices were no "Latiners," the solemn denunciation excited not the surprise which was caused by the sudden appearance of the speaker, who was instantly addressed with every mark of the profoundest respect. He seemed to be a very old man; yet it was not his white locks or flowing beard that excited their spontaneous homage; but his shaggy long coat, iron-shod staff, the large wallet, and high-crowned broad hat, bearing the scallop shell—each part of the appropriate garb of pilgrimage—that caused the 'prentices to gather round and pray a blessing from the holy man, whose weary feet had traversed many a far distant land, and who had, perchance, even beheld the deep blue skies, and breathed the spicy airs, of heaven-favoured Palestine. The pilgrim hastily pronounced a blessing, and proceeded onward, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the two men, who now entered a shop, where the meagre show of "vessayle of golde and sylvere" contrasted most disadvantageously with the splendid appearance of its neighbours; and, taking his stand opposite, he seemed as though he intended to keep watch until they should come out again; but it was in vain. The news that a pilgrim so venerable in appearance was to be seen spread rapidly among the crowd. The minstrel was left to finish his song alone; the reciter of "Chronykil of Englande" was deserted by his auditors, even in the midst of his description of king Bladud's marvellous works at Bath; and the portly gray friar found himself superseded in his vocation—the fickle congregation at the first intelligence having scampered off, nothing doubting that they should feast their eyes on some veritable relic, a tooth, or thumb-nail at least, of some wonder-working saint. Nothing of this kind did the pilgrim produce—no marvels nor miracles had he to detail; but, apparently

vexed at being made the object of unwished-for attention, pronouncing a few words of counsel to the assembled throng, he disappeared from view so suddenly and so completely, that the populace, ever fond of wonders, were almost ever inclined to affirm that he had vanished away.

The great attraction gone, the throng, warned by the darkening twilight, and ringing of the complin bells, quietly took their way to their respective homes; and the heretofore crowded street was deserted, save by two or three 'prentices, who lingered near Arnold de Rothing's door, anxious again to see the two strangers: but in vain; so, marvelling what their errand might be, and determining not to rest until they knew somewhat about it, they reluctantly returned to their habitations.

The following morning an unwonted smoke was seen issuing from the workshop of the unfortunate goldsmith; his only assistant seemed bustling about with looks of importance, and the careworn features of de Rothing himself seemed to have assumed a more satisfied expression.

"I should wonderfully like to know the meaning of all this," said the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, "for, an' I find those two strangers ye told me of have given de Rothing a good order, I'll swinge ye soundly for your rudeness to them. Had ye been more mannerly, and told them the best of work could be done at the Silver Unicorn, perchance they might have come to me."

"St. Mary! a likely story, for such beggars to give an order," replied the 'prentice: "two scatterlings, forsooth, who were most likely some of the disbanded Cheshiremen, and who, having mayhap but one groat between them, wanted it changed into rosenobles by the craft of multiplication, and so went to de Rothing"—for this unlucky goldsmith, in addition to his other troubles, had the misfortune to be addicted to the "beggarly pursuit of alchemy."

"Ay, boy," returned the master, "see what comes of book-learning, and being wiser than our neighbours; had Master de Rothing never read Latin, he had never been seeking after new things, but, seeking after new things, he must needs go abroad, and there must find out, forsooth, that the Lombard goldsmiths under-

stand polishing and enamelling better than we—a thing not to be thought of—and then must he seek to bring a Lombard among us, even to our very hall. I knew it would be his ruin, and so it was.”

“Ay, truly,” said the ‘prentice, “for none of the guild will even speak to him, and our lady knows had I thought these men had brought an order, they should never have carried it to him. No, no; if Master de Rothing be so fond of outlandish men, let them help him.”

“They have helped him but scantily, it seems,” returned the master; “for, methinks, he must soon take up his lodging in Ludgate. Soothly though, I’m sorry for Sybilla; she was brought up to different expectations, and a fairer or better nurtured damsel ye may not meet in a long summer’s day. Well, boy, mind this one thing, whatever else ye forget, never seek after book-learning, and never consort with foreigners.”

“That will I,” returned the ‘prentice. “Saints know I had liefer hammer by the day than spell the Chriscross-row for an hour, and far liefer welcome an outlandish man with my club than with my hand.”

“’Tis a good lad, after all,” said the master, as he went out; “ay, ’tis a good lad, for he speaks like a worthy citizen.”

But a few days passed away, and a new marvel was prepared for the wondering inhabitants of Westcheap. On de Rothing’s shopboard, lately so bare, were placed six gold chains and two enamelled brooches, of such delicate workmanship, that a reluctant tribute of admiration was extorted even from the lips of the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn. “’Tis an excellent workman,” said he, addressing the alderman of the ward, who stood admiring these beautiful specimens of “the arte of the goldsmith;” “but, I marvel who gave him the order.”

“So do I,” returned the alderman, “for de Rothing says they are quite unknown to him, but they will bring the money, and take them away to-night.”

The goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn went his way, determined to give his ‘prentice a pleasant taste of his cudgel, for his rudeness to men who seemed likely to prove such good customers, and the alderman entered de Rothing’s shop, to order a gold chain of a similar pattern, and a parcel gilt salver. The poor goldsmith, overjoyed at this second piece of

good fortune, now began really to believe that prosperity was about to revisit his long deserted dwelling, and with grateful heart returned thanks to heaven.

The same evening de Rothing, wearied with the labours and anxiety of the day, had gone out to solace himself with that usual recreation of the Londoners at this period, a walk in the adjacent fields, leaving his daughter Sybilla (their altered fortunes now permitting them to retain a single domestic) in charge of the house. Suddenly there was a loud and peremptory knocking at the door, and Sybilla, cautiously opening it, perceived two men wrapped in large coarse mantles, who inquired if de Rothing were within. The answer in the negative seemed greatly to perplex them, but, after some conversation, carried on in too low a tone to enable her to hear a single word, they demanded the chains and the brooches, producing at the same time a purse, so well filled with marks and nobles, that it might have purchased the whole stock of the shop twice over.

“I would we could see Arnold de Rothing,” said the first, entering and closing the door, “for our errand brooks no delay, and the city is not the best place for us to sojourn in—but what must we do?” continued he, addressing his companion; and again they commenced a low and earnest conversation, from time to time casting their eyes on the goldsmith’s daughter, as though she were the subject of it.

At length, counting out the sum agreed upon for the chains and brooches, and placing them in his purse, the first speaker, in a voice and manner very different from his first address, said, “Well, young maiden, ye must lead a merry life here, for ye have a goodly view of all the shows and ridings in Cheap. Didst see the earl of Salisbury’s last tournament? ’tis said he went in gallant array—dost know him?”

“In sooth I do not: we have little pleasure in jousts or ridings,” was the maiden’s answer, surprised at the abrupt and apparent unimportant question.

“Dost know the duke of Exeter? the earl of Huntingdon?—surely ye must know *him*?”

“Truly, I know none of them, save by name,” returned she.

“Nor your father? Surely so good a

workman must have been often employed by them?"

"I know not whether my father know them, but they have never employed him," was her answer.

"Well, young maiden," said the first, resuming his commanding and haughty air, "ye seem discreet; so we must even leave our errand with you—now, mark it well: bid de Rothing make twelve gold rings, each enamelled with this device; gauntleted hand stretched out, and around it this motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.' Now, bid your father keep counsel, and show the rings to no one, as he values our favour; for tell him, if he be careful to do our will, he shall ere long see himself placed among the first of his fraternity. So remember, a gauntleted hand stretched out, and the motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.'"

The speaker again closely muffled himself in his cloak, and taking the arm of his companion, with a haughty step departed. With a feeling of curiosity she could not resist, Sybilla watched the mysterious strangers till they were lost in the misty distance, when, turning round, she perceived an old man in the garb of a pilgrim close behind the door, apparently like herself anxiously gazing after them.

"Alas, my fair maiden, ye little know the danger that threatens you," said he; and his solemn melancholy tone struck ominously on her ear.

"Danger?" replied she; "holy father, wherefore say ye so? Surely heaven hath sent these men to us;" and she glanced an emphatic look at the heap of gold that gleamed with such tantalizing brightness on the board.

"Ah! trust not to the red gold when it shineth," continued he, in the same mild but solemn voice; "and yet how shall I give ye such counsel, when I well know how much ye lack money? Take, then, advice of me, and follow my bidding." Sybilla raised her eyes to the face of the pilgrim, anxious to scan his meaning. There was nothing in the countenance that betokened either fraud or deceit, while the kindly yet mournful expression with which he regarded her gained greatly on the feelings of one, who, though so young, had already learned the bitter lesson, that friendly counsels and kind looks are seldom bestowed on the unfortunate. "Now, be counselled by me," he continued; "ye

remember the twelve rings with the gauntleted hand, and the motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.'" The astonished girl started at these words: how could the pilgrim have become acquainted with this? The door had been closed the whole time the strangers were within, and they had spoken in so low a tone that it was utterly impossible for any other standing outside to have heard them. Apparently regardless of her wonder, the old man went on.

"Now, bid your father make *thirteen* rings, carefully and secretly as they ordered you; let them be left in readiness for these strangers; then do you take out the thirteenth, and convey it whither I shall direct. Now, take heed to this; for your father's safety depends on closely following my advice: take strict heed; and the blessing of heaven be on you!" Astonished at the strange events of the evening, and absorbed in vague conjectures of impending danger, Sybilla mechanically bent her head and folded her arms to receive the pilgrim's benediction, but when she raised her eyes he was gone.

It was not with those feelings of delight which his daughter had fondly anticipated that de Rothing, on his return, beheld the heap of gold; for the vague news that some unexpected good fortune had befallen him had reached the quick ears of his creditors, rendering them doubly importunate for payment, while the one to whom he owed most had that evening threatened to send him to Ludgate, unless he repaid two hundred marks by the morrow of St. Martin, to which little more than a fortnight was now wanting. With intense eagerness, therefore, even as the shipwrecked mariner seizes the rope on which his safety depends, or the dying man drains the chalice that is to restore him to life and health, did the friendless goldsmith listen to his daughter's account, and devoutly thank heaven that such good fortune had so unexpectedly been thrown in his way. Days passed on; the furnace smoked; de Rothing was evidently busily employed, and the neighbours looked anxiously for the result, but in vain.

"Ye were right, Symond," said the goldsmith at the Silver Unicorn; "de Rothing is at his old trade of multiplying, and with his usual success, for we see nothing but smoke."

"Well, whatever he be after, I'll find it out," replied the apprentice. "St. Mary! I shall never rest till I know who those two men can be." It was in vain that, in pursuance of this laudable intention, Symond, to the great loss of his master's time, was constantly standing at the door, or lingering about the conduit, hoping that chance might again throw in his way the two mysterious strangers.

Two weeks had elapsed, the thirteen rings were completed, but no one came for them. Martinmas drew near, and the short sunshine of de Rothling's prospects again became overclouded with fear. It now wanted but three days to the feast of St. Martin; and collecting all the money he possessed, which, however, did not amount to half the requisite sum, de Rothling set out in the evening to endeavour to propitiate his chief creditor, and obtain a farther extension of the time of payment. As though his mysterious visitants had watched for his absence, scarcely had he departed when they entered and demanded the rings. Favoured in her project by the absence of her father, Sybilla, securing the supernumerary one, presented the twelve.

"We have more work for de Rothling," said the first; "but he must closely keep our counsel, for there will be somewhat of risk; though, what of that? he shall be well paid; and we well know what need he hath of money; so bid him——." But here his arm was caught with an expression of great anxiety by his companion, and the unfinished sentence died away on his tongue. There was again a low and earnest conversation; at length producing his purse, the first speaker counted out a hundred marks, and pushing them toward the astonished girl, said, "You see, my fair maiden, we can well reward those who fulfil our bidding; so tell de Rothling to be ready, for ere long we shall need him."

The stranger departed, when, like their evil genius compelled to track their footsteps, or rather like some guardian spirit commissioned to watch over the friendless goldsmith and his daughter, the pilgrim appeared. "Follow my bidding, fear not, and waver not," said he; "but, ere the bell summons to morning service to-morrow, take that ring to the chapel of St. Thomas on London Bridge; stand on the right, beside the second pillar, and

give the ring to a man whom ye shall see holding a white greyhound by a red and blue leash."

"Alas, holy father!" said Sybilla, "'tis a perilous errand, and we are surrounded by dangers;—how can ye ensure our safety?"

"My fair girl, I could well show ye how your father's only security lies in following my counsel," replied he, "but I may not: however, by this ye may judge I know more about your concerns than you or even your father. Ye know he is gone to old Fitz-Martyn to pray his charitable forbearance for a few days: now, that cunning old usurer will dismiss him with hard words and an utter refusal—but afterwards, this very night, will he send a wondrous kind message, bidding your father use his own convenience, and pay when he pleases. When ye find this, methinks ye will not fear to follow my counsel;" and then again repeating his directions, he retired.

All came to pass precisely as the pilgrim had foretold; and, fully determined strictly to follow the counsel of one so much better acquainted with their affairs than herself, Sybilla, ere the thick darkness of a November morning had been wholly chased away by the struggling light, wrapped herself in her mantle, and quitting the house unobserved, took the back road to the bridge. Threading many an intricate passage, where the tall overhanging houses combined to prevent the admission of the little light already perceivable, and fording many a perilous stream, the united tribute of the neighbouring springs and the neighbouring sewers, she at length entered the beautiful little chapel of St. Thomas. It was empty, and taking her stand beside the second pillar, she anxiously awaited the arrival of the unknown object of her mission. In a little time a man, leading a white greyhound by a blue and red leash, his hood drawn so closely over his face that but a very imperfect view could be obtained of his countenance, entered from the door leading to the river. She presented the ring, which the stranger narrowly examined, and commending her conduct, and assuring her that the danger which threatened her father could only be averted by her giving him, from time to time, such information respecting the two mysterious visitants and their proceedings, as chance might throw in her way, he de-

parted, and Sybilla, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, returned home.

"By the shrine of St. Erkenwald! ye get worse and worse, like the old woman's parcel-gilt spoon. 'Two hours only gone into Fish Street, ye losel!' was the salutation of Master Denny of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, a few days after. "St. Mary! but I'll swinge ye soundly."

"Not so fast, good master," answered Symond, too well accustomed to his master's oburgations to feel them very keenly, and well aware that on this occasion he brought a sufficient excuse to hold him harmless, in the cargo of news which he thus proceeded to produce: "St. Mary! but methinks you should give me a cup of clary, or a cup of charneco, master, for all the news I've got to tell you: here was I ready to come back full an hour ago, walking along Cornhill 'in the peace of God and the king,' as the petitioners say, when, behold you, methought I caught a glimpse of those two men; so I ran after them, and got close behind them; and sure enough in they went to de Rothing's: but who, think ye, went in after?"

"Sweet lady! if I can tell," replied the master, his short-lived anger all evaporated at the very thought of some wonderment; "so let's have it?"

"Why, there, creeping along in the dark like a bat, came old Fitz-Martyn, and the door opened, and in he went; so there I stood outside, wishing I could get in, somewhat like the knight in the donjon—only he wished to get out; so, after a while, as I could hear nought, and as my eyes cannot pierce through thick walls, I went over to Master Twyford's; and sure enough there was Martin, that tall 'prentice of his, on the look-out also. 'Symond,' saith he, 'tis a mad world we live in: ye mind how old Fitz-Martyn quarrelled with Master de Rothing, and how he swore by the holy rood, and St. Peter and St. Paul, that he would clap him up in Ludgate to keep Christmas?' 'Truly I do,' said I; 'for 'tis as well known as Bow steeple.' 'Well, now, look you,' saith he; 'that same old Fitz-Martyn hath lent him now another two hundred marks, and told my master to-day that he would lend him three times as much more. But there are strange doings over yonder, without question or lesing,' quoth he. 'Do you see yon man?' So out I looked, and as the moon gave some

little light, I saw some one standing, methought, dressed like a pilgrim. 'He yonder is always prowling about,' quoth he; 'and I would give my best kersey jerkin to know wherefore. Moreover,' saith he, 'de Rothing hath had the two quarries of glass in the best room put in, and the cracked one mended, and hath ordered a scarlet in-grain kirtle for his daughter, and a sad-coloured gown for himself, and spoke somewhat about hangings.'

"Our sweet Lady be gracious!" ejaculated Master Denny; "it must be through the craft of multiplication—ay, that it must—or he would never have turned old Fitz-Martyn into a friend. I would I had a notion of it; for saints know I'd soon lay aside tongs, hammer, and graver."

"No, no," replied Symond, "'tis not by multiplication. We 'prentices think he is making goldsmith's work for some outlandish people, for he but yesterday bought fifty marks' worth of fine gold. 'Tis no good that he is after, for nobody can see aught he does: well, we'll keep close watch on him, and observe what comes to pass."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of de Rothing's neighbours to discover his occupation, his affairs were still wrapped in impenetrable mystery; and Christmas drew near—not in the quiet and almost unperceived manner in which it now steals upon us, but in all that preparation and solemn observance becoming a festival, which, beyond every other, our forefathers determined

"That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high titles (ay, highest) of the calendar."

And with a lighter heart and less careworn countenance did de Rothing anticipate the holy tide, and by many little domestic arrangements did he give proof to his marvelling and suspicious neighbours, that bitter and hopeless poverty was no longer his lot.

"Here, girl," said he, entering the room where Sybilla, with many an anxious thought that would not be banished, sat beside the cheerful hearth, engaged in the homely labour of the distaff: "here, girl," throwing a purse on her lap, "blessings on the saints! I'm a free man again, all my debts paid, and somewhat to put in the coffer—so lay aside your distaff, and

bring forth your gittern, for Master Fitz-Martyn and I will take a cup of clary together, and have a merry evening; and ye shall don your brave new kirtle, Sybilla, at Christmas; and methinks we must get new hangings," glancing a look at the faded and moth-eaten tapestry. "Ay, we will not do as of yore, blessings on the saints! Why, good Master Fitz-Martyn, methinks I seem raised from the dead."

While the joyful goldsmith, released from that heavy pressure of poverty and anxiety which for so many years had bowed him down, was thus giving utterance to his grateful feelings, the old usurer, with the eye of a basilisk, kept alternately watching his host and his daughter, and starting at even the slightest sound; while Sybilla, laying aside the distaff, took up her long relinquished gittern, and, with a mind filled with melancholy, though vague, forebodings, commenced the following song:—

"Dost thou ask what life can be?
Soothly, well I'll answer thee:
'Tis a coil of joy and sorrow;
Smiling eye, and cloudy morrow;
A changeful web to fancy's sight,
With warp of black and woof of white;
A chalice strange, commingling still
Sweet and bitter, good and ill;
Or, likeliest, an April sky,
When swift the passing shadows fly,
And now is darkness, now is light,
And the sunbeam glanceth bright;
Then a dark cloud saileth on,
And the golden light is gone:—
Such is life to thee and me—
Such hath been, and so will be."

"Grammercy, girl! but that song likes me not," interrupted de Rothing, "though soothly, 'tis true enough; but we must have somewhat merrier, and more suited to Christmas—to merry Christmas. Come, pledge me, Master Fitz-Martyn, to a merry Christmas; and Sybilla will sing us somewhat more pleasant." Again Sybilla tuned her gittern, and, with feelings little suited to her song, commenced:

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in blithe spring-tide,
When flowers are blooming on every side,
And the hawthorn buddeth, and skies are clear,
And all things rejoice in the morn of the year;
And knights and fair dames to the tourney ride;
'Tis merry, ay merry, in blithe spring-tide.
'Tis merry, ay merry, in summer hours,
For brighter the sky and sweeter the flowers,
And with hound and horn, and mickle glee,
The hunter hies to the greenwood tree,
Chasing the hart 'mid his leafy bowers;
'Tis merry, ay merry, in summer hours.
And merry it is when autumn sere,
Cometh to tell of the closing year,
When the joyful villagers' gladsome din
Telleth the harvest is gathered in,
And the vintage is ripe—though frosts appear:
'Tis merry, ay merry, in autumn sere."

But merry, most merry, when winter's snow
Spreads his mantle of white on the plains below,
For then is the midnight minstrelsy,
And the wassail-bowl decked with carol and glee;
Ay, merriest, when yule-logs blaze clear and high,
For sport-loving Christmas draweth nigh."

"Lady Mary! what noise is that?" cried de Rothing, starting up. "Be not fearful," replied Fitz-Martyn, at the same time moving towards the door with a quicker step than his bent and feeble figure might have warranted. Ere he reached it, however, a party of men-at-arms rushed in and seized the unfortunate goldsmith.

"What means this? on what charge am I taken?" cried he, looking with terrified wonder at the well-armed company that now filled the room.

"What charge, you scatterling, and disgrace to our good city?" returned their leader: "is it not for imagining and compassing the death of the king—ay, for high treason?" (*To be continued.*)

LAVALETTE AND THE POST MASTER.

M. de Lavalette, after escaping miraculously from the Conciergerie, succeeded in reaching, in the deepest disguise, the last post in France. The post-master, who was at the door, went to the carriage while the horses were changed, and, in spite of the English regimentals, discovered his old superior. "Have you heard any thing," said he, "of the escape of M. Lavalette? I should like to know if he has left Paris. A description of him has been sent to all the post-houses on the road to Brussels, and he will, most likely, take that road to get out of France." M. de Lavalette, who supposed he was betrayed, replied, lisping, with an English accent, "That he did not know—that he was an English officer travelling as a courier for his government, and going to Brussels." "Very good," added the post-master, after a momentary absence, "since you are going to Brussels, do me the pleasure of taking charge of these one hundred Louis which I owe him."

In such a situation, even the expression of gratitude is to be dreaded; and though M. Lavalette had to do with a man whose fortune he had made, he was obliged drily to refuse, concealing the tears which began to moisten his eyes. On arriving at the frontiers, he said to the postillion, "Here, my friend, are ten Louis for you; and tell your master Lavalette is saved."



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ROWLAND STANLEY:
A TALE OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

"It was a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced
out."
BYRON.

It was on a cold winter's evening in the last year of the reign of Elizabeth, that a party of gallants sat enjoying themselves in the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street. The various liquors on the tables before them, plainly showed that they were determined to fortify their stomachs, while within doors, against the effects of the cold without. There was Malmsey, Burgundy, and Sherris sack in plenty, and it was easy to perceive that they had gone far to rouse the spirits of the company, though without making them absolutely uproarious.

"Well, Frank Marley," said one of the gallants, slapping the shoulder of him who sat on his right hand, "by cock and pye, it glads my heart to see thee here: and hast thou left thy books, and quitted the close air of the Temple, for the good cheer of mine host of the Devil? By mine honour, Frank, thou art regenerated:
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thou shalt be baptized in sack, and admitted again into the society of Christian men."

"Christian men!" retorted the student; "why, callest thou thyself Christian, Ned, while carousing under the sign of the very Devil himself? I'll wager a pottle o' Malmsey thou hast not seen the inside of a church since last Penticost-tide."

"Thou wilt lose thy wager, Frank: ask Barnaby, the sexton of St. Martin's, if I was not the most devout of the congregation on Sunday last."

"Aye, truly," cried another of the company, "thou wert there, doubtless; but it was Mistress Bridget Barlow, the rich goldsmith's widow, who attracted thee. Here's to thy success!"

He drank off a glass of wine as he spoke, and his example was followed by the rest of the company, when the student called for a song. The first speaker (who was the son of one of the richest merchants in the Chepe), after giving a few preparatory hems, sung as follows:—

"Merrily, merrily drain the bowl,
If care ye would not dree;
Here's Malmsey, Sack, and Hippocras,
Sherris and Burgundy.

2 F

Come, ye spiritless wights, who are wedded to scolds,

Those shrews who are match for the devil—
'Tis wisdom to flee from their music, I trow,
So join in our merry revel.

And ye gallants who scorch 'neath your maiden's dark glance,

Who swear that your souls are like tinder—
O, hasten away from such kirtle durance,
If ye would not be burnt to a cinder."

"By this light!" exclaimed the student, "thou hast a marvellous proper voice, Ned. Have ye no love-tale to tell us? Thou hadst once a store."

"Marry, I have forgotten them: thou knowest my father likes not my travelling, so that I have small chance of hearing the adventures of love-sick damsels and gallant knights; but yonder sits a gentleman who has, methinks, seen service."

The person alluded to by the young merchant was a stout, hale man, about the middle age, whose buff coat and broad belt, sustaining a sword and dagger of Spanish workmanship, plainly indicated his profession: he had lost an arm, and the empty sleeve of his doublet was fastened by a point to his breast.

"Gentlemen," said he, on being pressed to join the party, "I have, as you suppose, seen some service, and have left an arm in the Low Countries. I commanded a body of pikemen at the siege of St. Getrudenberg, in Brabant; 'twas there I became acquainted with an Englishman of good family, whose unhappy fate I shall ever lament. I will, with your permission, relate the history of our acquaintance, and his death."

To this the company gladly assented, and the captain, emptying his glass, began as follows:—

"On my arriving in Brabant, prince Maurice was before St. Getrudenberg, which he had assaulted several times without success. The company under my command were picked men, and I was soon actively engaged, for the besieged made frequent sallies, and it required some of the best troops to repulse them. In one of these sallies, I was posted, with my troop, to support the charge of a regiment of English pistoliers. The action was short, but bloody. The enemy's harquebussiers and cross-bowmen made sad havoc amongst our horse; at their first discharge full twenty saddles were emptied, and a fresh body of their billmen rushing in, completed the overthrow of our cavalry—they broke ground and

retreated. A desperate charge of the pikemen under my command checked the pursuit of the enemy. In the midst of the rout, I suddenly beheld a horse galloping by, and dragging its rider, who lay upon the ground, his foot having become entangled in the stirrup. I flew to his assistance, and with some difficulty succeeded in extricating the stranger from his perilous situation. He pressed my hand with great warmth, and thanked me a thousand times for my timely assistance. He had, luckily, received only a few slight bruises, from the effects of which he recovered in a few days, and a friendship was cemented between us, which nothing but death could terminate. I learned that his name was Rowland Stanley, and that he was the youngest son of a rich family in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

"I will not tire you, gentlemen, with an account of the many affairs we had with the enemy, which were attended with various success. Near to the town of St. Getrudenberg is the little village of Stanlo, in which was a fort of some consequence. Prince Maurice was resolved to get possession of it, as it commanded a weak quarter of the town. It chanced that Stanley's troop and my own were ordered upon this expedition, together with six culverins; but it totally failed: the enemy sallied out, and, in spite of the most obstinate valour on the part of our troops, we were beaten back, with the loss of many men. Stanley's horse fell under him; pierced by a harquebuize shot, and he was seized and dragged into the fort by the enemy, while our shattered troops made good their retreat. Judge of the mortification and sorrow I felt at being thus deprived of my friend; indeed, I had some fears for his safety, for the prisoners on either side oftentimes experienced rough, and in many instances cruel, treatment, at the hands of their captors.

"The alarm we were kept in the few succeeding days diverted my melancholy; but the enemy, weakened by the continual checks we had given them, became less venturous, and kept within their walls, and I was again left to deplore the loss of my friend.

"One night, while sitting in my tent absorbed in thought, I heard the hasty challenge of the sentinel, and at the same

moment Stanley entered. I am not naturally superstitious, but this sudden apparition of my friend, whom I had considered lost to me, staggered my senses. His dress was wet and disordered, and covered with green weeds, and his long dark hair was dripping with moisture. The warm pressure of the hand with which I was greeted, convinced me that it was he, and I eagerly inquired how he had escaped?

“ ‘We will talk of that anon,’ said he; ‘but first give me a cast of your clothes, for I have been playing the otter, and am wet to the skin.’

“ ‘I complied with his request; and when he had changed his dress, he gave me an account of his escape.

“ ‘Howard,’ said he, ‘am not I a lucky wight, to make a conquest while a prisoner in yonder fort?’

“ ‘A conquest!’ echoed I, incredulously: ‘what mean you? I cannot solve your riddle.’

“ ‘Marry, no less than this: the governor of that fort has a niece, as fair a maid as e’er set free a captive knight. Would’st thou believe it, while I lay this evening in my dungeon, mourning the loss of my freedom, and moreover my coat of mail and Bilboa blade, which those Wallon dogs have despoiled me of, the door opened, and that sweet girl entered my prison. She bore a small lamp, and was followed by a dwarfish figure, who carried a small basket.

“ ‘Stranger,’ said she, ‘this conduct may seem to thee unmaidenly, but you are an Englishman, and will not judge me harshly for my rashness. You must hasten from this place, or your head will be set on the walls by sunrise, a sad spectacle for your gallant countrymen.’

“ ‘Had’st thou been there, my friend, thou woul’st have thought me eloquent; for methinks I never poured out my thanks so freely—no, not even when I experienced thy kind and timely assistance. To be brief, she enjoined silence, and the dwarf was ordered to file the fetters which secured my legs, and in a few minutes I was free.

“ ‘Now,’ said my fair deliverer, ‘follow, but be silent—your life depends upon it!’

“ ‘We passed from the dungeon with stealthy pace, and after passing through several passages, we ascended a flight of steps. Here the measured tread of a sen-

tinel was audible. The dwarf was dismissed, and I neglected not to improve the opportunity. Short as it was, I succeeded, and my fair deliverer promised to be mine. A hasty kiss sealed the compact, and I solemnly swore to bear her away from the fort to-morrow evening. The sentinel, whose steps I had heard, produced a rope, which he fastened to the wall, and I quickly lowered myself into the fosse which surrounds the fort, swam across, and arrived here without molestation.’

“ ‘Such, gentlemen, was the account he gave me of his escape. I listened to him with serious attention, and though I saw clearly the danger of the attempt to carry off his mistress, I resolved to aid him in the enterprize. Not to tire you with an account of our preparations, I will proceed with my story. Night arrived, and found us with about fifty men, near the walls of the fort. A raft, constructed of light timber, served us to cross the ditch. Stanley and myself crossed, and a postern gate admitted us, with five men. The sentinels were bribed, and all was still, save the howling of the dogs within the fort. Leaving our men at the gate, we proceeded on tiptoe along a dark passage. The soldier who had admitted us then cautiously unlocked a small door in the wall, and ascended a flight of steps: we followed him, and on gaining the top, were told to wait awhile. He then left us, but returned in a few minutes, and desired Stanley to follow him. This proceeding somewhat alarmed me. What if it should be a concerted plan to betray us? However, I resolved to meet my fate, if it should prove so; and after cocking my petronels, which I had taken from the holsters of my saddle, I placed them again in my girdle, and loosening my sword in its sheath, I stood prepared for any attack that might be made upon me, looking cautiously round on all sides. The room in which I stood had three doors; the one opposite to that by which I had entered stood open, and on looking through it I perceived that a flight of stairs descended into a dark and gloomy passage. At this instant I was somewhat startled on hearing a noise as of cautious footsteps, and looking down into the space below I perceived a man approaching; he had a torch in his hand, and I saw him cautiously step over the bodies of two soldiers, who lay

sleeping upon the floor. Their calivers lay on the ground, with their lighted matches at a little distance. Drawing my cloak around me, and shading the light of the lamp I held, I awaited the approach of this person, whose footsteps I soon heard ascending the stairs, and the next moment he entered the room. He was a man of tall and commanding stature; his hatless head was bald, his forehead high, and he glanced round the room with an air of mistrust. I had retreated into a corner, in the hope that he would pass without perceiving me; but I was deceived, for he demanded to know who I was, and at the same time cocked a pistol. I drew my sword, and rushed upon him; and he snapped his pistol, but it missed fire, and my thrust was broken by the cloak which he had thrown over his left arm. This gave him time to draw his sword, and he pressed upon me with great vigour. The clash of our weapons would have certainly alarmed the guards who slept beneath, had not their liquor been drugged. The noise, however, roused Stanley, who entered with his mistress. I conjured him to fly instantly, while I kept my adversary at sword's point. He obeyed me, and instantly left the apartment, though he had already drawn his sword to assist me. My antagonist swore deeply on perceiving his niece. This sight probably threw him off his guard, for a thrust striking him on the breast, he reeled, and staggering backwards, fell down the stairs. His coat of mail saved him, and shattered my sword to pieces, but the fall was terrible, and I heard his armour ring as his body bounded from step to step till he reached the bottom. Not a moment was to be lost; I quickly secured the door so that he could not pursue us, and flew to Stanley, who had borne off his prize. We had reached the gate, when the loud ringing of a bell told that the garrison was alarmed, and in an instant a roar of voices was heard within the fort. The men who had remained at the gate, seized with fear, jumped on the raft—Stanley followed with his fair burden,—and that moment it upset!

That night will never be effaced from my memory! One loud shriek of mortal agony burst from the unfortunates, whose armour did not allow them a chance of escape! The fosse was deep—they sunk down, and the next moment the raft rose

to the surface of the water! A heavy fire from the troops, who now lined the walls, rendered any attempt to save them impracticable,—indeed, I was in much danger myself; but having cut with my dagger the straps of my corslet, I threw it off, and swam across the fosse, uninjured by the shower of balls which was rained from the fort, and regained my troop, overwhelmed with sorrow for the fate of my young friend. The fort was taken a few days afterwards, when a shot from a culverin took off my left arm.

“Gentlemen, pardon these tears for the untimely fate of a valued friend and comrade. The recollection of it has rendered me unfit for your company.—Give you good night.”

The captain rose as he spoke, and throwing his cloak around him, bowed to the company, and notwithstanding their entreaties, departed.

THE GOLDSMITH OF WESTCHEAP.

(Concluded from p. 216.)

“St. Paul and St. Erkenwald watch over us!” ejaculated Master Denny, of the Silver Unicorn, the following morning; “alack! who had thought of plots and conspiracies, and one of the guild and fraternity of goldsmiths among them? Saints know, that though I had but a sorry opinion of de Rothing, yet I never thought him so bad as this.”

“Ay, master,” retorted Symond, “methinks you should give me somewhat for the cudgelling ye treated me with, because I did not ask these scatterlings to come to the Silver Unicorn. Truly, they might well give a high price for their rings, when the man worked with a halter about his neck for them.”

“And how came it to pass?” cried old Master Forster, the mercer: “I saw the gold chains, but methinks there could be no treason in them.”

“No, truly,” returned Symond, “but he made rings with a device and motto; and those very rings, they say, have been sent to those lords who joined in the conspiracy to kill our goodly king Henry at the masquing that is to be held at Windsor—the fiend confound them!—for who ever heard of treason and foul murder at Christmas?”

“And there are some of the first nobles in the plot,” said Master Denny; “the

duke of Exeter, and the earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury."

"St. Mary confound them all, and pay off on them the murder of the good earl of Arundel and the good duke of Gloucester!" responded the bystanders.

"But, Master Fitz-Martyn, ye can tell us all about it?" cried Master Forster; "for I mind ye were with de Rothing but yester-even."

"I have but scant to tell ye," returned the old usurer, "save that he will be hanged, and rightly so."

"Alack, poor soul!" cried Master Denny, his hostility to his rival in trade giving way before his feelings of commiseration; "he was hardly put to it, or he would not have done so; but we all know when coin is scant, a man is fain almost to take Sathanas' money rather than go penniless."

"But we know de Rothing of old," returned Fitz-Martyn, with a malicious grin; "did he not try to bring in foreigners among ye? was he not always seeking after new things? Nought's too bad for him to do. Why, if it was said he were a worshipper of Mahound I would believe it."

Alas, for poor de Rothing! Hated by his fraternity, and an object of suspicion for so many years to his neighbours, it was in vain that he protested his innocence of treason, his attachment to Henry, and his total ignorance of this deeply-laid plot; he had taken money of the traitors, he had worked at their bidding, and though, with the exception of the rings, there was nothing in the nature of the work (it being chiefly ornaments to be worn at the ensuing masquing) to have excited his suspicions; yet all his protestations were received with indignant scorn, for every one seemed determined to find him guilty.

In the meantime, nothing was thought or talked of throughout London, save this discovered plot. The green-coated minstrel's salutation of "Good morrow, merry gentlemen!" passed disregarded; the portly fraternities, "black, white, and gray," chanting, on their gift-seeking perambulations, some saintly carol, found few to listen to their melody; and when, to "startle the dull ear of night," the city waits came forth, in their anxious converse about "treasons, stratagems, and death," the worthy householders forgot to bring forth the spiced tankard, as of yore, and

reciprocate "wassail" with these wandering musicians.

As the ill-omened usurer had predicted, de Rothing was speedily put on his trial, and, as a matter of course, found guilty. Although nothing was proved against him save his having made ornaments which were afterwards traced to the possession of the principle movers of the plot; although the names and abode of the two mysterious strangers were wholly unknown to him; and although old Fitz-Martyn, who now took upon himself the credit of being the first discoverer of the plot, appeared as a principal witness against the man whom he had evidently trepanned into it; yet such was the hostility of the citizens against any one who should seek again to place upon the throne a monarch from whose rapacious exactions and arbitrary conduct they had formerly suffered so severely, that the intelligence, that the unfortunate goldsmith was to take his last journey to Tyburn the following morning, was received, if not with joy, certainly without any expression of sorrow.

But where was Sybilla? and with what feelings did she behold all her dismal forebodings realised? From the fatal night when de Rothing was conveyed from his home, even to the morning of his trial, she remained calm, for she felt confident of his ultimate acquittal, the mysterious pilgrim having assured her of his safety; but now, when sentence of death was passed, and his execution ordered for the following morning, her anxiety knew no bounds. The name, the dwelling of the pilgrim, were alike unknown; and yet she felt that on seeing him her only chance of success depended.

At length, as evening closed in, uncertain what course to pursue, she bent her footsteps towards London Bridge, hoping (for who even in the most desperate circumstances, hath not some faint hope, some shadow of expected succour, to which the mind clings with a pertinacity as strong as, often, it is vain?) that heaven might throw in her way the pilgrim, or that equally mysterious stranger to whom, in the chapel of St. Thomas, she had delivered the ring. As she approached the bridge-foot, there was a confused murmur of voices, the tramp and neighing of horses, and the clank of armour, while the broad ruddy glare of the cressets, borne by a numerous com-

pany of the city watch, gave to view a confused assemblage of citizens, apprentices, and men-at-arms, all with eyes anxiously cast up to the turreted gateway extending across the entrance to the bridge, where two gory heads frowned grimly even in death on the appalled yet apparently gratified multitude. Sickened at this unexpected sight, and fearful to encounter the rude pressure of the crowd, Sybilla drew back, when the firm grasp of an unseen hand arrested her, and, turning round, she beheld the very object of her anxious search, the venerable pilgrim.

"Come hither," said he, drawing her nearer to the gateway. "Look up: know ye not these faces?"

The shuddering girl glanced one look, and started back, exclaiming, "Too well! they are the very strangers who have brought us into this sore jeopardy."

"Ay," continued the pilgrim, fixing his eyes on the pale, blood-stained countenances, where the impress of fierce passions yet remained, adding a deeper horror to the ghastliness of death: "ay, and such is the end of wealth, and power, and high ancestry—of the earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon! Yes," continued he, and a smile of triumph seemed to light up his placid features; "and here is motive for ye to place firm trust in Providence. These two wicked men pursued the good earl of Arundel to death; and the cup they prepared for him, have they not drunk? Did not these very eyes see the earl of Huntingdon, when, with that perfidious Richard, he feasted at Plashey with the good duke of Gloster, and the next day led him forth and embarked him for Calais, where he was foully murdered? And what did these eyes behold but yester-even?—that very earl of Huntingdon, driven back in his frail bark on the coast of Essex, and seized and led to the very spot where he arrested the good duke of Gloster, and there was his head stricken off. Now, be not east down, Sybilla de Rothing: if Heaven so surely tracks the wicked to destruction, will it suffer the innocent to perish?"

"Alas! but to-morrow morning!" cried Sybilla.

"Fear not," replied the pilgrim: "all shall be well."

"But, holy father!—" cried she. The sentence was not completed, for the pilgrim had vanished among the crowd;

and, uncertain what course to pursue, she took the fatal resolution of proceeding to the lord mayor's, and communicating to him her discovery of the names of the two strangers.

"My fair maiden," said he, with a look of deep commiseration, "it is all in vain; for even had I been able to do aught for your father, your own confession would put it out of my power. It now appears that he was actually in communication with the leaders of the plot; and your assertion, that he knew them not, would have no chance of belief. Alas! ye must seek succour of heaven, for nought can avail you."

The last morning that Arnold de Rothing was to behold, broke slowly but clearly on his sight. It was the depth of winter, yet the sun shone forth with a clear and steady lustre from the faint blue sky, as though to repeat that lesson so often given in vain, that the material world, though made for man, sympathises not (as the visionary has so often and so fondly imagined) in his joys or his sorrows; and a look of mournful reproach did the hapless goldsmith glance up to that bright sky which seemed shining as in mockery, and many a lingering gaze did he cast on the fair landscape stretched before him, as with his only attendant, the worthy priest of his parish, he proceeded on the fatal road to Tyburn. And along Holborn, then a road bordered with hedge-rows, and scarcely exhibiting a single house, the procession passed, until at length the hurdle stopped before the gate of the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where, according to the benevolent yet strange custom of our ancestors, the porter had to present the frothing bowl of "good ale"—the last draught of the condemned malefactor.

De Rothing turned away his head as he gave back the untasted bowl. "Onward," said he: "alas! all will soon be over." And yet, as the procession moved forward, he again gazed around at scenes on which he was soon to close his eyes for ever; as if a lingering love of them (though to him so clouded) yet held possession of his breast. A low murmur arose and gradually increased among the crowd that followed, and a horseman with breathless speed galloped forward to the sheriff and presented a sealed billet. The sheriff reverently doffed his bonnet and

bowed his head, as his eye glanced over its contents, for it was an order, signed by the king's own hand, instantly to send Arnold de Rothing back to Guildhall.

Ere the astonished goldsmith could recover his self-possession, he was taken from the hurdle, placed on one of the sheriff's own horses, and, with a speed that left the marvelling crowd at an immeasurable distance, again conveyed to the city. There all was bustle and anxiety; for the lord Cobham had just arrived on a mission, it was said, of importance; and every citizen left his business, and every 'prentice his occupation, to welcome that nobleman, whose father (the earl of Arundel) was canonized in the memory of a grateful people, as the martyr of their liberties, and who, himself, had been among the foremost to unsheath the brand in the cause of Henry.

"My good citizens," cried he, as he entered Guildhall, "it is to perform an act of justice to a worthy member of the brotherhood of goldsmiths that I now appear before you. Long since, from an unknown hand, I had notice of that plot now so happily discovered and put down, and I have sufficient reasons for knowing that Arnold de Rothing was neither art nor part in it. I know, too, that from his daughter information was obtained, and even a pattern of their rings. The pursuit and overthrow of those traitors hindered me from hastening earlier to rescue good Master de Rothing from the fate that seemed to await him; but I rejoice in having it now in my power to make some amends to a man to whom lady Fortune hath been so strangely spiteous. King Henry hath commanded that five hundred marks be paid to the person who gave the first notice of the plot: this, therefore, is due to Sybilla de Rothing, his daughter; and I shall add to it other five hundred marks, as some scant reparation to her father, for all that he has suffered."

"My lord! my very good lord!" exclaimed old Fitz-Martyn, pushing forward; "that reward is mine: did not I give the first intelligence?"

"Ho! Master Fitz-Martyn," returned lord Cobham; "the master ye have so long served hath doubtless sent you here. St. Mary! but I was e'en about offering a reward for your head. Know ye this letter?" holding up a small piece of

parchment. "O, ye are a worthy usurer! ye'll turn cat i' th' pan with Sathanas himself. Seize him, good people! as arrant a traitor as ever stretched halter! for he was in communication with lord Huntingdon while he so bitterly pursued Master de Rothing to death." Fitz-Martyn was quickly seized, and, ere the week's end, took the same road from which de Rothing had so unexpectedly returned.

Who shall describe the joy of the goldsmith and his daughter at this sudden revolution of fortune? Bowed to by the very men who, but one short hour before, had followed his hurdle with execrations; welcomed home by neighbours who for years had looked on him with suspicion; and, (more grateful than all besides,) warmly greeted by that fraternity from whose friendly companionship he had been so long exiled, Arnold de Rothing returned to his home the happiest man in all London. It need not be said, that his after-life was marked by uninterrupted prosperity. If any thing were wanting to complete his felicity, it was the circumstance, that, notwithstanding the most sedulous inquiries, no tidings could ever be obtained of the mysterious pilgrim: from the evening when he met Sybilla at the bridge-foot, he was never seen again. Many were the conjectures respecting him: some thought he had been a servant of the duke of Gloster's, who, subsequently to his master's death, had gone on pilgrimage, and returned just in time to witness the retribution of heaven (perhaps to aid it) on his murderers. This opinion, which derived considerable plausibility from the intimate knowledge he certainly possessed of all the actors in the plot, and also from the joy and gratitude he expressed when the gory heads of Salisbury and Huntingdon were exhibited to the view of the citizens, did not, however, suit the wonder-loving taste of a generation that considered supernatural agency as necessary to the succour of an individual as to the salvation of an empire, and invoked and expected the assistance of superior intelligences to perform that to which mere human agency was perfectly adequate. Another party, therefore—and it was by far the most numerous, since it comprehended all the servants of the church and all the city apprentices—maintained that he was nothing less than

some saint, who, won by the sincere devotion of the unfortunate goldsmith, and the unprotected loveliness of his fair daughter, had condescended to quit the realms of bliss and assume the humble garb of a pilgrim, to succour those for whom all hope of human aid was vain. The only obstacle to complete uniformity of belief on this momentous subject, was the difficulty of determining to which of the crowd of saints in the Roman calendar this honour should be assigned. The most devout vehemently supported the claims of St. Martin, whose real benevolence gave him a far better right to canonization than at least two-thirds of "the blessed host," whose protection each morn and evening they duly invoked; while the 'prentices, unwilling that a Londoner should be rescued save by the intervention of some indigenous saint, strenuously maintained the claim of St. Erkenwald, reminding their opponents, that it was on the very eve of his translation (that festival so devoutly kept by all good citizens), that the pilgrim for the last time appeared. Long did these conflicting opinions continue to agitate the minds of the good people of London, even until Arnold de Rothing, full of years and honours, slept in peace. But long afterwards, and through many generations, was his singular tale handed down; and many a desponding mind was encouraged to hope, and many a sorrowful heart urged to a more firm reliance on Providence, by the eventful history of "The Goldsmith of Westcheap."

HIGHLAND HARDIHOOD.

John, lord Reay, was long held in duress, in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, during the Protectorate. The manner of his deliverance from prison, according to tradition, exhibits a striking instance of Highland hardihood:—"Lord Reay's delivery from his confinement (tradition says) was effected thus:—his lady, the daughter of Hugh Mackey of Scoury, was uncommonly beautiful and handsome; and having been introduced to the protector, she fell down on her knees before him, and in the most impressive manner, begged that her husband might be liberated. He was so struck with her beauty and deportment, that he said he would do all in his power to gratify her; lord Reay, he added, was a state prisoner, and he could not of him-

self order his liberation, but if she could manage so as to get him out of prison, he would grant him a protection or pass to secure him from farther trouble, and which he delivered to her accordingly. A great difficulty still remained, how to get his lordship beyond his prison wall. His lady and his servant, John Mackay, one of the clan Abrach, always had free access to him. There were two grenadiers, sentinels, before the front entry to the prison. John said, if lady Reay could get his lordship brought that length, he would at the hazard of his life, prevent the sentinels from obstructing him. The lady effected her part, and as lord Reay was ready to advance towards the sentinels, John laid hold of them both, and with the greatest ease laid them prostrate, the one above the other, and then disarmed them. As his master was now under cover of the protection, John surrendered himself, and was immediately put in prison and laid in irons.—He was afterwards brought to trial, at which Cromwell himself assisted. He said, that the servant no doubt had forfeited his life; but his conduct, which went to obtain his master's liberty, and perhaps to save his life, was heroic; and if this man was put to death for an act of this nature, which proceeded wholly from his fidelity to his master, and was attended with nothing hurtful in itself, it would discourage their own and other servants from entertaining that degree of attachment to their masters, which a pardon granted to this prisoner would insure. His opinion, therefore, was, that for the sake of justice, the panel should be condemned to die; but that, in the circumstances of the case, the punishment should be remitted, which was agreed to unanimously. After the sentence was intimated to the prisoner, Cromwell, having taken a full view of his large hooked nose, impending eye-brows, fierce manly aspect and proportional figure, exclaimed, 'May I be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp.'"

GENEROUS REASONING.

The steward of the duke of Guise representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of persons whose attendance was superfluous. The duke, after reading it, said, "It is true I can do without all these people, but have you asked them if they can do without me?"



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THE GARTER:

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

ENGLAND resumed her ascendancy over Scotland soon after Edward the Third had commenced that brilliant reign, which was destined to attract the eyes of all Europe towards him. Nature and fortune seemed to have concurred in distinguishing this prince from all other monarchs. He was very tall, but well shaped; and of so noble and majestic an aspect, that his very looks commanded esteem and veneration. His conversation was easy, and always accompanied with gravity and discretion. He was affable and obliging, benevolent and condescending; and although the most renowned prince, warrior, and statesman, of the age in which he lived, his manners and conduct were courteous, unaffected, and even humble. His heart, filled with visions of glory, was as yet ignorant of a passion which few men know how to combat: young Edward was unacquainted with love. He only aspired to resume those conquests which had escaped from the feeble grasp of his unhappy father.

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He burned with the desire of subjecting a neighbouring kingdom, the conquest of which had ever been a favourite project of England. Robert Bruce was in his grave; and his successor, although he inherited his courage, did but hasten the destruction of the Scottish monarchy.

The English monarch was served by men who were worthy of their master. William Montacute had fought, with distinction and success, against the French and Scots, and raised by the king to the rank of earl of Salisbury, he desired nothing but the continuance of his sovereign's favour, which Edward confirmed, by engaging the baron de Grandison, one of his ministers, to give his eldest daughter to him in marriage.

Katharine de Grandison had not yet appeared at court, but lived in seclusion and solitude at her father's castle, in Gloucestershire. To a tall and stately form, she added the most sylph-like grace and lightness of figure. Her features were perfectly symmetrical, and her face was exquisitely fair; her eyes of an intense blue; and her voice rich, powerful, and melodious. The accomplishments, both

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mental and acquired, with which she was endowed, were of as high an order as those of her person; and to both, she united a sweetness and gentleness of disposition, which made her the idol of all who were acquainted with her.

Her father, the lord de Grandison, was of a lofty and imperious character: neither very mild or amiable, he had a stern and inflexible spirit of justice and probity. Incapable of sycophancy, although he resided at court, and adoring his sovereign without being able to degrade himself to the rank of a flatterer, he would gladly have sacrificed his life for the king, but his honour was dearer even to him than Edward. Next to the monarch and the state, the object to which he was most attached was his daughter; and he lost no time in acquainting Katharine with the wishes of his master, who demanded her hand for the earl of Salisbury. The father did not observe the daughter's emotion, but retired, convinced that he should be obeyed. He had, however, not long quitted the apartment before her youngest sister, Alice, entered it, and found her bathed in tears.

"Sweet sister," said Alice, "what mean those tears?"

"Alas!" returned the lady Katharine, "I am no longer to be mistress of myself. Thy love, and my father's protection, were all I wished to form my happiness; and I am about to pass under the yoke of a husband whom I have never seen, nor ever wish to see."

It was in vain that Alice endeavoured to impress on her sister's mind the advantages which would attend her union with king Edward's favourite. "It is true," she replied, "that the earl of Salisbury, stands high in the favour of the greatest monarch in Europe. But hast thou ever seen the king, Alice? Is he not worthy of the homage of all mankind? Lives there any one who can so irresistibly command our respect, our veneration, our love? I beheld him but once, at an entertainment to which my father accompanied me; but one glance was sufficient! Oh! how happy will that princess be who calls him husband!"

At these words the young lady paused, and blushed; yet notwithstanding such very unpromising symptoms the day for the nuptials was immediately fixed, as the old lord never dreamed of asking his

daughter if his own and the king's choice were agreeable to her. The Abbey of Westminster was chosen for the celebration; the primate performed the ceremony, the king gave away the bride, and Katharine, accompanied by her husband and her sister, proceeded to spend the honeymoon at the earl's castle of Wark, in Northumberland. His lordship had not, however, many weeks enjoyed the society of his beautiful wife, before he was summoned to attend the earl of Suffolk on a warlike expedition to Flanders, on which occasion his usual good fortune for the first time forsook him. Both the earls were defeated in the first battle in which they engaged, and were sent prisoners to the court of France, until they could be ransomed or exchanged.

This piece of intelligence was communicated to the lady Katharine, at the same time with another, by which she learned that king Edward had been solemnly betrothed to the lady Philippa, of Hainault. The treaty for the marriage gave general and unmixed pleasure to all his subjects; the count of Hainault, the lady's father, being one of the most powerful allies of England on the continent, who had been mainly instrumental in rescuing it from the tyranny of Mortimer, earl of March, and the old queen, Isabella, and thus securing the crown for Edward the Third. The lord de Grandison, in particular, was delighted by the prospect of an union between the houses of England and Hainault; but no sooner was this news communicated to the countess of Salisbury, than she was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow; whether the earl's captivity, or the king's marriage, had the greatest share in causing it, we must leave our fair readers to determine.

"Why, my sweet Katharine," said Alice, "why do you take the earl's captivity so much to heart? the court of France must be the most agreeable prison in the world: there he will find every thing to solace him in his misfortunes, and enable him to sustain his separation from you."

"Let him forget me, let him cease to love me, 'tis no matter!" sighed the countess.

"You deceive me, Katharine," said Alice, "you conceal something from me, for it is impossible that the capture which has placed your lord in the hands of gene-

rous foes, can be the occasion of so deep a grief as yours."

"True, true, my sweet Alice," said the countess, throwing herself into her sister's arms, "I am the most wretched of women; I love——"

"The earl," said Alice.

"The king!" said Katharine, hiding her face in her sister's bosom.

"Ha!" said the latter, "what is't I hear? I am your friend, your sister, Katharine, and would fain administer to your peace; but whither will this fatal passion lead you?"

"To death! sweet Alice! to death! or, at least, to a life made miserable by the consciousness of nursing in my heart a sentiment, to which honour and virtue are alike opposed. And I have a rival, Alice! oh! save me, save me from myself! speak to me of Salisbury, of my husband, of his renown, his truth, his valour! and I will forget this king, whose conquests cannot be bounded by France and Scotland, but must include even the affections of his subjects."

The heart of Katharine was tender, and susceptible, but bold and firm; and in the society of her sister, and in the active discharge of the various duties devolving upon her elevated rank, she endeavoured to repress that fatal passion which the recent intelligence had strengthened to a height almost bordering upon insanity.

In the meantime, king Edward openly declared war against the Scots; who, instead of waiting to be attacked, resolved to become the assailants, and, with a large army, invaded England; ravaged the northern counties; attacked Newcastle; took and burned the city of Durham; and, finally, laid siege to Wark castle, which was left to the defence of the countess of Salisbury, sir William Montacute, the son of her husband's sister, and a very slender garrison. This heroic lady, however, by her beauty and firmness, inspired all with courage, and devotion to her cause, though the assault of the enemy was too fierce and unremitting for them to hope long to possess the castle, without assistance from king Edward, which sir William Montacute volunteered to obtain.

"I know your loyalty and heartiness towards the lady of this house," said the gallant knight to the beleaguered garrison, "and so, out of my love for her, and

for you, I will risk my life in endeavouring to make the king acquainted with our situation; when I doubt not to be able to bring back with me such succour as will effectually relieve us."

This speech cheered both the countess and her defenders; and at midnight sir William left the fortress, happily unobserved by the Scots. It was so pitiless a storm that he passed through their army without being noticed, until about day-break, when he met two Scotsmen, half a league from their camp, driving thither some oxen. These men sir William attacked and wounded very severely; killed the cattle, that they might not carry them to their army; and then said to them, "Go and tell your leader, that William Montacute has passed through his troops, and is gone to seek succour from the king of England, who is now at Berwick;" which intelligence being speedily communicated to the king of Scotland, he lost no time in raising the siege, and retreating towards the frontier.

Within a very few hours, king Edward arrived to the relief of the garrison, and proceeded to pay his respects to the countess, who went to meet him at the castle gates, and there gave him her thanks for his assistance. They entered the castle hand in hand, and the king kept his eyes so continually upon her, that the gentle dame was quite abashed; after which, he retired to a window, where he fell into a profound reverie; and, as Froissart tells us, upon the countess enquiring the subject of his thoughts, and whether it was public business on which he mused, the king replied—

"Other affairs, lady, touch heart more nearly; for, in truth, your perfections have so surprised and affected me, that my happiness depends on my meeting from you a return to that love with which my bosom burns, and which no refusal can extinguish."

"Sire," replied the countess, "do not amuse yourself by laughing at me, for I cannot believe that you mean what you have just said; or, that so noble and gallant a prince would think of dishonouring me, or my husband, who now is in prison on your account."

The lady then quitted the king, who, after passing the whole of that day, and a restless and sleepless night, at the castle, at dawn the next morning departed in

chase of the Scots. Upon taking leave of the countess, he said, "Dearest lady, God preserve you! Think well of what I have said, and give me a kinder answer." Her reply to which solicitation was, however, similar to all the former, though Edward would have been amply revenged for the rejection of his suit, had he possessed the keen eyes of Alice de Grandison; for to their piercing scrutiny her sister's heart, with all the storm of passions by which it was agitated, was laid entirely open.

"Alice," she said, "it is too true, I do not love alone! Edward returns my fatal passion. But my mind is fixed. I will behold him no more; would to heaven that my husband were here!"

As she uttered these words, the countess sunk into the arms of Alice, and at that moment she received a letter from the earl. "Heaven be praised!" said she, "Salisbury is on his return, and his arrival will alike prevent the king and me from nursing a sentiment which ought to be stifled in its birth." Upon the old lord de Grandison's arrival on a visit to his daughter, he observed the profound sorrow in which she was plunged. "But rejoice, Katharine!" said he, "your husband will soon be here. By an arrangement between king Edward and the courts of France and Scotland, he has been exchanged for the earl of Moray. Check, then, this immoderate grief: Salisbury has suffered defeat, but it is without disgrace."

The countess felt all the pangs of conscious guilt, when she heard her father attribute her grief to the absence of her husband. Oh! my father," she said, when left to her own painful thoughts, "even thee, too, do I deceive: I am the betrayer of all who surround me, and dare I meet the gaze of Salisbury? Alas! my misfortune, and my crime, are traced in indelible characters on my brow."

Edward, on his return to his capital, though surrounded by dazzling splendour and enticing pleasures, could not chase from his mind the image of the countess; and, unable any longer to bear her absence, he wrote to the lord de Grandison, commanding him to bring his daughter to court, for the purpose of awaiting the speedy arrival of her husband. "My father," said she, as soon as the old lord had communicated to her the royal com-

mand, "will not the earl come hither to me?"

"Katharine!" answered de Grandison, "the slightest wishes of the king it is our imperative duty to obey."

"My lord, if you knew—I am a stranger to the capital; does it not abound with dangers? is there not——"

"Nay, nay, my child; you have wisdom, education, and virtuous example, to protect you. Once more, your father and king command you; and you must accompany me."

De Grandison then made the necessary preparations for his own return to the metropolis; and the countess, under the pretext of indisposition, was able to delay her own journey but for a short period. News from her father, however, speedily informed her of her husband's arrival; and this was quickly followed by a letter from Salisbury himself, full of the most passionate expressions of attachment, and urging her immediate presence. To both these, she answered by a plea of continued illness; and to the latter, added an earnest entreaty that her lord would himself come to Wark Castle, where she had matter of importance to communicate to him; being resolved to explain the cause of her reluctance to visit London, and, confidentially, to acquaint the earl with the solicitations of the king.

This latter letter had remained unanswered for a considerable time; and the countess feared that she had given offence to both her husband and her father, when at length a messenger arrived from London. The countess snatched the packet from his hand, and eagerly perused it; it was from her father, and ran thus:—

"My dearest Daughter,

"The moment has arrived when you must arm yourself with all that fortitude which you have inherited from me. True grandeur resides in our own souls; that which we derive from fortune vanishes with the other illusions of which this life is compounded. You were anxiously expecting your husband; and he was about to receive further honours from his master; but the King of kings has decreed that Salisbury should not live to enjoy the bounty of his monarch. A sudden illness has just removed him from this world.

"Your affectionate father,
"DE GRANDISON."

The decease of the earl of Salisbury was deeply lamented by the countess. Gallant, generous, and affectionate, he had won her esteem, and had she had an opportunity of knowing him longer, might have gained her love. Her delicacy, too,

loaded her with self-reproaches, from which she did not attempt to escape; and made her feel the loss she had sustained still more acutely. "I will repair my crime," she said; "I will revenge the manes of Salisbury. The king, although affianced, and by proxy espoused, to Philippa of Hainault, will renew his suit to me; but he shall learn that esteem and duty are sometimes as powerful as love itself."

By the death of the gallant earl, king Edward found himself deprived of one of the main supports of his crown, and he regretted him not less as a useful citizen, of whom the nation was justly proud, than as a loyal servant, who was sincerely attached to his master. Love, nevertheless, mingled with the king's regrets; since he could not but be sensible that he was now without a rival; and that the countess was free from a constraint, which had hitherto separated them from each other. The earl died without children; and the law compelled his widow to renounce the territorial possessions which were attached to the title, and which now reverted to the crown. This event, therefore, rendered her presence in London unavoidable; and, on her arrival in the metropolis, her father, desirous to relieve her from the melancholy in which she was plunged, wished to introduce her at court, and present her to the king. This proposal, however, met her firm refusal. "What is it that you propose to me, my lord?" said she; "ere these mourning habiliments are well folded round me, would you have me parade them in solemn mockery at the foot of the throne? Never! Leave me, I conjure you, my lord; leave me to solitude and despair."

De Grandison wished not to constrain the inclinations of his daughter; and upon communicating the reasons of her absence, the king affected to be satisfied with them. He had, however, communicated his passion to sir William Trussell, one of the most artful intriguers and insinuating sycophants about his court; who, anxious only to secure his place in the king's favour, had encouraged him in the prosecution of this amour, and even violence, should it be necessary towards the attainment of his object.

"The ingrate!" said the king, when he found himself alone with Trussell,— "she refuses me even the innocent grati-

fication of beholding her. I ask but an interview; I wish but to look upon her beauty; and she refuses to grant me even this niggardly boon for all that she has made me suffer."

"My liege," said Trussell, "it is compromising your honour, and your dignity, to submit to such audacity. The daughter of de Grandison ought to feel but too much flattered that king Edward deigns to bestow a glance, or a thought, upon her. Her husband is in the tomb; she is free from all restraint; and you have tendered your love: what is it that she opposes to your offer? Her virtue! Is not obedience virtue? Is not compliance the first duty of subjects to their sovereign? My liege, this daughter of de Grandison hides intrigue under the name of virtue. Your grace has a rival."

"Ha!" said Edward, while his lip quivered, and his whole gigantic frame trembled like an aspen leaf: "by heaven, thou hast it, Trussell! Fool that I was to feign that reserve for which this haughty minion now despises me! Fly to her, then; demand an audience, and command her to appear at court; tell her that I will brook no answer but compliance."

Trussell hastened to execute the monarch's orders; and the king, left to himself, began to ponder on the course which he was pursuing. "I have yielded, then," said he, "to the fiend's suggestions; and thus abased myself to a level with the weakest and most despicable of mankind. I am preparing to play the tyrant with my subjects, and my first victim is an unhappy woman, whose only crime is the obstinacy with which she repels my unworthy addresses. Hither," he added, clapping his hands, and immediately one of his pages stood before him; "hasten after sir William Trussell: bid him attend me instantly."

"Trussell," said the king, as he returned equipped for the errand he was about to undertake, "I have consulted my heart; I have held communion with myself; and I have learned that it befits not Edward of England to employ force or artifice to achieve the conquest of the heart of Katharine; "I will vanquish her obstinacy by other means."

"What, my liege!" said Trussell, "will you then submit—"

"To any thing, rather than suffer the countess of Salisbury to accuse me of despotism."

"In your grace's place—" said Trussell.

"In *my* place," interrupted Edward, "you would act as I do: I wish to show that I possess the soul, as well as the station of a king. Katharine of Salisbury shall not be the victim of my caprice.—Go; and, in future, give me only such counsel as shall be worthy of us."

The king congratulated himself on this heroic effort; and it was one which cost him many pangs: nor was the countess without her struggles and anxieties; for, while the image of her lost husband was hourly becoming more effaced from her heart, that of the king was more deeply engraven there than ever. She received many letters from him, but answered none; and the pride of the royal lover began to take fire again at the neglect and contumely with which his mistress treated his addresses; whilst Trussell used every means of nourishing this feeling, and of insinuating that both the father and daughter were anxious only to enhance the price at which the virtue of the latter was to be bartered.

De Grandison, who began to think that his daughter carried her grief for her husband to an immoderate height, now remonstrated with her, somewhat impetuously, on her absence from court.

"Do you think," said he, "that I will willingly behold you in a state of eternal widowhood? or that I will suffer you to fail in the respect and duty which we owe the king? Is there a monarch in the world so worthy of his subjects' love?"

"Alas!" said the countess, "who can feel more deeply than I do, how much we are indebted to him. But take care, my father, that he performs the contract for which his royal word and your own are irrevocably given. See that he weds, and that speedily, Philippa de Hainault."

"Wherefore should I doubt that he will do so?" said de Grandison. "Is he not pledged, in the face of all Europe, to become her husband? and was I not the bearer of his promise to the earl of Hainault to that effect?"

"He will never wed her, my father," said the countess; "you are yourself witness that from day to day he defers the marriage, on the most frivolous pretexts."

"Nay, nay, sweet Katharine," said the old lord, "wherefore should you take so much interest in this marriage? This is but a stratagem to put me from my suit. I am going this evening to attend the king, so you must accompany me."

"Pardon me, my dearest father, pardon me, but I cannot go."

"I entreat, I command you," said de Grandison. "I have too long permitted your disobedience, and now——"

"Father! behold me a suppliant on my knees before you; defer, but for a few days, this visit to the court, and then I will obey you."

"What means this emotion, Katharine?" said her father, "I find it difficult to refuse you any thing. Do not forget, however, that the delay which I grant, must be but a short one; in three days you must accompany me."

This interview, however, which the baron had been unable to effect either by his commands or his entreaties, he at last managed to accomplish by a stratagem. He persuaded his daughter to consent to accompany him to a masqued ball, to which she had been invited by the countess of Suffolk, at her seat, a few miles distant from London: and the fair and noble widow no sooner made her appearance among the assembled company, than every eye was fixed upon her. Her tall and stately, yet graceful figure, glided down the rooms like a visitant from another sphere, when an unfortunate accident completely disconcerted her. A mask, richly dressed, had long followed her through all the apartments; when, as she was endeavouring with some embarrassment to escape from his pursuit, by hurrying to a vacant seat, her garter dropped upon the floor; the mask eagerly stooped down and seized it, and she, as eagerly, instantly demanded its restoration.

"Nay, gentle madam," said he, "this is a prize too precious to be lightly parted with, and I——"

"Discourteous knight," said the lady, "know you whom you treat with so much indignity?" and at these words, she removed the mask from her face, hoping thus to awe her persecutor into acquiescence. Her surprise, however, was equal to that of any one present, when her tormentor, removing his own visor,

discovered the features of king Edward. The lady sank on her knees before the monarch, and the whole company followed her example.

"Behold!" cried the king, holding up the ravished garter, a treasure, of the possession of which I own myself unworthy; yet I will not part with it, for any ransom wealth or power can offer." An ill-suppressed burst of laughter followed this speech. "*Honi soit qui mal y pens!*" exclaimed the king. "Laugh on, my lords and gentlemen! but in good time the merriest of ye, yea, and the greatest sovereigns of Europe, shall be proud to wear this garter." Thus saying, the king whispered a few words to the countess, which seemed to occasion her considerable embarrassment; and then, making a lowly obeisance, left the apartment.

The declaration which he had that night made, he shortly afterwards accomplished, by instituting the far renowned order of the garter; which, with the ceremonies and entertainments consequent upon it, for some time occupied the almost undivided attention of king Edward. His love for the countess of Salisbury was, however, now openly avowed; and the arrival of the princess Philippa, to whom he had already been married by proxy, was delayed in consequence of his not sending the necessary escort. The people soon began to murmur at this delay, since not only the honour of the king, but of the nation also, was concerned in keeping faith with the count of Hainault, whose alliance was of such vital importance to the interests of England. It was at this juncture, that the lord de Grandison presented himself to the king, and demanded a private audience.

"I have letters, my liege," said the baron, "from the count of Hainault, who bitterly complains of the delay in executing the treaty, with the conclusion of which your grace was pleased to honour me."

At these words, the king changed colour, which the baron was not slow in observing, as he continued, "Wherefore my liege, should this intelligence displease you? I perceive in your glance traces of dislike towards this union, which all England expects with such impatience."

"De Grandison," said Edward, "kings are formed of the same materials as other

men. They have hearts, and mine is consumed by a passion which makes me sensible that rank and power are not happiness."

"What, my liege! have your eyes betrayed your heart to another object? Can you forswear your royal word?—Honour, fame, policy, all forbid it; all conspire to hasten your marriage with the lady Philippa."

"If you knew the beauty of my own court who has inspired my passion, my lord, you would not press this subject."

"I know nothing but your grace's interest and honour," said de Grandison. "Pardon my frankness, but there can be no motive to occasion any further delay."

"No motive, lord de Grandison?" said Edward, and he sighed. "Alas! I see that age has chilled your blood, and frozen up your heart."

"My liege, I burn more than ever with devotion to your service. If this marriage be not solemnized, and speedily, you will offend a powerful prince, to whom you are indebted for many benefits, and also disappoint the fond hopes of a loyal people. You forget yourself, my liege; remember that you are king of England! I speak to Edward, who, stripped even of the splendours of royalty, should still be worthy of the respect and admiration of mankind."

"We shall see, my lord de Grandison," said the king; "but now leave me, leave me."

The old baron had no sooner left Edward, than the king summoned Trussell to an audience, and informed him of his recent interview, and of its unfavourable result, adding, "I wished to speak to him of his daughter, and of my love for her; but I know not wherefore I was unable to explain myself. There is a fierce inflexibility about that old man, which irritates me. I reverence, and yet I fear him."

"And is your grace deceived by this de Grandison's affectation of inflexibility and virtue? Believe me, my liege, that they both have their price, although it is somewhat an extravagant one. But suffer me to undertake your grace's suit, and I will so manage it, that the baron himself shall be the first to give the lovely countess to your arms."

Upon leaving the king, Trussell speedily sought and found the baron alone in

his apartment, perusing and sighing over his dispatches from the count of Hainault. De Grandison had that instinctive aversion for his visitor, which was natural to a mind like his; still he could not refuse to listen to a messenger from the king; and Trussell accordingly called up all the resources of an artful genius to explain the object of his visit with as much delicacy as possible. The old lord listened with a cold and disdainful attention till the conclusion of his harangue, and then replied, "sir William Trussell, you explain yourself very clearly. The king loves my daughter, and you come to persuade me to use my influence in inducing her to yield to his grace's wishes."

"Nay, nay, my lord," said Trussell, "your lordship misconceives me. I spoke merely of management, of modes of conduct to be observed by your lordship and the countess. You have been more than fifty years a courtier, my lord, and I cannot be speaking a language which you do not understand. It is for your lordship, therefore, to decide what answer I shall bear to the king."

"I will bear it myself, sir William," said de Grandison, "and that instantly."

"You cannot mean it, my lord," said Trussell.

"Any further conversation between us," said de Grandison, "is quite unnecessary. His grace shall shortly see me."

Scarcely was the unhappy father relieved from the presence of Trussell, than he sank upon a seat in a state of distraction. "This then was Edward's reason for desiring the presence of my daughter, and he would—! But he is incapable of such baseness; it is that villain Trussell who has corrupted the princely current of his thoughts and feelings: or can my daughter be acquainted with the king's weakness? Can Katharine be an accomplice in this amour? If but in thought she has dishonoured these grey hairs—" His look grew black as midnight, as he grasped his sword and rushed from the apartment.

The interview with his daughter at once removed the most painful of the old man's suspicions, and with an anxious but determined heart, he then presented himself before the king.

"Welcome, my lord de Grandison," said the monarch; "my good friend,

Trussell, has revealed to you the precious secret of my heart; and you come to tell me I have not relied in vain upon your friendship and your loyalty; your daughter—"

"I have just left her, my liege; and she has laid open her whole heart to me."

"And she hates me?" said the king, impatiently.

"The most dutiful and loyal of your grace's subjects, Katharine offers you a homage the most respectful and profound. But she is the daughter of de Grandison; she is the widow Salisbury; and that neither of those names have yet been tainted with dishonour, is a truth which the king of England needs least of all men to be reminded."

"What have I heard?" said the king.

"Truth, my liege, truth; to whose accents your minions would close your ears, but whom you hear speaking by my mouth. My daughter is not fitted for the rival of the princess of Hainault; and to be—If I offend, my liege, my head is at your grace's disposal. I have finished my course, and shall soon be no longer in a condition to serve you. Why, then, should I care for the few days which nature might yet permit me to live? At least I shall die with the assurance, that my daughter will cherish the memory of her father, and of his honour. Dispose of me as you please, my liege; you are master."

"Yes, traitor," answered Edward; "and I would be your protector, and your friend; but you compel me to exhibit myself only as your sovereign. Instantly command your daughter's presence here, or prepare yourself for a lodging in the Tower."

"The Tower, my liege," replied de Grandison; "I will hasten thither with as much alacrity as I interposed my shield between your grace's breast, and the arrow which was pointed at it, on the field of battle."

(To be continued.)

LEONIDAS.

A soldier saying at Thermopylæ, that the arrows of the barbarians were so numerous as to hide the sun—"Then," said Leonidas, "we shall have the great advantage of fighting in the shade."



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THE PAGAN HYPOCRITE;
OR, THE
DANISH PIRATE.

SHORTLY after the death of Charlemagne, Lobroc, or, as some historians call him, Lodbrog, king of Denmark, finding his kingdom had become too populous, which created great distress and clamour among the people, became anxious to rid himself of the more turbulent part of his subjects; accordingly, to put this into effect, he revived the ancient law of expulsion. In order, however, to give every one the chance of remaining at home, with some resemblance of justice, it was determined to cast lots. Among those upon whom the lot fell was his own son, Biörn, (surnamed Côte-de-fer, from the iron plates of his armour.) A great number of vessels were prepared, and the king entrusted the command of the expedition, and the charge of the royal youth, to Hastings or Hading, a veteran pirate. As soon as the fleet was ready to sail, the old king affectionately parted with his son, and Hastings rowed for Picardy, which was the first object of his attack. He as-

cended the river Somme, and, with his followers, committed the greatest ravages in the adjacent countries, set fire to the towns, violated the women, and murdered the inhabitants. There was not a church or monastery but what they destroyed, drowned the bishop and clergy of St. Quentin, and grossly profaned their sacred relics. To these dreadful depredations no effective resistance could be offered in the distracted state of France, immediately after the death of Charlemagne; Charles the Bald, his favourite son, having so weakened the army, by his repeated contests with his eldest brother, Lothaire, that he was utterly unprepared to resist or punish so formidable a body as these northern invaders, who having, therefore, wreaked their demoniac fury on the province, they betook themselves to their fleet, and proceeded on to Neustria. At Fescamp, the nuns disguised their countenances to escape the brutal violence of the pagans, who, if they spared their chastity, sacrificed their lives, and the convent was destroyed by fire. The magnificent abbey of Jumieges shared the same fate; but the greatest portion of its

nine hundred monks fortunately contrived to escape with their relics.

Rouen had its full share of the calamity; and from thence the devastating tide flowed over all Neustria, Brittany, and even to the very gates of Paris. The people scarcely knew where to fly from these "*children of hell*," as they were denominated. All France was in consternation, and as they successively assailed the towns on the western frontier, the monks, surprised that their venerated relics were of so little avail on so pressing an occasion, were compelled to flee also.

Though years rolled on, no simultaneous movement was made by the French, to stem a torrent, which in all probability they considered as irresistible. At length, not satisfied with the immense booty which had been acquired in that kingdom, Hastings resolved to visit Rome, of the riches of which he had heard exaggerated rumours. He accordingly put to sea, pilaged in his course several maritime towns of Spain and Africa, and, landing on the coast of Tuscany, he assailed Lucca, which he mistook for Rome. Failing in his assault against that city, he had recourse to one of the most diabolical and hypocritical stratagems that a demon in the shape of man could devise, and one which has been often since employed by other adventurers of his nation.

He caused it to be circulated to the inhabitants of Lucca, that he was disgusted with his present mode of life; that he wished for nothing but liberty to purchase ample provisions for his men, which he would fairly pay for; that his followers were about to return to their native country; and he was labouring under a mortal disease, which made his conscience very uneasy, as he was extremely solicitous about his eternal salvation; and he even requested of the clergy pardon and absolution for his sins, and permission to enter the bosom of the Christian church.

Such a pious request could not but be regarded with joy by the pious ecclesiastics of the city: they, in great pomp, waited upon the governor, and after much persuasion, prevailed on him to grant a temporary suspension of hostilities. This being accomplished, great and splendid preparations were made by them for the public baptism of so renowned a pagan.

On the day appointed for the perform-

ance of this ceremony, Hastings was carried to the cathedral, feigned extreme sickness, and acted his part so well, that none ever expected him to recover. After submitting, with much apparent contrition for his manifold sins, to the sacred rites, he dwelt on his approaching dissolution, and, as the last favour, fervently begged in the most humble manner that the archbishop would permit his body to be laid in one of the vaults beneath the consecrated building. To refuse such an entreaty, so earnestly and pathetically made, was not in the nature of the good brethren, and they readily assured him of their consent, should his death take place in their city.

Totally exhausted, as if struck by the relentless hand of death, he was slowly borne back to his ship. No sooner had he arrived on board than he assembled his leaders, and acquainted them with the design and means he had formed of obtaining immediate possession of the place. In pursuance of his instructions, he was laid in a coffin, and shrowded in the habiliments of the grave, ready for interment.

His followers then left their ships, and entering the city, suddenly raised a cry of loud lamentation, and informed the inhabitants of the death of the neophyte; and the clergy were requested to make the necessary preparations for his interment. On the day appointed, the Norman chiefs, accompanied by a great number of the pirates, and all covered with long black mourning cloaks, followed the coffin of their leader to his last mortal home. It was placed on a bier within the spacious edifice. The unsuspecting archbishop, his bishops and inferior priests, with the governor and the principal inhabitants, were assembled to do honour to the memory of one, who, whatever might have been his life, had died as became a true penitent and son of the Holy Mother Church.

The solemn funeral rites proceeded; the office and mass had been sung, when the attendants advanced to deposit the corpse into its narrow bed of earth. At that moment Hastings leaped from the bier, drew his sword, and cleft the head of the archbishop in two. This treacherous act was the signal for the other Normans to draw their deadly weapons, which they had concealed under their cloaks. They threw off their incumbrance, fast-

ened the doors of the cathedral, and commenced a horrid carnage. The governor, his barons, and the clergy, were all massacred; and the whole city was soon abandoned to pillage and slaughter.

After this atrocious act, Hastings returned to France, which, even during his absence, had suffered no intermission from the ravages of his countrymen. His return threw Charles the Bald into still greater consternation. That monarch's attempts at resistance proving abortive, he at length obtained peace by ceding to the dreaded pirate valuable landed possessions, and granting him a large annual pension, with the honour and dignity of the count de Chatres, without requiring him to do homage.

To France, Hastings was one of the greatest scourges she had ever experienced. Neither Goth nor Saracen had committed greater depredations on her fair territory, for neither remained long in the country. Bound by no laws, human or divine, he committed deeds which almost overwhelm us with horror. He converted smiling provinces into deserts, covering them with the smoking ruins of towns and villages. Clergy and laity, high and low, felt the effects of his sanguinary character. He spared neither the feebleness of age, nor the helplessness of infancy: he sacrificed the priest at the altar, and the infant at the breast of its mother. Female chastity was violated even in the sanctity of the cloisters; and the murders of the victims of their brutal lust not unfrequently followed their dishonour.

From these treacherous and diabolical invaders of life and honour, and property, the present Normans are descended.

THE GARTER.

(Concluded from page 232.)

"Audacious traitor!" said the monarch, "away with him to the Tower!" De Grandison was immediately hurried off, closely guarded: and at that moment, sir Neele Loving, a gallant knight, who was one of the first invested with the order of the garter, rushed into the royal presence, exclaiming, "What have I beheld, my liege?"

"The punishment due to outraged majesty," replied the king.

"Nay, nay, my liege, wherefore deprive your old and faithful servant of his

liberty? and for what crime? can it be king Edward to whom I am speaking? Can it be Edward who would load the limbs of old de Grandison with fetters? But you relent,—your grace remembers——"

At that instant Trussell entered; "My liege, de Grandison vents his anger in violence and threats; he would write to his daughter, but I have denied him permission so to do."

"You hear, sir Neele," said the king, "the old traitor indulges in threats towards our royal person; but I am weary of your boldness, sir knight; I am the king of England, and my subjects shall obey me."

The bold knight had no sooner disappeared, than the countess of Salisbury presented herself. Pale and trembling, with dishevelled locks and streaming eyes, but still surpassingly beautiful, the lovely Katharine threw herself at the king's feet.

"Sire! sire!" she shrieked, "give me back my father!"

A blush of self-reproach mantled on the brow of Edward, as he extended his hand, and raised the lovely suppliant from her knees. "Pardon, madame," said he, "pardon the acts to which a lover's despair drives him. Remember that the first sight of you kindled in my breast a flame which I stifled during the lifetime of your gallant husband. Salisbury, Heaven assoil his soul! is now in his grave; and yet now, when I acquaint you with my sufferings, and my hopes, you answer me only with your reproaches and tears"

"My tears, my liege, are all that remain to me for my defence; and yet they touch you not."

"Say'st thou that they touch me not? Is it for you, sweet Katharine, to doubt your empire over my heart? I am no longer able to impose laws on that passion which you repay with ingratitude."

"I am no ingrate, most dread sovereign," replied the countess; "but, my liege, can I, ought I, to forget that my aged father is in fetters?"

"They shall be broken," said the king. "He shall resume his station as my best trusted counsellor, and his daughter——"

"Forbear, my liege, to finish what you would say. I speak not of his daughter."

"Then her father—Katharine——"

"My father can but die, sire; what right have I, my liege, to entertain your grace's love, when the princess of Hainault is waiting to take her seat beside you upon the throne of England. But, release my father, and I will wander from your presence, where the sight of the unhappy Katharine never more shall trouble you. Restore my father to me, and we will be gone from hence for ever!"

"No, adorable Katharine!" said the king; "your father shall be free; and you shall still know your sovereign your lover, and see him worthy of your love."

Thus saying, he left the countess alone in the Presence Chamber, where she remained a considerable time, much wondering at his behaviour, and suffering great uneasiness of mind. At length sir Neele Loring approached, and sinking on his knee before her, said—"Madam, permit me to conduct you to the place which the king's commands have assigned for you."

The countess, much troubled and trembling, silently gave the knight her hand, and traversed with him a vast suite of splendid apartments, until they at length arrived at a door, which opening led into a magnificent saloon, where she beheld Edward seated on his throne, surrounded by his courtiers; all of whom, and even the sovereign himself, were decorated with the insignia of the garter. Upon her entrance, the king rushed towards her, and with one hand taking hold of her's, with the other placed the crown upon her head.

"Approach, dearest lady!" said he, "and share the throne of the king of England, and the homage of his subjects. Become my consort, my queen. Beauty, truth, and virtue, call you to the throne; and in placing you there, I equally fulfil my own wishes, and those of my people. They will applaud my choice, for it is worthy of me. Your father is free, and both to him and you will I repair the injustice which I have committed."

"Beauty, my liege," said sir Neele Loring, "was made to reign, for it was man's first sovereign."

The countess, overwhelmed with the suddenness of her surprise, was scarcely able to articulate. "My liege," said she, "the throne is not my place, the princess of Hainault—"

"Yes," said the lord de Grandison,

bursting into the apartment, "she only must sit there!—What, my liege! my daughter crowned, and about to ascend the throne! Is that the price at which my chains are broken? Back with me to the Tower, rather eternal slavery, than freedom purchased by dishonour."

"My lord de Grandison," said the king, "listen to me: I have given your daughter my hand, she is my queen, and wherefore would you oppose our happiness?"

"My daughter queen!" exclaimed the baron; "Katharine," he added, addressing her in a tone of supplication, "wilt thou lend thyself to the cause of falsehood and perjury? Wilt thou aid thy king to break a promise plighted in the face of Europe? Listen to me, and prove thyself my daughter. Put off that diadem. Fall at the king's feet for pardon; or, if thou canst not perform the dictates of duty, then die, and heaven pardon thee!"

He drew a dagger from his bosom as he spoke, and as the king arrested his hand, he continued—

"Approach me not, my liege, or I bury this dagger in her heart. Give me thy royal word that she shall not be queen, or—"

"My liege!" said the countess, lifting the crown from her brow, and falling at Edward's feet, "it must not be, your royal word is pledged, the nation's honour is its guarantee, and war and desolation would follow the violation of your plighted promise. I am Katharine of Salisbury, your grace's most faithful subject, but dare not be your queen."

"Generous beings," said the king, "it is you who teach me how to reign. Rise, gracious madam! rise, my good lord de Grandison. You, my noble friend, shall instantly proceed to the court of Hainault, to bring over my affianced bride. Your lovely daughter must not be my wife, but you will suffer her to remain at my court, its brightest ornament."

Thus ended the adventure of the garter, without any of those disastrous consequences which once seemed so threatening. The princess of Hainault filled the throne to which she was called by the voice of the nation, and won and merited the love of her royal consort. Anxious to give to the virtuous object of his former passion, a splendid testimony of the sentiments which he still entertained towards

her, the king, on his marriage, renewed the institution of the order of the garter. De Grandison long continued to hold the highest place in the royal favour; the countess of Salisbury appeared at court as the friend of queen Philippa, and long continued the object of the respectful passion of the greatest monarch who had ever filled the throne of England.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

THE Caucasian mountains have for a long time past been inclosed within the bounds of the Russian empire, without being subject to it. Their wild and savage inhabitants, separated by language and conflicting interests, form a number of small tribes, which have very little political intercourse or correspondence with one another, but which are all animated by the same love of independence and of plunder.

One of the most numerous and most formidable of those tribes is that of the Tchetchenges, who inhabit the great and little Kabarda, provinces whose extensive valleys extend almost to the summit of the Caucasus. The men are handsome, brave, and intelligent, but they are determined and cruel robbers, almost in a constant state of warfare with the troops of the line.

It is amidst those dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of that immense chain of mountains, that Russia has established a road of communication with her possessions in Asia. Redoubts or forts, placed at short intervals, defend the way as far as Georgia, but no traveller would ever venture even over that small distance alone. Twice a-week a convoy of infantry with cannon, and a strong party of Cossacks, escort government dispatches and travellers. One of these redoubts has become a village pretty well peopled. From its commanding situation it received the name of Wladi-Caucasus: it is the residence of the officer commanding the troops which perform the hard service we have just now mentioned.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment of Wologda, a man of family in Russia, though of Greek origin, was to take the command of the Fort of Lars in the defiles of the Caucasus. Impatient to reach his post, and brave to rashness, he had the imprudence to undertake that journey with the small escort of fifty Cossacks

which he had at his command, and the still greater imprudence to speak of his intention, and to boast of it beforehand.

The Tchetchenges situated near the frontier, who are called Pacific Tchetchenges, are subjects of Russia, and have in consequence a free access to Mosdok, but the greater part of them keep up a correspondence and secret intercourse with the mountaineers, and very often take part in their robberies, and share their plunder. The latter, secretly informed of Kascambo's intended journey, and of the very day of his departure, came down in great numbers, and lay in ambuscade on his route. At about twenty versts from Mosdok, on turning a small hillock covered with brushwood, he was attacked by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible: the Cossacks dismounted and stood the attack with great firmness, hoping to be succoured by the troops of a redoubt which was not very far off.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, though individually very courageous, are incapable of attacking in a dense body, and are in consequence not very formidable to a steady and well-disciplined body of men; but they have very good arms, and are excellent marksmen. Their great numbers on the present occasion made the conflict too unequal. After keeping up for a considerable time a brisk fire, more than one-half of the Cossacks were killed or disabled; the remainder had formed a circular rampart with the dead horses, behind which they were employing their ammunition to the best effect. The Tchetchenges, who have always among them some Russian deserters, whom they employ as interpreters, made them cry out, "Give up the major, or you shall be killed to the last man!" Kascambo, seeing that the total destruction of his party was inevitable, resolved to surrender, to save the lives of those who still survived. He gave his sword to his Cossacks, and proceeded alone towards the Tchetchenges, who instantly ceased their fire, their sole object being to take him alive, and thereby obtain a ransom. He had scarcely been a moment in the enemy's hands when he perceived in the distance the expected succours approaching. It was, alas! too late—the robbers hurried him off.

His denchick, or soldier-servant, had remained behind with the mule carrying the major's baggage. Concealed in a

hollow, he waited the event of the combat. When he was informed by the Cossacks of his master's misfortune, the brave fellow immediately resolved to share his destiny, and, driving his mule before him, followed without loss of time the track of the Tchetchenges. He was beginning to lose sight of the hoof-marks in the darkness, when he fortunately fell in with a straggler, who conducted him to the place of rendezvous.

One may easily conceive what must have been the prisoner's feelings when he saw his denchick come spontaneously to share his miserable fate. The Tchetchenges immediately divided the booty. They left nothing to the major but a guitar which they restored to him in derision. Ivan (this was the denchick's name) took possession of it, and although ordered by his master to throw it away, refused to obey him. "Why should we lose courage?" said he; "the God of the Russians is great!—it is the interest of these dogs to take care of you; they will do you no harm."

After a halt of a few hours, the horde of robbers was in the act of resuming the march, when one of their spies brought information that the Russians were still advancing, and that most likely the troops of the other redoubts would join in the pursuit. A council was held; the object was, not only to keep their prisoner, but so conceal their retreat, and also carry him far from their villages, so as to avoid reprisals. They accordingly dispersed by various roads. Ten men on foot were left in charge of the prisoners, while above a hundred horsemen remained together and proceeded in quite a different direction. They forced the major to take off his boots, whose impressions the enemy might have recognised, and obliged Ivan and him to walk thus barefooted all the first part of the day.

On reaching a torrent, the small party ran back on the grassy banks for about a mile, and then descended at the most precipitous and thorny part of the bank, so as to leave no trace of their passage. The major was so exhausted that they had to support him with belts and ropes to drag him across the water. His feet were all bleeding, and they were forced to give him back his boots to enable him to accomplish the remainder of his journey.

When they arrived at the first village,

Kascambo, suffering more from grief than from actual fatigue, appeared to his keepers so wasted and so weak, that they treated him with more humanity than at first. They allowed him some rest and a horse for the journey; but to baffle all the investigations of the Russians, and make it impossible for the prisoner himself to inform his friends of his place of confinement, they carried him from village to village, and from one valley to another, often blindfolded. He thus crossed a large river, which he supposed to be the Sonja. They took great care of him during these expeditions, and allowed him sufficient rest and food. But when once he reached the distant village in which he was finally to be confined, the Tchetchenges suddenly altered their conduct towards him, and inflicted every species of bad treatment on him. They put irons on his hands and on his feet, and a heavy chain about his neck, the end of which was fixed to a large log of oak. The denchick was treated with less rigour. His irons were lighter, which allowed him to perform some services to his master.

In that situation, and at every new vexation he received, a man who spoke Russian came to him and advised him to write to his friends to procure his ransom, which was fixed at ten thousand roubles. It was impossible for the unfortunate prisoner to pay such a large sum, and his only hope was in the efforts of government, as they had formerly released a colonel who had thus fallen into the brigands' hands. The interpreter promised to provide him with paper, and to forward the letter safely; but after obtaining his consent, he was several days without appearing again, and the whole of that time was employed in aggravating the major's hardships and sufferings. They starved him; they took from him the mat on which he lay, and the cushion of a Cossack's saddle which he used as a pillow; and when the ruffian who acted as a mediator reappeared, he informed him, in a confidential manner, that, in case his ransom should be refused, the Tchetchenges were resolved to get rid of him, in order to put an end to the anxieties and expense he caused them. The object of this cruel behaviour was to induce him to write in a more pressing manner. They gave him at last a reed cut in the shape of a pen, and some paper; they

took off the irons from his hands and neck, that he might write more at ease; and when the letter was finished, it was translated to the chiefs, who took charge of forwarding it to the Russian lines. From that moment he was treated with less severity, and only loaded with a single chain confining the right hand and foot.

His jailor was a man about sixty, of a gigantic stature and most ferocious aspect, quite in harmony with his real character and natural dispositions. Two of his sons had been killed in a skirmish with the Russians, on which account he was chosen as the fittest keeper of the prisoner. The family of this man, called Ibrahim, consisted of the widow of one of his sons, about thirty-five years of age, and a young child seven or eight years old, called Mamet, whose mother was at least as wicked, and still more whimsical, than the old man. Kascambo suffered much from her; but the caresses and the attentions of young Mamet were to him, in the course of his captivity, a solace and real relief. The poor child formed such an attachment to him, that all the ill humour and bad usage of his grandfather could not prevent him from coming to play with the prisoner on every opportunity. He called him his *koniack*, which, in the language of the country, means a guest, a friend. He shared secretly with him the fruit he could procure, and, during the long fast the major had to suffer, little Mamet cleverly took advantage of the absence of his parents to bring him bread or potatoes baked under the ashes.

A few months had passed over since the dispatch of the letter, without bringing forth any remarkable event. In that space of time, Ivàn had managed to conciliate both the woman and the old man, or rather, he had contrived to make himself necessary to them. He possessed to perfection the skill required for a young officer's kitchen. He brewed *kislitchi* (a kind of drink made with fermented bread) admirably, and dressed salt cucumbers in a superior manner, and had accustomed his hosts to all the little additions and improvements he introduced in their daily fare.

To establish himself still farther in their confidence, he also assumed the character of a buffoon, imagining every day some new jest to amuse them. Ibrahim was

particularly delighted with his performance of the Cossack-dance. When any of the inhabitants of the village came to visit them, they took off Ivan's irons and bade him dance: he always did it with a good grace, adding every time some new ridiculous gambol. By such means he obtained the liberty of walking through the village, where he was generally followed by a crowd of children, attracted by his buffoonery, and, as he knew already the Tartare language, he soon learned the language of the country, which is only a dialect of it.

The major himself was often forced to sing Russian songs with his *denchick*, and to play on the guitar to amuse that wild company. In the beginning they used to take off the irons from his right hand; but the woman having observed that he sometimes did play with the irons on to amuse himself, they never granted that favour again, and the unfortunate musician repented more than once having shown his talent.

To obtain the liberty so ardently wished for, the two prisoners formed many and many a plan, but they were all very difficult to execute. When they had first arrived in the village, the inhabitants used to send every night an additional man to increase the guard. Insensibly this precaution was neglected—the individual very often did not come. The woman and the child slept in an adjoining room, and old Ibrahim remained alone with them; but he used to keep the key of the irons carefully in his pocket, and awoke at the slightest noise. The prisoner was treated every day more severely, and as the answer to his letter did not arrive, the *Tchetchenges* often used to come to the hut to insult him, and threaten him with the most barbarous treatment. They deprived him almost entirely of food, and he had one day the affliction of seeing poor little Mamet most unmercifully flogged for having brought a few meddlars to him.

A very remarkable circumstance in Kascambo's painful situation, was the respect and confidence which his persecutors could not help feeling for him, and the profound esteem with which he had inspired them. While the barbarians heaped on his head every sort of insult, and every species of oppression, they notwithstanding very often consulted him in

their private affairs, and made him the judge of their differences. Among other disputes of which he stood umpire, the following deserves to be quoted for its singularity.

One of these ruffians had intrusted a Russian note of five roubles to a comrade who was setting out for a neighbouring valley, charging him to remit it to some one there. The fellow went off accordingly, but lost his horse, which died on the road, and persuaded himself that he had a right to keep the five roubles as an indemnification for the loss he had met with. This mode of reasoning, very worthy of the Caucasians, was by no means to the taste of the proprietor of the cash. At the return of the traveller, there was a great uproar in the village.

These two men had gathered around them their relations and their friends, and the quarrel would have terminated in bloodshed, had not the elders of the tribe, after endeavouring in vain to calm them, advised them to submit the case to the decision of the prisoner. The whole population of the village proceeded tumultuously towards his habitation, that they might sooner learn the issue of this ridiculous case. Kascambo was brought out of prison, and seated on the small platform, which served as a roof to the house.

Almost every house in the valleys of Caucasus is partly dug under ground, and is only elevated four feet above the level of the soil; the roof is horizontal, and formed of hard-beaten clay. The inhabitants, the women especially, are in the habit of reposing upon these terraces after sunset, and frequently even spend the whole night there in fine weather.

When Kascambo made his appearance on the roof, a profound silence ensued. It was, no doubt, a wonderful sight to behold before this singular tribunal, infuriated clients, armed with pistols and daggers, submitting their cause to a judge loaded with chains, and half dead with hunger and miseries of all sorts, but who judged, nevertheless, without appeal, and whose sentence was always respected and obeyed.

Having lost all hopes of making the defendant understand reason, the major ordered him to approach; and resolved to win the laughers at least over to the side of justice, he put to him the following question:—"If, instead of giving you the

five roubles, your comrade had merely charged you with his compliments, would your horse not have died all the same?"

"Perhaps," answered he.

"Well, then," added the judge, "what would you have done with the compliments? Would you not have been obliged to keep them as a payment, and be content? I order, in consequence, that you shall give back the note, and your comrade shall give you his compliments."

As soon as this sentence was translated to the spectators, a universal roar of laughter proclaimed afar the wisdom of the new Solomon. The defeated man himself, after some farther discussion, was forced to yield, and said, giving up the money, "I knew beforehand that I should lose, if that dog of a Christian had anything to do with it." That extraordinary confidence shows what an idea these people must entertain of European superiority, and it is also a proof of the innate sentiment of justice which exists even among the most ferocious and most savage of men.

Kascambo had written three letters since his detention without receiving any answer: a year had passed over. The unfortunate prisoner, deprived of linen, and in utter want of every comfort of life, found his health fail rapidly, and was giving way to despair. Ivan himself had been ill for some time. The stern and severe Ibrahim, however, to the great surprise of the major, had taken off the young man's irons while his indisposition lasted, and left him still at liberty. The major interrogating him one day on that subject, "Master," said Ivan, "I have wished for a long time to consult you upon an idea that has come into my head. It strikes me it would be wise in me to become a Mahometan."

"You are become mad, I suppose."

"No; it is the only way in which I can be useful to you, and at least procure you some good food and linen—in short, who knows?—when I am free. The God of the Russians is great!—we shall see."

"But God himself will forsake you, wretch that you are, if you betray him."

(*To be continued.*)

It is said that when Amurat the Fourth began his reign, he found the treasury empty, and that at his death he left *Fifteen Millions of Gold!*



Page 345.

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

"SHOULD you like to be a queen, Christina?" said count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog.

"Queen of Hearts," said the petite Venus, without raising her head.

"That empire is your own already," returned the politician.

"Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I know how to manage."

"How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses."

"Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard." The brow of the prime minister of Sweden darkened.

"And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?" Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The count repeated the question.

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"My cousin, Adolphus Von Hesse."

"You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?"

"Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes."

"Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'Tis but a mere sisterly regard."

"I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother."

"But the youth is portionless;—has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty."

"He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse."

"My dear girl, you must forget him," said the count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist.

"My dear sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself."

"Not well enough to make him my heir."

"And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world?" said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears.

"Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way, and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young king."

"The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women."

"'Tis a libel. He is in love with you."

"With me! I never saw him in my life."

"But he has seen you, and he says—"

"Ah, my dear father, what does he say?"

"You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater?"

"Ah, but he is a king. What did he say?" But the count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him.

"Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me: you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband."

"But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart," cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. "It is worth playing at hide and seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine."

"Hopeless!—why, the battle is half-won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prythee, do not sigh, and fold your arms, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune."

"You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin."

"I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in

spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy."

"Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina: I am not Stoic enough to withstand such eloquence."

"Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, count Ericson?"

"Ah, Christina?—"

"Why that sigh, Adolphus?"

"Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten."

"You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions. But, you are a man—and I forgive you."

"Then you really love me, Christina?"

"Am I to tell you so a hundred times! You must be tired of the repetition of that word."

"On the contrary, 'tis ever new to me."

"We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does."

"And if that period should not arrive?"

"Never fear."

"But, Christina, I do fear."

"Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience."

"I thought as much, Christina; you have grown very prudent."

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"But mine?"

"Adolphus, if I am not your's with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a

heartly laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroic of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous asurances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he, therefore, endeavoured to draw upon her compassion by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse." His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured with each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina, politics were a forbidden subject: the count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But, latterly, he had retained much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogising the young monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and, in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician

to suppose, that the youth who had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts, in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter, count Piper thought he beheld the future queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young king's admiration of her personal charms, did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex which all women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous, the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared for her father and his solitary guest, with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and, in an awkward and constrained manner, led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognizing, in her new lover, an old familiar face. "Count Ericson?" she muttered to herself: "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was count Ericson? Patience, gentle reader:—a tall, raw-boned youth, in a captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in all his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in conversation, that he had long been Christina's

butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her brilliant sallies. Christina had given him up in despair: great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse, and she determined to affront him the first time they were left together. As if aware of her hostile intentions, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great?

Christina burst out a laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, that "she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman."

Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw?

"Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world."

Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied, with some warmth, "Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?"

"No, indeed," returned Christina; "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow-creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society."

"My lord," said the minister, striving to mollify the rising cholera of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinences. Her knowledge of bat-

les and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the general so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him.

"With all my heart," said Christina; "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face. Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance.

"There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game." She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immoveably on the board, determined, out of pure contradiction, to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to ensure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment; they were rash, and easily counter-planned.

"My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air.

"Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?"

"No, it is enough that I have him in my power."

"Most completely," said Ericson, rising and pushing the board from him: "you have check-mated me."

* * * * *

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing count Ericson here as my wooer? Do you imagine that a girl of any sensibility of taste, could condescend to marry that awkward boy?"

"He is nineteen; just two years your senior; is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?"

"My cousin," said Christina. "As to

this count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days passed away, and Christina was too much amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover, to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of you last night," she said one morning to the enamoured youth: "I wish, for the future, that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence."

"I, too, had a dream," said Ericson; "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy."

"You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles."

"How did I appear to you last night?" said the count.

"Oh, just as agreeable as you do today."

"Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips. This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of, was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate.

"Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference."

"My father knew nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have introduced to his daughter such an unmannerly youth. But you are not an object of indifference"——

Before she could conclude the ominous sentence, Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Ericson, fiercely.

"A soldier," said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table:—"one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service."

"We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back.

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust the faith of a woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims."

"To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"The king," said Von Hesse, turning away.

"Stay!" said Charles. The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?"

"Adolphus Von Hesse, the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage than his good name and my mother's tears."

"And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple?"

"In the battle of Narva, where your majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia."

"You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man. Then, turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said with an air of pleasantry, "By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has frightened away all the Cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?"

"Most sincerely."

"What prevents your union?"

"My father refuses to make us happy."

"On what plea?"

"He has higher views for his daughter."

"Umph!" said Charles, "I see through them now; but love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage on the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good humour, he united their hands. Then, bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman.

"Will your majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your royal cheek?"

"Silence," returned Charles; "have I not amply revenged the injury? My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The following week he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and the disappointed politician alone wore a grave countenance at the feast.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(Continued from page 240.)

Kascambo, whilst he was lecturing his servant, could scarcely refrain from laughing at his absurd plan; but when he proceeded to forbid him peremptorily to go on with it, "Master," replied Ivan, "it is out of my power to obey you, and it would be useless to conceal it any longer: the thing is done; I have been a Mahometan since the very day you thought me ill, and my irons were taken off. I am called Houssein now. Where is the harm? I shall become a Christian again whenever I like, and as soon as I am free. See, I have already no more irons on, and I can break off yours at the first favourable opportunity, which I hope will soon present itself."

According to the promise made, he was no longer chained, and enjoyed from that moment a greater liberty; but that very liberty had nearly proved fatal to him. The principal leaders of the expedition against Kascambo soon began to fear lest the new Mussulman should desert. The long stay he had made among them, and the knowledge he had acquired of their language, enabled him to know them all by their names, and to give their description at the Russian lines, supposing he should reach them, which would expose them individually to the vengeance of the Russians: and they in consequence highly disapproved of the ill-judged zeal of their priest. On the other hand, the strict Mussulmans who had favoured him at the moment of his conversion, soon observed that when he said his prayers on the roof of the house, as is the custom, and as the Mollah had particularly recommended him to do, by way of conciliating the public good-will, he often happened by mistake to intermix some signs of the Cross among his prostrations towards Mecca, to which place, by another still more unfortunate blunder, he at times

turned his back—a series of accidents, which made them rather suspicious as to the sincerity of his conversion.

A few months after his feint apostacy, he perceived a great change in the manners of the inhabitants towards him, and could not mistake the manifest signs of their ill will. He was seeking in vain the cause of that alteration, when some young men, with whom he was particularly intimate, came and proposed to him to accompany them in an expedition they were about to undertake. Their plan was to pass the Tereek, to plunder some merchants who were going to Mosdok. Ivan accepted without hesitation. For a long time he had wished to procure himself some arms; and they promised him, besides, a share of the spoils. He thought, also, that on seeing him return to his master, those who suspected him of wishing to desert, would no longer have any grounds to justify their suspicions. However, the major having strongly opposed his joining the party, he pretended to have given up the thoughts of it, when, one morning, Kascambo awaking, saw the mat upon which Ivan used to sleep, carefully rolled up against the wall; he had gone off during the night. His companions were to pass the Tereek the following night, and attack the merchants, whose march was known and followed by their scouts.

The confidence of the Tchetchenges ought to have created suspicions in Ivan's mind. It was not natural in men, so cautious and so cunning, to admit so freely a Russian, their prisoner, in an expedition directed against his own country people. It was, indeed, found out some time afterwards, that they had invited him to accompany them with the sole intention of murdering him. As his quality of a convert obliged them to some sort of regard, they had proposed to keep a close look-out upon him on the road, and to make away with him at the moment of the attack, leaving it to be supposed that he had perished in the fight. Only a few members of the party were in the secret; but the event baffled all their sanguinary designs. Their troop was hardly placed in ambush, to attack the merchants, when it was itself surprised by a regiment of Cossacks, and so vigorously charged, that they had infinite trouble in passing the river again. The intensity of the danger

made them forget their plot against Ivan, who followed them in their retreat.

While the panic-struck band was crossing the Tereek in complete disorder, the horse of a young Tchetchenge stumbled in the middle of the river, and was immediately carried off by the rapid stream. Ivan, who was behind him, pushed his horse forward, at the risk of being drowned himself, and taking a firm hold of the youth, at the moment he was disappearing under the foaming waters, succeeded in carrying him safely to the opposite shore. The day was then beginning to dawn, and the Cossacks, recognising his uniform, immediately marked him out, and shouted, "A deserter! Kill the deserter!" His clothes were completely riddled with balls. At last, after having fought with the courage of despair, and burnt all his cartridges, he returned to the village with the glory of having saved the life of one of his companions, and of having made himself useful to the whole troop.

If his conduct on this occasion did not gain over all the party to him, it won him at least a friend; the young man he had saved adopted him for his koniak, (a relation held sacred by the mountaineers of the Caucasus), and swore to defend and protect him against each and every one. But this union and friendship were not sufficient to protect him against the hatred of the principal inhabitants. The courage he had displayed, his attachment to his master, increased to a great degree the fears with which he had inspired them. They could no longer look upon him as a buffoon, incapable of any design or enterprise, such as they had supposed him to be till then; and when they reflected on the failure of the expedition, to which he had been admitted, they began to wonder how the Russian troops had come upon them so completely in the opportunity of time, in a place so distant from their ordinary residence, and they suspected him of having secretly communicated with them. Although their conjecture was completely without foundation, they watched him more closely. Old Ibrahim himself, fearing some plot for the prisoner's escape, prevented all conversation between them; and the brave denchick was menaced, and even sometimes beaten, when he wished to converse with his master.

In this miserable and distressing situation, the two prisoners contrived new means of conversing, without raising the suspicions of their keeper. As they were in the habit of singing Russian songs together, the major took his guitar, when he had any thing important to communicate to Ivan in the presence of Ibrahim, and sang out his questions. Ivan answered to the same tune, and his master accompanied him with the instrument: this arrangement presenting nothing new, their enemies never found out the stratagem, to which, besides, they resorted but very seldom.

More than three months had elapsed since the unfortunate expedition we have mentioned, when Ivan thought he perceived some extraordinary stir and agitation in the village. Some mules, laden with powder, had arrived from the plain. The men were busily engaged cleaning their arms, and making cartridges. He soon learned that a grand expedition was in preparation. The whole nation was to unite in attacking a neighbouring tribe, which had placed itself under the protection of the Russians, and allowed them to construct a redoubt on their territory. The object of this campaign was no less than to exterminate the whole population, along with the Russian battalions who protected the construction of the fort.

A few days after, Ivan, on leaving the hut in the morning, found the village completely deserted. Every man capable of carrying arms had gone off during the night. In the short turn he took through the village to gather information, he obtained new proofs of the bad intentions entertained towards him. The old men evidently shunned him. A little boy plainly told him that his father was resolved to kill him; and as he was returning, absorbed in mournful thoughts, he saw on the roof of a house a young woman, who raised her veil, and, with signs of the greatest alarm, motioned him with her hand to be off, pointing towards Russia.

When he entered the house, he found the old man busy examining Kascambo's irons. A new comer was seated in the room; it was a man whom a slow fever had prevented from accompanying his comrades, and who had been sent to Ibrahim as an additional guard over the prisoners, till the return of the inhabitants.

Ivan marked that precaution, but without showing the slightest surprise. The absence of all the men from the village presented an admirable opportunity for the execution of his designs ; but the increased vigilance of their jailor, and the presence of the invalid, rendered their success very uncertain. However, his death was inevitable, if he waited the return of the warriors : he foresaw that their expedition would be unsuccessful, and that, in the fury of disappointment, they would not spare him. He had no other alternative than to abandon his master, or deliver him forthwith. He would have rather suffered a thousand deaths than adopt the first resolution.

Kascambo, who was beginning to lose every sort of hope, had fallen into a kind of stupor, and preserved a profound silence. Ivan, on the contrary, was more calm and more gay than usual ; he fairly surpassed himself in preparing the dinner, and kept singing the whole time Russian songs, in which he introduced some words of encouragement for his master. "The time has come," said he, adding at every phrase the insignificant chorus of some Russian popular song, "*Hai luli, hai luli*—the time has come to put an end to our misery or to die. To-morrow, *hai luli*, we shall be on the road to a town, a pretty town, *hai luli*, which I shall not name. Courage, dear master ! the God of the Russians is great !"

Kascambo, completely indifferent to life or death, and ignorant of his denchick's plan, merely answered, "Do as you please, and hold your tongue." Towards the evening, the sick man, whom they had treated generously to make him stay, and who, besides a very copious meal, had amused himself the whole day eating chislik (mutton roasted in small bits at the end of a sharp stick), was seized with such a violent access of fever, that he had to give up, and retired to his own house. He was allowed to depart without great difficulty ; Ivan having completely removed every fear of the old man by his extraordinary gaiety. To remove more entirely every cause of suspicion, he withdrew very early to the end of the room, and laid himself down on a bench against the wall, waiting till Ibrahim should fall asleep ; but the latter had resolved to watch all night. Instead of spreading himself on a mat near the fire, as usual,

he sat himself down on a large log of wood, opposite to his prisoner, and sent away his daughter-in-law, who retired to the next room where her child was, and shut the door.

From the dark corner in which he was placed, Ivan observed attentively the scene before him. By the glimmering light of the fire, which flashed at times a transient blaze, an axe glittered in a recess of the wall. The old man, overcome with sleep, would at times let his head fall heavily on his chest. Ivan saw it was time, and rose to his feet. The suspicious jailor immediately noticed it. "What are you doing there, you dog ?" cried he, harshly. Ivan, instead of answering, proceeded towards the fire, yawning and stretching himself, like a man coming out of a deep sleep. Ibrahim, who felt overcome with sleep, ordered Kascambo to play the guitar to keep him awake. The major was about to refuse, but Ivan brought the instrument to him, making the usual sign : "Play, master," said he ; "I want to speak to you." Kascambo tuned the guitar, and beginning immediately, they sang together the terrible duet which follows :—

Kascambo.—*Hai luli, hai luli*—what have you got to say ?—be cautious ! (At every question and every answer they sang a verse of a Russian song.)

Ivan.—"See that axe, but do not look at it. *Hai luli !* It shall dash out that villain's brains. *Hai luli, hai luli !*"

Kascambo.—"Useless murder ! *Hai luli !* How could I escape with my irons ?"

Ivan.—"The key will be found in the rascal's pocket. *Hai luli !*"

Kascambo.—"The woman will give the alarm. *Hai luli, hai luli !*"

Ivan.—"Never mind ; happen what may, will you not perish all the same—*hai luli !*—of hunger and of misery ?"

The old man becoming attentive, they repeated a double allowance of *hai lulis*, accompanied by a loud arpeggio. "Play, master," added the denchick, "play the Cossack : I shall dance round the room to get near the axe ; play boldly !"

Kascambo.—"Well, let it be so ; this hell will be over." He turned aside his head, and began to play the dance with all his might.

(To be continued.)



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THE BRIGAND AND THE NUN.

CHAPTER I.

LOVELY as was that of Eden is the sky that bends over the terraces of Naples, and lends its magic colouring to the romantic bay. Beneath its sunny influence fair flowers and fairer women spring to early maturity, and passionate hearts glow with its pervading warmth; but stern as well as gentle passions are nurtured by its sun, and love, hate, revenge and cruelty, grow in unison together.

Gasparoni was a gay and passionate Neapolitan; young, brave and ardent, and at sixteen years of age he had the form and feelings of a man. Passion shone in the eyes that gleamed beneath their black brows; daring and resolution might be read in the lines prematurely traced in the lower portion of his face. He was not without accomplishments, for he could troll a *barcarole* and touch a guitar, danced with grace and spirit, and handled a stiletto and reined a steed in a manner which proclaimed him a gentleman. But, alas! he was poor, and on his

bearing alone rested his claims to a noble origin, for he was the offspring of a love on which the priest had never breathed his benison, and he knew neither his father nor his mother. At stated times he received small sums of money, but they were conveyed to him with such precaution that he could not discover the person who sent him his slender remittances. None of the youth of Naples dared reproach him with his birth, for they knew the blood of Gasparoni to be fiery as the lava of Vesuvius, and his hand as prompt to crush as to caress. It was in his seventeenth year that the young Neapolitan saw and loved the beautiful Leonora, the only daughter of a rich old merchant of the city. He loved her with all the fervour of which his passionate heart was capable, and had the happiness of being loved in return. The lovers met only by stealth, for Leonora's father had conceived a violent dislike to Gasparoni, from his poverty, and from the guilt of his unknown parents. But Leonora's kindness compensated her lover for every rebuff, and when, awakened by his nightly serenades, she bent from her window and dropped

some flowers as a token of her presence and her love, he felt that he lived for her alone.

One night, when Gasparoni repaired as usual to the dwelling of his beloved, he suddenly encountered her enraged father, who, in tones of the wildest excitement, bade him begone. Gasparoni replied with equal warmth; a war of words ensued, and, in the height and frenzy of passion, the young man struck his opponent to the earth. An instant after, the lovely Leonora, pale and with disordered tresses, rushed from the house.

"You have slain him!" she cried.

"'Tis true!" answered Gasparoni, still gasping with passion; "he was insolent, and I have chastised him."

"Begone!" exclaimed the excited girl, "Monster, begone! The hand that has been raised against my father's person shall never clasp mine in love, amity, or marriage!"

"Leonora, hear me!"

"I swear it. Begone!"

"You will think better of this!"

"Never!"

With a glance of scorn and indignation, she waved him off. Gasparoni stood one moment looking at her with a demoniac expression; then he bowed low with mock respect and gravity, and quitted the scene of his quarrel with a hasty step.

CHAPTER II.

Daylight is dying along the stern heights of the Abruzzi. Surrounded by impending crags, and clustering in disarray, a bandit group are carousing noisily together, and toasting the departing god of day in overflowing cups of fiery wine. A portion of the wild company sit in the dark shadow of the rocks, while others bask in the last rosy hues of sunset. Among the latter is one distinguished by his lofty air and stature from the rest, and wearing a somewhat richer garb than his companions. His conical hat is decked with gay ribbands, his green velvet jacket is studded with gold buttons, and his lower garments are seamed with the richest lace. An ornamented carbine was slung by a band of snowy leather at his back, and a pair of richly mounted pistols glittered in his girdle. Neither was he without the Italian's bosom friend, a broad stiletto, which reposed in a silver sheath, with its ivory handle protruding from the robber's sash. But all this rich-

ness of attire contrasted strangely with the worn, haggard, stern and vicious expression of the bandit. It was Gasparoni—now twenty years of age.

"To the health of our captain!" said one of the robbers, raising a cup to his lips. "Ah!" added he, after swallowing its contents, "your wine of Sicily tastes none the worst for mantling in a sacramental chalice. Commend me to our captain, for teaching us the true use of the church. Until he came among us we were a poor set of superstitious devils, who couldn't cut a throat without making a vow to the virgin—but he has changed all that."

Gasparoni smiled bitterly.

"And now, noble captain," said the spokesman of the gang, "I humbly beg you'll tell us what is passing in your scheming brain. I know by the knitting of your eyebrows that you are revolving some mighty project."

"Right, Anselmo," said the bandit leader, rising. "But hist! what noise is that?"

"The vesper bell," answered Anselmo. "Your predecessor, now, would have had us down upon our knees in a trice."

"Ay, the vesper bell," repeated Gasparoni, in a melancholy tone. "Methinks it steals very softly on the ear, calling the erring to penitence and prayer. It is very music to a weary soul."

"Our captain's turned preacher," said a robber.

"Hear the end of my sermon," replied Gasparoni, with one of his ambiguous smiles. "It were a good deed, methinks, to free yon pining beauties from their thralldom. Report says that the nuns are lively, ripe, and tempting; and some of them belong to noble families. The lady abbess was a countess when she was of the world; she shall wear her coronet and title again; such charms were never meant to wither in a convent. What say you, comrades, shall we liberate the nuns?"

A deafening roar of applause replied in the affirmative. By midnight the band were on their march, and ere long halted before the asylum doomed so soon to be roused by a rude alarm. Imposing silence by a gesture, Gasparoni approached the gate of the convent, and rapped upon the wicket with the hilt of his stiletto. After waiting for a brief space, the feeble light

of a taper glimmered through the bars of a grated aperture, and a trembling voice asked what was wanted.

"We are certain reverend friars, sweeting," answered Gasparoni, in a caunting tone, "come at the order of his holiness to examine into the condition of his well-beloved."

"Away, rude man!" cried the nun.

"Nay, you will force me to be rude unless you give me admittance," said the brigand, in his natural tone. "Here are thirty stout fellows, to whom sacrilege is pastime, and who know how to relieve the unfortunate of vows it is troublesome to keep. I have obeyed the scriptural injunction, do ye verify the words—'knock, and it shall be opened.' You see I am not altogether so graceless as you believe me."

But the latter part of his address was breathed to empty air, for the frightened nun had fled to the interior of the building, to alarm the abbess and the sisterhood.

"To the gate, brigands, with your bludgeons!" shouted Gasparoni. His order was obeyed—beneath heavy and repeated blows the wicket gave way. Anselmo would have entered first. "Way for your captain!" sternly shouted Gasparoni. "Dispute my precedence and die!" The appalled robber stepped back hastily, and Gasparoni was the first to step within the hallowed precincts.

Several doors in the body of the building were successively forced, and the armed heels of the brigands rang along the stone-paved corridors, as, headed by their captain, they strode onward to their crime. The nuns had assembled in the chapel, and were now covering within the precincts of the altar. The lady abbess alone was self-possessed and dignified. She was a woman of middle age, of a lofty stature, and possessing some claims to the epithet of beautiful, though her countenance was somewhat worn and furrowed.

Commanding his band to halt on the threshold of the chapel, Gasparoni doffed his hat, walked with a firm step up the central aisle, and halted at the railing of the altar, on the lowest step of which the abbess stood. There was something in her bearing that awed even the lawless brigand. Sensible of the feeling she inspired, and determined to profit by it, the lady addressed the intruder.

"Ay, pause," she said, "well may you, for you are in the house of God, and

I shall pronounce his curse, which now hangs suspended over you, if you do not instantly retire, nor farther molest those devoted to his service."

"Dear lady, I came to do you a service," answered Gasparoni, recovering his bitterness and self-possession. "'Tis really a pity such a bevy of beauties should die in a convent. I cannot answer for you, madam, for you are past the hey-day of your youth; but for these sweet girls, I believe they are ready to quit your roof without compulsion."

"Hear him!" cried the abbess, lifting up her hands in holy horror. "Hear the unhallowed infidel." She gave a private signal, which was understood and answered as she wished. The notes of the organ suddenly broke upon the midnight air, the echoes rolled along the vaulted roof, and died away like distant thunder. Then rose the sweet, wailing voices of the nuns, clustering around their altar, and chanting to their Maker—*Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus, Initium sapientiæ timor domini*. Then the voices ceased, and all was mute. Perhaps even the brigand chief would have fled the holy spot, appalled and chilled, had he not seen among the shrinking nuns, a lovely, a well-known face—it was Leonora's. He sprang over the fretted barrier, and seized his victim. She shrieked with pious horror as his burning lips pressed those she had vowed to purity and prayer.

"Each to his nun!" shouted Gasparoni, lifting the fainting girl from her feet—"and let those who are covetous bear off the crucifix and plate. Away! before the morning comes to tell the tale."

His orders were obeyed with all the promptness of inclination. Some tore the loveliest nuns from the pillars to which they clung convulsively, while others seized the gold and silver vessels of the chapel. One gigantic robber wrenched the golden cross from its pedestal, and bore it off in triumph. Long before the daylight dawned, the sacrilegious band had secured its retreat; still breaking the solemn silence of the early hour, the mighty bell of the convent was heard tolling forth a dolorous alarm.

CHAPTER III.

As the weary robbers reached their mountain fastness, the clear rays of broad daylight bathed the heights of the Abruzzi. Fatigued with toil they flung themselves

upon the ground to sleep, regardless of their victims, who, half-dead with terror, awaited the conclusion of their unfortunate adventure. The captain, alone, refused to sleep, but, seated on an isolated crag, watched over the inanimate form of Leonora. At length sensation revisited the wretched girl. She arose from her recumbent posture, opened her eyes, and then closed them again with a heavy sigh.

"Where am I?" she murmured, faintly.

"In the arms of a lover," answered Gasparoni.

"I am the bride of heaven!" shrieked the horror-stricken nun.

"Do I look like a celestial bridegroom?" asked the robber, bitterly. "No! I am of the earth—earthly. But, Leonora, you can reform me—you can make me happy."

"Away! your hands are stained with blood."

"Penitence shall make them white as snow, or gold shall purchase absolution of the pope himself—only be mine."

"My vow!"

"Ay—vows do very well for the uninitiated, but not for us who know the world. The noble takes a vow of allegiance to his sovereign, but he turns traitor when interest commands him. The sovereign swears to protect the people, but, notwithstanding this, he betrays the people. Why should the vows of a nun be more binding than those of prince or noble?"

"Gasparoni, I abhor you! Sooner than submit to your sacrilegious embraces, I will dash this frail person from the eminence on which I stand, and roll a mangled corse, before your eyes, to the foot of the mountain. Sooner—"

More she would have said, but from their very feet there broke the wail of a solitary trumpet. In a moment the crags were bristling with bayonets, and emerging from concealment the arms of cuirassiers and light infantry glistened in the rising sun.

"Saved! saved!" cried Leonora; "saved from worse than death. The bell has been heard—our prayers have been heard—and the Lord hath saved his servants!"

"Too late they come!" cried the robber, struggling to bear away the almost frantic girl. "There is yet time for retreat."

"Quick! quick! for the love of heaven, gentlemen!" shrieked the nun.

"Too late!" repeated Gasparoni. "Away!" And he succeeded in forcing her from the rock to which she clung.

"A hundred ducats to the man who puts a ball through the heart of Gasparoni!" cried a dismounted colonel of dragoons, rushing up the rocky steep. A carbineer sprang upon a rock, levelled his piece, and fired. *Santa Maria!* the bullet pierced the heart of Leonora, and mortally wounded the brigand chieftain. No sooner had the wretched girl sunk at his feet, than the robber uttered a deep groan. For an instant he seemed crushed, and then all his energy returned. Though the blood was pouring freely from his wound, he cocked his gun, aimed at the unlucky carbineer, and fired. The soldier sprang into the air, and fell headlong from the precipice, on the verge of which he had been standing.

The fight was over. The brigands were all slain, captured, or put to flight. On one side of Leonora's body kneeled the lady abess, on the other Gasparoni, drawing his breath with difficulty, and momentarily expecting to breathe his last.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" cried the abess. "She was the lawful daughter of the man to whom I surrendered my honour in my early days. Her mother wiled away my betrayer from me, therefore I had a natural right to hate her; but I loved her—I loved Leonora Cariale as if she had been my child."

Here the dying brigand groaned heavily. "Open his vest," said the abess, compassionating even the fallen sinner. "Give him air, it may revive him."

Some of the soldiers bared the breast of the robber, from which the life-blood was fast flowing.

"Mother of God, what do I see!" cried the abess. "That cross indelibly imprinted in the flesh, that in after years I might recognize the child of my shame. My son! my son! from what horror has not this death freed you. She whom you pursued with your fatal love—Leonora—was your sister."

The dying man bowed his head upon his breast. "Sister! mother!" were the words he feebly uttered. They were his last. Gasparoni, the brigand, has gone to his account.

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(Continued from page 248.)

Ivan began the steps and grotesque attitudes of the Cossack, which pleased the old man most particularly, making ridiculous leaps and gambols, and uttering loud shrill cries, to distract his attention. When Kascambo saw that the dancer was near the axe, his heart beat violently in his chest, and he panted with anxiety; that instrument of their deliverance was in a little press without a door, cut in the wall, but at an elevation which Ivan could not very easily attain. To bring it within his reach, he seized a favourable instant, caught it rapidly, and put it on the ground, in the very shade formed by Ibrahim's own body. When the latter looked round at him, he was already far from the spot, and continued the dance. This dangerous scene had lasted for some time, and Kascambo, tired with playing, began to think that his denchick's courage was failing, or that he did not judge the opportunity favourable. He raised his eyes towards him at the moment when the intrepid dancer, with the uplifted axe, was advancing in steady strides to strike the old brigand. The emotion the major felt at this sight was such, that he ceased playing, and dropped the guitar upon his knees. At the same moment, the old man had stooped, and made a step forward to push some brambles into the fire: the dry leaves blazed up immediately, and threw a great light into the room: Ibrahim turned round to sit himself down.

If at that moment Ivan had persevered in his enterprise, a struggle man to man became inevitable, and the alarm would have been given, which was to be avoided above all things; but his presence of mind saved him. He no sooner perceived the major's agitation, and saw Ibrahim get up, than he put down the axe immediately behind the log he used as a seat, and resumed the dance. "Play, play!" said he to his master; "what are you thinking of?" The major, seeing the imprudence he had committed, quietly recommenced playing. The old jailor had not a suspicion, and sat down again; but he ordered them to stop the music and go to rest. Ivan brought calmly the guitar-case, which he placed on the stove; but, instead of receiving the instrument from his master's hand, as quick as light-

ning he seized the axe behind Ibrahim, and struck him such a terrible blow on the head, that the unfortunate wretch did not even give a sigh, but fell dead with his face in the fire: his long grey beard was instantly in flames; Ivan pulled him aside by the feet, and covered him over with a mat.

They were listening to know if the woman had been awake, when—astonished, no doubt, at the profound silence which had succeeded such a noise—she opened the door of her room. "What are you about here?" said she, advancing towards the prisoners; "what means that smell of burnt hair?" The fire, which had been scattered about, produced almost no light. Ivan lifted the axe to strike her—she saw it in time to throw aside her head, and received the blow in the chest—she fell with a groan: a second blow, as rapid as a thunderbolt, caught her in her fall, and laid her dead at Kascambo's feet. Frightened and horror-struck at this second murder, which he did not expect, the major, seeing Ivan proceed to the child's room, rushed forward to stop him. "Where are you going, wretch?" said he; "would you have the ferocity to sacrifice also that poor child who has shown me so much affection? If you were to deliver me at such a price, neither your attachment nor your services could save you whenever we reach the line."

"At the line," said Ivan, "you will do as you please, but here we must put an end to all this."

Kascambo, gathering his whole strength, caught him by the collar, as he was forcing his way. "Villain!" cried he, "if you dare to attempt his life, if you touch one hair of his head, I swear here, before God, that I shall give myself up to the Tchetchenges, and your cruelty will be fruitless."

"To the Tchetchenges!" repeated the excited denchick, raising the axe over his master's head; "they shall never take you alive again: I shall murder them, you, and myself, before that shall happen. That child can ruin us by giving the alarm, and, in your present condition, a woman might drag you back to prison."

"Stop, stop!" cried Kascambo, out of whose hands Ivan was trying to escape; "stop, monster; you shall kill me before you commit this crime!" But, alas!

weak as he was, and embarrassed with his irons, he could not hold the excited young man, who pushed him violently aside, and he fell heavily to the ground, half dead with surprise and horror. Whilst, all covered with the blood of the first victims, he was struggling to get upon his feet, he cried out incessantly, "Ivan, I entreat you, do not kill him ; in the holy name of God, spill not the blood of that poor innocent creature !"

As soon as he could, he ran to his assistance ; but on reaching the door of the room, he knocked himself in the dark against Ivan, who was returning. "Master, all is over ; let us lose no time, and make no noise. Don't make any noise," answered he, to the bitter and desperate reproaches which his exasperated master addressed to him. "What is done, is done ; now there is no drawing back. Till we are free, every man I meet is dead, or he shall kill me ; and if any one enter this door before our departure, I consider not whether it be man, woman, or child—I shall stretch them there with the others."

He lighted a splinter of larch-wood, and began to search the pouch and the pockets of the dead brigand. The key of the irons was not there. He sought it also in vain in the woman's clothes, in a trunk, and every where he imagined it might be concealed. Whilst he was engaged in this pursuit, the major was giving way, without any prudence or controul, to the bitterness of his grief : Ivan consoled him after his own manner. "You ought rather," said he, "to mourn the loss of the key of your irons, which can't be found ; what can tempt you to regret these wretches, who have tormented you more than fifteen months ? They wanted to make away with us. Well, their turn has come before ours. Is it my fault ?"

The key of the irons not being found, all that had been done for the liberation of major Kascambo seemed to have been done in vain, unless the irons could be broken. Ivan, with the corner of the axe, managed to loosen the ring attached to the hand, but that fixed to the foot resisted every effort ; he was afraid of hurting his master, and did not dare to use all his strength. On the other hand, the night was advancing, and the danger was becoming pressing : they resolved to de-

part. Ivan tied the chain firmly to the major's belt, so as to annoy him as little as possible, and to make no noise. He placed in a pouch a quarter of mutton with some other provisions, and armed himself with the deceased's pistol and dagger. Kascambo took his bear-skin cloak ; they went out in silence, and, turning round the house, to avoid meeting any one, they struck into the hills without following the ordinary road to Mosdok, supposing that they would be pursued in that direction. They skirted for all the rest of the night the mountains on their right, and when daylight began to dawn, they entered a beech-wood, which crowned the summit of the hill, and screened them from the danger of being discovered at any distance. It was in the month of February : the ground on those heights, and especially in the forest, was still covered with hard snow, which offered a firm footing to the travellers during the night and part of the morning ; but towards noon, when it became melted by the sun, they sunk at every step, which made their progress very slow. After a most painful and most difficult march, they arrived at the side of a deep valley they had to cross, at the bottom of which the snow had disappeared ; a well-beaten path ran along the windings of the rivulet, and showed that the spot had been frequented. This consideration, added to the excessive fatigue and exhaustion of the major, determined the travellers to remain in that place till night : they established themselves among some isolated rocks which rose from the centre of the snow. Ivan cut a quantity of fir branches to make a soft bed for his master, who lay down immediately. Whilst he was resting, Ivan was reflecting on the safest plan for continuing their route. The valley over which they now stood was surrounded with high hills through which no passage was visible. He saw that the beaten path could not be avoided, and that it was necessary to follow the course of the rivulet to get out of this labyrinth. It was eleven o'clock at night, and the snow was becoming harder and firmer when they descended into the valley ; but before starting, they set fire to their establishment, as much to warm themselves as to prepare a small meal of chislik, which they needed much. A handful of snow was all they had to drink, and a mouthful

of brandy crowned the feast. They luckily crossed the valley without seeing any body, and entered the narrow pass where the road and the rivulet lay contracted on each side by precipitous hills; they walked on at the utmost of their speed, knowing well how dangerous it was for them to be met in that narrow passage, which they only cleared fairly at nine in the morning. It was only then that this dark defile opened all of a sudden before them, and displayed over the tops of the lower mountains the immense horizon of Russia, spreading itself afar like a distant sea. One could hardly form a true notion of the pleasure the major experienced at this unexpected sight: "Russia! Russia!" were the only words he could pronounce.

The travellers sat down to rest themselves, and to enjoy in anticipation their approaching liberty. This prospect of happiness was embittered in the major's mind by the remembrance of the horrid catastrophe he had witnessed, and which his fetters and blood-stained garments presented in such vivid colours to his imagination. While contemplating at a distance the termination of his labours, he calculated in silence and anxiety the difficulties of the journey. The sight of the long and dangerous route which still remained to be performed, encumbered as he was with irons, and his limbs swollen with fatigue, soon effaced the last trace of the momentary pleasure created by the view of his own native land. The torments of a burning thirst added to the anguish and distress of his mind. Ivan ran down towards the rivulet to bring some water to his master: a bridge formed of two trees was thrown over it, and he saw a habitation at a small distance. It was a sort of chalet, or summer residence of the Tchetchenges, which was deserted. In the situation of the fugitives, that isolated house was a most precious discovery. Ivan interrupted his master's reflections to conduct him to the refuge he had so fortunately discovered, and, after establishing him as comfortably as possible, he proceeded to search for the magazine.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus being often exposed to the incursions of their neighbours, have always near to their houses subterranean recesses in which they conceal their provisions and their utensils. These magazines, in the shape of a narrow well, are closed with a plank

or a large stone, carefully covered over with earth, and generally placed in a spot where there is no grass, lest the difference of shade should betray the deposited treasure. In spite of all these precautions, the Russian soldiers often find them out. They go over the beaten paths around the habitation, knocking about the ramrod of their guns, and the sound indicates to their practised ear the cavities they are seeking. Ivan discovered one under a shed close to the house, and found in it some earthen jars, a few stalks of maize, a bit of crystal salt, and several house utensils. He ran for some water to begin cooking: the quarter of mutton, with some potatoes he had brought, were placed on the fire. During the preparation of the dish, Kascambo roasted the stalks of Indian corn, and some nuts, found also in the magazine, completed the meal.

Ivan, having now more time and more means, succeeded in freeing his master entirely from his fetters, and the latter, now more composed and more calm, and, besides, well restored by a meal excellent under present circumstances, fell fast asleep, and the night had quite closed in when he awoke. Notwithstanding this favourable rest, when he wished to resume his route, his swollen legs had stiffened to such a fearful degree, that he could not make one movement without experiencing intolerable agony: it was, however, necessary to depart. Supported by his servant, he started mournfully, convinced that he should never reach the term so ardently wished for. The motion, however, and the heat of the walk, calmed by degrees the pain he suffered. He walked all night, halting frequently, and almost immediately continuing his journey. But sometimes giving way to despair, he would throw himself on the ground, and entreat Ivan to abandon him to his fate. His intrepid companion not only encouraged him by his speeches and example, but employed almost violence to raise him to his feet and drag him off. They came to a most difficult and dangerous passage, which they could not avoid; to wait for daylight would have caused an irreparable loss of time. They resolved to go through, at the imminent hazard of being precipitated from the heights. But before engaging his master in this peril, Ivan resolved to reconnoitre the pass, and to survey it alone. While

he was going down, Kascambo remained on the edge of a rock, in a state of anxiety by no means easy to describe. The night was dark: he heard under his feet the distant murmur of a rapid river, whose agitated waters were rolling tumultuously through the valley; the noise of the stones detached from the mountain's side by his companion's feet, indicated to him the immense depth of the precipice on which he was standing. At this moment of anguish and of distress, which might be the last of his life, he thought of his beloved mother, who had given him her blessing at his departure from the line, with that tender maternal affection which no other love can ever equal; that thought renewed all his courage: a pleasing presentiment that he should once more see her arose in his mind. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed; "do grant that her blessing shall not have been given in vain!"

As he was just finishing this short but fervent prayer, Ivan returned. The passage was not so difficult as they at first supposed it to be. After descending a few fathoms between the rocks, it was necessary, in order to gain easier ground, to skirt a narrow ridge of rock, inclined, and, besides, covered with slippery snow, under which the mountain formed a steep and abrupt precipice of fearful depth. Ivan made openings in the hard snow with his axe to facilitate the passage; they both commended their souls to God. "Now," said Kascambo, "if I perish, let it not be for want of courage; sickness and misery alone could ever damp my spirits; I shall go now as long as the Almighty will give me strength." They surmounted all difficulties, successfully accomplished their perilous passage, and continued their route. The paths were becoming more frequented and well beaten; they only found snow in the spots exposed to the north wind, and in the hollows where it had gathered. They had the good fortune to meet no one till daybreak, when the sight of two men, who appeared at a great distance, obliged them to lie down flat on the ground to avoid discovery.

After leaving the mountains in those provinces, the forests disappear, and the eye looks in vain for a single tree to relieve the nakedness of the country, except on the banks of large rivers, where they are even very scarce: this circum-

stance is very extraordinary, considering the fertility of the soil. They had been following for some time the course of the Sonja, which they had to cross to reach Mosdok, and were looking out for a spot where the stream, being less rapid, would afford them a safer passage, when they discovered a figure on horseback coming straight towards them. The country, totally uncovered, presented neither tree nor bush for concealment. They squatted down under a ridge of rock near the water's edge. The traveller passed within a few yards of their hiding-place: their intention was merely to defend themselves if they were attacked. Ivan drew his dagger, and gave the pistol to the major. Perceiving, however, that the rider was but a boy of twelve or thirteen, he sprang abruptly on him, seized him by the neck, and threw him down. The youth attempted to resist; but on seeing the major appear at the river side, pistol in hand, he ran away at full speed. The horse was without a saddle, and with only a halter passed in his mouth by way of a bridle. The two fugitives made use immediately of their capture to pass the river. This rencontre was most fortunate for them, for they very soon saw that it would have been impossible to cross it on foot as they intended. Their charger, although burdened with two men, was very nearly carried away by the rapidity of the stream. They reached the shore, however, in safety, but it was too steep to allow the horse to land; they dismounted to ease him. As Ivan was pulling him with all his might to make him climb the bank, the halter gave way. The poor animal was carried off by the current, and, after many an unsuccessful attempt to land, was fairly overpowered and drowned.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DE MONTMORENCY.

OF the sanguinary character of this constable of France, some idea may be formed by the specimen which Brantome, a French historian, has given of his favourite orders—"Go! let me see those rascals stabbed or shot directly. Hang me that fellow on yonder tree. Hack me to pieces those scoundrels, who dared to defend that church against the king's forces. Set fire to that village. Burn me all the country for a mile round this spot."



THE FRENCH DRAGOON AND SPANISH MAIDEN.

A TREMBLING ray of light, traced on the ground by the crevice of the door, indicated the spot to Montefiore, and he tapped gently. Juana opened the door, and Montefiore, with a throbbing heart, entered. The noble countenance of the recluse bore an expression of artless curiosity, with an entire ignorance of the danger she was incurring, and an unequivocal admiration of the soldier's manly appearance. He was struck for a moment by the sanctity of the picture presented to his eyes, the result of the admirable harmony which existed between this elegant retreat and the delicious creature that inhabited it.

The four walls were hung with grey tapestry, embroidered with violet-coloured flowers. A small chest of sculptured ebony, an antique mirror, an old and roomy arm-chair of ebony, covered with tapestry, and a table with fancifully-twisted feet, a Turkey carpet on the floor, and a chair near the table—this was the whole of the furniture. Upon the table

were scattered flowers, and an unfinished piece of embroidery. In one corner was a light and narrow couch, on which Juana lay absorbed in reverie. Over the bed were three paintings of saints, and just above the pillow were a crucifix, and a small vase of beryl for holy water, between which was a prayer engraved in letters of gold and framed. A slight perfume of flowers was perceptible; a soft and gentle light was thrown from the wax tapers; and all was calm, pure, and holy. The dreamy fancies of Juana seemed to have communicated a heavenly charm to everything around, upon which the impress of her soul was stamped, like the jewel in its shell of mother-of-pearl. She was dressed in white, and her beauty was her only ornament; she had laid down her rosary to think of love, and would have inspired respect even to Montefiore, if the silence, the night, the hour, Juana herself, her white bed with its snowy sheets, and her pillow the confidant of her confused and soft dreams, had not fired the daring soldier with their united temptations.

Montefiore remained a considerable

time standing, intoxicated with a rapture he had never known before, like that, perhaps, of Satan gazing at the sky through a sudden opening of the clouds which obscured it.

"Directly I saw you," whispered he in pure Tuscan, and with the melodious accents of his Italian voice, "I loved you. My heart and soul are centred in you, and, if you will, shall be so for ever."

Juana listened, inhaling the breath of these words, which the language of love made magnificent to her.

"Poor little dear, how long have you been able to bear the restraint of this gloomy dwelling, without perishing by its tediousness? You, who were formed to reign over men's hearts, to inhabit a prince's palace, whose days should be one long holiday, who should live on those joys you inspire in every bosom, and see everything at your feet, effacing each other rare and costly thing by the splendour which can never meet a rival—how have you lingered here so solitary, with only this old merchant and his wife for companions?"

This question was not without a motive, for he wished to learn if Juana had ever had a lover.

"Yes," she answered; "but how could you have known my secret thoughts? For some months I have been sorrowful to death—oh! I would prefer dying to remaining much longer in this house! Look at this embroidery—there is not a thread of it that has been worked without a thousand sad thoughts. How often have I wished to run away, and throw myself into the sea, and yet I did not know for what. Little childish trifles, but very teasing, notwithstanding their silliness! I have often kissed my mother, of an evening, as if for the last time, while I said to myself—'*To-morrow I will die.*' But I could not do it, because suicides are sent to purgatory, and I am so afraid of that, I preferred to live on—to rise, and to go to bed, to do the self-same work at the self-same hours, and everything in the usual order. It was not weariness, but anguish—and yet my father and mother adore me! Ah! I am very wicked, and I tell my confessor so very often."

"And have you any pleasure or amusements here?"

"Oh! I have not always been so! Till I was fifteen, I was delighted with

the songs, the music, and the festivals of the church. I was happy to think that I was like the angels, without sin, and to be able to take the communion every week, because then I loved God. But for the last three years, everything has changed for me. First, I could not do without flowers, and I had very beautiful ones; then I wished—But I want for nothing now," added she, after a pause, and smiling on Montefiore—"have you not just written to me that you love me, and always will?"

"Yes, my Juana," whispered Montefiore, in his sweetest tones, lifting this delightful creature by the waist, and clasping her to his heart. "But let me talk to you as you speak to heaven. Are you not lovelier than the Mary of our worship? Listen! I swear to you," rejoined he, kissing her long curls, "I swear that I will take your fair brow as the richest and holiest of altars, that I will make you my idol, and lay at your feet all the joys of the world. For you I have carriages, and a palace at Milan—all the jewels and diamonds of my ancient family; and each day there shall be some new enjoyment, some fresh dress—all that there is of happiness and rapture shall be sought for you!"

"Yes," she answered, "I shall like all that very well; but I feel in my heart that, what I should love better than anything in the world, would be my dear and darling husband."

Mio caro sposa! for it would be impossible to attach to any three English words the wonderful tenderness, and the amorous elegance of tone with which the Italian language and pronunciation invest these three delicious words. "In him," she continued, looking at Montefiore with a glance in which the purity of a seraph was beaming, "I shall regain my cherished religion in *him*. He and heaven, heaven and him. Will not you be that person? Certainly—I am sure you will! Ah! come, and look at the painting which my father brought me from Italy."

She took a light, beckoned to Montefiore, and showed him at the foot of her bed a Saint Michael trampling on the demon.

"Look!" she said. "Has he not got your eyes? And so, when I saw you in the street, the meeting seemed like an intimation from heaven. During my

morning dreams, before my mother called me to prayer, I had so often gazed upon this painting, that I ended by making a husband of this angel. But, gracious heaven! I am talking to you as if I was only talking to myself. I must appear very foolish to you—but if you only knew how a poor recluse sighs to utter the thoughts which oppress her. When I am alone I converse with these flowers and these clusters of tapestry, and it appears to me that they understand me better than my grave and serious father and mother."

"Juana!" cried Montefiore, interrupting her, while he seized both her hands, and kissed them with a transport which flashed in his eyes, was read in his gestures, and heard in his accents, "speak to me as to a husband, as to your other self; I have suffered all that you have suffered; there is no need of many words for us to understand the past, but no language can ever express the happiness in store for us. Place your hand upon my heart—feel how it beats. Let us promise before heaven, that sees and hears us, to be true to each other all our life. Come, take this ring—give me yours."

"Give you my ring!" she cried with alarm; "but it came from our holy father at Rome, and was placed on my finger, in my infancy, by a very grand and beautiful lady who brought me up, put me in this house, and told me always to keep it."

"Juana, do you not love me then?"

"Oh!" she said—"take it. If you have it, it is the same thing."

She held the ring out tremblingly, and pressed it between her fingers, while she looked at him with a clear and piercing gaze. For this ring was herself, and in surrendering it, she gave herself with it.

"Oh, my Juana," said Montefiore, clasping her in his arms, "he must be a monster who would deceive you—I must love you to eternity——"

Juana was absorbed in reverie.

Montefiore thought within himself that, in this first interview, it would be hazardous to attempt anything which might injure so young and pure a creature, whose imprudence arose from her virtue and innocence. He trusted to his features, to his beauty, whose influence he well knew, and to the simple marriage of the ring, the most magnificent of unions,

the slightest and yet the most binding of ceremonies, the wedding of the heart. He knew that Juana's vivid imagination would be his best auxiliary during the rest of the night, and through the next day. Therefore, he restrained himself to be as respectful as he was tender, and with this idea, strengthened by his passion and the emotions Juana inspired him, he was caressing and honeyed in his tones. He embarked the girl's fancy in all the projects of a new existence, painted the world in the most seducing colours, discoursed with her upon those household details which are so pleasing to young girls, and entering into those agreements which give a consistency and reality to love. Then having fixed the hour for their next night's interview, he left Juana happy but changed. The pure and holy Juana no longer existed. In the last glance she threw upon him, in her graceful movement to bend her brow to her lover's lips, there was already more of passion than it is permitted to girls to avow. Her solitude, her wearisomeness, and her work, which were all contrary to her disposition and temper, had brought this about. To have kept her prudent and virtuous she should have been habituated by degrees to the world, or have been concealed entirely from it.

"To-morrow will seem very long to me," said she, receiving on her forehead a kiss, which was still chaste. "But do, I beg you, stay as long as you can in the hall, and talk loud, that I may hear your voice—for it fills my heart."

Three nights afterward, Montefiore, instead of retiring to his own apartment, entered into Juana's in order to take leave of her for a few days, under pretence of an order of departure which he said he had received from *maréchal* Suchet, who then commanded in Tarragona.

Juana, like a true Spaniard and Italian, with the blood and passion of both in her veins and heart, was transported by his boldness, which was imputed to the ferocity of his love.

To realise the stolen pleasures of illicit indulgence in the pure and innocent joys of wedlock; to hide her own husband behind her own bed-curtains; to deceive her adopted father and mother, and in the event of being discovered, proudly to say to them—"I am the marchioness of Mon-

tefiore!"—this was a real excitement for a young and romantic girl, who for three years had dreamed of nothing but love, and love environed with perils.

The tapestried door fell back upon them, and its curtain was a veil to their happiness and enjoyment.

It was about nine o'clock, and the merchant and his wife recited their evening prayers; when, suddenly, the sound of a carriage drawn by several horses disturbed the quiet street; hurried knocks were heard at the shop-door, and the servant flew to open it.

In two bounds, rather than steps, a woman rushed into the old hall, magnificently attired, although she had alighted from a travelling carriage all covered with the mud of a thousand roads. She had traversed Italy, France, and Spain. It was Marana! that Marana, who, in spite of her six-and-thirty years, and her dissolute life, was still in all the splendour of that *bella folgorante*—(that lightning flash of beauty—the superb compliment created for her by her passionate Milanese adorers)—that Marana, who, although she was the avowed mistress of a king, had quitted Naples, its feasts, and its skies, at the very apogee of her existence of gold, of sonnets, of perfumes, and of silk, the same instant she heard from her royal lover the events in Spain, and the siege of Tarragona.

"To Tarragona; I must be in Tarragona before its capture; I will be in Tarragona in ten days!"

And without another thought of a court, or a crown, she had arrived in Tarragona, furthered in her rapid course by that which is like an imperial firman, gold, by whose influence she dashed through the French empire, with the velocity and brilliancy of a musket flash. There is neither time nor space to a mother; she forbodes everything; and has her mind's eye fixed upon her child though poles intervene.

"My child! my child!" shrieked Marana.

At that voice, that hurried entrance, and the sight of that small-footed queen of beauty, the prayer-book fell from the hands of Perez and his wife; for her voice sounded like thunder, and her eyes gleamed with the flashes of lightning.

"She is there," the merchant calmly replied, after a pause, during which he

recovered from the emotion which the hurried arrival, the eager look, and voice of Marana had caused him. "She is there," he repeated, pointing to her little closet.

"Yes—but has she not been sick?—has she been——"

"Entirely well," interposed Donna Lagounia.

"Oh heaven! crush me now with thy wrath, at this moment, if it so pleases thee," cried Marana, falling quite exhausted and lifeless in an arm chair.

The high colour, excited by her anxiety, suddenly departed from her cheeks. She had strength to support her sufferings, but she sunk under the excess of joy. "Yet," she inquired, "how can it be? Was not Tarragona taken by storm?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Perez. "But when you see me alive, methinks the question is needless. Must they not have killed me to reach Juana?"

At this answer, the courtesan seized Perez's rough hand, and kissed it, while she dashed away the tears which rushed to her eyes.

"Kind Perez," she said at length. "But have you had no soldiers quartered on you?"

"Only one," answered the Spaniard, "and luckily he is one of the most honourable of men, formerly in the Spanish service, an Italian, who detests Bonaparte as he does the demon; he is married, and scarcely notices anything. He rises very late, and retires early. At present he is in bad health."

"An Italian. What is his name?"

"The captain Montefiore——"

"Then it cannot be the marquis of Montefiore?"

"The same, senora."

"Has he seen Juana?"

"No," answered Donna Lagounia.

"You are mistaken, wife," interrupted Perez. "The marquis only caught a glimpse of her for an instant, it is true; but he must certainly have seen her on that evening when she entered while we were at supper."

"Ah! then I must see my daughter this minute."

"Nothing easier," said Perez. "She is now asleep. But if she has locked the door, we shall have to wake her."

(To be continued.)

THE PRISONERS OF MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(Concluded from p. 356.)

Deprived of this resource, but less tormented now by the fear of being pursued, they made for a rocky hillock, which they perceived in the distance, intending to hide there, and rest till night. By their calculation of the distance they must have gone over, they judged that the habitations of the Pacific Tchetchenges could not be very far away. But it was by no means safe to trust to these men, whose possible treachery would ruin them for ever. However, in the desperate state of weakness to which Kascambo was now he could not reach the Tereek without assistance. Their provisions were exhausted; they spent the rest of the day in sullen and mournful silence, not daring to communicate one to another their mutual anxieties. Towards the evening, the major saw the denchick strike his forehead with his hand, and give a deep sigh. Surprised at this sudden mark of despair, which his intrepid companion had never yet displayed, he inquired the cause of it. "Master," said Ivan, "I have committed a great fault!"

"May God forgive it us!" replied Kascambo, with great compunction.

"Yes," continued Ivan; "I have forgotten to carry off that splendid rifle, which was in the child's room. But it cannot be helped; it did not occur to me; you made such a moaning up there, that you put it out of my head. You laugh; it was indeed the prettiest rifle in the whole village. I would have made a present of it to the first man we meet to make a friend of him, for I do not exactly see how we can, in your present condition, accomplish our journey."

The weather, which had hitherto favoured them, changed suddenly in the course of the day. The cold wind of Russia blew with violence, and covered them with sleet. They started again at nightfall, uncertain whether to risk entering one of the villages, or to avoid them entirely. But the long journey which on that alternative awaited them, became utterly impossible in consequence of a new misfortune which happened to them towards the end of the night.

As they were crossing a small ravine, on a wreath of snow which covered the bottom of it, the ice broke under their feet, and they sank up to their knees in

water. The efforts Kascambo made to extricate himself, completely drenched his garments. From the moment of their departure the cold had never been so intense; the whole country was covered with sleet. After half an hour of the most painful and laborious travel, nipped by the cold, he fell down, exhausted by fatigue and pain, and refused peremptorily to go a step farther. Convinced of the utter impossibility of ever reaching the term of his journey, he considered it an useless cruelty to detain his companion, who could easily escape alone. "Listen to me, Ivan," said he; "God knows I have done every thing in my power till this very moment, to take advantage of your help and assistance; but you see now that they cannot save me, and that my fate is sealed. Go to the line, my dear and faithful Ivan—return to our regiment, I command you; tell my old friends, and my superior officers, that you have left me here a prey to the ravens, and that I wish them a better fate. But, before leaving me, remember the oath you took up there in the blood of our jailors. You swore that the Tchetchenges should never take me alive again: keep your word!" So saying, he lay down, and covered himself all over with his bear-skin cloak. "There is still a resource left," replied Ivan; "it is to seek a habitation of Tchetchenges, and bribe the master with promises; if he betray us, we shall have nothing to reproach ourselves with. Try to drag yourself so far; or," said he, seeing his master's exhaustion, "I shall go alone, and try to gain over a Tchetchenge; if things turn out well, I shall come back with him, and carry you away. If they go wrong, if I perish and cannot return, there, take the pistol." Kascambo stretched out his hand, and took it.

Ivan covered him up with herbs and brushwood, for fear he should be seen during his absence. He was about to depart, when his master called him back. "Ivan," said he, "listen again to my last request. If you ever succeed in passing the Tereek, and see my mother again without me"——

"Master," interrupted Ivan, "farewell for a few hours. We shall meet again in the course of this day. But, if you die, neither your mother nor mine shall ever see me again!"

After an hour's walk, he perceived,

from a small rising ground, two or three villages, at about four miles' distance: it was not what he wanted; he wished to find a solitary house, which he might enter without being observed, and secretly gain over the master. The distant smoke of an isolated chimney discovered to him what he wished for. The master of the house was seated on the floor, busily repairing one of his boots. "I come here," said Ivan, "to offer you an opportunity of winning two hundred roubles, and to ask of you a service. You have, no doubt, heard of major Kascambo, a prisoner among the mountaineers. Well, I have carried him off—he is here close by—sick, exhausted, and in your power. If you deliver him up to his enemies, they will praise you certainly, but, you know it well enough, they will not reward you. If, on the contrary, you consent to save him, by keeping him only three days in your house, I shall go to Mosdok, and bring back two hundred roubles in fine sounding silver for his ransom. But if you dare stir one inch from your place," added he, drawing his dagger, "and give the alarm to get me arrested, I murder you this instant. Give me your word this moment, or you are a dead man."

The determined tone of Ivan convinced the Tchetchenge without intimidating him. "Young man," said he, pulling quietly on his boot, "I have also got a dagger in my belt, and yours does not frighten me. Had you entered here as a friend, I should never have betrayed a man who had crossed the threshold of my door; now, I promise nothing. Sit down there, and explain your wish." Ivan, seeing at once who he had to do with, sheathed his dagger, sat down, and repeated his proposal. "And what security do you offer me," asked the Tchetchenge, "for the execution of your promise?" "I shall leave you the major himself," replied Ivan. "Do you think I would have suffered for fifteen months, and brought my master to your house, to desert him there?" "Well, I believe you; but two hundred roubles are too little—I must have four hundred." "Why not ask four thousand?—it's just as easy; only, as I intend to keep my word, I offer you the two hundred, because I know where to get them, and not another kopeck. Would you place me under the necessity of deceiving you?"

"Well, let it be done for the two hundred roubles; and you come back in three days, and alone?" "Yes, alone, and in three days; I give you my word for it; but have you given me your own?—is the major your guest?" "He is, and so are you from this moment; you have my solemn word for it."

They took each other's hand, and ran for the major, whom they brought back half dead with cold and hunger.

Instead of going to Mosdok, Ivan hearing that he was nearer to Tchervelianskaya-Staniza, where there was a considerable post of Cossacks, hastened directly thither. He had no great trouble in making up the necessary sum. The brave Cossacks, several of whom had been present at the unfortunate engagement which had cost Kascambo his liberty, were happy to put their purses together to complete his ransom. On the appointed day, Ivan departed to go and deliver at last his master; but the colonel who commanded the post, fearing some new treason, would not allow him to return alone; and, in spite of the convention and agreement made with the Tchetchenge, he sent a detachment of Cossacks with him.

This ill-judged precaution was very near being fatal to Kascambo. His host no sooner perceived the lances of the Cossacks in the distance, than he thought himself betrayed; and displaying at once the ferocious courage of his nation, he conducted the major, still weak and sick, to the roof of the house, tied him to a pillar, and placed himself before him, with his rifle in his hand.

"If you advance," cried he, as soon as Ivan was within hearing distance; "if you make another step, I blow the major's brains out; and I have fifty cartridges left for my enemies, and for the traitor who has brought them."

"You are not betrayed!" exclaimed the faithful denchick, trembling for his master's life; "I have been forced to come back accompanied; but I have brought the two hundred roubles, and my word."

"Let the Cossacks retire," added the Tchetchenge, "or I fire."

Kascambo himself begged of the officer to retire. Ivan followed the detachment for some distance, and came back alone. But the suspicious brigand would not allow him to approach. He bade him

count the roubles on the footpath, at a hundred yards from the house, and be off.

As soon as he had secured them, he returned to the roof, and, throwing himself at the major's feet, begged his pardon, and entreated him to forget the bad usage he had been forced to make him endure for his own safety. "I shall only remember," said Kascambo, "that I have been your guest, and that you have kept your word faithfully; but instead of begging my pardon, I should rather prefer you take off these ropes."

Without answering, the Tchetchenge, seeing Ivan return, bounded from the roof, and disappeared like lightning.

In the course of the same day, the brave Ivan had the satisfaction and glory of restoring his master to his dear friends, who had lost all hopes of ever seeing him more.

The author of this narrative, happening to pass Iegorensky some months after, arrived during the night before a small house, of very elegant appearance, and particularly well lighted up. He jumped from his kibick, and approached a window to enjoy the sight of a most lively and animated ball which was taking place on the ground-floor. A young officer was also looking on, and appeared particularly taken up with the gay scene in the interior of the apartment.

"Who gives this ball?" inquired the traveller.

"It is our major, who was married to-day."

"And what may be his name, pray?"

"His name is Kascambo."

The traveller, who was acquainted with the singular history of this gentleman, congratulated himself on having yielded to his curiosity, and admired the bridegroom, who, glowing with pleasure, had completely forgot for the moment the Tchetchenges and their cruelty.

"Have the kindness to show me also the brave denchick who delivered him." The young officer, after some hesitation, answered, "I am the man."

Doubly surprised at this extraordinary coincidence, and still more at the youth of the speaker, the traveller asked him what his age was. He had not completed his twentieth year, and had just received a sum of money and the rank of officer as a reward for his courage and fidelity.

This brave young man, after having voluntarily shared his master's misfortunes, and restored him to life and liberty, was now enjoying his happiness on his marriage-day, gazing at the feast through the window. But the stranger happening to express his astonishment that he should not be in the ball-room, and appearing also to imply some suspicion of ingratitude in his old master, Ivan glanced towards him a fierce and angry look, and walked into the house whistling the tune "Hai luli, hai luli!" He very soon appeared in the ball-room, and the inquisitive traveller jumped into his kibick, quite thankful not to have received the fatal axe over his skull.

THE SAXON WIDOW.

It was on the 7th of August, 1802. I was then about 18, and serving in quality of chasseur in the fourth battalion of light infantry. Beaten in several engagements, the imperialists had strongly entrenched themselves behind the ruins of an old Saxon village, which had been surrounded the night before, and was now a prey to the flames. The monastery and graveyard, distant about half a league from the scene of devastation, had been alone respected. By the merest accident, I found myself, towards the dead of the night, posted sentinel in advance of the first line. The silence, truly solemn, that reigned on all sides, was only interrupted by the "All's well" of the Austrian videttes, the relief of sentinels, and the mournful rustling of the cypress and the pine, borne on the midnight blast—all of which was heard in passing by, but disregarded.

The emanation which arose from a number of bodies very hastily interred the previous day, exhaling from their recent tombs, brought to my mind a multitude of grotesque and fearful images. This species of phosphoric phenomenon, the effect of which I had often witnessed before, particularly in those sultry evenings, when, under the influence of the Canicule, or dog-star, brought me back to the happy state of boyhood, and rekindled in my thoughts those tales of sylphs and goblins which I had listened to (not without awe, be it said) while gravely seated at the patrimonial hearth.

These recollections, which the time of night had very much contributed to excite, produced a tone of feeling of which it

was not altogether easy to give a just account. But with what force my heart responded, as through the lengthy lane of eglantine, which served as boundary to the cemetery, I distinguished by the pale moon's light, a stately form—phantom-like—glide past, habited in a dress of snowy whiteness! Soon recovering from sensations souterly unworthy of a Frenchman and a soldier, I hastily seized my arms, and in a firm voice challenged, "Qui vive?" No answer; all was hushed. "Qui vive?" a second time. Still the same death-like silence. Faithful to my trust, my piece is levelled at the object, whose winding drapery served as a mark to aim at. The powder ignites—the whizzing of the ball is heard—heart-rending groans instantly follow the explosion!

The report of my rifle had given the alarm; and in a moment it is succeeded by that of the sentinels on both sides! Life and agitation now succeeded to sleep—the drums beat to arms—the mounting of the troops commences—and the bayonets of the inlying picquets, together with those of the several corps turned out, flash a thousand fires, which the reflection aids, and multiplies without end. A small reinforcement from the nearest post is quickly detached, and sent in all haste to join us. Our steps were now directed towards the spot where the spectre first appeared; and, by the faint light of a lantern, with which the chief of the detachment was provided, we distinguished—O heavy spectacle!—a tall, aged female—extended—motionless—and without life—at the foot of a tomb, surmounted by a small iron cross, grained in black.—My ball had struck the unhappy victim to the heart, and a small, slender stream of blood rilled slowly over the turf. Her robe was of the clearest white, and a long covering or veil of the same colour, partly concealed her head, now blanched with age or care—most probably by both. Although the icy hand of death had passed upon her, the countenance still wore the look of piety and resignation. Her hands were firmly joined together, and two large tear-drops, just escaped from her half-closed eyelids, left their trace on her discoloured cheeks. At the break of day, two Saxon peasants, sent in quest of her, gave this short sad detail of her history. Widow of a Lutheran clergyman above twenty years, Marie

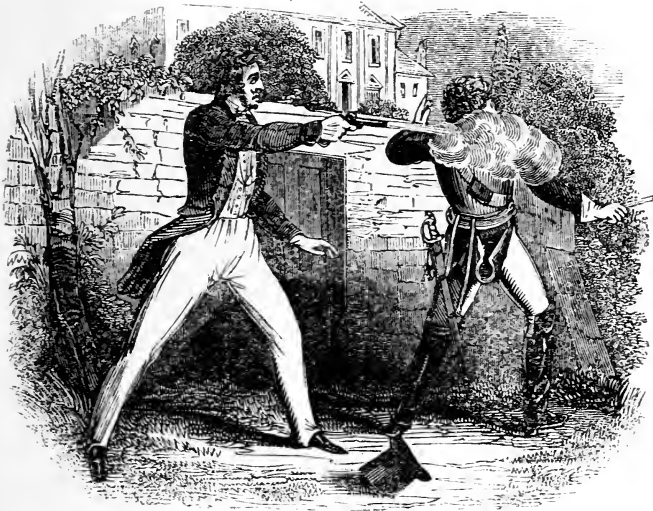
Bulmer had made a vow to visit his grave daily, and offer up her orisons according to that ritual, and leave there her garland of fresh flowers. Victim of a lamentable and almost unprecedented fate, she had met her death in the accomplishment of this sacred duty, from which no obstacles, however hazardous, could divert her. The next day she was laid beside her well-beloved, in the same grave, quietly, and without ostentation. I assisted at the rite, and kneeling down upon the grassy tomb, I prayed heaven to give me a partner just as worthy and as true. In latter years, when I have heard examples cited of conjugal devotion, I never failed to recollect with unfeigned sorrow and regret the tragical end of the "Saxon Widow."

MARSHAL DE TURENNE.

The celebrated marshal de Turenne was no less remarkable for the extraordinary affability and coolness of his disposition, than for his uncommon penetration and heroic achievements in war. One day, in summer, having returned from hunting, he was lying over his window enjoying the cool air, dressed in a hunter's uniform, viz. a short coat, leather breeches, and boots. One of his valets coming into the room, and seeing only his buckskin breeches and hunter's jacket, took him for one of his fellow-servants; and, out of sport, gave the marshal a severe stroke with his hand on the breech. Turenne, smarting with the blow, turned about a little angry; the valet, seeing his master, fell upon his knees, entreating his forgiveness, saying, "I thought, my lord, it was John!" "And although it had been John," said the marshal, with great coolness, "you need not have struck so hard."

A DOUBTFUL CASE.

The gates of the Tower are closed every night at a certain time; after which there is no egress or ingress without some little trouble. A very corpulent gentleman, who had been spending the evening there with a friend, and staid till the very last moment, on his way to the gate met a soldier, whom he accosted with—"Pray, my good fellow, can I get out at this gate?"—"I don't know," said the soldier, eyeing him, "I don't know; but a *baggage waggon can.*"



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RETRIBUTION.

I BELONGED to a regiment of cuirassiers, which formed a part of the rear of the "grand army," on its retreat upon Leipsic, and the shades of night had descended long ere we arrived at the spot in which we were to bivouac; watchfires were blazing along our whole line, surrounded by the fatigued soldiers.

After obtaining some little refreshment, I walked forward a few paces to observe our position. From the proximity of the countless watchfires in the direction of the enemy, I judged that immediately morning dawned, the battle would commence.

What an imposing scene! Two of the greatest armies that had ever followed European leaders, lay hushed in repose.

How soon would this repose be disturbed by the deafening thunder of cannon—the rude shock of cavalry—the close and deadly bayonet charge! Before the setting of to-morrow's sun, how many brave men, who were now full of lusty vigour, would be stretched upon the bare earth, stiffening in their gore.

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In the midst of my recollections I was joined by an officer of my own troop: he had entered the regiment at the same time as myself, and we had formed a sincere friendship for each other. His usually cheerful countenance now wore an expression of deep thought, if not of melancholy. Upon my rallying him upon his rueful visage, in a subdued tone he thus addressed me: "My dear friend, I feel a strange presentiment that to-morrow my mortal career will terminate. I know you will laugh at me for indulging in what you deem chimerical forebodings: but the conviction that I shall fall in to-morrow's contest is indelibly fixed in my imagination. You have always expressed a sincere regard for me, let me now bring you to the proof; promise me that you will deliver these two packets. The first is addressed to one for whom my heart beats with an affection that shall cease not till I am a lifeless corse: it contains a miniature and a lock of my hair. The other is addressed to my father, M. d'Olliever, and contains a locket which is composed of his and my sister's hair. Promise me that in the event of my death, you will de-

2 M

liver these with your own hand. I have cogent reasons for being thus urgent; for I more than suspect a villain of calumniating me in the tenderest quarter—my love to Helène de Chaluz, to whom you will find the packet addressed." I pledged myself to comply with his request, but at the same time endeavoured to chase those sombre forebodings from his mind: my efforts were ineffectual, however, and he continued plunged in settled gloom.

Our conference was scarcely finished, before the faint streaks of day appeared in the horizon: we hastily joined our division, when all was bustle and confusion, which, however, was soon hushed, and every man mounted and ready for action. We were not kept long in suspense, for our veteran colonel received orders to take up a position in the rear of a large wood which protected our left flank: here we were quickly joined by squadron after squadron, until we mustered some thousands strong. It was now evident that one of those sudden and irresistible shocks of cavalry, with which Napoleon was so wont to surprise his enemy, was in contemplation. The enemy, however, soon showed himself to be aware of our movements, by sending several rounds of artillery crashing through the wood; no time was therefore to be lost: we were quickly wheeled into line, and at the command of a voice which every horseman knew well, every blade flashed in the faint morning light; again that voice was heard, "Forward! Charge!"—and on we rushed, the solid earth trembling beneath the thunder of our horses' hoofs—our brave chief, who had led so many charges, several yards in advance, his sabre flashing above his head, and his long dark locks waving like war-pennons on the breeze.

Terrific as our onset was, it was unsuccessful; for the enemy, having received notice of our intention, had so strengthened his position by bringing up his bravest troops, that we were unable to force his ranks.

Our charge seemed to have been the signal for the commencement of the general engagement, which now raged along the whole line with a fury which I have never seen equalled: one incessant roar of cannon and musketry rolled from the opposing lines. The proximity of the two armies was so great that every volley did most deadly execution; whole

ranks were struck to the earth, and regiments were reduced to skeletons without once changing the position they had occupied in the morning.

Night was drawing on apace; but not a foot of ground had been won or lost on either side. Owing to the sanguinary contests in which we had been constantly engaged since the break of day, our regiment had suffered severely—but our services were not yet to be dispensed with: in conjunction with some regiments of chasseurs, we were ordered to attack and drive back a division of Polo-Russian infantry, and charge several regiments of Austrian cuirassiers. While forming for this service, I bantered my friend upon his melancholy forebodings, for, like myself, he had hitherto escaped without a single wound: before he could reply, we received orders to charge, and I saw him no more alive. Upon our charging the Austrian cuirassiers, they retreated, leaving the infantry to their fate; they formed in squares, and fairly waited our attack. How my heart bled for these gallant men, thus compelled to maintain a contest so unequal. In vain did we endeavour to break in upon them; firm as the earth that supported them, they withstood our repeated shock; again we returned to the charge, and again we were received by the steady huzza, the deadly shower of balls, and the bristling ranks of bayonets.

In the third charge which we made at this devoted band, a ball not twenty yards from the muzzle struck my bridle-arm; almost at the same moment my horse was shot under me—in falling, he pitched me forward on my head, and I fell insensible on the plain. Upon recovering my senses, I found myself in total darkness, stretched on the field of battle with my arms broken, and my body sore from the bruises I had received in my fall. After some efforts I raised myself upon my feet and endeavoured to walk, but the spot upon which I had fallen was so thickly covered with the dead and wounded that I could not stir, without disturbing some dying wretch. Oh, heavens! the memory of that dreadful night clings to my recollection with a tenacity that bids defiance to the efforts of time to efface it. Shrieks of despair and agony, accompanied by fearful curses and imprecations, resounded from——but enough! enough! let me no longer dwell upon the harrow-

ing theme. In a short time I was discovered by a party sent out to collect the wounded, and conveyed to a hospital at Leipsic. From the inquiries I made concerning the fate of my friend, I learned that he had been so desperately wounded that he was not expected to survive many hours; he also had been conveyed to Leipsic.

In that city the utmost confusion reigned; the streets were crowded with waggons bearing the wounded soldiery to the hospitals. The inhabitants were in the utmost consternation: from the issue of the first day's conflict, they fully expected to have the victorious allies thundering at their gates; it was even reported that the king of Saxony had sent proposals of capitulation to the allied sovereigns.

After my wound had been dressed, I went the round of the hospitals, hoping to gain some intelligence of my friend. After a toilsome search, I was so far successful as to find his remains, for his spirit had fled some hours before my arrival: he had been shot through the lungs, and all human aid was futile. As I gazed upon his lifeless form, my imagination conjured up visions of the fond relatives and friends to whom I should shortly have to communicate the sad narrative of his tragical end, and my eyes were unconsciously dimmed with tears. I resolved to execute the commission with as little delay as possible; but the hazards incident to a soldier's life, rendered the accomplishment of it doubtful.

I will not detain the reader by a recapitulation of the memorable events which occurred subsequently to those I have endeavoured to relate; it will suffice to say, that the 19th of October beheld Napoleon and the wreck of his splendid army retreating through Leipsic, totally disorganised: of four hundred thousand men with whom he had commenced the campaign, barely ninety thousand escaped beyond the Rhine.

This disastrous chain of events at length terminated in the abdication of the emperor, and I then found myself at liberty to fulfil my promise. After spending a few weeks with my friends, in order to recruit my shattered health, I set out on my melancholy mission. My journey lay through some of the most beautiful provinces of southern France; and to one

who had so long been accustomed to the blasting scenes of war, nature seemed clothed in double charms.

At the conclusion of my second day's journey I arrived at my place of destination, which was a retired village. It being late in the evening, I determined to postpone my errand until the following morning, when I might make my *début* in some decent trim. The cabaret I found did not furnish accommodation in the most superior style of elegance, but I had seen too much of the bivouac to stand upon niceties.

Scarcely had morning dawned before I was roused from my slumbers by the merry peals of the village bells, and other joyful demonstrations, with which the populace are wont to celebrate some happy event. When the landlord entered with my morning meal, I enquired the reason of those joyful ebullitions.

"Why, monsieur," exclaimed he, "I thought all the world knew this was to be the wedding-day of count de Lenois and Helene de Chaluz—it is the talk of the whole province. The count is the richest man in this part of France; and who will assert that Helene de Chaluz is not as handsome as he is rich? No one who has once seen her, I think. Yes, yes; a splendid *fete* shall we see this day, I promise you."

So saying, he hastily left me, to attend to the numerous guests who were now rapidly filling his little hostelry.

His unexpected information filled me with perplexity and astonishment. Helene de Chaluz about to be married! Could she then so soon forget the devoted affection of him, who, in the dark hour of death, had dwelt upon her remembrance with such intense emotion? Louis had expressed his suspicions of the machinations of a villain—was that villain count de Lenois? Possibly so. At all events I resolved to redeem the pledge I had so solemnly given my friend, and that with as little delay as possible. Inquiring, therefore, of the landlord, he directed me to the mansion which was about to become the scene of so much festivity. I found it surrounded by equipages of every description, and crowded with company invited for the occasion. Upon requesting to see madame de Chaluz, I was ushered into an ante-room, and after a short delay an elderly lady entered, and

announced herself by that title. I instantly concluded that she was the mother of the lady I wished to see.

"I am extremely sorry, madam," said I, "to intrude at so unseasonable a juncture, but I am compelled by unavoidable circumstances to request a short interview with your daughter."

"Why, really, sir," she replied, "you have reason to apologise for your ill-timed intrusion. What business of so pressing a nature can you have with my daughter, that you are compelled to interrupt her in the midst of her nuptials? Cannot you communicate it to me? you may rely upon her hearing it the earliest convenient opportunity. You cannot possibly see her now, for she only awaits my return to enter the carriage with the count."

I again apologised for my interruption, but declined acquainting her with my errand, which was, I said, intended for her daughter's ear alone. After some farther urging on my part, she acceded to my request, but manifestly with the greatest reluctance. She left the apartment, and in a few minutes returned with a young lady, whom she introduced as her daughter, and again retired. Her appearance instantly struck me: as she was rather above the middle height, of a majestic and graceful figure; her handsome countenance was strikingly expressive, causing emotion in the most plegmatic observer. She was arrayed in all the splendour becoming the wealth and rank of her intended husband: but her speaking features were darkened by a cloud of the deepest melancholy, forcing the beholder to the conviction that the blighting fangs of grief had already fixed upon her young heart.

As I gazed upon her speaking countenance, the conviction that the image of Louis was still engraved upon her heart, and that she was encompassed in the toils of some designing villain, irresistibly fastened upon my mind.

For some seconds I stood perfectly at a loss how to open my melancholy embassy, being convinced that the direful intelligence at such a moment would produce overwhelming effects. At length, in a faltering voice, I commenced the melancholy narrative. At the mention of her lover's name, the truth flashed like lightning through her brain, her face assumed

a deadly paleness, she sunk upon a seat, and seemed gasping for breath. This was too much for me; I hastily produced the packet directed to her, and placing it in her trembling hand, turned away to avoid seeing the troubled emotion I was convinced it would occasion. I heard her tear open the envelope—a silence of some minutes ensued—at length I ventured to cast my eyes toward her—she had read the letter, and was slowly untwirling a lock of his beautiful hair, which he had wound about her miniature. The torrent of her emotions at length found vent.

"I knew it—I said it," cried she, in frenzied tones. "I have been deceived, I have been entangled in the snares of a villain. Oh! wretch that I was, to listen to his vile calumnies, to have had my mind poisoned by the breath of this reptile. But thou shalt be revenged, Louis; never, never, will I be his! but am not I, at this moment, arrayed, ready to be led forth his victim? Thus, thus perish the wretch's hopes!" As she uttered these words, she snatched the rich coronet of diamonds that glittered in her dark hair, and dashed it to the floor, at the same time shrieking violently, and, in the paroxysm of her passion, tearing from her person the valuable jewels with which she was decorated, and throwing them from her with frantic energy. Nature could endure no more, she fell violently to the floor in deep convulsions.

Her screams, and the noise of her fall, brought her mother and several of the bridal party into the room; a gentleman, whom I supposed to be the count, hastened to raise and support her in his arms, others of the company crowding round her with looks of astonishment and dismay. Upon applying restoratives, she slowly recovered; but no sooner did she perceive the person who supported her than she renewed her shrieks, writhing in his embrace with signs of the utmost loathing.

"Unhand me, wretch," she cried, "thy touch strikes horror to my soul! Away, reptile! lest thou would have me expire at thy feet." She relapsed more violently than before, and was speedily borne to her apartment, followed by the wondering group.

I remained perfectly unnoticed in the midst of the general confusion, and there-

fore determined to quit a spot where my presence had caused so much excitement. Before I had advanced two steps towards the accomplishment of my purpose, however, I received a slight tap on the shoulder: upon facing round, the count stood before me. He was a man of middle age and stature, possessed of a good face and figure, but the former was characterised by a peculiar cold and sinister expression, which in my eyes betrayed a selfish and treacherous disposition. After eyeing me for some seconds, he thus addressed me: "I know you; you are some minion of Louis d'Olliever?"

"And I know you," shouted I, in my turn; "you are a most consummate scoundrel!"

"Enough, sir," said he, leading me to a window, "enough! you see that wall which skirts the garden: if you will meet me there in ten minutes, I will join you with weapons that shall settle this affair without more brawling."

I signified my assent to this proposal, and left the house by a private door which he pointed out. I had not arrived at the appointed spot more than five minutes, ere I was joined by my adversary, who carried a brace of pistols muffled in a silk handkerchief. He said nothing, but produced a powder-flask and bullets. Having loaded, I desired him to take his ground.

"We will each walk six paces," said he, "and then turn and fire."

To this arrangement I assented. Placing ourselves back to back, he gave the word "ready," and I stepped forward; but ere I had taken three steps, the villain turned and fired. The ball struck me in the back; and the shock was so great, that I thought I was shot through the body. Believing myself to be mortally wounded, I exerted all my remaining strength, and wheeled round, determined to take vengeance on my cowardly assassin. He had not stirred a single step from the spot, when a smile of malignant pleasure at the success of his murderous *scheme*, was visible on his countenance; on seeing my movement, he hastily produced a second pistol, which he had till now concealed. I could hear the slight tick of the lock as he cocked it, but my arm was already raised, and before he could level, I touched the trigger, and with a shriek and a bound he fell a lifeless corse to the earth. I now grew sick and faint,

my head grew giddy, the objects around me seemed rapidly whirling round, and I at length fell insensible to the ground, beside my prostrate enemy.

When I recovered my faculties, I found myself in bed, with my wound dressed; but I was so reduced with the loss of blood, that I was scarcely able to move. To my bewildered sense, the strange scenes in which I had so lately been an actor, resembled the creations of a disordered imagination rather than actual events. While I was endeavouring to reduce my ideas to some degree of order, the curtains of my bed were slowly drawn aside, and a female countenance of exquisite loveliness greeted my wandering eyes; it was but for a moment, however, for no sooner did she see that I was conscious of her presence, than she vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. Before I had recovered the surprise occasioned by this beautiful vision, she again appeared, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, attired in deep mourning. He sat down by me; and after expressing his satisfaction at my recovery from the stupor in which I had so long been plunged, he informed me, that I was in the house of the father of my ill-fated friend, Louis d'Olliever. I was aware that he resided in the same vicinage as madame de Chaluz, but I was perfectly at a loss to comprehend how he had discovered my intimacy with his son. He shortly satisfied my curiosity on that head, by giving me the following particulars:—

It appeared that the movements of the count and myself had not been conducted so secretly as to escape the observation of several of the guests; one of them had followed the count, and witnessed the whole transaction. Upon the alarm being given, the spot was quickly surrounded by the inhabitants of almost every house in the village. Among others was M d'Olliever. On my being undressed that the wound might be examined, the packet addressed to him was discovered. The reader will easily see the result; I was conveyed to his house, where everything that could facilitate my recovery had been done.

Under the hands of my fair nurse, I grew rapidly convalescent. M. d'Olliever watched over my couch with the solicitude of a parent, and in his attentions to me seemed to lose a portion of that grief

for the loss of his brave boy, which I was the means of acquainting him with in so extraordinary a manner.

I have little more now to communicate, with the exception that one fine moonlight night found me at the feet of her who had tended me throughout my illness with more than the care of a sister or mother. What I said upon the occasion, I will not trouble the reader with—the sister of Louis d'Olliever is now—my wife.

Madame de Chaluz was the widow of an officer, who, falling in battle, left her with an only daughter, (the ill-starred Helene): she received a small pension from government, with which, and the little property left her by her husband, she maintained an appearance of gentility, and educated her daughter in a manner suitable to her station in life. Ever since she had taken up her residence in the village, the strictest intimacy had arisen between her and the d'Ollievers. Helene and Louis were much about the same age, and an attachment slowly but deeply wound mutually around their hearts. Madame de Chaluz saw this growing affection; but innately resolved that her daughter's beauty should win her an alliance more conducive to the ambitious views she nourished, than that of Louis, who would have to depend solely upon his own exertions for fortune. The appearance of count de Lenois as a suitor for the hand of Helene confirmed this determination, and the departure of Louis for the army, which he had chosen as his profession, was hailed by her as a fortunate occurrence.

No sooner had Louis departed than the count urged his suit with ten-fold vigour, but his efforts to win her affections were abortive; his wealth was despised, and his cold and heartless demeanour contrasted too strongly with the frank and manly bearing of his rival; the death of her lover occasioned a shock which, to a frame already worn down by grief and anxiety, proved fatal. Her reason was completely overthrown, she languished in that state a few months, when death kindly stepped in, and released her from her woes. "She sleeps well," and the first tears shed by myself and by my happy bride fell fast upon the tomb of plighted love.

THE FRENCH DRAGOON AND SPANISH MAIDEN.

(Concluded from p. 360.)

In rising to get the pass-key, the merchant's eyes were raised fortuitously to the lofty window. There, in the circle of light thrown upon the black wall of the inner court, from the oval window of Juana's closet, he perceived the outline of a group, which, until the graceful Canova's days, no sculptor had ever conceived. The Spaniard turned round, and said to Marana, "I know not where this key has been put."

"But you are very pale," she replied.

"You shall know why," he screamed, seizing his poniard, striking violently on Juana's door, and calling, "Juana, open, open!"

His tone expressed the very extremity of despair, and froze up the hearts of the two women. But Juana did not open, because it took her some time to conceal Montefiore. She knew nothing of what was going on in the hall, the double door curtains deadening the sounds.

"Madame, I lied when I said I knew not where the key was. Here it is," said he, taking it from a drawer. "But it is useless. Juana's key is in the lock, and her door is fastened. Wife, we are deceived," said he, turning to her. "There is a man in Juana's room."

"By my hopes of salvation, it cannot be!" said she.

"Swear not at all, Donna Lagounia. Our honour is gone, and this woman——" He pointed to Marana, who had risen, but stood motionless, paralysed by the words he had uttered. "This woman has a right to despise us. She saved our life, and redeemed our fortune and our reputation, and all we have done is to take care of her money! Open immediately, Juana, or I will break down the door!"

And his voice, increasing in violence, resounded from cellar to garret; but he was composed, resolute, and stern. He knew that he held the life of Montefiore in his hands, and had made up his mind to wash away his sorrow and remorse with every drop of the Italian's blood.

"*Begone, depart, leave me alone here!*" exclaimed Marana, leaping with the elasticity of a tiger upon Perez, and wrenching the dagger from his hands. "Perez, leave me," resumed she, with tranquillity; "you, your wife, your apprentice, and

your servant. There will be a murder here, and you might all be shot by the French. Have nothing to do with this business; it concerns me only. Between my daughter and myself there is only heaven; but this man belongs to me, and nothing on earth shall save him from my hands. Go, go, all of ye; I pardon you all. I see that this girl is a Marana. You, your religion, your probity, and your honour, were powerless to contend against my blood that is in her."

The door was flung open; and, at the sight of her daughter, Marana forgot everything. Perez, making a sign to his wife, stood at his post. Like an old Spaniard, implacable when the point of honour was in question, he determined to assist in revenging the deceived mother.

Juana, lightly clothed, with the light in her hand beaming softly on her white dress, stood calm and serene in the middle of the room, and asked, "what was wanted with her."

Marana could not suppress a slight shudder; "Perez," she inquired, "is there any other door to this closet?"

Perez shook his head negatively.

She then stepped forward into the room—"Juana, I am your mother, and your judge, and you have placed yourself in the only situation in which I can disclose myself to you. You have descended to me, when I wished to elevate you to heaven—and oh! how deep you have fallen! You have a lover with you?"

"Madame, no one should, or can, be found here but my husband," she answered firmly. "I am the Marchioness of Montefiore."

Marana trembled.

"Then there are two of you," said Perez, in his stern tone. "He told me he was already married."

"Montefiore, my heart's treasure!" cried the young girl, tearing away the curtains, and showing the officer—"come, these people are dishonouring you!"

The Italian was pale and spiritless; he saw the dagger in Marana's hand; and this was not the first time he had met her. With one bound he darted through the door, and shouted, with a voice of thunder—"To the rescue! to the rescue! they are murdering a Frenchman. Soldiers of the sixth of the line, bring captain Diard here, to the rescue of his friend!"

Perez had seized the marquis, and had

thrust his large hand into his mouth as a gag, when the courtesan stopped him, and said, "Hold him fast, but let him scream. Now open all the doors, fling them wide open, and then get you all gone, I repeat. As for you," she said, turning to Montefiore, "shout and call for assistance—but the instant I hear the soldiers' footsteps, I plunge this blade in your heart. Are you married?"

Montefiore, who had fallen on the threshold of the door, two paces from Juana, heard nothing, and saw nothing but the dagger, whose bright rays seemed to blind him.

"He would have deceived me, then," said Juana, slowly and sadly. "He swore to me he was free."

"He admitted to me that he was married," said Perez, in his grave voice.

"Holy Virgin!" interposed Donna Lagounia.

"Will you answer, soul of clay?" said Marana, stooping, and whispering into the marquis's ear.

"Is she your daughter?" inquired Montefiore.

"The daughter I had is already dead, or at the point of death," answered Marana. "I have no longer a daughter, and do not repeat that word again. Tell me, are you a married man?"

"No, madame," replied Montefiore, wishing to gain time. "I can marry your daughter."

"My noble Montefiore!" said Juana, clapping her hands in transport.

"Then why did you attempt to escape, and call for assistance?" demanded the Spaniard.

Juana said nothing, but she wrung her hands, and flung herself into her arm-chair.

At this moment a noise was heard in the street, easily discernible through the profound silence that prevailed in the hall.

A soldier of the sixth regiment of the line, crossing the street by chance, when Montefiore called for assistance, ran and informed Diard of the circumstance. The quartermaster, who, luckily for himself, as it afterwards turned out, had returned home, immediately hastened to Perez's, attended by a few friends.

"Why did I try to escape?" repeated Montefiore, hearing his friend's voice. "I have told you the truth! Diard!

Diard!" he shouted, at the utmost stretch of his voice.

But at a sign from his master, who was resolved that the marquis should not escape, the apprentice shut the door, and the soldiers were some time in forcing it open. Before they made their appearance Marana struck at the guilty Italian with her poniard; but her rage and agitation prevented her taking an exact aim, and the blade glanced off from Montefiore's epaulette. Still she had given so much strength to the blow, that he fell at Juana's feet.

Marana leaped upon him; and, not to fail in her second attempt, she held him by the throat, kept him down with a vigorous arm, held the dagger to his heart as if to measure the distance, and then raised it aloft to strike.

"I am free, and I will marry her! I swear it, by heaven, by my mother, by all that's holy in earth and sky! I am single—I will marry her—on my word of honour!" shrieked the struggling wretch, biting the courtesan's arm, and striving to extricate himself from her grasp.

"Kill him, mother," said Juana—"kill him out of my sight. He is too cowardly and base; and I will not have him for a husband, were he ten times as handsome."

"Ah! I have recovered my daughter!" exclaimed the mother.

"What is going on here?" inquired the quartermaster, as he entered.

"They want to assassinate me on account of this girl, who pretends that I am her lover. She led me into a trap, and now they want to make me marry against my will."

"And can you decline?" said Diard, struck by the sublimity of Juana's beauty, enhanced by the indignation, scorn, and hatred which inspired her. "Really, you are very difficult to please! If she wants a husband, she need not go far—I am here! But, pray put up your weapons, good people!"

Marana took the Italian by the collar, lifted him up, and whispered to him—

"If I forgive you, you may thank your last words. But remember, if you ever slander my daughter, we shall meet again. What is her present fortune?" demanded she of Perez.

"She has two hundred thousand dollars, madame," answered he.

"That shall not be all, sir," added she,

addressing herself to Diard. "Pray, sir, who and what are you? You may retire, sir," she said, turning contemptuously to the marquis, who, when he heard the money mentioned, came forward, saying, "I really am single——"

But a withering glance from Juana checked him, and he withdrew.

"Alas! sir," said the young girl to Diard, "I thank you, and admire your generosity. But my spouse is in heaven, it is the Saviour of us all. To-morrow I shall enter the convent of——"

"Juana, my Juana, be silent," cried her mother, imploringly, and pressing her to her bosom. "Who are you, sir?" she inquired of him.

"At present," said he, "I am only a quartermaster in the sixth regiment of the line. But, for such a woman, I feel the heart to become a marshal of France. My name is Pierre-Francois Diard. My father was provost of the merchants of Thoulouse; so you see I am not——"

"Ah, you are an honest man, and that's enough," interrupted Marana. "If you can make yourself agreeable to the signora Juana de Manchini, you may both be happy."

"Juana," continued she, in a serious tone, "you will become the wife of this brave and worthy man, and the greatest happiness I can wish you is, that we may never see each other again," and her tears flowed abundantly. "Poor child—you might have been happy in your cell—more than you think. Let it be your business that she has never cause to regret it," concluded she, as she bowed to her future son-in-law, and quitted the apartment.

A QUEEN CONSORT.

Bishop Burnet tells us that though affairs had been a little embroiled between the princess of Orange (afterwards queen Mary) and the prince of Orange, her husband, yet she declared, in case she should come to the crown, that the prince should always bear rule. "She was contented to be his wife."

FORFEITURES.

James I., passing by a nobleman's seat, and being told of his great possessions, replied, with an oath, "That he would make a bonny traitor."



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THE ENTHUSIAST.
A TALE OF THE POLISH WARS.

THE ruinous but beautiful castle of I——, in Podolia, once the scene of contest and bloodshed, of jubilee and revelry, and likewise of words and acts of self-devoted patriotism well worthy to be recorded, though I do not mean to attempt that task here, was some time since inhabited by a widow and her children alone. Madame Czialenski was French by birth; general Czialenski, when sojourning in Burgundy, had been so arrested by her charms at the age of fifteen, when she trudged weekly past his dwelling to take to market the produce of her father's garden, that he transformed her, from the toiling and carolling country girl, into the sharer of his rank and possessions. He partook, in a large degree, of the self-devoted enthusiasm for pure and genuine liberty which distinguished so many of his countrymen; therefore, when he returned with madame to his castle, he was a little mortified to find in her no helpmate to his visions of national deliverance and prosperity. Let it not be

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inferred that she opposed them: she was exceedingly fond of her husband, and an exceeding good housekeeper, and thereto were all her energies bounded; she had no notion of being the heroine of a siege, or of casting away substantial comforts in order to struggle for a national independence, which seemed to her a phantom quite immaterial whether secured or not. Much attached to the general, she was yet more attached to a comfortable home; so, whenever he was on warlike expeditions, she confined herself to matters in the castle more congenial to her taste. In a few years, however, he died, leaving her a son and daughter, to whose care, and to that of her little household, she devoted herself with much assiduity. Of course their personal care is all that is here meant; as to forming their principles, or directing their feelings, her own intellect did not enable her to fulfil such a task.

Ephene Czialenski had arrived at the age of sixteen, her brother Stanislaus being four years younger, without any other knowledge of the world than books could give her; consequently, with very

incorrect ideas of it. The history of her own country, legends, romances, and poetry, were her treasure; but especially her heart kindled over the virtues, the sufferings, the gallantry, and the achievements of her oppressed countrymen. Her mother never interfered with her reading, and there was in the library a congregation of such records, which had been hoarded in it for centuries, and never opened till Ephene's avidity explored them. Her feelings were all confined to her own bosom; she had frequently attempted to converse on her favourite topics to madame, but her glowing imagination was always opposed by a chilling sarcasm, or a matter-of-fact apathy, which soon silenced her; and those undisciplined wanderings of unappropriated sensibility, which might have been elicited and tutored by conversation, were left to find food for themselves, or to prey upon themselves, as they might.

As to Stanislaus, he was too much a child for his character to have developed itself so as to be judged of with accuracy. Yet it is said, and with much truth, that the childhood shows, in some degree, the manhood; and therefore the traits of character in childhood are interesting. In Stanislaus were observable many signs of excellence, but they were such as belonged to a girl; he was certainly devoid of that masculine firmness and energy which should have marked his father's son.

Autumn was far advanced, and the sun was shedding his soul-raising last beams upon the dark pines that surrounded I—— castle, when Ephene one evening, as usual, laid aside her embroidery, in order to join her mother and brother at a huge fire and plentiful meal in the hall. She paused a few moments in the little casement, and contemplated the beautiful scenery around, with a thrilling ecstasy not to be expressed. The construction, situation, and associations of the castle, were calculated to excite romantic ideas: the setting sun, and the pure sky above, feelings of a higher and more sublime character—Ephene's imagination embraced, and combined, and revelled in all. When she gazed on the majestic and glorious luminary, she was worshipping with the angels in heaven; when she turned to the cedar grove, and the ancient banner waving over the dilapidated

tower, she was on the bosom of a beautiful hero of Poland, more beautiful perhaps in her fancy than any that ever really existed, and listening to the trumpet which summoned him to fight and fall for her suffering and beloved country. Tears of emotion filled her eyes, and she could not help exclaiming, "Oh that I had been destined for such a husband! Oh that I had been born to aid in redeeming and blessing my dear—my persecuted country!" She knew that she was not within madame's hearing, or she would instinctively not have given utterance to this wild effusion, which would most likely have been visited with a well-meant but ill-operating sarcasm.

Near to one side of the castle was a bye-road, which, from its winding up a gradual acclivity, might be seen for some distance. As Ephene stood gazing, she discerned a horseman coming slowly down it, a circumstance that excited her attention, the road being very unfrequented, and especially in the evening. As he came nearer, she perceived by his dress that he was an officer of the Russian army. Her first impulse was a shudder of indignation and horror at the very sight of one whose hands had, in all probability, been dipped in Polish blood; but this was superseded by one of generous pity, when she observed him to be wounded, and so weak that he could scarcely keep the saddle, while his horse, covered with blood, was evidently almost dying. Ephene hastened to inform her mother, whose hospitable good nature prompted her instantly to give orders that the gates should be opened, and the stranger desired to alight. Accordingly, a superannuated porter, who kept an entrance as decayed as himself, sped to withdraw bolt and bar, bespectacled his visage in order to scan the traveller. The horse had stumbled but a few yards from the castle, and the rider, after vainly trying to raise him, was feebly endeavouring to extricate himself; but the exertion caused his wounds to gush afresh, and he sank on the ground exhausted. Madame and Ephene hastened to him with the whole muster of domestics, by whom he was conveyed into the hall. Madame disencumbered him of his trappings, in which her daughter assisted her, though torrents of tears flowed from the eyes of Ephene, who, living in times of war, had

yet hardly in her life seen a wound, and who shuddered and trembled almost to fainting, at the sight of the blood which completely bathed the unfortunate Russian. He was too much exhausted to speak, and was, indeed, all but insensible.

"He shall be put to bed," said madame, "and John shall set out to-night for doctor Kropoff. I'll bind his wounds myself, and Ephene and her maid shall sit up with him, for it always makes me ill. Stanislaus, my dear, leave off crying, and give a little help; go and see that John and Nicholas make a good fire in the chamber in the keep, and bring down my chest of salves. I hope he will be better to-morrow, and then father Timothy shall come to him."

All her directions were put in execution; and in about an hour Ephene and Elizabeth took their station beside the sleeping invalid. It was a rather incongruous office to be deputed to two girls, but madame's honest impulses and good-natured intentions never weighed decorums, or any thing else, when they obstructed the straightforward accomplishment of her object. She suffered, as she said, by night-watching, and she was not one of those very few who would sacrifice their own health to restore that of another, more particularly of one whom it was a sin not to look upon as an enemy. Still, when she took a good deed in hand, she would not fulfil it slackly; there was not such a thing as an old nurse within two leagues of the castle; and as to one of the men servants sitting up, she would on no account suffer it, for, she said, he would neglect the patient, and fall asleep, and set the whole place in a flame. So that she had no resource but to appportion the task to her daughter, who, she observed, though fanciful, and sometimes rather absent, was a well-meaning girl, and she could trust her in a matter of importance.

One of Ephene's first movements was naturally to examine the countenance of her charge. It was one of conspicuous beauty; and though pale and languid by pain, was still strikingly expressive of a manly and martial spirit. Ephene was no physiognomist, and surveying only the effect of the whole, exclaimed, "What a beautiful face!" But Elizabeth, who, though only a servant and a girl, piqued

herself upon her scientific penetration, added, with the approval of a critic, "It is an admirable countenance, Miss Ephene; look at the open, decided brow, and the generous, interesting expression of the mouth. I wish you would read Lavater, and you would see what a description he gives of such a countenance; could you not love it, Miss Ephene? I wish I had such an one to love; I would soon forget Poland then, and think Russia the dearest country in the world. Do, now, let me get Lavater, and we can read it so comfortably while this poor fellow is asleep."

"Oh! no, no," said Ephene; "we have something else to do than to read comfortably; would you give your attention to a book, Elizabeth, when you are commissioned to watch by a dying man? I thought you knew your duty better."

"Oh, I did not mean to overlook my duty—but you are so particular. But you are quite right, dear Miss Ephene, and I'll be as good as you are."

Although John set off that night for a physician, so great was the distance, and so many were the obstacles he had to encounter, that he did not return with one until late on the following evening. The young Russian had scarcely awaked through the day, and was again fast slumbering when the professional gentleman arrived; the latter declined giving an opinion on the state of his patient, who he desired should not be disturbed.

"But he may be fed at such intervals as he is awake?" said Ephene.

"By no means," rejoined Kropoff, "I leave medicine for him; I shall visit him again to-morrow, and till then do not give him any thing besides what I leave; his life depends upon it."

"How?" asked Ephene, doubtfully.

"Nay, young lady, if I were to give you a technical explanation, you would not understand it, and if you mistrust me, I had better not act. But madame Czislenski is the best judge, and I flatter myself she does not."

"No, no," said madame, "never mind Ephene's nonsense; she is a self-willed girl, and I will not have her consulted."

Ephene, though silent, was by no means satisfied with the Esculapian's doctrine, and after he was gone, attempted to remonstrate with her mother on adopting his prescriptions. "Dear mother, I am

sure that is not right ; I am sure no one ought to lie in so weak a state without nourishment : and I shall make some jelly, notwithstanding doctor Kropoff, and give it to the poor stranger when he awakes."

"I will not have you so opinionative, Ephene," answered madame ; "doctor Kropoff knows better than you do, and I hope you will not dare disobey him."

Ephene was so accustomed to lose her point by urging it, that she did not now hope for success from farther remonstrance. She therefore offered none. But after her mother was gone to bed, she made jelly and broth privately, and in the course of the night administered a good portion to her patient, who rallied so much the next morning as to enquire where he was, and to express his gratitude to his young nurse. Her plan of cure seeming thus far successful, she was no way delighted at the re-appearance of doctor Kropoff, who soon arrived, and, consistently enough, concluded his medicine had been the only agent in the patient's convalescence. Ephene permitted him his triumph, not apprising him that she had given the invalid no opportunity of benefiting by it. He prescribed a quantity more, as well as several operations, which the fair nurse, who showed unusual obstinacy on this occasion, was very unwilling to have put in force. "Mother, I am certain this is not suitable, and that doctor Kropoff is not taking the right means to cure this poor fellow, and I very much doubt if he knows how. You saw how much better his patient was this morning, and how exultingly he ascribed the change to his physic, which he thought I had administered—but I did no such thing."

"You did not administer the physic?" interrupted her mother ; "then you are very unjustifiable, and I am very angry with you. I will take care it is not omitted to-night, and if you disobey doctor Kropoff, I must nurse the Russian myself, though it will make me ill to sit up, as you very well know." The poor girl thus missed her object, by asserting, in her earnestness, a circumstance which she had designed not to betray.

All the prescriptions were adopted that night, yet subsequently the invalid relapsed. Kropoff expressed no surprise, but ordered additional remedies, which

day after day were applied ; yet day after day, though the Russian still lived, he seemed, if possible, to grow worse. Ephene implored a discontinuance of the prescriptions, since it was evident they did no good ; but madame had implicit faith in Kropoff, who, however, began to look more mysterious and significant than at first, and upon one occasion brought with him a brother Esculapian to examine the patient. They were in solitary consultation for a long time, and at length repairing to madame, she, with some difficulty, culled from out a vast pile of technical logic, the information that they considered he must inevitably die.

"Then," said she, much mortified, "your farther attendance is useless."

"Yes, madame," replied Kropoff, "we can do no more. I am truly sorry your generous hospitality should be thus disappointed of its object, but so, I fear, it must be—medical skill cannot save in this instance." The Esculapian now took his final leave, the lady having first discharged a first-rate Esculapian account, with every prospect of a similar outlay shortly, for the interment of her guest.

All this time Ephene was watching by him, now being given to understand each hour would be his last. Father Timothy, too, watched and prayed, and with deep earnestness did she join in his petitions : never before had she prayed with such enthusiastic sincerity : her heart beat for the dying stranger as it would have beat for her mother, or her brother, or any being most dear to her. She had scarcely quitted the bed-side, except, indeed, sometimes to steal an hour or two of rest in the day-time, for she would never commit her charge for a night to the fidelity and attention of any deputy, not excepting even Elizabeth.

She was now permitted to adopt her own method of cure, rather as an experiment than with any other view, for madame was too implicit a disciple of doctor Kropoff to imagine that the bounds of possibility extended to the Russian's recovery, when he had asserted to the contrary. Accordingly, Ephene took his treatment entirely into her own hands, and madame was excessively puzzled, when, at the end of another week, she found he was still living. Her still increased perplexity and Ephene's exultation may be conceived, when the officer, freed

from the fever which had oppressed him, attained sufficient strength to sit up, declaring himself almost without pain. But she was quite convinced that his ultimate recovery was impracticable. "Oh," she said to herself, "it is only the evanescent rally which often happens before the final exhaustion: he cannot live—it is impossible, or doctor Kropoff would not have given him over. My dear child, do not deceive yourself by fancying you can cure him; you had better not waste your own health in nursing him any longer. Go to rest, and I'll take care he is not neglected, though I am sure it is foolish to suppose he may be saved."

"No, mother, no," exclaimed the assiduous nurse, "I can save him; I know it is only tender care and simple remedies that will do it. Kropoff is not an advocate of either, and I wish he had never come near him."

"It quite provokes me to hear you dispute doctor Kropoff's skill. What should you know about it?"

"I know very little; but, dearest mother, I appeal to you only to see what I can do. Did I not cure Elizabeth, when she cut herself by a fall?"

"Yes, your care and your simples did that, it is true; but you cannot suppose they will carry you through now. However, take your own way. Simple remedies are all very fine, and you may have whatever you please to get—only, I say, do not expect success."

With this cold encouragement Ephene returned to her occupation. She might have had some misgivings, for she knew nothing of medical science, except what she had gathered from two or three old books in the library. She depended chiefly on her knowledge of herbs, and on a perception that enabled her to adapt to simple injuries the simple remedies with which she was acquainted. Of course she would never have attempted to manage a complicated disorder; nor indeed would she have undertaken the task at all, though her patient's injuries, frightful as they were, were yet only flesh wounds, had there been a physician in whom she could place confidence. Kropoff was the only one within an immense distance, and concerning him the truth was she had her own suspicions, although she dared not even hint them to her mother; and in her own mind she taxed less

his ignorance than his wilfulness in leaving, or helping, a wounded *Russian* to die. It may be remarked, that her suspicions were justified by his own subsequent departure from the world, which took place by artificial means, in consequence of his having, by poison, forwarded that of six Russians whom he was commissioned to cure.

Ephene's assiduity was unremitting. All through the rigour of a Polish winter, though her cheek was pale, and her eye dim, she continued to watch and tend the stranger in whom she was so deeply interested. She soon began to do this for her own gratification as well as his benefit, for, in listening to the deep tones of his melodious and heart searching voice, she found a thrilling delight which nothing else afforded her. Thus oftentimes, when all in the castle was still, and her helpmate Elizabeth luxuriously slumbering at her post, while the bitter night wind howled through the battlements, and the storm beat against the casement, the Russian would recount to his gentle nurse the adventures and hardships, the sufferings and escapes, he had gone through, with which he mixed up a great deal of intelligent information respecting Russia, and a few flowers of romance, which she loved still better. His name was Eugene Iriarte; he was a Hungarian by birth, but had been brought up in the Russian camp, in which he had met with many curious adventures. The occurrence which made him a solitary fugitive in the road to I— castle, was a skirmish, which the Russians had gained, but with great loss: he and others pursued the enemy off the field to a great distance, when he became so weak by his wounds, that he could go no farther; whereupon his companions, continuing the chase, left him. Subsequently he encountered a party of Poles, and was then compelled to ride for his life, which he would not have done successfully but for an extraordinarily swift charger. Thus, ignorant whither he was going, he got into the by-road, where the poor animal was obliged to slacken its pace, and where it presently died. "And the same fate would have been his master's," said Eugene, "but for the generosity of those from whom he might have expected different treatment."

(To be concluded.)

WATERLOO.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

ON the 16th of June, our troops got in motion ; all the British were advancing with all possible speed towards the enemy, who was waiting our approach, and had already made an attack upon some Hanoverian troops, and on that account we had a forced march. The brigade which I belonged to marched a distance of above fifty miles, and taking their posts the same evening about seven o'clock, and being the first cavalry that arrived, we remained under arms all night, during which time several brigades of cavalry and most of our infantry arrived ; but the enemy was so strongly posted, that it was thought prudent not to attack them in their works, but to fall back. The infantry, therefore, about ten in the morning of the 17th, began to fall back, leaving us to cover their retreat. The French, perceiving this, did not long remain inactive, but soon brought up their lancers to attack us ; but we were not to bring them to action, but to retreat, which was accordingly done.—General Vivian, who commanded our brigade, conducted the retreat ; in a most able and skillful manner did he complete it, covering with our brigade the retreat of the whole army, which fell back upon this point. The enemy, seeing us retreat, was quite delighted, and followed us with all speed, cheering and hallooing at us, thinking to alarm and frighten us ; but in this they were disappointed, for we did not lose a man, although they attempted to charge us several times, but our skirmishers beat them back, in spite of their boasted bravery. Thus was our retreat completed after having fallen back about eight miles. Thus far were they to come, but no farther ; but we were much hurt by a thunder-storm, which brought with it the most heavy torrents of rain that I ever beheld ; nor did it abate during the night, nor till about nine next morning, and we were exposed to it all the time, for we took up our abode in a wood all night, so that we were like drowned men more than soldiers ; but as many of us have long been inured to hardships and deprivations of almost all descriptions, it went off cheerfully, and none seemed to repine, for when the motives of the mind are strong for execution, all things are set aside to gain the wished-for purpose.

This it is that makes us think light of misfortunes, and bear deprivations beyond conception to those who never trod this thorny path, yet with us they are borne without a murmur ; but I am wandering from my subject.

About nine in the morning of the 18th, the clouds dispersed, and gave over raining, and the enemy drew up in order of battle, and our line had been formed all night, so we were quite ready for them. Our troops were posted upon a chain of rising heights which commands the plain before it, whilst that of the French was posted on a rising ground in parallel line with ours, and their position was covered by a long chain of woods, which favoured and hid many of their movements, so that we had no advantage of them, for we had the plain before us, and they the same : thus all was ready, and about twelve the onset commenced by a brisk fire from the skirmishers, (or, perhaps, what you call sharpshooters,) and soon after a very heavy cannonade ensued, and by two the action became general, and most desperate did it rage, for both sides seemed determined to keep their ground ; but the enemy showed us that they did not only mean to have their own ground, but ours also. With this seeming determination did they bring up a strong force of cavalry and infantry, and pushed with all their might upon the centre of our line, thinking to break it ; but in this they were disappointed, for our cavalry met them, and drove them back as fast as they advanced. Finding, therefore, that they could not move our centre, they then endeavoured to turn our left flank by pressing upon it in the same manner. Upon this point our brigade was posted, but they met with the same reception as before ; so, finding that we stood firm at this place also, they took up their own ground, and soon after endeavoured to advance at all points, but their attention was then arrested by a large body of Prussians, who came point blank upon their right flank, and opened a very heavy fire upon the French from their artillery. This for a little time put them in a consternation, but even this they recovered, and altering their line, seemed to suffer but little from this our new reinforcement.

This was about five in the evening, and the victory seemed still doubtful.

The enemy then made one more attempt to vanquish us, by bringing the most of his force on our right flank, trying to force it, and to gain the high road to Brussels, a large town in Flanders, in which, if he had succeeded, our defeat would have been complete; and here it was that our commander, the duke of Wellington, was put to the test, for they advanced with a vast and immense body of cavalry, supported by infantry, and covered by artillery, and seemed determined to have this road, and did gain ground in spite of all the general's endeavours to prevent them, driving our brave infantry from their ground very fast. The chief of our artillery was then brought to this point, and their's also in a line with ours, and such a tremendous peal of thunder did they ring one against the other as I never knew since my name was Marshall. The whole of the cavalry belonging to the British was also brought to the right of our line, and charged them in brigades; and ours also left its post where it had been all day on the left, and came to the right, and having the greatest distance to come, we, of course, were the last, and the whole of our cavalry nearly had charged them. This stopped their progress in advancing in great measure. Our brigade was then formed in line, and there we stood, showing them that we would have the ground, or perish in the attempt; but they did not much like our sturdy front, and remained at a small distance off, but would not charge us; but we stood under a most galling and destructive fire from infantry for near an hour. Yet this could not move us, but firm as a rock we stood, except those poor fellows who fell victims to their bravery.

It was now near eight in the evening, and still the battle raged with redoubled fury, and still there was much to be done and little time to do it in, for night was fast approaching, therefore, no time was to be lost.

Our brigade was then formed into three lines, each regiment composing its own line, which was the 10th, 18th, and a regiment of German legion hussars, my own regiment forming the first line. The general then came in front of the line, and spoke in the following manner:—"Tenth," says he, "you know what you are going to do, and you also know what is expected of you, and I am well assured

it will be done. I shall therefore say no more, only wish you success;" and with that he gave the order for us to advance. I am not ashamed to say, that well knowing what we were going to do, I offered up a prayer to the Almighty, that for the sake of my children and the partner of my bosom, he would protect me, and give me strength and courage to overcome all that opposed me, and with a firm mind I went, leaving all that was dear to me to the mercy of that great Ruler, who has so often in the midst of peril and danger protected me. After advancing about a hundred yards, we struck into a charge as fast as our horses would go, keeping up a loud and continued cheering, and soon we were among the imperial guards of France, the 18th also charging as soon as we got among them, which so galled them, that we slew and overcame them like so many children, although they rode in armour and carried lances ten feet long; but so briskly did our lads lay the English steel about them, that they threw off their armour and pikes, and those that could get away flew in all directions; but still we had not done, for there were two great and solid squares of infantry, who had hurt us much with their fire whilst we were advancing, and still continued to do so whilst we were forming again. In short, they were all around us; we therefore formed as well as we could, and at them we went.

In spite of their fixed bayonets, we got into their columns, and like birds they fell to the ground, and were thrown into confusion, and it ran like wild-fire among their troops, that their guards were beaten, and panic-struck they flew in all directions. But still we had not done our part, and left those to pursue who had seen the onset. We took sixteen guns at our charge, and many prisoners, but we could see no longer, it was so dark, and at length we assembled what few we had got together of the regiment, and the general of the brigade formed us in close column, so that we might all hear him, and he addressed us in the following manner:—"Now, Tenth," he said, "you have not disappointed me; you are just what I thought you were; you were the first regiment that broke their lines, and to you it is that we are indebted for turning the fate of the day, and depend upon it that your prince shall know it, for nothing but the bravery

and discipline of the regiment could have completed such a work." We then gave him three cheers, and since that he has given us at a great length in our orderly books his thanks and praise for our conduct.

You may perhaps think, that because I have spoken of this it shows my vanity, but my motive for having done so is, because I saw in an English newspaper that the Life Guards were the only cavalry who had been of any use ; it therefore did not much please me nor my regiment, because we knew it to be a base falsehood. The guards certainly made a very brilliant charge, and so it ought to be spoken of : you will, however, see by what I have stated that the regiment did its duty, and that is all that we wish to be understood of us. I am sorry to say that we have to lament the loss of a most brave and gallant officer, major Howard, who led the squadron that I belonged to, and most nobly did he show himself formed to let them know he was an Englishman ; but when he charged the infantry, one of them shot him dead just as we got within bayonet's length of them. It will be a heart-breaking blow, I fear, for his wife, for they were said to be a most happy pair. She has sent for his remains to England.

We had two officers killed, three captains and two lieutenants wounded ; but how many privates we have lost I do not know, but not so many as might have been expected, for the French fired so high, that when we were close to them, half their shots did not tell, or they might have killed every man of us ; but Providence is ever on the watch, and orders every thing as it pleases, and I can never return too many thanks to the Almighty for preserving me through that day's perils and dangers, for never did I behold such a day's slaughter as that, nor did British troops ever try more for victory, and never were they nearer being beat ; but, thanks to heaven, the work was at last completed, for the Prussian troops completed what we had begun, pursuing and driving them all night, the darkness of which helped to add to their horror-struck minds.

Thus was this proud and destroying tyrant once more beaten and compelled to fly to his capital for shelter, leaving his troops to their destructive fate. This

proves him to be a coward, for he abandoned them in the hour of danger. His fate and that of all Europe depended upon that day, but the evening clouds saw him a wretched fugitive, not daring to stop, nor yet to go on. We took from them 240 pieces of cannon, and stores of all descriptions, and many prisoners. He had during the action in many places the black flag flying, which signifies no quarter. No, if they had beat us, I dare say they would have showed us no quarter ; and I am myself an eye-witness to it, that many of them were laid to the ground, which would not have been but for that. He had covered his cavalry with armour to secure them, but we wanted no steel covering, but hearts proved to be already steeled, and we let them know it. We have followed them to the gates of Paris, which gave up to us on the 6th of this month ; but Napoleon is missing, so what will be done I do not know. After having given this short but true account of what has transpired, I shall bring my military scribble to a close, for I have no doubt but my reader is weary of it.

GOOD PILOTAGE.

Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naïvete* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves. A captain of a man-of-war newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in "beating out" of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship.

"You are perfectly sure, pilot," said the captain, "you are well acquainted with the coast?"

"Do I know my own name, sir?"

"Well, mind, I warn you not to approach too near to the shore."

"Now, make yourself *aisy*, sir ; in troth you may go to bed if you please."

"Then, shall we stand on?"

"Why,—what else would we do?"

"Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about."

"Dangers?—I like to see the dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick.—Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast;" (*here the ship strikes*) "and *that's one of 'em!*"



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THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.

ALL became still within and without the house; but Morris did not sleep. The candle, which he had neglected to extinguish, was nearly expiring, occasionally sending up glares of light, and then sinking into dinness. At length, gradually, and to himself imperceptibly, his eyes began to close; slumber was just stealing over his faculties. Suddenly he bounced up in his bed and stared around him, asking, "Who calls me by my name?"

The candle gave its last strong flicker upward; and, in the (to his eyes) lurid supernatural light which it threw over the apartment, he did indeed see a pallid face looking at him through the little window at the foot of the bed. He winked his eyes, and then glared them wide open. "'Tis there still," he cried, jumping out on the floor. The candle finally sunk in the socket, leaving him in darkness. He groped to the window, flung it open, but saw nothing without, save the white gleamings of the moon, here and there contrasted with some shadows, wherever

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an object interrupted the sickly light. "I'll be after you," he uttered, groping about for his clothes. He was half-dressed when he heard his brother's voice asking him what he was doing. His father's repeated commands rushed to his recollection, and he was shortly in bed again. Now, however, he did not relapse into sleep. The morning dawn found him watching the window; but there was no return of the real or fancied vision.

We all know that the desire of attaining an object is, proverbially, strong in proportion to the difficulties in our way. Morris's thirst for hunting down Joe Wilson's ghost increased from hour to hour. For many nights he slept but little, still on the watch; his pulses throbbed at the least sound; but night after night passed away, and he received no second visit.

His desire heated to passion, of which the effects were visible in the almost trembling abruptness of his manner and utterance, and in the redness of his wild, yet fine eyes, he began to level the obstacles which lay between him and the gratification of his yearnings. Exclusively of the peculiar relish he had for the feat

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he burned to undertake, an encounter with the poor troubled spirit was, he argued, a good action in itself, and this he showed in the following clear manner.

It was partly the universally received creed appertaining to ghostly appearances, that their wanderings among us arise from something connected with their previous sojourn on earth—for their leaving undone, for instance, some action, upon the due performance of which depended their repose and happiness in eternity; and that they haunt their former dwelling-places in the flesh, until some daring mortal questions them, obtains from their lips instructions what to do—because no ghost can perform his own work on earth without human agency—and then faithfully goes through what is necessary to secure their rest in another world, and their final departure from this.

We will not follow the wayward Morris in his arguments against his sense of duty.

The tenth night after the opening of our story, his brain whirling with uncontrollable desire, and fiercely banishing, in a fit of frenzied resolve, the better promptings of his nature, he hurried on his clothes, without, as he thought, awaking his brother; cautiously unlocked and unbarred the door of the house, and bounded over the threshold. He would not pause—onward he hastened.

The nearest path to the place he sought lay through the neighbouring church-yard, to gain which he had to cross a garden slightly enclosed, and an open field. As he approached the stile leading into the burial ground, a large dun-coloured dog, which seemed to have been couched upon its steps, started up, and its red eyes glared into his. For an instant he paused terror-stricken: he had heard of evil spirits assuming, among other strange ones, such an appearance. But he soon sprang forward. The dog jumped into the church-yard, Morris vaulted over the stile, and stood sternly in the path, looking around him; but around him were only the tomb-stones, and the head-stones, and the little grassy mounds which covered the dead—things to which he was by this time quite accustomed. The dog had vanished.

He paused awhile in the shade of his old friends the yew-trees, which were

motionless, and black in the night, like gigantic plumes above a huge hearse. Holding his head daringly high, he sent a scrutinising glance into every familiar nook and corner of the dreary place, but not a living or a moving thing was visible.

This, after the disappearance of the dog, must be considered as only a passing repetition of the many former challenges to the ghosts of the whole mass of mouldering or mouldered mortality in the church-yard. Being on the spot, it was but right to give them, all and each, a renewed chance of availing themselves of his service. He soon held on, in his pursuit of the individual ghost which had lured him forth on the present occasion.

Bounding over the graves, and, now and then, boyishly vaulting over the head-stones, he stood on the stile that gave entrance to the burial-ground at the side opposite to that by which he had approached it. The next instant he was in Joe Wilson's bosheen.

This little green lane, lately become so celebrated, led, with many a curve, from one extremity of the suburbs to another. It was altogether lonely. Its breadth might be about four paces. Here and there it was overshadowed by trees; and bounded, at either hand, by hedges of sufficient growth to cast a gloom over it, even in daylight.

When Morris Brady jumped into this deep and solitary lane, he found that he was at some distance from the middle, where Joe Wilson's murdered body had been found. The moon was on the wane; but, as the night had more than gained its noon, it stood high in the heavens. The sky was frosty-clear, and the cold light struck fully down upon the narrow way, shining brightly on the centre, and distinctly showing the broad stone and its indents; while at either side, under the shadow of the overhanging hedges, although they were now nearly leafless, nothing could be perfectly distinguished.

A piece of wall, inserted into the mass of earth on which the hedges grew, to prop it up in that particular place, marked the spot where murder had lately been done; and on a broad stone in the wall was, as we already know, a terrible memorial of the event. Nor had old Hesther Bonnetty exaggerated when she vowed that the middle of the road, opposite to the wall, was yet uncleansed of blood.

The dull red stains were even now distinctly visible in the line of brilliant moonshine, which, as we have said, ran along the centre of the bosheen.

As Morris Brady approached the well-known place, he did not fail to recognise the fatal tokens; and, notwithstanding the continued boldness of his advance, and all his previous audacity, he felt dread and awe stealing over his heart at the sight. Scarcely slackening his pace, however, he stood on the very spot—on the marks themselves. He did not, at once, turn his regards towards the wall. Yet a kind of stir, without the accompaniment of noise, caught his side vision. He jumped fully round, and confronted the appearance; and there, bending over the remarkable stone, and too visible to leave a doubt of its presence—although, owing to the deep shade of the hedge above, somewhat indistinctly shaped forth—stood a human figure.

Morris's skin crept, in spite of him, as if in horror at the cold current now running beneath it. He took off his hat, crossed his forehead, and repeated aloud the names of the Trinity. The figure slowly raised its drooping head, and Morris saw the features of Joe Wilson—pallid, indeed, and strangely changed—yet still the man's well-known features; and again did the ghost-seer wince under the cold, unwinking, passionless, mindless, lifeless stare that was fixed upon him.

Suddenly his courage returned—or rather, a daring determination re-nerved him—and, in a wild and startling tone, he exclaimed—

"In the most holy Name, this night, I, Morris Brady, command you to tell me who and what you are?"

There was a moment's dead pause, in which Morris heard the hollow beating of his own heart. A deep, but low voice replied to him, "The spirit of the man murdered on the spot where you stand."

"In the same name, once more, tell me what it is that puts trouble on you?" and now Morris's own voice sunk low.

"None dared to ask before; and the dead must be silent till they are questioned."

"I know it—can I give rest to you?"

"You can—if you have the heart to do it."

"I have the heart," answered Morris, his impetuosity returning; "and what's

not sinful I'll do, if living Christian has the power."

"Listen, then!" and Morris conceived that the figure rose to more than mortal height: "listen:—to-morrow night, as the clock sounds twelve, meet me in John's Abbey church-yard, at the head of my own grave; on that spot meet me, or, Morris Brady, rue your challenge!"

As the last strangely-cadenced words died away, the figure, which had previously begun to move, was no longer visible.

For a moment, Morris stirred not. A great confusion of mind, though not unmixed with fear, chained him to the spot. Suddenly he recovered himself, and bounded after the apparition, which had disappeared round a turning of the bosheen, a few paces from the wall. Clear of the turning, Morris's eye could follow a considerable portion of the length of the lane; but he saw no object in motion.

He became faint, and leaned against the fence of the bosheen for support, and it was some time before he could assume sufficient bodily strength to return home. He succeeded at length, however, in gaining his bed without discovery; but sleep was further than ever from his eyes. "To-morrow night, in John's Abbey church-yard," rang in his ears. He seemed to hear the words repeated in the silence of his hushed soul.

Although, during the day, his conscience did not fail to upbraid him with his disobedience to his father—although he feared to encounter his father's look, and fancied that the old man's mild eye was glancing severe reproach at him—still Morris would not recede from the self-sought adventure. A gloomy-spell, a fate, seemed to his mind to bind him to go on. Nor did he forget the last words—"On that spot meet me, or, Morris Brady, rue your challenge!"

(To be continued.)

THE ENTHUSIAST.

(Concluded from page 377.)

THE natural result of this intercourse was a deep interest on both sides, which soon amounted to affection. Ephene, indeed, was not aware of this. As to love, her ideas of it were of a singular kind. She had seen scarcely a person, except the domestics in the castle; and of course her notions of the species were formed by analogy with those she knew; consequently precluding the indulgence of any

prepossession. She had read romances, which, to be sure, tended to enervate her mind; but more than this, she felt what is called romance, of the most irreclaimable genus, for she had all that exquisite tenderness and self-devotion of heart, which in our enlightened days are condemned in a heap with knight-errantry and magic. Let me not be mistaken for an apologist of the latter, a delight in which is, I am sure, equally absurd and injurious; but I would distinguish from that delight those fine and susceptible feelings which are so often condemned by the mercenary narrow-mindedness of worldly people as prejudicial to policy and a business-like spirit, and therefore despicable. As if our feelings were given to us only to be drilled into subservient instruments for the accumulation of money; or as if we expected, by trafficking our path through the earth, to be able to traffic it into heaven. But to return to Ephene. Her ideas of humanity unsatisfied by the specimens she knew, she had created to herself an idol of imagination which she was contented to conceive and adore, not even trying to impose upon herself the conclusion that there were any such, actually, upon the earth. But Eugene dissipated, or rather realised, her vision; he was to her

“The very object she had dream’d,”

the very embodying of the shadow her fancy had pictured and worshipped. But he was not a Pole; and the consideration of that, as it passed over the picture, seemed to darken and unhallow it. Yet it could not operate permanently. Her fair hands had stanch’d his wounds, her tears had bathed them, she had watched over him by day and by night, and restored him by tenderness, when treachery or ignorance had brought him near to death, and she had listened to the tales of his joys and sorrows—and could they but love each other?

“She loved him for the dangers he had passed,

And he loved her that she did pity them.”

But time passed on, and the spring came, and Eugene got quite well, and would needs leave the castle. Then was the conflict for poor Ephene; she must either separate from the idol of her heart, or quit for him her equally beloved country, and with it the dreams and hopes she had cherished of one day contributing to its

prosperity. Many were the arguments, and more the intreaties, by which he tried to obtain her assent to the latter. But she was more inflexible than he had expected. “Can I dwell among the destroyers of my country, and become incorporated with them? Can I forego all my long-cherished visions, and tamely see it annihilated, and feel that, no longer its child, I have deserted it, and belong to its oppressors? And my dear mother, though she loves it not as I do, can she willingly see me the wife of an invader? And poor Stanislaus—perhaps in time to come he will defend his country, and one of you may fall by the hand of the other; and how shall I bear that? No—I will not go—I will be a Polish maiden still—and for ever, doubt not that.”

“Say not so, Ephene,” pleaded Eugene: “be a Polish maiden, but a Russian bride. Come with me; I may be selfish in asking you to partake of my sorrows, but, remember, you shall share my joys also. If you will still demur upon one point, listen to reason, and look around impartially for an instant; you can do nothing for Poland; do not delude yourself with the supposition that she can eventually triumph. Look at her size, her situation, and her fate heretofore, and then compare them with those of Russia, and own that she must at last give way.”

“Ah,” exclaimed Ephene, with a torrent of tears, through which her eyes flashed with heart-bursting enthusiasm, “but can Russia, with all her numbers and resolution, call together the unshrinking ardour and soul of freedom and patriotism that will bleed—that have bled—for Poland? Oh, no, she cannot! And while the doctrine lives in the world that right shall overcome might, Poland must eventually prosper. If, indeed, cursed might do prevail, and our land be blotted from the map, surely it shall be a puny conquest—a country without inhabitants, a barren and desolate cemetery for the invader to ravage!”

“Then we part for ever,” said Eugene. “Kiss me for the last time, my beloved—more dear, more worthy to be adored, for that patriotism which will sacrifice every personal feeling to public duty. But I, too, am bound to my country; I love Russia as you love Poland, and I must not be a recreant to it. May your worth and your excellence be rewarded;

may you be loved and be blessed as you deserve. Weep when I fall, Ephene—*my* Ephene: I am selfish, for I would have you think of me, when the thought can be only one of bitterness.”

“Oh, shall I not think of you?” interrupted Ephene. “Will not my heart be with you, my prayers be for you; will not my tears and sorrows—my desolation and regrets—all be cheered by the thought that you are in the world, prosperous, famed, and happy, surrounded by those who estimate you, and whose estimation you prize? I do not say, think of me—but I would say, if you have loved me, think of Poland, pity Poland, and spare her, when, on some day while your fame is highest, your rapacious autocrat shall commission you to destroy her!”

“Trust my word,” answered the Russian. “For the love I bear you, all the influence I have, or ever may have, shall be exerted to save Poland.”

The good-natured Madame Czialsenski was quite delighted at her guest's recovery, though literally astounded at its being effected by such an agent. Ingenuously allowing her daughter full praise, and judging her joy at her success must equal her own, she could not account for the extreme depression Ephene evinced. “Why are you so low-spirited, my dear?” she inquired. “You have done wonders, and I should expect a girl of your age, who had accomplished such a performance, to be ready to jump over the moon with exultation; instead of which, you are moping about the place as if the invalid had died under your hands. You do not know how many hearts may be made happy by his return—as happy as I should have been, had it been possible for any power to restore your father to me. He has friends in Russia, perhaps parents, perhaps brothers and sisters; and the thought of how much good you may have done, ought to make you glad. Perhaps he has a wife, who—”

Here Ephene's tears fell in such torrents, accompanied by sobs which seemed to burst from her heart, that madame stopped short, and gazed at her in astonishment, saying, “What can be the meaning of this, Ephene? Are you sorry this Russian is cured? or sorry he is going away?—or can it be possible that you really love him?”

Ephene, throwing herself at her mo-

ther's feet, could only exclaim, “Forgive me! dearest mother, do not be angry—forgive me!”

“Forgive you, child! what is there to forgive? There is nobody whose forgiveness you need ask, if you can forgive yourself for throwing away your affection where you know it will meet only contempt. If I had had the most remote idea you would fling yourself into this net, the Russian should have died ten deaths before I would have employed you to take care of him:—not but I should be very glad if he did like you, and would marry you; but of course that is not the case.”

“Yes, dear mother, he says—he says he loves me.”

“Indeed! But he would not marry you, I suppose; and that's worse still.”

“Yes, dear mother, he would; he wishes it.”

“Why, then, in the name of fortune, do you cry and pine as if you must leave him for ever? Did you think I would not give you my consent? You could not tell that till you had asked for it.”

“No, dear mother, I thought you might perhaps not refuse. But—”

“But what? What other drawback could there possibly be?”

“Oh, mother, think of our country—of what it has suffered, and is still suffering! I am very insignificant, and perhaps I nourish an absurd notion of my own importance in supposing that it can be of the least consequence to Poland what I do, or whether I exist or not. But yet, were it but for my own soul's repose, I would not league it with one whose profession, and object, and pride, are to persecute and annihilate my country. No;—personally and individually, I must worship Eugene; but duty shall so far prevail above passion, that he shall return alone to his own place, and I will never see him again. He will not desert his country for my sake; and were he capable of doing that, he would cease to be capable of possessing my admiration and love.”

“Here is a fine run of Quixotism!” cried madame. “Now pray, Ephene, leave off these dreams, and do not, like the dog in the fable, drop the meat in catching at the reflection. You see how much good those Poles who think as you do, have obtained: come, give over these fantasies, and act like a person of reason.”

"Dear mother—do not tempt me; my mind is made up."

"Well, then, I must leave you to the enjoyment of it; I cannot pretend to interfere with a young person whose thoughts are flying in some region that ordinary people could not find, and who sticks to her opinions as if they were the fruit of eighty years' experience."

Eugene returned to Russia, and Ephene, wounded by her mother's continued railery, shut herself up in solitude as much as possible. Months passed without any momentous occurrence, till the Russians renewed the campaign which invaded and desolated Poland. Ephene had visibly declined in health; her large liquid eyes were sunk and dim, her slender figure was sharpened, and her complexion entirely colourless. Madame's sarcasm was consequently suspended, and she treated her child with extreme gentleness and tenderness: she was both grieved and mortified, for she loved Ephene, and took pleasure in her beauty, which now, though deeply interesting, was painfully so, and fast decaying.

The castle of I — was besieged; for, dilapidated as it was, it was still worth gaining, provided that could be accomplished without much sacrifice, and from such a garrison as it contained little resistance was to be expected. The whole muster of domestics did not exceed seven or eight, of whom one half were infirm old soldiers, and the other country clowns. Of ammunition and provisions there were plenty, it is true, and there was a well-garrisoned fort at no great distance; but it was no easy matter to send to it for men, nor very probable they would be obtained if sought. In this dilemma madame was almost distracted: the oppression she had condemned others for resisting now came home to herself, and she at once execrated the Russians as the most infamous wretches in existence, for plundering and destroying an unoffending family. Her agitation was increased by the state of Ephene's health, to which she feared this calamity would give a finishing stroke, though she was told that excitement might not be injurious by her new Hygeian oracle. (For she had, in high dudgeon, discarded doctor Kropoff for his inability.) She cried like a child. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said; "what am I to do? to think that we must turn

out, my poor sick girl and all, and give up our home to a pack of plundering ruffians—it is very hard!" But Ephene's spirit seemed to rise instead of being additionally depressed; she roused herself to animation and activity; her eye lightened, and her cheek flushed, as she exclaimed, "Dearest mother, repress this agitation; we will not leave our home; my father's castle shall be kept for my father's countrymen, and if that be impossible, it shall fall, and we will perish in its ruins—but we will hold out awhile, only do not be disheartened." This young creature now actually took upon herself the management of the defence, which she directed with extraordinary discretion; but the deficiency of men was so great a drawback, that she began to scheme how to procure some from the fort. She consulted on this point the most intelligent of her troop—an old man, who performed the office of butler in the family, and who all his best years had served under her father. He assured her of the excellence of her plan, but confessed his doubt whether it could be compassed. "For ye see they're not willing to let the men out of the garrison; and, besides, how are we to get out of the castle to ask for them? and moreover, who can be spared on such an errand? I trow there's quite few enough on the battlements as it is."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself about that," said Ephene: "I will undertake to find a messenger."

"Ay, my dear young lady, you will find any of us, I hope, ready to go for you; but I mean, what is the castle to do in the mean time? I'll set off myself, my lady, if you like; for it's a journey I should hardly choose anybody less seasoned than I am to undertake. It is a matter of two leagues over the snow, and through the rascally foragers, which is worse; for my head and body will soon part company, if they get a peep of me; and I must of necessity start in the night, to give them the slip, if possible. So I'll prepare to be off to-night."

"No," replied the *gouvernante*, "I will find some one of less consequence in the defence, to which you and the other men must give all your exertions."

Ephene then wrote an energetic address to the commander of the garrison, describing her situation, and imploring assist-

ance; she next sought a bearer in her brother Stanislaus, whom she selected as being a diminutive person not readily descried, and agile in eluding observation, well acquainted with the route, and easily spared from the castle. But he met the proposal with trembling and tears, protesting his terror was such, that he could not undertake so hazardous an embassy. This want of heroism roused his sister's indignation, and she reproached his effeminacy. He scarcely heard her reproaches; his sense of them was lost in horror lest she should send out any one with the letter such a night as was then drawing on. "Never mind about others," said Ephene, scornfully; "I do not require *you* to go out in the snow. Go and sleep, effeminate child, and rest safely—until, indeed, the invading despot fires the roof over your head; then you will, no doubt, think your *life* worth running for."

Leaving him to his cogitations, she revolved in her mind who else could be dispensed with to bear her message. But there was none without his post, and that a critical and important one; so that she came to the determination of devoting herself to the task, without the knowledge of anybody. Accordingly she pretended to postpone the dispatch for that night, and, making such additional arrangements for present security as she could, she said that, feeling indisposed, she would rest until the morning, and desired she might not be disturbed. Madame was heartily satisfied with her intention, and congratulated her upon taking some heed to her health at last, observing that it was of much more consequence than the defence of the castle, and she wished they had only some kind of dwelling to retire to, and then the Russians should be welcome to the castle.

Ephene, well pleased at her success in deception, retired, as to her room. Poor madame's repose would have been rather more broken than it was, had she known the kind of repose in which her daughter passed the night. The summer was over, and the nights were bitterly cold; moreover, Ephene had much reason to fear she would lose the way in the dark, as she had been but very seldom to the place where the fortress was situated. But this did not deter her; she was so enthusiastic in her cause that her personal safety was wholly absent from her mind. The only

thought she gave to herself was so far as she was connected with Eugene; to whom, indeed, at intervals, her heart turned with a sickening feeling of disappointment. "He never loved me, or he might have spared me this," was her reverie. "Surely, surely, with his influence, he might have obtained the exemption of our castle. Would I not have given my life to save the smallest thing to him? and when a word only from him would have preserved to my poor mother what he knew was her only home, might he not have afforded it? No—there is no reason that he should. I am not an object of interest to him, and I am deservedly punished for presuming to fancy he could regard me with a feeling in any degree similar to that which I cherish for him. Oh! Eugene, Eugene, I would, for your sake, I had been the fairest and noblest in Russia." But she instantly reproached herself for this deviation from the idolatry to her country which she was resolved should overcome that towards her alien lover; and it was an entirely involuntary, perhaps unconscious movement, by which she drew out of her bosom a lock of his hair, and kissed it many times.

An hour or two before midnight she stole out at a low postern, and hastened resolutely, though cautiously, forward. She had proceeded no great distance, when she heard the voices of a party of Russians, whereupon she ran a long way aside, trembling lest her steps in the snow should betray her, and laid herself down behind a hillock until they should have passed. The darkness, however, prevented their observing the tracks, and she again set forward unmolested. After many similar risks, she arrived at her destination, where, with much difficulty, she obtained an interview with the commander. She had not premeditated what she would say, but fluency and energy directed her speech, which so acted upon the officer that he promised twenty-five men should be instantly sent up to the castle. He desired her to remain, where she was for the present, representing that she would be more secure; but she would not for a moment listen to the proposal. So she set off again, accompanied by her escort, and some time before day-break returned from her successful embassy. How madame and Stanislaus stared, and

how the men on the battlements shouted, may be conceived. The final defeat of the besiegers now appeared probable, and Ephene shared her post with the officer who commanded the auxiliaries.

Among the topics of conversation, when indeed an interval occurred which permitted that indulgence, Russia and the Russians of course stood foremost. It was therefore without much difficulty that Ephene found an opportunity of carelessly enquiring after the young general Iriarte. The officer expressed no small degree of surprise at her being ignorant that he had many months since fallen a sacrifice to an unaccountable lenity which he had testified, endeavouring to deter the autocrat from his ravages in Poland. For a brilliant victory Iriarte had obtained over a Prussian force he had received the especial favour of the autocrat, who, with other unparalleled privileges, bade him ask what reward, what spoil, he would, and it should not be refused. Eugene, faithful to his word, immediately petitioned for a cessation of that relentless oppression towards Poland which had hitherto characterised Russia in the contest. The autocrat broke his promise; the barbarity of his ravages was, if possible, increased; and Eugene, displaced from renown and caresses, lost at once his object and his life.

The tale was told to Ephene in few words, and awakened feelings not to be expressed. She was not aware that hope had mingled with her love, until now that she found its place assumed by despair. By an instantaneous revulsion in her heart, Poland seemed to lose its value to her, because it had in such a manner cost the life of him whom she loved better, though she would not believe it. When, however, the power of reasoning returned, her devotion to her country was enhanced by the consideration that he had loved and pitied it. And, amidst all her sorrow, and the maddening self-reproach with which she felt, "This is what my love has brought upon him!" a gleam of gratification arose with the thought that such a spirit, as she considered his, should fix its affection on her.

To detail the siege of the castle is not my intention; it is sufficient to say that, after all, the defenders lost it—not, indeed, by surrender, but by fire. Scarcely was one stone left upon another. The inmates did not perish in it, but most of them

found as dreadful a death at the hands of the invaders. More experienced and better equipped generals than Ephene could not redeem Poland, and the heroine's visions faded, her hopes were blighted, and her exertions paralysed. The besieger, however, treated her generously; free and honourable departure to the garrison was offered her, on condition she went unaccompanied, save by her maid, a deaf and dumb girl, who, consequently, was incapacitated for all manoeuvres—such was the similitude into which, for his safety, she had transformed her un aspiring brother. She apparently agreed to the stipulation, but far was she from intending to avail herself of it. With the imperative manner she had lately assumed, and by which madame was overawed, she employed a stratagem, novel in Poland, although more than once successfully resorted to in other countries; she disguised her mother as herself, and, making Stanislaus attend her, she sent them both in safety to the garrison. Then, assuming the dress and manner of her mother, for whom, had Ephene betrayed herself, there would have been no hope of escape, she remained in the flaming castle, and perished.

REWARD OF BRAVERY.

When Solyman, emperor of the Turks, took the castle of Buda, in 1529, he found, in one of the dungeons of the castle, Nedasti, the governor of the place. He was curious to know the cause of so extraordinary a circumstance, when the Germans confessed to him, that Nedasti having reproached them as cowards and traitors, because they pressed him to come to a capitulation, they had thrown him into a dungeon in order to free themselves from his controul. The sultan, filled with admiration at the fidelity and bravery of the noble-minded governor, loaded him with presents and commendations of his conduct—granted him his liberty, and condemned to death all those who had violated, in so shameful a manner, the laws of military subordination.

HENRY IV.,

Being importuned to allow the prosecution of a person who had written a libel on him, magnanimously replied, "I cannot in conscience do any harm to a man who tells truth, although it may be unpalatable."



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THE BROKEN HEART.

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London. Throngs of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory;—all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the eclat with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute their quota to the evening's amusement. A young lady of some personal attractions, most

amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air, "*The Banks of Allan Water.*" For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaieties of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex, whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not therefore be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved

himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

“Return to claim his blushing bride,”

but be left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him “who seeth in secret,” and “whose are the issues” of battle. As Miss ——’s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacement. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of “The Banks of Allan Water.” The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, “like faint blue gushing streams,” on the delighted ear of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

“For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he!”

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one’s presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, “Anne, Anne! what now is the matter?” Miss —— made no answer; but a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly

burst into a piercing shriek! Consternation seized all present.

“Sister—sister!—Dear Anne, are you ill?” again inquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss —— seemed neither to see or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, “She’s ill—in a fit—run for some water. Good God, how strange—what a piercing shriek,” &c. &c. At length Miss ——’s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and bye those immediately near her could distinguish the words, “There!—there they are—with their lanterns. Oh! they are looking for the *d—e—a—d*. They turn over the heaps. Ah!—now—no!—that little lill of slain—see, see!—they are turning them over, one by one—There!—THERE HE IS!—Oh, horror! horror! horror!—RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!” and, with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless into the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their services to the young lady; and a servant was instantly despatched, with a horse, for me. On my arrival, I found her in bed, (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady’s sister-in-law.) She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bedchamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strong shock, which had altogether paralysed her. By the use, however, of strong stimulants, we succeeded in at length restoring her to

something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have woken again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bedside. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

“Oh, wretched, wretched, wretched girl!” she murmured at length, “why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I MUST go—yes, yes.”

“Anne—dearest!—why do you talk so? Charles is not gone—he will return soon—he will, indeed”—sobbed her sister.

“Oh, never, never! You did not see what I saw, Jane;” she said. “Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead! how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!”

“My dear Miss —, you are dreaming—raving—indeed, you are,” said I, holding her hand in mine—“Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not, indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose.”

“What do you mean?” she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. “I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! *Shot right through the heart.* They were stripping him, when—” And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. —, the lady of the house, (the sister-in-law of Miss —, as I think I have mentioned) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss — once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one’s being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any

sudden alteration in Miss — for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. — had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences which occasionally “come o’er us like a summer cloud,” astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o’clock, I was again at Miss —’s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening—only feebler, and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe but visible stroke. She said scarcely any thing, but often uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, “Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow!” There was no rousing her by conversation; she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bedside. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us but a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss —’s bedside for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called *second-sight*—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

“Gone—gone!” she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her; “gone, and in glory! Ah, I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah, I recollect,” she continued, after a long interval; “it was the ‘Banks of Allan Water’ these cruel people made me

sing, and my heart breaking the while ! What was the verse I was singing when I saw"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

"For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he—
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.
But the summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier—false was he—"

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never." She groaned, and spoke no more that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance ; and if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter faintly some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me leave in peace !" During the two next days, she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour particularly noticed, was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!" after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that on the fourth morning of Miss ——'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles —— had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence that the young captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo ; for while in the act of charging at the head of his corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol *right through the heart!* The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss ——'s prediction. How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present. The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, intrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bedside alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received : that evening was the last of her life ! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—toge-

ther with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on the bed—convinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss, for a length of time, how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter which I then held in my hand. After a while she observed it ; her eye suddenly settled on the ample coronetted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock.

She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, "My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored ; for her eye assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued ; "it is from colonel lord ——, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words.

"That my Charles is DEAD—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss ——, interrupting me, with as clear and distinct a tone of voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health ?

Has the reader ever watched a candle which is flickering and expiring at its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliance, and then be utterly extinguished ? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss ——. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive the corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would,

"Like a lily drooping,
Bow her head and die."

To return:—she begged me, in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no

remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear Miss —, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly."

"Doctor, tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep? Oh, give it me, give it me—it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me," replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

"Oh—oh—oh—that I could weep, doctor." She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, "I am—I am—call her—hush—" accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas! I too well understood it. With much trepidation I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

"Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne!" she sobbed, and knelt down at the bedside, flinging her arms round her sister's neck, kissing the gentle sufferer's cheeks and mouth.

"Anne!—love! darling!—don't you know me?" she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer, but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

"Speak—speak—my darling Anne! speak to me—I am your poor sister Jane!" sobbed the agonizing girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed, "Oh, God! *she is dead!*" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor.—Alas, alas! it was too true—my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more.

THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.

(Concluded from p. 383.)

The weather had changed during the day. It was a gloomy November night: the rain fell over the blackened sky; the wind came in gusts, heralding its approach

by hollow moanings, which grew louder and louder as it advanced, until at last it swept, hissing, and whistling, and roaring through the mouldering but beautiful arches of the ruin, beside which our adventurer paused.

The seared leaves of the alders, and the other chance-sown trees that increased the gloom of the unroofed space within, rustled against each other as the gusts swept by; then their branches waved and rattled, casting the leaves in crispy showers to the ground; and then those which remained trembled as the blustering visitation passed away. The rushing river was not far off, and the noise of its waters filled up the pauses of the blast.

The moon, which had shone out so vividly the preceding night, as if to assist in turning Morris to his doom, now refused him a beam to cheer the darkness around him, and, morally speaking, within him; for it was not surprising that a night like this, approaching its dead noon, should, in such a place, have a sympathetic effect on his distempered imagination. He stood awaiting the striking of the hour of midnight, his head drawn back, his dark brows knitted together, his eyes flashing through the gloom in the interior of the old building, and his ear catching every sound, in anticipation of the appearance of the being he had come to meet.

At length the sonorous town-clock slowly began to toll twelve. Each vibration met an answering throb in Morris's bosom. He counted the last stroke as it swung along the returning gust, and, in an instant after, started back, raising his hands before him in an attitude of intense and solemn wonder. It could not be the echoes of the ruin which returned that last clang so distinctly. No: it was a bell fixed in a mouldering steeple of the abbey, which never tolled, save to welcome the dead to their homes within its precincts. Morris felt that the sound was produced by no mortal hand.

It had scarce died away, half suffocated by the wind, when he heard his name uttered within, in the same deep tones which had replied to his questions in the bosom, on the previous night.

"I am here," he answered, in a voice scarcely less thrilling than that to which he responded.

"Enter the abbey," continued the un-

seen one. Morris, collecting his firmness, bent his body to pass through a low, arched door-way, half choked up with rubbish and weeds. Standing to his full height in the interior of the building, he scowled around him, and jerked his head from side to side, as was his fashion when much excited. In those parts of the ruinous space around which were not sunk in utter blackness, he could perceive nothing of the apparition of Joe Wilson.

"Your bidding is done," resumed Morris, after a pause; "I am standing in the middle of the place."

"Stand at the head of the prior's tomb," still commanded his invisible companion.

Morris endeavoured to ascertain the spot whence the voice came, but the careering gust seemed to bear it round and round the building. He knew the prior's tomb well. In his early boyhood it had been one of the rallying-points of his sports. Often had he and his companions contended for its possession, carrying on a small warfare as if for a fortress; and often did their youthful shout ring above the ashes of the forgotten dignitary. Nay, often had the identical Joe Wilson, whose ghost now summoned Morris to a conference at the prior's tomb, been one of the thoughtless rioters; and he was always the last who remained with Morris, when the evening row was over, seated on the crumbling and weed-hampered old monument, until the shades of night began to creep over the ruin; and here they would perseveringly excite each other's supernatural predilections—not fears—by the recital of the most approved and authentic tales of horror.

Notwithstanding the profound darkness of the corner in which the monument stood, Morris found no difficulty in occupying at its head the position he named.

"Are you here with me to hold to your pledge?" resumed the voice.

"I am here to give you rest and quiet, if I can."

"The mortal man who questions the dead, ought to hold a fearful heart, or woe be to him."

"My heart is strong," said the courageous though eccentric lad; yet he uttered the words with some effort, for the voice which spoke now seemed fearfully menacing.

"The secrets of the dead must be kept as close as the grave keeps their rotting

bones; or treble woe on the betrayer's head."

"I'll guard the silent tongue."

"He who meets the dead, and challenges the dead, must obey the dead, or tenfold woe be to him."

"Morris Brady *will* obey the dead!"

"Swear an oath! swear it to the dead!"

Morris hesitated.

"Swear! or rue this night! Swear!"—It seemed to the young man as if, mingling with the gust, the tones were re-echoed, in shrieks, through every corner of the ruin.

"I will swear to you!" he, in his turn, screamed forth, as he stamped his foot on the rubbish on which he stood.

"Lay your hand upon the prior's head."

Morris grasped the figure; but instead of touching, at the point where he expected to find it, the marble head of the effigy, his fingers passed over the front of a skull; he felt the eye-holes, and the nasal orifice, and that for the mouth. He recoiled an instant, but sufficiently recovered himself to replace his hand on the disagreeable object.

"Swear by the soul of him who has been murdered! swear by your own soul! swear by the darkness of the night! and swear by every spirit that hearkens to the oath—to be silent, and obey the dead!"

"Swear!" and Morris again spoke in a shout, and as if some will other than his own had moved his tongue.

"Follow me, now," continued the voice; and, as it ceased, the figure of the boshien glided through the low archway into the burial-ground without. Morris sprang after it. The apparition glided into an adjacent street of the town, by a turnstile at the boundary of the churchyard, and, with noiseless steps, hurried on.

MARSHAL LOUDON AND THE COBBLER.

THE marshal was a native of Scotland, and entered young, as a soldier of fortune, into the service of the elector of Bavaria, wherein he held the rank of captain. Having had the misfortune to kill his colonel in a duel, he was obliged to quit Bavaria very precipitately. He went to Berlin, and requested a commission from the king of Prussia; but Frederick the Great received him very cavalierly, and said to him, among other bad compliments, "You have more the air of a monk than

of a soldier; and, besides, I have no fancy for English officers."

Loudon now made way for Vienna, where he did his utmost to procure an appointment from the minister of war, but unsuccessfully: until at length, wearied of making applications, he left the capital, and took a lodging in one of the faubourgs, at the house of a shoemaker named Pancrace, where he remained some time in a state of great destitution, and supported by his landlord out of mere charity. It happened, at this epoch, that marshal Daun, who commanded the Austrian army in Silesia, against the king of Prussia, wrote to the empress Maria-Theresa, and to the prince de Lichtenstein, to obtain good officers, accustomed to a war of partisanship, having none such attached to his corps. On a conference following between the empress and prince, the latter bethought him of Loudon, who had been represented to him as skilful in this particular branch, but whom, he told the empress, it would now be difficult to find. "Is he in the Austrian dominions, think you?" inquired Maria-Theresa. "There is no doubt of it," answered the marshal. "Well, then," rejoined her majesty, "I think we may get at him. Give orders to post up a description of this same Loudon, and promise a thousand ducats to whosoever will find out his abode."

The empress's commands were executed next morning, and before the day closed, bills to this effect were stuck up in almost every street of the metropolis. Pancrace, who had gone into the city to get work, observing so many of these bills, which attracted general notice, read one of them, and without going any further, he returned to his house, and finding his lodger there, said, "You are a pretty fellow! no doubt, some great criminal; if I had known you before, you should never have come into my house." Loudon, who was conscious of no other offence than owing his landlord money, replied, "My dear Pancrace, you know well that I can't pay you just now; I have not even a sous." "Oh, it is not about the money I am speaking just now. All I want is for you to quit my house. There is a ducat for you. Begone! If I were malignantly disposed, I might obtain a thousand ducats by denouncing you. But, no! I will not stain my hands with your blood. Away! you have no time to lose."

Loudon, more astonished than ever, demanded of his host what he meant; and when Pancrace related the fact of his being advertised for in the manner above mentioned, penetrating the whole affair, he cried out, "My dear Pancrace, this is the best news for us in the world! They want me for the military service. Go to the office of the minister of war, and say that I am lodging with you, but am too badly clothed to appear myself." After a short interval, the minister himself arrived at the shoemaker's habitation, gave him the promised reward, and furnished Loudon with means to equip himself properly. He was then presented to the empress, who gave him the appointment of colonel, and sent him to the army, where he distinguished himself so highly, as to become, at the end of four years, a field-marshal. He lived to beat, repeatedly, Frederic the Great, by whom his services had been refused; and who frequently, when speaking of Loudon to his friends, lamented that he should have committed the egregious blunder of turning such an officer away.

ACCOUNT OF A FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND AN ELEPHANT.

In the midst of a grassy plain, about half a mile long, and nearly as much in breadth, about sixty or seventy fine elephants were drawn up in several ranks, each animal being provided with a mahawat and a hauda, which was empty. On one side were placed convenient seats; the governor, mandarins, and a numerous train of soldiers, being also present at the spectacle. A crowd of spectators occupied the side opposite. The tiger was bound to a stake placed in the centre of the plain, by means of a stout rope fastened round his loins. We soon perceived how unequal was the combat. The claws of the poor animal had been torn out, and a strong stitch bound the lips together, and prevented him from opening his mouth. On being turned loose from the cage he attempted to bound over the plain, but, finding all attempts to extricate himself useless, he threw himself at length upon the grass, till, seeing a large elephant with long tusks approach, he got up and faced the coming danger. The elephant was by this attitude, and the horrid growl of the tiger, too much intimidated, and turned aside, while the tiger pursued him

heavily, and struck him with his fore-paw upon the hind quarter, quickening his pace not a little.

The mahawat succeeded in bringing the elephant to the charge again before he had gone far, and this time he rushed on furiously, driving his tusks into the earth under the tiger, and, lifting him up fairly, gave him a clear cast to the distance of about thirty feet. This was an interesting point in the combat. The tiger lay along the ground as if he were dead, yet it appeared that he had sustained no material injury, for on the next attack he threw himself into an attitude of defence, and, as the elephant was again about to take him up, he sprung upon his forehead, fixing his hind-feet upon the trunk of the former.

The elephant was wounded in this attack, and so much frightened, that nothing could prevent him from breaking through every obstacle, and fairly running off. The mahawat was considered to have failed in his duty, and soon after was brought up to the governor, with his hands bound behind his back, and on the spot received a hundred lashes of the rattan.

Another elephant was now brought, but the tiger made less resistance on each successive attack. It was evident that the tosses he received must soon occasion his death.

All the elephants were furnished with tusks, and the mode of attack in every instance—for several others were called forward—was that of rushing upon the tiger, thrusting their tusks under him, raising him, and throwing him to a distance. Of their trunks they evidently were very careful, rolling them cautiously up under the chin. When the tiger was dead, an elephant was brought up, who, instead of raising the tiger in his tusks, seized him with his trunk, and in general cast him to the distance of thirty feet.

EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

HAVING experienced, during my residence at Coquimbo, on the coast of Chili, no less than sixty-one smart shocks of earthquakes in twelve months, without taking minor ones into consideration, I was induced to obtain from an officer of H. M. S. Volage, the particulars of a destructive visitation which occurred at Lima in 1828.

On the 30th of March, H. M. S. Volage was lying moored with two chain cables in the bay of Callao; the weather was remarkably fine and clear, when, at half-past seven o'clock, a light cloud passed over the ship, at which moment the noise usually attendant on earthquakes in that country, resembling heavy distant thunder, was heard; the ship was violently agitated, and, to use the words of my informant, "felt as if placed on trucks, and dragged rapidly over a pavement of loose stones." The water around "hissed as if hot iron was immersed in it;" immense quantities of air-bubbles rose to the surface, the gas from which was offensive, resembling, to use my friend's phraseology again, "rotten pond-mud." Numbers of fish came up dead alongside; the sea, before calm and clear, was now strongly agitated and turbid, and the ship rolled about two streaks, say fourteen inches, each way. A cry of, "there goes the town," called my friend's attention towards it; a cloud of dust, raised by the agitation of the earth and the fall of the houses, covered the town from view, whilst the tower of the garrison chapel, the only object visible above the dust, rocked for a few seconds, and then fell through the roof; and, from the high perpendicular rock at the north end of the island of St. Lorenzo, a slab, supposed thirty feet thick, separated from the top to the bottom of the cliff, and fell with a tremendous noise into the sea. The wharf or pier was cracked three parts across, showing a chasm of eighteen inches wide; the chronometers on shore, except those in the pocket, and most of the clocks, stopped, whilst the rates of chronometers on board were in many instances altered. A great number of lives were lost, amongst which were four priests, killed in the churches, one of them by the falling of an image, at whose base he was at prayer.

The Volage's chain-cables were lying on a soft muddy bottom, in thirty-six feet water; and, on heaving up the best bower anchor to examine it, the cable thereof was found to have been strongly acted on, at thirteen fathoms from the anchor, and twenty-five from the ship. On washing the mud from it, the links, which are made of the best bolt or cylinder wrought iron, about two inches in diameter, appeared to have undergone partial fusion for a considerable extent.



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A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, is now called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the

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remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary; and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks, and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually friendships, would spring up and eradicate that

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feeling of jealousy with which, as rivals, they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December, of the year 1754; the sun had gone down, and the shadows of night were fast falling upon the dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood which, heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to his call, save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which, rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube the wanderer had long directed his steps, guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village, where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty he reached the bank, and the moon, which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth, and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting-dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagged messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility, which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad-leafed bonnet, with its dark o'erhanging herons' feathers, concealed the upper part of his face; but the short and curved moustache which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met

his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Csersvitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were hither held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon those floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing the belt tightly around him, and throwing back his jagged messer lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between; the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed; for scarcely had his feet reached their landing-place, than the ice, yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connexion with the remaining mass, and in an instant

was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over; he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself, as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapped in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his glad surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfervitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart estranged from all the world can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that his most sanguine wishes could desire; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue, it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family would create but little surprise among its members, and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night, and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came, or whither he should go. But such evidently was not his intention, for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daes*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite, I lost my way in the forest, and, unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached

such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone—"A Hungarian, I suppose." "A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied, coldly, "On the drift ice." "On the drift!" cried the baron aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching *naïvete* and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field (a grateful theme to a Hungarian), and captivated the fair Adela, by telling the fetes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome,

as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to pass away the hours of a winter-day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over, her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delightful listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery

the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated, the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured, as carelessly as possible, to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments: they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm round her, he asked—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?" "No, no," said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "but will you return, as you have already promised?" "I do intend, but then—" "What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to

a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake, it was a present from the emperor:" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtha, he took from round his neck a gold chain, to which fastened a seal-ring bearing the initial J.; "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter had ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where months before the stranger had crossed the Danube; "I wonder," said the baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?" "Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from

Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Gratz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley." "And, in short," said the baron, "you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know not how little such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some

great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly showed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it; and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which she answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and, in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him; but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and then letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and beveled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil: he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few minutes after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said she: "has any thing occurred to trouble you there?" "I am recalled," said he, hastily; "ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately." "But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?" "How am I to help it?" answered he. "Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you? Will he not give you leave of absence? Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna. I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me." "Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you? Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return." "I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck; "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made

one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment: his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief.

A few months afterwards, crowned with laurels, the count returned to her whom he so fondly loved. But, alas! the course of true love never did run smooth! the happiness which he had fondly expected again to enjoy in her company, was never destined to be his. His long absence had been too much for her gentle spirit. She had sunk to rest, and been gathered to her fathers!

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN WALLACE AND THE RED ROVER.

DURING the brief career of the celebrated patriot, sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship in-

formed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, as that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should, in fact, permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider

victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

IRISH COURAGE AND READY WIT.

In 1563, the earl of Desmond, a fierce and powerful chieftain, made an inroad on the possessions of Butler, earl of Ormond, who collected his followers, and repelled the assailants. Their petty war ended in the defeat of Desmond, who was wounded and taken prisoner. As the Osmondians bore him from the field, stretched on a litter, his supporters exclaimed, with triumph "Where is now the great lord of Desmond?" "Where!" retorted Desmond, in a scornful tone; "where, but in his proper place?—*still on the neck of the Butlers!*"

REGAL BLISS.

Hyder Ali having been observed by one of his intimate friends, Gholaun Ali, to start in his sleep, was asked, when he awoke, whether he had not been dreaming? "My friend," replied Hyder, "the state of a yokee (a religious mendicant) is more, far more delightful and to be envied than my entire monarchy. Awake, he sees no conspirators; asleep, he dreams of no assassin!"



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MARY HUGHES.

A TALE OF THE WELCH HIGHLANDS.

MANY years have passed since the heroine of these memoirs found a refuge from her sorrows in the bosom of the grave. The inscription on her gravestone is now defaced and almost illegible, and the green hillock that marked the spot in which she rests has sunk down to a level with the surrounding earth. Yet she still lives in the hearts of those who had been familiar with her beauty, and had known her when her cheek was radiant with the hues of health, and her limbs were buoyant with the elasticity of youth. To the memory of the old, to the recollections of those whose heads are now whitened with the snows of age, and whose forms are bowed down by the iron hand of Time, I have been indebted for much of my materials. Sitting in their humble cottages, hid in the most wild and picturesque scenery of North Wales, after the *telyn* (the wild harp of the mountains) had sounded the high deeds of their fathers and the glory of their land, I heard the particulars forming the simple story

of Mary Hughes, and the affecting incidents of her fate. It is a tale that will hardly awaken the sensibilities of those whose delight is fixed on novels of fashionable life; they, perhaps, will turn with affected disgust from a legend that has its foundation on the vulgar basis of nature and truth. But their approbation I do not seek. Those whose hearts are open to the sympathies of humanity, whose feelings are most deeply influenced by the simplest, which are the most natural causes, and whose passions do not require to be called into action by strong and artificial excitements, are far more likely to feel and understand this unpretending narrative, than those whose intellectual appetites seek for food of a higher though less innocent character.

Captain Hughes had retired from the service upon half-pay, after having served during most part of the Peninsular war with acknowledged bravery. He had received a musket-ball in the leg, while leading a detachment against the enemy, which obliged him to quit the army. Taking his daughter with him from a school in England, where she had been

placed since the death of her mother, he had retired to the home of his fathers, which was situated among the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Denbighshire hills. There was little about him to provoke inquiry. He had a well cultivated mind, improved by observation of the manners and customs of other nations. He possessed the frankness of a soldier, mingled with the high bearing of a gentleman, proud of being descended from an ancient and illustrious house. He took pride in keeping up the hospitality for which the name of his ancestors had ever been famous; and the offices which had been filled in his household in a bygone age were not allowed to be vacant in his own. He was generous and brave, kind to his dependants, and loved his daughter, who was his only child, far above all earthly things.

Mary had attained her fifteenth year, and was just budding into womanhood. She was tall, well formed, exquisitely beautiful. Her limbs were moulded in a form of surpassing grace; her features were modelled into an expression of unequalled loveliness; her light hair hung in luxuriant ringlets over her snowy forehead, dancing in the breeze that stirred them, and seemed to be clothed with smiles when the golden sunbeams played upon their tresses. Yet she was as unconscious of her own loveliness as the statue of the divine Aphrodite is of that beauty which has taken captive the hearts of so many generations. She was a child of nature, knowing no evil, and fearing none. Her mind was warmed with a high and eloquent enthusiasm, which made her look upon the goodness and excellence of the things by which she was surrounded with a feeling of exalted joy and unutterable love. She was kind and gentle to all around her, participating in their pleasure, and enjoying their happiness. The peasantry, by whom she was almost worshipped, called her, in their wild dialect, "The Flower of the Hills;" and it is a name by which she is most remembered by those who knew her, when her beauty fully deserved so flattering a title. A venerable bard, infirm and blind, who had long been attached to her family, taught her to play upon the harp, in which she quickly excelled. He sang to her the national records of his country—the glory of Llewellyn, and the fame of Glyndwr.

He taught her to appreciate the rich poetry of the mountain bards, and to execrate the memory of the tyrant by whose order they had been so inhumanly massacred. She listened to him with the most profound attention, as if she could never be weary of so delightful a theme; and by these means she accumulated in her mind a rich store of mountain minstrelsy. Often would she wander far among the mountains, to some spot made precious to her remembrance by a glorious struggle, in which the resistless valour of her fathers had triumphed over their invaders; or made holy to her memory by a deluge of blood shed by their unavailing bravery, when put in opposition to the superior numbers and discipline of their conquerors. One day, when she was returning from an excursion of this nature, and was quickening her pace as she saw the shadows descending on the mountains, she heard a low bellow at some distance: she turned her head, and to her unspeakable terror saw a bull, of a short thick breed, peculiar to that part of Wales, pursuing her with an appearance of the most savage ferocity. She knew there was no house nearer than a mile off, and she saw no help at hand. Her only chance of escape was over a rustic bridge at no great distance, which the animal could not cross. Summoning up all her courage, and with what little strength she possessed, she speeded on with a velocity as if fear had lent her wings; but she had not proceeded far, before she heard the enraged beast approaching nearer and nearer, snorting, bellowing, and tearing up the ground, as he bounded along the earth. She already seemed to feel his hot breath upon her shoulder, and, after uttering a short prayer, was sinking from excess of terror, when, just as the wild animal was on the point of wreaking his raving vengeance on her unoffending body, a strong arm caught her round the waist and drew her on one side. The beast, missing his aim, slipt and fell; and before he had time to recover his footing, his intended victim was hurried out of his reach.

Edward Morris, the son of a neighbouring clergyman, was quietly engaged fishing for trout in a stream sheltered from observation by a few willows that grew on its bank, when his attention was forcibly awakened by the noise the bull made in

his progress. He was just in time to save the beautiful girl from a horrid death; and with breathless haste carried her over the bridge that kept her safe from the fury of her pursuer. She had fainted. Edward Morris used the only remedy that suggested itself to him—that of sprinkling her face with water from the neighbouring stream. He gazed upon her, and owned that even his poetic fancy, fond of imaginary creatures of ideal excellence, had never presented him with the resemblance of a being of such exceeding loveliness as the beautiful and helpless female that lay extended at his feet. He knelt as he raised her from the ground, and watched the appearance of returning animation with feelings of the most intense interest. At length she opened the silken lashes of her eyes, as if awaking from a strange and fearful dream, and met the impassioned gaze of her preserver, who, like Adam, enraptured with the beauty of his new-created bride,

“Hung over her enamoured.”

The sun at that moment was setting behind the distant hills, leaving the horizon in that blaze of splendour more frequently visible in the wild romantic scenery of a mountainous country. Flakes of crimson and gold, of dark purple and light orange, intermixed here and there with fleecy clouds of the purest white, appeared at some little distance from the departing luminary, whose immediate vicinity seemed one blaze of fire, clothing the far-off hills with a robe rivaling, in the joyous richness and variety of its colour, the most costly apparel in which the rulers of the earth have sought to bestow dignity upon their persons. Far in the heavens was one vast expanse of blue, darkening in the distance to the more sober hue of the coming night. The sea, stretching far and wide, was visible at the distance of a few miles, where its waters were occasionally relieved by the white sails of the distant ships; and the tall masts of the colliers and trading vessels, as they lay at anchor in the bay, were seen peeping over the rugged cliffs of the coast. The river was meandering in its serpentine course through the valley that lay at their feet, till it was lost in the waters of the ocean. The little stream by which they stood, one of the many torrents that were tributary to the river, was taking its way in a series of the most wild and picturesque falls, leap-

ing, like a chamois-hunter, from crag to crag, over the rocky prominences that interrupted its course. Around rose hills rising over hills, and mountains towering over their giant brethren into the clouds above them, till the eye ached with their immensity, and the head grew dizzy at the bare imagination of their height. Below them the gentle valley spread out its alluring beauties, dotted here and there with a cluster of simple cottages, from among which the unpretending church arose like a modest matron in the midst of her offspring. Occasionally, where some eminence presented a commanding situation, the baronial castle rose in its pride of power; or the well-built mansion of more modern architecture, the hospitable residence of some country gentleman, threw its protecting smile over the adjacent villages. Yet more frequently was seen the moss-covered ruin of a mighty fabric, that was once perhaps the refuge of the Saxon, or the stronghold of the Norman, from whence they had issued to spoil and lay waste with fire and sword the possessions of the native lords; till the people, roused to vengeance by a sense of their wrongs, rose *en masse*, washed away their just hatred in the blood of their oppressors, leaving the homes of their tyrants a heap of stones, as a monument for ages, on which the antiquary might waste his useless erudition in conjectures upon its structure, or speculations upon its use. In the most savage spots of this landscape appeared *cairns*, or heaps of stones, marking probably a place of burial, and *cromlechs*, which are arrangements of masses of stone, and are almost the only existing records of the Druids, a people whose existence is clothed with so much fable and mystery. These were the most conspicuous features of the landscape that met the eye; yet were they little heeded by the two beings who seemed the only spectators of a scene of so much loveliness and grandeur.

Mary gazed on the handsome features and athletic form of him to whom she owed her life: their eyes met; and in that mute look he felt that she had thanked him more than if her tongue had expressed all the eloquence of the Grecian orators. He raised her from the ground with as much care as if she was a fragile flower beaten to the earth by the weight of the passing storm.

Edward was enraptured at the idea of being the protector of a creature of such fascinating beauty as she who tremblingly hung upon his arm. In passing over a dark and fathomless ravine, only to be crossed on the dangerous footing of a felled tree, in a sudden feeling of terror she clung to him for support. He felt a thrill of unspeakable delight darting through his frame; and had he not shaken off its influence, and hurried from the spot, it is probable the indulgence of such happy feelings, in such a situation, would have led to the destruction of both. The rest of their journey was of a less hazardous character, and therefore more favourable for conversation. It was a time when the feelings of the heart overpower all other sensations—when thought is most eloquent of meaning, but when the tongue is voiceless. The pleasing influence of a first impression takes possession of soul and sense, and there revels on unchecked; those sympathies which nature has planted in the human heart, for the best and wisest purpose, gather power, increase in force, and become more pleasing, until the impression becomes less and less effaceable, and the germ of a fond and passionate attachment rises into being. Silence at such a time renders the most powerful assistance; fancy is allowed to dwell upon the theme, and the imagination to colour it in its brightest hues; affection gathers in the bud, puts forth its leaves, and soon becomes too strong to be blighted in its early growth.

Edward Morris was the only son of a clergyman, the rector of a neighbouring village a few miles distant from the residence of Captain Hughes. His father had been considered one of the best classical scholars of the university to which he belonged: his mother had died in his infancy; and his remaining parent found a sweet and precious solace in directing the education and watching the progress of his child's mind. He devoted nearly the whole of his attention to so pleasing a study, and he never had occasion to regret it. Edward proceeded rapidly in his studies, at an early age giving promise of future excellence. Now, in his eighteenth year, he was thoroughly conversant with the greatest of the poets, philosophers, and historians of the ancient world, and with the most valuable portion of the language and literature of modern Europe.

He had visited almost every corner of the mountain land that gave him birth; and his footsteps were as familiar with the summits of Snowdon and Cader Idris, as they were with the green pathways in the valleys of Clwyd and Glyndwrwy. His mind was stored with the local traditions of the hospitable peasantry, among whom he was always a welcome guest. From the romantic annals and the legendary minstrelsy they had furnished him with, together with the influence of the sublime scenery in which he had ever moved and breathed, he possessed an imagination of a highly poetical character. Had he enjoyed those advantages which are necessary to its favourable development, such an imagination would have ranked him high among the possessors of "the faculty divine." With such attainments his father proposed sending him to college, that he might pursue his studies into the higher branches of education, be ordained, and become his successor in the church.

Mary was approaching home, when they met her father mounted on his old black pony, and accompanied by several of the labourers on his estate. He had been alarmed by her prolonged stay, and had set out, with some of his men, for the purpose of seeking her. When they discovered the object of their search, the wild Highlanders, to many of whom Mary was personally known, sent up a shout of recognition, which he returned with as much gratification. The old man alighted, embraced his daughter, and expressed his joy at her return. He appeared as if overjoyed at once more beholding his child, for whose safety he had lately entertained such fearful forebodings; and the warm-hearted Celts that accompanied him seemed to feel as strongly the general joy—for they danced about like wild deer, and sang snatches of songs, in an idiom almost as ancient as their mountains. When the captain was made acquainted with the particulars of his child's preservation, heightened as the relation was by the enthusiasm of her gratitude, it appeared as if he thought he could never express his thanks sufficiently. He shook Edward by the hand again and again, and invited him to his house, with many expressions of esteem and good will.

"Gryffydd!" called out the veteran, to a wild-looking son of the hills, who seemed as happy as the rest; "why stand ye

capering like a young goat in the sunshine? Haste to the house of my fathers, and bid my people welcome, with feasting and with songs, the preserver of the Flower of the Hills—the bright-eyed daughter of Morgan, ap Gwylm, ap Hughes."

"Heaven bestow good on thee!" exclaimed the Celt to Edward, looking on him with a countenance expressive of the sincerest pleasure, and then darting off to do the bidding of his lord with the speed of an antelope.

They proceeded homewards in all joyfulness of heart, when they were met by the whole population of the district, men, women, and children, who seemed to participate in the gladness of their lord, to whom they were much attached. Captain Hughes, as he alighted at the gate of his house, which had been in possession of his family for centuries, welcomed Edward to the home of his fathers, and led the way to the hall, where sat the old harper, twining his bony fingers in the strings of his ancient harp.

"Prichard!" said the lord of the mansion, in the language with which he always addressed his people; "let the tuneful chords of thy harp sound a welcome to the stranger; for we owe him thanks for having saved from death the last of our house. Sound the bardic welcome to the brave, and thou shalt have the blue hirlas full of yellow mead to drink his health."

It was a generally-received superstition, that the bards of old were gifted with a knowledge of futurity, and could, in their wild and irregular numbers, give notice to the living of danger and death. From this cause they had been held holy by the many; and even by those who have been thought most free of such influence, they were treated with the most profound veneration and respect. What, then, could equal the astonishment all felt, when the old man, after striking a few chords, broke out into a symphony of melancholy sweetness and sorrowful lamentation?

Wo! wo! to the halls of thy fathers, for they shall become desolate!

The bats shall congregate in thy chambers,
And the owls be busy on thy hearths.

Wo! wo! to the stranger, for his days shall be
but few;

Old age shall never whiten his dark hair,
And his bright eye shall see the grave.

Wo! wo! to the last of thy race, for she shall
perish,

Even the bright Flower of the Hills
Shall wither in the bud.

Wo! wo! to Morgan, ap Gwylam, ap Merydydd,
ap Hughes;

For he shall be left, like a blighted tree,
On the rocks of Craig yr Wyddva.

The bard closed his minstrelsy with a sigh that seemed almost to break the heart whence it issued.

"What, Prichard!" exclaimed his lord, "is this the way thou welcomest my guest? But when I ask thee to honour us with thy minstrelsy again, it is to be hoped thy muse may produce something more appropriate."

He proceeded to the usual sitting-room, followed by Edward and Mary, both of whom were musing on the melancholy import of the harper's melody. On them it had succeeded in making a deeper impression than it could be supposed to make on the strong mind of the rough soldier, who seldom allowed his senses to be worked upon by the superstitions of the peasantry. From the mind of Edward it was soon erased by the cordiality of his host: but Mary never forgot it; she treasured it up in her remembrance, till death blotted from her memory all that was sad and all that was pleasing.

In the course of conversation, the captain discovered that the father of his young friend had been the college chum and confidential companion of his early days. This was a fresh call upon his friendship, and he allowed the kindlier feelings of his heart to exercise their full sway, and to possess their strongest influence. He would hear no excuse, but forced him to accept an invitation to pass the night in his house, making the hours run on with the most agreeable rapidity, by the relation of his campaigns in the Peninsula, or his freaks at college.

When Edward awoke the next morning, he looked from his window over the surrounding country, and saw the sun rising, and the mists retreating from the valleys to the higher grounds. He prepared himself for a walk, and stepped out upon the lawn opposite the house: the grass was wet with the last night's dews, which the air had not yet yet gained sufficiently warm a temperature to imbibe. He bent his footsteps towards a garden, whose gravel walks presented a more agreeable footing. He saw there flowers in their glowing hues, filling the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. He stayed a short time to admire them, and passed on to an antique

summer-house that appeared at the bottom of one of the walks. He was proceeding to enter it, when he was stopped by hearing the sounds of a harp, which appeared at the bottom of one of the walks. He was proceeding to enter it, when he was stopped by hearing the sounds of a harp, which appeared to issue from the building. He paused, and heard one of his own wild mountain melodies, sung in a tone of such surpassing sweetness, and such characteristic simplicity, that he felt as spell-bound with the witchery of the sounds. When the voice had ceased, he entered the building, and discovered Mary Hughes, in a neat and graceful morning dress, bending over the harp, and still employed in producing chords from its melodious strings. She turned her head as he entered, and when she saw who it was, she welcomed him with one of her most winning smiles, placed her hand in his, and as she had never felt the necessity of concealing her natural feelings, she did not attempt to disguise her joy at seeing him. Edward was enraptured at the kind reception he had met with, and gazed on the lovely being before him with eyes that seemed to drink in the image of her beauty with an intensity of pleasure too powerful for the most talented writer to describe.

Edward loved her—fondly, dearly, and ardently loved her; in his soul he worshipped, in his heart he adored her; the ground she trod on was made only by her footsteps, the things she handled were sanctified by her touch. Even the very atmosphere in which she moved seemed to him to borrow light and purity from the rich splendour of her loveliness; and the bright lustre of her dove-like eyes appeared to confer unimaginable beauty upon every thing on which they dwelt.

One evening they left their fathers engaged in discussing the merits of an object of disputed antiquity, and proceeded on one of their usual walks. The night was uncommonly fine, the air pure as it generally is in a mountainous country, the sky without a cloud, and the stars possessing more than their accustomed brilliancy. The moon, on such scenery as this, produces an effect upon which no imagination can confer due justice: the trees, the waters, and the far-off hills, were touched with a featherly mantle of the most brilliant white, and the tops of the most distant mountains were as clearly visible as

they are in the brightest day. In the dark waters of the lake the stars shone as vividly as in their own element; and the trees upon its bank seemed sleeping on the still bosom of the waters, like things without life, and without motion. Never was a scene more fitted to immortalize the hand of a painter—never a landscape that more clearly displayed the immortality of its Creator. Their walk led them towards the ruins of an old monastery, which had lately become a favourite resort. It looked glorious in the moonlight: its fragments covered a vast extent of ground. One magnificent window was entire, and several smaller ones imperfect, but what was visible of them was marked by sculpture by no mean hand. There were arches, several of which were covered with beautiful traceries; and pillars, most of them in fragments, but many possessing sufficient solidity to give the beholder an idea of the vast structure to which they once belonged. One or two chambers were still perfect; the rest, an undistinguished heap of ruins. Here and there was an empty niche, that plainly told to what service it had formerly been devoted; but the figure of the saint or virgin which once filled up its vacant corner, had long since crumbled into dust. Most of the stone-work was concealed by a profusion of lichens and wild flowers, that grew there in all the luxury of undisciplined vegetation.

Wales is rich in picturesque ruins, more so than any country of similar extent; for the troubles that have so often desolated the hearths of her people have passed over other lands less frequently and less severely: but the relics of the old monastery is characterized with a beauty of a peculiar character, touching the heart more deeply than the more glorious wrecks of a more glorious time. There was something holy in the solitary loneliness of its walls—something sublime in the desolate grandeur of its masses. Many legends were connected with it. The peasantry allowed it to be haunted with the ghosts of the departed monks, and seldom dared to venture within its immediate neighbourhood. But such idle tales had little influence on those who were now journeying thither. They walked under its ruined arches, and seated themselves upon the pedestal of a fallen column. Here they sat watching the beautiful effect of the

moonbeams stealing through the interstices in the ivy, and breaking into a thousand fragments of light, that fell upon the green and discoloured pavement at their feet. They had been engaged some time talking of the delightful effect of light and shade, when Mary heard, or fancied that she heard, sounds like those of a man's voice; but Edward assured her it was most probably a bat shrieking in some distant part of the building; and she expressed herself satisfied. It was not long, however, before they again heard the same sounds, and heard them more plainly. He was certain there were others in the ruins besides themselves, and, with the natural impetuosity of youth, jumped up to know who they were. He received Mary's assurance that she would not be alarmed if he left her for a few moments, and sallied out in the direction whence he thought the sounds proceeded. He had gone on some little distance, treading with cautious footsteps the perilous ground over which he passed, and had entered what had probably been once a cell, when he heard a long and piercing scream, followed by cries for help in a voice he could not mistake. A bar of iron had been displaced, by rust or violence, from its position across the window, and was connected with the wall by one part only; he easily wrenched it from its hold, and leaped over the shaking stones like a wild deer along the heather. He returned in time to see his beautiful Mary struggling in the arms of two ruffian-looking sailors, and shrieking out his name for help. They were carrying her off. Edward, as he approached, called out to the villains to let her go. One of them, leaving his destined prey, discharged a pistol at his head, which fortunately missed its aim. Before he had time to draw the other he was levelled to the ground with the iron bar. The other ruffian, seeing his companion fall, thought best to seek safety in flight. He escaped not scathless; for Edward fired at him the pistol he had taken possession of from his fallen comrade; and it was evident he was severely wounded, for a shepherd, the next morning, traced blood upon the grass to a considerable distance.

When Mary found herself free from her assailants, she rushed into the arms of her deliverer, who could not refrain from pressing her to his heart. She looked up

into his face with her bright eyes overflowing with love and gratitude—their lips met—and one prolonged delicious kiss was the seal of their mutual affection. How long they remained in this state of delight and happiness it matters not; it was time sufficient for him to tell the love that had so long lain brooding in his breast, and sufficient for him to hear her, in return, own how dearly she loved him. The outpourings of his heart, when once allowed vent, were discharged in a flood of eloquence and truth. He told her of the growth of his passion, from its commencement to its confession—how his soul had yearned for her beauty—how his heart had thirsted for her presence—how the world had become dark to him when the light of her fair eyes had ceased to dwell upon the air he breathed—and how nature had become neglected by him when her loveliness no longer appeared, to shine forth the brightest feature in the landscape. There was a fire in his words and an energy in his manner which there was no withstanding. Again and again—her eyes beaming with the ecstasy of her feelings—her bosom panting with the intensity of her affection—her cheeks suffused with the glow of passionate excitement—did the lovely girl press him closer and closer to her heart, in gushes of an uncontrollable transport, of which before she had never experienced a tithe of the joy.

In the meantime the ruffian whom Edward had left for dead upon the ground, but who was merely stunned, began to recover from the effects of the blow; and seeing his late antagonist so much engaged as not likely to pay much attention to his movements, he took himself off in the most quiet way he possibly could, not wishing to risk another blow from so formidable a weapon.

As they walked home, they agreed that their fathers were not to know any thing of what had occurred until the following day—when she consented, after much persuasion, that he should ask their permission to their union.

(To be continued.)

THE ESCAPE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

M. BOISGERARD was a Frenchman of good extraction, and, at the period of the French Revolution, was attached to the royal party. When sir Sidney Smith

was confined in the Temple, Boisgerard acted up to his principles by attempting, and, with great personal risk, effecting, the escape of that distinguished officer, whose friends were making every effort for his liberation. Having obtained an impression of the seal of the directorial government, he affixed it to an order, forged by himself, for the delivery of sir Sidney into his care. Accompanied by a friend, disguised, like himself, in the uniform of an officer of the revolutionary army, he did not scruple personally to present the fictitious document to the keeper of the Temple, who, opening a small closet, took thence some original document, with the writing and seal of which he carefully compared the forged order. Desiring the adventurers to wait a few minutes, he then withdrew, and locked the door after him. Giving themselves up for lost, the confederates determined to resist, sword in hand, any attempt made to secure them. The period which thus elapsed may be imagined as one of the most horrible suspense to Boisgerard and his companion; his own account of his feelings at the time is extremely interesting. Left alone, and in doubt whether each succeeding moment might not be attended by a discovery involving the safety of his life, the acuteness of his organs of sense was heightened to painfulness: the least noise thrilled through his brain, and the gloomy apartment in which he sat seemed filled with strange images. They preserved their self-possession; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, their anxiety was determined by the re-appearance of the gaoler, accompanied by his captive, who was delivered to Boisgerard. But here a new and unlooked-for difficulty occurred: sir Sidney Smith, not knowing Boisgerard, refused, for some time, to quit the prison; and considerable address was required, on the part of his deliverers, to overcome his scruples. At last the precincts of the Temple were cleared; and, after going a short distance in a fiacre, then walking, then entering another carriage, and so on, adopting every means of baffling pursuit, the fugitives got to Havre, where sir Sidney was put on board an English vessel. Boisgerard, on his return to Paris (for he quitted sir Sidney at Havre), was a thousand times in dread of detection: tarrying at an *auberge*, he was asked

whether he had heard the news of sir Sidney's escape: the querist adding, that four persons had been arrested on suspicion of having been instrumental in it. However, he escaped all these dangers, and continued at Paris until his visit to England, which took place after the peace of Amiens. A pension had been granted to sir Sidney Smith for his meritorious services; and, on Boisgerard's arrival here, a reward of a similar nature was bestowed on him, through the influence of sir Sidney, who took every opportunity of testifying his gratitude.

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH COGHLAN, R. N.

Whilst in the command of his majesty's sloop *Renard*, captain Coghlan fell in with the *Lily*, a French privateer ship (formerly an English sloop of war, captured by the enemy on the Halifax station), off St. Domingo, and brought her to action. During the height of the engagement, the French captain, by way, as he supposed, of intimidating our tars, hailed them to "Strike!" Captain Coghlan, who heard it, instantly took his trumpet, and replied, "Ay, I'll strike, and hard too, my lad, directly." The next broadside fired from the *Renard* sunk the *Lily*, with the greater part of her crew.

Whilst commanding the same vessel off St. Domingo, captain Coghlan had the good fortune to fall in with the French brig of war, *Prudent*; and though larger, and carrying more men and guns than the *Renard*, she struck without firing a shot. On the French captain's coming on board, and observing the comparative smallness of the English vessel to that which he had just given up the command of, he with the greatest coolness requested permission to return to his ship, that he might try his skill in fight; which of course captain Coghlan laughed at. He then with equal gravity solicited a certificate, saying that he had not acted cowardly. Captain Coghlan replied—"No; I cannot do that; but I will give you one that shall specify you have acted *prudently*."

A DUTCHMAN'S CLIMAX OF HAPPINESS.

It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep than to lie down; it is better to die than to sleep.



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THE MERCHANT'S SON;
OR, THE PROFLIGATES.

ERIC EDELMAN was the only son of Christiern Edelman, an eminent merchant in Copenhagen. His amiable disposition and good understanding were improved by the advantage of a liberal education. But, unfortunately, after finishing a course of such studies as were held not unsuitable to his condition, and about to enter into business with his father, he became connected with some young men of enticing, but very dissolute manners. Among others, a person considerably older than himself, named Geysler, descended from a respectable family in Jutland, of agreeable appearance and insinuating address, but who had squandered away a large estate that had been left him by his parents, and had now no other means of subsistence but by play, in which he was very expert, became the principal friend of Eric. It is needless to enumerate the assiduities, flatteries, and plans of seduction that were contrived and employed to ensnare him. They were not very numerous. Gay, lively, unsuspecting, glowing with the

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passions, and elate with the arrogance and self-importance of youth, he became impatient of all controul, and abandoned every worthy pursuit. The remonstrances of his father were ineffectual, and the traces of good instruction were altogether effaced. But though he became as profligate as any of his new associates, he had not acquired their dexterity in profligate arts and attainments. Seduced by their example, and corrupted by their impious maxims, he now became the dupe of their rapacious craft. His losses at play were great and frequent. His resources were soon exhausted. The slave of dissolute vices, without money, without credit, avoided by men of worth, and now despised by his mean and unfeeling associates, is it wonderful he should despair?

But his despondency was reprimanded by the seeming friendship of Geysler. "Go," said he, "to your father. You are his only son. His wealth is immense. Your conduct is not more censurable than that of others. Or, do you think your father himself was not, in his youth, as debauched and as expensive as his fortune permitted? He must, indeed, be an

unjust and unnatural parent, if he will not free you from your present embarrassment."

Suffice it to say, that his father, vexed at his follies, shocked with his enormities, and weary with having frequently, and even to excess, supplied his extravagance, now not only refused him, but refused him with a severity which his conduct merited. The young man was incensed. His seducer justified, even praised his displeasure; he called it spirit, and improved it into resentment. Resentment against a father! But Geysler had formed a dark and deep design to possess himself of Edelman's fortune; for this purpose he embraced the present opportunity of plying his inconsiderate son with extraordinary assiduity. He supplied him with as much money, from his own funds, rapaciously accumulated, as enabled him to leave his father's family and retire to Elsinore, a place the next in importance to Copenhagen. "Conceal yourself there," said he, "for a little time, and I shall fall upon some method of his discharging your debts, and of enabling you to appear as unembarrassed, and with as much splendour as usual." Eric's gratitude was expressed with rapture; and his false friend did not miss the opportunity of promoting his resentment against the venerable Christiern.

Young Edelman had not been many days at Elsinore, when he received the following letter from Geysler: "If I were childish enough, my dearest friend, to believe the fables of priests, I would say that a noble interposition of Providence in your behalf had now taken place. I am this instant informed that your inhuman father is suddenly dead; an apoplectic stroke did its duty in an instant. Hasten, then, to meet me in the Birchwood, at your father's, rather your country-house, by the sea-side, between Elsinore and Copenhagen. The old fellow is dead without a will, so you are sole heir of his immense estate. Hasten to meet me, that we may concert several things respecting your re-appearance in the metropolis. Your ever faithful and affectionate Geysler."

This letter threw the heart of Eric into great agitation. He shed some tears, and felt some remorse. He read it again; and was folding it up with extreme emotion, when he received the following note

from his friend: "I just now learn that your father had given orders for having a deed written, by which you were to be disinherited, and your fortune bestowed on your hypocritical kinsman Kenrick. But, thank your stars, the old fellow had not time to sign it."

The resentment of Eric was thus renewed; and his imagination rioted in the prospect of unbounded opulence. He hastened to the place appointed; and the sight of an elegant house and gardens, of which he now thought himself the sole proprietor, transported him with exultation. "Here," said he, "I shall have many a smart party with Geysler."—Geysler soon arrived, but with a countenance clouded with seeming anxiety and disappointment. Eric flew eagerly to his embrace, and to receive his congratulation. "Nay," said his artful associate, "we have been shamefully and most vilely deceived. The report of your father's death was without foundation. It was invented and circulated by himself; and with the base intention of imposing upon me, so that I might reveal your situation, and the place of your concealment. He is now leagued with your creditors; wishes you may languish out your life in a gaol, or go in a most dependent condition to some Danish factory in the East or West Indies. In the meantime he has actually made the settlement I told you of, and has declared Kenrick the heir of his fortune." The various effects produced by this guileful narrative on the mind of Eric may easily be conceived. Need it be added, that rage, envy, and revenge, were the three furies that scourged his heart?

But the skies and groves did not frown with corresponding horror. The sky was serene, and the sun was setting bright in the west. The Birch-wood was adorned with his rays, that crowned with splendour the opposite mountains of Sweden. The intervening sea was calm; and a multitude of the vessels of all nations lay at anchor in the Sound. The father of Eric was then returning from Copenhagen, whose steeples and edifices were seen at a little distance. His intention was to pass the night at his charming villa, and derive from its peaceful retreat as much consolation as affliction for his son's misconduct would suffer him to enjoy. He was descried at a little distance by the

dissolute pair, who concealed themselves by the side of a thicket. He was walking slowly, and alone, by a solitary path, which he had reserved for his own convenience, that he might not be disturbed by carriages or passengers, as he went to or returned from the city.

It will readily occur to the reader, that the abandoned Geysler was not unappreciated of his coming, nor need it be difficult to conceive, that he meant to profit by the frenzy of Eric's passions, and prompt him to desperate parricide. He might, no doubt, have perpetrated the crime himself; but he chose to have it done by the unhappy victim of his avarice, in order that, being privy to his guilt, he might for ever detain him in bondage, and extort from him what he chose as the price of his silence. He accordingly represented to him, that if his father were to be slain in the wood, it would naturally be supposed that he had been killed by the band of robbers which at this time infested Denmark, and particularly the island of Zealand. Yet, incensed and furious though Eric was, his seducer had to encounter difficulty and hesitation, before he could prevail with him to grasp the sword which he offered him.

With irresolute and trembling step, ferocious but timid look, eyes glaring with the horror of self-condemned resentment, and a heart wrung with conflicting passions, the youth advanced. His father saw him—shuddered. "Whence?" said he, with faltering accents, "and what is your savage purpose?" Eric paused. "Pause not," subjoined his father, now recovering from his amazement; "perpetrate the bloody deed, and free me from a life which your follies and vices have rendered miserable." The sword fell from the hand of Eric. He threw himself at his father's feet, and hid his face on the ground. The seducer was seized with terror. He saw they would immediately be reconciled, and beheld in that reconciliation his own infamy and destruction. No other resource was left him; both father and son must perish. He fired a pistol; missed his aim; Eric started up at the report; seized his sword; rushed upon the assassin, who was drawing the trigger of another pistol; plunged the steel in his heart, and had his own bosom at the same instant pierced with the fatal

bullet. Geysler died on the spot; but Eric, languishing for several days, afforded his father and other relations the sad consolation of hearing his confession, and witnessing his sincere and pious repentance. Dying, he said it afforded some relief to his sufferings, that "he had saved his father's life, and bequeathed him to the care of an affectionate and worthy kinsman."

MARY HUGHES.

(Concluded from p. 311.)

THE next day Edward went on his delicate mission. When her father was made aware of the fresh debt of gratitude he had contracted, he met his young friend's demand with the greater pleasure, as he was then conscious of having it in his power to bestow a suitable acknowledgment on his exertions. He said he had but one gift worth his acceptance, and that was his daughter. She was a treasure he felt loth to part with; yet, as no one could possibly deserve her so well as one who had twice perilled his life to save hers, if she loved him, and he possessed his father's consent, they should have his, and his blessing, whenever they were desirous of possessing them.

With his own father Edward was not so successful. The old gentleman imagined, that if he was married at so early an age, he might probably become indolent and unfit for his vocation; he therefore stated to him, that if he immediately proceeded to college, and obtained there those honours he knew he had sufficient ability to expect, he should, after having been ordained for holy orders, possess the hand he coveted, with his most fervent prayers for their happiness. Nothing, he said, could give greater pleasure to him, than to unite the daughter of his ancient friend with his only son; but he could not think it accordant with his duty as a Christian minister, and his duty as a father, to give his consent to their union till such considerations had been fulfilled. With such (as he considered) hard terms as these, Edward was obliged to acquiesce.

Mary was soon acquainted with the circumstances: an arrangement like this was quite unexpected to her. It was not without some misgivings that she acceded to it. Her feelings had been raised to a

height of rapturous excitement by the near approach of her felicity ; and it was with a proportionate fall she heard the proposed delay. Again the voice of the blind harper sounded in her ears the prophetic warning, and a conviction came upon her mind that the separation would be fraught with danger—would be fatal to one or both of them. But she could not persuade herself to attempt changing the course of events, and she allowed the fortnight that elapsed before his departure to pass without mentioning her fears.

Day after day went by, and still found them together roaming the levels, climbing the hills, or seated on the declivities, with hearts brimming with the fullness of their affection, and eyes glistening with the rapture of their bliss. Little he said of his departure. His joy was in the present, nor had he fears for the future. No plans were formed, no promises given, no anticipations considered. The time passed rapidly and joyously, in the sweet indulgence of their mutual love. The last day arrived. Edward rode over to his friend's mansion to take his farewell. He found her in the antique summer-house, playing on her harp a melody she knew he loved to hear. She always forgot her fears when she found him by her side ; but this morning she had woken to the certainty of its being the last day of their meeting. In spite of his caresses, she could not refrain from unburdening to him the fearful anticipations she cherished—her regret at his departure—and her fears for his safety. He endeavoured to persuade her that her fears were vain, but met with little success. She hung upon his shoulder, her eyes glistening with tears, imploring him to remember her when away, to think of her often, to write to her frequently—but, above all, to be sure to be always attentive to his own safety ; for if any thing was to happen to him, she could not live ; her heart would break, and an early grave would be her portion. Overpowered with the agony of her feelings, she sank exhausted on his arm. Edward gazed upon her pale features, while her bright hair was streaming over her shoulders, and her fair form was reclining on his for support, and vowed to himself that never, in word or deed, in thought or action, would he do any thing that might give her pain. He felt almost subdued by the force of his own sensa-

tions. He could not look unmoved on the spectacle before him, nor could he observe the intensity of her affection without being deeply affected by it.

She soon recovered, raised herself from his arm, and looked upon him for a time steadily and composedly ; then, in a fresh burst of uncontrollable transport, she pressed him fondly to her breast, and clung upon his lips in a paroxysm of passionate feeling. Every promise was made to her that could tend in the least degree to mitigate her sorrows, or to quiet her fears ; and at last, with frequent vows of fidelity on both sides, and parting gifts given and received, she allowed him to depart.

Edward sought his gallant friend, and found him seated on his pony, with a determination of seeing him to his father's, near which the coach passed that was to carry him to his destination. On they jogged ; the sure-footed animals on which they rode, like the mules in the mountainous districts of Spain, seemed to possess a more than natural instinct in climbing the dangerous passes that lay in their direction. They never stumbled, even upon the most hazardous footing ; but trod with as much safety their rugged pathways, and felt as much at ease, as a modern exquisite on the broad *pave* of Regent Street or St. James's. When they parted, it was not without some emotion that the veteran left his young friend, as he shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him all success at Alma Mater.

Months passed, years were following, and Mary still continued to improve in loveliness and excellence. She frequently received letters from her lover, all breathing the tenderest affection ; and she had intelligence from his father (who generally managed to ride over once a-week to see his old friend) of his progress and success. She felt almost happy ; and she looked forward to the close of the last year, when she expected to be quite so. As she approached nearer and nearer to the time appointed for the full enjoyment of her happiness, she shook off the fear that had oppressed her, and determined to consider the blind bard as a false prophet.

In their neighbourhood, a few miles distant from them, lived a young man, named Walter Jones, who had just succeeded to a small property left him by his

father. Walter had never borne a good character among his more respectable neighbours. He had from a boy been violent and headstrong, fond of mischief, partial to bad company, and addicted to hard drinking. It was said that he had been lately recognised on the coast with a party of smugglers who were known to frequent there; and it was generally suspected that he was their leader. He was tall, athletic, and not unhandsome, either in form or features. His dark eyes, which many a simple girl thought beautiful, when lighted up by passion or revenge, flashed upon the object of his hatred an almost supernatural light; and his black hair, which had never been cut, curled over his forehead, and hung down upon his shoulders, giving an appearance of wild beauty to his features, whose delineation would have done honour to the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*. He was the dread of many of the peasantry for his dark eye, and the fear of others for his great strength. He was reckless and daring as a young lion, but savage and ferocious as a wild tigress. Still, he was admitted into the society of the small farmers of the vicinity, where his courage made him acceptable to some, his qualifications in hard drinking to many, and his paternal acres and good figure brought with them no small recommendation to others—of which careful mothers and ambitious daughters formed a large portion. They knew little, it is to be hoped, of his more exceptionable deeds—nothing but the romantic interest that was attached to his name. Whisperings came to them of daring enterprises, in which he had acted a principal character; but among a people where such things have always been looked upon as more glorious than blameable, it was not to be supposed it could much injure him in their estimation. Nothing dark, in which his name was mixed up with deeds of blood and with victims of treachery, ever came to their ears; for he was in the habit of managing matters in a much surer way.

At the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mary and her father met him for the first time. He was not unknown to captain Hughes; but his knowledge of him was derived from the report of his tenants, and from facts learned in his professional capacity as a magistrate. Mary had never seen him before; but it

was suspected by some that he had seen her, although he had previously had no opportunity of speaking to her; for it was afterwards discovered that the two men who attacked her at the ruins of the old monastery belonged to the smugglers on the coast; and what object they could have in carrying her off, was supposed to be best known to himself. He seemed inclined to pay her much attention, and endeavoured to make himself agreeable; but she shrunk from his attentions with feelings of disgust. He was not a man to be easily disheartened by the little hopes that could be entertained from the result of his first interview; so he still continued his views, and still flattered himself with hopes of succeeding. He had met with so few disappointments in his intercourse with the fair sex, that he imagined a simple girl would soon fall a willing victim to the shrine of his vanity. Of captain Hughes he stood somewhat in awe; for his power was great—he was much beloved by the people, who to defend him and his daughter would have rallied round them in a mass; and his reputation for courage was unquestionable; therefore he did not venture inside his house. But he contrived to meet Mary in all her walks. She could not stir out the shortest distance without finding him by her side. He pretended the most ardent attachment and the most devoted love, to which she would not listen, and would not believe. At last, finding that all his expressions were attended to with a deaf ear, and all his vows and protestations taken very little notice of—fearing to come to extremities with her father, and burning to possess the beautiful girl, he most generously, as he thought, made her an offer of his hand and fortune, which was refused as politely as possible.

She felt so much annoyed at his persecutions, that, although she had at first determined to keep them a secret, she told her father the whole particulars. He advised her not to leave the house without him; and if he then attempted to annoy her, he should suffer for it.

When Walter Jones found all his expectations conclude with so little profit—that he had been actually rejected, he would hardly believe it. He thought it preposterously strange; and, from his experience in such matters, pronounced it a mere artifice of the sex. Finding

himself deprived of the usual opportunities of seeing her, he determined upon having an interview with her father, to see what his powers of persuasion would do in his favour. Captain Hughes heard him out with as much patience as he could possibly assume. He then very civilly refused him for a son-in-law, telling him that his daughter was engaged, and even had her hand been free, Mr. Walter Jones was the last man in the world he should feel inclined to bestow her upon; assuring him, at the same time, that he had heard of the annoyances to which he had subjected her; but if ever he caught him on his estate again, with any such intentions, his power as a magistrate, and his feelings as a father, would force him to be under the painful necessity of punishing him as he deserved. Walter Jones left the room vowing revenge.

Time passed on, and the last year was drawing to a close. Letters were received from college, in which it was stated that Edward Morris had received the highest honours of the university, and was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments within its walls. He wrote to Mary a long and kind letter, in which he expressed himself as being overjoyed at the near approach of his happiness, and informed her of the day when she might expect him. Her anticipations of future joy were exceedingly great. Every preparation was made for his arrival; and it was arranged between the delighted fathers, that the union should take place the day after. All on the estate, with whom he was a general favourite, looked to his coming with feelings of the sincerest pleasure; and the day on which he was expected having got known, they determined to welcome him in a style worthy a descendant of the ancient Cymry. All but old Prichard participated in the general pleasure; and he was frequently heard striking melancholy chords from his harp, and giving prophetic warnings of approaching danger.

The day arrived, and Edward left the coach to hurry across the mountains. As he hastened on, with a light step and lighter heart, imagining the joy of his beloved one at their meeting after so long a separation, he came to a wild pass in the mountains, about a mile distant from the estate of captain Hughes. It was a savage-looking place, the scene of

many a fearful legend; a gloomy ravine, with no appearance of vegetation near it, save a few stunted trees. The dark and huge fragments of the rocky soil were shut in by an amphitheatre of desolate hills. Within a short distance, the waters of one of the wildest of the mountain torrents were seen leaping down a tremendous depth, with an uproar almost as great as the continual discharge of a piece of artillery.

Edward Morris walked on in the full joy of his heart, thinking of no evil, and fearing none; when, just as he approached the centre of the pass, he was surprised at beholding a man standing opposite to him, with a seeming determination to dispute his passage. It was Walter Jones. His dark eyes were flashing fire, and his look was like that of a savage of the wilderness in the act of springing on his prey.

"Edward Morris!" shouted the ruffian, "your hour is come, and my revenge comes with it. You have dared to cross my path—to love the only girl I ever thought worthy of my favour. She rejected me—her father rejected me; and it was for you they did it. But my revenge shall be terrible, and you shall be its first victim. So, fool and madman as you are, to have provoked my anger, breathe your shortest prayer—for you shall die!"

"Not yet!" exclaimed Edward, leaping with the agility of a young snake upon his antagonist, and grappling him with a power that even the athletic smuggler found would be difficult to shake off. Long and deadly was the struggle. Walter had overcome all competitors at wrestling; for his superior strength gave him a powerful advantage. His heart was on fire with revenge and wounded pride. All the ferocious nature of his disposition came to his assistance, in the determination that his victim should die. Edward knew every foot of ground on which he trod; and, knowing what must be the result of the contest, all the energies of his soul were brought into action, and he strained every muscle with an exertion that seemed gigantic.

Walter, in an effort he made to throw his adversary, missed his footing, staggered, and fell.

"Now!" cried Edward, with his knee upon his fallen enemy—"Now, who shall die?"

"Thou!" shouted the ruffian, as he disengaged a pistol from his belt, which he had not possessed an opportunity of doing before, and discharged it in the breast of his triumphing foe. The ball went through his heart, and the dead body of Edward Morris fell upon his murderer. The survivor shook off the encumbrance, and looked upon his prostrate victim with a smile of most malicious satisfaction; then was proceeding to depart from the spot, when he was alarmed at seeing the surrounding hills covered by a multitude of people, and men in different directions approaching him.

The kind-hearted peasantry of the district had made every preparation in their power to welcome the friend of their lord home to his native hills, and had set out to meet him, with the intention of bearing him home in triumph. They had proceeded as far as the hills that overlooked the spot where his last footsteps rested, and were in time to witness the combat between him and his enemy. They saw a struggle between two men—a pistol fired, and one of them fall. The distance was too far to distinguish the features of the combatants, yet some there were among them who positively affirmed that one of them was him they sought. With some misgivings as to the result, some of the men separated into different parties, completely surrounding the ruffian. As they approached the scene of the murder, recognised the friend of their lord weltering in his blood, and discerned him who had done the deed, the brave Celts sent up a yell of horror and despair, which was answered by the hills around. With gloomy looks and scowling eyes they advanced upon the murderer, with the determination of exacting a just and horrible vengeance.

Walter Jones still stood with arms folded and lips compressed, revolving in his mind the extent of his danger. He knew he could hope for no mercy from the people who were pursuing him, and he saw there was but little chance of escaping from the certainty of their revenge. He was pausing to consider, and in the meantime his pursuers were gaining ground. He was now completely enclosed on every side—hemmed in by all parties. Seeing no hope remaining if he stood still, he determined to make one effort for his escape, and rushed with all

speed towards the end of the defile. Here he was met by a stout highlander, who threatened to fell him to the ground with a heavy club which he carried; at him he discharged his remaining pistol, and the Celt fell, cursing the dark eye of his enemy. He saw in the same path, at no great distance, several others making towards him at full speed. He turned off in a different direction; but had not proceeded far, when he found that a whole host of them would be upon him in a few minutes. He stood now upon a rock that overlooked a tremendous rapid—we have described in a preceding page—the waters were boiling and foaming directly under him—he was compressed on both sides—his pursuers were close upon him in front and rear—the foremost of them was but a few yards distant from his body. Walter Jones stood up the whole height of his person, glared upon his pursuers a look of scornful hatred and demon malice, and then with a giant's leap plunged headlong into the roaring torrent.

We cannot describe the feelings of Mary Hughes when the sorrowing and faithful Celts brought to her the dead body of him whose living form she had so eagerly expected. Like the painter, we will draw a veil over features we dare not attempt to delineate. She died. Hers was no lingering disease that eats into the heart as rust does into metal. Hers was a morbid earthquake, whose explosion burst asunder every feeling, passion, and affection of earthly humanity. She died of a raving brain and a broken heart; and her unhappy father followed her in the course of a few weeks. When his lord died, the blind bard was heard to sing his prophetic warning—but his voice was feeble, and the chords of his harp less powerful than they were wont. A few years passed, and that voice was silent for ever.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

WHILE Napoleon was pursuing his career of victory in the interior of Egypt, Nelson, having scoured the Mediterranean in quest of him, once more returned to that coast. He arrived within sight of the town of Alexandria on the 1st of August, 1798, ten days after the battle of the Pyramids had been fought and won, and found Brueyes still at his moorings in the bay of Aboukir.

Nothing seems to be more clear than that the French admiral ought to have made the best of his way to France, or at least to Malta, the moment the army had taken possession of Alexandria. Napoleon constantly asserted that he had urged Brueyes to do so; Brueyes himself lived not to give his testimony, but Gantheaume, the vice-admiral, always persisted in stating, in direct contradiction to Buonaparte, that the fleet remained by the general's express desire. The testimonies being thus balanced, it is necessary to consult other materials of judgment, and it appears extremely difficult to doubt that the French admiral, who, it is acknowledged on all hands, dreaded the encounter of Nelson, remained off Alexandria for the sole purpose of aiding the motions of the army, and in consequence of what he at least conceived to be the wish of its general. However this might have been, the results of his delay were terrible.

The French fleet were moored in a semi-circle in the bay of Aboukir, so near the shore, that their admiral believed it was impossible for the enemy to come between him and the land. He expected, therefore, to be attacked on one side only, and thought himself sure that the English could not renew their favourite manœuvre of breaking the line; and so at once dividing the opposed fleet, and placing the ships individually between two fires. But Nelson daringly judged that his ships might force a passage between the French and the land, and succeeding in this attempt, instantly brought on the conflict, in the same dreaded form which Brueyes had believed impossible. The details of this great sea-fight belong to the history of the English hero. The battle was obstinate, it lasted more than twenty hours, including the whole night. A solitary pause occurred at midnight, when the French admiral's ship *L'Orient*, a superb vessel of one hundred and twenty guns, took fire and blew up in the heart of the conflicting squadrons, with an explosion that for a moment silenced rage in awe. The admiral himself perished. Next morning two shattered ships, out of all the French fleet, with difficulty made their escape to the open sea. The rest of all that magnificent array had been utterly destroyed, or remained in the hands of the English.

Such was the battle of Aboukir, in which Nelson achieved, with a force much inferior to the French, what he himself called, "not a victory, but a conquest." Three thousand French seamen reached the shore, a great number died. Had the English admiral possessed frigates, he must have forced his way into the harbour of Alexandria, and seized the whole stores and transports of the army. As things were, the best fleet of the republic had ceased to be, the blockade of the coast was established, and the invader, completely isolated from France, must be content to rely wholly on his own arms and the resources of Egypt.

On hearing of the battle of Aboukir, a solitary sigh escaped from Napoleon. "To France," said he, "the fates have decreed the empire of the land—to England, of the sea."

A TRUE PATRIOT.

In 1784, when the Austrians were in possession of Genoa, the republic were in want of money, and to raise a supply, were about to levy some new taxes. M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed the lobby of the council-room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied, "That the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world which could be no longer worth living in." "But," replied the senators, "we want money; the urgencies of the state demand it, and where else is it to be had?" "I'll tell you," said Grillo, and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with five hundred thousand lives in gold and silver. "Let every one of you," he cried, "follow my example, and the money you want will be found." The tax was no more mentioned; the nobility made a voluntary contribution, and Genoa was saved.

At the coronation of his late majesty, a gentleman paid six guineas for a seat in Westminster Abbey. The instant the king entered, he turned to a friend beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain. "Indeed," said his friend; "how so?" "Why, I have paid six guineas for a seat here, when his majesty comes in for a crown."



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SIR GABRIEL VESTNYDEN.

THE bell at even-song tolled loudly, and the surrounding cottages were one by one involved in darkness, as a weary traveller crossed the well-known Salisbury Plain on his way to the town. The sun had sunk behind the distant hills, and the *ignis fatuus* danced o'er the swamp, as if rejoicing in its departure. The peasant returned to his hut, the shepherd led his flock to the fold, and the bee and the beetle flew humming to their cells, while the deer-stealer cautiously issued from his hovel, with his cross-bow concealed beneath the ample folds of his coarse mantle, and sought the neighbouring forest. The stranger moved on, although his weary step and dusty sandals plainly told that he had travelled far that day. He bore upon his back a small harp, and supported himself on a stout oak staff; his venerable beard descended to his girdle, in which was stuck a small horn-hafted whittle. He passed those huge monuments of antiquity, which were then, as they are now, the wonder and admiration of all who visited them; and

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in a short time had crossed the plain. The road to the town now lay before him, when the turrets of a strong castle overshadowed it, and the sound of merry wassail struck on the stranger's ear. Resting on his staff, he paused awhile, not knowing that he was observed by a man on the walls; he listened to the rude shouts of mirth and laughter which sounded within; when he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a voice near him; the traveller looked up, and perceived the man who had been watching him, who accosted him with—

“Well, old sir Pilgrim, hast had thy musing fit out? Art an honest man, or a thief? Or wilt have a goodly bolt through thy hide?”

The stranger replied—

“Methinks, if thou dost desire a mark, there is a fairer one in the merry green-wood; there was better quarry at Cressy and Poitiers.”

“Ah! ah! say'st thou so? then thou canst sing of such; I see thou hast a harp at thy back. Wait awhile, and I will admit thee. By my fackins, this is no time for hard blows and broken cox,

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combs." As he said this, he disappeared whistling, and in a few minutes the heavy drawbridge fell, and the stranger crossing it, entered the castle. His companion led him through the vaulted passages, and entering one of the rooms, placed on a table some venison and a loaf of bread, together with a stoup of ale. The stranger ate little, which the man observing, said,

"Hast thou no stomach for such cheer, old sir?"

"Little, indeed, my son, for I have walked far, and am sore weary."

"Then thou shalt have a good litter of clean rushes anon; but thou must needs give my master and his guests a ballad; they are making merry in the hall, for he weds the fair lady Beatrice to-morrow; and I, Launcelot Dowbiggin, am appointed her ladyship's falconer. Art fond of hawking, old sir, or can'st draw a bow, or play backword, or—" Here Launcelot paused, as he perceived the stranger was much moved on hearing his news; but the latter, recovering himself, replied,

"I was a proper hand in all these pastimes; but those days are gone by: there was a time when Dick Moncey could hit the white, or rein a horse, or throw the bar, with any youth in Gloucestershire—but 'tis past. I have seen many strange countries since then; my youth is gone, and I am now a withered and sapless tree: but I have lived to see French pride humbled, and have seen our brave king's banner floating in the breeze on their highest towers."

"Ah! 'tis a goodly sight; can'st sing of these same things?" inquired Launcelot.

"Some few lays and ballads," replied the stranger.

"Then follow me," said Launcelot, taking up a torch; "I warrant thou wilt find company who will well repay thee for thy minstrelsy." As he said this, he led the way, followed by the stranger.

As they passed through one of the passages, the large mantle and frock in which the stranger was enveloped caught by a nail, and Launcelot hastily turning round, saw to his astonishment that his companion wore a jazerant of steel under his vestments. Launcelot, though somewhat daunted at this discovery, plucked out his dagger, when a well-known voice startled him.

"My dear master, my much honoured

sir Gabriel," cried he, flinging himself at the feet of the harper, who had plucked off his sham beard; "by what miracle art thou arrived here?—I thought thee dead. Say, art thou my honoured master, or do mine eyes deceive me?"

"Thou see'st him here alive and well," replied the knight; "but prithee restrain thy joy (if joy it be), and help me to attire myself in this disguise, for I would not have my being under this roof discovered."

Launcelot instantly led his master into a small room, and while he helped him with his disguise, the knight related to him some of his adventures, and in return begged to be informed of what had taken place during his absence.

"I have heard," said he, "that my honoured father is dead, and that my cousin, Ralph Vestyn den, has been left in care of the castle. How fares the lady Beatrice?"

"Sorrily, I fear," replied Launcelot, shaking his head. "There was a report that thou wert dead, and sadly has she grieved. Heaven forbid that I should say aught against your kinsman, but I fear good lies not under that heavy brow of his."

"He is a villain," passionately exclaimed sir Gabriel; "he is a villain and a murderer! He has murdered the father, and would destroy the son; but Heaven has reserved me to hurl destruction on him. I will tell thee, Launcelot, when near Poitiers, I was one of the advanced guard; we were marching in the dead of night, when an arrow struck me: my trusty coat was proof against the shaft, and a voice cried, 'Ralph Vestyn den greets thee.' I spurred my horse to the place where the voice seemed to come from, and there beheld, by the light of the moon, two men crouched beneath the underwood; I slew one with a blow of my mace, and my men secured the other villain. He confessed that 'twas my kinsman who had hired them."

"Then he is the villain I thought him," said Launcelot; "often have we had messengers here, rough fellows whom we never saw before, who, after having seen and spoken with sir Ralph, have ridden off again: trust me there are many lying in ambush for thee, my master."

"I doubt it not; but did'st thou not tell me sir Ralph would marry the lady

Beatrice to-morrow? Does she consent to the match?"

"I know not, but she always looks pale and sad, and will sometimes weep when she hears your name mentioned; and sir Ralph has forbidden us to speak of you in her presence."

The knight's eyes flashed fire; he bit his lip, and seemed to be maintaining a violent struggle with his feelings.

"Launcelot," at length he said, "this marriage must be prevented: are thy fellows still attached to me?"

"Attached!" cried Launcelot; "they would all fight for ye; nay, would render up their lives to do ye service; but caution must be used, for sir Ralph has several ruffianly fellows at his command, whose hands know as well the way to the sword-hilt as to their neighbours' purses: we like them not, but grumbling would surely bring us to the oak branch. There is Rough Robin to be sure, and Will-le-Dale, and Jack the Miller, with his five sons; all good men and proper, and shrewd hands at the long bow; and there are some half score of us here, who would stand by ye: The miller says that your worthy father died somewhat sudden, and sir Ralph threatened; but as he is not his vassal, the miller laughs at him."

"Enough," said the knight; "lead me to the hall, and say I am a wandering minstrel, who would fain enliven them with a tune.—Lead on."

Launcelot led his young master to the door of the hall, and bidding him wait awhile, proceeded to ask sir Ralph if he would like to have the minstrel admitted. He soon returned, and led sir Gabriel into the hall. There, at a large table, sat sir Ralph, totally unconscious of the presence of his greatly wronged kinsman. He and his companions sat over their cups, and their unsteady hands and inflamed eyes told that their draughts had been deep and frequent. The hawks, perched on the rafters above, were startled by the boisterous mirth below them, and sir Ralph was in the act of calling on one of his companions for a song, when Launcelot led forth the minstrel.

"Well, Launcelot," said sir Ralph, "what old greybeard hast there?—whence comes he?—Speak, sir Minstrel—from whence comest thou?"

"From France and the Low Countrie. I have travelled far and wide."

"Ah! France dost thou say? Hast ever heard of one sir Gabriel Vestynden, who fought in the English army?"

"'Tis said he was murdered just before the battle of Poitiers," replied the minstrel; "but whether it be true or false, I know not."

Sir Ralph's heavy brow was raised for a moment, and a grim smile illuminated his dark countenance, as he thought that his kinsman had probably fallen beneath the hands of his hired assassins, and he replied—

"Then the heavy tidings we received last week are true: God rest my kinsman's soul!"

As he said this, he took a deep draught of wine, and setting down the empty goblet, he desired the minstrel to begin. Sir Gabriel, after a short prelude, sung the following song, accompanying it with his harp:—

Friar Ambrose, that right merrie elf,
Bids ye keep in your pouches your pelf;
For the flaggon and bowl
Endangers the soul;
But he loves wine and wassail himself.

He tells us he knows full well,
That Sathan, that foul fiend of hell,
Has a bait in each lass
Who may chance to pass—
But we know who was found in his cell.

And fat Abbot Boniface says,
Wine will certainly shorten our days;
But we'll tell him he lies,
And that wine and bright eyes,
In spite of them both, shall have praise.

"By the coals that grilled St. Lawrence," exclaimed sir Ralph, "'tis a right merry song!" and he poured out a goblet of wine with his own hand, and presented it to the minstrel. Sir Gabriel felt as though he could have dashed the goblet and its contents in the face of his kinsman; but he checked himself, and muttering—"Grammercy, sir knight!" (though well aware, that if sir Ralph knew whom he had offered it to, he would have wished it a cup of hemlock), he drank off the wine, and placing the goblet on the table, drew his hood closer to his face, and watched his kinsman narrowly.

Sir Ralph observed him not, and after a few moments had elapsed, he said—"Hast thou any love-tale, fit for a fair lady's ear?"

"Many, noble knight," was the hasty reply of sir Gabriel; for he divined the reason of the question, and was not mis-

taken, for sir Ralph desired one of his men to bring the lady Beatrice into the hall.

She shortly after entered, and sir Ralph rose and handed her to a seat, with as much gallantry as he was capable of. He then commanded the minstrel to play another air. Sir Gabriel saw with sorrow the altered appearance of his beloved Beatrice. She was pale and sad, and sat with her head resting on her hand, apparently unconscious of all that was passing: she heeded not sir Ralph when he spoke to her, but caressed a small spaniel which sat looking in her face, as if it felt its mistress's sorrows.

Sir Gabriel sat intently gazing on his lady-love and her spaniel, which he had presented to her just before he left England, when his kinsman bade him play another air. Sir Gabriel struck his harp again, and commenced playing a ballad, which he had often sung to Beatrice before he left England. As her ear caught the first notes, she was sensibly affected, and ere he had finished one stanza, she covered her face with her hands, whilst the tears fast flowing, gushed between the interstices of her fair fingers.

Sir Ralph rose, and staggering up to her, attempted to put his arm round her waist, when Beatrice repulsed him, and sir Gabriel, forgetting his disguise, threw down his harp, and grasped the handle of his whittle; but at the same moment Launcelot whispered in his ear, "For our Lady's sake, do not discover yourself, or you are lost!"

Sir Ralph, however, observed the minstrel's anger, and hurling a goblet at him with all his force, he commanded his men to seize the harper, and hurry him to one of the dungeons below the foundation of the castle. The men rose, and staggered up to sir Gabriel to obey their master, when Launcelot interfered—

"Hold!" cried he, "the knave has deceived *me*; therefore the securing of him rests with *me*. Leave him to my care; I will teach him to respect his betters."

As he said this, he seized sir Gabriel (whose pretended age gave sir Ralph no fear that he would escape), and hurried him out of the hall. Launcelot spoke not till he had led his master into one of the deepest dungeons of the castle.

"This," said he, "is a sorry room, but

wait till to-morrow, and I will then release you."

"To-morrow!—to-morrow to me will be an age," cried the knight. "Hast thou not said that my villainous kinsman weds the lady Beatrice to-morrow? Dost thou think I will live to see this?"

"Softly, softly, my dear sir Gabriel," cried Launcelot; "compose thyself, and I will unfold to thee a plan by which we may prevent this marriage, and seize your kinsman. To-morrow the castle gates will be thrown open, and all the country will come to partake of the good cheer. You will be forgotten in this dungeon, and ere the hour arrives that makes the lady Beatrice your vile kinsman's bride, I will bring in the stout miller and his sons. Fear not, but wait patiently."

Launcelot left his master, and shortly after brought in a litter of straw, with which he strewed the floor of the dungeon. He then produced a flask of wine, bidding sir Gabriel hide it amongst the straw if he should be visited by any of the other domestics; and leaving a lamp burning, he quitted his master, promising to visit him early the next morning.

On the following morning, Launcelot failed not to wait on his master in the dungeon. He brought with him a stout sword, together with a bugle. The knight was soon ready, and Launcelot bidding him be of good cheer, desired him not to venture out till he came to him. In a short time all was ready, and Launcelot returned.

"Now," said he, "my dear master, the wished-for moment has arrived for you to sally forth. The vile sir Ralph is in the hall with the lady Beatrice—the abbot has arrived—the company are flocking in, and may God speed ye!"

"I will," said sir Gabriel; "but I would fain go in the same disguise as I had on yesterday. In that I will enter the hall, and when thou and thy fellows hear the blast of my bugle, be ready to rush in with thy aid."

All was life and bustle in the great hall of the castle. Sir Ralph thought he had all now within his grasp. The abbot entered, and took his stand at the temporary altar. Shortly after sir Ralph entered the hall, leading the lady Beatrice. Five of his followers stood near him, and

seemed to exult in the sacrifice which was about to be made. Beatrice advanced a few steps towards the altar, then paused, as if she had formed a sudden resolution, when sir Ralph cried—

“Fair lady, this ill bearing becomes not a damsel at such a time as this. Advance, and let the holy father abbot proceed with the ceremony.”

Beatrice replied not; her eyes filled with tears, and she was near falling, when one of her maids supported her. All pitied her, though they durst not avow it, as they feared sir Ralph and his grim followers. Enraged at the delay, sir Ralph seized her arm, and rudely dragged her towards the altar, when sir Gabriel entered the hall disguised as on the preceding night; and observing the violence of sir Ralph, he said—

“Forbear thy rashness! dost thou not fear the just anger of offended heaven?”

“Ah!” cried sir Ralph, as he stamped on the marble floor of the hall; “dost thou come to beard a knight in his own castle! Away with thee, or by my father’s crest I will have thee flayed alive.”

“Villain!” cried sir Gabriel, tearing off his false beard, and throwing aside his disguise, “thy hour is come; draw, and look upon thy death!”

Sir Ralph was thunderstruck at the apparition of his kinsman; he stood motionless for some moments, as if struggling for an utterance, then turning to his followers, he bade them seize him, saying, “Cousin, thou art welcome to my wedding!”

But ere they advanced to lay hands on him, sir Gabriel blew a loud blast on his bugle; it was answered instantly, and Launcelot and his friends entered the hall.

“Death to him who moves to the rescue!” cried the miller, drawing his shaft to the head: “throw down your weapons—the first who stirs has a cloth-yard shaft through his doublet.”

Sir Ralph’s men, finding that the odds were against them, gave up their swords; while sir Ralph, finding all lost, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Turning to his kinsman, he said, in a voice almost choked with rage—

“Gabriel Vestynden, thou hast not saved thy bride yet.”

And he aimed a blow at the breast of Beatrice. Sir Gabriel parried the stroke,

and his kinsman turning, attacked him with great fury. Beatrice closed her eyes, and fell almost senseless into the arms of one of her maidens. She heard the hurried tramp of feet, and the clash of steel, and she called aloud on the Virgin to succour her true love, sir Gabriel. Her prayers were not unheard—sir Ralph fell covered with wounds, and while he lay in the throes of death, Beatrice flung herself into the arms of her lover, and sobbed out his name.

Need we add, that sir Gabriel was soon after wedded to his true love; need we tell our readers that honest Launcelot was rewarded for his attachment and courage; or need we tell how many knights and their “ladys faire” graced the wedding feast? Such rejoicings were long remembered by all. Sir Gabriel and his Beatrice lived many years in uninterrupted happiness, while the body of his false kinsman mouldered in its tomb in the Cathedral at Salisbury. That tomb bore only this inscription:—“Of your charity pray for ye sowle of Raufe Vestynden.”

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Six centuries have passed, and this name is still a spell-word to conjure up all the brightest and noblest visions of the age of chivalry. What glorious phantoms rise at the sound! Saladin—the great, the valiant, the generous Saladin—again wheels at the head of his cavalry.—Frederic Barbarossa, the conqueror of Iconium—the brave but political Philip of France—the gallant but unfortunate marquis of Montserrat—the whole host of red-cross warriors. The knights of the Temple and St. John start again into existence from their graves in the Syrian deserts, and their tombs in Christian Europe, where still their recumbent effigies grasp the sword in stone. The lion-hearted Plantaganet once more flourishes with a giant’s strength the tremendous battle-axe, wherein “were twenty pounds of steel,” around the nodding broom-plant in his cylindrical helmet; while his implacable foe, Leopold of Austria, leans frowning on his azure shield; his surcoat of cloth of silver, “dappled in blood!” that terrible token of his valour at Ptolemais, which is to this day the blazon of his ancient house.

Yonder walls have echoed to the clank

of the fetters with which his unknighthly vengeance loaded Richard of England—to the minstrel moan of “the lord of Oe and No;” and (for who can coldly pause to separate such romantic facts from the romance they have inspired?) to the lay of the faithful Blondel, which, wafted by the pitying winds to his royal master’s ear, soothed his captivity, and brightened his hopes of freedom. Many are the castles on the banks of the Danube, pointed out to the traveller as the prison of Cœur de Lion. The fortresses of Aggstein and Gruffenstein both assert a similar claim to our interest, our veneration; and it has been not improbably conjectured that Richard was in turn the resident of each, being secretly removed from fortress to fortress, by his subtle and malignant captor, in order to baffle the researches of his friends and followers. Notwithstanding this dispute, Durrenstein has by general consent and long tradition been established as the principal place of his confinement; and no one who with that impression has gazed upon its majestic ruins, could thank the sceptic who should endeavour to disturb his belief. They stand upon a colossal rock, which, rising from a promontory picturesquely terminated by the little town of Durrenstein, is singularly ribbed from top to bottom by a rugged mass of granite, indented like a saw. On each side of this natural barrier, a strip of low wall, with small towers at equal distances, straggles down the rock, which, thus divided, is here and there cut towards its base into cross terraces, planted with vines, and in the ruder paths left bare or patched with lichens and shrubs of various descriptions. On its naked and conical crest, as though a piece of the cragg itself, rises the keep of the castle, square, with four towers at its angles, and not unlike the fine ruin at Rochester.

EVENING AT DELFT.

“Now,” said the portly Gerrit van Wyck, as he buttoned up his money in the pockets of his capacious breeches—“Now I’ll home to Voorbooch, and to-morrow I’ll buy neighbour Jan Hagen’s two cows, which are the best in Holland.”

He crossed the market-place of Delft, as he spoke, with an elated and swaggering air, and turned down one of the streets

which led out of the city, when a goodly tavern met his eye. Thinking a dram would be found useful in counteracting the effects of a fog which was just beginning to rise, he entered, and called for a glass of Schedam. This was brought, and drank by Gerrit, who liked the flavour so much, that he resolved to try the liquor diluted. Accordingly, a glass of a capacious size was set before him. After a few sips of the pleasing spirit, our farmer took a view of the apartment in which he was sitting, and, for the first time, perceived that the only person in the room, besides himself, was a young man of melancholy aspect, who sat near the fire-place, apparently half asleep. Now Gerrit was of a loquacious turn, and nothing rendered a room more disagreeable to him than the absence of company. He therefore took the first opportunity of engaging the stranger in conversation.

“A dull evening, mynheer,” said the farmer.

“Yaw,” replied the stranger, stretching himself, and yawning loudly, “very foggy, I take it”—and he rose and looked into the street.

Gerrit perceived that his companion wore a dress of dark brown, of the cut of the last century. A thick row of brass buttons ornamented his doublet; so thickly, indeed, were they placed, that they appeared one stripe of metal. His shoes were high-heeled and square-toed, like those worn by a company of maskers represented in a picture which hung in Gerrit’s parlour at Voorbooch. The stranger was of a spare figure, and his countenance was, as we before stated, pale; but there was a wild brightness in his eye, which inspired the farmer with a feeling of awe.

After taking a few turns up and down the apartment, the stranger drew a chair near to Gerrit, and sat down.

“Are you a citizen of Delft?” he inquired.

“No,” was the reply; “I am a small farmer, and live in the village of Voorbooch.”

“Umph!” said the stranger; “you have a dull road to travel. See, your glass is out. How like ye mine host’s Schedam?”

“’Tis right excellent.”

“You say truly,” rejoined the stranger, with a smile, which the farmer thought

greatly improved his countenance; "but here is a liquor which no burgomaster in Holland can get. 'Tis fit for a prince."

He drew forth a phial from the breast of his doublet, and mixing a small quantity of the red liquid it contained with some water that stood on the table, he poured it into Gerrit's empty glass. The farmer tasted it, and found it to excel every liquid he had ever drank. Its effect was soon visible: he pressed the hand of the stranger with great warmth, and swore he would not leave Delft that night.

"You are perfectly right," said his companion; "these fogs are unusually heavy; they are trying, even to the constitution of a Hollander. As for me, I am nearly choked with them. How different is the sunny clime of Spain, which I have just left."

"You have travelled, then?" said Gerrit, inquiringly.

"Travelled! Ay, mynheer, to the remotest corner of the Indies, amongst Turks, Jews, and Tartars."

"Eh, but does it please ye to travel abroad in that garb, mynheer?"

"Even so," replied the stranger; "it has descended from father to son through more than three generations. See you this hole on the left breast of my doublet?"

The farmer stretched out his neck, and by the dim light perceived a small perforation on the breast of the stranger's doublet, who continued—

"Ah, the bullet that passed through it lodged in the heart of my great grandsire at the sack of Zutphen."

"I have heard of the bloody doings at that place from my grandfather, heaven rest his soul!"

Gerrit was startled on perceiving the unearthly smile which played o'er the countenance of the stranger, on hearing this pious ejaculation. He muttered to himself, in an inaudible tone, the word "*Duyvel!*" but he was interrupted by the loud laugh of his companion, who slapped him on the shoulder, and cried— "Come, come, mynheer, you look sad—does not my liquor sit well on your stomach?"

"'Tis excellent!" replied Gerrit, ashamed to think that the stranger had observed his confusion: "will you sell me your phial?"

"I had it from a dear friend, who has been long since dead," replied the

stranger; "he strictly enjoined me never to sell it; for, d'ye see, no sooner is it emptied, than at the wish of the possessor it is immediately re-filled. But, barkee, as you seem a man of spirit, it shall be left to chance to decide who shall possess it." He took from his bosom a bale of dice—"I will stake it against a guilder."

"Good!" said Gerrit; "but I fear there is some devilry in the phial."

"Pshaw!" cried his companion, with a bitter smile; "those who have travelled understand these things better. Devilry, forsooth!"

"I crave your pardon," said Gerrit; "I will throw for it;" and he placed a guilder on the table.

The farmer met with ill luck, and lost. He took a draught of his companion's liquor, and determined to stake another guilder; but he lost that also! Much enraged at his want of success, he drew forth the canvass bag which contained the produce of the sale of his corn, and resolved either to win the phial (the contents of which had gone far to fuddle his senses), or lose all. He threw again with better luck; but, elated at this, he played with less caution, and in a few moments he was left pennyless. The stranger then gathered up the money, and placed it in his pocket.

"You are unlucky to-night, mynheer," said he, with provoking indifference, which greatly increased the farmer's chagrin; "but come, you have a goodly ring on your finger—will you not venture that against my phial?"

The farmer paused for a moment—it was the gift of an old friend—yet he could not stomach the idea of being cleared of his money in such a manner; what would Jan Brower, the host of the Van Tromp, and little Rip Winkelaar, the schoolmaster, say to it? It was the first time he had ever been a loser in any game, for he was reckoned the best hand at nine-pins in his village; he therefore took the ring from his finger—threw again—and lost it!

He sank back in his chair with a suppressed groan, at which his companion smiled. The loss of his money, together with this ring, had nearly sobered him, and he gazed on the stranger with a countenance indicative of any thing but good will; while the latter drew from his bosom a scroll of parchment.

"You grieve," said he, "at the loss of

a few paltry guilders; but know, that I have the power to make you amends for your loss—to make you rich—ay, richer than the stadholder!”

“Ah, the fiend!” thought Gerrit, growing still soberer, while he drank in every word, and glanced at the legs of the stranger, expecting, of course, to see them as usual terminate with a cloven foot! but he beheld no such unsightly spectacle; the feet of the stranger were as perfect as his own, or even more so.

“Here,” said his companion, “read over this, and if the terms suit you, subscribe your name at the foot.” The farmer took the parchment, and perceived that it was closely written, and contained many signatures at the bottom. His eye hastily glanced over the few first lines, but they sufficed.

“Ha! now I know thee, fiend!” screamed the affrighted Gerrit, as he dashed the scroll in the face of the stranger, and rushed wildly out of the room. He gained the street, down which he fled with the swiftness of the wind, and turned the corner quickly, thinking he was safe from the vengeance of him, whom he now supposed was no other than the foul fiend himself; when the stranger met him on the opposite side, his eyes dilated to a monstrous size, and glowing like red-hot coals. A deep groan burst from the surcharged breast of the unfortunate farmer, as he staggered back several paces.

“Avant! avant!” he cried; “Sathan, I defy thee! I have not signed thy cursed parchment!” He turned and fled in an opposite direction; but though he exerted his utmost speed, the stranger, without any apparent exertion, kept by his side. At length he arrived at the bank of the canal, and leaped into a boat which was moored alongside. But the stranger followed, and Gerrit felt the iron grasp of his hand on the nape of his neck. He turned round and struggled hard to free himself from the gripe of his companion, roaring out in agony—

“Oh, Mynheer Duyvel! have pity for the sake of my wife and my boy Karel!” But when was the devil known to pity? The stranger held him tightly, and spite of his struggles dragged him ashore. He felt the grasp of his pursuer like the clutch of a bird of prey, while his hot breath almost scorched him; but disengaging himself, with a sudden bound he sprang

from his enemy, and pitched headlong from his elbow-chair on to the floor of his own room at Voorbooch.

The noise occasioned by the fall of the burly Hollander aroused his affrighted helpmate from the sound slumber she had been wrapped in for more than two hours, during which time her husband had been indulging in potations deep and strong, until, overpowered with the potency of his beloved liquor, he had sunk to sleep in his elbow chair, and dreamed the dream we have endeavoured to relate. The noise of his fall aroused the *wrow* from her slumbers. Trembling in every limb on hearing the unruly sound below, she descended by a short flight of steps, screaming loudly for help against thieves, into the room where she had left her spouse when she retired to rest, and beheld Gerrit, her dear husband, prostrate on the stone floor, the table overturned, his glass broken, and the remainder of the accursed liquor flowing in a stream from the stone bottle, which lay upset on the ground.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

When the emperor Vespasian peremptorily ordered a particular senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with death in case he spoke otherwise—the intrepid patriot answered, with a smile, “Did I ever tell you I was immortal? My virtue is my own—my life, yours. Do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in your laurels.”

A TAR'S ACCOUNT OF A FUNERAL.

A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been ashore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time, he witnessed a funeral. He was very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. “Why, what d’ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore?” “How should I know?” said the other. “Why, then, Bill, may I never stir,” replied Jack, “but they puts ’em up in boxes, and directs ’em.”



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THE MILLER OF WINKLEIGH:
A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

IN the reign of the profligate Charles II. there lived in the village of Winkleigh, in Devonshire, a young man named Roger Buckland. At the age of twenty-two, he found himself sole heir to his father's estate, which consisted of a substantial mill, and about ten acres of land, in a tolerable state of cultivation. Many were the deliberations of the calculating fathers and sharp-eyed mothers of Winkleigh, upon young Buckland's succeeding to his father's possessions, and they took especial care that none of their daughters should be absent on Sundays at the village church. Roger was a comely and well-proportioned youth, though the fastidious might say he was somewhat too sturdy; but this is a fault which is easily overlooked in Devonshire, where skill in wrestling is so much in repute, and strength of body is often found to make amends for any deficiency in the mental faculty. He had made no slight impression on the fair-eyed girls of his native village, though there were some damsels whose charms

were on the wane, who hinted that the flourishing business of Roger Buckland was the most powerful magnet. Be this as it may, there were many families who would have been proud of an alliance with the young miller; but the charms of no maiden had as yet enslaved him, though there were many in his neighbourhood who could boast of a fair proportion of that beauty for which the damsels of Devonshire are so justly famous. Many were the invitations he received, and no rustic fete was given to which he was not invited.

Three years had passed away since the death of his father, when Roger at length seriously determined to take unto himself a wife, and he was not long in fixing upon one whom he thought in every respect likely to render him happy. He accordingly waited one morning upon the father of the object of his choice, and after some preliminary formula, Roger was permitted to visit the house of the wealthy farmer, in the quality of a lover, or, in more modern parlance, to "pay his addresses" to the old man's darling, the beautiful Alice Clevelly. Her's was that beauty, at

which your city dames may scoff, but her fair cheek, glowing with the rosy hue of health, her white and even teeth, and dark brown ringlets, though all partaking of a certain degree of rusticity, were not less winning, and her triumph over the lusty young miller was complete. Between two such beings there is little fear of a lack of affection, and, ere the year was out, each village lass pointed to the happy couple as they strolled along, and, with laughing eye and significant gestures, betrayed her allowable envy.

But the dark veil of superstition was still spread over the peasantry of England. Evil spirits were believed to roam through the world, blighting the fair hopes of the young and sanguine heart. A dark and fearful tale had oft been whispered by the elders of the village, that Roger Buckland was the last of his race, and that an evil destiny hung over him. But he heard not these things, or, if he did hear them, they were unheeded, and their forebodings troubled him not.

At length the day was fixed for their marriage, and the busy fingers of the bride and her friends were employed in preparing her bridal dress. In three weeks they were to be made man and wife, and each looked forward to the happy day which should see them united by the holy and indissoluble bond of wedlock. Young Buckland was in the habit of riding over to Hatherleigh market every week, and he had left home one day for that purpose, intending to make a purchase of some corn of a farmer with whom he had had many dealings. His stay at Hatherleigh was much protracted, in consequence of his not finding this person in the town as he expected, and night was advancing, when he determined to return home. Before he had quitted the town half an hour, it became quite dark; this made him urge his horse forward with some speed, for the roads in those days were not over safe to travel in the night time. He had arrived within a mile of his home, when the horse he rode, with an instinct peculiar to that animal, suddenly shied, and in doing so, nearly threw the young miller into the road; at the same moment a faint voice cried out for help.

"Whoa! whoa! jade!" said the miller, stroking the neck of his horse; then raising his voice, he cried out, in the familiar dialect of the west, to the person who had

spoken, and whom, owing to the darkness of the night, he could not see distinctly,

"Who bist thee, friend?—and what brings thee here at this time o' night?"

A deep pause ensued, interrupted only by the snorting and pawing of the miller's horse. No answer was returned, and Roger, dismounting, perceived that a young and well-dressed man was lying in the middle of the road apparently in a state of intoxication. After a moment's deliberation, he drew the stranger from the road, and placing him on the green sward, re-mounted his horse, and rode hastily home for assistance. This was soon procured, and in half an hour the stranger was under the roof of the young miller, in a state, to all appearance, of total unconsciousness to all that had been done for him by his generous preserver. Hock and soda-water, the modern tippler's remedy for such cases, were not known in those days to the unsophisticated inhabitants of Winkleigh: the miller had none, but such simple restoratives as his generous disposition prompted him to use were not spared to render his guest sensible of the kindness with which he had been treated. Old Dorcas, the miller's house-keeper, not unused to such scenes in the lifetime of her old master, ventured to suggest that a night's sleep would restore the stranger to consciousness; accordingly he was placed with much care in the best chamber, and the household retiring to rest, left the crickets to their nightly gambols on the deserted hearth.

The miller arose betimes, and set about his accustomed labour. When breakfast-time came, the stranger, to his astonishment, entered the room, and thanked his preserver, in the most grateful terms, for the kindness shewn him. There were no marks left on his countenance of the excess of the previous evening, and his gait and manner were those of a man who had seen the world, and mixed with polished society, though there was something like a bluntness in his discourse, which indicated that he had been used to the sea. His face was eminently handsome; his eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; his nose beautifully formed; his mouth somewhat large, but well-shaped, though when he smiled there was a writhing of the nether lip, as though it were a pain to him. His hair was jetty black, and fell in large curls over his shoulders, beautifully

contrasting with his high, pale forehead, on which age had not yet stamped a single wrinkle. His figure was such as the most fastidious might essay in vain to find fault with: his age might be about thirty. Upon his entering the room, the miller handed him a chair, and then helped him to the good things he had provided for breakfast. Tea, coffee, and chocolate, were not known in those days to persons in his station of life, but there was no lack of ham, beef, and good ale, while a flask of choice wine was added to the list by the generous young miller. The stranger, however, made but a sorry meal, which he said was owing to the last night's debauch.

"'Tis ever so with me," said he, "after I have drank too freely overnight. 'Tis lucky that I escaped without a broken limb, for my mare is a winsome jade, and requires a tight hand."

"You had a horse, then?" inquired the miller, hastily; "pardon me, sir, I wot not that you had been riding last night, though, fool that I am, I remember drawing off your boots and unbuckling your spurs: I will send over the country for it immediately," and rising from his seat, he gave orders to two of his men to go in search of the stray horse.

As they sat at breakfast, the stranger conversed freely with the young miller, and scrupled not to tell him that he had been engaged in more than one scene of plunder and devastation on the coast of South America.

"Here," said he, producing a massive gold chain; "I took this from the neck of the governor of a Spanish fort near Panama. I slew him with a pistol shot, just as he was about to give fire to one of his culverins. I cannot now bestow it on a more worthy gentleman than yourself;" and rising from his seat, he hung it round the neck of the astonished miller, who, thunderstruck at such an instance of generosity, was with difficulty persuaded to keep it. "'Tis but a trifle," said the stranger—"a mere bauble. I have a few things here, though, which I should have much grieved for the loss of, had I fallen into some hands." He took from his vest, as he spoke, a steel casket, which he opened with a small key, and displayed a quantity of jewels of such dazzling brightness, that old Dorcas literally screamed with astonishment, while the young miller

doubted not but that he had given shelter to the king himself; and he already saw himself at court, a dubbed knight, ruffling in silk and gold lace, and wearing a rapier of Bilboa steel by his side. The stranger's manner was bland and courteous, and his marvellous relations of perils by land and sea, "and hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," completely turned the head of Roger Buckland, who paid but little attention to his accustomed labour that day. Ere dinner-time arrived, the men who had gone in search of the stranger's horse returned without it, and informed their master that no traces of the stray animal had been obtained.

Not to tire our readers with all that passed between young Buckland and his guest, we must inform them, that at the end of three days the latter discovered no inclination to depart. These days seemed but so many hours to the miller. Sunday morning came, and it was then that he, for the first time, remembered he had not seen his beloved Alice since the day he set out for Hatherleigh market. Stung by self-reproach, he hastened to his chamber, and dressed himself in his best, to attend the village church, for the tinkle of its bell now summoned the inhabitants under its hallowed roof. Roger soon completed his rustic toilet, and was descending the stairs, when he met the stranger, whom we shall now call Herrick, and who accosted him with—"Whither now, Master Buckland?"—Then glancing at his dress, "Truly those hozen become your leg passing well, and your points are tied right jauntily. Where would ye, fair sir?"

"To church," replied Roger; "why ask ye, Master Herrick? Will ye not go with me?"

The lip of Herrick curled with a bitter smile, as he replied—

"Go with thee, Master Buckland!—marry, I would as lief hang. What, sit for a whole hour, and hear a long discourse from that feeble and short-sighted piece of mortality ye pointed out to me yesterday? Never!"

"Prithee, forbear!" replied Buckland, somewhat hastily; "he is a worthy, pious man, and is beloved by his flock; and as to his discourse, why—

"Pshaw!" interrupted Herrick, "it may do very well for the clowns of this village; but shall I, who have studied in

Araby, and learnt that secret which places the wealth of the Indies at my disposal, listen to a teacher of clodpoles? Nay, chafe it not, man; I do not include thee, for there is that in thy looks which tells me thou wert born to a better fortune." (Roger smiled.) "Ay," continued Herrick, "I see that thou art possessed of more spirit than the clowns of this dull village, in which no man can raise himself. What say ye, sir, to a visit to London?—where the merits of a gallant like yourself are soon known and appreciated."

"I will talk of that when I return," replied Roger, brushing past him; "but if I stay to hear you now, I shall not get to the church in time, and I must go to-day."

He bounded from the house as he spoke, to the evident chagrin of Herrick, and soon gained the church, in which the inhabitants of the village were already assembled. He passed up the aisle, and entered Master Clevelly's pew, where sat his beloved Alice, her countenance reddened with a mingled feeling of gladness and displeasure. A reproachful glance from Alice struck to his heart, and he bitterly upbraided himself for his neglect of the beautiful and fond girl, who loved him with the unalloyed affection of a first and early passion. Who could blame them, if they rejoiced at the conclusion of the morning service? As they gained the church-yard, the lovers separated from the throng, and Roger sought and obtained pardon for his neglect.

We shall not dwell on all that passed between them. Those who have been lovers can picture to themselves such scenes; while to those who have never loved (and where are they?), the pen cannot convey an adequate description. When Roger returned home, the vivid description of London which Herrick gave him completely turned his brain, and he swore that he would see the city, and taste of its pleasures, ere that moon was out. And he kept his word, for in less than a week afterwards he bade adieu to the village of Winkleigh, and was on his road to London, accompanied by Herrick.

It was not without regret that he quitted Alice, but then he consoled himself with the reflection that he should reap advantage by a visit to London, and appear more refined and polished when he returned. On arriving there, they put up at one of

the best inns in Fleet Street, and Buckland was soon the gayest of the wild gallants who frequented that celebrated part of London. Herrick mingled with the polish of a courtier, the recklessness and carelessness of a sailor, and, ere a week had passed, Roger, under his guidance, had drank deep at the dark and inky fountain of vice. His appearance soon altered; his face lost its healthy and sunburnt hue, and his languid eye told too plainly that dissipation had done its work upon him. His step was much like that of the gallants of London—he turned out his toes so as to shew the rosettes on his shoes, or, when booted, to shew his spur leathers; but it wanted that firmness and elasticity which was once the pride of Winkleigh.

The heartless and sensual miscreant, Charles, held at this time his court at Whitehall, and London was crammed with all the gay and thoughtless in England. Every one knows, or at least ought to know, what society was in this reign; a reign in which Oates, Dangerfield, Blood, and other such ruffians, were not only allowed to live, but were even patronized and sheltered by the court. This was the age in which the witty and talented, but depraved, Rochester roamed about; at one time amusing the rabble in the guise of a Charlatan; at another, frightening the credulous out of their wits in the garb of an astrologer; and not unfrequently obtaining, by the latter means, secrets from those by whom he was surrounded at court, which gave him a fearful ascendancy over them. The civil wars had made many needy and desperate, and many who had once lived in affluence, were content to exist upon the bounty of the powerful and vicious. Licentiousness and vice had reached their utmost height, and to be virtuous was to be an object of ridicule and contempt.

It would, then, have been wonderful indeed, if Roger had remained three weeks in London without contamination; more especially in the company of Herrick, whose manners were as loose as his wealth was boundless.

Unaccustomed to a life of riot and debauchery, Roger soon began to feel the effects of indulging in such excesses, and having been confined to his chamber one day by indisposition, he retired to bed early, but not to sleep, for his fevered brain forbade it. He lay till long after

he heard the midnight chimes: it was then that he slept, but dreams of a dark and fearful kind haunted his slumbers. He beheld, as if reflected in a mirror, the church-yard of his native village, and he looked and saw a newly-formed grave, on which some friends of the departed had scattered a profusion of wild flowers, now fast fading in the noon-day sun—and anon, the scene changed, and a dark cloud rolled before him, and, as it dissolved, an awful scene was disclosed. He beheld a figure like himself bow before a throne of dazzling brightness, on which sat one whose countenance shone like the face of the prophet when he descended from Mount Sinai, and ten thousand celestial beings gathered round. Suddenly, a voice loud and fearful pealed through the vault of heaven, and one of giant size and height appeared, and claimed the soul of him who had thus humbled himself. Then came forth one arrayed in white, and low she bowed, and in meek and piteous accents supplicated for the soul of him who thus knelt. And the figure was that of his deserted love, his fondly devoted Alice! He started from his couch with a deep groan of anguish; cold drops of moisture stood on his brow; he essayed to pray, but his tongue moved noiselessly, his parched lips quivered with agony, and he sunk back in a swoon.

When he recovered, the first rays of the morning sun gleamed on the latticed window of his chamber. Throwing himself on his knees, he implored mercy for his numerous sins, and prayed with an intensity like that of a criminal who is about to be sacrificed to the offended laws of his country. Tears, bitter, scalding tears, such as he had never shed before, rolled down his hectic cheek, and his faltering tongue poured forth the anguish of his troubled spirit.

He was aroused by a gentle tap at the door, and quickly rising from his recumbent posture, he opened it, and Herrick entered in his gown and slippers.

“Good morrow, Bully Buckland,” said he; “what has troubled ye so much, my good friend? You look scared.”

“Oh, Herrick!” replied Roger, “I am sick at heart; this night has disclosed to me such awful—”

“Pshaw!” interrupted Herrick; “then you have been only dreaming; by this light I thought so, for as I lay in the next

chamber I could hear you mutter and exclaim in your sleep. Why, thou art not cast down because thou hast had a dream. Courage, man; what will the gallants of Fleet Street say to thee if it should come to their ears?”

“Peace,” said Buckland, hastily; “I have had such a warning in that dream, that I would not stay another day in London, were it to obtain the treasures of the east. No, Herrick, no earthly power shall keep me here; to-day I set off for Winkleigh. If thou art still my friend, thou wilt bear me company.”

It was in vain that Herrick attempted to turn him from his determination; he was alike insensible to reasoning or ridicule; and ere the morning was far advanced, they quitted London, and were on their road to Winkleigh.

Nothing worthy of relation occurred during their journey, which was one of some difficulty in those days. Roger was moody and thoughtful, and at times a prey to the deepest melancholy, which all the jokes and witticisms of his friend could not dispel.

Day had begun to dawn when they arrived in sight of the village of Winkleigh. A faint streak of light appeared in the east, but not a single chimney as yet sent forth its wreath of smoke, so grateful to the eye of the weary traveller. Every window and door was fastened, and Roger beheld, with a moistened eye, his house and mill, which reared its long vanes high above the surrounding houses.

Old Dorcas, aroused from her slumbers by the arrival of her young master and his friend, immediately set about preparing breakfast; but, as she did so, the miller could perceive that she was very dejected. He dreaded to ask after Alice when he first entered, as many do who are prepared for the worst, yet are loth to have their fears confirmed; but he could now no longer delay the question. How shall we describe his feelings upon receiving the news of the maiden's death? There are some living who have been thus stripped of all they loved in this world, but can they describe their agony at the harrowing moment which makes them acquainted with their loss? No! All that poets wrote or minstrel sung would fall short of the description:—how then shall we describe the anguish of the soul-struck lover?

His first torrent of grief being over, the young miller inquired when and how she died.

"Alas!" replied Dorcas, "she took your leaving her so much to heart, and especially the cruel letter you sent her, that——"

"Ha!" cried Roger, starting on his feet, and staring wildly, "what letter?—A letter, say ye? I wrote none. Where is it?"

Here Herrick interposed. "'Twas the vile art of some cursed rival, my good friend," said he. "Now, as I wear a sword, it shall drink his base blood."

"'Twill not bring her back again, poor innocent!" said the dame; "a fairer maid, or one more gentle, never sun shone on. But she is gone—they buried her yesterday. Alas, that I should ever live to see this day!"

Roger quitted the room at this moment, with a hurried step, threw his cloak around him, and strode towards the church-yard. He soon discovered the grave, the likeness of which he had beheld in his dream. There was the fresh-turned earth, and the scattered flowers, now withered and loveless, but newly placed. He had scarcely reached the spot, when he was conscious that he had been followed, and turning quickly round, he beheld Herrick. He saw before him the author of his sufferings, and giving vent to his indignation, he upbraided him in bitter terms. Herrick heard him with a smile, and tauntingly bade him remember that he alone was the cause of all. This reproach stung him to the soul, and he groaned bitterly as Herrick, with a malicious satisfaction, ran over a list of his excesses while with him in London.

"So!" said he, folding his arms, and looking on the wretched young man, as the basilisk is fabled to look upon his victim—"So this is my reward for having treated you like a noble. Was it I who introduced ye to that pretty wench with whom you were so taken, and who drew so largely on your purse, that you were fain to come to me for a supply? Or was it I alone who helped to fleece the young Templar whose money burthened him?—Was it I——"

"Peace, peace, malicious fiend!" cried Buckland; "had'st thou the heart of a man, thou would'st pity my distress—get thee gone from my sight—would I had

been laid in my grave ere I had met with thee!"

A wild laugh was Herrick's only reply, but it stung Roger to the soul, and he clutched the handle of his sword, which, however, with all his strength, he could not draw from its scabbard.

"Desist," said Herrick; "take thy hand from thy toasting-iron, or I will paralyze thy frame and make thee as helpless as an aged man."

Buckland knew too well the power of Herrick, by whose means his sword had been rendered useless, and he groaned bitterly.

"Pitiful minion!" said Herrick, glancing fiercely on him; "I thought thee possessed of a firmer soul. Will thy whining bring back the dead?"

The miller made no reply, but covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly, while his companion beheld his distress with evident satisfaction.

"Leave me," said Roger, imploringly.

"Nay," replied Herrick, with a sneer, "you had better quit this place, for yonder comes he who was to have been your brother-in-law."

The miller raised his head, and perceived that Herrick spoke truly, for William Clevelly, the brother of his departed Alice, leaping over a low stile, entered the church-yard, and advanced towards them.

"Ah, thou detestable villain, Buckland," cried he, "art thou returned with thy vile companion, to exult over her now she is in her grave?"

"Oh, William," replied Buckland, "do not upbraid me—'tis punishment enough to look upon this green bank—my heart is broken."

"Nay—thy hypocrisy shall not screen thee!" said the fiery youth; "I yesterday swore upon this grave that I would revenge her death. Therefore, prepare, for one of us must fall."

He unclasped the cloak in which he was muffled, and threw it on the ground, then drawing his sword, he called upon Buckland to defend himself. Roger essayed to unsheath his weapon, but his trembling hand refused its office;—when Herrick spoke—

"Courage, Master Buckland," said he; "out with your fox, and shew this clodpole a little of your fence."

"I may be left to try yours," remarked

young Clevelly, "but he at present is my man."

"We shall see to that anon, boy," replied Herrick, with bitter emphasis. "Take your stand, young sir, my friend is ready for you." As he spoke, Roger threw off his cloak, then stepping a few paces aside, stood opposite young Clevelly, and waited for his attack.

The miller, during his stay in London, had not, with other accomplishments, neglected to improve himself in the art of defence, but it proved of little use against the strength and impetuosity of his adversary, and ere they had exchanged half-a-dozen passes, Buckland fell on the green sward, pierced through the body. The sword of William Clevelly was already descending to finish the work of death, when Herrick, unsheathing his rapier, parried the thrust with great dexterity, and presented his point so as to keep off the infuriate young man. Enraged at this interference, he attacked Herrick with great fury, but at the first lunge his sword bent like a bull-rush, and the blade and handle became red-hot! With a shout of terror he dashed the weapon to the ground, and fled from the church-yard with the speed of lightning, not doubting but that he had crossed swords with the fiend himself. Herrick smiled at his affright, and then sheathing his weapon, directed his attention to the wounded youth, whose blood was fast flowing from the deep wound he had received—so fast, indeed, that nothing but prompt assistance could prevent his dying on the spot. Raising the body in his arms, Herrick bore it home, and summoned Dorcas to his assistance, who was about to send for a surgeon, when he interposed, and after placing the body in Roger's own chamber, began to strip it and examine the wound, which he dressed with great care and skill. An hour had passed ere Roger returned to consciousness, and when he did, he found Herrick and Dorcas watching by his side.

The arrival of one or two of the neighbours was at the same time announced, and they entered the room with open mouths, and with the evident intention of demanding an explanation of the strange scene in the church-yard; but Dorcas very unceremoniously shewed them into another room, and bidding them wait a few moments, returned to her patient, whom she found supported by pillows, in

earnest though faint conversation with Herrick. A word or two which she overheard induced her to draw back, and she saw that Herrick held a parchment in the one hand and a pen in the other, which he offered to Buckland.

"Psha! this is foolery," said he, perceiving him irresolute; "subscribe your name, and health and boundless wealth, are your's for years to come."

Roger's reply was scarcely audible; but she could distinguish that he refused to sign.

"Then die in thine obstinacy and guilt," said Herrick; and he was turning from the bed, when Roger motioned him to return—and again they spoke together—when suddenly the wounded man sprang convulsively in the bed, and clasping his hands wildly together, he cried,

"Aroint thee, fiend! In the name of heaven, I charge thee be gone!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Herrick's frame seemed to dilate and tremble—his eyes streamed forth a supernatural light—and with a diabolical smile of disappointed malice, the tempter immediately disappeared! No light or vapour accompanied his departure—it seemed as though he had suddenly dissolved into air. Dorcas and the neighbours rushed into the chamber, and as one of them drew aside the window-curtains, the morning sun burst with all its radiance into the apartment; it fell upon the face of the wounded man, now clad in the pallid livery of death, and disclosed to their view all that was mortal of the ill-fated miller of Winkleigh!

THE FORLORN SOLDIER.

SOME few years ago, when I was a solitary wanderer through a world in which I had few definite objects or personal interests, I took my station in a coach in London, bound for Portsmouth. We had nearly reached the outskirts of the metropolis, when the vehicle suddenly stopped, and a portly, good-humoured-looking woman opened the door, and, addressing us, said that she was going to put into the coach a child whose mother was dying at Portsmouth, where her husband was doing garrison duty as a lieutenant. The little girl, she added, did not know of the illness of her mother. She was then lifted up and placed in the seat beside me. She appeared to be about four years of age, with

dark locks curling gracefully round her temples, and her bright gray eyes beaming with a merry sparkle through the shade of her bonnet.

"All right," and on we dashed again : the passengers now begin to look at each other with the scrutiny which so clearly indicates that the comfort of the hours to come depended on those with whom we are brought into contact. Two grave, quiet, and elderly men, were seated opposite to myself and child ; and having surveyed them with a short glance, I directed my attention to the little girl my near companion. She had a look of animation and intelligence, but was evidently timid and abashed. I began to talk to her, and after I made a few attempts at familiar conversation, she began to play with the buttons of my coat, and looked up in my face with an intelligent smile, again lowering her head as if she was afraid of venturing farther familiarity with a stranger. Before many more minutes transpired, we were the best possible friends, and the little innocent began to ask me a number of questions, and to open her bright eyes with wonder, or to laugh and crow with delight at every object that attracted her attention on the road. She pointed, clapped her little hands, or repeated inarticulate fragments of a song, as we passed among the heathy hills, or gained a view over the teeming prospects of Hampshire. Thus the hours sped away, and the spirits of the child continued to bubble forth in all their vivacity, till the gray elders who sat opposite to us, and who had at first been deeply engaged in politics, began to unbend in a smile of reluctant and half-unconscious sympathy.

When the evening began to close, my little companion dropped asleep, and her head nestled against my side in tranquil pleasing slumber. The night proved dark and gusty, and the wind seemed to blow louder and colder as we approached towards the sea. The rain was driven violently against the coach windows, and the old gentleman shivered and coughed at the chill breeze and dreary noise that now assailed us. A thousand dim recollections arose in my mind, and many fancies sprung up, on looking at the child now beside me, and I sighed to think that so fair a creature should have crossed my path but for a moment ; and that in her, and all the other blossoms of the earth, I

could claim no share. It was mournful to think that this now happy child was travelling to a home where its mother might be lying cold in the arms of death. In such a gloomy night, and in like gloomy thoughts, I passed through the fortifications of Portsmouth at a late hour. A harsh voice was heard, and the coach suddenly stopped. The child awoke ; the door was opened, and the face of a pale, middle-aged man, in a military dress, was scarcely distinguishable by the dim glare of the lamp. The eyes and ears of the little girl were soon satisfied that one of her early friends was near, and she immediately exclaimed, "Papa! papa!"

The lieutenant seized on the child with an eagerness that appeared harsh, and pressed her to his bosom ; and before the vehicle again moved, I caught the half-stifled sobbing exclamation, "My child! my child! you have now no mother!" In heaviness of heart I went to my inn, and for fashion's sake took a little supper, though my appetite was gone. I went to bed soon after, but the cry still sounding in my ears, I could not sleep soundly, being disturbed by dreams. I awoke feverish, and looked on the gray clouds flitting rapidly across the sky, and listened to the sound of the brattling waves on the adjoining shore. From my early days I had loved the green sea ; and after viewing it some time from my window, I dressed myself and went out to take a walk along the shore. With my eyes stretched out to view the Isle of Wight, now seen dimly through the driving spray and rain, I looked more intensely on the intermediate space of waters, when I was suddenly aroused by the cries of some boatmen hard by, who in a few minutes brought to land the bodies of a man and a child. What were my feelings when, on a nearer approach, I perceived the body of my little fellow-traveller, still clinging to its father, who held it fast in his embrace ; the agonizing grief of the father for the loss of a beloved wife, had turned to frenzy, and, unconscious of what he saw, felt, or did, he, with the dear pledge of their mutual love in his arms, plunged into the sea!

Alphonsus, king of Arragon, used to say, there were four things the better for age : "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read."



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STAPYLTON HALL.

THE experience Henry the Seventh had acquired in his youth, from observing the proud and factious spirit of the nobility, taught him, as a necessary step towards securing his seat upon the English throne, the importance of curbing that restless disposition among the nobles, which had been so fatal to the peace of the nation from the Conquest upwards, and given licence to the needy and mercenary. Before the accession of that prince, might constantly triumphed over right, and the devastating and bloody wars between the rival Roses had created a spirit of disaffection and rebellion throughout the land. Travelling was at all times dangerous; and, even in London, though surrounded with walls, the lives and properties of the citizens were not always secure. During the reign of this crafty and politic prince, the arts were encouraged, commerce revived, and the carriages lately employed in the service of the contending parties, were now laden with merchandize; the many villages, and even some towns, which are scattered over the country, first arose;

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and the gloom and desolation which had overspread the kingdom, gradually dispersed. The people, tired of a long and sanguinary civil war, gladly hailed the return of peace, and were not to be easily roused into rebellion again, as may be seen from the failure of the two attempts of Simnel and Warbeck.*

During the time of the violent struggles we have alluded to, there stood between the town of Fairford and the little village of Marston Maisey, in Gloucestershire, a castellated building, held by sir John Stapylton, a knight of an ancient and honourable family, whose ancestors had dwelt there from the time of the Norman conquest. He was devotedly attached to the house of Lancaster, and when an appeal to arms was made by the two factions, he sold the greater part of his estates and joined the standard of Henry,

* The adventures of this youth far exceed the wildest fiction, and his untimely fate cannot but excite our commiseration. His real pretensions are to this day a subject of dispute, for we are told that the confession extorted from him by Henry was so full of contradictions, that it raised doubts in the minds of some who were before disposed to consider him as an impostor.

with his two sons, who were destined to return no more. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Robert, the eldest, was slain by an arrow; and the youngest fell at Hexham, while bravely defending his father from the attacks of a band of spearmen, led by sir William Haviland, a knight of gigantic stature, who savagely slew him, after he had been beaten down and disarmed. In this battle, sir John himself received several wounds, some of which were too serious to admit of his ever taking the field again. A cross-bow-bolt had shattered the bone of his left arm so dreadfully, that it was rendered entirely useless.

Vexed at being thus incapacitated, and inwardly vowing to be revenged on the destroyer of his son, the bereaved father returned to his home almost heart-broken. Perhaps he would have sought his own death by rushing into the midst of his enemies, had not the recollection of his daughter, now fast growing up to womanhood, withheld him. Who would protect her in those unsettled times, if he should die? It was the gentle Agnes who made his life supportable, and in her society he sought to bury for a time the recollection of his loss. But there were times when the remembrance of his first-born's death flashed across his brain, and made the unhappy father curse the faction that had torn asunder the ties of friendship and kindred. Robert had died in his arms, as he vainly endeavoured to pluck the arrow from his breast; and Edward was struck, mangled and bleeding, to the ground before his face.

The remembrance of those scenes would often recur, when the pain of his many wounds had occasioned a temporary delirium; and nought but the attentions of his beloved child could soothe his mind and make existence supportable. Beautiful she was—fit subject for a poet's pen or painter's pencil; and her mind was fitted for such a shrine. Although she had not numbered twenty summers, there lacked not wealthy suitors for such a perfection. Her father was a man of great learning for that rude age, when some of England's stoutest knights could neither read nor write; but he was not the less skilled in warlike exercises, and had done good service on the part of the weak-minded Henry and his amazon queen; indeed this had considerably reduced his posses-

sions, and, when he returned home, the coldness of those of his neighbours who had not taken part in the quarrel, stung him to the quick. But he concealed his indignation, and appeared but little abroad, seldom venturing to leave his estate, unless upon particular occasions.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his sons, during which time the deadly feuds of the Roses had raged with unabated fury. At length the Yorkists prevailed, and Henry was in their power. Not long after, queen Margaret landed in England, accompanied by her son, resolved to try the issue of another battle, and being encamped near Tewksbury, she waited the approach of Edward.

Sir John had heard of the landing of the queen, and although he forgot not the heavy losses he had sustained by espousing her cause, he would have gladly joined her standard, had not his wounds rendered him incapable of bearing arms. The knight was well aware that a battle must be fought as soon as the two armies met each other, and he waited anxiously for the result of the combat.

One evening, in the month of May, sir John sat in a small room, which he used as a study: he had once or twice attempted to read, but the agitation of his mind would not allow him. His jewelled fingers held down the leaves of a splendidly illuminated book, but his eye wandered from the page, and glanced sorrowfully on a suit of battered armour, which stood in one corner of the room. A lance, a sword and a mace, hung against the wall; they had once been wielded by a vigorous and skilful hand, but were now to be used by their possessor no more! He thought on the time when he had vaulted on his horse amidst the shouts of his retainers, armed in that harness which he was never to fill again: he thought also on the fate of his two sons, and then on his only remaining child, his beautiful and virtuous Agnes: no marvel that his book was unheeded. He sat for some time in this mood, until night had closed in, when the clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear. He listened attentively. Had the battle been fought?—It might be a party of the conquerors come to burn and spoil his dwelling—no, it was a single horseman. Scarce had the thoughts risen in his mind, when a servant entered, and informed him that a traveller waited

without, requiring a night's shelter under his roof—having been attacked by a band of men who had slain his servant. The knight commanded them to show the stranger every attention, and having descended into the hall, he welcomed him with much courtesy.

In answer to sir John's inquiries, the stranger, in a few words, informed him that his name was Godfrey Haviland, and that he was on his way to Cirencester, when he was waylaid by a party of men, who killed his only attendant, and that he escaped through the fleetness of his horse.

"Aye, aye," said sir John; "some of the cursed fore-riders belonging to one of the armies which must now lie in the neighbourhood: but I hope, sir, they have not despoiled you of any valuables?"

"No, nothing, save a jerkin and hose, which my poor knave had strapped behind him."

"'Twas lucky that you escaped with your life, sir: these are unsettled times, and the strongest arm takes most. What ho! Will, a flagon of Malmsey, and a pasty for my guest."

In a few minutes a table was spread, and a venison pasty, together with a large gammon of bacon, and a flagon of wine, was set before the stranger, who ate heartily. Having finished his repast, he begged to know the name of his entertainer.

On the knight's replying to this question, the stranger's face was flushed for a moment, and then turned deadly pale; but sir John noticed it not, and desired a servant to bid the lady Agnes attend him. She shortly entered, and was introduced by her father as his daughter—his sole remaining child. The breast of the stranger heaved, and a burning blush passed across his fine and manly countenance; but the knight attributed this to bashfulness—his guest was but a youth, and had, perhaps, been little in the company of females; but Haviland's emotion was occasioned by a far different feeling. He knew that his father, sir William Haviland, was the man who had slain the son of his kind and hospitable entertainer, whose hall now sheltered him in a time of danger and uncertainty. It was fortunate that sir John knew not the name of the destroyer of his son, or his dwelling might have been a scene of murder—but he had

never learnt the name and title of the man who had slain his boy.

The beauty of Agnes made a strong impression on young Haviland, who more than ever regretted the fierce rashness of his father. He saw clearly that there was little hope of a union with the family who had suffered such a loss by the hand of his parent, and when night arrived he retired to rest, his mind disturbed by a multitude of painful reflections. Sleep fled his couch, and when morning dawned he rose unrefreshed. After dressing himself, and preparing for his departure, he passed out from his chamber, when the first object he beheld was Agnes.

Great was his astonishment on perceiving her at so early an hour; but ere he had spoken, she moved slowly away on tiptoe and waved her hand. He followed her until she had descended into a lower apartment, when the maiden, while her heart throbbed wildly, said—

"Fly from this place if you value your life, sir!—you are known to one of my father's men."

"Known, dearest lady!" faltered Haviland.

"Aye—known as the son of the fierce man who destroyed my poor brother," replied Agnes, while her blue eyes swam with tears; "but fly, if you would not suffer a dreadful death. My maid told me yesterday that our falconer, who was with my father at Hexham, swore that you are the son of sir William Haviland!—'twill soon reach my father's ears."

"Oh, dearest lady, how shall I express my gratitude?—but, believe me, I had no share in your brother's death."

"Talk not of that now—quick to the stables, and ride hard, for my father will soon be stirring."

"But how shall I pass the gate?"

"I have the keys here—haste, or you will be lost."

As she spoke, she led the way to the stables, and Haviland, with all haste, saddled his horse.

The gates were cautiously unlocked. He pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips, while his sobs impeded his voice; but the danger was great, and vaulting on his steed, he faltered "farewell," and soon left the hall behind him.

Leaving Godfrey Haviland on his way, we must return to Stapylton Hall.

As the morning advanced the old knig

arose, and breakfast being laid in a small room adjoining his study, he waited the presence of his guest. Agnes shortly entered, pale and dejected.

"Why, what ails thee, my child?" said sir John, as he kissed her blanched cheek; "thou hast been weeping."

Agnes pleaded illness, and took her seat by her father, who wondered at the absence of his guest. After waiting for some time, a servant was sent to rouse him from his slumbers, when his flight was discovered.

The old knight was astonished beyond measure at the disappearance of his guest, and concluding that he was some adventurer who had paid him a visit with a sinister intention, he desired his servants to look to the plate and other valuables; when, in the midst of the confusion, the falconer came, and informed his master that he had entertained the son of his deadly foe.

Words cannot paint the astonishment and chagrin of sir John upon receiving this intelligence. He stood for some moments as if paralysed, then stamping furiously on the floor, he desired that his park-keeper should attend him, and striding into his study, slammed to the door with great violence. Agnes, alarmed for the safety of the fugitive, to whose flight she had been a party, flew to her chamber to conceal her agitation.

In the meantime, her father paced the room with hurried step. He stopped at times and looked on his battered harness, then struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and vented his rage in a low, half-stifled voice, by excitement rendered inarticulate, and resembling the growl of an angry wolf. A tap at the door of the study roused him.

"Enter!" he cried, and a man strode into the room, cap in hand; he was rather under the ordinary height, but broad-shouldered and muscular. His hair full, but distinctly marked, and his hair cut quite close to his head. His neck was bare and brawny, and his face, by constant exposure to the weather, had become of a dark brown. His dress was a coarse tunic of green, with trunk hose of red serge, and buskins of buff leather. A short sword hung at his belt, which was buckled tight round his body. His whole appearance bespoke the perfect woodsman.

"Wat Fluister," said the knight, "thou

hast been a faithful follower of mine for these twenty years:—Harkee, I have need of thy assistance:—quick, don thy jazerant."*

"I have left it with Will the armourer, at Fairford, to be mended," said Wat.

"Take this then," reaching a jazerant from the wall:—"haste, and on with it; and look ye, take your bow and three of your best shafts; begone! and come to me as soon as thou art ready."

Wat left the room, but in a few minutes returned. He had put on the knight's mailed coat, and a sallet or light iron cap. He carried his bow in his hand, and bore on his elbow a small target or buckler, like those worn by the archers of that period.

"That's my nimble servitor," said the knight; "and now saddle Cob, my gelding, take the bloodhound, and ride after the fellow who left this morning:—and harkee, Wat," in a suppressed voice, "see that he travel no more—thou knowest what I mean? Thou hast sharp shafts, and a trusty bow—give him not the same vantage as thou would'st thine own enemy—he is *mine*! shoot him from his horse, ere he knows that thou art near him!"

Wat stopped not a moment to question this command: it was enough that it was given by his master, whose word with him was law. In less than five minutes he passed out on the knight's own horse, at full speed, followed by the hound. After riding a short distance, Wat distinguished the marks of the fugitive's horse's hoofs, and the dog was immediately laid on. He well knew that Haviland would find it difficult to pick his way over a part of the country he was unacquainted with, and he doubted not that he should come up with him before he had got any distance.

Godfrey Haviland was not far off. He heard the yelp of the dog, and a cold tremor ran through his frame as he discovered that he was tracked. Wat, though he could not see his victim, knew well that he was not far off, he therefore increased his pace, and moved on rapidly. Haviland, in the meantime, had struck out of the road, and galloped across the country. It was not long before a brook stopped his progress: he beheld it with joy, as he

* JAZERANT.—A frock of twisted or linked mail, without sleeves, somewhat lighter than the hauberk worn by the knights.

well knew it was the only refuge from the enemy that tracked him.

"Now, my good steed," said he, "bear thy master through this trial, or he will never press thy trusty sides again."

He plunged into the brook as he spoke. The stream was swollen, but the noble animal swam with its master for several yards, when the water became shallower. Fearing to land again, Haviland dashed down the stream, which ran through a wood at a little distance. He arrived there just in time to escape from the view of his pursuers, who came up to the brook as Haviland entered the wood. Wat swore deeply on finding that he was baulked.

"Ah! 'tis of no use, Fangs," said he to the dog, as he saw the animal run up and down the bank of the stream. "We have been tracking an old hand—let us both return and prepare our backs for the cudgel."

After several endeavours to regain the scent, Wat turned his horse's head towards home. He soon reached the hall, and having replaced Cob in the stable, he repaired to sir John's apartment.

"Well, Wat," said the knight eagerly, "hast thou revenged me?"

"No," replied he, sullenly, scarce knowing what to say—"he has 'scaped."

"Ha! thou knave!" cried sir John, starting on his feet;—"escaped, didst thou say? Then am I foiled, and through thy mischance—There, villain, take thy guerdon."

As he spoke, he struck Wat a violent blow on his broad chest, which, spite of the jazerant he wore, made the woodsman stagger, and proved that the knight had one powerful arm left. The blood mounted in Wat's dark face—his eyes flashed fire, and with a thrust of his hand he sent the knight reeling to the wall—then grasped the handle of his short sword, which he half unsheathed; but it fell back harmlessly in its scabbard—its wearer's head sunk upon his breast—a tear fell on the floor, but the foot of the woodsman was quickly drawn over it, and he stood motionless for several moments without speaking.

"Wat," said the knight, after a long pause, "thou hast raised thy hand against thy master, and —"

"I have," interrupted Wat; "and will not the poor worm turn on the foot that

treads it down? I am your vassal, 'tis true; I have eaten of your bread these twenty years, and ne'er took blow before. You are my master, or your blood should wash this floor."

"These are high words for one of thy stamp," said the knight, in a tone of remonstrance—fearing to anger the resolute woodsman, whose temper was always mild and gentle, except when roused:—"a rope and a swing from the wall would have been thy fate, if thou hadst some masters; but thou hast served me faithfully —"

"And been struck like a dog in return," said Wat.

"Nay, nay, Wat, dwell not on that—but how came the springald to escape?"

"He made for the brook, and baulked the hound—'twas no fault of mine."

"Well, well," continued the knight, in a calmer tone, "it can't be helped now—but I am vexed at his escape. His father slew my Edward when the poor boy lay on the ground disarmed and helpless."

Sir John drew his hand across his face as he spoke, and wiped the tear away which hung on his eyelid. Wat's stern nature was softened.

"My honoured master," said he, "would I had known that yesternight—you should have been revenged."

"I know thee, Wat—I know thee," said the knight; "and methinks thou hast had time to know thy master, and bear with him when he speaks thee harshly. Here, let this make amends."

He placed several gold pieces in Wat's hand. The woodsman received the money on his broad palm, looked earnestly at it for several moments, then let it slip between his fingers, and it fell on the floor.

"I will not take it, sir John," he said; "my master's love and protection is the only wage I crave."

He then abruptly left the room, before the knight had time to reply.

"Strange fellow!" exclaimed sir John; "there's not a pampered knave on my poor estate that possesses half thy feeling! thou, at least, art faithful."

We must now return to Godfrey Haviland, whom we left after he had baffled his pursuer. He held on his way at full speed until he had quite cleared the wood, when he resolved at all hazard to inquire of the next person he met, the way to the town of Tewkesbury. It was not long

before he obtained the necessary information, and found that he had deviated considerably from the road. After an hour's hard riding, he came in sight of the town, and beheld the tents of the Lancastrian forces spread over the fields; while from one of the largest, the queen's banner floated in the breeze. Various bodies of soldiers were in motion, and their armour and weapons flashed brightly in the morning's sun, which shone resplendent on the Coteswold hills, that rose above the extensive landscape, covered with the verdure of spring.

It was not long before a body of mounted soldiers appeared advancing rapidly into the plain. The Lancastrians perceived their approach, and a large party of their fore-riders pushed forward to attack them. They met in a narrow lane, and in an instant a wild shout arose, and a cloud of dust obscured the combatants. Haviland raised himself in his stirrups for a moment, then, driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, rode hastily towards them. As he approached, he could easily perceive his father's pennon fluttering over the heads of the party, while cries of "A Haviland! A Haviland!" were echoed by more than two hundred voices.—Though armed only with his sword, he dashed forward, and struck down a raw-boned figure, who had engaged his father.

"Thanks, my boy," cried sir William, as he clove the head of his nearest foe, "thou hast arrived in time. Ah, these rogues give ground! upon 'em, knaves! hurrah!"

The knight spoke truly:—the Lancastrian soldiers were broken by the charge of the remainder of his followers, who had now come up, and fled precipitately. To have pursued them, would have been to rush upon the main body of the queen's army, who were now drawn up.

"Aye, there they go, helter-skelter, as if the devil drove them!" said the knight, as the scattered troop scoured back; "we must not follow them.

He wiped his bloody sword as he spoke on his horse's mane, and, sheathing it, received his son in his mailed arms, with an embrace that made Godfrey writhe with the violence of the pressure.

"And now, my boy," said he, "let us return, or we shall have a fresh body upon us—see the king is approaching:—I have a suit of harness for thee."

The party galloped back to some distance, and waited the arrival of Edward's army. It approached slowly along the lane. First, came a troop of light horsemen, armed with jack and iron pot, and carrying long lances; then followed a band of archers, covered with dust and sweat, greatly exhausted by their long march, their bows strung, and an arrow ready in their hand, while their leaden mells were slung at their backs. A body of men-at-arms came next, and then several pieces of artillery drawn on clumsy and unwieldy carriages. The king followed, surrounded by his friends and brothers, arrayed in a suit of polished steel; his rich surtout, emblazoned with the arms of England and France quarterly, soiled with dust and dirt from the toilsome march. A page rode by his side, and carried his gilded helmet, which was ornamented with white plumes. A large body of spearmen and bill-men came next, to the number of several thousands, then another band of archers, and then a horde of raggamuffins, who followed the army in the hope of obtaining plunder. Arriving on a more open ground, they began to form, while the king's brothers, Clarence and Gloster, left him, and took their respective posts.

The Lancastrian force immediately moved forward, and prepared for battle. In the meantime, sir William had procured a suit of armour for his son, who now rode by his side. The battle soon commenced with great fury, but the particulars have been so often described, that it would be useless to repeat them here. The Lancastrians, as is well known, suffered a signal defeat, and were chased off the field with great slaughter. Many noblemen fell in the combat, and the queen's son was most barbarously murdered by Edward and his brothers, after he was taken prisoner.

The news of the battle soon reached the ears of sir John Stapylton, who foresaw the danger he was in from the marauders who had been introduced into the neighbourhood, and who now prowled about the country, under pretence of taking vengeance upon those who were hateful to the house of York, committing all sorts of disorders. He therefore kept his gates closed, and summoned his servants together. His fears were realized, for on the following morning a party of

men arrived at Stapylton Hall, and demanded admittance. In answer to the knight's questions, they informed him, that they were Lancastrian soldiers, who had escaped from the battle, and begged that he would assist them with food and money. Not doubting the truth of this story, sir John desired his servants to admit them, when they threw off the mask, and gave the signal for plunder. The most costly tapestry was soon torn from the walls. The plate, and other valuables, was seized, and the knight himself treated with the greatest indignity. Sir John was unable to resent these outrages; his servants were too weak to make any resistance, and he retired to one of the remotest apartments, with his daughter the lady Agnes, in the hope that the villains would depart after they had been satiated with plunder.

The leader of this band was a man of great stature and strength. A frock of mail over a leathern jerkin descended as low as his knees; he wore a scull-cap of iron, and from a belt with which he was girted, hung a ponderous sword and a long dagger. Walter Harden had been engaged in, and had shared in the plunder obtained in the various battles between the rival houses. His undaunted bravery made him a great favourite with his desperate band, who were inured to every kind of hardship and danger. He was now most active in encouraging his fellows to plunder, and in a short time the place was stripped of every thing valuable. Several pipes of wine had been brought from the cellars into the hall, and their contents had rendered these marauders still more wild and boisterous. In the midst of the uproar, Walter Harden thought of Agnes.

"Comrades," said he, "we have wine, but where is the beauty that fled from us when we entered?—shall we not have her here to grace our carousal?"

A loud roar of assent arose from the band; and Walter, rising from a bench on which he had been seated, staggered out of the hall in search of Agnes, followed by three or four of his comrades. After searching for some time in vain, they came to the room into which the knight and his daughter had retreated. The door was fastened on the inside, and resisted the efforts of all but Walter himself, who with his foot dashed it into the middle of

the apartment, and discovered sir John, his daughter, and Wat Fluister. The marauder reeled towards Agnes, when Wat interposed, but was desired to remain quiet by his master.

"Fair mistress," said Walter, "we have much need of your company below, for we find your sex passing scarce in this country. Prithee give me thy hand."

He took the hand of Agnes as he spoke, and threw his arm around her waist, when Wat started forward, and stabbed the giant with his short sword. So deadly was the thrust, that the weapon passed through his neck, and came out on the other side full a hand's breadth. Walter Harden fell to the ground with a gasp, and expired, while his companions sprung upon Wat Fluister, and though he wounded one of them severely, they disarmed and bound him. He was instantly dragged below with fierce oaths. Loud were the execrations of the band when they heard of the death of their leader, and they held a council how they should punish the slayer, who was brought before them. Some advised that he should be hanged, others that he should be thrown headlong from the walls, while a third party proposed that he should be roasted over a slow fire. Several archers begged that he might be made a target of, and bound to a tree as a mark for their arrows. The latter proposition received the assent of the greater part of the band, and Wat was led forth to death.

Sir John and the lady Agnes were shut up in another room, and one of the band was placed at the door as a guard. The knight's fears for his own safety were forgotten, when he thought on the treatment his child would probably receive from the ruffians, after they had wreaked their vengeance upon Wat. He buried his face in his hands, and remained for some moments insensible to the entreaties of Agnes, who besought him not to despair. At length a flood of tears came to his relief.

"Alas! my child," cried he, "'tis not for myself that I grieve—I can but die—while thou wilt be given up to the brutal violence of these demons."

As he spoke, a hollow sound, like the noise of horses' hoofs was heard, and the next moment a wild cry of alarm sounded without, mixed with the clash of weapons, and cries of—"Haviland! Haviland to

the rescue!" The name acted upon sir John like an electric shock—

"Ah!" he exclaimed, while every limb was palsied with emotion—"my enemy is come to look upon my ruin, and strike the last blow!"

"Dearest father!" said Agnes, "if it be sir John Haviland and his son, we may yet hope——"

But the knight heeded not what she said. The noise without increased, and blows and shouts were distinctly heard, while the man stationed at the door of their prison forsook his post, and ran down stairs. In a short time the noise became fainter, and sounded more distant, while footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; the bolts which fastened the door were withdrawn—it opened, and Godfrey Haviland entered—his drawn sword in his hand, and his right arm splashed with blood.

"Sir John Stapylton," he said, sheathing his sword, "you are free; the hell-hounds, who have plundered ye, are scattered by my troop."

"Oh, youth!" cried the knight, in a half-stifled voice, "I did thee wrong; but forgive me; thy father——"

"Fell at Tewkesbury," said Haviland. "Let not your wrath descend into his grave; believe me, he sorely repented him of your son's death."

"Then may heaven pardon him, as I do!" said sir John, emphatically; "but how shall I find words to thank thee, gallant youth?—I am poor in worldly goods."

"Oh, say not so," interrupted Godfrey, "while so fair a maiden calls you father." Then turning to Agnes, whose face was suffused with blushes, he said—"Dear lady, to you I owe my life—say, can constant love requite thee?"

Agnes spoke not; she placed her small hand in the gauntleted palm of Godfrey, while the old knight pronounced his blessing on the pair. The union of the lovers took place after Haviland's term of mourning had expired. Godfrey's timely arrival had rescued Wat from his perilous situation, and the sturdy woodsman forgot not the service. Sir John lived to behold a group of chubby grand-children smiling around him, and died at an advanced age, after seeing the factions of the Red and White Roses for ever extinguished.

THE ARETHUSA AND GAIETE CORVETTE.

Who has not heard of the *Arethusa*? This was a fine frigate, of 38 guns, commanded by captain Thomas Wolley, who being in latitude 30° 49' north, longitude, 55° 50' west, on the 10th of August 1797, at daylight in the morning, discovered three strange sail to windward. She had then a detained Prussian ship in tow. At about half-past seven A. M., one of the ships, under French colours, bore down to within half gun-shot, and then opened her fire, which the "haughty *Arethusa*" was not slow in returning. The French ship who thus boldly faced the British frigate, was only a corvette, of 20 long 8-pounders, and made no show of finching, until she had fought a British 18-pounder frigate for half an hour; and sustained, besides considerable damage in her sails and rigging, a loss of two seamen killed, and eight wounded. The fire of the *Gaiete* was not without effect, as the *Arethusa* lost one seaman killed, the captain's clerk, and two seamen wounded; the former had his leg amputated. The *Gaiete*, at the commencement of the action, had 186 men on board, and was commanded by Enseigne de Vaisseau Jean Francois Guignier. One of the ships in her company, was the brig-corvette *Espoir*, of 14 guns. The latter kept to windward until the action had ceased, and then stood away. It does not appear what was the force of the other vessel; but, unless she was a ship of nearly equal force to her consort, the *Gaiete*, M. Guignier may be accused of temerity in provoking an attack, with so little chance of success or escape. It appears, however, evident that the two consorts of the *Gaiete* did not feel inclined to run the hazard of an engagement, nor to partake of the danger to which the temerity of the *Gaiete* had exposed her. After gallantly defending her for the half hour, the Enseigne de Vaisseau struck his colours.

The *Gaiete* was quite a new vessel, measuring 514 tons, and being a fine ship, no doubt her gallant commander was very sorry to lose her. She afterwards proved a great acquisition to the service, as a fine British 20-gun vessel.

After all the talk about the mountain billows of the ocean, the height of waves in a storm is only about twenty-four feet.



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THE CONVENT OF CATANIA.

THE stranger who, for the first time, visits that district of Sicily, of which Catania is the principal town, will find as much to delight him in the ruins of art, as in the freshness and luxuriance of nature. An Eden in all but its insecurity; the base of Etna is beautified by flowers of every hue, and forest trees of all climates; the hamlets that peep out from the clusters of rich wood, give to that prospect a liveliness which more populous tracts of level scenery can never attain; and the Arcadian look and dresses of the peasantry, complete the picture, which might have served for the model of a poet's fairy-land. But the fertile beauty of St. Adata, or Tremisteri, moved not my wonder more strongly than an object of a very different nature, which used to greet me on my rambles with the solemnity of a spectre. It was a ruin—not a storied pile, with venerable ivy, and columns of scrupulous architecture—a place of no primeval note or superstition, but a confused mass of fallen walls, and unsightly fragments, which, at no distant period, seemed to

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have been the prey of a dreadful conflagration. Around me were scattered the blackened stones and crumbling timbers, and here and there an ornamented frieze, or other gorgeous relic, that seemed to have belonged to an edifice sacred to some uses of the Catholic church. I wandered, without knowing why, for hours, amid this desolation, and its image haunted my mind, and would not be driven away from it.

Thou art gone from this world of sorrow, old Carmelo, my merry host of the 'Elephant!' I may not hear that garrulous tongue of thine again; thy customary seat is vacant; but I remember well the accents and purport of thy voice, and in no matter more faithfully than when our converse was about this tenantless old ruin. How thy lip quivered to proclaim its history! and the eye, not dimmed by seventy winters, lost something of its brightness when so sad a tale was to be recounted. If an interval of some half dozen years, and the treachery of all human recollections, be not too severely estimated, I may, even now, be able to present a detail of those occurrences,

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which were so eloquently described by thee, to a listener neither uninterested nor forgetful.

In the vicinity of Catania, where the links of family descent are preserved with such jealous care, there existed no prouder or more noble house than that of the Alessi. The old count, in whom were now vested all the hereditary dignities of his race, felt for his daughter Rosina, a love deeper and more solicitous than might have been expected from the sternness of his general character. But her mother, with a dying injunction, charged him to be gentle as herself to the deserted girl; and in that hour, when all his manly spirit was broken, these words wound themselves around his heart, beloved as the earthly farewell of his dear companion, and sacred as the counsel of one so soon to be divine.

And for Rosina—did she not merit all the tenderness that the most affectionate parent could bestow? What eye was brighter—whose smile could return a readier expression of love, than that of his only daughter? She was the most “gracious creature born;” with all the light-hearted innocence and prattle of a mere child—matured by the first dawnings of womanhood. Grave or gay, according to her mood—disguising nothing, affecting nothing, but by her father’s side ever to be found, like a ray of sunshine in his path. It was beautiful to see the fair thing, with all her gentleness and feminine timidity, contrasted with the rugged old soldier, whose frowns, multiplied by long trials in a world he hated, were scarcely ever softened by aught else around him. He had a son—not such a son as a father’s hopes had pourtrayed; and Rosina was the only staff of his declining years.

It happened that a young Neopolitan was at this time a visitor on their island. He came with no passports of admission into the principal families, and was, therefore, held as an adventurer, or one of doubtful blood. He had wandered over the beautiful scenes of Sicily, and by chance encountered, in one of the most lovely of them all, that innocent girl, who had hitherto known nothing of life but its smiles. It were needless to recount by what accidents they met again, and by what expedients they afterwards repeated their interviews; still more needless would

it be to say how the stranger at first amused, then attracted the companion of many concealed meetings; which *were* concealed, not from any fear on her part, but because he so desired it; and the experience of young love soon showed them that these stolen moments were the “sweeter for the theft.” The light-hearted girl lost something of her natural deportment; her mood was not so variable, nor her step so light as formerly. In her solitude, she mused or looked on all things wistfully. With her father she had lost the quick speech, and listening look, of former days; and she, who had been as the shadow of river-trees, thrown upon the water, ever moving, and restless, and uncertain, but still the image and companion of her sturdy sire, was now become solitary and abstracted, and fixed, as though her young spirit had been already blighted.

The old man watched this decay, and a sigh, or an unusual tremor of voice, was all the counsel he could give. He felt that his own support was gone, but he checked not the strong impulses that led away from him the fond heart of his daughter. It was a severe pang that accompanied the dismissal of his proud plans, and interested hopes. He could not see his child taken from him without a selfish sense of sorrow; but that her love should be given to an unknown foreigner, looked upon with suspicion, and credited as one of gentle birth only on the faith of his unsupported word—this was the woe that struck hardest on his heart; and when he affianced her to young Montalto, the prejudices of an old patrician lingered long after the regrets of a desolate and lonely father. They were affianced; but one necessary preliminary was yet to be accomplished. The heir of the conte d’Alessi had not hitherto been acquainted with the occurrences of his own family, and his presence, from a distant part of the island, was required before the ceremony of his sister’s nuptials. A messenger was despatched, and the summonses were answered in an uncourteous strain by the dissolute young nobleman; who, while expressing his disapproval of the alliance, intimated that his reasons were more than he could state, otherwise than, as he intended, by a personal conference. In a few days he arrived, but positively refused to see the stranger to whom he so myste-

riously objected. He conversed with his father in an unintelligible manner, but gave glimpses of a serious meaning in the half-imputations he threw out against Montalto. Still no entreaty or remonstrance of the old man could gain from him an explicit accusation. The charge, incoherent, and left to his conjecture, conjured up a thousand phantoms before his eyes; he feared he knew not what:—his dear daughter might be the prey of a criminal or a dishonoured outcast:—there might be the brand of public guilt, or personal shame, on this young foreigner. He appealed, he implored his son, to reveal what he had to disclose; but no answer came, but in dark looks and equivocal hints.

It was during one of these conferences that the object of suspicion, by accident, found his way into the apartment of the count. He entered, ignorant of the purpose and parties of the conversation; but his eyes no sooner fell on the countenance of *one* of these, than a change, violent and terrible, convulsed his features. The placid expression of the young lover was agitated with all the passions of astonishment and rage; his eye beamed with fury, and as the colour deserted his cheek, it was with an emphasis of deadly purpose that he uttered his first words.

"Villain!" he exclaimed; "thou tremendous villain! art thou come at last to satisfy me? Thank God for this!"

He paused—but the eye of the young count fell, and no answer came from him, as his father, with vain earnestness, sought for an explanation of this strange address.

"Wretch!" continued Montalto, "would you ask him to confess his villany—to convict himself? No, no; he has not that honesty: one thing only I entreat to know, by what base acts he wormed himself here? Oh, sir! trust him not with the confidence of a moment. I know too horribly how he will betray it. Yet, once again, I ask, how came the monster here?"

"Are you mad, Montalto?" answered the old count. "Would you, by this paroxysm, attempt to change my whole nature? would you, by your wild speech, strive to overcome the warm feelings of a father?"

"A father!" shrieked the other; "gracious heaven, forbid it! It cannot be that one so vile has sprung from that noble

root! Oh, no! I have mistaken your words—say not you are his father."

"And wherefore not, Montalto? What madness urges you to these excesses?"

The voice of the other was checked—he softened the violence of his look, and after a pause, proceeded in a milder tone.

"Sir, you have known me long enough to be assured that I am not wantonly disturbing your quiet; it was not with any foresight of this catastrophe that I came here:—I could not guess that this man called you by the honoured title of parent—I can hardly now believe it:—but my words have awakened your fears, and I cannot rest without satisfying them."

He stopped, and for a moment appeared to undergo a conflict of various emotions; then, directing his gaze fixedly to the quailing countenance of the young Alessi, he continued in these solemn words:—

"*Enrico*, your own conscience, written on that cheek, will tell far better than my words, that I have not been raving. As I look at you now, I cannot recognise the courtly and accomplished nobleman, to whom a seat at my paternal table was offered with all the frankness of unsuspecting hearts, and disgraced by ingratitude blacker than malice could have painted. The result of our hospitality is known in the country which I left despairing, and the infamy which you threw on the fair sister of my heart, has been followed by the dispersion and wretchedness of our whole house. You left her in the hour of seduction, afraid to meet the resentment you had earned. But the remembrance of the hateful time is strongly enough perpetuated by the tears of an undone family; and your escape from retribution is not now effected. You will understand me."

These words, uttered in a deep tone of subdued emotion, will indicate sufficiently some of those circumstances that were the forerunners of this tale. The young Alessi had betrayed the daughter of a Neapolitan noble; and to the baseness of a seducer, united also the meanness of a coward. He fled from the scene of his guilty pleasure, and was overtaken in Sicily by Montalto; who, partly from a desire to wipe away the local associations of personal and family sorrows—partly in the faint hope of meeting with the author of them, had wandered from his home, without a companion, without a plan. These

words may also lead to a surmise of many consequent events. The distraction of the old count, the hesitation and subterfuges of his son, were but natural issues of so unexpected a disclosure. By the latter, no species of vindication could be urged; and he stood before his father as a man guilty of all that he would have imputed to the injured Montalto, had his boldness been equal to his deceit.

And, for Rosina, what was the sorrow which this event entailed? Her young heart still beat high with the expanding hopes of her betrothal: her brow was not overcast with any new care—she heard not the history of her brother's disgrace; and when he departed from his home, sufficient was the slight pretext used to account for his untimely disappearance. With a burning heart, Montalto let him go—doubting, in pain and perplexity, whether the revenge he had so long coveted was not too precious to be lost, though he thereby remained master of another jewel, and respected, as his duty bade him, the parental intercession of the Conte d'Alessi.

Four days had elapsed, and Rosina was attending one of the ceremonies of her religion in the principal church of Catania. Her eyes were bent on the ground during the whole service of vespers, and the obscure light scarcely marked out a little roll of paper that had fallen, she knew not how, at her feet. She was on the point of rising from her devotions, when the object first caught her attention. She gently took it up, and, to her surprise, found it directed to herself. It was opened and perused without loss of a moment; the contents were these:—"If you are wise, warn Montalto against disaster; let him be wary, and act in nothing without foresight and preparation:—there is some one at his elbow." The girl started, and reperused the paper; her senses almost forsook her, as the apprehension of an unknown danger floated before her; she looked fearfully about her, and hurried homewards with a wildness of step and look, that were strange to her graceful demeanour. That night she slept, not as she had done, but her dreams were disturbed and fantastic; and she arose from her feverish couch, not the airy and happy creature who had always blest her father's eye with a brightness more cheerful than that of the sunny morn. The morning

came, and the customary hour of meeting Montalto; but he tarried longer than usual. Time passes heavily in the solitude of young lovers; but Rosina started as the mid-day bells rang out their peal, and an apprehension of some mischance flashed upon her mind at the instant. She connected his delay with the warning of the little note, and with an anxious voice she begged her father that some messenger might be dispatched, to see what hindered the young Montalto that he came not, as was his custom. The old man smiled and comforted her fears, which yet he thought not utterly groundless, and lost no time in complying with her wishes. Alas! what was the result? The messenger returned, but no answer could he give to their inquiries. Montalto had been absent from his lodging during the night, and had not since been heard of. His apartment was left in disorder, and no clothing or other part of its furniture removed. He had been expected, and watched for from the hour of midnight, but no tidings of him had reached them. Who shall describe the agony of the young girl, who became now too well convinced of the truth of the secret counsel? What cries of anguish—what natural laments fell from her in that moment of suspense, deepened almost into the horror of certainty!

In vain were the sympathy of the father and admonition of friends applied to mitigate her grief. Each hour, as it brought a sort of confirmation of her fears, left her more determined in her conviction—more complete in her despair. Montalto came not again, and all his virtue, and beauty, and manly attractions, had passed away, none could tell where; and only were recorded in the gossip of busy bodies, and in the heart of a fond girl, where they were embalmed as in a faithful sepulchre.

Yet the course of her pious tears was destined to be checked. It was about a month after this occurrence that a letter was put into her hands, whose superscription seemed to be written in familiar characters, which only her fears would have distrusted. It was from the beloved Montalto—he was yet alive! She hurried through the contents with a heaving bosom and brightened countenance, and with an inarticulate burst of joy fell into her father's arms, exhausted and senseless. The happy communication was to the following effect:—

On the last night of their meeting, which her forebodings had protracted beyond the usual hour, Montalto had returned by the customary road to the house of his lodging. In a solitary place, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of disguised men, who, rushing from their concealment, deprived him of the means of defence—pinioned, and blindfolded him. He was raised into a sort of litter, to which he was fastened, and thus conveyed along, until he heard the roar of the sea-waves, and found himself deposited in an open boat. Here one of the party, after giving some orders, left his companions; and in the feigned tones he could recognise the hated voice of his enemy—the young Alessi. They presently made sail, and having restored to him the use of his limbs, and relieved him from the bandage thrown over his eyes, he was enabled to discover that they were coasting in a northerly direction, though for what purpose he could not gather. The crew consisted of six men—rough and hard featured mariners—who replied to his interrogations with sullen brevity, and seemed to be acting under the orders of one whose mien might, indeed, be distinguished from that of his companions, but was, nevertheless, such as could only belong to a person of subordinate rank. During the night, they kept close into shore; but with the first beams of morning, pushed further out to sea, without materially verging from their former course. The next morning they glided through the straits of Messina, and made for the island of Stromboli. It was a placid and delicious scene; the wind just verging onward the little bark without motion or irregularity: Montalto lay on the deck, but uncertainty of his fate prevented slumber: around him were grouped the forms of the lusty mariners, perfecting the allotted sleep which yet remained to them before the more active season of daylight: only the helmsman continued at his ordinary work, and the *one* seaman, to whom the direction of the vessel was entrusted. The deep meditations of Montalto were arrested by the approach of this officer. He came near, and without noise, requested him to move to the forepart of the deck, as he had something of importance to communicate. His injunction was obeyed. In a moment they were to be seen in the glorious light of that southern

morning, side by side, as if in conversation. The sea-captain, in a quick low tone, might be heard recounting his secrets; and the breathless interest of his hearer might prove that it was no common subject of confidence. Ever and anon, the eyes of the narrator turned anxiously around, to catch the first movements of a disturbed sleeper, or prevent the curiosity of the steersman at his post. The tale he told was strange. He had been the chosen servant of the young Alessi for some years; he had aided him in his enterprises—he had shared in his counsels. At Catania, he had learnt the story of Montalto; and—he knew not why—his pity had been moved. From the first threat of danger whispered by his master, he had resolved to befriend the destined victim. His intimation to Rosina, at her prayers, had failed; and the evil, which could not be prevented, he had now determined to remedy. To him was entrusted the guidance of the present scheme. None else knew the object or system of his measures. His orders were to dispatch or get rid of their prisoner in any way that might be most convenient; but he defied the wicked command, and was resolved to save him. They could not return to Sicily, for his re-appearance would be the signal for the most atrocious acts of barbarous revenge. Neither could they long be absent, for already had sufficient time elapsed for the execution of his master's orders, and suspicion would be excited by their long continuance at sea. All he could do would be to land his prisoner on some point of the continent, and leave him with a recommendation to make the best of his way to Naples. His only condition was, that an immediate return to Catania would not for a moment be contemplated by him, as he valued the life of his benefactor.

This was the substance of his disclosure. Montalto, in mute gratitude, heard the extraordinary tale, and without evincing any change of deportment, watched with impatience the progress of the vessel, as it changed once more its course in an easterly direction, and, favoured by the wind, at last safely reached the headland on which rises the town of Argentina. In the interval between the above conversation and their arrival in the harbour, all his efforts had been applied to liberate Antonio, the servant of Alessi, from the

thraldom of his villany. His endeavours proved successful. When he quitted the boat, he went not alone, but was accompanied by his preserver. The next in command was charged with the safe conduct of the vessel to Catania, as though this had been part of a premeditated plan. As they took their leave of Argentina, on the road to Naples, they could discern the white sail of their bark filling with the side wind, and pursuing its silent way towards the south. Montalto's letter was despatched from his father's palace. He had intreated for permission and means to return immediately to his love, but the old nobleman doubtfully listened, and required that his son should serve one campaign in the wars of his country, before his benediction could be gained for the nuptials. To this parental wish he had reluctantly acceded. He should for a short time, in obedience to his father, deviate from the path of his inclination; but he owed something as an equivalent for the heart which she had given to him, and his laurels, could he win any, might in some sort be a compensation.

This was the substance of that letter, which gave a revival to the hopes, and animation to the fading beauty of Rosina. We will leave her for awhile, and observe the proceedings of young Alessi, after the night when he carried off Montalto. In concealment he still lurked about the neighbourhood of his father's house, anxiously awaiting the return of his boat, and the announcement of his enemy's destruction. The boat came—Antonio's place was filled by another—and to their master's almost delirious questions, the unwelcome answer was given, which assured him of all that he now for the first time foreboded. His wicked mind was instantly agitated with schemes of fresh revenge. He despatched confidential agents to track the movements and communicate all the actions of Montalto; he learnt his present occupation, and in a spite that seemed to have no premeditated plan, he circulated, through various channels, a rumour that Montalto, upon the first collision with the foe, had fallen in the field. This, corroborated by the assent of many hired witnesses, did not fail to reach the ears of Rosina. Disbelief, shadowed sometimes with a fear of its authenticity, caused in her mind a conflict of the most opposite and terrible emotions. But conviction

was at length urged upon her by the receipt of a despatch purporting to be from the father of Montalto, in which all particulars of his son's death were painfully detailed. For a time, the poor girl's agony broke forth in paroxysms which seemed to convulse her whole system. She was wild, tumultuous, and wayward in her grief. She refused the solace of friends, she listened to no alleviation of her calamity. She was "like sweet bells jingled harsh and out of tune;" and never did it appear that their order and beauty would come again. Oh! how dreadful was the violence of her sorrow, which seemed a thing strange to one of such gentleness. The songs which she had sung to him were forgotten, or only remembered in fragments to add intensity to her suffering. The ringlets—of which the fairest lay, as she supposed, upon his clay-cold heart—now lay unarrayed upon her shoulders. Weeping, and recounting the valour and attraction of him whom she could see no more, up and down the lonely corridors she wandered like a ghost—in vain appealed to, in vain hindered.

But this season passed away; and when the voice of the thunder-clap no longer rang in her ears, but was remembered only in a serener moment, the sorrow, which had been almost frenzy, was tempered to an honourable regret. Her eye had lost its brilliancy, and she cared not for the world:—for it was a desert to her, though all its sweetness, and grandeur, and eternal beauty were there, and only *one* of the countless creatures gone from its surface.

But her dejection was equable and rational; and it was from a settled purpose, rather than at the impulse of an uncertain fancy, that she resolved to abandon her home and kindred, and in perpetual seclusion give to her God that broken heart, which might have been too much given to a mortal being. She took the veil, and, in the convent of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, was enrolled a member of the holy sisterhood.

Time passed on; the Neapolitan warfare suffered a pause, and in the interval Montalto lost no time in returning to Catania. Upon his arrival, what was his dismay and astonishment when informed of his supposed death, and the effect it had produced in the life of poor Rosina!

Uncertain what steps to pursue eventu-

ally, it was his first natural impulse to inform her of his safety, and still enduring attachment. In an evil hour the announcement of this unexpected news visited her in her solitude. In an evil hour the chords of her mind were once more unstrung, and the harmonies newly heard were turned into dissonance. The sorrows of the past came upon her afresh, but under another aspect. For she had estranged herself from her love, and by her own act had effected that sad reverse, that horrible privation, which had been more tolerable, whatever else had been the cause. What remedy now remained? With all its original force, the tide of her love rolled in its former channels; and the infirmity of human resolution could not now withstand the strength of the current. Her spirit was weaned from her holy occupations. Sickened with her garb, her daily duties, her associates, her very thoughts, she longed to cast off the self-imposed thralldom. Never to the eye of enthusiastic childhood, did the distant hill-tops gleam with such a beauty as now that she contemplated them—a love-sick prisoner. The hopeless schemes of relief, which such a condition suggested, were all that now remained for her meditation and her solace. To abandon her rigid profession was impossible: to desert it and escape, seemed more practicable. By day, as she gazed through the grated windows at the fair prospect before and around her, this was the vision which came with every object, and beautified the whole. By night, it filled the long interval between her faint slumbers: and as she slept, the more obscure and rude conceptions still occupied her fancy with the same theme, the same never-varied purpose. It was, perhaps, in a midnight hour, that the dreadful project was formed—which surely must have been the last resource of the despairing maid—when, by constant agitation, the turbulence of her spirit had become a sort of frenzy. Then it was that her reckless and determined love found itself a way; and by an effort more appalling, perhaps, than any that history can furnish, grasped at the attainment of its coveted end. Without admitting into her counsel one of all those on whose fidelity she might have reposed, the measures for this awful expedient were deliberately concerted. She planned, she determined, she prepared it in secrecy and alone.

It was in the mid-watches of the night, that the sisters were aroused from their rest by the cry of "fire!" from some one hurrying along the dormitories. It was Rosina who urged them to fly—it was Rosina who discovered the danger—it was Rosina who plotted the conflagration! The flames were rushing wildly, and high up the outer walls of the building, but she would not yet retire. From cell to cell she went quickly along, calling on all to escape, yet not daring to think of her own safety until assured that no living creature could be left in peril. She went like a beneficent being, amid the havoc and ruin that she had achieved. Not yet would she desert the dangerous place, for she shuddered to think there might still be some one, whose blood, if shed, would fall so surely on herself. At last, the huge edifice was deserted and voiceless; and, secure of the preservation of her innocent associates, she passed along the passages and apartments, now almost undistinguishable. As she went, the sheets of fire flashed hotly and fiercely around her. The heat became more intense—the hideous enemy approached her, and half enveloped in flames, she fled precipitately, but too late, from the tottering ruin. Overtaken in her flight, she yet had strength and surviving consciousness to move in the premeditated track, and when the morning dawned, it showed her lying a disfigured corpse under the doorway of her beloved Montalto.

BON MOTS OF TALLEYRAND.

ON one occasion, Talleyrand was asked what he thought of a sitting of the chamber of Paris, where a very animated discussion had taken place between baron Pasquier and the bishop of Hermopolis, minister of ecclesiastical affairs. "The minister," said he, "was like the three per cents, always *below par*."

During the consulate, it was insinuated to Buonaparte, that M. de Talleyrand availed himself of his place, as minister of foreign affairs, to speculate at the *bourse*, and that he had thus gained immense sums. The first consul had a mortal antipathy to stock-jobbing in general, and felt particularly indignant that his principal minister should be so devoid of *principle* as to enrich *himself* by such undue means. The next day, transacting busi-

ness with his great *factotum*, he sharply said, "I understand, sir, that you are rich, very rich; and that you have gained your wealth at the *bourse*: you have speculated, then, in the funds?" "Never but once," replied the wily statesman. "How is that?" "I bought in, sire, the day before the 18th Brumaire, and sold out the day after." Napoleon could not help smiling at this clever repartee, and the gathering storm on his brow was dissipated. The reader will remember that it was on the 18th Brumaire, General Buonaparte so unceremoniously *cashiered* the council of Five Hundred, *a la Cromwell*.

One of Napoleon's weaknesses was to attach much importance to the opinion of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, the quarter where the emigrant nobility principally resided: he could not get the better of it. "What says the Fauxbourg Saint Germain?" was his frequent question. After the victory of Austerlitz, addressing himself to M. de Narbonne, one of his aid-de-camps, whose mother's attachment to the Bourbons, and hatred to Buonaparte, were well known—"Well," said the emperor, "does your mother love me this time?" Talleyrand, who saw the young officer's hesitation, replied for him—"Sire, madame de Narbonne has not yet got farther than *admiration*."

The first individual who demanded of the constituent assembly the abolition of the titles of nobility, and who renounced his own armorial bearings, was monsieur Mathieu de Montmorency. This ancient family descends from an apothecary called Bouchard. The evening of that memorable debate, M. de Talleyrand met M. Mathieu de Montmorency at a party, and, approaching him, addressed him in the following terms:—"How does monsieur Mathieu Bouchard?" "Bouchard," replied the other, "you are mistaken, sir; my name is Montmorency: I descend from the celebrated constable who fought so valiantly at Bovines, and also from that constable who fell upon the battle field of St. Denis." "Yes," replied his witty persecutor; "and, to do you justice, you are the first of your family *who ever laid down his arms*."

INTREPIDITY.

CHARLES the Twelfth having, in the year 1716, taken the town of Frederick-

shald, all the women and children fled to a retreat in the neighbourhood. Hans Colbiornsen, commander of the volunteers, accompanied by a fellow citizen, presented an address to his Swedish majesty on behalf of those unfortunates. On Mr. Colbiornsen's approach, Charles the Twelfth severely chid him for the active parts himself and brother, though not military men, had always taken against him, to his repeated and severe losses; concluding with expressing an intention to retaliate. The king's displeasure, however, produced no effect on Mr. Colbiornsen, who boldly replied: "It is the duty of every man to defend his country; nor will I ever relinquish my duties. I am so far from regretting my opposition to your majesty's views, that I truly lament my having done no more." As he spoke, a shell from the fort Fredericksteen burst through the roof into the room, and the splinters wounded the king and Colbiornsen. "It is too hot here," said Charles, and instantly left the house, charging some officers to convey Colbiornsen to Torpon, and confine him closely till further orders. They accordingly set off, but as they crossed the bridge, a cannon ball from the fort whistled close by them, and struck terror into his guard. Colbiornsen, perceiving his advantage, plunged into the rivulet, and swam to his estate, Eskevig, where he remained in concealment for some time.

SICILIAN SUPERSTITION.

THE superstition of the Sicilians, and the confidence entertained by them of deriving supernatural power from the supplications offered to saints, is most extraordinary. Their conviction in such assistance is strongly exemplified in the following anecdote. At one particular period, the French fleet appeared off the town of Syracuse, which threw the inhabitants into the greatest alarm. Apprehensive it might be captured and pillaged, the whole of them turned out, and walked to one particular spot, where they solemnly invoked the assistance of St. Lucie, the tutelary saint of Syracuse, to avert a landing of the French. In consequence of this, she saved the whole town by raising a violent storm, which had the effect of blowing the whole fleet off the island of Sicily.



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THE PEASANT COUNTESS.
A TALE OF FRANCE.

“You have often, my dear friend,” said the count Montauban to his brother, “pressed me to relate the history of my union with the countess. This evening is suited for a tale of happiness. Sit here, my friend and brother, under this natural tapestry of leaves and flowers, and listen to the history of our love, and the disclosure of our felicity.

“It is now two summers since our commune was nightly ravaged by a wolf of more than common savageness and stealthiness. Young and old, children and men, had been assailed by this monster of the woods: the cattle of our farmers had been carried off, and devoured, or else torn and maimed, by this ruthless savage; even the dogs, which had been hitherto deemed a sufficient protection for their untended flocks, were overmastered by his courage, or defeated by his craftiness; and though every heart of peasant and hunter had been exerted to discover his den, and drag him to death, effort after effort failed to track him to his sanguinary

lair. It then became my duty, as the natural protector of my faithful peasantry, to search out and destroy this foe to their cattle-folds; and, summoning my huntsmen together, we set out, well armed and confident, for the woods which border my domain. For two days, however, success followed not our steps. It was therefore concluded, that the crafty enemy, scenting perhaps the staunch hounds, which had been mustered in more than common force to destroy him, had shrunk from before them to a lair more distant, where he could securely conceal himself till the cry of revenge had subsided. Believing this, I had given up the immediate pursuit, and had divided my force into small parties, and dispatched them to more distant quarters, to unkennel the monster, and drive him back into our foils; and, with four followers, I contented myself with beating up the wood on the south. Our diligence was unrewarded, and, grown weary of the hopeless pursuit, I resigned the sport to my still-eager attendants; and, as the evening was more than usually beautiful, even for our happy clime, I wandered on in pleasant contemplation of

the glorious hues of cloud and sky, as ever and anon they burst upon my view, through the interstices of the wood. Gently and gradually the daylight died, and the dusky shadows of evening came stealing over the wood, till its thick foliage became black and melancholy. I then thought of retracing my steps; for weariness had succeeded to the delight I felt in the silent contemplation of the beauties around me. The usual fatality which attends the late wanderer befel me; I mistook the ambiguous path I had first followed, and still, the further I pursued it, strayed more remotely from the road which led back to the chateau. While thus perplexed in the mazes of this labyrinth, a rustling arose from the thick underwood about me: I started, grasped my spear more firmly, and felt to assure myself that my side-arms were safe. The sound ceased, and I stepped a few paces forward. Again the sound, and I stood on the defensive; but again it ceased, and I pursued my way. I paused once more for a moment; and then I could distinctly hear that, whatever living thing it was which stirred, whether savage or man, it followed my steps—stopped when I stopped, and stirred when I stirred—and that so guardedly, that when the sound of my footstep died, the rustle of its pursuit was silent. I stood therefore with more caution, and then I could hear, though faintly, that my pursuer was gliding on its belly over the clinging moss and through the stunted fern, which carpeted and clothed the ground beneath the underwood. 'It is the wolf!' I exclaimed; and for a moment a throb of fear ran through my veins. I felt that I was too weary, too weak, to endure the fray, which must ensue if we met. The stoutest heart in France would perhaps have felt as mine did, and no shame sully his courage. I had not long to dream of fear, for the foe approached nearer and nearer still; and a low savage growl told who was the enemy I had to contend with. My sinews knit as I grasped my good spear. A moment more, and a crash, as if the mighty arm of an oak had been struck to the earth, startled the awful silence, and made wood and earth vibrate with the sound. It was plain that the wolf had made a leap for the spot on which I stood, but had alighted short of the mark. Another low rustle among the underwood, and by the gloomy light which still

lingered after the day, I perceived, and started, as I beheld the eyes of the savage creature glaring their horrid lustre on me. It was in vain to think of retreat—courage might do much, but craven cowardice nothing. With a resolute heart, therefore, I advanced upon him. It was, indeed, the wolf!

"And now came the struggle. With a loud growl, that made the wood re-echo as to the cry of a thousand wolves, he advanced upon me, and I upon him. We were within two paces of each other—reckless man and ruthless savage. He gazed at me a moment, and then crouched as if to lie down; but it was to make more powerful his leap. In an instant he sprang, and my spear had penetrated the chest of the shaggy savage. From the force of the concussion with which we met, I fell, and at the same instant was wounded. With horrid jaws extended, again he sprang upon me, and again I wounded him; but felt at the same moment that his fangs had fast hold of me. I was immediately hurled to the ground, and gave up myself as lost. Despair made me desperate, and not craven. Might to might, I grappled with the huge savage, and as he was about to give the death-bite, I seized with both hands his tusked jaws, and held him with more than human strength. His brutal powers, meanwhile, were not inactive, for I felt the blood trickling down from my torn arms, as I lay under him on the ground. Hope had not then forsaken me. We struggled, till, by a convulsive spring, he had flung himself behind the trunk of a tree which now seemed to stand between me and death. We were thus parted; and as we stood struggling, I could have smiled—but it was no moment for mirth. My dagger was now the only weapon on which I could hope for safety. I trusted to it, and loosed my hold. He returned to the attack with more than his former ferociousness—the last desperate effort was made—I stabbed him in the throat, and he fell—I repeated the blow, and exultingly heard his blood gush with a whistling noise from the double-mouthed wound. The struggle was not over yet, for once more his fangs fastened on me; but it was his last effort; exhausted by the force which was to revenge his overthrow, he fell dead at my feet. And at the same instant, my powers, which had been strained beyond the natural

strength of man, gave way, and I dropped exhausted across his lifeless carcase.

"The moon had risen, and here and there her light glimmered through the top-most boughs of the trees; but all was dark about my feet. I remained on the ground till I had recovered my regular breath; but finding that I grew fainter and fainter with loss of blood, no time was to be lost in making my way out of the wood; for if I had lingered there long, I must have bled to death. With enfeebled steps I resumed the tangled path, and conquering pain with resolution, reached at last the border of the wood. Then exhausted nature could no longer bear up, and I fell helplessly to the ground. The moon was now high in the heavens, and by her light I could perceive that I was not far distant from a small hamlet, situated, however, more than two leagues in an opposite direction to the chateau. Lights were glittering in the distance, and now and then the bark of some honest guardian of flock and fold gave assurance of human neighbourhood, and I summoned the small remainder of strength to reach it; but pain and loss of blood had exhausted me too much for further struggling, and again I sank to the ground. I then gave up myself for lost, if I could not bring succour to me by calling for it. I hallooed, thinking it possible that the wind might waft my cry to some cottager, and induce him to seek out the spot from whence it proceeded. Even this hope failed me, and I grew cold and rigid as death with pain. At length I could hear footsteps approaching. Again I hallooed, and the sound came nearer. A peasant youth now approached within reach of converse. He demanded to know my distress. I explained to him that I had been wounded by the wolf which had so long been the terror of the commune. At the very mention of the wolf, the recreant wretch fled from the spot with all the speed which fear gives to the coward. My heart then died within me, for I thought I must perish. Another step now came towards the spot. I saw, by the help of the moonlight, he was a priest, who had perhaps been journeying thus late to shrive some dying sinner. I hailed him, and entreated he would succour a benighted wretch who had been wounded in the woods: the reputation of the wolf had made even the holy father too much alive to his own

safety to heed that of another; and he hurried past. Another step approached, so light, that for a while I doubted whether my fainting senses had not deceived me. It came nearer, and as the moon silvered over the distant object, I beheld with joy it was a woman! If compassion for the suffering is to be found anywhere, it is within her gentle bosom. God and all good men side ever with that gentle sex! I could no longer speak; but my groans reached her ear. She ceased the simple melody, with which I could hear she was lightening the loneliness of her way, and she stopped to listen. I found voice sufficient to tell her that I was dying for succour. Like an angel of pity, she flew to the spot, and in a moment I was partly raised from the ground, and I rested in her arms. Fortunately, she had a small flask of homely wine in her basket; she held it to my lips—I drank, and strength came back to me. Meanwhile her gentle hand wiped away the clammy drops of agony which moistened my forehead; and her voice, which was as sweet as sounds of mercy to the ear of the unpitied wretch, bade me to take cheer; and cheered I was by her assiduous tenderness. Dew falling in the desert, and reviving the fevered pilgrim; light breaking in upon the darkness of the blind; music bursting in upon the opening ear of the deaf; liberty upon the captive; joy upon the sorrowful; hope upon the despairing; were never more welcome than were those welcome sounds to me! Even woman's fragile strength is sometimes powerful enough to support superior man in his worst need. Persuaded by her prevailing gentleness, I got again on my feet; and her arms supported my painful steps till we had reached a small farmhouse. A light was burning at the lattice; the wicket opened the moment her voice was heard without; and an aged woman carefully inquired if it was Estelle. 'Yes, my good mother,' answered the gentle girl; 'and I have brought with me a poor wounded cavalier, who is dying through lack of assistance.' Estelle and her mother sustained me in—I was placed on a spare pallet—wine was brought to refresh my fainting spirits—my hunter's habit carefully stripped off, and my wounds stanchd and bound up with the skill of a surgeon, and the superior tenderness of woman.

"It was then that I recovered strength sufficient to inform the kind creatures how I had fallen into so painful a plight. They compassioned me the more—for the wolf had also visited them, and spread terror and destruction around. Fruits and bread were placed before me, and I was pressed to accept freely such hospitality as they could bestow. But hunger, weariness, and wounds, were soon forgotten in new sensations; for as I gazed on the young Estelle, I felt that I had never till that hour beheld those beauties which men adore in women—never till then had been thrilled by that undefinable emotion which softens man's sterner nature, and expands his heart to receive that best treasure of life—love; sole remainder of that heavenly nature which has survived man's too-early fall. The admiration and the awe with which beauty first affects us—the thrilling emotion succeeding the first amazement of the senses at the dazzling wonder—the throb of the heart—the half-formed wish; the hope, the fear—the thousand thoughts and feelings which intoxicate the youth, for the first time sensible of beauty—the ineffectual struggles of the tongue to tell the fulness of the soul—the despair that words cannot half eloquently express sensations new, and therefore indescribable; the silence, which is more eloquent—the long rapturous gaze when not observed, and the glance withdrawn when it is, only to return with more fervour to the absorbing object; these circumstances were so new to me, that my confusion must have been apparent; but, fortunately, it was attributed to the feverish excitement attending my wounds, and I was persuaded to retire to rest. I was, indeed, almost glad to be alone, that I might recal my scattered senses—meditate on my feelings, and have the bright recollection of Estelle in my solitary thoughts, whom I could not look at, when before me, without betraying by speech, eyes, and a trembling, hurried eagerness of manner, the emotions with which her presence touched me. Yes, the insect of the evening, whose little life is lengthened by having that light snatched away by which it had been allured, and doated on so fondly that it seemed ready to sacrifice itself to its flame, could not, if it were capable of gratitude, be more indebted to the hand which thus saved it, than I to the tender mother of Estelle, when she withdrew her daughter's beauty

from my dazzled and bewildered sight, and left me in darkness and solitude—darkness did I say?—no, her image made the night more beautiful than day!—solitude?—her form was as present as if she had stood before me; and had I been in a desert, I should not have felt that I was alone. Sleep never brushed my eyelids with her downy wing, nor shed one honey-drop of her refreshing dew upon my brow that blissful night. It passed away in one long, delicious, waking dream, worth all the dreams of sleep; and seemed only too short for the visions of happiness which were opening before me. Agony and weariness had left me; and I could have encountered a troop of wolves, and welcomed a wound from each, if they might purchase a night of happy delirium such as then was mine!

"Early in the morning, a gentle tap at the door, which was intended to arouse me, found me still awake, still unwearied and unexhausted with thoughts of the beautiful Estelle. The door immediately opened, and she entered, and approaching my pallet, took my feverish hand in her's: then how my heart thrilled—thrilled through its innermost core. Her tenderness, her affection, still increasing, and diminishing nothing in their devoted services, should I not have been as insensible as the clod at my feet, if these had not bred a like affection—a tenderness as entire, as devoted as her's?—Yes, I confess that the light of life she shed around my painful hours, made pain a delicious pleasure—sickness happier than health! The day seemed too short for the happiness of the day, the night too brief to dream of the day's delights. Time passed too rapidly away, and I daily gained strength, and my wounds were less and less remembered.

"I should have mentioned that I had taken care to entrust a peasant, in whom I could confide, with the secret of my safety, lest my continued absence from the chateau should cause a search to be made after me, and so interrupt pleasures enjoyed within the walls of a cottage such as I had never known in my own gay saloons. Happiness is happiness, wherever it is found; the lowly more often find it without seeking, than the proud and lofty, who hunt and hurry after it through all the primrose paths of pleasure.

“On the fourth day I was so much recovered, that I could pace my chamber; and in the evening, indulge in the porch, beautifully entwined with rose and honeysuckle. There, with Estelle near me, diligently turning her wheel, interrupted only by her pausing to make some affectionate inquiry, or to utter her guileless thoughts in as guileless words, I spent moments which I could have wished had been months. I listened to the voice of Estelle, as to music, when, to while away my sickness, she narrated some melancholy tale of lady's love, and troubadour's fidelity; and as she told the story, wished myself its hero, and yet wished it not—for I felt that I was the hero of a tale of happier passion yet untold. Won by my attention, her own history followed. Her father—I will be brief—her father had, it seems performed a service of much danger for the count, our dear father—blessed be his memory!—and had left, at his death, an antique ring, which had been given to him by the count, that, if ever he stood in need of assistance, he might prefer that claim of recompence which he had resolutely refused when the count would have rewarded him. I could not conceal my emotion—I shed tears of filial piety when I beheld that well remembered ring, which so forcibly brought back to my memory the sacred image of our good father. How often had I kissed that tender hand which had worn it!—how often had that kind hand been laid in gentle approbation on my head, in the father winning days of childhood—those halcyon days, which are the proudest and happiest of an affectionate parent's life!

“Estelle, it seems, intended to visit the chateau, to remind the heir of Montauban that he had one grateful legacy to discharge, of his dear father's leaving. She had some simple favour to ask—I forget what—but it did not concern her own interests. “And have you no fears, my gentle girl,” I asked, “no apprehensions of trusting your beauty within the view of a gay young lord, who might be struck, as *I am*, with your charms?” This inadvertent disclosure of the impression she had made on me, startled her; her eyes, her face, betrayed the emotions of her heart. I resumed, more guardedly—“Who might admire, as who would not, those excellent beauties of feature, and graces of person, which nature has so

liberally bestowed on my gentle physician and friend?” She interrupted me. “But the young count is generous, and charitable to the poor; and charity and generosity reside not in the same breast with vice.” A flush of pleasure reddened over my face; Estelle perceived it. “You blush, sir,” she said, in an artless manner; “surely you are not the count's brother, who is——”—no matter what, my dear brother; but your reputation for gallantry is known where you would not expect it. “No, dear Estelle,” I said, interrupting her suspicions, “I am not the brother of count Montauban: I—I am——” I could have thrown myself at her feet, and confessed that I was the count himself; but, fortunately, I diverted the mixed suspicion and curiosity with which she regarded me, by exclaiming, almost, involuntarily, “Oh! happy, happy count Montauban! thus to be praised for goodness by the good and the beautiful! I assumed a forced calmness, to conceal the turbulence of my mind, and said, “Will my dear Estelle defer urging her suit till her friend is so far recovered as to partake in her visit to the chateau? I am a servitor, an humble friend of the count, and one word of mine may conclude her claim.” She pressed my hand, and consented that I should accompany her. At that moment her mother joined us, and was not unwilling that I should be her daughter's friend and protector “at court.”—“Estelle,” I said “need but make known her claim, and who would refuse her, though she asked to share a kingdom!” She blushed, and hung down her head. “Come, my dear children,” said her mother; “our simple supper is spread, and waits but your presence, and a thought of thankfulness, to be a sweeter meal than monarchs partake of.” I was assisted in by my gentle ministrant, and, after a frugal supper, signified that I would retire to repose. I wished, indeed, to be once more alone, that I might again muse over the happiness of the day, and meditate again in solitude on that which was springing up for my enjoyment in the future. I acknowledged the kindness of the good mother, and pressing the hand of Estelle between mine with a modest warmth, we separated for the night—she to “rosy sleep and slumber's light,” and I to a couch where sleep was less desirable than a waking consciousness of a felicity,

more happy than the most delicious dreams of slumber.

“So passed the next day; and on the morrow we were to set out for the chateau. A thousand thoughts, made up of pleasure, with some discomposing thoughts of pride, threw a feverish anxiety over my soul; and that night was the only uneasy one which I passed under that lowly roof. Pride whispered, “Was it fit that a man of my rank, should unite himself with the humble daughter of a peasant?” Then love painted her image to my mind—her beauty, her grace, her virtues, and above all, her pity and her courage, which succoured me in that hour of pain, and almost of death, when, like a ministering angel, she brought me back to life and love. Yes, gratitude counselled well, and I resolved that she should be mine!—Did I not nobly, my brother? Why should we sacrifice to the empty vanities of rank the best feelings of the heart—the realities of happiness to the shadows of pride? No, my brother, when we have discovered where our happiness lies, let us take it to our hearts, though we stoop lower than our feet for it.

“I will not dwell on the progress which love made in both our hearts in these two days—each one too short for the happiness of the day, yet long enough to make that hope, which was but a dream, the certainty of years. Estelle had begun to discover (by unerring signs, which she, who is the object of love, however unwise in the daily affairs of life, can read as learnedly as the wisest) how deep, though silent, was the passion which engrossed my soul. I too, as unerringly, discerned that she was not unaffected by the same happy contagion. Her tenderness, which was at first pity, had unconsciously become love. Her eyes, which were continually turning their lustre on mine—the gradual abstraction of manner—the gentle hand lingering in mine—the studious attention which prevented my wants, and sometimes invented them, that she might dissipate them by the service she delighted in;—these were signs such as I could not fail to perceive, and cherish, as happy hopes, without a shade of fear!

“The morning came, when we were to set out for the chateau. I need not describe to you the anxiety which affected me in spite of myself, as we approached nearer and nearer to our destination.

Estelle, however, perceived not my agitation: yet she seemed more thoughtful than was her wont. There was a seriousness in her smile, as if her heart's affections had become intertwined with mine, and she had not discovered it till the hour approached in which we were to part, never perhaps to meet again. Her arm pressed closer to mine:—I turned to gaze upon her; she averted her eyes, but the next moment they met mine, and that look was more eloquent than words, however eloquent. I could not speak—and she was silent. We had reached the chateau before either perceived its neighbourhood. Then surprise, perhaps, brought back speech to me. Love will rather stammer than not speak. “Dear Estelle,” I said, “you are now to be made happy; for you are almost in the presence of count Montauban, who will refuse you nothing that you can ask. Oh! might I be but equally fortunate with Estelle, and obtain at her hands all that is necessary to complete my wishes, and render me the happiest of men—” She grew pale, and trembled. “What will not Estelle do,” she replied, “that virtue does not forbid, to make her friend as happy as herself!” I seized the occasion. “Will Estelle be mine?—will she give me her hand—heart—affections?” She fell into my arms. That moment was worth an age of existence! “Oh, my Estelle!” I exclaimed, “I will no longer conceal from you that I love you more than man loved till now! Gratitude, inspired by your devotedness in the hour of need—tenderness, bred of your tenderness—admiration of your beauty—pride in your virtues—these, and a thousand sentiments and endearing qualities, which love, all eloquent as it is, can neither define or name, have made me your willing captive, were I a ransom worth the world! Convert not, then, the Eden, which I have planted, into a solitude, by refusing to share its new happiness with me! We were born for each other, though our lots have been different. Let, then, this embrace be the silent sign that you consent to be mine!” I clasped her to my heart, as a miser hugs his new-acquired gold, and felt that her heart answered to mine. She was mine, brother—she was mine. “One word, my adored Estelle—for love can never be too thoroughly assured of his possession—do you love as I do? and are you wholly and

willingly mine—mine for ever?" "For ever!" she replied faintly. "Enter then, this chateau—no longer Estelle Leclair, but the countess Montauban!" This disclosure was too abrupt; but passion and pleasure had made me rash. She fainted in my arms. I bore in the lovely prize, the richest argosy that ever noble merchant welcomed to the haven of home; and that day, ere the sun had reached the highest heaven of noon, the holy church had made us one and indissoluble.

"But see—as if to perfect the happiness of my recollection of the happiest day of my life—see where she comes!—the fairest creature of heaven—the admired of all beholders—the wise, the good, the beautiful, the true! How does she dignify the rank she has raised to her, and not been raised to! Splendour may decorate, but cannot dignify the mean; no, for the noble nature still is wanting. But the native grace of my Estelle, which is diffused around her as unconsciously as the violet breathes its perfume, confers honour upon rank, and not derives it. Behold, my brother, with what harmonious motion she glides along, as if magic was in her steps! Let me fly to meet her—for my devotion is as fervent as in that happy hour which made the lowly Estelle Leclair lady of the proudest peer of France!"

THE EARL OF SURREY.

Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, who was knighted for his remarkable courage at the battle of Barnet, fought between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in the time of Edward the Fourth, was afterwards made a knight of the garter by his brother, Richard the Third. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Bosworth, and committed to the Tower by Henry the Seventh, and attainted by parliament. King Henry asked him how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard, to which he answered—"He was my crowned king, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown upon a stock, I will fight for that stock; and as I fought then for him, I will fight for you, when you are established by the same authority." In the rebellion against the king, by the earl of Lincoln, the lieutenant of the Tower offered the earl of Surrey the keys of the Tower, in order to set himself at liberty; but he replied, "That he would not be

delivered by any power, but by that which had committed him." After he had been imprisoned three years and a half, the king gave him his liberty, and knowing his worth and nice sense of honour, he took him into favour, and delivered up to him all his estates. The earl took all occasion of relieving the oppressed subjects, and was accounted one of the ablest and greatest men in the kingdom. The Scots made an irruption into England, and besieged Norham castle. The earl raised the siege, took the castle of Ayton, and made all the country round a desert. James IV. of Scotland, incensed at this, sent a herald with a challenge to him, to which he made a sensible and spirited answer—"That his life belonged to the king, whilst he had the command of his army, but when that was ended, that he would fight the king on horseback, or on foot;" adding, "that if he took the king prisoner, he would release him without any ransom; and that, if the king should vanquish him, he would then pay such a sum for his liberty as was competent for the degree of an earl." In 1507, two years before the death of Henry the Seventh, the earl was ambassador to the king of France (Louis the Twelfth). Henry the Eighth, in the second year of his year, made him earl marshal for life; and in the year 1511, he was appointed one of the commissioners at the court of Arragon. When Henry the Eighth heard that the Scots were preparing to invade England, he said, "That he had left a nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults." After the battle of Flodden, the earl presented king James's armour to the queen regent. In 1514, the earl was created duke of Norfolk, and a grant was given him in special tail of several manors. He hated and opposed cardinal Wolsey, because he advised the king to pursue measures hurtful to the liberties of the people; finding that his opposition availed nothing, he resigned his post, and retired from court.

NOBLENES OF SIR HERBERT TAYLOR.

A young man, a native of Dunkeld, the son of respectable parents in humble circumstances, entered the army early in life, and, by his steady conduct and good talents, gradually raised himself from the ranks to be adjutant of his regiment. About twelve years ago, his father was to-

tally disabled by palsy; and the rest of his family being in indigent circumstances, the sole charge of supporting his parents devolved on the son. This duty he cheerfully fulfilled till his death, by allowing them an annuity out of his pay. He was, however, cut off suddenly last year whilst with his regiment at Gibraltar. By his death his parents were left totally destitute, and government was applied to in vain; it being, it seems, inconsistent with their regulations to grant relief in such cases, except in the event of death in the field of battle. This was communicated by sir Herbert Taylor, through whom, as colonel of the regiment, the application had been made: but the simple tale of their sorrows had found a friend for the aged pair where they could not have looked for it—sir Herbert himself came in the room of their son, and continued the same annuity; and, with singular generosity, even thanked the gentleman who had communicated with him, “for the opportunity that had been afforded him of relieving the aged parents of a brother officer.”

NOVEL ARTILLERY.

A gentleman of the name of Sievier, has recently invented a method of projecting shot—which consists in making the shot with a cylindrical chamber, so as to pass freely on to a maund or bar, fixed on trunnions, a powder chamber being formed at the bottom of the cylindrical cavity in the shot. The powder is inflamed by means of a touch-hole in the shot, in the usual way. A charge of powder, thus used, is found to produce effects very much surpassing those of a shot of equal weight thrown from a cannon; and thus accounted for, by supposing that the force of recoil—which in a cannon is so great as to throw it a considerable distance backward—is added in the new form of shot to the usual quantity of projectile force. The experiments made with shot weighing, up to twenty-five pounds, were successful both as to force and direction, and the advantage gained as to lightness in the apparatus is extraordinary.

LADY INGLEBY'S RECEPTION OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell, returning from the pursuit of

a party of royalists, purposed to stop at Ripley, the seat of sir William Ingleby; and having an officer of his troop a relation of sir William's, he sent him to announce his arrival. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady that no such persons should be admitted there; adding, that she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance, and that the safest way would be to admit the general peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings; and having told him that she expected neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall, where, sitting on a sofa, she passed the whole night. At his departure, in the morning, the lady observed:—“It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for that, had it been otherwise, he should not have left that house alive.”

THE BOXING ADMIRAL.

Some years since, the barge's crew of the Berwick, then at Spithead, quarrelled with the barge's crew of admiral Milbank's ship, and heartily drubbed them, to the no small mortification of the admiral, who had been, in his younger days, exceedingly athletic, and as much addicted to boxing heads as to boxing the compass. A few days after, the admiral called the crew together, abused them as a set of cowardly lubbers, dressed himself in a common jacket and trowsers, and, observing the Berwick's barge rowing a-hore, ordered his own to be immediately manned, and took an oar as one of the crew. The coxswain, as particularly directed, ran the head of his barge against the quarter of the Berwick's barge, in consequence of which a broadside of oaths was given and returned, which produced a challenge to a boxing match. Accordingly, to oblige them, the admiral, as champion of his crew, beat the whole of the crew of the other barge, (eleven in number,) one after the other; and then, after making himself known to his antagonists, went ashore and visited his friends, as if nothing had happened.



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MARIAN GODFREY.
A SKETCH OF 1651.

“WHY, how now, son? Is there any news stirring, that thou hast thus hurried hither?—or have any of our ships foundered in the late gale?” were the questions asked by Matthew Godfrey, of his son, as the latter entered the usual sitting room of the family, seemingly fraught with some momentous intelligence.

“No, no, father! the ships are safe, as yet, for aught I know to the contrary,” he replied; “but I hastened from the city to tell you the glorious news; praised be God! the lord general Cromwell has gained a great and decisive victory over the royalists at Worcester; a victory which will strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected, and completely overthrow the hopes entertained by Charles Stewart of wearing the crown of these kingdoms.”

“Truly, this is important news,” said the elder Godfrey; “and much does it behove the nation to lift up the voice of thanksgiving on the occasion. But how fares it with the lord general, who has been

made the blessed instrument of effecting this deliverance?”

“He has been protected from the arrows of the ungodly, and is in good health. He is marching with his victorious army towards London; and it is the intention of the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, with the council of state, to meet the lord general to-morrow at Acton, and enter London with him in becoming order.”

“I am right glad to hear it,” said his father: “it is fitting that the citizens should show general Cromwell the respect which they entertain for his character, and the gratitude they feel for the services which he has rendered the state.”

“Are there many wounded in the battle you speak of, Philip?” inquired his sister, in a tremulous voice, who was sitting at an embroidery frame at the farther end of the apartment, an unnoticed, but not an inattentive hearer of their discourse. Her brother turned towards her at the sound of her voice.

“Good Marian,” he said, “trouble not thyself concerning this matter: suffice, that the loss which the lord general has sustained is very small; but the enemy

suffered dreadfully; and the number of prisoners taken is considerable. Why, how now, what ails thee, foolish girl?" he said, as he observed that tears were in his sister's eyes; "art thou ready to weep for tidings which should make England raise a joyful cry unto God for her final deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor? I had well nigh forgotten to tell you," continued Philip, turning to his father, "that young Herbert Lisle, the son of sir Thomas Lisle—whom we have formerly seen at our kinswoman, mistress Moreton's—is among the number of the prisoners."

A convulsive sob here arrested his attention; and, turning round, he beheld his sister, pale as death, attempting to leave the room; but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen, had not Philip hastened towards her, and supported her with his arm.

"What has thus moved you, Marian?" he said.

"A sudden giddiness," she replied; "I shall be better anon—'tis nothing—it has already passed!" and she attempted to smile, but there was anguish in her smile; and her brother led her to her apartment, and, tenderly kissing her, bade her try to gain a little repose:

Matthew Godfrey was a merchant of great respectability in the city of London. He was a stern republican, but a conscientious one; and, in the wars between the unfortunate Charles and his parliaments, he had constantly taken part with the latter, because he believed their cause to be just and right, and their taking up arms for the sole purpose of delivering the nation from tyranny and injustice. He was a puritan; but he did not carry his religious zeal to the extent practised by many of that sect: his piety was without hypocrisy. Matthew Godfrey had been many years a widower, with two children; and his son had, for the last two or three years, principally managed his mercantile concerns; and for some little time previously to the commencement of this narrative, he had been left by his father in the house in Aldersgate Street, as he had a perfect reliance upon his skill and prudence to manage his affairs; while he himself occupied a house in Holborn, which had been lent him by a friend, and which, being more cheerful and airy, would, he hoped, restore Marian's health,

that had seemed sadly drooping of late, while its vicinity to the city enabled him to see his son daily, and to render his assistance in any affair of moment, should it be requisite.

Marian Godfrey was in her nineteenth year. She had passed much of her time with mistress Moreton, who was a half sister of her still fondly remembered mother. That lady's husband had espoused the cause of king Charles, and had fallen fighting for that cause in the civil wars. At her house, Marian was thrown much into the society of the gallant and devoted chevaliers of the royalist party; and, while she listened to their polite conversation, and witnessed their generous self-devotion, and the privations which they underwent rather than forsake the interest which they had espoused, her republican principles were gradually undermined, and she deplored in secret the tragical death of her sovereign, and the extinction of royalty in England. The change which had taken place in her sentiments she carefully abstained from speaking of, as she knew her father's inflexibility too well to believe that he could be brought to approve of it; and she loved him too tenderly to grieve him by open opposition. With respect to her brother, it was still worse; he was a relentless persecutor of the royalists, and was wholly destitute of his father's moderation in party matters. Matthew Godfrey had tenderly loved his wife, and for her sake he respected mistress Moreton, and saw no impropriety in permitting his daughter to visit her frequently. As to the unfortunate adherents of the Stewart party, whom she might there meet with, he believed her early education had fortified her against imbibing their principles; and, while he condemned their conduct and opinions, he himself pitied their misfortunes. Marian had thus an opportunity at her aunt's, of frequently meeting the young and accomplished Herbert Lisle. Insensibly they became attached to each other. Marian wept over his ruined fortunes, and the perils to which he was exposed; and he loved to look on her beautiful countenance, and listen to her gentle voice; yet, even more than that, did he love her purity of heart, her simplicity of soul, and her noble and confiding disposition. In the first dawn of their attachment, they remembered not the perils by which they were surrounded, nor how

eventually hopeless their love might prove. Soon, however, they were awakened from their dream of bliss, and the young soldier was obliged to follow the fortunes of his royal master. Yet he went secure in the possession of Marian's faithful and unchanging love. When he left her, though Marian had fears for him, she had none for herself: she had bestowed her affection on Herbert Lisle, and she was resolved that no earthly power should compel her to abandon him. When the young king marched into England, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, Herbert Lisle obtained a short leave of absence; and, disguised, he reached London, where he again beheld his beloved Marian. But a thousand fears for his safety tormented her, and she urged his immediate departure. Herbert, however, refused to leave her: he might never see her more, or her friends might oblige her to forsake him. He tormented her and himself with a thousand groundless suspicions and harassing thoughts—for man knows not the unchanging nature of woman's true affection)—and he eloquently urged that nothing short of her consenting to a private marriage would satisfy him, or calm his melancholy forebodings.

It were vain to dwell on his affectionate entreaties. Marian, overpowered by his distress, and by her desire of hastening his departure from the metropolis, ultimately consented; and, in the presence of mistress Moreton, and the old nurse of her childhood—who had also been a faithful attendant upon her mother—did Marian become the wife of Herbert Lisle. On the bridal day they separated; and, as Herbert pressed her with rapture to his heart, and imprinted a farewell kiss on her lips, Marian seemed oppressed with a fearful presentiment that her happiness had vanished, and she trembled to think of the dangers to which her beloved Herbert was about to be exposed.

From the day of their parting, Marian's health declined, and her depression of spirits became evident to every one. Indeed, for some time, she scarcely dared raise her eyes to her father's face, lest he should discover her secret; and her brother evidently seemed to suspect that she had some cause for her unhappiness. Marian, however, soon had ostensible reason for her melancholy, in the death of mistress Moreton, which took place

suddenly, about a week after Herbert's departure; and her father readily accepted, on her account, the offer which was made to him, of taking up his abode for a short time in Holborn. The house which he inhabited had, at the back of it, an uninterrupted view of fields, meadows, and pasture lands, with pleasant shady lanes and humble cottages—a space of ground now occupied by Red Lion Square, and the streets adjacent and beyond. Marian loved her new abode, as her dear old nurse lived only about two or three fields off, and she could therefore visit her frequently, and talk to her of her gallant husband.

After the battle of Worcester, when Marian was made acquainted with the dreadful tidings that her husband was a prisoner, and that in all probability his life would be sacrificed, from the known stern devotion and unbending loyalty, both of himself and his father, her distress was nearly insupportable. She resolved, however, that, if she could not save him, she would die with him; and, comforting herself with this assurance, she calmly prepared to make the only effort in her power on his behalf, *viz.*, that of a personal appeal to general Cromwell. This was a bold step for one so young, but Marian stopped not to weigh either the peril or the possible consequences of the undertaking. She imparted her determination to no one but her nurse. "God will be my guide," she said to the old woman, who would fain have dissuaded her from the attempt; "but give thou to me that trinket of my mother's—the watch which she gave thee; I may need it."

"Well, but you know not, perhaps, the tale that belongs to it," said the old woman.

"Yes! yes!" said Marian; "I know it all; I have heard it many times."

Thus admonished, the nurse unlocked a small drawer, and drew forth a small watch hanging to a steel chain, which was partly rusted. The case of the watch was of gold; it had small steel beads around it, and a raised border of flowers of the same metal on the back. Exactly in the centre was a small painting of a female head, exquisite in expression and beauty. The dark raven hair parted on the forehead, the eyes full of tenderness, and the faint blush just tinging the fair cheek, made Marian weep as she gazed on it; and, pressing the trinket to her lips, she ex-

changed an affectionate farewell with her nurse, and hastened homewards.

In honour of the victory which general Cromwell had obtained at Worcester, the citizens of London resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Great preparations were made on the occasion, and he was to be feasted in Guildhall. Matthew Godfrey intended to be present at the civic festival, and, the day before it was to take place, he went to his house in Aldersgate Street, from which he did not intend to return until the day after the dinner given to general Cromwell and his officers. This was the time which Marian judged as the most favourable for her purpose; and, soon after her father had left Holborn, she, with a beating heart, and in her most simple apparel, with her lovely countenance shrouded in a black silk hood, set off for the palace at Whitehall, where she had been informed the general then was.

On making known her desire to the attendants, she was told that the lord general had been occupied nearly all the day with business of importance, and that it was not likely she would be able to see him, but that she could wait if she pleased. Marian accordingly sat down on a bench in a corridor leading to the principal apartments. Here she waited in agonising suspense; persons passed to and fro, but none seemed to notice her, and she thought with bitterness of the precious moments thus passing away, which might probably be fraught with danger to her beloved Herbert. An elderly man, in the garb of a puritan minister, entered the gallery; his look seemed benevolent, and Marian resolved to address him, and request his assistance. At first he looked at her suspectingly; but a second glance at her noble brow and modest countenance reassured him. He saw that her distress was real, and, certain that her object could be one of no common interest, he promised, if possible, to obtain her an interview with the lord general.

This person, who was the celebrated Hugh Peters, was as good as his word. In a few moments he again approached her, and, taking her hand, he led her to the door of an apartment, and whispering—"The Lord prosper thy petition," the door was thrown open, and Marian found herself in the presence of general Cromwell.

The room into which Marian was ushered was a high and noble apartment, commanding a spacious view of the Thames, with all the varied and bustling scenery constantly observable thereon. Three sides of the room were occupied by book-shelves, filled with large and seemingly ponderous volumes; at the upper end stood a table, covered with a Turkey carpet, on which lay numerous papers; and, in a plain high-backed chair, covered with black leather, sat the man who was soon to be raised to the supreme power in these kingdoms—Oliver Cromwell. He was plainly dressed, in a suit of mulberry colour, with a short cloak of the same. His hat lay beside him on the table. His hair was partially grey, and his whole countenance spoke the decision and quick penetration that belonged to his character, though, at times, there was a softening expression in the eyes which moderated the effect his stern features would otherwise have produced. At first he looked harshly at Marian; but when he saw that her whole frame trembled with agitation, he said, mildly—"Maiden, what is thine errand?"

"I would implore your aid," replied Marian; "your powerful assistance in the case of Herbert Lisle, an unhappy prisoner in the late battle."

"Herbert Lisle! sayest thou?" replied Cromwell; "thou speakest vain words, and knowest not what thou askest. Is he not an avowed enemy to the good cause? And has not the Lord delivered him into our hands, that we should deal with him even as it should seem good in our eyes?"

"O, sir, speak not thus, I beseech you," said Marian; "have mercy on his youth; it may be that the persuasions of others have led him to oppose the government; give him then time for repentance!"

"It were more fitting, maiden, for thee," said Cromwell, "to meddle not with this matter: it is not seemly for a young maiden to plead thus earnestly for a stranger youth; betake thee to thine home."

The blood rushed into Marian's cheeks and forehead, and she replied hastily—

"Is it, then, a crime for woman to plead for mercy? Be it so! Yet the laws, both of God and man, are on my side, when I would ask your aid for my unhappy husband."

"Ha!" he said, "I looked not for this, but thine appeal is vain," and he glanced

pitifully on her. "In these stirring times domestic ties must be rent asunder, when the glory of the Lord and the welfare of the state require it."

"Alas! alas!" cried Marian; "and will you consign my husband to perish? What is his crime? He did but follow a kind master, and fight in support of his cause, as he was bound by his oath of loyalty. Thou thyself hast done as much; but, alas! thou hast chosen a more fortunate path."

Cromwell's brow darkened: "Say, rather," he added, "that the Lord hath guided me to choose light rather than darkness. But, touching this matter of thine, Herbert Lisle will be dealt with as the state shall think fit; and, if his life be forfeited, pray thou unto the Lord, and he will comfort thee in thine affliction."

"Not so," said Marian eagerly; "I know thou art all powerful, and that a word from thee could save him. Mercy, then, mercy! Bethink thee how this gracious act would gladden thy dying hour, and rob death of its bitterness."

Cromwell shook his head, and Marian, in the energy of her supplication, dropped on her knees, and held up, with both her hands, the watch she had received from her nurse, and which she had kept till now concealed in her bosom.

The moment Cromwell's eyes rested upon it, he started from his seat, and advanced towards Marian. "Where got ye this?" he said, while his strong frame trembled with emotion, and he snatched the trinket from her hands; and as he gazed on the sweet face painted thereon, he turned aside, and Marian saw the big drops of sorrow fall on his weather-beaten cheek.

"Know ye whose watch this once was?" he said, as he turned to Marian.

"It was my mother's, who has been dead many years," she replied; "and my father is Matthew Godfrey, citizen of London."

Cromwell started. He approached Marian, who was still on her knees, and, pushing aside her brown hair, which had fallen over her white forehead, he paused a minute, then added—"Thine is a face fair to look upon; and ye have your mother's noble brow, but not her raven hair and eye. In days long past, when I was a student at the inns of court, I loved your mother fondly and truly; but her parents

suffered her not to listen to my words. Perchance they acted wisely, for mine has been a stormy course;" and he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!"

Marian saw that Cromwell's spirit was softened; and she resumed her pleadings for her husband; and she called on him, in remembrance of her mother, to be merciful.

"Thou hast touched a tender string," he said; "and for thy mother's sake, if I have any influence, thy husband shall depart harmless."

Marian sprang on her feet, and began pouring out her thanks.

"Nay!" said the general; "if the life and liberty of Herbert Lisle be granted, it will be on the sole condition that he leave England immediately, and make no further attempt to subvert the present government of these kingdoms."

"May God reward you for this!" said Marian; and she folded her cloak around her, and prepared to depart.

"Rest in peace," said Cromwell; "and when thine husband is set at liberty, ye shall hear from him. Take this with thee;" and he held out to her her mother's watch. "It has stirred sad thoughts within me, and the memory of thy mother, as I last saw her, comes over me as a pleasant dream." He looked on the picture, and sighed as he put it into her hands. "Farewell," he said; "all I can do for thee I will, and God's blessing be ever with thee!" He pressed her hand kindly. Marian's heart was full, and she could but weep her thanks, as the general touched a small silver bell, when the door was opened, and she passed forth from the presence of general Cromwell, with renewed hopes and a thankful spirit.

Not many days after this interview, Marian's nurse came to her, and informed her that Herbert Lisle, her beloved husband, was at liberty; that he had been with her, and desired her to tell Marian he was impatient to behold her once more, and to bid her farewell, as he had given his promise to the state to depart forthwith, and his steps were therefore watched by their emissaries. She added, that he would expect Marian at her cottage, at the close of that same evening.

It were needless to speak of Marian's gratitude, when she heard that Herbert was really at liberty—of the many affectionate messages to him with which she

charged her nurse—of the trembling impatience with which she awaited the appointed hour to behold him.

Evening came, at length, and the darkening clouds, and the moaning of the wind, seemed to portend a storm; but Marian heeded not these gloomy appearances. She had kept aloof in her chamber from the family all that day, under the plea of indisposition; and it was quite dusk, and all was still in the house, ere she ventured forth. With noiseless steps she passed down the garden at the back of the house, and unfastened the door at the extremity of it, which led into the fields, and hastened onwards, as she believed, unheard and unobserved. Once or twice, as Marian proceeded through the lane which led to the cottage of her nurse, she thought she heard a footstep behind her. She stopped, and listened intensely, but all was perfectly still, and she felt certain that she had been deceived—that the sound had been merely the rustling of the wind through the hedge.

In a few minutes she gained the cottage, and, hastily unfastening the latch, she entered. There was a light in the room, but Marian saw no one but her nurse. "Where is he?" she exclaimed. The old woman pointed to an inner apartment; but Herbert had heard the sound of her voice, and he rushed forth, and caught Marian in his arms.

"Beloved of my soul!" said the young cavalier, as he tenderly bent over his weeping wife; "what a debt of gratitude do I owe thee! Alas! must the joy with which I now enfold thee so soon pass away? And must I be banished from thy dear presence? Cruel, cruel fate!"

"Nay, dear Herbert!" replied Marian, "let us not embitter the few moments which remain to us by useless repinings; let us feel grateful that thy life is spared!"

"Banishment from thee is worse than death!" said Herbert.

"When thou art abroad, and in safety, I may find means to join thee," replied Marian. "Happy hours may yet be in store for us."

"Bless thee, dearest!" said her husband, as he passed his arm around her waist, and her head reclined on his shoulder.

They had thus stood for a few seconds beside the window, when Herbert quitted his position, and advanced towards the inner apartment, whither a sudden call

from the nurse invited him. Marian had taken but a single step to follow him, when the report of a pistol was heard, and Marian, with a deep groan, sunk on the cottage floor.

Herbert flew towards her: he raised her in his arms; but the ball had entered her side, and the blood flowed freely. Herbert bent over her in indescribable agony. Her face was deathly pale; but her eyes turned with fondness on her husband, as, with difficulty, she articulated—"This stroke was doubtless meant for thee. Oh, the bliss that thou art safe, and that I may die for thee! My poor father!" she murmured faintly, as her head dropped exhausted on his shoulder.

"Help!—instant aid, in the name of God!" wildly cried Herbert; and the nurse, scarcely less distracted, hastened to obtain assistance.

"Help is vain," said Marian; "I feel it here;" and she pressed her chilly hand on her side. The dews of death were on her forehead, but her arms were clasped firmly around her husband's neck.

"It is a bitter pang to leave thee!" sighed Marian; "but a few more years, and thou wilt be with me, free from sorrow and from suffering."

The last word was scarcely distinguishable. She sighed heavily: Herbert felt the arms which were around him relax in their grasp—her gentle soul had fled—it was only the lifeless corse of his beloved Marian which he pressed distractedly to his bosom, and gazed on in mute unutterable despair.

It was Philip Godfrey who had followed Marian on that fatal night. He had watched her into the cottage—he saw her in the arms of a young cavalier, though he distinguished not that it was Herbert Lisle; he witnessed their endearments, and, fraught with madness at the disgrace which he imagined had been thus brought upon his family, he drew forth his pistol and aimed it at Herbert. But Marian, his sister, was fated to be the unhappy sufferer from his deadly purpose. He stayed not to know the event; as, fearful of pursuit, he hastened immediately from the spot. Bitter was his repentance, when he had found that he had sacrificed his beloved sister; and when the true circumstances of the case were made known to him, he was unable to bear his reflections,

and sailed soon after for America, where he died at the close of a few years.

From the moment of Marian's death, Herbert Lisle was a melancholy man; and though Matthew Godfrey, softened and almost broken-hearted by the misfortune which had befallen his family, blessed and forgave him ere he left England, he moved no more in scenes of gaiety, for the light of his existence had passed away for ever; and, soon after the restoration of king Charles the Second, he died at his paternal mansion, in Kent, young in years, but willingly resigning the load of life which had pressed heavily upon him since the death of his ever fondly-remembered Marian.

ANECDOTE OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

King Charles the Second, when at Brussels, being desirous and resolved to see his sister, the princess of Orange, but withal under a necessity to make the journey with the utmost secrecy, did communicate his design to no person whatsoever. He ordered — Fleming, a servant of the earl of Wigton—who was in his service, and of whose fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt—secretly to provide a couple of good horses, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next ensuing night by his majesty appointed; that Fleming, with these horses, should remain alone, till he heard from the king. At the time appointed, the king—(having gone to bed, and afterwards dressed himself, and privately gone out at a back-door, and leaving only a letter to some one of his servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from thence for a few days, and with directions to keep his absence as secret as possible, under pretence of being indisposed)—came to the place, where he found Fleming with the horses, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his design to see his sister at the Hague; and, not regarding the hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with this slender equipage and attendance, travelling through the most secret by-ways, and contriving it so that he came to the Hague by six in the morning, and alighted at a scrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him, under the disguise he was then in. He immediately sent

Fleming to acquaint his sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of having access to her, so as not to be known. Fleming having dispatched his commission in a very short time, (in less than an hour), was no sooner returned to the king—whom he found in the room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone—than an unknown person came and asked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his house that morning. The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The stranger desired him to tell them that he wanted to speak with them; which he having done, the king was much surprised, but withal inclined to see the person. Fleming opposed it; but the king being positive, the person was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard and ordinary grey clothes, who looking and speaking to the king, told him he was the person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The king, believing it might be, perhaps, a return from his sister, or being curious to know the result of such an adventure, desired Fleming to withdraw, which he refused, till the king, taking him aside, told him there could be no hazard from such an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire. They were no sooner alone, than the stranger bolted the door, (which brought the king to think on what might or would happen), and at the same time falling down on his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial mask, and discovered himself to be Mr. Downing, (afterwards well known by the name of sir George, and ambassador from the king to the states after his restoration,) then envoy or ambassador from Cromwell to the states; being the son of one Downing, an independent minister, who attended some of the parliament-men who were once sent to Scotland to treat with the Scots to join against the king, and who was a very active and virulent enemy to the royal family, as appears from lord Clarendon's history. The king, you may easily imagine, was not a little surprised at the discovery, but Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following manner:— That he hoped his majesty would pardon him for any share he had acted, during

the rebellion against his royal interest ; and assured him, that though he was just now in the service of the usurper, he wished his majesty as well as any of his subjects, and would, when an occasion offered, venture all for his service ; and was hopeful what he was about to say, would convince his majesty of his sincerity. But before he mentioned the cause of his coming to him, he must insist that his majesty would solemnly promise him not to mention what had happened, either to Fleming or any other person whatsoever, till it pleased God to restore his majesty to his crown, when he said he should not desire it to be concealed ; though, even then, he must likewise have his majesty's promise not to ask him, or expect he should discover, how or when he came to know of his being there. The king having solemnly protested, and engaged on the terms required, Downing proceeded and told him, that his master, the usurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the states so dependent and obsequious to him, that they refused nothing he desired, had, with the greatest secrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief, and indeed main end of the negotiation was, that the states stood engaged to seize and deliver up to the usurper the person of his majesty, if so be at any time he should happen, by chance or design, to come within their territories, when required thereto by any in his name ; and that this treaty, having been signed by the states, was sent to London, from whence it had returned but yesterday morning, and totally finished yesterday night, betwixt him and a secret committee of the states. He represented his master's intelligence to be so good, that a discovery would be made, even to himself (Downing), of his majesty's being there ; and if he neglected to apply to have him seized, his master would resent it to the highest, which would infallibly cost him his head, and deprive his majesty of a faithful servant. And being desirous to prevent the miserable consequences of what would follow, if his being here were discovered, he resolved to communicate the danger he was in ; and, for fear of a discovery, he had disguised himself, being resolved to trust no person with the secret. He then proposed that his majesty would imme-

diately mount his horse, and make all the dispatch imaginable out of the states territories ; that he himself would return home, and under pretence of sickness lie longer a-bed than usual ; and that, when he thought his majesty was so far off as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the states, and acquaint them, that he understood his majesty was in town, and require his being seized on the terms of the late treaty ; that he knew they would comply, and send to the place directed ; but on finding his majesty was gone off so far as to be safe, he would propose to make no further noise about it, lest it should discover the treaty, and prevent his majesty's falling afterwards into their hands. The king immediately followed his advice, and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened as he proposed and foretold. The king having thus escaped this most imminent danger, most religiously performed what he had promised, never mentioning any part of this history till after his restoration, and not then desiring to know how Downing's intelligence came, (which he never discovered), though he (the king) often said it was a mystery. For no person knew of his design till he was on horseback, and that he could not think Fleming went and discovered him to Downing ; besides, he so soon returned from his sister that he could not have had time ; Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

Some years after this occurrence, when the restoration had taken place, the king being in company with the earl of Cromartie, the duke of Rothes, and several other Scotch noblemen, enjoying their wine, they all complained of an impertinent speech Downing had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scotch nation ; which they thought his majesty should resent, so as to discard him from court, and withdraw his favours from him. The king replied, he did not approve of what he had said, and would reprove him for it ; but to go farther he could not well do, because of an important service he had rendered him during his exile, the circumstances of which he repeated in the terms above narrated : the king's detail made such an impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had passed, and Rothes asked liberty to drink his health in a bumper.



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THE ROSICRUCIAN.

“AND, after all,” said Lubeck Schieffel, soliloquising aloud, “what do I know? It is true I have obtained the first honours of the university—have learned all the professors can teach, and am considered the ablest scholar in Gottingen: still, how little do I know, and how unsatisfactory that knowledge is!” “Aye, what do you know?” said a voice so near that it made him start. “I know,” said Lubeck, “that you are some idle fool, to be prating here at this time of night,” for he felt ashamed and angry his soliloquy had been overheard: but both shame and anger gave way to surprise, when, upon turning suddenly round to discover the speaker, he was not able to perceive any one, though the moon shone brightly, and for a considerable distance around was a level plain, without a single tree or other object which could have afforded concealment.

The astonishment of Lubeck was beyond description: he tried to persuade himself that it was some trick, but the nearness of the voice, and the nature of the place, forbade such a conclusion. Fear now

urged him to hasten from the spot; being resolved, however, that if it were a trick of a fellow-student, he should have no advantage, he exclaimed, in as jocular a tone as he could command—“Tush, I know you, and wish you better success the next time you attempt the incognito.” He then made the best of his way to the high road; and, musing upon this curious and unaccountable circumstance, returned to his apartments.

Next morning, Lubeck went to the site of the preceding night's adventure, with the intention of ascertaining the manner in which this curious trick had been performed, (for with returning daylight he felt reassured that it *was* such;) but his dismay was very considerable when he arrived at the spot—for, owing to the nature of the ground, he was at once compelled to decide, that it could not be a trick performed by *human actors*.

How unsteady is the balance of the human mind! The manner in which the strongest understandings are sometimes swayed by the most minute circumstances is perfectly unaccountable; and the smallest foundation, like the stem of a tree, often

carries a wide-spreading superstructure. The wild stories of his romantic countrymen were, for a time, eagerly perused by Lubeck; and the mind, which had before delighted in them as entertaining compositions, lent them that deep attention which admitted the possibility of their reality.

Expecting that the invisible person (for such he was now persuaded existed) would again address him, Lubeck went night after night to the same spot, but in vain! till at length, as the event became more remote, the impressions of that night became more faint; at last, he felt convinced that the whole must have been the result of his own imagination, and was quietly pursuing his studies, when one morning a stranger was ushered into his apartment.

"I believe," said the stranger, "I am addressing Lubeck Schieffel, who gained, with so much honour, the last prize of this university?"

Lubeck bowed assent.

"You may probably feel surprised," continued he, "that a perfect stranger should obtrude himself upon you; but I concluded that a person who had already obtained so much information, would naturally be desirous of embracing any means of increasing it, and I believe it is in my power to point out to you a way by which that increase may be obtained."

"I certainly feel an ardent thirst for knowledge," said Lubeck; "as yet, I cannot but agree with him who said, 'all I know is, that I know nothing.' I have read the books pointed out by the professors, and all that I have read only confirms the justness of this conclusion."

"And rightly," said the stranger; "for of what use are the *majority* of the ancient writings, but as they furnish excellent rules of morality, and specimens of elegant or amusing compositions! We may admire the descriptions of Tacitus, the simple style of Livy—be dazzled by the splendid imagery of Homer, or melted by the tender traits of Tibullus or Euripides; we may laugh with Anacreon, or enjoy the still beauties of nature with Theocritus; we have love in Sappho, satire in Juvenal, and man in Horace; we—"

"Stay, stay," said Lubeck. "Swell the list no farther: from all these books some knowledge I have drained, but am still not satisfied. I still thirst—still pant for knowledge; and am sick to the soul

of knowing no more than the rest of the world. I would—"

"If you look to gain," said the stranger, interrupting him, "for such universal knowledge from books, you must be disappointed. It would consume nearly a life to read all that has been written upon any one science, which, when known, is but one step forward, and while we are striving to reach wisdom, death overtakes us. Besides, you learn nothing *new* from books, for invention must *precede* science, and clear a path for her, while the compilers of books but follow at a distance, and record her steps. Still you need not despair, for though thousands in vain strive to open the portals to that knowledge—which is closed by a bar which no force can remove—still, to some it may be given to find a hidden spring, which, touched—"

"And you have found this spring?" said Lubeck, sarcastically.

"It has been found!" said the stranger; "it has been touched! The hitherto sealed portals have been opened, and the hidden knowledge—full, complete—is revealed, but only to few, and even to those conditionally."

"You speak allegorically," said Lubeck, "what mean you?"

"You must be aware," said the stranger, "that he who wishes to excel in any one science, gives it his undivided attention; is it not rational then to suppose, that something *extraordinary* must be exacted of him who wishes to excel in *all*?"

"Full—complete attention," said Lubeck; "and intense and unwearied application."

"If undivided attention, or intense and unwearied application would have availed," said the stranger, "would you now have been seeking it? Attend. Suppose a fraternity had existed for many centuries, living in a place rendered *invisible* to all the world but themselves, by an extraordinary secret, who are acquainted with every science, some of which they have improved to the highest degree of perfection, and who possess a multitude of valuable and almost incredible secrets. Possessed of the art of prolonging life very much, indeed, beyond its usual limits, and having so great a knowledge of medicine that no malady can withstand them, they laugh at the diseases which you consider mortal. They possess a key to the Jewish

Cabbala—they have copies of the Sybilline books. But, alas! how many discoveries which they have made, and have divulged, with the intention of benefiting mankind generally, have proved, in the event, a heavy curse to part!"

Lubeck began to feel a strong conviction that he was listening to either the dreams of some wild enthusiast, or the reveries of a madman; but, though the ideas of the stranger were so wild, neither his look, tone, nor manner, seemed to warrant such a conclusion; he, therefore, was greatly embarrassed how to proceed. At length he observed:—"For what purpose, may I ask, do you endeavour to amuse me, with relating what to me seems simply impossible?"

"Impossible!" repeated the stranger; "impossible! thus it ever is with mankind. Whatever escapes their investigation—whatever they cannot readily comprehend or explain, they pronounce to have no existence, or to be utterly inexplicable. Consider how many things, which to you appear possible, to one of less information would appear what you pronounce this to be; and thus was Galileo imprisoned, and forced to deny truths which were not comprehended. You admitted to me, a short time past, that all *your* knowledge amounted to nothing. Still, the moment I tell you of what you cannot *comprehend*, you at once pronounce it to be impossible. Listen!" continued the stranger, and immediately the same remarkable voice, which Lubeck had before heard, exclaimed, "Ave! what do you know?"

The tenor of the stranger's conversation had not recalled to Lubeck Schieffel the events of that memorable night, but now it rushed upon him in an instant, and before him he conceived was the supernatural being who had haunted his steps.

"This extraordinary society, of which I was telling you," continued the stranger, "received its name from Christian Rosencrucx, who was born in Germany, in the year 1359. He was educated in a monastery, and excelled in most ancient and modern languages. A powerful desire urged him to seek a more extensive range of information than could be obtained within the precincts of a cloister, and he determined to travel. The religious feelings, common about the close of the fourteenth century, led him to visit the holy land. Having seen the holy sepul-

chre, he proceeded to Damascus, where he was in great danger of losing his life. This circumstance, however, was the cause of all his fame and greatness; for he learned from the eastern physicians, or (as they are sometimes called) philosophers, who undertook and completed his cure, the existence of many extraordinary secrets, by which his curiosity was so highly excited, that he spent much time travelling over most of the eastern parts, till he became master of those most wonderful secrets, which had been preserved by tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Brahmins, Gymnosophists, and the Magi. Upon the return of Rosencrucx into his own country, he collected together several men of similar pursuits with himself, and to them he communicated those secrets, the fruits of his labours and discoveries. This was the origin of the *Rosicrucians*, or, *Brothers of the Rosy Cross*: they were likewise called *Immortales*, because of their long life; *Illuminati*, on account of their knowing all things; *Invisible Brothers*, because they appeared not. Its existence was concealed till about the year 1600, when, by some unaccountable means, it became known. Some time after, two books were published, which, it was pretended, were the productions of members of this society. The one was entitled, '*Fama fraternitatis laudabilis ordinis Rosæcruis*,'—the Report of the Laudable Order of the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross; the other, '*Confessio Fraternitatis*'—the Confession of the Fraternity. These books gave a pretended account of the society and its views. That these books were the production of those they were pretended to be, was openly denied in 1620 by Michael Bede, who publicly declared that he knew the whole to have been fabricated by some ingenious persons. A great number of persons falsely pretended to belong to this society, especially Robert Hudd, an English physician—Michael Mayer, and above all, in the year 1600, Jacob Behmen, (often called the Teutonic philosopher;) but he was a mere enthusiast. It was believed that Rosencrucx died in the year 1448: but, in truth, so famous a man could not disappear from the world, (as he was bound to do by the rules of the society,) without the greatest curiosity existing to ascertain the particulars. It was therefore pretended that

he died, although he lived in the society for above two hundred years after that feigned event."

"Two hundred years!" said Lubeck, in astonishment.

"The way of prolonging life is, as I told you, one of our great secrets, which can only be communicated to the initiated; but thus far I may tell you—its duration depends on the influence of the stars."

"Do all men's lives depend on them?" asked Lubeck. "I have often heard that the planets have influenced the actions of men—which to me seemed strange; but how can they affect the existence of you, and you only?"

"I wonder not at your question; but I may tell no more, for an attempt to divulge certain secrets would cost my life."

The stranger continued: "The renowned Paracelsus was also one of our fraternity, and it was to him that we are indebted for the elixir of life. He was reported to have died, also, in the year 1541, but he survived above a century. The members of our society or fraternity bind themselves by a solemn oath to keep our secrets inviolable; the nature of this oath is so extraordinary, that even a mere attempt to violate it, is prevented by death. Suppose this fraternity to consist of a stated number of persons, one of whom occasionally retired—if you had an offer to become one of them, would you accede to it?"

"But do I not recollect," said Lubeck, "you said something extraordinary would be required?"

"We have conditions," said the stranger, "but by you they are easily to be fulfilled. You must be free from crime—you must separate yourself from the world, and all that is in it—parents, relations, friends—and take a vow of celibacy!"

The look of eager hope and delight with which Lubeck had, till now, listened to the latter words of the stranger, changed at once to disappointment and sorrow. His expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch of excitement, were now dashed to the ground at once.

"It cannot be! it cannot be!" he hastily exclaimed; "never, never, can I consent to abandon Hela! I am engaged to be married—nay, the day is fixed."

"Can you be so infatuated as to reject my offer?"

The lover, in his imagination, has no comparison to her he loves; her form

exists—perfect, supreme, and all absorbing—in his mind. No tasteful imagery, no descriptive words, could give the feelings as they there exist; to him the plainest language speaks the best, for his own mind then adds the most to that which gives the least. Lubeck briefly replied, "You never saw her!"

"Consider, I pray you," resumed the stranger, "that, in fifty or sixty years, your earthly career will be run—and in how much less time will beauty have passed away! that beauty, at whose altar you are now about to sacrifice continued youth, health, and a surpassing knowledge."

"But," added Lubeck, "even when her beauty shall have faded, her mind will still remain."

"Still!" said the stranger—"still! what mean you?—some fifty or sixty years! And can you balance these few years with centuries of that enjoyment which you so late desired? Believe me, if your marriage be happy, joy will make you grieve for the brevity of life; but if, as it too often happens, you find the temple of Hymen borders too closely upon the burying-place of love, then sorrow will cause you to be weary of its length."

The stranger here paused a few moments, and then continued:—"It is said, mankind petitioned Jupiter, that Hymen and Love should be worshipped together in the same temple; for, in consequence of their dwelling apart, many an offering had been given to Love which should have been dedicated to Hymen; and that Hymen had many a vow which ought first to have been offered to Love. To this reasonable request the god promised compliance, and Hymen and Love descended to earth to erect a temple for that purpose. For some time, the two gods were undecided as to where the structure should be placed, till at length they fixed upon a spot in the domains of youth, and there they began erecting it. But, alas! it was not yet completed, when age came and usurped the place, turned their temple to a ruin, and used them so harshly, that they fled. From thence they roamed about, Hymen disliking one place, and Love another; here, parents consented, and children refused; there, children solicited, and parents forbade; and the world was continually throwing obstacles in their way. Poor Love, who was a wavering and tender child, felt the effects of this,

and was already thinking of returning, when they fortunately lit upon a spot which they thought would suit them. It was situated about midway up a hill; the prospect was neither extensive nor confined; one half was in the domain of wealth, while the other stood on the precincts of poverty; before them was content; pleasure resided in a splendid palace on one side, and industry in a cot on the other; ambition was above them, and vice below. Here, then, they erected their temple. But Love, who had been wearied with the length of the road, and fatigued with the hardships of the journey, in less than a month afterwards, fell sick and died. He was buried within the temple; and Hymen, who has ever since lamented him, dug with his own hands his grave, and on the monument erected to the memory of the little god, whose effigy was carved in marble, he laid his own torch. And there, before the torch of Hymen, and on the tomb of 'lost Love,' many a vow was offered up, and many plighted hearts have wept to find the temple of Hymen the burying place of Love. Alas! your happiness is like polished steel, rusted by a breath; nor can you hope to quaff the full cup of pleasure, and find no dregs."

"Life may be like an ocean of troubled water," said Lubeck; "but there is a pearl for which we venture on its bosom. In vain, in vain, you endeavour to change my determination. No—love is all of life worth living for. If I were to enter your fraternity, shall I quaff the waters of Lethe? No! Remember, then, our memory is like a picture-gallery of past days; and would there not be one picture which would haunt me for ever? and should I not curse the hour in which I bartered happiness for knowledge? Do you not think —"

"It is vain," said the stranger, interrupting him, "it is vain to argue with you now; a heart boiling, as your's does, with violent emotions, must send intoxicating fumes to the head. I give you a month to consider—I will then see you again; time may change your present resolutions. I should regret that an unstable, evanescent passion, like love, should part us; however, should your mind change in the meantime, remember where I was first heard. Till then, adieu!"

"Till then," said Lubeck, "will never

be; but, before we part, pardon an injustice which I did you in my own thoughts. The extraordinary nature of your conversation led me at first to conceive that I was listening to the reveries of a madman. Farewell! you cannot give me happiness like that you would deprive me of."

The stranger smiled, and, bowing, left the apartment.

The time was rapidly approaching which had been fixed for Lubeck Schieffel's marriage with Hela, when, on the morning following his conversation with the stranger, he received the intelligence that she was attacked by a violent illness. The most celebrated physicians of the place were summoned to attend her; but the symptoms, which from the first had been serious, resisted their utmost efforts, and now became alarming. Day after day passed on, and the disorder still increased, and it appeared that a few days, at farthest, and she would no longer exist, for whom Lubeck had so lately given up length of life and surpassing knowledge.

The crisis arrived, and the dictum of the physicians destroyed that hope to which the lover till then had clung.

Lubeck, nearly distracted, was gazing intently on that fair and faded form which lay before him, and marked the hectic red slowly give place to that pale wan hue, the sure foreteller of the approach of death. On one side the bed of his dying child, sat the aged father of Hela; he was silent—for he was hopeless: on the other side stood the physician, who, to the frequently uplifted and enquiring eye of the old man, shook his head expressive of no hope.

"Will nothing save her?" whispered Lubeck, his tremulous voice broken by sobs.

"Nothing, save a miracle!" was the reply.

"Nay, then it must be," said Lubeck, and rushed out of the room.

A week only had elapsed, and we find Hela restored in a most unaccountable manner, to health and beauty, by an unknown medicine, procured by Lubeck from an unknown source, which no inquiry could induce him to divulge. Week passed after week, and nothing had been said by Lubeck relating to the approaching marriage; he was oppressed by a deep melancholy, which every attention of Hela seemed but to increase.

They were taking one of their accustomed rambles; it was one of those beautiful evenings, which are frequent towards the latter end of autumn; the sun was just sinking behind the dark blue mountains, and the sky seemed one continued sheet of burnished gold. The bright leaves of the trees, the surrounding rocks, and the distant hills, were gilded by the same heavenly alchymy. This gradually changed to a deep red, glowing like the ruby, mingling beautifully with the brown and yellow tints which autumn had spread over the scene. Not a sound was heard, save, at measured intervals, the long drawn melancholy note of some distant unseen bird, and, but for this, they two might have seemed the sole inhabitants of a silent world; 'midst nature's beauties the most beautiful, the bright setting sun seemed to have lent its lustre to their eye, its colour to their cheeks, and to delay his setting, as if unwilling to quit a scene so lovely. Slowly he set, and as slowly, and almost imperceptibly, the glowing red changed to the soft pale twilight, and the moon, then in her full, gradually ascended, mistress of the scene; and then the stars peeped forward, one by one, as if fearful of the light; at length another, and another came, till the whole face of heaven was filled with brightness.

It was Hela's voice, that, almost in a whisper, broke on the silence around. "It will be fine to-morrow—it always is after such a sun-set as this."

"I think it will—and I hope it may," said Lubeck, "if you would have it so! but why to-morrow?"

"Oh, to-morrow was to have been our—wedding-day."

There are remembrances we would fain suppress; thoughts, which, recalled, weigh heavy on the heart; ideas, which we have struggled to keep down, on which to dwell were far too great a pain, and these the mind, when wearied, had forgotten. And yet—one word, one little word, shall recall every thought, bring in an instant each remembrance forth, and waken memory though it slept for years.

"Hela!" exclaimed Lubeck, dreadfully agitated,—“that day can never be!”

"What! Lubeck?" she replied, doubting that she heard correctly.

"Hela," continued he, "when you lay upon your bed of sickness; when mortal aid seemed unavailing—your life des-

paired of—remember it was then I brought the medicine which so unaccountably restored you;—driven to desperation by your impending fate,—I sought relief from beings who had the power to give it—even then,—from them obtained that medicine, but it was purchased by my happiness,—I took a vow which parted us for ever!"

"Dreadful," said Hela, "What—?"

"I cannot tell you more," he hurriedly exclaimed. "In your absence, I have often resolved to tell you this, but never before could I mention it when we were together. I feared it would break your heart—I felt it was breaking mine. I could not bear to think of it—I would have forgotten all—but that I saved you. Alas! I could not hide it from myself, and it was cruel to have hidden it longer from you. Hela, I could not bear to hear that day named, and not to tell you that day can never be!"

"What mystery! Lubeck——speak plainly—let me know all!"

"Listen," he continued, "since I must tell you. You have heard of the Rosicrucians, and believed, perhaps, that they existed only in the imagination of the superstitious and foolish; too truly I can prove the truth of what you have heard. Vast, indeed, their knowledge; vast, indeed, their power; to them may be given to penetrate the secrets of nature—to them a being co-existent with a world; but to me they possessed that, which was more valued than their power, than knowledge, or than life itself—it was that medicine that saved you! To obtain it, I was compelled to take that fearful oath which separated us for ever—an oath of celibacy.—*I am a Rosicrucian!*"

Long—long was Hela silent; the dread with which this avowal had at first filled her mind, was slowly giving way to what was to her more terrible, a doubt of its truth; her tearful eye marked the long painful hesitation between rooted affection, and disdain of his supposed perfidy.

"Farewell;" she at length exclaimed. "Had you loved me with half the devoted fervour that I loved, you sooner would have died than have given me up; but, let it be. Farewell! Time will soon take my remembrance from your heart—if ever love existed there for me; go, seek some other favourite—and in your *length of years*, quit *her* as easily as you part

from me ; boast to her of the foolish fondness of an innocent heart, and tell the simple tale of *one* who could not live to prove your story *false!*"

"*False! Hela—false!*" exclaimed Lubeck, driven to desperation by her reproach, "you never more shall doubt me! I had thought that when I gave up all my happiness, dooming myself to a long life of misery (for life without you is misery,)—I had thought, that she, for whom this sacrifice was made, would, at least, have been grateful, and have praised my motives: this was my only hope; but now, when I have told the oath that gave her to life, and me to misery, she thinks me false. The only consolation I expected was her thanks, and these I have not—No, Hela, no, you never more shall doubt me! I cannot spare you this, my last resource, to prove how true is the heart you have doubted—"

"Hela, look on the beautiful heavens; how often have I gazed with deepest reverence on its varied lights, but never with that intensity of feeling that I do now; for I feel that I partake a being with them. There is a star this night sheds its last ray—a world shall cease to exist—a life must perish with it. See yon small cloud, that comes slowly over the face of heaven; and mark,—it wings its light way to that pale star! Now, Hela, now, you never more shall doubt me!—on that star depends my —"

She turned—and lifeless at her feet lies what was once her lover: silent awhile she stood, as if she doubted what she saw was real; then her clasped hands convulsive pressed her head; and in her heart she felt ages of anguish in one moment's woe.

Hark! what is it that troubled echo so repeats; that wakes the fox, and startles all around?—the wolf bays fearfully; the startled owl screams harshly as she takes her hurried flight.

It was a shriek, a long and fearful shriek—and oh! the tale it tells is of *despair*—that every joy is fled, that hope is vanished, and a heart is broken!

Silent is echo now; the angry wolf is heard no more; the startled owl has rested from her flight and terror, and stillness once again commands the scene.

The moon has climbed her highest, and sinking, follows darkness to the west; a little while, and then—full in the east

appears the pale small arch of light, that darkens, and then brighter comes again; and then the long faint rays of the approaching sun, and last himself, in all his brightness comes, like a conqueror, and deposes night.

The birds are chirping gladly on the trees; and gently on the ear comes, by degrees, the distant hum of an awaking world. But there is a silence man can never break, there is a darkness suns can never light—there is a sleep that morn shall never awaken—and such is *death's* and *Hela's*.

THE WOODEN SWORD.

There were two brothers in one regiment—the one a serjeant, the other a private—and both given very much to liquor. The serjeant happened in his cups, one night, to fall over his sword, by its getting between his legs, and had snapped the blade in half; to remedy which, and until he could conveniently get another put into the hilt, he had substituted a wooden one, which, when placed in the scabbard, could not be discovered; but, on his punishing a private for some offence, who was one of the very few that knew of the circumstance, he, in revenge, told his commanding officer of it, who strictly enjoined the soldier to secrecy, thinking to have a laugh at the serjeant's expense: he, therefore, told all the officers at the mess-house of the joke, and promised them a treat. At the evening parade, he called the serjeant.

"Where's your brother, sir?" "In the black hole, your honour," answered the serjeant. "Take a file of men, and fetch him here." He brings him forward. The commander proceeds. "You are such an infamous drunken scoundrel, and you have degraded the regiment for so many years, that I am determined, as no other punishment will reform you, to make you an example, by having your head taken off in front of the battalion; therefore, kneel: and do you, serjeant, draw your sword, and cut it off." The criminal pleaded, but in vain. The serjeant then begged of his honour, that if his brother must die, not to let him be the executioner. "If you do not instantly obey, I'll strike off your head," rejoins the officer. The serjeant fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Pray, heaven, hear my prayers! and before I

should be the slaughterer of my brother, may the blade of my sword turn into wood. My prayers are heard," cried he, and drew it out, and turned the laugh against those who came to laugh at him. The brothers were both pardoned.

PERSIAN HEROISM.

Twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the walls of Shiraz. The perpetrators of this atrocious act could not for a long period be discovered; but Kerreem Khan Kend, deeming this occurrence so deeply injurious to that impression of security and justice which it was the labour of his life to establish, commanded the officers of justice to persevere in their search till the offenders were detected—threatening them and others, who had heard the cries of the murdered men, with vengeance, unless they effected a discovery, which he considered essential to his own reputation. After some months had elapsed, it was discovered by accident that a small branch of Kerreem Khan's own tribe of Zend, at that time encamped near Shiraz, were the murderers. Their guilt was clearly proved, and all who had been actually engaged in the murder were sentenced to death. Powerful intercession was made that some at least should be pardoned; but Kerreem Khan, the prince, had vowed that every man should suffer, and they being of his own favoured tribe made him more inexorable. They had, he said, brought disgrace upon him as their sovereign and as their chief, and could not be forgiven. When the prisoners were brought before him to receive sentence, there was amongst them a youth of twenty years of age, whose appearance interested every spectator; but their anxiety was increased to pain when they saw the father of this young man rush forward and demand, before they proceeded to the execution, to speak to the prince. Permission was granted, and he addressed him as follows:—"Kerreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men shall die, and it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon of my chief. My son is young—he has been deluded into crime: his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life: he is just betrothed in marriage: I come to die in his stead: be merciful! let an old worn out man perish, and spare a youth, who may long be

useful to his tribe; let him live to drink of the waters and till the ground of his ancestors." Kerreem Khan is stated to have been greatly moved by the old man's appeal: he could not pardon the offence, having sworn on the Koran that all concerned should be put to death; and, with feelings very different from our ideas of justice, but congenial to those of the chief of his tribe, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went accordingly to meet his fate. While all around were filled with pity, his son, wild and distracted with grief, was loud in imploring the prince to reverse his decree—to inflict on him that death which he merited, and to save the more valuable life of his aged, devoted, and innocent parent.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

When the English fleet was bearing down to attack the enemy, off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all the crew were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling beside his gun; so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor, exciting his surprise and curiosity, he asked the man if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the tar, with a look of disdain; "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot might be shared like the prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

GENEROSITY.

At the taking of the town of Oia, by the Portuguese, in 1508, an officer named Sylveiro, perceiving a good-looking negro, who stole away by a path with a young woman of uncommon beauty, ran towards them, in order to stop them. The negro seemed little concerned for himself; but, after having faced about in his own defence, he made a sign to his mate to betake herself to flight, whilst he was going to fight. She, on the contrary, obstinately insisted on remaining near him, assuring him that she preferred rather to die, or be taken prisoner, than to fly by herself. Sylveiro, moved at this sight, gave them liberty to retire, saying to those he was followed by—"God forbid my sword should cut off such tender ties."

Honour, like the shadow, follows those that flee from it, but flees from those that pursue it.



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BASILIA:

A TALE OF MODERN ATHENS.

On the decease of Mahomet III. in the year 1604, the sceptre of the east descended to his son and successor, Achmet III., surnamed "the Voluptuous," the fourteenth sultan from Othman, the founder of the Turkish dynasty, and the seventh who had ascended the throne from the conqueror of Constantinople. Unlike the representative of that warlike race who had led the tribe of Seljuk from the wilds of Asia Minor to the fairest garden of Europe, this prince sought rather to enjoy, in inglorious ease, the dominions won by the valour of his ancestors, than to add fresh conquests to the inheritance of his successor. On his investiture with the imperial sword, his first negotiation was a truce of twenty years' continuance with the monarchs of Christendom, which was followed with a rapid suppression of hostilities on his Asiatic frontier. During his long and peaceful reign, the camp and the field were deserted for the harem and the serai, and the hours set apart by his

fathers to war, and to empire, were consumed by him in luxury and retirement.

Throughout his domains, the manly pursuits of the Ottomans were exchanged for the soft delights of peace; the hardy spear was replaced by the light djereed; the flashing scimitar was abandoned for the amber chibouque, and those energies once devoted to conquest in "an empire's strife," were now solely bent on superiority in the games of the Atmeidan. The halls of the seraglio resounded no longer with the clank of the warrior's mail, but gently echoed back the dulcet notes of the voluptuous lute; the arsenals and magazines of Stamboul stood idle and unimproved, whilst the countless hoards of former sultans were lavished upon gay pavilions and glittering kiosks, in the gardens of Achmet on the banks of the Bosphorus. His harem was crowded with the fairest daughters of the east, and each revolving month saw a fresh succession of beauties arrive at the palace of the luxurious monarch. Throughout the divisions of his empire, power was no longer to be purchased with money, nor

place to be maintained, unless its possessor would furnish to the seraglio the loveliest females that the respective provinces could produce. The aim of every Sangiac, therefore, and of every Bey, was bent on the discovery of the brightest charms in his dominions; and these were in turn secured and seized on, to be transported to the harem of the abandoned prince. The privacy of domestic life was on all occasions outraged by the minions of provincial despots; the rights and properties of individuals were no longer held sacred throughout the empire; and from the throne to the cottage all was abandonment and exaction, oppression and misery.

During the epoch of debasement, one of the most distinguished citizens of Athens was Theodore Palæologus, a descendant of Thomas, the brother of the "last Constantine," who, on the conquest of the Morea by Mahomet II. had fled from thence to Corfu, and finally settled in one of the states of Italy. It was upwards of a century afterwards that Theodore had fixed his residence in Greece, and preferred a dwelling in the land of his fathers, degraded as it was, to an inheritance, however splendid, amidst strangers. Here, by sedulous industry in the cultivation of his olive groves and vineyards, he had succeeded in accumulating considerable wealth, and by the upright dignity of his demeanour had raised himself to distinction among his fellow-citizens. He had been appointed one of the "Vecchiados," or council of the people, and his person and authority were alike revered by the Athenians.

His growing influence, however, soon raised against him the suspicious jealousy of the Turkish authorities, whilst his wealth was of itself a sufficient bait to induce them to attempt his overthrow. Already in the reign of Mahomet III. he had been stripped of his landed possessions by the local government, and was forced to pay to his oppressors an annual sum for permission to till the very vineyard, which years before he had purchased from their predecessors. His house, too, near the base of the Acropolis, had lately been seized by the officers of the Waywode; and Theodore, aware of the inefficacy of remonstrance, was obliged to retire with his wife and daughter to a wretched cottage beyond the walls, on the banks of the Ilyssus. Basilia, his

only child, was now entering on her sixteenth year, and possessed in an eminent degree all those charms for which her countrywomen have been, in all ages, so celebrated. Her figure was slight, but cast in the purest mould of elegance: her glossy raven hair would almost sweep the ground, when it hung in unbraided clusters around her; and her dark luxuriant eye combined at once the sparkle of the lynx and the languishing gentleness of the fawn. If her figure possessed one fault, it was that of too much delicacy, and an air of weakness and relaxation, arising from her close confinement to her own apartments, in order to secure her from the prying eyes and ceaseless insults of the Turkish tyrants around her. Her mind, too, was of no ordinary cast, and in the downfall of his fortunes, its cultivation had been the almost exclusive occupation of her father. From him she inherited an unmeasured detestation of her Ottoman lords, and from hour to hour her resentment was kept alive by tales of new acts of cruelty, and fresh indignities, heaped upon her unoffending countrymen. From the endurance of these, Theodore flattered himself that he had escaped for ever—it only remained for him to behold and to deplore them: the last visitation of tyranny had torn from him the remnant of his wealth; avarice had nothing more to grasp at, and the decaying energies of a poor old man were, he thought, too powerless to attract the attention or draw down the vengeance of despotism. It was now but seldom that he entered the gates of Athens; his time was solely spent in the seclusion of his comfortless dwelling, and his attention devoted to his wife and his beloved daughter. With them, it was his determination, in a short time, to bid farewell for ever to the devoted city. He had still living one brother, who was resident at Rome, and supported by the munificence of the Vatican, to whom he was resolved on returning, as soon as his affairs in Attica could be so arranged as to admit of his departing for Italy; and in the meantime he was sedulously employed in the disposal of his remaining interests at Athens. It was now spring, and he hoped by the end of autumn to have succeeded in completing his preparations, and, before the close of winter, to be settled for life in the vicinity of Rome.

Month after month rolled rapidly away.

Summer, with its flowers, had faded into the sere and yellow leaf; and at length, towards the opening of September, the desolate household began to make ready for their departure. Ere he bade adieu for ever to the hamts and home of his youth, Theodore prepared to pay a final visit to those scenes which had been so long familiar to his eye, and take a last farewell of the fields and the ruins of Athens. The Turkish festival of the Ramadan had just commenced, and all the Ottoman inhabitants of the fallen city were occupied with their devotions, or confined to their own homes, awaiting with prayer and fasting the arrival of sunset, ere which the injunction of the prophet forbids them to taste of meat. The streets were all silent and untrodden, when Theodore, accompanied by his wife and daughter, closely veiled, took their last walk through the melancholy passages of the mouldering city. They had strayed round the foot of the Acropolis to the columns of Jupiter Olympius; and thence, returning by the Arch of Adrian, had visited the monument of Lysicrates and the Temple of the Winds. They passed out at the Piræan gate, and turning up the hill towards the Theseium, seated themselves on the steps of the temple to contemplate in mournful silence the frowning cliff of the Acropolis, and the gigantic Parthenon on its summit. Evening at length closed in around them, and the sun was fast declining towards the hills of Argolis, when Theodore, awaking from his reverie, warned them to return ere the Turks should be hurrying out to the plains to enjoy the cool sports of the evening, in compensation for the morning's privations. They were descending the path, and taking the direction of the Ilyssus, when an officer of the Waywode, mounted on his prancing Arab, and followed by a crowd of attendants, rode furiously towards them. Basilia drew hastily her veil across her features, but not before the Disdar had obtained a full view of her beauty, and reined up his impatient steed to admire her. Theodore hurried past after a slight salutation, and the Disdar, again touching his steed with his pointed stirrup, dashed on impetuously towards the gates of the city. In a few minutes more, Palæologus was seated on his own divan; his coffee was presented by the hands of his daughter, and long ere they retired to rest, the incident of the Disdar and his attendants was forgotten.

It was nearly a month afterwards, when the fast of the Ramadan was concluded, and the Beiram feast began, that one morning, before Theodore had left his house to pay his accustomed visit to his olive-grove on the road to the Piræus, he was surprised to see the Waywode and his suite approaching his cottage, at a quick pace, by the bridge across the Ilyssus. Basilia and her mother immediately retired to their own chambers, and Theodore himself advanced to meet them. Suleiman approached him haughtily, and without farther preface informed him that he was come to demand the surrender of his daughter, in order that she should be forthwith transmitted to Constantinople. The insulted father asked indignantly on what pretence; the Waywode answered with a sneer, that he could not possibly pretend ignorance of the tax which sets apart a portion of the children of all the rayahs throughout the empire to the service of the seraglio. "But you," replied Theodore, "must be well aware of the provision made by the charter of Mahomet, which exonerates the inhabitants of Athens from the *devissirme*, and prohibits any claim from being advanced against the child of a citizen." "The inhabitants of Athens, I grant you," rejoined Suleiman, "are free; but do you, who dwell without the walls, presume to call yourself a citizen? or do you not observe that all the giaours who till the fields around you, pay from year to year the forfeiture we now demand of you?"

Theodore was but too well aware of the inefficiency of argument or remonstrance; he perceived in an instant the advantage which the Waywode had taken of his change of dwelling, occasioned by the poverty he himself had created. He offered no reply; and Suleiman, having coolly repeated his demand, rode off towards the city gate, after directing that Basilia should be sent in the morning to the citadel, else his janissaries should be despatched to bring her by force, and her parents should pay the penalty of resistance to the firman of the Porte.

The wretched father returned to his miserable household, and communicated the substance of the Waywode's commands. Tears and terror were their only answer, and all were but too conscious of their melancholy lot to attempt consolation or suggest relief. Escape was impossible;

the port of the Piræus was too closely guarded to admit the possibility of concealed flight; and, without a passport from the *cadi*, no subject was permitted to leave the empire, or even to pass from port to port. The remainder of the day was spent in sadness and despair; night brought no solace to their suffering; and with the dawn of the following day, the family prepared to set out on the melancholy errand of bidding a last farewell to a beloved child, and delivering over an only daughter to dishonour.

They entered the chamber of the governor, and Basilia, veiled as she was, was committed into the hands of the Waywode's attendants. Theodore parted with her apparently without a struggle; but when her mother advanced to claim a parting kiss of affection, and press her for the last time to her bosom, her emotions were almost too powerful for endurance. "Basilia," she at length addressed her, "for yourself, there now remains in this world nothing more to hope for; your name and your happiness are blasted and banned for ever, and no future honours or exaltation can wipe away the fadeless stain of your disgrace. For your family, they will soon cease to live and to regret you; for them your grief is unavailing, and your only consolation for their woes must be forgetfulness. But there remains one object still worthy your ambition. You are destined to be the companion of the monarch of the east; your youth, your innocence, and your charms, may one day win the way to his affections; and should the hour ever arrive in which your influence can be beneficial, my last and my only injunction is, that you be ever mindful of the religion of your fathers and the woes of your country."

At the degraded court of Achmet, it is natural to suppose that the influence of his political advisers was powerless, when compared with that of the ministers of his pleasures. The government of the empire was, in fact, transferred from the members of the Divan to the guardians of the Harem; and the swarthy Nubian, who watched over the slaves of the seraglio, dispensed at the same time the places and the honours of the crown. Aware of this important fact, the females transported to the palace of the monarch were charged by their respective patrons with gorgeous gifts, to be presented to those who might have the

realist means of advancing their interests with the sultan; and each, as she left her home, assumed the double character of the abandoned *paramour* and the political *intriguante*. Amidst the crowd of attendants, none possessed so easy an access to his private ear as the Kislar Aga, the chief of the Ethiopian Odalics: under his immediate inspection were all the affairs of the harem and its inmates; and it was he who, on each fickle change in the affections of the inconstant prince, recommended to his notice the newest charms and the freshest beauties of the seraglio. He was, in fact, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman court, and to his all-powerful influence the officers of the empire, from the Mufti to the meanest Sangiac, owed their elevation and their honours.

On the departure of Basilia from Athens, Suleiman seemed to form a true presentiment of the future eminence to which fate had destined her. Ere she bade adieu for ever to the land of her birth, he visited her on board the *Kirlangitsch*, in which she was embarked for Stainboul, and displayed before her a mass of wealth, which seemed the vast accumulation of long years of prosperous extortion. He told her that all she saw was hers, and that on her judicious disposal of the treasures she beheld, amongst the officers of the palace, must depend her future advancement, and the acquisition of those honours for which nature had destined her, and which fortune now placed within her reach. Basilia spurned the dazzling heap with a glance of proud disdain. "She owned," she said, "no treasures but her name and her parents; he had already despoiled her of the one, and the other was too soon to become a disgrace and a by-word. The honours which he spoke of were founded upon guilt—the path which led to them was only to be won by vicious servility; and far be it," she exclaimed, "from the daughter of one in whose veins is still flowing the blood of a long line of kings, to purchase distinction by the borrowed hoards of a tyrant, or deem that eminence an honour which springs from debasement, and is sustained by infamy." Threats and persuasions were alike employed in vain by Suleiman, to induce her to accept and to make use of the glittering gifts; her only reply was reproaches, and her only emotions were scorn and abhorrence of her oppressor.

The vessel in which she sailed soon reached its destination, and Basilia, as she landed at Constantinople, was conducted to the gardens of the seraglio. As she passed beneath the gate of the harem, the Ethiop who opened it to admit her, whispered in her ear a hope that she might be more fortunate than her last predecessor, who brought no gifts for the Odalics, and, after pining in obscurity, had died unnoticed. Her heart was full of other thoughts, and she cast on him a mingled smile of pity and contempt. She passed along in silence to the *cachuc-oda*, the chamber in which the newly-arrived inmates of the harem are first received. Here, as she unveiled her charms before the Kadun Kiaia, the chief female attendant of the women, the aged beldame started with an expression of admiration and surprise. "What pacha," she exclaimed, "or what fortunate bey, has sent such surprising loveliness to glad the eyes of the monarch of the east? From thy auspicious arrival may he date the seal of his fortunes; thy charms, my daughter, will procure his pardon for a long life of crimes, and thine eyes alone are sufficient to expiate a thousand avaniachs!" Basilia made no reply, save her blushes and her tears. She was ushered into the apartment of her fellow-slaves, who each saluted her, and gazed in admiration on the lonely and mourning Athenian. Her innocence, and the melancholy gentleness of her air, soon won the way to every heart, and each in turn caressed and soothed her sorrows by assurances of coming triumphs and future years of happiness. "Oh, never!" replied the weeping girl; "never shall my bosom know the voice of happiness again; it is a stranger in the palaces of princes; I have abandoned it, alas! for ever. A court, with all its pageantry, bears no charms for me, when compared with my home and the love of my parents; and our cottage by the stream of the Illyssus is fairer a thousand-fold than all the domes and minarets of Stamboul."

Day after day rolled past, and still she remained the beloved but unnoticed inmate of the harem. Often when her companions, unable to understand her sadness, would ask of her, had she no patron in the palace, no influence with the chief of the slaves, or no friend to introduce her to the notice of Achmet, she would sigh and answer them, that "she longed not for

admiration or for eminence; and even if, by chance, her heart had harboured one thought devoted to ambition, she had no golden flowers with which to strew the path that led to it—she had no wealth but her contentment and her family, and no friend but her parents. How, alas, could she confer gifts on her guards, since she came from a land of slaves! Her home was the dwelling of penury; and even could she assign to them the ruined city of her birth, the worthless gift would be too poor for their acceptance." Under the endurance of such protracted and hopeless melancholy, the charms of Basilia began to fade with the lightness and buoyancy of her spirits; her eye lost in a great degree its fire and brilliancy, but its gentleness was heightened a hundred-fold; her cheek was no longer tinted with its pure vermilion hue, but its softened tinge was now more pleasing and attractive; her voice was less loud and joyous than in her day of happiness and retirement; but, oh! it was far more melting and melodious than before.

She was one evening straying beneath the orange groves in the gardens of the harem, whilst her thoughts were bent upon her parents and her home; she ascended a gentle acclivity which commanded a view of the rolling Bosphorus, and seated herself in a rich pavilion on its summit. She gazed upon the bright-glad waters beneath her, which were rippling and shining, and flashing back in a thousand tints the golden dies of sunset; her eyes were bent upon the sea, but her soul was wandering

"In far abstractedness, away, away."

She was unaware of the approach of any one, till, all at once, the favourite sultana appeared before her, leaning upon the arm of Achmet. She started instantly from her seat. It was the first glance she had gained of the sultan; but, conjecturing from the splendour of his dress that it could be no other than the prince, she bowed herself to the earth whilst he should pass, and prepared to retire from the pavilion. Achmet surveyed her with astonishment. A vision so lovely had never before shone within the walls of Stamboul; and as Basilia withdrew in confusion, he halted on his step, and followed her retreating figure with a gaze of intense admiration. She disappeared in one of the winding passages of the garden, and the sultan turned in breathless surprise to ask of the

lady who rested on his arm the name of the beautiful stranger.

The sultana had marked with alarm the emotion of the prince; she replied hurriedly, that she had never before beheld her; but a single glance at the features of Achmet sufficed to convince her that, since the appearance of Basilia, her reign of beauty was closed for ever. Achmet returned to the serai, with his thoughts still bent upon the enchanting Greek, and Mustafa, the Kislar Aga, was summoned to attend him. Of him, he eagerly inquired the name and history of Basilia, but the chief of the slaves could only inform him that she had arrived at the harem some months before, from Suleiman, the Waywode of Athens. He directed that she should, without farther delay, be introduced to his presence, and Mustafa, bending himself to the ground, retired to prepare her for the interview.

The following morning she was introduced, decked in all the dazzling apparel of an eastern queen, to the presence of the delighted prince. He was sitting at the moment in one of the gorgeous chambers which overlook the Sea of Marmora, surrounded by a crowd of his favourites, who were amusing themselves with the motions of a piece of splendid mechanism, which had just been purchased by the sultan of a Christian merchant who had lately arrived at Stamboul. On the entrance of Basilia, the attention of all was directed towards her, as she stood with her arms folded gracefully across her breast, and eyes bent calmly on the ground. Achmet addressed her with an expression of tenderness, and she raised her head with a mournful smile, which shone for an instant above the fixed expression of her saddened features. At his request she approached the seat where he reclined, and the sultan questioned her concerning her birth, her parents, and her home, whilst every look bespoke the emotions of her heart, and every glance of his dark flashing eye was attempered by love and admiration. The ladies of the harem retired to the latticed windows to criticise her charms, and finally withdrew in envy and disappointment to their own apartments, whilst Basilia remained alone with the monarch. He inquired how she came to have been so long in the seraglio, and yet had never once been presented to him. She replied with a sigh, that she had entertained no wish to court the advances

of preferment; and that, even had she been ambitious of such honour, she was too poor to bribe the officers who possessed the means of furthering her advancement. Achmet raised himself upon the divan, and thrice clapping his hands above his head, a slave entered the apartment, to whom he gave a hasty message, and, motioning him to retire, again resumed his discourse with his new favourite. She told him of her parents, and her childhood, of being torn from her home, and of her arrival at Stamboul; Achmet listened to all with the eager attention of a lover, and was about to reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two mutes, bearing the most costly sabres, jewelled yataghans, embroidered vests, silken shawls, and purses of gold, which they deposited at the feet of the sultan, and retired in silence as they came. "These," said the prince, in pointing to the invaluable heap, "are destined for you, Basilia; for it must not be said that the fairest treasure of my harem has entered the palace of Achmet less richly portioned than the crowd of my ordinary attendants. With these you may secure the favour of my Odalics, and the guards of the serai; but their influence you can no longer want. Take them, and let their distribution be worthy of the sultana of the east." "Never!" replied Basilia; no! never shall it be said that a descendant of the royal line of Constantine accepted gifts at the hand of her enslavers, or purchased the favour of menials by the wages of guilt. Fate, it is true, has placed me in the power of the sultan, but ill would it become the daughter of an Athenian to gild instead of rending her chains." The sultan was struck with her magnanimity, and awed by her demeanour; her air convinced him at once that her resolution was taken, and without farther entreaty he ordered the rejected presents to be removed.

It was some days ere she was again summoned to an interview; as she passed through the antichamber of his apartments, each slave of the harem came clad in the garments which had been offered to her by the sultan, and arrayed in the arms and jewels she had spurned, to cast themselves at her feet, and pour out a flood of thanks for her princely munificence. It was in vain that she declined these expressions of gratitude, and assured them they were mistaken in supposing her the giver,

since all assured her that the gifts they wore had been distributed to them by the sultan in the name of the beautiful Greek. She entered the saloon, and found Achmet reclining on the divan, in anxious expectation of her arrival. He rose to meet her, and she received his impassioned salutation without emotion or excitement, whilst the gentle coldness of her manner at once charmed and embarrassed the voluptuous monarch; his expectant glances, too, shewed that he awaited her acknowledgments for his kindness to her attendants; but Basilia rewarded him neither with thanks nor approval, and after the lapse of an hour withdrew, in order to permit the sultan to join the council of the divan.

Time gradually rolled along, but its lapse produced no change in the feelings or situation of Basilia. She was now the chief favourite of the sultan, and to her his every hour and every moment was devoted, whilst the other beauties of his seraglio were forgotten, and on none did he cast an approving glance, save her, alone, who valued not his favour. Her charms, in the meantime, were fast fading away, and the workings of her agonised mind were making deadly ravages on the graces of her form. Achmet beheld the change with alarm and anxiety, but Basilia contemplated its progress with delight and exultation; she would soon, she felt, be freed from the stigma of dishonour, and that name would shortly be forgotten, which disgrace had rendered a burthen to her who bore it. To the prince, her demeanour never underwent any alteration; the consciousness that she was his slave rendered her at all times respectful and submissive, but her air, her melancholy, and her fading form, all declared that she was disconsolate and unhappy.

For the sultan, habit at last began, in some degree, to teach her a sort of attachment, if not affection; but it was rather as an indulgent lord than a devoted lover. She could not avoid seeing that he deeply and sincerely loved her; in all his actions, he was more than kind to her, and for this she was forced to cherish a feeling of gratitude towards him; his manner was always impassioned and devoted, nor could she recall one instance in which he had failed to treat her with dignity and respect.

On the other hand, the bosom of Achmet was glowing with the fiercest flame of adoring love. In her absence he had

no moment of happiness, and when by her side, her coldness and her beauty kept his mind in one continued fever of dissatisfaction and excitement.

Frequent illness and increasing debility began at last to preclude the possibility of her leaving her own apartments, or receiving so often as formerly the visits of the prince: confirmed sickness at length confined her to her couch, and the physician of the seraglio, after many days of anxious attention, was on the point of announcing to Achmet the slight probability which remained of her recovery. It was during this awful crisis that Basilia sent to make her first request of the sultan: it was a simple and unambitious one. Achmet was delighted at the announcement of an incident so new and unexpected; but his chagrin was excessive, when he learned that the only wish of the dying girl was that a message should be sent to Athens, to learn some particulars of her family, and to bear to them her last and affectionate farewell.

Her desire was readily complied with, and in the course of a few weeks the Tartar despatched on the errand was expected to return with a reply from Suleiman. Basilia awaited his arrival with the mingled anxiety of hope and dread; and during that month of suspense, her colour was more vivid and her eye more bright than it was wont to be for a long series of time before it. It was during one of those rich and glorious evenings that are only known in the clime of the east, that the Tartar returned to Stamboul. Basilia was seated with the sultan in the same bright pavilion in which she had first met him, when a slave approached bearing the despatches of the Waywode. They contained the melancholy intelligence of the decease of her mother, and the departure of Theodore for Rome, which had taken place but a few months after her removal from Athens. The facts were little other than she expected, but still the dreaded confirmation of her fears was overwhelming in its effects. Achmet beheld her grief, and felt at the same moment the cruel inefficacy of any efforts of his to check it. He rose, and placing in her hands a small packet directed to herself, retired from the pavilion, leaving Basilia drowned in tears, and her face buried in one of the silken cushions of the ivory sofa.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AND
NAPOLEON.

Of the stern unbending character of the Russians, we have a forcible example in the behaviour of count Markow to Napoleon Buonaparte, at whose court he was ambassador.

In the year 1803, the marquis d'Entraigues, a French emigrant, but counsellor of state in the Russian service, was sent on a mission from St. Petersburg to Rome, where he was arrested and thrown into prison by order of Napoleon. As soon as the emperor Alexander was made aware of this circumstance, he sent an express to count Markow, to demand the liberation of Entraigues. The count made official representations accordingly; but these were wholly disregarded. One Sunday, when there was public audience given to the diplomatic body at the Tuilleries, the first consul, addressing himself to the marquis de Lucchecini, ambassador from Prussia:—"What think you, marquis?" said he; "Russia is striving even to protect the emigrants." Count Markow, immediately interposing, observed, "Sir, if his majesty the emperor of Russia, my august master, wills to extend protection to any one, I am sure he has both right and reason." Upon this, Buonaparte, looking at Markow with a look of extreme disdain, said, "It was not to you, count, I spoke." "Sir," answered the Russian, "if any one speaks in my presence of my sovereign, I *always reply*." Having said this, he turned his back upon the first consul, and left the audience.

Buonaparte, extremely irritated, gave orders to his minister that count Markow should be forthwith sent back to Russia: but the latter, on this command being signified to him, at once refused, saying that he would not stir from Paris until his master recalled him. Both he and the first consul despatched respectively messengers to St Petersburg with details of this affair—Buonaparte requiring the recall of the ambassador: whereupon Alexander sent M. Oubriel to replace him; but, as a mark of his majesty's satisfaction at the spirited conduct of Markow, he transmitted to the count, by the hands of his successor, the insignia of a Russian order, (enriched with diamonds,) and an ukase, conferring on him a pension of fifty thousand rubles. Oubriel was instructed to demand anew the release of the mar-

quis d'Entraigues, which was ultimately conceded by Buonaparte.

When, subsequently, count Markow met the grand-duke Constantine at a party at St. Petersburg, that prince said to him—"Upon my honour, count, you must possess great courage to speak in such terms to Buonaparte. They say that man jokes not; what would you have done, had he by any chance laid hands upon you?" "I would have chastised him on the spot," replied the courageous Markow.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND GENERAL
SWIETEN.

Frederick of Prussia was wont to say, "No war was ever carried on without spies, and no administration without corruption;" and he certainly evinced his faith in this doctrine by the measures he pursued. His favourite, general Swieten, who used to take considerable liberties on the strength of his favouritism, was bold enough to observe to the king, one day when the troops were in want of necessaries, and complaining—that his majesty spent more money in spies than he did in bread and clothing for his army. "You are a fool!" answered the king, "a downright fool! One piece of information, of the worth of 500 rix dollars, has saved me a million of money, and 10,000 men! Don't talk to me of bread and clothing!—talk to me of advancing without bloodshed, and of saving my men. Their *wants* will be easily supplied when I know where the enemy's magazines are. My death's heads will soon fill their empty stomachs, and purses too. You great fool! how did I take possession of Saxony? Not with my army, but with a gold cabinet-key."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

Whilst on one of his marches, was overtaken by a storm of snow, which compelled him to halt. Being seated near a fire, he chanced to perceive an aged soldier so benumbed by the cold, as to be almost deprived of animation. At this discovery, he rushed hastily to the spot where the sufferer was, took him up in his arms, and brought him to the seat he had lately occupied, and placed him therein, at the same time observing, "that what would have been death by the laws of Persia—(meaning the act of sitting on the king's throne)—should to him be life."



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HENKERWYSEL'S CHALLENGE.
A TALE OF DORDT.

I HAVE never been in Dordt; and yet I seem to have in my mind's eye all its principal features—its canals, its quays, its quaint old cathedral, and formal municipal edifices—as though I had been a resident there. Most especially do I know an old narrow house near the bridge, on the right hand of the great canal; and it is to this that my first visit shall be paid, if ever I sail down the Maes. It is asserted, on competent authority, that the devil is to be seen there, at stated periods.

I cannot easily say how the first communication of this fact consoled and refreshed me. For I am a steady believer in the faith of the good old trustful times; and do hold as gospel the wholesome histories delivered by that founder of our creed, Dr. Luther, in his *Tischreden*, or Table-talk, and by other weighty authorities, respecting Satanic incarnations;—a belief sorely combated by the sceptical moderns. I will relate the manner of my introduction to the above interesting instance, for my own especial oblectation,

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and to the strengthening of my fellow-believers; if, indeed, there yet survive any such.

I was at Boulogne in the autumn of 17—; living in a retired manner, and not mixing much with the members of the *table d'hôte*; the rather, that my temper, naturally testy, had been rendered unusually irritable by recent vexations. There was, however, one of the company, a middle-aged Dutchman, towards whom I felt strongly attached. He was, like myself, a man of sparing conversation and solitary habits, and an exemplary smoker withal. But what entirely won my heart, was his profound conviction of the authenticity of all recorded narrations of ghosts,—fire, water, and land-spirits, and of the bodily presence of Beelzebub—not to speak of witches, mermaids, and wild huntsmen. This I discovered by chance. Walking one evening on the Boulevards, I observed him seated, with his never-failing pipe, engaged in the perusal of a promising looking volume. I ventured, upon the strength of a slight acquaintance, to enquire the subject of his studies, and was delighted to learn that the worthy

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man was a reader, and a believer, of that precious ancient, Gervasius Tiburiensis. We were friends in an instant. Before five minutes had elapsed, we were deeply engaged in reciprocal lamentations over the extinction of the pious creed, so worthily set forth in the pages of the venerable chronicler, accompanied with pensive exhalations from our meerschaums.

"Woeful it is, truly—though not, indeed, surprising," said I; "for this incredulous age rejects the evidence of past worthies, and insists, presumptuously, upon ocular proof."

"It is not proof they lack," ejaculated my companion; "they would dispute facts as notorious as the Reformation; aye, were they to happen under their very noses."

"Alas, worthy sir, even these are no longer afforded us: the spirit of unbelief has laid all others—the very existence of Lucifer himself is doubted in these perilous times!"

"Say you so?" replied my Dutch friend, with extraordinary vivacity; "what, when he hath been abroad like a raging lion? and there are yet living those who have seen him in bodily presence?"

"How—when—where?" I eagerly enquired; and the old gentleman, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, indulged my curiosity with the following narrative, ere he ventured to replenish it.

"It is not twenty years since one Hans Henkerwyssel, a stranger, arrived in my native city of Dorcht, and bought a fair house overlooking the great canal, over against the hanging bridge. He was middle-aged and robust, and seemed to have been a sea-faring man; while, from the situation of his purchase, and the manner of his living, he was conjectured to have wealth. He soon made himself acquaintances in the neighbourhood; but they were principally amongst the wilder and more dissolute of the inhabitants; indeed, the violence of his manners, and his habits of profane and irreverent communication, deterred grave and cautious people from his society. And there were noised abroad—from what source it were hard to say—rumours of an evil nature respecting his former life and conversation—as though he had been a pirate or rover—with other tales of like sort. We are, however, an industrious people, and do not much perplex ourselves with the affairs of our neighbours; so that mynheer

Henkerwyssel lived, after his fashion, unmolested, and, ere long, almost unnoticed. Now, you must know, worthy sir, that Hans was a remarkable smoker—(the best gifts may be unworthily bestowed)—and took no small pride in exceeding in number of pipes all those whom he had collected around him, in a sort of club, at the tavern known by the name of the 'Three Blue Sausages,' on the Boom Quay; although some of his associates were themselves renowned for their devotion to that pleasant herb, tobacco. You will, therefore, conceive that pre-eminence in so weighty a matter of reputation was not conceded to him without some struggle. All his competitors were however silenced, at last, saving one sturdy old *schiffer*, by name Peter Van Funk, captain and owner of the stately and broad-bottomed galliot *Die Juffrow Bomsterwyk*, engaged in trading between Holland and the Straits. The latter insisted upon a solemn trial of their respective powers, which Hans readily agreed to. The two were plentifully supplied with pipes, Oronooko, and Schiedam, and locked themselves up in a room in the tavern above-mentioned; with the understanding, that he who first gave in should unclose the door, and announce his defeat. It was six of the evening when they began, and those who were parties to the trial awaited the result in vain, until midnight compelled them to depart.

"On the following morning they found the doors still closed—nor did they open during the whole of the day; while so earnest were the efforts of Hans and his antagonist, that the magistrates twice sent to enquire if any thing was amiss, that so much smoke issued from Nicholas Verboom's stove. At eleven the same evening, the bystanders could no longer be restrained, and the door was broken open. So soon as the dense atmosphere of the room was sufficiently cleared by means of bellows and other expedients, to allow objects therein to be discernible, the issue of the contest became apparent enough. Hans, though seemingly unconscious, was still erect in his seat, and stoutly plying the last of all the pipes, which had been left with them to the number of six hundred; whereas Van Funk was taken up insensible from the floor. How long he had lain there was not to be discovered, as he never spoke more, and expired shortly

afterwards. This signal victory established mynheer Henkerwyssel's pretensions; and he subsequently, at different times, testified an unbounded exultation thereupon; truly, an unchristian one, considering the melancholy issue to the unfortunate Van Funk. One evening, in particular, when alluding to it in the presence of sundry compotators, he went so far as to challenge the devil himself to surpass him in his favourite occupation; an ill-advised boast, seeing that the latter may be said, as it were, to live in smoke all his days. And therewith he uttered many strange and fearful sayings, which I have heard, but will not repeat. 'Have a care, bruder Hans,' said one of his comrades, who, although rude, were astounded at his extravagant words; 'it is said that such jests as these are sometimes recorded!' 'Thou art an ass, and a white-livered one, Claus Odenkel,' replied Hans; 'the devil knows me better—he will try his hand on easier game—and so will I tell him one day;' with several unholty imprecations, which no one cared to answer, but which were recollected afterwards. Some years, however, passed away, and the thing seemed to have been forgotten.

"Now Henkerwyssel was, as you may believe, a man who cared neither for priest nor prayer-book: he had more than once evilly entreated the sacristan, who came to solicit the customary offering at Christmas; and had emptied a bowl of punch upon the wig of worthy doctor Vandegger, when he called to remonstrate with him upon his habits of profane talking. It was, therefore, with great wonder and some fear that the good man received, one cold November morning, an eager entreaty from Hans' only domestic, that he would come to her master without loss of time. 'But, my worthy woman,' exclaimed the divine, from the window, 'what can I do for your master? will not the affair rest for a matter of two hours? it lacks full so much of mine accustomed hour of uprising.' 'Alack, your reverence, I wot not what is the matter; there have been such noises in his chamber all night as have well nigh crazed me with fear; and there has been a strange man sitting with mynheer—though how he entered, the Lord alone knows; sure am I, that he came not in at the door, nor in any Christian fashion!—for the love of goodness, your reverence, come down without delay—it is a case

requiring a weight of divinity to master, for such cries as mynheer hath uttered these two hours past, are not like the sounds of any earthly evil!' Upon this, the good divine arose as speedily as his bulk would allow, and proceeded to Henkerwyssel's house. All was silent as he ascended the staircase; and he began to feel alarmed lest his intrusion might be resented by so violent a man as Hans—thinking it possible that the servant had been needlessly frightened by the uproar of some nocturnal debauch. However, at her pressing instances, he opened the chamber-door. There were truly two persons in the apartment. The master of the house was sitting upright, as usual, with his pipe between his lips, but they were withered into a ghastly expression; his eyes, which were wide open, were staring and glassy—the man was plainly dead. At his side sat a little old man, dressed in grey, with large bright eyes, and a smile—which, it seemed to the divine, had something inexpressibly fearful in it—upon his shrivelled brown face. He arose, however, and saluted the doctor courteously.

"Good morrow, mynheer Vandegger! pity, that you have left a warm bed upon a fool's errand: you are too late; friend Hans has, as you see, departed, without benefit of clergy!"

"The divine felt a strange fear creeping over him; but replied, as boldly as he might—'How died this unhappy man?—why have you not called earlier for assistance?'"

"The little old man laughed bitterly.

"'Faith, your reverence, I have done passing well without any help; my old friend must needs smoke with me, and you see he is taking a nap after it. Have you any commands for him when he awakes? Stay, *you* shall not lack a whiff this raw morning;—taking from his lips the pipe, and putting it into the doctor's hand. His fingers mechanically closed upon it, but he relaxed his grasp in an instant with a cry of pain—it was scorching hot! The little man laughed a second time. 'Your reverence, it seems, does not like my pipe as well as bruder Hans—once more, any commands? I shall be with him as soon as he awakes.'

"Poor Vandegger now groaned and gasped for breath, and had barely spirit enough left to stammer out, 'I do not

understand you, sir—the wretched man is dead!

“The old man coolly replied—‘It is quite simple;’ making a significant gesture with his finger downwards; ‘perhaps, however, your reverence will wait until you meet him there. I have no objection.’ This was too much for the affrighted *Dominie*; he turned round and rushed headlong down stairs, while the same dreadful laugh, sounding behind him for a third time, added wings to his speed. When the neighbours entered the house in the morning, no trace was seen either of the body of Hans, or of his stranger guest—only there was found in the room where he had last been, a pipe of an exceedingly curious construction, and a heap of ashes.

“The house has since been untenanted; no one dares to inhabit it; and grave and goodly men have averred that, once every year, on the same night that Hans died, or whenever a vessel from Virginia is wrecked on the perilous sands at Goree, a light appears in the windows of Henkerwysse’s chamber, and there may be seen the little old man and Hans smoking together, from ten of the night until the first cock-crowing—I have myself seen the light more than once.” Here my narrator paused; and, lighting his pipe, puffed away in meditative silence.

I was overjoyed with this voracious history; and, in subsequent interviews with the worthy Dutchman, obtained further particulars respecting the circumstances connected with it, and many interesting details relative to his native city. I will certainly visit it the first possible opportunity.

* * * *

Since writing the above, I have journeyed to Dordt. It was on a fine spring morning that the packet boat, which brought me from Rotterdam, entered the harbour; it was also market-day, and the numerous boats of the country people, laden with provisions—the bustle upon the quays, and the arrival of several vessels from foreign voyages, gave uncommon liveliness to the scene. But this attracted me not. My first care, on landing, was to visit this house, already well known, by description, as the scene of the foregoing narrative. It is, indeed, standing; but, alas, for my disappointment! I found it

occupied by a thriving dealer in marine stores, who had never heard of Hans and his guest; and who did not believe one word of the whole story respecting them, which I was at the pains of relating to him *tout du long*. I am a mortified and ill-used man, and will never put faith in Dutchman more.

— — —
BASILIA.

(Continued from page 383.)

After a short interval she arose, and examined the parcel which she held in her hand; it contained a small silver coin of Athens, which bore on one side the head of Adrian, and on the other “the friend of the Athenians.” The simple relic was enveloped in a shred of crimson silk, embroidered with a small golden cross, which Basilia recognised in a moment as the work of her mother. For some moments she gazed on it in silence; she could not doubt from whom it came, but still it was rather an unusual pledge of parting affection. Suddenly, however, recollection seemed to flash across her mind; she awoke as if from a long dream of forgetfulness; the cross, the coin, the name of Athens, the effigy of its benefactor, recalled like a magic spell the last, and she blushed to acknowledge, the forgotten commands of her departed mother—“to remember, in her exaltation, her God and the woes of her country.” Abashed at the consciousness of her fault, she again and again condemned herself for the unworthy motives which had so long actuated her grief; she felt that all her vain regrets had sprung from selfishness; her own sorrows alone had lived in her remembrance, although, for them, she knew that her despondency was unavailing; whilst the miseries of her home, which her influence might have alleviated, were forgotten or disregarded. She threw herself on the ground, and pressing warm kisses on the precious memorial of her parents, vowed upon the cross which lay before her, that from that hour, during the few remaining days of her existence, her energies should be solely directed to the fulfilment of her last promise to her mother. She rose, strengthened by her new determination; she brushed a gathering tear-drop from her eye, and, forcing a faint smile as she placed the invaluable relic of her country in her bosom, resolved that, from that moment, sadness should be banished from

her brow, however heavily corroding sorrow might press in secret at her heart.

Achmet advanced to meet her as she issued from the pavilion, and was surprised to find her composed and cheerful. In reply to his fond inquiries, she answered him that she was now convinced of the impotency of impassioned regret to assuage the cureless agony of a wounded heart. The last tie which connected her with humanity was loosened for ever; her parents were no more; she stood alone in the crowd of existence; henceforward her grief for others was to cease, and she was now to begin to live solely for herself. If she was destined to be blessed by the envied smiles of the commander of the faithful, what had she to seek beyond them? If her eyes were to be brightened by his approving glances, and her heart made glad by the possession of his love, what more had Basilia to regret or to sigh for? The sultan hailed with rapture the long looked-for change in her feelings; he lavished on her a thousand fond endearments, and vowed that henceforth Basilia alone should be the light of his harem and the peerless mistress of his heart.

From that day her manners and her habits underwent a thorough alteration. Her spirits, which before seemed oppressed by one endless silence, were now buoyant as the breezes that sigh along the vales of Erivan; and her heart, which so lately appeared the abode of sadness, became light as when, in the days of her childhood, she sported amidst the olive groves of her own beloved Attica. Her raven tresses, which lately flowed unbraided over her ivory shoulders, were now plaited into glossy bands, and folded gracefully above her brow; a string of golden coins was wreathed around them, and a dropping pearl of dazzling whiteness shone upon her snowy forehead. Her dress, in every particular, combined the rarest grace with the most unwonted elegance; her light papooses were covered with spangles and sparkling flowers; shawls, purchased by the wealth of provinces, were draped round her; her dresses were wrought from the richest silks of Damascus, and her jelic was bound around her waist by a zone glittering with jewels from the mines of Bukdiri. When she moved, a cloud of perfume floated around her, and when she reclined on her luxurious divan, every voice was

hushed, and every eye was chained in admiration.

Beneath all this assumed pageant of happiness and splendour, however, the canker worm was silently gnawing at her heart, and hours of convulsive sorrow and writhing despair, in secret, served to produce a reaction of excitement which supported her exertions to appear delighted amidst the admiring crowd. She now applied herself with eager, but concealed anxiety, to discover the hidden springs of the divan, and the secrets of the Ottoman court. Her well known influence on the mind of the sultan served to procure her the requisite information from the officers around her; and in the course of a few short months she learned, without appearing to court the information, the cabals and intrigues of every pachalic from the Danube to the Nile. By means of attached and faithful emissaries, she was enabled, at the same time, to carry on her correspondence with her countrymen, and inform them of her wishes and opportunities of befriending them. Their only reply, however, was, that they sought no other reform than the enforcement of the hitherto violated charters of Mahomet; that their constitution, as granted by him, was more mild than the other less favoured spots of the empire could hope for beneath the sceptre of a Moslem, and contained few points which necessity could not render tolerable. But, unfortunately, they were placed at too great a distance from the throne to be enabled to speak of their grievances; and their complaints, if uttered at all, died away like an unrepeatable echo, ere it reached the ears of those who alone could redress their wrongs. Under these circumstances, she found that it must be to some fortunate event, some lucky occasion, that Athens must be indebted for her deliverance; and the advent of the propitious moment she applied herself to watch for, with the devotion and anxiety of a captive who awaits some unexpected, but certain accident, to procure his freedom.

The delight of the sultan on the recovery of his favourite could only be equalled by his astonishment at the suddenness by which it was effected. For himself, he had long forgotten that the bounds of his dominions included the fairest gardens of Europe and of Asia; his empire was, in his mind, confined to the walls of his sera-

glio. But his desires were now crowned with full fruition. Basilia, he imagined, loved him ; and at that moment he felt, for the first time in his existence, that he was truly a monarch in the dominions which his heart had chosen. No hour now saw him apart from her he loved ; in the harem and the hall, Basilia and Achmet were inseparable ; and days of pure unalloyed delight, the first he had ever known, shone upon the lot of the enchanted sultan. To crown his happiness, the queen of his affections promised shortly to present him with an heir to the throne of Othman, and throughout every quarter of the capital, the most gorgeous preparations were making for the happy event. To Basilia, his attentions and his bounty knew neither bounds nor reason ; her chambers were converted into a fairy-land of splendour and delights, and the most magnificent decorations were lavished upon her household and attendants. On her part, however, the munificence of the sultan was forced upon her, rather than accepted ; those portions of it, which her situation prevented the possibility of her declining, she received with respectful submission, rather than a pleased acquiescence ; and on every occasion she studied to avoid those favours and distinctions which would convert the sultan from her lord to her benefactor. Often as she sat beside him, when he pressed upon her acceptance some gift of countless price, or some present of inestimable value, she would twine her snowy arms around him, and whilst her dark expressive eyes were turned to meet the gaze of his, she would exclaim, "that his kindness was oppressive to her, and that his proffered bounty seemed to hint that her love was to be won by gold, or his affection enhanced by his kingly munificence. May the favour of heaven rest upon the head of Achmet, and the light of paradise beam for ever around him ; but for Basilia, she seeks no treasure save the glance of his eyes, and cherishes no ambition beyond the attainment of his love." The sultan hung upon her words in rapture, but yet his delight was mingled with chagrin, for he found that Basilia was more absolutely a queen in her beauty, than he a monarch in his power ; they stood united, and yet apart ; she was his slave, and still he was her dependent ; he knew himself her master, and yet she was too proud to

permit him to become her friend, or to mingle kindness with control.

At length, when her advancement in the favour of the sultan had enabled Basilia to decide on the steps she was to take for the performance of her vow, she prepared, with a swelling and anxious heart, to put her designs into execution. Since her introduction to Achmet, Mustafa, the Kislar Aga, had on every occasion shown himself her friend. His disposition betrayed none of those vices inherent to the other officers of the seraglio, whilst his influence with the sultan was unbounded ; and could Athens be but placed under his protection, its injuries would be certain of at least partial redress, whilst its inhabitants would at all times possess in his successors representatives and friends nigh the throne of the monarch. A moment favourable for the trial at length arrived. Achmet was one evening pressing on her, as he was wont, some offer of his bounty, and he started with delight on finding, for the first time, that she was about to ask of him a kindness. "Behold me at last," she cried, "a supplicant to the king of kings ; may the light of Allah and the prophet smile upon the days, and his favour rest upon the head of my sultan ! may victory attend his footsteps abroad, and glory gild his hours of retirement and of ease ! I seek no honours for myself, who am but too highly exalted in being permitted to enjoy the countenance, or contribute to the happiness of the sublimest of monarchs. I ask no bounty for strangers ; for why should my lord lavish upon distant dependents those royal gifts which should adorn the court of the sultan of the earth ? I intercede alone for the domestic of my sovereign—for the grateful guardian of his household—for Mustafa, to whose care I am indebted for so many tender attentions, and so much unremitting devotion. Nor even for him do I implore a splendid gift, nor a costly endowment ; I ask only a boon of poverty and a herbage of ruins ; I seek for him the mouldering city of my birth, and the government of the faded remnant of the people of Athens." The enamoured prince smiled to her a ready consent—but again his pride was wounded to the core ; he found that, although Basilia had demanded a favour at his hands, its advantages were destined for another ; nor had he yet been able, by any concession to herself, to entail upon her an obli-

gation of gratitude. In the same hour was the estate of Athens conferred upon the fortunate Kislar Aga; and on the same day was a Tartar despatched from Stamboul to apprise Sulieman of the termination of his vice-royalty, and prepare the way for a Waywode to be nominated by the happy Mustafa.

The deed was done, the vow was performed, the object of Basilia was accomplished, but her heart was broken; anxiety, sorrow, and regret, had worn away her feeble constitution; the excitement of hope and of affectionate ambition had for some time past been her only stay; that weak support was now removed, and again she relapsed into despondency and despair. As the period of her confinement approached, her declining health was marked by the sultan and the Ottoman court with alarm and apprehension. Already had preparations for the joyful event of the birth of the imperial child been completed throughout the capital. A palace was prepared for the reception of Basilia, as mother of the heir-apparent to the crown; the Validi Agasi was appointed over her slaves, and the Eschatradelar was nominated to take charge of the royal infant on its birth. These precautions were, alas! in vain. She for whom they were designed beheld them without emotion or delight; already she felt that she was never designed to enjoy them.

The fatal hour arrived, and the sultan sat in his divan to await the issue, when a slave advanced, and announced, with the joyful tidings of a royal heir, the intelligence of the death of the sultana in giving birth to her child. The grief of the bereaved monarch was bordering on madness, and rage and sorrow swayed his mind by turns. With the same breath he directed the most sumptuous preparations for the obsequies of Basilia, and ordered the immediate execution of six of the most beautiful women of his harem, whom, in his cruelty, he falsely accused of being accessory to the death of his mistress. On the same day, and at the same moment, the unhappy victims of his fury were hurled from the battlements of the seraglio into the waters of the Bosphorus, and the remains of Basilia were interred, with regal honours, in the cemetery adjoining the mosque of Abu Ayoob, the last of the companions of Mahomet, who fell in the first siege of Byzantium by the Saracens.

Centuries have now elapsed since the inheritance of Athens was conferred on the chief of the Ethiopian Odalics, and in the line of his successors the blessings of the change have descended to the forlorn inhabitants of Attica. Occasionally, during the mornless night of her captivity, some despot has swayed the destinies of the devoted city, but his tyranny has lasted but an hour, and the influence of the Kislar Aga has been extended to claim redress and to restore tranquillity. Nor have the descendants of the subjects of Achmet forgotten their ancient benefactress; still is the name of the unfortunate sultana combined with those of the friends of Attica; and often when, by the calm light of even, the maids of Athens assemble round the wells in the valley, or join in the dance on the banks of the Illysus, they beguile the lingering twilight by repeating the tale of Basilia, or chaunt in alternate strophes the song which recounts her patriotism and misfortunes.

THE ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN AND INFANT SON OF JAMES THE SECOND FROM WHITEHALL.

On the 6th of December, in the evening, the queen, with the nurse, carrying the prince, then five months old, in her arms, and accompanied by the count de Lausune, so famous for his own misfortunes, and by a few attendants, went privately from Whitehall. She crossed the Thames in an open boat, in a dark night, in a heavy rain, in a high wind, whilst the river was swollen, and at the coldest season of the year. A common coach had been ordered to wait for her on the opposite side, but by some accident it had been delayed for an hour. During this time, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the prince—unconscious of the miseries attendant upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast—and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence.

The above is from sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain;" the following is the account which king James

himself gives of this event, in his own Memoirs:—

“All things being ready by this time for the queen and prince's departure, it fell out opportunely enough that the count Lazune, a French gentleman, was then at the court of England, whither he came to offer his services to the king; but treachery and desertion of so many false friends, made the zeal and fidelity of his true ones useless, at least in reference to the war; so his majesty accepted of his offer another way, as thinking him a proper person to attend upon the queen in this voyage, and that, under the notion of his returning to his own country, (there being no business for him in England,) a yacht might be prepared, and the queen and prince pass unsuspected in his company.

“The queen had a great reluctance to this journey, not so much for the hazards and inconveniences of it, as to leave the king in so doubtful a situation, she having never done it hitherto in his greatest difficulties and dangers. And therefore, when it was first proposed, her majesty absolutely refused it in reference to herself—telling the king she was very willing the prince her son should be sent to France, or where it was thought most proper for his security; that she could bear such a separation with patience, but could never bear it with reference to himself; that she would infinitely rather share his fortune, whatever it should prove, than abandon him in his distress; that all hardships, hazards, or imprisonment itself, would be more acceptable to her in his company, than the greatest ease and security in the world without him, unless he really purposed to come away himself too, then she was willing to be sent before him, if he thought it a more proper method to conceal their departure; which the king assuring her he really did, her majesty consented to it at last.

“This journey and separation, therefore, being at length resolved on, the queen, disguising herself, crossed the river upon the 6th of December, taking with her only the prince, his nurse, and two or three persons more, along with her, to avoid suspicion; and had sent to have a coach ready prepared on the other side, in which she went down to Gravesend, and got safe aboard the yacht, which, considering that the rabble was up in all parts to intercept and plunder whoever they thought were

making their escape, was such a providence, that nothing but a greater danger could excuse from rashness and temerity in attempting; but in such afflicting circumstances, where the government of a distressed prince is not only returned, but himself and royal family in just apprehensions of the most barbarous treatment, all other hazards and hardships pass unregarded. Otherwise, for the queen to cross the river in a tempestuous night, with the prince not six months old; to wait in the open air for a considerable time, till the coach was ready, and not only exposed to the cold, but to the continual danger of being discovered, which the least cry of the prince might have done; to travel in the middle of an enraged people, without guards, servants, or convenience sufficient to preserve them from common dangers, or even to defend them from the cold, had been a tempting of providence on a less pressing occasion; however, it pleased God to bring them through all those dangers.”

FRANCIS I., KING OF FRANCE.

This monarch, who was the most distinguished of the kings of France, whether considered as a warrior, or a patroniser of learning or the liberal arts, being about to invade Italy, called a council of war to advise with his officers which way he should lead his forces over the Alps, which Amaril, the king's fool, overhearing, told them they should rather consult how to bring them back again out of Italy, as being an affair of the greatest importance. Well had it been for the brave monarch and his followers, had he listened to the wise advice of his witty dependant, for scarce a man of them ever saw France again.

UNION OF COURAGE AND COMPASSION.

When the duke of Wellington advanced towards Paris, in the July of 1815, “it was suggested that there was plunder enough to raise a magnificent monument to the victor.” The conqueror replied—“a monument to *our* army must never be built with pillage.” As he approached the city he was reminded that “when he entered the metropolis of France in 1814, the British troops had behaved to the French people with excessive delicacy;” “and I promise you,” he answered, “that they shall behave with equal delicacy now.”



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VALDRWULF;
OR, THE FIEND OF THE MOOR.
A SCALDIC LEGEND.

VALDRWULF was illustrious in war; he was the Etheling of the isles beyond the eastern ocean of mists.

He was the pride of the Scald, descended from the father of ages, whose glory fills the halls of Valhalla. He was tall and graceful as a pine on the mountain tops of Scandia; his strength was like the oak's in the forest of Andreswald; his flowing locks streamed on the winds like the golden banner of Ella; his face was beautiful as the countenance of Balder, and his eyes bright and sunny as those of the luminous genii who dwell in the boundless heaven; his voice to his friends was sweet as the honey-dew that blesseth the night-blown flowers of the valley, dropping from the fountain of past time: but his shout in the day-battle, rang like the voice of Thor, when he thunders in the stormy chamber of his clouds; his sinewy limbs were marked with spell-figures and devices of many colours, for he was of the warlike race of the Angles.

Ella, who had won dominion in the sea-encircled land of the Britons, whose raven-banner had conquered its southern shores, but could not his kingly state protect in peace, sent to Valdrwulf for aid against his foes, that he might take Caer-Andred, their chief city of strength.

Valdrwulf drew his sword, and clashed on his sounding buckler the signal of warfare; he girded on his garments of ringing steel, brightly gleaming like the meteor visions of the northern skies.

His valiant companions followed him to the crowded shore; there he dispensed bracelets of gold and gems, the spoils of his might, and filled with money-gifts the hands of the brave. His banner floated on the ocean winds, from the tall mast of his war-ship, stored with the weapons of Hilda, with the glittering apparel of heroes, and vessels of fine gold and silver.

The white bosomed maiden of Rothgar had often viewed with delight the noble form of Valdrwulf, and listened in her father's chamber of shields to the song of the Scalds, as, from the harp, came the sweet sounds of song to the praise of his gallant exploits.

But Valdrwulf vowed to Odin, to the father of spells, never to know the joys of love, till he had won rule and power in the white isle of the west.

The maiden of Rothgar forsook her father's bannered halls ; she was no longer a cupbearer in the gilded chamber of Thegns, nor witnessed its joyous games, or listened to the music that wandered from the harp of the Scald : she fled in sorrow ; no one knew the place of her abode.

There came to Valdrwulf, as he mounted the deck, a lovely youth in the habiliments of the field ; his white buckler, without device, hung on his arm, which showed he yet had won no trophies in fight ; his seaxan glittered by his side, but his eyes of diamond fire outshone the lustre of his brand ; while his hair flowed over the rings of his mail in dark clusters, rich as the tresses of Freya, the goddess of love and beauty.

"I swear to follow Valdrwulf," cried the youth, "over the field of pirates, the stormy path of the merchant, to the white land in the west, which lies beyond the mists of the hazy ocean—to be his loving brother in arms, and if he fall, to perish by his side."

Valdrwulf, the giver of bracelets, was charmed with the noble beauty and boldness of the youth. They vowed eternal friendship in each other's arms ; they pierced their veins — they tasted each other's blood, mingled with wine, from a golden cup, the pledge of truth and constancy ; and poured forth the remainder to Odin, king of battles.

The sea-winds are filling the lifted sails of the kingly war-ship of Valdrwulf. She tilts the white surge from her prow, and mounts gallantly the wide-rolling billows. The waves of ocean are turned to gold, and the heavens glow like the choicest ruby ; the purple-cloud throne of the sun, the king of splendours, rests on the ocean's sapphire verge ; sea and sky are enshrined in glory, while, afar off, the dim vessel appears like a shadowy spot on the bright orb of the moon.

* * * *

Ella sits thoughtful on the dais, retired from the place of combat, the meeting of the armed.

He sits gloomy and sad, at the feast of warriors in his lofty pavilion, hung with gleaming web, and pictured cloth of purple and gold, in the midst of his camp, near

the walls of Caer-Andred. Hard fought had been the battle of the day, for the Britons stood firm on their bulwarks of strength. Saxon blood drenched the mounds that encompass the hill city of the Cymry, and many places are empty at the banquet, wont to be filled with the dark-browed warriors of renown.

But it is not the battle alone that thins the ranks of weaponed men in the host of the war-king of the south. The giant fiend of the moor, a monster demon that delights in murder, enters the camp when deep sleep falls on the Thegns, and dyes his iron club in their gore.

How he enters undiscovered, or how he returns, sated with hot blood, none can tell.

But now the mead-cup circles joyously round the lord of his kinsmen in that tent of shields, and the Scald of the feast strikes his harp to valiant deeds of other years.

A shout rings through the camp ! Ella starts from his high seat, and the British watchmen sound the loud trump of alarm, snatching their weapons from the walls of their fortress.

A messenger informed king Ella that Valdrwulf Etheling of the isles, and his valiant-looking bands, were arrived at the camp from their wave journey over the deep waters of the loud-sounding ocean. Joyously were they welcomed to the pavilion of the princely son of Odin. Now came forth Elgitha the queen to the banquet of the men of strength ; her robes of needle-work were wrought with figures of gold and crimson ; on her head and arms were bands of starry jewels, and her white veil flowed down her shoulders, like the mantling foam of the rock o'er-leaping torrent. Her eye was bright with pleasure, and her voice like music that comes over the moonlight waters of summer. She gave the hydromel cup to the illustrious strangers of battle, and filled the horn of hospitality to its golden brim.

Then was told by king Ella, sitting on his stool of power, the strange tale of the fiend of the moor, the Thyse of the black valley. Valdrwulf vowed to encounter him alone. The paleness of fear came over the cheek of his youthful friend, like the white cloud passing athwart the gloryful moon ; but the warriors marked not the change which fell on him, pondering deep on the nightly visitation of the blood-quaffing fiend of the moor.

The hour of rest came on ; Ella and his queen, with her damsels, beautiful as the shining elves, withdrew to the bright web-hung tent of repose. The warders prepared the couch of sleep for the strangers ; they took the mail of gleaming rings, the cap of steel, with its eagle plumes, from the weary Etheling of the isles ; he sunk with his chiefs on the rushy couch, and his spirit wandered in the fairy land of dreams.

There was a mournful sound in the black valley ; the wind of midnight came forth, shaking its hundred groves of oak. The dark fiend of the moor arose ; he forsook his gloomy solitude : the dim cloud of the mountain was his robe, and the red meteor of the fen cast its wavering light on his hideous visage.

Onward he strode through the camp of the Saxons ; he thirsted for noble blood, he sought the royal pavilion. Sleep went before him ; death was at his side ; the warders saw not his coming. He stood in the tent-door—dreadful as Loke the evil one, fiercely savage as the wolf who shall destroy the spouse of Erigga, when the twilight of the gods shall cover all things !

He saw the beautiful form of Valdrwulf's friend, and savagely laughed aloud with joy. He aimed his club at the head of the fair youth, whose darkly flowing locks became red with gushing blood !

Shrieks rang through the pavilion.

Valdrwulf awoke, and saw the ghastly fiend standing over his dying friend, shouting with joy ! He snatched his magic anlace from his pillow—he rushed, like an evening lion seeking his prey, on the hideous monster.

Terrible are their blows ! flames flash from the eyes of the grim demon—but he cannot prevail against the sword of Valdrwulf. He flies from the strong arm of the Etheling, yelling like the mighty torrent in its headlong course through the valleys of winter, and escapes to the boggy moor of the desert.

Valdrwulf knelt by his friend—his brother ; he called for the leech, but it was in vain ! He raised the youth in his arms, who hung over his shoulder with gory brow and blood-streaming locks, like a lovely flower smote down by the northern blast !

“ Valdrwulf, I go to my narrow house, and thou shalt see me no more for ever

Thou hast loved me as thy companion in war, and though thou didst scorn Helga in her father's halls, she left her home and friends to follow thee o'er sea and land ; she has won thy love, she dies in thy arms, and she dies happy and blest ! Yes, dearest Valdrwulf, I glory in my fate ! for now shall I meet thee in the halls of Valhalla, where we shall dwell together in the fellowship of the gods ; for this blood, flowing from my veins, shall win my entrance to the refulgent palace of Odin. Farewell, Valdrwulf, till we meet in glory at the banquet of skulls ! I see the shining maids of war, on their white steeds, waiting to bear me to the feast of warriors. Lay me on the blazing pile, raise high my tomb in the land of strangers, that it may tell distant ages where Helga's ashes rest in peace. Mourn not for me, but lift the mead-cup high in revelry, and banquet round my hillock of death, for I shall be joyous in the paradise of the brave, before the thunder-veiled throne of the king of spells. Ah, Valdrwulf !”

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them ; her last sob was breathed on the bosom of Valdrwulf.

* * * *

The morning dawned, king Ella arose, his Thegns harnessed him in the proud apparel of war. He bowed at his tent-door to the white horse of Bincombe Hill, whom he worshipped, and which his army had there marked out as a proud and sacred trophy of their victories over the Britons. He now heard that the fiend of the moor had been put to flight, and he presented the hero of the isles with a splendid garment of steel, and a helmet of costly workmanship.

That day was another battle fought under the walls of Caer Andred. But ere the fight began, a British captive was selected, of noble height and daring, with whom Valdrwulf was chosen, amid the shouts of the assembled host, to wage single combat, that the fate of the general conflict might be known.

Valdrwulf was sad and heavy of heart, for the loss of his beloved Helga ; but his spirit rose with the battle, and her death added fury to his soul. He rushed on the Briton in combat, as the storm-swollen river rolls against the dark rocks in the valley of Restormal. They met like two foaming surges of the ocean, dashed against each other by the raging tempest.

But the crooked seaxan of Valdrwulf clove in twain the helmet of the Briton, and he fell divided on the bloody plain. A thousand shouts echoed through the forest of Andreswald, and the Saxons rushed on to the battle, proud in the assurance of victory.

The Britons came forth from the city of their strength to meet them—the banners moved forward like a thousand meteors flashing over the skies of the north.

As the torrents of winter rush down the rocky steeps of Snowdon, so descended from their hill-city the Britons to battle. As the sturdy oaks, the children of ages, in the forest of Malvern, scorn the coming of the tempest, so the illustrious Saxons met the arrow-storms of the Britons.

Like the sound of a thousand thunders echoing round the heights of Penmaenmawr; like the roar of a thousand billows dashing on the rocky cliffs of Guithor; so loud and fierce was the onset—so met the sons of the sword in the shock of bucklers.

Ella, the destroyer of kings, was a raging pillar of fire! Valdrwulf outshone himself in arms; his anlace clove the echoing shields asunder; he drove the Britons before him like herds of frightened deer, when the howling of wolves comes on the blast, that shakes the leafless oaks of Arden.

That day was the Cymry defeated; they retired to their hill-fortress wearied and sad; help was far away, and none of their tribe came to their relief; yet the Saxons took not their defences that day. The sun went down on the gory field, on the dead bodies of the slain—the evening food of the wolf, amid the red shields of battle. The banners no longer glanced brightly, the spears sent forth no gleams; the croaking of the raven was heard, the howl of the wolf hastening to his prey, and the Saxons retired to their camp on the plain, loaded with the spoils of the foe.

Again there was much joy in their tents. The pavilion of the king was illuminated with blazing lights, the mead banquet was prepared, the warriors sat on high stools covered with golden web, the silver horns of plenty overflowed with wine and the blood of mulberries. The queen and her damsels of beauty poured forth the hydromel liberally, and Etheling, Eorl, and Thegn, rejoiced in their smiles. The Scalds of the king awoke the songs of

Odin—a hundred voices joined the melodious tones of the harp.

All was joyous but Valdrwulf; sad was his heart for the loss of Helga, and the tear of silent sorrow fell on the gilded brim of his mantling wine cup.

The king sought to soothe his grief; he commanded that a splendid banner should reward his valour in tent and field; he waved his hand, and six noble steeds were led into the pavilion, and presented to the chief of the isles; they were covered with rich mantlings of needlework, and their saddle bows shone with gems and gold.

Then rose the queen Elgitha from amidst the fair maidens, and presented him with her armlets, curiously sparkling with precious jewels.

“King of Eorls, helmet of thy people,” said Valdrwulf, “my deservings equal not thy liberal gifts, but my short-lived day of fame draws to a close. Helga, my beloved Helga, soon must the struggling flames consume thy lovely form. I have sworn, as thy friend and companion in war, not to survive thee. Grant then, great Odin, father of gods, that my renown, like the sun, when the tempests of noon have passed away, may set in transcendant glory. Give me, O king of shields, the noblest of these war-steeds, and I will go forth and seek this night, in the black valley, the fiend of the moor, the demon who has destroyed thy people, and slain my own true Helga. I will revenge her death or fall in the conflict. I will bring the head of the monster at my saddle bow, or never again appear in thy tent. Amid the stormy mists of the moor, the dark-rolling clouds of the desert, I shall glory to wrestle with the fiend!”

The warriors shout applause, he leaps on the gallant steed, he rushes forth through the starless night to seek the foul destroyer, the blood-drinking Thyrse of the black valley.

* * * *

Grey morning dawned in the east, the clouds blushed at the coming of the king of light, and the landscape gleamed afar with the smiles of day.

Warriors were seen through the white mists that rested on the lofty ramparts of Caer-Andred.

Her watchmen looked forth towards the camp of the Saxons, and fear came upon them, because of the power and number of their invaders.

King Ella issues from his tent; he moves, a pillar of flashing brightness against the rising sun, scattering light on the yellow shields of his gathering host.

Scouts, ere dawn, went forth from the camp; but they return not—they bring no tidings from the gloomy moor, the black valley of fear.

The king mourns for Valdrwulf as for one departed to the lofty abode of ancient heroes!

The horn of battle sounds, the brazen clamour of the regal shield awoke the shout of the mighty ones in fight. The glancing banners move here and there, like the red meteors of the heath. The Saxons and Angli, led by king Ella, march against the ramparts of the Cymry. Downward pour the Britons, in their glittering arms, to meet them, like lightning streaming in shattered masses from the dark clouds of midnight: buckler against buckler, unlance against claymore, clash like the roar of a thousand thunders!

Who dashes on his white steed into the midst of the arrowy tempest, the tumult of the men of strength, where the sharp weapons pour forth showers of blood, and the noise of the battle waxeth louder and louder?

His garments of locked steel are stained with gore, the plumes of his helm are broken and soiled, and sad is his countenance, though victorious.

It is the illustrious prince of the isles, the redoubted Valdrwulf, returned from the dark moor, the gloomy habitation of the fiend: he returns a conqueror from the midnight combat, and at his saddle-bows hangs the grim and blood-streaming head of the fiend!

His sword glances, like a gleam of lightning, along the dark van of battle; he rushes on the foe like a thunderbolt dashed against the echoing cliffs of Cheddar.

The Britons fall in heaps, like showery meteors, when the winds rush along the northern skies; they sink like the waves on the shore; they retreat within their ramparts, like the surges of the tide, when they go back to the unknown depths of the ocean, from whence they came.

Valdrwulf hath seized the red dragon of the Cymry! he waves their standard of glory above his head; he mounts their ramparts, but he lifteth not, as he was wont, the shout of triumph to his warriors.

The Saxons pursue their foemen like a

band of wolves chasing the sheep-flocks in the flowery valleys of Avon.

Caer-Andred is taken! the Saxons conquer the whole city, and the red-edged seaxan devours its inhabitants. The warriors of the north spare not the feeble nor the old. The sun sunk from the heavens, and with it died the wailings of despair; it set on the silent city of death, and there was no one to weep over the slain, no man to bury the dead!

The eagle and the wolf were gorged with feasting; the forest bear dwelt in the habitation of princes, and the horn-beaked raven croaked with joy over the banquet of blood!

The Saxons returned to their camp loaded with spoils. That night were great shouting and mirth in the pavilions of king Ella: the crown of the south was set on his brows, he received the worship of his Eorls, the homage of his people; the mead-cups overflowed with hydromel and delicious morat; the festive horns went merrily round, filled with the golden tears of morning flowers.

The lord of shields, the lion of battle, divided his boundless treasures among the brave; glittering swords, meet for the thighs of the illustrious in war, and money-gifts, and chains of gold for the necks of the conquerors.

Valdrwulf laid the dragon banner of the Cymry, and the ghastly head of the moor fiend, on the regal dais, at the glittering footstool of the king. But no sound came from his lips; he answered not Ella's congratulations, he spoke not to the noble Eorls around him: the death-spell of the fiend was on him, and the silence of the grave sat on his lips! he tasted not the wine-cup, he mingled not with the merry-hearted at the banquet; he retired in mystery to his tent, and wept over the dead body of his Helga.

The morning came, but it brought not joy to Valdrwulf. He prepared with his chiefs the death-pile; and the pale corse of Helga was borne on a shield to the place of fire by ethel-born warriors. The king attended the burning, and the queen, with her damsels, strewed the funeral pyre with flowers.

Helga was laid on a noble shield, and a mountain of armour raised around her. Valdrwulf divided in portions, for his mighty men and the Thanes of Elba, all his splendid treasures; they were laid in

heaps far asunder along the plain of Merthin.

Then mounted the chief princes their fleet steeds, to seize the war-gifts. Osric, whose horse was the swiftest, first reached the most distant pile, and won the noblest treasure.

The race was boldly sustained; many fell, and much spoil was scattered abroad, while the army-shouts rang through the woody retreats of Andred's wolds.

Then were slain six steeds, white as the untrod snows of Helvellyan; and ten captive slaves fell by the sword of Valdrwulf, to feed the flames, and attend their lovely mistress, that she might enter with high pomp and glory the halls of Valhalla.

The pile was fired—the blaze ascended brightly to heaven; propitious omen that the gods would receive her spirit, and seat her at the banquet of skulls, before the throne of the eternal king of armies.

Then rose the voice of the Scalds, and the loud harp rang with the death-song of Odin. The funeral feast was prepared, and the dark browed warriors were joyous round the dead.

Valdrwulf, with his blood-dyed sword, approached the blazing mount of fire—he plunged the blade into his bosom, the fiend-spell of silence was broken, and he leaped, shouting, amid the flames.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

LONG ages ago, when the whole of northern Europe was sunk in barbarism and dark idolatry, a young and beautiful maiden was found at sun-rise upon the rugged coast of Norway. There she stood, and looked wistfully over the retiring waves, which had left their fringes of silvery surf at her small naked feet.

The night had been stormy, and a vessel lay wrecked among the rocks. All the crew had perished but that gentle lady. The savage people gathered about her, wondering much at the rare fashion and the richness of her flowing garments, and at her fresh and delicate beauty; but most of all at the sweetness and dignity of her demeanour.

It was this maiden who became the wife of Regnar, the young prince of Norway; she was of equal birth with him, being a king's daughter, but obliged to flee from the usurper of her father's throne. The princess Gurith (for so she was called,) was not an idolater, yet for nearly a year

after her marriage, few persons but her husband knew the name of her religion. They soon learned, however, that in her it was pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; and so she was loved by all, and might have been happy, had not queen Temora, the widow of the king's eldest son, visited the court of Norway. Now, this Temora was very beautiful, but proud and revengeful, and so skilled in magic, that by many she was named the sorceress. Temora was queen, in her own right, of the far Orkney isles; and, notwithstanding her husband's sudden death, she had cherished the hope to reign in Norway also; for Regnar, then the younger brother, though now the heir, had wooed her, when, from ambition, she preferred the elder prince.

When Temora came to court, hiding her fiery passions with a smiling face, and saw the beauty of the innocent Gurith, and the influence she had won in the hearts of those around her, she devoted her to ruin. It is said that she went at midnight, far up among the hills, into the depths of a black pine forest, where stood a rude but famous temple of the idol Woden, (the ruins are now scattered about the place,) and there sprinkling her own blood upon the altar, vowed to accomplish a deep and horrible revenge. From that hour she left no way untried to reach her ends. At first, she sought, under the mask of friendship, to introduce into the heart of Gurith some dark suspicion of her husband's faith, and so, at length, to break that gentle heart; but the young princess was above suspicion; love, and her perfect confidence in him she loved, was as a breast-plate of adamant to her, from which every weapon that was aimed against it fell off, not only blunted, but leaving no trace to show where it had struck. Thus Temora was confounded and perplexed, for she had judged the princess by her own principles and feelings.

Still, notwithstanding all these deep devices, the guileless lady Gurith grew in favour and tender love with all who knew her, and the sorceress inwardly cursed herself, when she beheld the effect of Gurith's presence upon the barbarous Norwegians; an effect far more grateful to her woman's heart than the most awful influence of her own magic spells. When Gurith came

forth into the banquet-hall, they met her with a reverence only next to adoration. Their brutal manner caught for the time somewhat of her gentleness; their fierce disputings stopped; their coarse jests and roars of laughter sounded more faintly; the very minstrels touched their harps more lightly, and turned their war-songs to some plaintive lay, such as a gentle woman loves to hear. But the secret of this influence was a mystery to the consummate artfulness of queen Temora; she could not comprehend that simple humility and unaffected kindness can win their way to the most savage bosom.

For instance, after a battle, when the wounded were brought home, a band of warriors came forward to the terrace, on which Gurith and queen Temora sat, surrounded by their ladies. They had brought the richest spoil, and laid it at the feet of the two princesses. Temora snatched at once a coronet of gems, and placed it with a haughty smile upon her head. They that stood by shuddered as they saw her bright eyes flashing, and the rich blush of pleasure on her cheek—for a few dark drops clung in the threads of yellow hair upon her brow, and then trickled down her face. There was human blood upon that coronet. Gurith had scarcely looked upon the glittering baubles set before her; she had seen a wounded soldier fall exhausted at the gate, and she flew to raise him. They that stood by smiled with tender and admiring love, as they beheld her hands and garments stained with blood, for she had torn her long white veil to staunch the blood, dressing the wounds of the dying man with her own soft hands; and then, as other wounded soldiers were brought from the field, she had forgot her rank, and the feebleness of her sex, to administer also to their relief. It was in such instances as these that the character of Gurith was discovered; was it strange that she should seem almost a being of a higher order to the untutored savages? But soon Temora began to fear that Gurith was herself an enchantress, for every withering spell of witchcraft had been tried in vain against her. She had met at midnight with the weird women in their murky caverns; there they sung their charmed rhymes together, and held their horrid incantations; Gurith was still unharmed, still lovely, still happy in the love of her husband, and of all the people.

By a mere chance, the sorceress at length discovered what she felt convinced to be the secret of Gurith's hidden strength. There was a chamber, in a small lonely tower that joined the palace, to which the young princess retired, not only at stated periods every day, but often, very often, at other times. There she would sometimes remain shut up for hours, and no one dared to break upon her privacy; even her husband humoured her wishes, and had never, since his marriage, visited that chamber. If sometimes she entered it mournful, dispirited, and with downcast looks, she never failed to come forth from her retirement with a new spirit, calm and smiling, and all the fair beauty of her face restored. This, then, was the chamber where those spells were woven which had baffled all the skill of the sorceress.

Not long after the queen had made the discovery of the chamber, the aged king, her father-in-law, while visiting the princess Gurith, was struck with blindness. Temora began to rejoice, for an opportunity, well suited to her own dark purposes, had at last occurred.

There was a solemn festival held in honour of the goddess Freya. In the midst of the rejoicing, the sorceress (her yellow hair streaming upon her shoulders, and her rich robes all rent,) rushed into the hall. With frantic cries she bade the feasting cease, and, seizing upon an aged Scald the harp that he was striking, she tore away the strings, and then, in sullen silence, she sat her down before the idol's image. Again she rose, and with a dagger's point scratched a few rough characters upon the altar. The priests had gathered round her, and when they saw those letters, they also shrieked aloud with horror; they fell before the idol, and bowed their faces to the ground, howling, and heaping dust upon their heads. Upon this, with a fixed and dreamy stare, Temora arose, and, beating upon a sort of shapeless drum, commenced a low and melancholy chaunt.

She told them that the nation had cause to mourn that heavy calamities had fallen upon them, that the gods had sent a curse among them. A monster had been cast up by the treacherous waves, and none had known their danger. Their king, their prince—nay, she herself, had been deceived; for that fearful monster had come among them in a human form, even

as a beautiful maiden. They had cherished her, and now the judgment had fallen upon them: it had begun with the king—he was struck with blindness—where would it fall next? with prophetic glance she could foresee. But here the drum dropt from her hands; at once her frantic violence was stilled: she sunk upon the ground, and her long hair fell like a veil over her stern features. She had said enough. As she began, a smothered sound of cursing arose on all sides; now the whirlwind of furious passion burst forth, and knew no bounds. The tumult spread far and wide among the people. Led by the wizard priests, they rushed to the palace, and demanded that their king should come forth to them. Now the poor old king, being in his dotage, and almost governed by the priests, had been persuaded and tutored to think and to answer just as they suggested. Led by the sorceress, he came forth, sightless and trembling, and his few faltering words confirmed all that the artful Temora had declared.

All this time, prince Regnar had been absent. He came in from hunting just when Temora had brought his father forth. Horror-struck, he soon perceived the purpose of the fiend-like woman, but in vain he sought to quell the furious tumult; his father was totally under the dominion of the priests; and when a cry was raised, demanding, as their victim, the young and innocent Gurith, the king's assent was given. As for the princess, she was not to be found. Two persons, however, who at once had guessed the place of her retreat, met at the door of her mysterious chamber. For once, that door was scarcely closed. It opened at the gentle touch of Regnar, but there was something arrested him. "Stop, stop," he whispered, holding the door firmly with one hand, whilst he thrust forth the other to prevent Temora from advancing: "stop but a little while. Let us not disturb her yet." Temora obeyed. Curiosity for a time mastered her vengeance. She wished to hear distinctly the words which were pronounced in that chamber; but what were the words that fell upon her ear? The low, sweet voice of Gurith, breathing forth prayers to the God she worshipped; pleading for her worst enemy, praying that he, whose favour is life, would give a new spirit, and sweet peace of mind, and every blessing to her sister Temora! The voice o

Gurith ceased, and Regnar entered softly. Temora had sunk upon the step where she had stood; she did not enter, though at last that chamber stood open before her; but with still greater astonishment than that with which she had listened, she gazed upon its inmate. Gurith had not heard the light step of her husband. She was kneeling, with both her hands covering her face. The tears that trickled through her fingers too well betrayed the anguish that had stopped her voice in prayer. And this, then, was the secret of the mysterious chamber? Gurith had trusted to no spell but that of innocence; her strength had been in the confession of her utter weakness to him with whom she held her high and spiritual communion—to him whose strength is made perfect in the weakness of his children. To him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows—whose gracious invitation is to the weary and heavy laden—she had gone in every time of trial; and from the foot of his cross, where she ever laid the burden of her griefs, she had brought forth into the world that sweet and holy cheerfulness which passed even the understanding of the wretched Temora. Struck to the heart, the sorceress slunk silently away. Some feelings of remorse had seized upon her, and now she would have gladly stopped the tumult. Alas! she had no power to calm the storm which she had raised. The frantic multitude had burst the palace gates. Regnar was overpowered, and they were dragging their meek and innocent victim to the altar of the horrid idol, when suddenly, and it seemed miraculously, a higher power interposed and stopped their blind fury. The aged monarch fell dead into the arms of his attendants; the excitement of the last few hours had proved too much for his feeble frame. Instantly, and almost at a venture, a single voice cried out, "Long live king Regnar!" There was a breathless pause—and then the cry was echoed by the shouts of all the people. Gurith, the Christian Gurith, was saved.

REPLY OF JAMES THE FIRST.

A corporation, in addressing James the First, hoped that he might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured! "Gude faith, mon," said the king, "then my son maun reign by *candle-light*."



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THE SPECTRE SHIP. AN AYR LEGEND.

BRYCE GULLBYLAND was a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man, with two high cheek-bones; his nose thin and somewhat hooked; two small grey eyes that had taken up their residence in the inner chambers of his head, which were thatched with a pair of eye-brows of long grey hair; his mouth was drawn together—not unlike a purse that had long been in the possession of a spendthrift—and was seldom unpuckered but to utter some monosyllable, for he was extremely tenacious of his words on all occasions. This, with a considerable bend in his shoulders, gave him somewhat of an odd appearance, although he had given a little more in to the new order of things, that were beginning to make considerable inroads on the wardrobes of our forefathers.

But this piece of animal machinery—ornamented with a large white wig, composed of goat's hair, a huge cocked hat, a coat of brown program with large cuffs, and every button (of which there were no lack) of the size of a silver crown, a pair

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of petticoat-trowsers, composed of Osnaburgh sail-cloth, and large silver buckles that covered the greatest portion of his instep—made up altogether a sort of amphibious animal, neither landsman nor seaman, but yet something of both. Such was the hero of the tale that I am about to narrate.

It was in the year 1723, that the good ship, the "Golden Thistle," of Ayr, was chartered by the Virginia company to sail for Maryland, in South Carolina, for a cargo of tobacco; and the said Bryce Gullbyland was appointed captain, (to the no small loss of Johnny Towlines, who had long sailed her with profit to his owners—although Johnny was one of those people that could discover a dozen meridians in the four-and-twenty hours,) through the interest of Bailie M'Ilwhang, whose sister Bryce had married a few weeks previous to this date. She was a virgin maiden of fifty; and her features might have been fixed on the bow of the fire-ship, the Medusa, or would have formed an appropriate ornament over the gateway of a vinegar-yard.

The Sunday previous to the sailing of

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the Golden Thistle, captain Gullbyland went to church at the head of his crew; when the reverend Robert Adair, then minister, and the congregation, joined most fervently in prayer for a successful voyage: and that day, Jenny Whitelees, the most popular spæwife in the parish, had observed the model-ship, that is suspended over the sailor's-loft, to veer round in the direction that the Golden Thistle was bound, and return back to its former station. This she afterwards told Mrs. Gullbyland, when called to look into futurity through the dark clouds of Bohea dust, or mayhap it might be black-leafed Congou. The voyage, she said, would turn out both short and prosperous—for the cup boded every thing that was desirable, and the motion of the ship was an augury that never failed. She further avowed, that since her husband was lost off the Ouchar Rocks, in 1702, no ship had left the bar of Ayr, but she could foretell the fortune of the voyage by its motion.

This promising augury, with a few little items of scandal, was rewarded by Mrs. Gullbyland with half-a-pound of lamb's wool, to make Jenny a pair of hose.

It was on the 1st of April that the Golden Thistle crossed the bar of Ayr, decked out in all the finery of jack, ensign, pendant, and streamer; while her white swelling sails were borne on the gale like a summer cloud. A favourable breeze sprung up, and in two hours the Golden Thistle appeared but as a speck on the blue horizon of the ocean. Towards evening, the weather became thick and hazy, and the wind rose into what a seaman would have called a stiff gale; but to Bryce Gullbyland, who was but a fresh water mariner, (for he never had sailed beyond the narrow seas that surround Scotland,) it became an alarming storm, and by daylight next morning he had lost all calculation of what course he was in, or to what quarter of the globe he had been blown. This weather continued for a fortnight, nor could Bryce, during that period, come to any conclusion, whether he was in *terra incognita*, the broad Atlantic, or in the Sound of Kilbrannan; for, although the worthy baillie, his good brother, had avowed to the Virginia Company, that Bryce was deeply skilled in navigation, yet it appeared to be somewhat doubtful on this occasion—since, if possessed of the theory, he did not put it in practice.

At last the storm subsided, and the weather clearing up, he found the ship within sight of land; but it was still unknown to Bryce whether he was drawing near to the Anthropophagi. It was, however, a beautiful spring morning, and the bosom of the ocean lay, like a boundless mirror, enveloped in a thin blue vapour: all hands were called upon deck, as the land lay under the lea bow. It appeared, at first sight, to be composed of colonnades, pillars, arches, and spires, of all the orders architecture could boast; but as the ship drew near, they disappeared, and a fresh creation rose out of the ocean, of ruined minsters, towers, and cities, in endless variety, which made Bryce exclaim, "This is perilous strange!" A small boat, with four people, was seen approaching the ship, when Bryce left the deck, and shortly appeared with a long musketoon on his shoulder—which had been left in the citadel of Ayr by one of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers—and paced the quarter-deck with long martial strides, every step sounding like a declaration of war to the approaching boat, which was nearing the ship very fast, and soon got along-side. It was then discovered that the land was the Isle of Skye, and the people no men-eaters. The boatmen civilly proposed piloting the ship into secure anchor-ground; and the sun, gaining more strength, soon dispelled the clouds that enveloped the shore, when the magic scenery disappeared, leaving a cold, bleak, iron-bound coast, with a few fishermen's huts scattered upon the beach.

The boatmen were soon informed of the unskilful voyage; and one of them advised captain Gullbyland to apply to the weird wife, who dealt largely in fair wind, for as much as would carry the ship to her destined port. Bryce, who thought a fair wind might stand him in lieu of navigation, for he was a firm believer in the power of witchcraft—as a proof of which, he was one of three that sat up with Maggie Osburne, previous to her execution at Ayr, to prevent her from making her escape through the key-hole of the prison-door—instantly gave into the proposal, and preparation was immediately set about for the journey. Into a canvass bag, a junk of salt beef, a small quantity of sea biscuit, and two bottles of rum were put, as a retaining fee for Nor'west Meg—which was the name by which she was known among the mariners of the surrounding islands.

Bryce, piloted by Willie Barnacle, an old fisherman, and Davie Hassel, one of his cabin-boys, carrying the bag, set out for a cargo of fair wind. The road lay through a narrow defile, betwixt two high wild projecting cliffs, where the lichen and dwarf-oak clung to the shelves and fissures of the shattered face of the rock—from which the head and venerable beard of the mountain-goat were now and then seen peeping, while their occasional bleats echoed from the surrounding dens, awakening the yell of the eagle, that claimed, as it were, an hereditary right to the undisturbed dominion of the neighbouring heights.

After climbing over broken disjointed masses of granite for two miles, they came to a clear rivulet, that flowed into a little glen, in all the varied beauties of cascade, stream, and pool — where spring had already begun to strew with profusion the fragrant primrose, the pied daisy, and dark blue cuckoo-flower. They now reached the top of a hillock, when old Barnacle, exclaiming, "Yonder's the canny wife's bield!" pointed to a spot where stood a group of gigantic figures, from the centre of which arose a small curling volume of smoke. As they drew nigh, they found the figures to be nine rudely-formed pillars, standing erect; in the centre of which there was a large broad stone, supported by three upright ones. In short, it was what an antiquary would have called a Cromlech, or Druid's temple, which Nor-west Meg had metamorphosed, with the assistance of turf, stone, and clay, into a hovel or cavern, which she had occupied for many years.

Old Barnacle, who on many former occasions had officiated as high-priest to this old sybil, ordered the skipper (as he called Bryce) and the boy to halt at a short distance. He approached the farthest of the nine pillars, and lifting a long polished pebble struck three distinct times, when a creature of the most singular appearance was seen creeping out from beneath the large stone.

It appeared a mass of rags, without symmetry, shape, or form—but which was no other than the weird wife herself! Rising upright, she commenced pacing round the pillars in measured steps, uttering a Runic rhyme in cadence to the movement of her feet, at the same time waving her arms wildly to and fro. When

she came opposite to old Barnacle, she made a pause, and some words were exchanged; but what they were, neither Bryce nor the boy could understand. They were now beckoned to approach more near by the fisherman, when Meg again renewed her steps and contortions, uttering:—

"Children of the world's strife,
What seek ye from the weird wife?
Is't wind for your bark, or storm for the foe—
Calm for your lines, or gales that blow—
Hope to the maiden, joy to the wife—
That brings you to the weird wife?"

Here, after making a pause opposite to Bryce—for, with all her skill in futurity, although the four elements were at her command, in the opinion of the ignorant, yet she could not tell what wind had blown her such a votary, as his petticoat-trowsers were not unlike the kilt of an Argyllshire drover — once more commencing her movements, she proceeded:—

"Or is it from the upland fell—
To save the lamb from the eagle's yell,
From the wolf's fang, or the raven's beak—
That ye come Nor'west Meg to seek?"

The fisherman, taking the bag from the boy, laid the contents out upon the grass, within the circle; while the hag, never deigning to look at the articles, still kept pacing round. At length, however, making a full stand, they had a better opportunity of scrutinising this strange being.

She was a dwarfish creature, not exceeding three feet and a half high, her head coming in for a third portion of the whole; her chin resting upon one of her breasts, the opposite shoulder appearing over the crown of her head; her elf-locks dangling over her face, and her garments, that scarcely reached to her knees, displaying a pair of crooked legs, half-covered by the tattered remnants of chequered hose. She now snatched up the empty bag, and rushed into the cavern; when Bryce, for the first time opening his lips, exclaimed—"This is perilous strange!"

Old Barnacle now gave Bryce to understand that this was the great crisis, and to treasure up the words that she should utter when she appeared next; for, after that, her skill ceased for four-and-twenty hours. While uttering this admonition, she appeared again, with the bag in her hand, which she threw from her, without the circle, repeating:—

"Sail west, till the blue craig meet your eyes—
This bag shall wind you on your way—
And tarry till the red sun rise:
Mark your departure from that day,

And ye shall speed!—and ye shall speed!—
Nor need ye throw the deep sea lead—
For Nor'west Meg shall watch the moon,
And give the current wind and tide:
O'er hidden rocks your bark shall swim—
O'er waves and oceans smoothly glide;
No fears nor tears shall dim your eyes—
Sail west, for there your journey lies."

Here, giving a wild scream, as if exhausted, she rushed into the cavern, while Bryce exclaimed — "This is perilous strange!"

The bag was now examined, which appeared to be empty, the mouth tied with a mystic knot of human hair; and old Barnacle, on delivering it to Bryce, gave strict injunctions not to open it till the end of the voyage, else all the fiends that untill the churches, or ride upon the shrouds of the storm-tossed bark, would be their companions during the voyage—as all accidents that happened to Nor'west Meg's votaries arose out of yielding to this idle curiosity.

Bryce no sooner got on board, than the sails were once more unfurled, the wind and tide being both favourable. By the evening of the second day, they were within sight of the blue craig of Ailsa. Bryce, whose faith in the augury of the weird wife was founded on the broad basis of superstition, took the helm in his own hand, and bore down for the craig. The clouds of night began to rest on the bosom of the ocean, and nothing was heard but the rippling of its surface on the bow of the bark, as she glided on her way through the silent tide. The moon now burst through a large mass of black clouds, illuminating all around with a bright silvery light. Bryce, whose mind was wound up to the highest point at this crisis, as he knew that he was close upon the craig, discovered a vessel edging away from under his lee-bow, not two hundred yards distant. He looked again—the cut of her sails and rig of her mizen were the same as his own ship!—and, taking up the speaking trumpet that lay on the binnacle before him, hailed her with—"What ship, a-hoy?" Bryce, who was all attention, heard his own question repeated. This was not altogether according to marine etiquette; he, however, once more shouted—"The Golden Thistle of Ayr, Bryce Gullbyland master!" when, to his no small astonishment, at the expiration of a few seconds, he heard repeated distinctly — "The Golden Thistle of Ayr, Bryce Gullbyland master!"

"This is perilous strange!" said he to himself: "two square-cut top-sails, two taugt-rigged mizens, two Golden Thistles, and two Bryce Gullbylands masters,—it is perilous strange, indeed!"

He, however, thought he would make a little more inquiry into the mystery that appeared to envelope the two ships, and again shouting — "From whence, to where?" it was instantly repeated back. Bryce, in desperation, instantly replied — "From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia—last from the Isle of Skye!" when, to complete his horror, he heard in a loud sonorous voice—"From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia—last from the Isle of Skye!" Bryce now, letting go the helm, rushed below, exclaiming—"Perilous delusion!" and to wind up the catastrophe, he caught Davie Hassel, his cabin-boy, in the very act of untying Nor'west Meg's bag of fair wind. This was the climax of poor Bryce's imaginary evils: he immediately bawled out—"I have seen it! I have seen it! I have seen it!"

A part of the crew anxiously asked him what he had seen. "Why, I have seen the spectre of the Golden Thistle, and the wraith of Bryce Gullbyland, and I'll shortly be a ghost myself: perilous, perilous strange!"

One of the crew, who had been forward in the bows during the parley betwixt Bryce and the spectre ship, now came below, to convince him that the imagined ship was but the shadow of his own vessel, reflected by the moon on the face of the ocean!

"Perilous nonsense!" exclaimed Bryce; "true and of verity it is that shadows have no words!"

"Why, captain," said one of the seamen, "we were so near the craig, that I could have chucked a biscuit on the bluff rock that overhangs the Mermaid's Cave, where there is an echo that I have listened to many a moonlight night such as this. You should put away these fresh-water vapours—for what were the words you heard but the echo of my own mouth!"

But Tom Bobstay might as well have lectured to the bulkhead as to Bryce: he was now in a state of confirmed delirium, muttering incoherent nonsense, and it was with no little difficulty they got him into his hammock. By daylight next morning they were off the bar of Ayr, and Johnny Smoothwater, the pilot, (as there was no

surf that morning,) came alongside; when Bryce—who was now in a high brain-fever, having grown worse during the night—was carried ashore, supported by two of the pilot's crew, to his own house, where Mrs. Gullbyland, meeting him at the door, anxiously inquired:—

“Dear Bryce! sweet Bryce! what sort of a voyage had you?”

“From Ayr, to Maryland in Virginia!” exclaimed Bryce.

“What is the matter with you, my dear Bryce?”

“For Nor'west Meg will watch the moon,
And give the current wind and tide!”

But it is all delusion—all delusion!”

“My dear brother, the baillie, is dead!” said Mrs. Gullbyland: “he went to Maybole, to a spice-and-wine entry*—took a surfeit—came home—went to bed—and never rose again! But he has left us all he had!”

“My dear brother dead and gone!—Yes, yes—to the Isle of Skye, or the upland fell!” exclaimed Bryce.

“Remember yourself—you are now in your own comfortable parlour, sitting by a good sea-coal fire.”

“Captain of the Golden Thistle of Ayr!” shouted Bryce.

The skipper, still continuing thus to interrupt every conversation with these incoherent ravings, was confined to his room under the charge of one of the most skilful physicians of Ayr, and soon recovered of his malady; for, a few days after, some of his neighbours saw him settling a small account with an inkle-weaver from Leith. For the further information of the reader, Jenny Whitelees, having for ever lost her reputation as a spawwife, left off reading of cups for the more profitable practice of reading her Bible; and Johnny Towlines was again appointed captain of the Golden Thistle.

If there is any moral to be derived from this tale, it can only amount to this:—
Put no trust in augury.

THE STUDENT OF HEIDELBURG.

IN the year 179—, the university of Heidelberg differed but little from that of

the present day, save in point of numbers; the same mixture of ranks and classes, and the same swaggering half-military looking personages, pipe in mouth, were then, as now, to be seen at all times parading the principal streets. The student at a German university is a strange being, an odd compound of duelling, smoking, billiard-playing, love-making, and study; but still there are some whose object is study alone, who lead a quiet regular life, and pass through their terms unnoticed, save by their immediate class fellows—and just such an one was Karl Leibetz. He lodged at the house of a widow lady, who had hitherto declined receiving any of the students, her reasons being two-fold; first, she had not wherewithal to make her yearly expenses meet without much straining; and secondly, her care and solicitude for the welfare of the pretty Adeline, her only daughter, clearly pointed out to her that a gay and rattling student would ill accord with her arrangements. Her scruples were, however, removed by a note from Mr. Reisthans, the principal banker, requesting to know whether she would have any objection to receive as an inmate a young man whose connexions were of the highest respectability, and for whom he would enter into any guarantee she might desire. The recommendation of the worthy banker was not to be refused, and a reply in the affirmative, stating how happy madame Hartmann would feel in receiving any friend of Mr. Reisthans, was immediately sent, and in due course Mr. Karl Leibetz arrived.

In a short time madame Hartmann began to find that Mr. Karl was a remarkably pleasant young man: he was so quiet, that she could scarcely believe she had received any addition to her household; there was no smoking from morn till night, no bottles of beer strewed about the rooms in all directions, and no carousing all night with his fellow students; in fact, she began to consider him more as a friendly guest than a lodger. On his first arrival, the pretty Adeline, whose expectations and curiosity had been excited in the highest degree, had expressed herself rather disappointed; there was a chilling hauteur about him which she could not at all understand, but in a short time this wore away, and Adeline began partly to coincide with her mother's opinion, in thinking him very agreeable, and partly to go

* It was an ancient custom in the burgh of Maybole, that when a candidate to become a burgher was the son of a freeman, the fine levied, being ten shillings sterling, was commuted into a treat of spice and wine, for behoof of the town-council.

rather farther than madame Hartmann had done, in finding him a very handsome man.

Mr. Karl became at length to be so much considered as one of the family, that in any invitations to madame and her daughter, he was always included, and never failed of accompanying them, and became elsewhere as great a favourite as with madame Hartmann.

I believe it to be a general rule with all narrators of "historiettes," never to allow a young couple to become domiciled under the same roof without engendering the tender passion, and I mean shortly, in a work of fiction, boldly to strike out a new reading for myself; but, at the present time, as I have to do with stubborn facts, I must be content to jog on in the old-fashioned way, and admit that there was some truth in the surmises of an attachment existing between Mr. Karl and the pretty Adeline; and perhaps it was not so wonderful that such should be the case—all things considered—for Adeline was, in honest truth, a remarkably pretty girl, with a something so piquante and lively about her, that you were lured away by her fascinations, ere you had time altogether to make up your mind that you were doing any thing more than considering her as a very agreeable sort of a person. As for Mr. Karl, I can't, as an honest historian, quite agree with Adeline, in saying he was very handsome. He was quiet in his manners, elegant in his appearance, and particularly attentive as to the make and arrangement of his dress; in fact, it appeared as if he embodied in a German person, that in England we generally believed, (at least before prince Puckler Muskau taught us otherwise,) to be only found as belonging to an English gentleman.

It was not until some time had elapsed that Mr. Karl, finding himself extremely annoyed by the attentions of a provokingly handsome puppy towards mamselle Adeline, began to question himself as to why he felt so much irritated, and then it occurred to him, in the strongest manner possible, suddenly as it were, without any mental train of reasoning, that he was in love. Now the first thing we do, after discovering that we are thus caught, is to wonder at our stupidity in not sooner being aware of it, because, should circumstances or necessity render it advisable, we may

have an opportunity of quietly backing out before matters are carried too far, and in Karl's case, he clearly saw that he was, too far advanced to be able to retreat—however much stern necessity might point out the prudence of such a step. In consulting with himself, he could only see one great obstacle that presented itself:—his father, in sending him to Heidelberg, and specifying the various acquirements necessary for his son, had never said a word about a wife, and he much doubted whether such a thing had ever been thought of; and even had it been in contemplation, he was tolerably sure that, much as he might admire the charms, the elegance and disposition of Adeline, his father would not consider them as sufficient, without the balance was equipoised by rank and wealth.

If Karl, or even the pretty Adeline, had been slow in discovering the growth of their affections, madame Hartmann had been somewhat quicker; she had had experience in these matters, and could understand the various little incidents, which, unheeded by the parties themselves, speak volumes to a careful and interested observer; and as a wise and prudent mother ought to do, she deemed it right, before matters went too far, to know something more about Mr. Karl Leibetz: it was true Mr. Reisthans had stated his family to be of the highest respectability, and that he was instructed to honour his drafts to any amount; all that might be very well as far as their original position was concerned, but something more she thought ought to be known, as matters seemed to be taking a different turn. So one day, finding the opportunity of making up some accounts with Mr. Reisthans to be very convenient, she stated at once what were her suspicions, and begged to know who and what the elder Mr. Leibetz might be.

The worthy banker seemed somewhat posed at such a downright question, for he stared at madame through his spectacles as if she had been a newly-discovered error in his ledger; but the scrutiny was unsatisfactory, for the lady had screwed up her countenance in the most determined manner—and, like Brutus, she paused for a reply.

"This is an awkward business, madame," rejoined the banker.

"An awkward business!" responded the lady, in surprise.

"Very."

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Reisthans."

"I am sorry for it, madame; but to explain, it is a pity your daughter should love Mr. Karl, and it is a pity Mr. Karl should be enamoured of the young lady, because there can be no marriage in the case."

"What!" screamed the astonished mother, "not marry my daughter!"

"Perfectly out of the question."

"Is he married already?" asked madame Hartmann.

"Certainly not," returned the banker.

"Then what is there to prevent him?"

"He has a father," said the banker.

"Doubtless," interrupted the lady.

"And his father is —"

"What?"

"Why, madame, I am not exactly at liberty to explain; but as a friend to yourself and family, believe me, when I say, it is quite impossible that a marriage can, under any circumstances, take place; therefore I would advise you, as soon as possible, to put a stop to this courting."

The banker looked so serious, and madame knew him so well for a matter-of-fact personage, that she determined on following his advice; therefore, on her return home, without much circumlocution, she stated her mind pretty freely. Mr. Karl hummed and ha'd, like a man who had a great deal to say, but did not know exactly how to explain himself; but madame cut the matter extremely short, by stating that, as a mother, anxious for the welfare and peace of mind of her daughter, she was desirous of preventing her affections being irrevocably fixed where the object of them was altogether beyond her reach, and if perfectly agreeable to Mr. Karl Leibetz, his absence alone would bring about so desirable an object.

Mr. Karl looked very angry, and tried to expostulate, but madame remained firm, and the result was his departure from Heidelberg on the following day.

The pretty Adeline pined for some time for the loss of her companion, but as time wore on, and as neither he nor tidings of him ever reached her afterwards, she gradually began to listen to the addresses of a young merchant, named Reiter; and though he wanted the grace, ease, and dignity of Mr. Karl, yet the match was so desirable, and the young man so agreeable,

that she at length consented to become madame Reiter.

Time wore away, and some few years passed on, madame Reiter having followed the prosperous fortunes of her husband, who had finally settled at Munich; as they were but recently arrived, with the intention of permanently residing at the Bavarian court, it was necessary that they should be presented.

The important day being arrived, found madame Reiter arrayed in all the splendour of a court dress, and plumes "en suite," looking more blooming and handsome than ever, and the admiration of the crowd of courtiers waiting their turn for presentation. When her name was announced as the next in rotation, she felt a passing tremor of the moment, but the gracious bow of the sovereign instantly re-assured her, and she raised her eyes until they met those of the king, when, to her no small surprise and astonishment, she recognised Mr. Karl Leibetz: it appeared the recognition was mutual; but the king, looking around, and pressing his finger on his lips, to prevent any breach of court-etiquette, she merely bowed, and passed onward.

What were the precise results of this "eclaircissement," I know not, or even whether madame explained to her husband the circumstances of her "premieres amours;" but I believe not, for the worthy Mr. Reiter was often heard to congratulate himself on the lucky chance which had led him to carry on his business at Munich, since he had prospered even beyond his most sanguine hopes.

INCIDENT AT KILLICRANKIE.

DURING the battle of Killicrankie, or of Renrorie, as the highlanders call it, one of those incidents occurred, which were too frequent in those troublesome times. Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, with his clan, had joined lord Dundee in the service of the abdicated king, while his second son, a captain in the Scotch fusileers, was, under general Mackay, on the side of the government. As the general was observing the highland army drawn up on the face of a hill, a little above the house of Urrard, to the westward of the great pass, he turned round to young Cameron, who stood next to him, and, pointing to the Camerons, said—"Here is your father with his wild savages; how would you like to be with

him?" "It signifies little," replied the other, "what I would like, but I recommend to you to be prepared, or perhaps my father and his wild savages may be nearer to you before night than you would like." And so it happened: Dundee delayed his attack till, according to an eyewitness, "the sun's going down, when the highlandmen advanced on us like madmen, without shoes or stockings, covering themselves from our fire with their targets. At last they cast away their muskets, drew their broad-swords, and advanced furiously upon us—broke us, and obliged us to retreat; some fled to the water, some another way." Never were such strokes given in Europe, as were given that day by the highlanders. "Many of general Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breast; others had their skulls cut off above their ears, like nightcaps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow; and pikes and small swords were cut like willows." In short, the charge was like a torrent, and the rout complete; but Dundee fell early in the attack. The consternation occasioned by the death of the general prevented an immediate pursuit through the great pass. If they had been closely followed, and if a few men had been placed at the southern entrance, not a man of the king's troops would have escaped. This uninterrupted retreat caused general Mackay to conclude that some misfortune had befallen lord Dundee. "Certainly," said he, "Dundee has been killed, or I could not thus be permitted to retreat."

The force of the attack was irresistible. After the right of the line had given way, the regiments on the centre and left (the left being covered by the river Garry, and the right by a woody precipice below the house of Urrard,) stood their ground, and for a short time withstood the shock of the highlanders' charge with the broad-sword; but at length they gave way on all sides. Hastings' regiment fled through the pass on the north side. The fusileers, dashing through the river, were followed by the highlanders, one party of whom pressed on their rear, while the others climbed up the hills on the south side of the pass, and having no ammunition, rolled down stones, and killed several of the soldiers before they re-crossed the river at Invergarry. This was the only attempt to pursue.

In this battle, Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow—ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath enough, before he expired, to tell Lochiel that, seeing an enemy—a highlander in general Mackay's army—aiming at him with a bow and arrow from the rear, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from death by receiving himself the fatal shaft.

HORSES.

When the duke of Marlborough was at Berlin, Frederick I., king of Prussia, exhibited a battle of wild beasts. A trooper's horse and bull were first turned out, and soon after were let loose a lion, a tiger, a bear, and a wolf, kept hungry for the purpose. The tiger crawled along upon the ground like a cat, and jumped upon the bull's back, which soon brought the bull down, and then the great scramble began, the beasts tearing the bull to pieces, and likewise one another. The wolf and the tiger were next dispatched. The lion and the bear had a long contest. The lion, with his teeth and his claws, wounded the bear in several places, but could not penetrate much farther than the skin. The bear, somehow or other, took the lion at an advantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him such a squeeze, as squeezed the breath out of his body. The bear then furiously attacked the trooper's horse, who stood grazing all this while at a little distance, and not minding what had been done; but the horse, with his hind-leg, gave the bear such a kick on the ribs, as provoked him into ten-fold fury. At the second attack, a second kick, which fell upon his head, broke both his jaws, and laid him dead upon the ground. So that, contrary to all expectation, the trooper's horse remained master of the field of battle.

THE DANISH CREED.

"A brave man," said the Danish creed of honour, "should attack two, stand firm against three, give ground a little to four, and only retreat from five."



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THE BRAHMIN'S PREDICTION.
A TALE OF THE EAST.

It was in the year 1775, at the presidency of Bombay, that an English lady was, for several weeks, every evening, observed to walk on the beach, anxiously looking towards the horizon. A Brahmin, well known among the English for some extraordinary instances of second-sight, noting her resort to this place, and her anxious looks, watched, and when no persons were visible, accosted her, and asked the cause of her anxiety; and she, knowing the character of the man, and moreover believing in his power, replied, "Why should a man, so gifted as you are, ask what you must well know?"

The Brahmin was affected, and steadfastly fixing his countenance upon her—which, aided by the placid air that pervaded it, and heightened by his venerable beard of snowy whiteness, gave him the appearance of a saint—said,

"Woman, I know the cause of your sorrow: your son lives; the ship will soon arrive in safety; but—" here he became more fixed, and his eyes assumed the ap-

pearance of deep intensity—"you will never more behold him!"

This was an awful blow to her; for a moment she was bewildered by the announcement, and turning round to ask some further question, and, if possible, to obtain an explanation, the Brahmin was gone! and to the day of her death she never saw him more, nor was he ever heard of afterwards in the neighbourhood of Bombay.

This intelligence, as may be expected, threw her into a state of dejection, from which nothing could arouse her. Mrs. Mortimer, before she married the gentleman whose name she then bore, was left a young and beautiful widow, with two children, a son and daughter. The former was sent to England for education—the latter remained with her.

A short time previous to her meeting with the Brahmin, she received letters from her friends and son in England, stating that he had obtained the appointment of writer, and hoped soon to see his mother. It was after all the ships of the season had arrived, that the fond mother lingered every evening on the lonely beach, crossed and agitated by a variety of feel-

ings, wondering at her son's non-arrival, and imagining a thousand evils which might have attended the ship's voyage; and the "perils of waters" did not tend to lessen her feelings of melancholy. But after the encounter with the Brahmin, hope fled; and the heavy gloom which settled upon her could not be erased or lightened by the endearing attentions of a doting husband, or the kindness of friends. They attempted to argue with her upon the folly and weakness of giving way to such ideas; that it was morally impossible the Brahmin could be so gifted. No; no arguments, no persuasions could alter her; the blow was too deeply struck. Those who know how sensitive women are, how prone to superstition, and more especially in cases where the tenderest feelings of their lovely nature are concerned, a mother—the pangs and exquisite bliss of maternal love, and that too centred in an only son, from whom she had been separated since he was an infant—will not too harshly judge of her conduct, or accuse her of more than a common degree of superstition.

At length a vessel was announced as arrived, and now was to be proved the truth or falsehood of the Brahmin's words, at least the first part, that he lived. What language can portray the agitated feelings of Mrs. Mortimer, between the contention which in her bosom arose, as to whether the Brahmin's declaration were to be believed, or she should banish all thoughts of it, and fondly anticipate her son. She would have flown to the beach, interrupted every passenger—but strength was denied her; her anxiety had then risen to such a pitch, that it quite incapacitated her from all exertion, and she remained in a state of mental stupor from the receipt of the news to the time when her husband disclosed to her the truth.

Mr. Mortimer, in the meantime, had learnt every information which he thought necessary, and hastened to his wife with the details; when she saw him, she cried out frantically—"Where—where is he?"

He replied, "The Brahmin's prediction as yet is true."

"He lives, then—he lives!" said she.

"He does," replied her husband.

"Tell me where he lives—what country, what city?"

"The ship," said Mr. Mortimer, "on its passage, touched at Rio Janeiro, and

by what inducements or artifice Greville (the first husband's name) was persuaded to become a Jesuit, is not shewn or known.

"A Jesuit!" exclaimed the mother; "oh, my Henry, my child, who were thy religious instructors?"

"It is, indeed, too true," continued Mr. Mortimer, "that he has become a Jesuit, and has been entered as a novice in their college."

This was the fact: of that order he professed himself, and for many years corresponded with his fond mother, stating that, of his own free-will, he had adopted the religion of which he then was a member, and expressed himself as perfectly happy.

In this manner he kept up a correspondence with his mother and friends, till suddenly the intercourse ceased, and she never heard from him more. Then all the terrors of the past, and the Brahmin's prediction, flashed anew on the mind of Mrs. Mortimer with redoubled horror. She gave herself up to grief, and wept for him as if she were already certain of his death. Mrs. Mortimer, after she had given up all hopes respecting her son, retired to England with her husband and family, where she lost her daughter, the sister to Greville. This was a fresh source of sorrow and grief. She sank into a state of despondency, from which neither time, religion, nor the efforts of an affectionate husband, could awaken her.

About ten years after the death of Greville's sister, an intimate friend of the family, having money remitted from India by bills on Portugal, went to Lisbon to receive it. Walking near a prison in the city, an Englishman, through the grate of a subterraneous dungeon, asked charity. He stopped to relieve his countryman, and inquired into the circumstances of his imprisonment.

"I am," the prisoner said, "a Jesuit in religion, but an Englishman by birth; by the uprightness and integrity of my conduct, I won the love and esteem of my order at Rio Janeiro, and quickly rose in rank and eminence. Sir, no doubt you have heard of Pombal, the merciless minister of the Portuguese king?"

"I have," replied the other.

"From my rank," continued the prisoner, "I grew to be an object of suspicion, and at last fell one of Pombal's countless victims; and the order of Jesuits having been suppressed, there was no restraint to

the malignant and despotic temper of that odious minister, and he cast me into this prison, where every hour I am nearing to the time of death. Yet how my soul, in my dying hour, would be lightened—how the sting of death would be softened, could I but hear of one—my mother—oh! my mother!" and he burst into tears.

The stranger started at this declaration; Mrs. Mortimer flashed across his mind, and he said to the prisoner, "Your mother—have you a mother?"

"Alas, sir!" said the unhappy being, "I know not if she lives."

"Your name! your name?"

"Henry Greville."

"Gracious Providence! your mother is my most intimate friend!"

"Oh, does she still live?"

"She was living when I left England, but in dreadful despondency at your supposed death, coupled with the loss of your sister!"

"What! and is my poor sister dead?" and the wretched prisoner heaved a deep sigh.

The odious Pombal being still in power, it was impossible to obtain the prisoner's release for some time, and it became necessary to petition the king. In the mean time, nothing was left undone to make Greville's situation as comfortable as possible, by supplying him with the means of purchasing food and proper clothing, and as an amelioration, he was removed to a more airy and healthy cell. At the same time, advices were despatched to Mr. Mortimer, who, with all possible tenderness and prudence, communicated the intelligence to his unhappy wife, adding, there was no doubt of his deliverance. The news *did* create a momentary joy, but it was succeeded by keener pangs of sorrow, and she continually exclaimed—"O, the Brahmin! the Brahmin!"

If the evil one possessed the power of making us miserable, it would be by giving us the power of viewing the future. The Brahmin had told her that her son lived, but that she would never see him more; the first part of the prediction had been fulfilled, and she could not doubt the truth of the latter.

After some little difficulty, the release of the ex-Jesuit was obtained; he heard of life, and light, and joy, and maternal love. He had lived, like a toad, in the

bowels of the earth; but air and light became poison to one who had so long dwelt in darkness. The transition was too great for human nature, and he died immediately after his deliverance. His unhappy mother did not long survive him, and to her last hour exclaimed, "The Brahmin! the Brahmin!"

Thus was accomplished, in all its parts, after a lapse of thirty years, THE BRAHMIN'S PREDICTION!

A BRITISH SAILOR.

THE seamen of the squadron took each their turn for the military service on the walls of Acre. One of them, belonging to the *Tigre*, had observed, in his spell ashore, the body of a French general, in his splendid uniform, laying exposed in the very centre of the ditch. This dwelt on the mind, though—the truth must be told—of the obtuse-minded tar. Indeed, he had never shown himself remarkable either for intellect or activity, and held no higher office in the ship than a waister. Yet, by some unexplained mental process, the fate and the unburied corpse of the French general had fixed themselves so strongly on his imagination, that he was determined, at all risks, to give his glittering dead opponent the rights of sepulture. The next day, though out of his turn, he asked and obtained permission to take his spell on the walls. Nothing divided the hostile entrenchments but this same ditch, and so closely placed were the foes to each other, that a moderate whisper could be easily heard from one embankment to the other. Nothing appeared above these embankments but a solid line of bayonets, for if a hat or head, or any thing tangible, appeared on either side, it was saluted with a volley of perforating balls. It was about noon, and the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously waiting for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman—who, without informing any one of his intention, had provided himself with a spade and pickaxe—suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out, in a stentorian voice, "Mounseers, a-hoy! 'vast heaving there a-bit, will ye? and belay over all with your poppers for a spell." And then he shoved his broad unmeaning face over the lines. Two hundred muskets were immediately pointed at him, but seeing him with only the implements of

digging, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forbore to fire. Jack very leisurely then scrambled over the entrenchment into the ditch, the muzzle of the enemy's muskets still following his every motion. All this did not in the least disturb his *sang froid*; but going up to the French general, he took his measure in quite a business-like manner, and dug a very decent grave close alongside the defunct in glory. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French general very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his *impromptu* grave, then shovelled the earth upon, and made all smooth above him. When all was properly completed, he made his best sailor's bow and foot-scrape to the French, shouldered his implements of burial, and climbed over into his own quarters, with the same imperturbability that had marked his previous appearance. This he did amidst cheers.

THE RIVAL SARACENS.

The tumultuous preparations of the day had yielded to the soft stillness of evening, and scarcely a sound was heard in the infidel camp, save the occasional exchange of the watch word, or the heavy measured tread of the sentry, as he passed his allotted space, when Orasmin issued from his tent, and hastened to meet his beloved Zelmira, the fairest of the numerous maids who attended on the lovely Irene, the favourite mistress of the bold Argantes. The pagan camp was situated in the midst of extensive plains, delightfully interspersed with groves of orange and citron, which, agitated by the gentle breeze, spread a delightful odour around; at its eastern extremity was erected the splendid pavilion of the Saracenic leader, at the back of which, in a small and romantic valley, and nearly hid from view by surrounding shrubs, was the remains of an ancient grotto, formerly the residence of some religious solitary, but now fast falling into decay. It was here the lovers would meet, and, unseen by mortal eye, breathe forth the sentiments of their hearts. It was one of those delightful evenings so peculiar to the soft climate of Palestine, not a cloud was to be seen in the heavens, when Orasmin, proceeding to the well-known spot, a female of enchanting beauty rushed into his fond

embrace, and for a few moments the lovers regarded each other with all the ardour of mutual affection. "Oh, this is bliss, indeed," cried Orasmin, gently intertwining his arms from around the lovely maid, "to hold thee in these arms, and call thee mine—but why that tear, my beloved," and he kissed the pearly intruder from her cheek; "at such a time as this, joy alone ought to be the tenant of thy fair bosom." "Alas, I know not why, my Orasmin, but a mysterious dread rushes through my frame, as though some fearful and uncontrollable calamity was about to happen." "Nay, heed it not, my love," cried Orasmin, folding the trembler to his breast, "'tis but the excitation of your imagination, which you must strive to conquer." "I will do so," returned the beauteous maid; "but look, what is that?" at the same time directing his attention to a dark object a short distance before her. "Oh 'tis but the shadow of some neighbouring tree, waved by the passing breeze," exclaimed Orasmin, "and yet it cannot be—no, by Ali, 'tis some vile spy," and grasping his sabre he rushed to the spot, but the person as quickly retreated, but not before he had a full view of his retiring figure—"That gigantic form bespeaks it Ben Mulac, or I am much deceived."—"Ben Mulac," responded Zelmira, clinging to her lover, and terror blanching her fair cheek, "gracious powers, what does he here?"—"That I should have asked him," exclaimed Orasmin, "had he not, like a craven, fled; but why this agitation? what has occurred, coupled with that name, to occasion this emotion, tell me, I conjure you?" "Listen, then," cried the still trembling Zelmira, "and I'll explain. You are aware Ben Mulac was the early suitor for my hand; you also know, that my father, yielding to my repeated entreaties, prevailed on him, upon the plea of my extreme youth, to withdraw his suite; and with joy I found myself freed from his detested proposals, and, as I hoped, for ever; but in this I was deceived, for but a short time had elapsed after that fatal battle in which my beloved father fell, ere he again appeared, and renewed his pretensions with all his former ardour, but he was again rejected, and vain were his efforts to conceal his rage at this second refusal, which he vehemently averred, arose from my love for

some more favoured rival. 'Nay, deny it not,' he cried, as he observed me about to interrupt him. "I know the presumptuous stripling who has dared to cross my wishes, but let him beware, for Ben Mulac is his deadly foe;" and with these words he left me. From that time his conduct became completely changed; that animated and ardent expression which had till now illumined his features, whenever we met, was supplanted by a gloomy scowl, and he would fix his large dark eyes upon my face, with a fierce intensity that filled me with dismay. This morning, as he hastened from the pavilion, after his private conference with the noble Argantes, I abruptly met him; fire seemed to flash from his eyes. With difficulty could I suppress an ejaculation of terror as I turned to avoid him, but, seizing my arm, he exclaimed, "The time will soon come when Zelmira shall have cause to repent the rejection of Ben Mulac. Think not, proud girl, ever to become the bride of Orasmin; no, I swear by the immortal Ali, rather than that, my dagger should stretch thee lifeless at my feet. Never shall the boy Orasmin triumph o'er Ben Mulac;" and throwing me rudely from him, with the word "Remember," rushed from my sight. It was the recollection of these dreadful words, coupled with his sudden appearance, that occasioned my terror. I am convinced he has a heart black enough to carry his threat into execution; therefore avoid him, Orasmin, for, should you meet, I tremble at the consequences." "Nay, fear it not, my beloved." The sound of distant footsteps now broke on the surrounding stillness, and "Zelmira!" borne on the gentle breeze, reached their ears. This was an unwelcome sound to the lovers, as it bid the return of Zelmira to attend on the favourite Irene. "Farewell, Orasmin," faintly escaped her lips. "Farewell, my love," returned he, folding her to his bosom; "to-morrow at the same hour and place we will meet again; till then, farewell:" for a moment their lips met, then sighing, tore themselves away from each other. Orasmin followed her with his eyes, until the closing of the small postern, (that led to a small enclosed plot of ground at the back part of the pavilion) hid her from his view; then drawing his cloak around him, he proceeded towards his own tent, musing on the threatening

words uttered by Ben Mulac. Lost in these reflections he proceeded forward, heedless of the surrounding objects, until a sudden exclamation startled him, when looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he again beheld the same figure he had seen in the grotto, who was slowly preceding him, apparently unconscious of being observed. The hot blood rushed to the cheeks of Orasmin, and his proud heart swelled to repay the insult offered to his beloved, and hastening forward, the next moment beheld him by the side of the object of his resentment. Ben Mulac started at his sudden appearance, but there was a storm gathering in those dark penetrating eyes, as he fixed them on the intruder, that would have appalled the heart of any one less bold than Orasmin, who, returning his scathing glance with one of scorn, exclaimed, "Nay, reserve thy fierce looks, man, for one who fears them; methinks they sit but ill upon the features of a mean listener, and one who, on discovery, fled, like a vile caitiff as he was." "By Ali, 'tis false," vociferated Ben Mulac, with fury; "'twas chance, alone, that led me to that spot, which I as quickly quitted; but," added he, with a galling sneer, "'twas not through fear of thee." "And was it chance that kept thee there till now?" returned Orasmin. "Peace, babbler as thou art," interrupted Ben Mulac, "or not even thy immeasurable inferiority shall save thee from the chastisement you deserve." "'Twas nobly spoken," returned Orasmin, with cutting irony, "and well befits the being who would rather utter the threats in the ear of a defenceless maid, than face the object of his hatred as a man." "Detested slave, I'll hear no more," cried Ben Mulac, frantically grasping his sabre, "that falsehood shall be refuted." "Now I understand thee," dauntlessly exclaimed Orasmin, "and my answer is in my scabbard." "Then pluck it forth, and see if thou canst guard thy life." "Nay, look to thy own," returned Orasmin, as his bright blade gleamed in the air. The cloaks of the combatants had fallen off, and the contrast in their appearance was strikingly evident. Orasmin stood a model of manly symmetry, while his opponent appeared like a second Hercules, the gigantic proportions of his limbs indicating strength nearly superhuman. A look of defiance

flashed from the eyes of each ; that of Ben Mulac had in it the malice of a fiend, while Orasmin's was one of determined courage. Ben Mulac rushed to the onset with the ferocity of a tiger, but Orasmin received him with unshrinking valour, that bade defiance to his efforts ; until, roused to madness by the coolness displayed by his antagonist, Ben Mulac grasped his ponderous weapon. With both his hands he raised it high above his head ; descending, it cleft the air, but Orasmin, stepping aside, avoided the stroke, and ere Ben Mulac could recover himself, he by a side blow laid him prostrate on the earth ; then placing his foot upon his broad chest, he bade him ask his life. "Never," exclaimed Ben Mulac, in accents scarcely audible from passion, "Strike—the pangs of death are less bitter than those I now feel." Orasmin, taking his foot from his body, cried, "No, Ben Mulac, 'tis enough, I do not want thy life. Take it, and endeavour to forget the occurrence of the evening, as I shall ;" and returning his steel to its scabbard, he hastened towards the camp. For a few moments Ben Mulac seemed scarcely to believe his senses, then starting on his feet, revenge, like a demon, raging in his breast, and crushing every nobler feeling—"forget my base defeat," he cried, in a voice hoarse and convulsed—"never ; twice easier to forget myself—no, revenge is still within my power, and like lightning shall it fall on thy detested head," and he rushed frantically from the spot. The loud bray of the trumpet as the morning dawned, aroused Orasmin from his uneasy slumbers, and speedily arming himself, he obeyed the summons. The clang of martial music, borne upon the breeze, quickly directed his attention to the distant hills, whose summits were crowned with the warriors and gorgeous banners of the cross. The Saracen troops were immediately marshalled under their respective leaders, and silently awaited the approach of their foes, who, winding down the heights, soon reached the plains beneath, when (contrary to the expectations of the pagans) after selecting an advantageous spot, they instantly commenced pitching their tents. This proof of the deferring the attack, was observed with pleasure by the infidels, who, from the sudden appearance of their foes, were but ill prepared at the present moment to re-

pel them. They therefore immediately proceeded to strengthen the outposts of their camp, and make preparations against any sudden attack, but the day silently glided on, and evening found them undisturbed.

The sun was fast sinking beneath the western horizon, and still Orasmin and the other leaders were engaged in council with the bold Argantes, arranging the positions of the several troops. At length the assembly broke up, and he hastened to keep his appointment at the grotto—on reaching it, however, Zelmira was not there ; this, at first, surprised him, as their usual time of meeting had long since passed ; but concluding that something had occurred to detain her, he entered the ruins, with the intention of waiting, but scarcely had he seated himself for that purpose, on one of the overthrown pillars, when a confused noise but a short distance from him, struck upon his ear ; he sprung upon his feet, and in doing so, kicked against something on the ground, which on taking up proved to be a bracelet, which he instantly recognised, and exclaimed in astonishment, "'Tis Zelmira's." Hardly had the words escaped his lips, ere the noise was again repeated, and, "Orasmin, save me, save me," was uttered by a voice, the first tones of which thrilled to his heart. "Save thee!" thundered a hoarse voice, as Orasmin rushed forward, "no power on earth shall save thee," and the shriek that followed, curdled the blood in his veins, and rooted him to the spot. "All powerful Ali," escaped his lips ; at that instant a dark figure glided past, he sprang forward and seized it, but the treacherous cloak alone remained in his grasp—a low moan, and his own name faintly repeated, now broke upon his ear. "Ha ! I come, I come," exclaimed he, frantically rushing towards the spot, but madness seized upon his brain, as he beheld the horrid spectacle. At his feet lay the body of her whom he loved more than all created beings—on her fair bosom was a large gaping wound, from which the blood still flowed, a heavenly smile played around her coral lips, from between which the last breath had newly issued, in ejaculating the name of that frenzied being, who now stood gazing on her. He moved not, no sound escaped him ; he stood as though some deadly blow had palsied every faculty, a

slight tremor afflicted his frame, his breast heaved convulsively—"Zelmira," burst in hysteric accents from his breaking heart, his limbs refused their office, and with a cry of agony, he fell by the body of his murdered idol. The rosy beam of morn found Orasmin still stretched on the earth. But the loud clamour of war that re-echoed o'er the plain, aroused him from his lethargy, and he started up as though awakened from some horrid dream: his eye-balls glaring wildly around, at length they became fixed upon the body, and the dreadful calamity struck upon his heart. At this moment he beheld something on the ground, he eagerly seized it—it was a dagger incrustated with blood. "'Tis Zelmira's blood," cried he, in a convulsed voice, and was about to dash the weapon to the ground, when he observed some letters on the blade—'twas the name of his deadly rival. "Oh, heartless villain, is this the return for the life I gave thee," exclaimed he, furiously, "but thou hast not yet escaped me, nor shalt thou, for even now I come to cleave thee to the dust," and thrusting the dagger between the folds of his garment, and casting a glance of anguish on the body, he rushed to the scene of strife. The infidels fought like men reckless of death, but vain were their efforts to penetrate the firm ranks of the Christians, who, in return, charged upon them like an overwhelming torrent, and they were compelled to give way on all sides; the greatest confusion now took place, and the slaughter that followed was dreadful. A smile of unutterable meaning curled the nether lip of Orasmin, as he beheld their defeat; "Fly, base cowards," he exclaimed, "and save thy worthless lives; but shall I follow thy example? no, rather let me rush upon that death I so much covet." "Then take it from my hand," cried a voice, and turning, he beheld the gaunt figure of a Christian, about to strike him to the earth. "Ha, that voice," exclaimed he, as he received the stroke on his sabre. "I know thee, base traitor, apostate alike to thy country and thy God," and aiming a furious blow as he spoke, the helmet of his adversary bounded on the plain, and the renegade Ben Mulac stood exposed to view. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of Orasmin as he rushed forward, and the next moment his opponent reeled, his head nearly left

in twain; then, seizing him near the shoulder, for revenge had made him barbarous—"here is thy dagger, Ben Mulac," he exclaimed, as he raised it high in the air, "take it," and he buried it in the throat of its owner. An hysteric laugh followed the blow, "Zelmira, thou art avenged—" avenged he would have uttered, but ere that word had left his lips, a dozen swords from his now thronging foes transfixed him; he staggered, and breathing forth the name of Zelmira, fell by the side of his mutilated rival.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.

Hamti, the best and wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin, in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who are naturally fond of processions, impatiently expected the triumphal entry, which emperors upon such occasions were accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the emperor's ears. He loved his people, and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them that he intended, upon the next feast of the Lanterns, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China. The people were in raptures at his condescension, and on the appointed day assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lantern with ten thousand tapers was not yet brought forth; the fireworks, which usually covered the city wall, were not yet lighted; the people once more began to murmur at this delay; when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the emperor himself appeared, not in splendour and magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them that, to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

The two noblest traits in the character of this monarch, were undaunted valour and generosity, qualities which counter-balance a multitude of faults. It may be said by some, that an undutiful son cannot make a good king; but, amidst all his schemes to raise money for his mad expedition to Palestine, not one act of cruelty or extortion is alleged against Richard. That his temper was not vindictive, may be argued from his conduct to his unworthy and unnatural brother John, and of his magnanimity there are numerous anecdotes. At such a distance of time, it must be impossible to examine minutely the character of this monarch, or those of his predecessors; it is from their acts alone that we are enabled to draw conclusions; but from the little that can be gleaned from our histories, Richard was a prince who deserved the love of his subjects, not only for his courage, but for his more gentle qualities. Of his wit some anecdotes are told, of which the following is the most conspicuous. A priest of Normandy once told him that he had three daughters. "How can that be?" said Richard, "seeing that I never knew of one." "Yes," replied the priest, "you have three, and their names are Pride, Covetousness, and Lust." The monarch laughed heartily at this speech, and calling his courtiers around him, said, "I am told by this priest here, that I have three daughters; now I desire that you will see how I would have them bestowed. To the templars and hospitaliers, I give Pride; to the white monks, Covetousness; and to the clergy, Lust." The manner of his death is well known. He fell by the hand of a cross-bowman, before the castle of Chaluz, in the year 1199, and nobly pardoned the man who had dealt him his death's wound.

That part of his will which relates to the disposal of his mortal remains, is as singular as it is affecting. He desired that his bowels might be buried at Charan, amongst his rebellious subjects the Poictovins; his heart at Rouen, to show his sense of the loyalty and attachment of the citizens; and, touched with remorse for his unfilial conduct, he commanded that

his body might be interred at the feet of his father at Font-Everard.

The person of this monarch was prepossessing: his complexion fair and clear, and his hair of a bright auburn. His frame was large and athletic, and his courage and prowess have been the theme of historians and poets. The "lord of Oc and No" holds a conspicuous place in the songs of the Provençal troubadours.

VALOUR.

A French officer, commanding a besieging party, offered a considerable sum of money to any grenadier who would plant the first fascine in a fosse exposed at that instant to a tremendous fire. Not one of his men stepping forward, he reproached all with cowardice. "Not so, general," was the prompt and generous reply; "every man present would have volunteered, had no mention been made of money as the inducement to courage."

Admiral Dumanoir, who attempted to save his four ships at Trafalgar by flight, was afterwards taken, with his squadron, by admiral Strachan. He fought well, and when brought to Tiverton, was wounded in three places. On being congratulated on his prospect of being exchanged, he shook his head, and observed, "I shall be tried by a court-martial on my return, and as my ships were taken, I know my fate." However, instantly recovering himself, he added, with true French *nonchalance*, "by gar, monsieur, *l'empereur* will very soon have no admirals left; for all that will fight, you shoot; and all that will not fight, he shoots."

The Romans owed their origin to vagabonds; Britain to savages; and Botany Bay to thieves. Future heraldists will be puzzled to determine which of the aborigines are entitled to the most dignified coat of arms.

REWARDS TO SOLDIERS.

Under Germanicus, the rewards of the soldiers' valour were—a chain, a bracelet, a spear, and a branch of oak.

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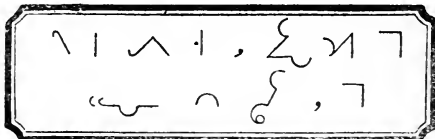
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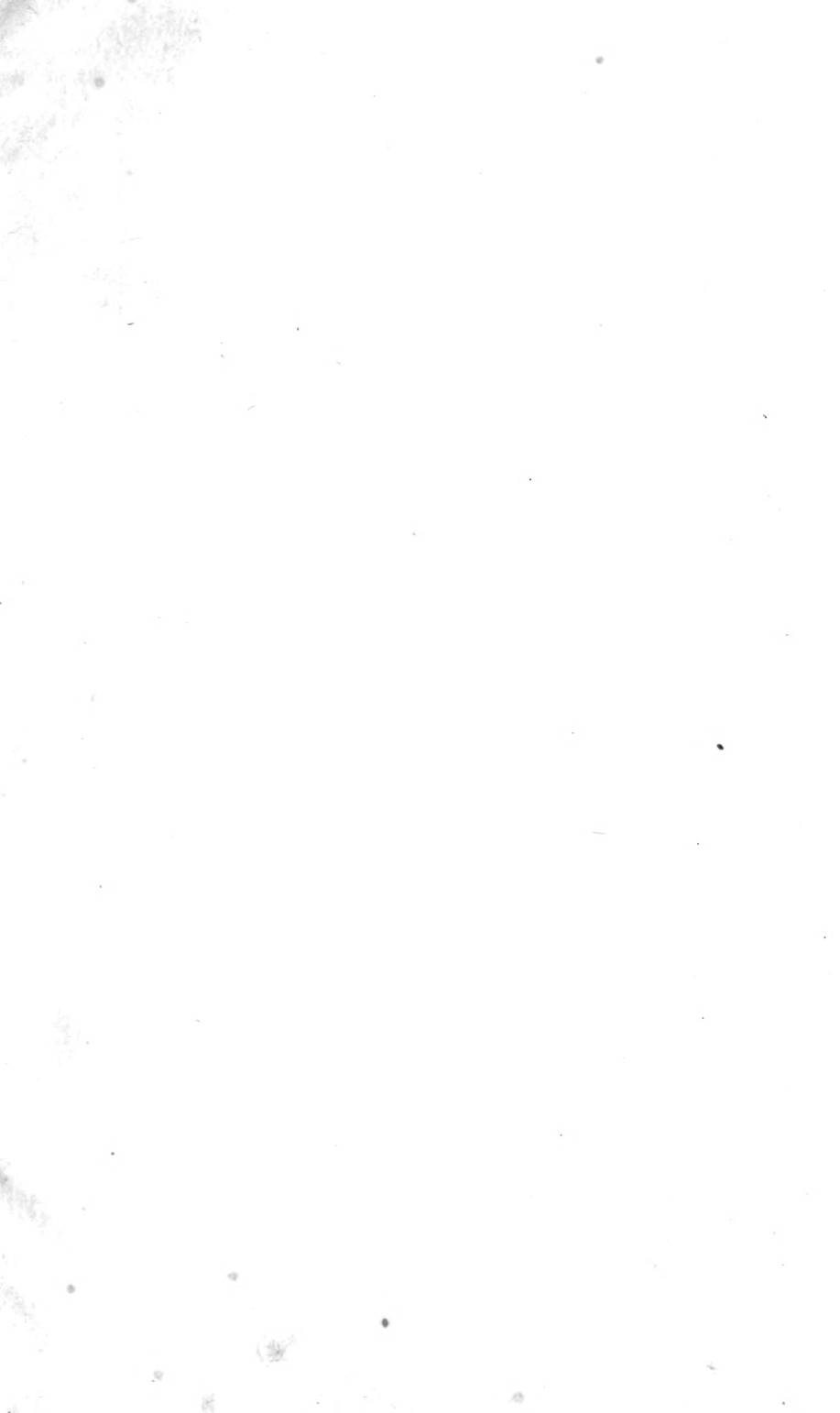
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