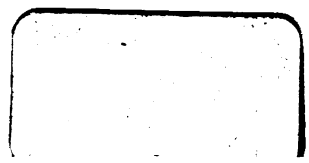
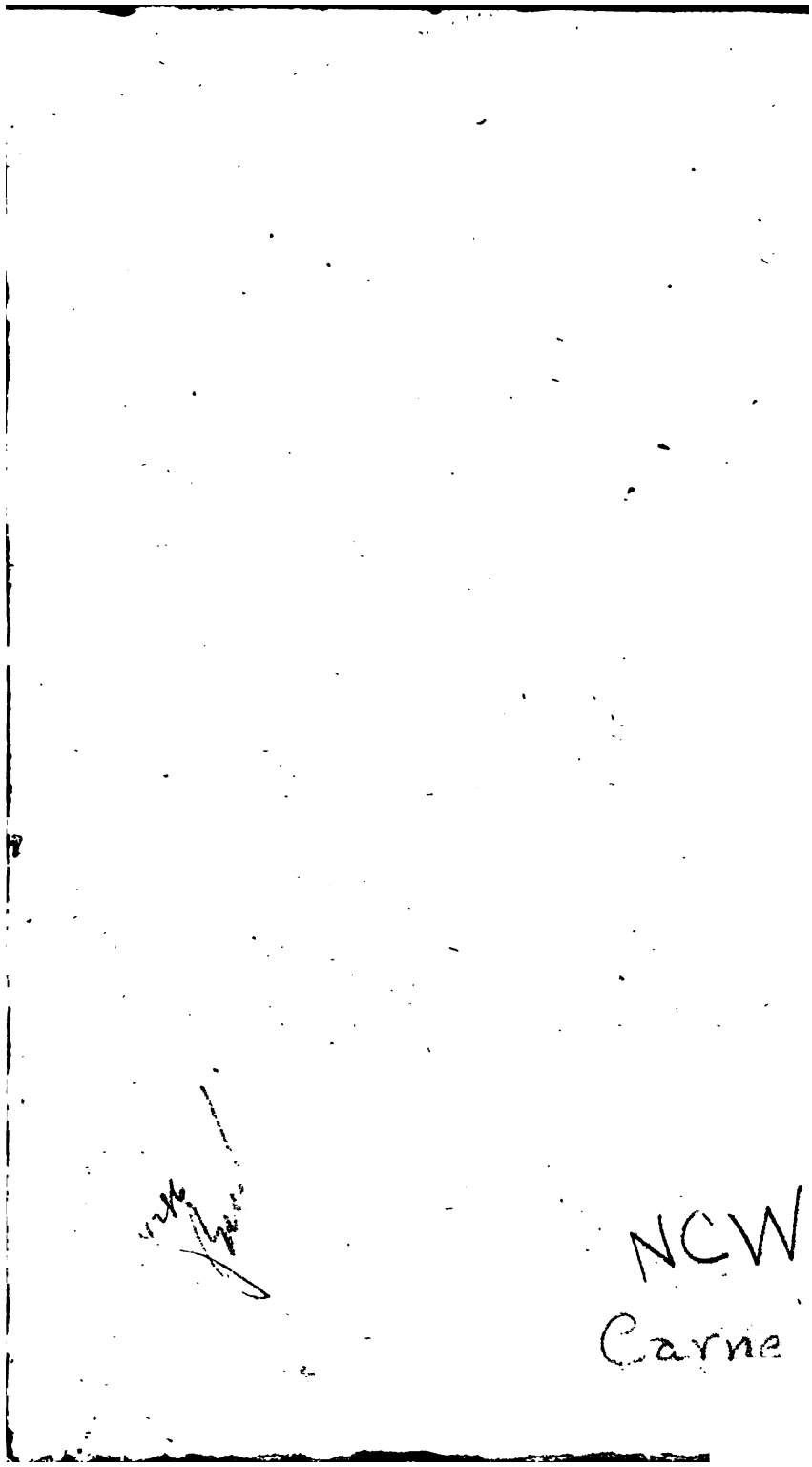


WCW

CARINE


NCW
Carne

1. Fiction, English

TALES OF THE WEST.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

J. Carne

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

New-York:

PRINTED BY J. & J. HARPER.

SOLD BY COLLINS AND HANNAY, COLLINS AND CO., G. AND C. CARVILL, WILLIAM B. GILLEY, A. T. GOODRICH, O. A. ROORBACH, ELAM BLISS, C. S. FRANCIS, AND WILLIAM BURGESS, JR.

1828.

P. 213

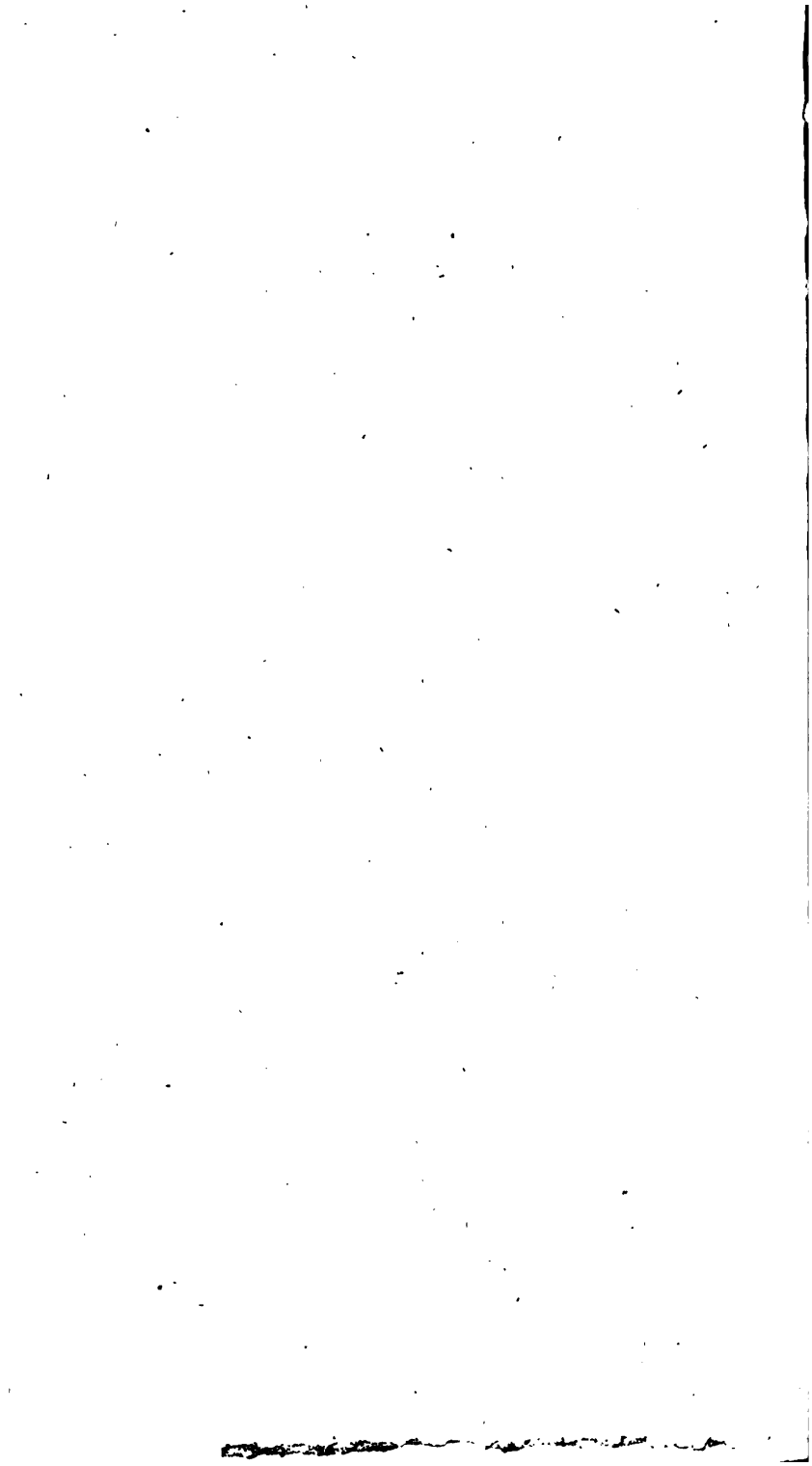
PREFACE.

THE following Tales are drawn from authentic sources: and are the result of the writer's personal observation in a wild but interesting region, or founded on the communications of his friends. The Legend of Pacorra is intended to illustrate the traditions and antiquities that still exist in the province, together with its manners and customs at a remote period.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.



THE VALLEY OF THE LIZARD.

TALES

OF

THE WEST.

THE VALLEY OF THE LIZARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE long sweep of coast, which, terminating in the Lizard Point, stretches into the Atlantic, contains, in spite of its rugged and often ominous aspect, many a sweet and tranquil spot.

In a wild valley, opening on the sea, and enclosed on each side by barren eminences, are situated the church and hamlet of Landiwednac. There are no sheltering groves around the spot; no luxuriant verdure or places of loveliness; yet, seldom would the contemplative mind wish for a more romantic and calm retreat than it once afforded. The world was indeed excluded; the sides of the valley shut in the small hamlet and fenced it from the keen and biting winds of the north and east. The graceful spire of the ancient church rose high, and formed of this deep retirement the sole and conspicuous ornament. And when the bells pealed slowly on the Sabbath mornings, to call the slender population to this place of worship, the sounds swept so solemnly down the vale to the shore, and over the face of the

waters beyond, as to seem like a summons from the dreams and cares of the world.

The church-yard was not thickly peopled with graves; so pure was the air, and temperate the habits of the people, that the grassy mounds were thickly covered with verdure, and the simple tombstones told that fierce diseases, or early dissolution, had committed few ravages there.

The single handsome monument, (*proud* it might be called where all around was so devoid of ornament,) marked where the last rector slept amidst the ashes of his people, when full of years and labours; it was of stone, and surrounded by an iron railing. In this quiet cemetery there was no rival and overweening tomb, so often seen in the Cornish churchyards, in memory of the squire, as he was called, of the parish, with gilded railings, and shrine perhaps of marble. Here the rector was lord of the ascendant, the richest as well as the greatest man in the village; in voice stilled every dispute, and calmed each angry bickering; and no man dared, not even the most opulent farmer in the parish, to quit his pew when the service was ended, till the rector was already in the aisle, and his family procession towards the door.

And this was one of the very few places where this excellent custom of former times still survived, in others the growing degeneracy of the age had entirely banished it. Often do aged men now lament the days when the common people stood in absolute awe of their dignified and wealthy superiors; then the squire of the ancient family passed from the church, in his scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, and his three-cornered hat in his hand; the parishioners, who stood on each side of the path,

raising their eyes with awful respect, and bowing low and reverentially as to an Oriental chief. But the sad system of equality, and the sturdy pretensions of the lower ranks to worth and talents, now cause men of high degree to pass without even a hum of admiration, much less a prostrate and servile obeisance.

The parsonage house, though not a sumptuous, was a very neat and almost imposing edifice, as it stood rather aloof from the meaner dwellings around it. The garden in front showed, indeed, that the breath of heaven was there too fierce and wild for the cultivation of many fruits, or foreign plants and flowers; yet there were a few, that with care looked healthy and flourishing, and many a plant of healing virtue meekly lifted its head. A group of oak trees, that spread their shelter over the dwelling, broke the dreariness of the scene, and might be deemed a luxury, inasmuch as their sight was grateful; and when the blast swept hollow through their branches, the sound, to an excited imagination, inspired mournful yet pleasing thoughts. Within, the rectory possessed every requisite for comfort and even enjoyment. The parlour was well carpeted, and held many a volume of ancient lore on its shelves; the chimney-piece was adorned with rare and choice specimens of the mineralogical treasures of the neighbouring hills. The bright and hospitable fire-side looked out on the waste of waters; for as the valley declined by a continuous descent to the shore, the scene was ever clearly and beautifully visible. And such a savage as well as sublime loneliness dwelt around that shore, that, had the dreamy and faded days of Catholicism still existed here, its deep caverns would have become

the scene of many a miracle and holy deed. Often, in sailing along the lake of Thoun, in Switzerland, the eye rests on the lofty cave, or rather eyrie, in the precipices where the good St. Beate dwelt for many years and died; having existed on a rill of water that trickled down the walls, (to which pilgrims still resort to taste this water,) and when the saint came, as was his wont sometimes, to the mouth of the cave, the inhabitants beneath gazed intensely, as from his aspect they always drew a presage of fair or gloomy weather on their snowy mountains. In the spacious caverns of this coast, also, might the poor recluse have dwelt in peace, have made his cell in their depths, have placed crosses over the graves of the many victims of the tempest cast on this fearful coast, or given his prayers and benedictions to the wanderers of the main. But now the spirit of the storm (that knows little intermission,) seems alone to wake and wail in these dreary dwellings of the cliffs; and when the waves rush furiously on the narrow beach of sand beneath, and the barks of many nations passing by are driven wildly and helplessly along, the tenant of that valley enjoys a more sublime and heart-stirring spectacle than the loftiest Alpine height, or the boundless desert of the East, can afford. Yet there were few eyes in the vicinity who gazed on that scene with any admiration, save for the gain it not unfrequently brought: rarely did the feet of the passing traveller linger there, but busier steps pressed the strand, and active and resolute spirits made it the scene of their forbidden toils.

In one of the most respectable dwellings resided with his parents a young man of the name of Rose-

maine. Although they wished to bring him up to some reputable calling, and could well afford to do so, (being possessed of some property,) he had long looked with aversion on every proposal of the kind. From a boy he had loved a wild and hazardous way of life; and had often left his tranquil home with joy, to engage in some coasting voyage, or to pass days and nights at sea, even in the stormiest weather, in those pilot-boats that charitably watch the approach of foreign vessels, to conduct them to harbour, and enjoy a rich recompense for the risk they have run.

But as Rosemaine grew older, this taste grew more decided as well as more culpable; and becoming acquainted with a party of smugglers, (of whom this coast was then the favourite retreat,) he sometimes joined in their pursuits. For dark and dangerous as they often were, to an unsettled and enterprising mind they had a charm of no ordinary description. In that day, little restriction was set on this illegal traffic, and the laws were often unavailingly put in action against men whose number, as well as intelligence, (and sometimes property,) enabled them to deride and to defy detection and punishment. They had, too, their titles of honour, and many of them, in the course of a few years became extremely rich.

The parents of the youth with tears besought him to desist from his dangerous path, and warned him of the consequences. But his native valley could no longer detain him, when flags both of the east and west swept proudly in his view, and vessels heavily laden with precious merchandise tempted the most supine to adventure. The bark that bore him and his companions pushing quickly from shore,

was soon beside the Indiaman, and their eyes gleamed with delight as the rich bales of silk were spread out, and the spices, and other products of distant lands; or (little less inferior in attraction,) the heavy galliot lay, loaded almost to the water's edge with prime spirits of various kinds. Often, in the silence of night, the peaceful sands echoed with the quick rolling of the casks full of the productions of every quarter of the globe, which were deposited in the neighbouring caves, to be resold at an enormous advantage. It is said, too, that deeds of a more questionable nature were done by some of the natives of this coast; deeds that bring guilt and misery on the spirits that could plan and perpetrate them. A strange tale is yet told of a Dutch East-India ship, on her passage home, being boarded in peace by these men, who, finding the crew unsuspicious, suddenly attacked them: in the surprise of the moment, they took the vessel, (though their own number was a mere handful,) and massacred without mercy its numerous crew, together with several ladies, and many other passengers. Efforts have at times been made, even till within these few years, to discover the particulars and the actors of this deed, but without effect. Certain it is, the large and valuable Indiaman was last seen near the Lizard, and never reached her destined port, though the weather was fine and her voyage nearly ended: and rich and elegant dresses, many of them of foreign make, were observed to adorn the wives and daughters of sea-faring men; while ladies' ornaments of a costly kind glittered on the fingers and forms of many a gay village girl, but no one whispered whence they came.

A career like the one in which Rosemaine was

engaged, though he would have recoiled from so cruel a scene as the above, could not be pursued without perils, and in one or two skirmishes that took place with the Revenue-officers, in which wounds were given on each side, he distinguished himself so conspicuously in defence of his comrades, that he could return no more to his home, and was obliged to cast himself wholly on the life that had first tempted him.

His remaining scruples were stifled by the consciousness that he was now compelled, almost in self defence, to adopt this course; and his daring spirit soon gained ascendancy over the fierce and outlawed men who were his associates. As their resources daily increased, they were, ere long, able to procure a small but fast-sailing brig, of which he was unanimously made commander. He was now at the height of his ambition: in the very situation that when a boy, he would have passionately longed for, but dared not hope to attain. Often in this vessel, that knew no master but himself, he sailed proudly past his native valley, gazed on its quiet and lonely aspect with contempt, and pitied the daily laborious application that characterized the path of its contented inmates.

A few years had passed, in which interval his name had become the terror of the coast for his fearless exploits, and his vessel had been the mark and hoped-for prey of many a cruizer; but sometimes he had fought his way and still oftener had escaped by swiftness of sailing. But the event which destroyed this career, and drove him a fugitive to more distant scenes, he detailed to me in a simple narrative when he was advanced in years, and when, in his composed features, calm accent, and high

and clear forehead, (down which the gray hair smoothly fell,) it was impossible to recognise the dreaded and undaunted smuggler.

They had been chased warmly for several hours by a King's ship of far superior force, and had kept up a distant cannonade; but the enemy gained on them so quickly, that it was resolved to run the vessel into a cove on the north shore of the country; and by getting into shallow water, (the evening also drawing on fast,) there was a hope of baffling the pursuit.

The brig accordingly ran in close to the shore: but contrary to their expectation, they soon saw the enemy enter and cast anchor at no great distance, opening instantly a heavy fire. There was no thought of surrender on the part of the pursued; a price was set upon their lives, which they resolved to sell dearly, since there was no hope of pardon. It now grew dark, and the outlaws returned for some time with fury their enemy's fire; but so destructive was the latter, that they fell rapidly on every side, and their resistance grew gradually fainter. The boats of the cruizer instantly drew nigh, and the chase, already overpowered, was boarded by men who were determined not to spare.

Yet on their deck the remnant of the smugglers fought fearlessly and long: the cutlass of Rosemaine flashed amidst the throng, while he animated his comrades still to make head against their foes. But it was in vain; he saw them fall one after the other at his feet, and covered with wounds he was soon stretched beside them. When all resistance was over, the crew of the man-of-war began to secure their prize, which they found to contain a very

valuable cargo; and in about half an hour afterwards, when the lieutenant returned from making the report to his commander, he ordered the deck to be cleared of the dead and wounded.

The slain were immediately thrown overboard; but as it was now quite dark, it was frequently necessary to place the light close to the features of the vanquished, in order to discover if signs of animation yet remained, before the body was committed to the deep. Rosemaine, whose wounds had bled profusely, had in the meantime recovered his senses so far as to be conscious of what was passing around him; and he gazed wildly at first on the moving figures that passed to and fro upon the deck, and the light that glared over the ghastly countenances of his fallen crew; on whom bent the features of the victors with an eagerness, as if unwilling that death should yet have rescued the captives from their hold. The lamp at last approached the spot where he lay, and an exclamation burst from the group that this was the captain of the prize. His presence of mind did not forsake him in this extremity; he closed his eyes, drew in his breath, and was sensible in every nerve of the full blaze which was thrown on his features, and dwelt there amidst the doubts and misgivings of his cruel examiners. He heard the voice of the officer, low at first, as he bade them carefully observe if he did not live; and gradually growing louder, and breaking forth into execrations, as rage and disappointment got the better of hope. "He is dead," they all exclaimed, "and we have lost the reward;" while the prostrate figure lay still and moveless as if in the grasp of the grave, and on the countenance (from which all the passions of the conflict had

passed away,) was that settled paleness and fixedness that tell when the spirit's strife has ceased.

They left him at last, and he listened to their retiring steps. In a short time all was hushed; a boat, with the lieutenant, pushed off from the prize, and the sullen splash of the oars fell on his ears like sounds of succour to a dying man. He opened his eyes, and gazed cautiously around; the stars were shining brightly from a clear winter's sky, and the cold wind swept piercingly over the scene of slaughter, bearing the waves unceasingly against the sides of the bark. A stifled groan came at intervals from some prostrate comrade near him; and sharp agony ran through every limb, as the bark rose and fell with each dash of the billow.

He felt that he was bleeding to death, and strove to rally all his fleeting strength, both of body and mind, to make one desperate effort for escape. Raising himself with difficulty on one hand, he beheld a small group of the enemy's crew, seated around their supper at the other end of the vessel; and, turning his eyes to the shore, they rested on the low beach of white sand, that lay distinct in the pale starlight, and on the cottages of the hamlet beyond: if he could arrive there, he was safe, for the people were all in his interest. He drew his wounded body slowly along the deck, dropped silently into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, struggled hard to gain a footing, but in vain, the depth around being greater than he had expected. The shore was close at hand; it seemed he could almost touch it, and he bore up against the waves in despair, with his enfeebled frame bleeding at every pore; and fixed his look on the cottages, from which all the lights had now disap-

peared, their inhabitants being buried in sleep. The receding surge carried him back against the vessel; and, rendered helpless by the blow, he yielded to his fate:—each object swam before his dazzled eyes, and the waves rolled over his sinking head, when he suddenly grasped, almost unconsciously, a rope that hung loosely from the side. Thus sustained, till hope and strength returned, he clung to the rope as he advanced again to the shore. More successful, he this time found a footing, and crawled to a part of the beach that was covered with a wild and thick verdure, which afforded temporary concealment. To arrive at the hamlet, however, it was necessary to cross the bed of white sand, on which he would run the greatest risk of being seen and pursued by the sailors on board. He quitted the clump of bushes; stooping low, he ran as quickly as his weakness would allow, along the sand, and reached the door of one of the cottages, of which an old woman was the only tenant. Here he lay several months, ere his wounds were healed, attended by the solitary inmate. No search was ever made after him, as he was believed to have perished. The outlaw, in such a situation, had time and opportunity to form better prospects, and a more honourable path; but his feelings were chafed to the utmost,—he laughed at repentance: for recollection was full of bitterness, the gains of years were gone, his companions had fallen beside him, and the thoughts of revenge were sweeter to his bed of pain than any other. But his own country was no more a place of safety; he must quit it for a long exile. Ere he went, however, he resolved to go and take leave of his parents. The night was advanced when he arrived at the village,

which seemed the very dwelling-place of tranquillity and comfort: the waves fell on the shore beneath, with a low murmur, that was borne up the glen like a distant plaint; tapers gleaming in each dwelling, threw their light on cheerful and contented faces; and the bright glare from the parlour of the rectory, showed that a happy circle was gathered there.

Struck with the scene, so different from those he had known for years, the smuggler paused, and for a moment deemed himself an outcast from happiness: but the hardness of his heart quickly returned, and he entered his parents' door. The lonely couple rose at his entrance, and to their joy as well as sorrow beheld their only son the pirate captain stand before them. In spite of his crimes, in their eyes, he was as one risen from the dead; he dared not remain, however, and after a short and hurried stay bade adieu to his parents for ever, and hastily pursued his way. He arrived at last in Liverpool, and took passage for South America. Little more was left of his ill-gotten property than was sufficient to enable him to arrive there, and embark in a new career. Once on board, however, of a fine ship that spread her sails with a favouring breeze and numerous crew, he thought no more of past reverses, and gave his fears and cares to the winds.

In less than two months the voyage was terminated by the sight of the splendid harbour, as well as city of Rio Janeiro; and as Rosemaine gazed on its beauty, and the appearance of opulence that reigned therein, he remembered the days of the buccaneers whose lives had once been his favourite study, and envied them the rich and successful career which their enterprise had opened.

CHAPTER II.

In the city of Rio, it was not difficult for an experienced seaman from his native isle, to find speedy employment; and as the appearance and manners of the adventurer were above those of a common mariner, he soon obtained the command of a merchant vessel, being aided by the recommendation of the captain with whom he had taken his passage. Many a voyage he made with various success along the extensive line of the southern coast, and more than once doubled Cape Horn, the passage so-much-dreaded of old. The love of enterprise, (the predominant feeling of his mind,) found abundant matter to feed on in these undertakings. True, it was not the high excitement of days of yore, from which he had been reluctantly driven,—the perilous yet golden adventure,—the nights of watching and days of revel. Often did he recall the busy and daring scene displayed upon his own deck, when he gazed on the supineness and want of energy that characterized the people among whom he now sailed: yielding to the charms of their beautiful climate, they gamed and smoked the hours away, or drank in the shade great part of the day, without any conception of the joys that spring from a life of action, from which they recoiled with instinctive loathing. He resolved, however, to attach himself wholly to the path before him, as one into which, with perseverance and address, gain neither tardy nor inconsiderable was sure to flow. The small

property he had saved from the wreck and brought with him, he laid out in trading adventures. At one time he sailed up the gulf of the Rio de la Plata, and entered at last the river Parana, that flows through a vast extent of country of the most various aspect:—a wilderness, tenanted by herds of wild animals, or a rich and smiling territory, inhabited to the water's edge. As he proceeded inland, the navigation became more tedious, and the wilds spread farther and more lonely: and often did the outlaw gaze on the vast river that swept silently and almost uselessly by, uncovered by a single bark save his own; the thick woods, too, grew out of the wave, and even their fruits and foliage drooped into it, as if a lassitude had fallen on Nature, as well as on man. At such periods of observation, Rosemaine longed even to be amidst the tempest, though it should bear him on a rocky shore.

At the next inhabited place at which he arrived, he quitted his bark with two of the crew, and a number of mules and negro attendants, and travelled inland to the more opulent towns of Paraguay. This was a career better suited to his taste: the cottage of the harmless Indian,—the more refined but often equally humble abode of the Jesuit missionary, (the pastor of the lonely territory,)—or the hospitable and homely roof of the farmer, that frequently stood, the only asylum in the endless plain, where he lived with his half wild flocks and servants, cut off from the busy world:—these were alternately Rosemaine's abodes, amidst many privations, yet their novelty came in rapid and constant succession. The love of Nature, too, in these wanderings amidst her most hushed and glorious aspects, grew upon his mind,—a feeling till then unknown

by him. When resting for the night in the depth of those noble forests, amidst universal silence, while the last beams of golden light rested on the tops of the tall trees, no cheerful and accustomed sounds told of the fading day, no lingering and varying hues reconciled the eye by their beauty to its departure. The sun seemed to sink at once on an immense solitude, that pressed upon the soul, and whose intricate and untrodden recesses the eye sought to pierce in vain. Neither did evening bring with its approach voices from the distance that, while they appal, excite in the traveller a deep and fearful interest. There was a rush of beautiful wings and plumage of every hue; but no melody arose from the peopled branches; and no beasts of prey moved in their deepening shade. When the fire blazed fiercely and threw its light some way off, the retreating steps and the shrill and timid cries were heard of the feeble animals of the forest, the deer, the tapir, and others, who fled from the glare of the flame. The heavens, brilliant even at night in such a climate, were unseen through the thick canopy of the ancient forest, that was scarcely stirred by the breeze sweeping by. In such a situation, the mind is forced to reflect in spite of itself; and while Rosemaine gazed on the sleeping figures of his attendants, stretched round the embers, the past became painfully distinct, and dark were the colours in which it rose to view. Often when he had sunk to sleep, reclined on the trunk of a tree, he was awakened by the fancied rush of the billows, the clamours of dying men, and the voice of the pursuer; and welcome were the first beams of morning, penetrating the mass of foliage above his head. As he advanced toward the western frontier

of Brazil, the country became better peopled; and the base of the Andes, with the many cities situated near it, arose at no great distance. The scene presented a more rich and cultivated aspect, enclosed lands, more numerous habitations; and (a sure sign that neither poverty nor famine dwelt in the land,) a church was seen in almost every hamlet; the tall spire, indeed, first announced, across the plain, the approach to a town, and the streets were filled with sleek and complacent-looking priests.

But, in that vast continent, there were pastors in the wilderness as well as in the city, though a hermit life was followed by few. One day Rosemaine and his party, fatigued with a long progress over a difficult and almost pathless tract, in the bosom of an endless forest, suddenly saw several habitations close at hand, and issued out on a small yet pretty village, that seemed absolutely shut in on every side. It was inhabited jointly by Spaniards and Indians, and the greatest harmony prevailed in the small community, which was mainly promoted by the good pastor, whose dwelling stood close to the white walls of his church, and was thickly surrounded by the guava, the fig, and the mimosa trees. From him our traveller found a hospitable reception, and an entreaty that he would abide beneath his roof during his stay: for in this remote place, the arrival of a stranger from such distant scenes, was quite an event, and gave a fresh excitement to its simple inmates. The habitation of the curé was extremely neat in the interior; the floors of the apartments were covered with mats, woven by the Indians with great skill; and amidst the paintings of saints and martyrs that adorned the walls, were a few which indicated a more masterly hand than

that of a devotee; whilst, in like manner, among the missals and books of devotion, appeared several of a more literary and tasteful cast—these things had evidently come from another clime. The pastor himself was neither venerable nor particularly saint-like in his looks; he was yet young, with a ruddy and good-natured countenance, where fastings had traced no line or furrow, and his conversation was cheerful and intelligent; but from his never having lived out of the country, it was confined to few subjects.

He had one companion, an only sister, who might be said to be the light and solace of his dwelling; although, such were the familiar and friendly terms wherein the good man lived with his flock, and from which strictness and servility were alike excluded, that he would have felt no loneliness had his abode been, like that of so many of his brethren, companionless. But Isabel was a lively and amiable being, who knew no attachment save to her brother. Their parents had emigrated from Old Spain, and dying many years ago, had left the two children almost dependent on the kindness of their friends, who had provided for the brother's education in the priesthood; and he had, after a course of years, been appointed to this charge. Here they had lived a long time in perfect contentment; to him it was a welcome release from the monastery, and to her, who had shuddered at the proposal that had been made her of taking the veil, it was a free and joyous existence.

Isabel was not one who would have drawn the veil over her features in joy that it shut out the world, or folded it on her breast in token that the avenues of passion and pleasure were closed for

ever. A Spanish woman, and a lovely one, in the prime of life, could not thus act without a deadly combat; and this she was not exposed to. Among the books brought by her parents to a foreign land, were some tales of chivalry: of passionate love, and its fearful as well as blissful consequences, and she had mused on these things with the deepest interest, so strong was the contrast they presented to her own secluded situation. There was little in her appearance that denoted the power of feeling which dwelt within; the sole companion of her brother, the direction of his small establishment devolved on her, and she did its honours with a simplicity and good-will, that gave assurance of welcome to all who came.

But there were moments when the soul flashed forth from Isabel's dark eyes, and dwelt on her eloquent lips, as she listened to the tidings of other lands, of their crimes and sorrows, brought by some rare and passing traveller. Although a Catholic, she was not so bigoted as her brother, who would have sent every heretic to torment, without the benefit of a single mass. Rosemaine could not long look on this woman, so situated, without emotion: love is often the very creature of circumstance. Had he met her in a street or mansion of a city, his spirit was one of the last to be captivated; but here—so unexpectedly, and after long and weary journeying through unfrequented wilds, to be kindly welcomed to a stranger's roof, and that by the voice and look of loveliness, the pirate and the savage must have yielded, as well as the man of peace or pleasure. His pursuits were neglected, and his departure delayed, as, day after day, this village in the forest obtained a stronger hold on his feelings. Nor

could Isabel be well insensible to the incessant attentions of her brother's guest: she gazed on his manly figure and bold bearing, and listened to his ardent expressions and high-flown compliments that were little unwelcome to a southern ear.

He then thought he could live years in such a spot with this girl, and feel happy; but ere many moons had passed, it would have become a prison to his feelings, and he would have cursed its monotony. Yet that residence, though simple, had its luxuries. The wines of Chilé, of several kinds, found a place there; some bottles of the Xerés of the mother country were added by the guest; and there were choicest fruits from the garden, while cattle as well as game ran wild on every side: besides that, the good priest kept not strict Lent, and the hours often fled gaily and even jovially away within the walls of the peaceful parsonage.

Although these substantial enjoyments were highly welcome in such a precarious course, there were others that appealed perhaps more irresistibly to his feelings. He walked in the forest at sun-rise with the fair Spaniard, who led him on from one far and intricate path to another, till the very heavens were lost to the view;—then, suddenly emerging from the hopeless thickets, stood upon some verdant slope, and pointed where the broad river rolled in the distance through the silent plain, and then plunged into an immense forest, from which it issued again like a giant, rejoicing in its course. Behind were the Andes, covered with their eternal snows, on which no cloud rested, but the sun flamed from a spotless sky. His guide spoke with animation and even rapture of the objects in view; yet while she gazed on mountain

and stream, and dwelt on the pleasures of which in every season they had been the source, her fancy wandered to other things more seductive. She saw she had made a conquest of the stranger; and delight glowed in her fine countenance, as she put back her rich dark tresses, which the wind had disordered, and adjusted with the grace of a Spanish maiden the simple black mantilla, so as to soften the fierceness of the sun, but not to hide the exquisite proportions of her form. It was true, she knew not the past life or character of this man, but he was a superior being to the simple and rustic people who composed her brother's flock, among whom she had never dreamt of a lover. Then his faith was quite hostile to hers, and she almost started at her own passiveness; for she had ever heard her brother describe heretics as a treacherous and abandoned race, from whom no good could possibly come. But when does an impassioned woman, and at such an age, think much on the religion of the lover to whom she has given her affection? After a few passing doubts and self-reproaches, the subject was dismissed altogether from her thoughts.

To Rosemaine, in the ardour of his feelings, this passion seemed heaven-sent: his mind had for years been tossed and unsettled as a stormy sea:—disappointed, outlawed, he had brooded over fancied wrongs, and cherished feelings to whose desperate course peace was an utter stranger. Here a scene opened, where happiness seemed to have taken up her dwelling-place, and the anxious and harassed man dwelt on it with that intenseness which minds accustomed to violent extremes are apt to feel. He told Isabel with truth that he deeply loved her, and a few days before he departed, vows of lasting af-

fection were exchanged between them. But Rosemaine was not a man to linger away his days, however delightfully, in the dreams of passion; he was proud and aspiring, and he determined not to unite his fate with hers till he had secured a home of independence and even of affluence, to receive her. To effect this, he cared not for fatigues, dangers, or privations; but would endure them all with pleasure, as he had already found his various expeditions highly profitable. There was another obstacle of a more serious nature; the invincible dislike the brother was sure to manifest to his union with his sister. The pastor was fond of his society; listened with pleasure to his tales and adventures; but to have a heretic for his brother-in-law,—to see him fostered in the heart of his family,—he would as soon have cherished in his bosom the couleuvre, the most fatal serpent of the woods. It was resolved, then, between the lovers, not to mention a syllable of their plans or hopes at present to the sincere yet bigoted *curé*, but to trust to a period when his heart would perhaps be more softened.

It was with many expressions of regret that he heard of the traveller's departure; whom he entreated with much earnestness to repeat his visit, if in his journeyings he should pass again that way, and to remember that this home in the wilderness was ever open to him. A few sentences, too, (but without any deep energy of expression,) were included, warning him to beware of the vanities of the world, and the temptations that were always assailing the enfeebled heart. The parting with the high-souled Isabel was attended with tears and entreaties. "Yet a few months," said her lover, "and they should meet again, and then their hope would be brighter, and their sorrow pass away."

The sun had not yet risen when Rosemaine and his party were advanced on their journey. Though he felt for the first time that he was no longer an independent and masterless being; that many a long-cherished plan was quenched, and many a besetting feeling suppressed before the torrent of this new emotion;—yet its influence was so sweet and inspiring—such a charm did it cast over every weary step—the mountain snows, or the friendless wild,—that his very soul clung to it and treasured it, as her choicest portion on earth.

Nearly two years passed away ere he saw that retreat again, during which interval he bent his steps to the opulent cities situated on the east of the Andes: to the city of Mendoza, built on a lofty site, and enjoying a mild and even warm climate, while the mountains on which a perpetual winter reigns, cast their shadows above;—to St. Jago, in the midst of a hot and weary plain, a mixture of splendour and meanness, possessing a handsome cathedral and palaces rising above a mass of low dwellings, that present rather the appearance of a Chinese than a Spanish capital. In these and in many other places, his industry and address turned his mercantile tours to a lucrative account: and he passed again by long journeys to La Plata and Rio, returning with additional quantities of English goods, which were rare and highly prized at that time in the interior.

During this interval no call of pleasure or dissipation, no voice of voluptuousness, where it is so often heard, lured him for a moment from his onward path; and never on the deck of his lawless bark, when, borne before the wind, she left behind every pursuer, did he feel so much pride, as when

he came, having well gained a handsome independence, to claim his bride.

Isabel had occasionally though not often heard from her lover, and never distrusted his fidelity; but she was ignorant of the hour of his coming, and great was her surprise and joy, when the cavalcade that accompanied him entered the village. His state was somewhat altered: the mules were exchanged for handsome horses, and the bales of merchandise had given place to the rich robes and tasteful dresses of European lands, sought with care for her acceptance, while a few well-habited attendants waited on their master, whose air was rather haughtier and his tone more decisive; for who can withstand the subtle and delicious influence of wealth?

When he clasped his betrothed in his arms, it was the happiest moment of the outlaw's life; better, had he known none beyond it, and been spared, when too late, the keen reproaches of his own conscience!

The friendly, warm-hearted priest was delighted to see his ancient guest return, and looked forward to many a sweet hour of converse, with many a good flask of Xerés or Madeira to enhance its attraction. He was not aware that a more bitter draught was preparing for him; and great was his astonishment, and almost horror, when, a few days afterwards, as his heart was opened in a social moment, his companion entreated permission to espouse his sister. The colour fled from the pastor's ruddy cheeks, at the same moment that the full and sparkling glass of ancient vintage fell from his hand: his black and curling locks did not turn white, as those of some heads have done, on fearful occasions; but his

lips moved hurriedly without speaking, and his eyes gazed full and sternly on his guest for several moments. In fact, the communication took him all unprepared; he had never entertained a conception of the possibility of such an event. The dishonour of his family, in mingling the blood of an ancient descent with that of a heretic—still more, the dishonour to religion, the withdrawing his sister's soul from the true faith to that which led only to perdition—the cross trampled on—the saints outraged; all these ideas presented themselves in startling succession to his fancy, and he gave a flat and enraged denial to the proposition.

The prayers of Rosemaine, and the tears of the sister, were alike unavailing to move him; his demeanour became sullen and distant; hints were given to the former, that his visit had been sufficiently long; and some imperfect expressions on one occasion conveyed a prospect of a convent for the latter, as the best security against evil affections, and the influence of the powers of darkness. But his guest was not a man to yield to an opposition such as this, which indeed, he had previously reckoned on. He resolved to possess Isabel for a wife, in spite of both secular and spiritual arms; and he implored her to fly from her native village as the only step by which their union could possibly be secured. She trembled at first at the idea, then hesitated, wept at the unkindness of such conduct to her only brother, and at last consented. In such a country, where solitudes stretched on every side, it was a measure easy to be achieved: they quitted the peaceful abode of the pastor early one morning, and returned no more. Horses awaited them at the distant skirts of the wood, and without dream-

ing of pursuit, the fugitive conducted his fair companion and her attendant by slow and easy journeys to the coast; and there, finding a passage to the capital of the Brazils, they arrived at his home after an impatient progress, and were united by the Catholic as well as by the Protestant clergyman of the place.

CHAPTER III.

The wanderings of Rosemaine were ended: no more the sport of the waves, or doomed to journey through weary and distant scenes, the goal he had panted for was gained, and he might now bid his spirit take her rest.

His residence was a handsome dwelling at Rio, provided with more than comforts, for luxuries had found their way there: it was furnished in an expensive manner; and beside it was a large garden. Around the gentle declivity whereon it stood, the many hills covered with woods and mansions rose like a splendid amphitheatre. Was it possible to do enough for the happiness of his beloved companion? could he have ransacked the stores of the south and east, he would have strewed them joyfully about her path.

But Isabel needed not these things, and desired them not: she had brought from her home in the wilderness the simple tastes to which she had been habituated; above all, she thought only of her husband; his affection was the shrine in which her soul dwelt, and before which splendour and pleasure offered their incense in vain.

Yet there was no extravagance in this display; Rosemaine's active mind would have scorned to sit down and enjoy tranquilly the fruits of his labours: he was now a merchant on a larger scale, and the facilities for an extensive commerce which his situation afforded were skilfully turned to advantage.

He had become the owner of several ships, of which he planned the various destinations, and followed in fancy their near or distant course, and the valuable cargoes with which they were to return at a fortunate moment to the market, with all the avidity of a successful speculator. The attention to his affairs necessarily occupied many hours of the day, and he entered at evening with eager step the roof from which he seemed to have been an exile, and was met by the form that he loved best on earth to see, and the voice that banished every care. The mind of Rosemaine had never been cultivated; nor could literature, in any form, have charms for him; but he possessed an acute observation, and a practised insight into the characters of men;—strange, that he had not formed a juster estimate of his own.

Thus fled many months, and even when the first brilliant scene of love gave place to a calmer prospect and more passionless hours, resources were not wanting to bid them pass happily away. He had travelled long and variously; had proved the extremes of many climes; had looked death in the face in conflict, and smiled at his approach in the tempest. It was often the delight of Isabel to bid him recount some of the passages of his life, when the rainy season had set in; when the gloomy skies without and scanty visits of the sun rendered it unpleasant to quit their dwelling, and when even the blazing fire cast a welcome glare over the luxurious apartment, as the torrents descended, and the winds woke loudly at approach of night. And Rosemaine felt often an intense interest in the retrospect, while his eye lightened as he dwelt on the path he had traversed—on his rise above dependence and persecution. Alone and friendless he had struggled

and conquered: these were dangerous recollections, for they brought back on his soul the high and incessant excitements of the past hour; and even in the detail—her features bent on his,—Isabel sometimes saw that their impassioned expression was not meant for her, and that the tear that even fell during passages of sorrow was caused by emotion wherein she had no share.

Few wanderings ever gave such exquisite pleasure in actual experience, as when their detail was listened to by a fair and beloved auditor: yet often did the sweet excitement awaken the slumbering passion for novelty, and the stifled desire of tempting anew the wild adventure and the romantic travel.

To the memory of Isabel, the past offered no ample stores, so confined and uniform had been her life; but a thirst for knowledge and a fine imagination were given her by nature; she therefore ardently availed herself of a tolerable collection of books got together by chance and industry, and the novelties gathered here it was her delight to communicate, embellished by the simple eloquence natural to her. She knew not then, that the food for internal enjoyment she was thus treasuring, was soon to be her sole resource; and that the mind often struggles on through the desert of wedded life, when the Eden of the heart is withered.

Then there was a circle of acquaintances more numerous than select, whom Rosemaine loved to see at his well-spread table: it gave an enjoyment to which his precarious career had at times rendered him vividly alive; and as the glass, the song, and the tale went round, his spirits were borne away, and indulgence was sometimes carried to excess.

At first, these parties had been rare, and the bounds of temperance were observed; but of late they had become more frequent and unrestrained. Often did Isabel wait long the presence of her husband, tune her guitar to the wild Spanish air that he loved best, and count the hours as they rolled slowly by—till midnight came, and he was still away.

The rains had ceased, and the fine season had again commenced: the beautiful country around Rio rose to the eye with renovated freshness and verdure; the cassia, the palm, and mimosa trees waved their lofty summits in the sea breeze that tempered the sultry heats which already began to prevail; and flowers of extreme beauty, the passion-flower, the silver-leaved plant, and others without number, revelling in the luxuriance of a tropical soil, added their perfume to that of the numerous lime and orange groves. Parties from the city were often formed by the merchants and their families to go a few hours' distance into the interior, and in some of the deep and romantic valleys lying between those wooded hills that rise almost close to the capital, enjoy the freshness and purity of the air, heightened by choice wines and refreshments. Isabel loved these excursions, for the wildness of the scenes they afforded, for in such had her childhood delighted. Often while the rocks echoed to the jovial sounds of those who sat round the rural repast, her steps wandered to the heights, where a thousand gay and songless birds fluttered amidst the deep silence of the woods; till the rapid approach of night warned the party to hasten their return to the city.

This was just such a life as suited the enterprising merchant; alternate business and pleasure: the cares of the former repaid by the sure luxuries

that its gains afforded, and the busy day frequently closed in by the revel of the night. And what could this man want more to complete his happiness?—had not the thirst of affluence been gratified?—the love too, that had been long the star of his life—its object, impassioned and beautiful, was his own for ever. Often when he walked at evening on the terraced roof of his dwelling, did his heart swell with pride as he gazed on the scene beneath and around him; the towering cliffs that circled the harbour, in whose calm bosom, sheltered from every wind, were many rich and wooded islands, lighted by an evening sun; gay houses and palaces rose on the right and left, where the streets climbed the acclivity; and beneath, amidst the flags of many nations, his eye rested on several fine ships of his own. Then he thought of his rude and simple valley, but it touched no cord of attachment or feeling; that scene of obscurity and disappointment was drear and sad compared to the Oriental magnificence that now surrounded him; and the simple village girls, in their wild native charms, what were they to his Spanish bride?

Why then did he cease to gaze on that bride with the same admiring fondness?—Months had passed away, even years, but they had produced no change in her beauty, and her love had known no estrangement. But his had faded—he knew not why; even his own heart, had he consulted it, could assign no cause: yet he met not her dark and melting eye with any emotion of joy, though once its every glance spoke to his soul;—and her voice had no longer the power to engage: in the wilderness it had been music, and it still gave its plaintive tones to the dearest themes—but he heeded

them not. Could love for such a being pall so soon?—in a few short years only, and in the sense of what was due to her devotedness of feeling, and the memory of all that romance of circumstance that gave amidst the forest and the wild such a charm to passion—had this died also? All had sunk into that quiescence of feeling, as calm and cold as the slumber of the grave.

Yet the spirit of Rosemaine had been ardent in its affections, and impetuously devoted to their object; but he paid the penalty of being too early the subject of strong and vivid excitements; the native insubordination of his mind had been fanned by the desperate emotions of his early career, and his subsequent life, on which novelty in every form had rolled its perpetual tide, had alike unfitted him for calm and constant enjoyments, however exquisite. A long course of prosperity, too, had produced its effects on his ill-regulated disposition: his temper grew haughty and capricious, and there were indulgences sought after, at which both duty and honour should have shrunk.

Isabel had long seen the gradual decay of her husband's affection with anguish; it was the strong anchor on which she had reposed all her happiness, and over the early wreck she wept bitterly Each art was tried by the lovely and ill-fated woman to regain the empire she had lost—but it might not be: the dresses and ornaments that used, in his fancy, to become her most, and which he had profusely lavished, were worn to attract his eye, and when he returned at evening, wearied with his many and perplexing concerns, her features were dressed in smiles, her voice assumed its sweetest accent, and then she spoke of the brilliant hours of

their first interviews, when he came a wanderer to her native roof, and how affection grew in that solitude, but the blissful memory fell on her breaking heart alone. The colour left her cheek, but the lustre of her eye was bright as when all within was happy; she never suffered a murmur to escape her lips at the neglect that now grew daily more and more apparent. And at such an age, and in the full power of her loveliness, when not more than twenty summers had passed over her! There were times when the native haughtiness of her spirit rose at the injury, and flashed from her wan yet noble features, and had she loved less—the Spanish woman would have revenged her wrongs.

Rosemaine saw, he could not but see, the effect of his conduct on his enduring and high-minded bride, and a self-accusing feeling would sometimes flit across his mind, as he came and went from his once happy dwelling. But it was soon forgotten in the persuasion that there was no act of flagrant unkindness on his part, nothing to awaken remorse or sorrow. Is there a greater curse than fickleness of heart?—how rarely is such a cup of human happiness put to the lips, as was now in his grasp, and he dashed it idly, causelessly, away. Fortune, as he had proved, may be lost and gained again; and so may fame: but a fair and devoted woman, whose only ambition is to bless the heart that is beloved by her—she comes but once in the path of man,—cheers but once this valley of tears with her presence—and when scorned and sacrificed, can the earth cover her wrongs, or its waste places again look bright? Success smiled upon all Rosemaine's commercial undertakings, and riches seemed to come on wings into his grasp; yet the lot that all

might have envied was embittered by discontent; he had no children to inherit the property he was rapidly amassing, and a parent's joys he pictured as exquisite; they would make him infinitely happier. But the poisoned arrow was in his heart, and had this desire been granted, ere long it would have turned to drink at other fountains. So soon the pure ones he possessed were to cease to be poured into his bosom.

Isabel's spirit fell fast beneath the sorrow that never quitted it. As long as her declining strength permitted, she continued to frequent her luxuriant garden, the care of which had been her favourite employment. The palm of Brazil was there, and the orange and myrtle grew in profusion around the fountain that fell in several streams into a spacious marble basin, which looked like a mimic lake; for rocks rose out of its wave, and flowers of every hue grew wild upon its banks. A small and thickly-shaded terrace ran along the lower end of the garden, and overhung the sea; from hence might be heard the songs of the mariners and fishermen, and the mingled sounds that rose from the wide bay, while immediately around all was solitude and silence. And here, as moonlight slept on the surface of the sheet of water and scarcely pierced the thick branches of the trees, Isabel thought of the far and endeared paths of her home in Paraguay—the hours of undoubting affection—the vows of eternal constancy, that time had proved to be as the leaves scattered by the storm.

This could not last: nature yielded to the conflict of feeling, and she sank unpitied on her dying bed. The embers of Rosemaine's attachment were awakened at such a moment, but too late, too lan-

guidly, to be of any avail. He could not but leave his other pursuits, and give her all his society. While seated day after day by her bed-side, he witnessed the resistless progress of her disorder, and regarding her still lovely yet faded features, his heart sank within him; for she had cast herself on him as her only friend on earth; had fled her own distant home for his arms, and thus had he requited her. Isabel heard with a faint smile his protestations of sorrow and reviving regard: they could not but elevate her spirit, for even in this hour it beat for him passionately as ever, and while her hand was clasped in his, her looks were turned on him with a tenderness in which she triumphed, even while it sunk her to an early grave. He summoned the best medical advice the city could afford, but it was unavailing as his own cares and attentions; and he found it harder to bend over the last scene of such a woman, than to meet death in its wildest forms:—for each look, more lingering than the last, told a tale to his soul, of desertion, ingratitude, and abandonment, that might never pass away.

One night, the last, he stood watching intently, and in silence, as slowly and treacherously the king of terrors called his youthful victim away. The half-shaded lamp shed a partial light on her dying form;—in one hand she clasped a small cross, worn from her childhood, and essayed at times to place it on her heart: it had been her mother's; the look that she struggled to raise to heaven, wandered still to the being she had never ceased to love. She spoke faintly of her brother, whom she had so unkindly left, and begged that her heartfelt adieus might be conveyed to him, and her prayers for his

forgiveness. No expression of sorrow escaped for her own fate:—she ardently thanked Rosemaine for the many proofs of his kindness, and as he strove to utter the strong compunction he felt, she waved her hand gently to repress it, and bade him think of their early love; then, as its memory rushed in a full tide over her thoughts, her tears fell fast and helplessly; yet her voice was more clear, and a brighter lustre was in her eye as she spoke, for the last time, of her abode in the forests of Paraguay, the sweet village, the river, the distant mountains of eternal snow, and the beautiful solitudes that were so dear to her where her lover came, and his presence was like that of an angel in her wilderness. Life ebbed away in that retrospect:—her words faltered, her breathing grew fainter, and in a few moments ceased for ever!

As the heart-stricken survivor gazed on the countenance, whereon the last strong expression yet rested; while a crimson hue still dwelt upon the lips, and the small lovely hand lay powerless in his own—it was more than he could bear;—these were the charms that had once been dear beyond his soul's welfare, and the love that animated them had been his only earthly stay. But now—that beauty and that spirit had departed for ever;—he raised his look to heaven, broke out in a loud and passionate burst of sorrow, and would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have recalled, and made atonement for, the past;—but it might not be—his tears of bitter anguish fell in vain.

Months had passed away since the death of his wife, and though Rosemaine followed his usual pursuits with ardour, he found his situation greatly changed. Whatever luxury could afford was his

own, but there was a desolation in his home to which he could not reconcile himself. Though tenderness had expired, and remorse was fast lulled asleep, he could not hide from himself that he had heartlessly cast from him a being such as the precarious path of the world would never give him again. The pleading look, the animated converse, the form of loveliness ever at his side, and ministering to his every desire; yes, though we love no more, the consciousness of being beloved is still dear to the most selfish mind. He felt this, and severely; wherever he looked, there was now left neither parent, relative, nor friend, who cared for his weal or wo. All sympathy for him was entombed in Isabel's grave, and even in the hardness of his heart he confessed as much, and began to feel reckless of the future. Ere long the spirit of adventure and the love of novelty retook possession of his mind: it appeared long since he had felt their charms; he had been years in Rio, and he resolved to change the scene. With his excited feelings, to resolve was speedily to execute; and in spite of the advice of his many associates, he began to wind up his mercantile concerns, and to dispose of his property. His handsome dwelling and gardens were sold, his lucrative pursuits abandoned, and with the same inconstancy of heart, and nearly the same self-abandonment with which he first came to Rio, he quitted it for ever.

His wandering steps traversed many a land: he went first to North America, and visited some of its most prosperous provinces, and finest scenes; from thence he took passage for France, and passed a few years in that kingdom and in Holland, sometimes giving loose to all the indulgences that money

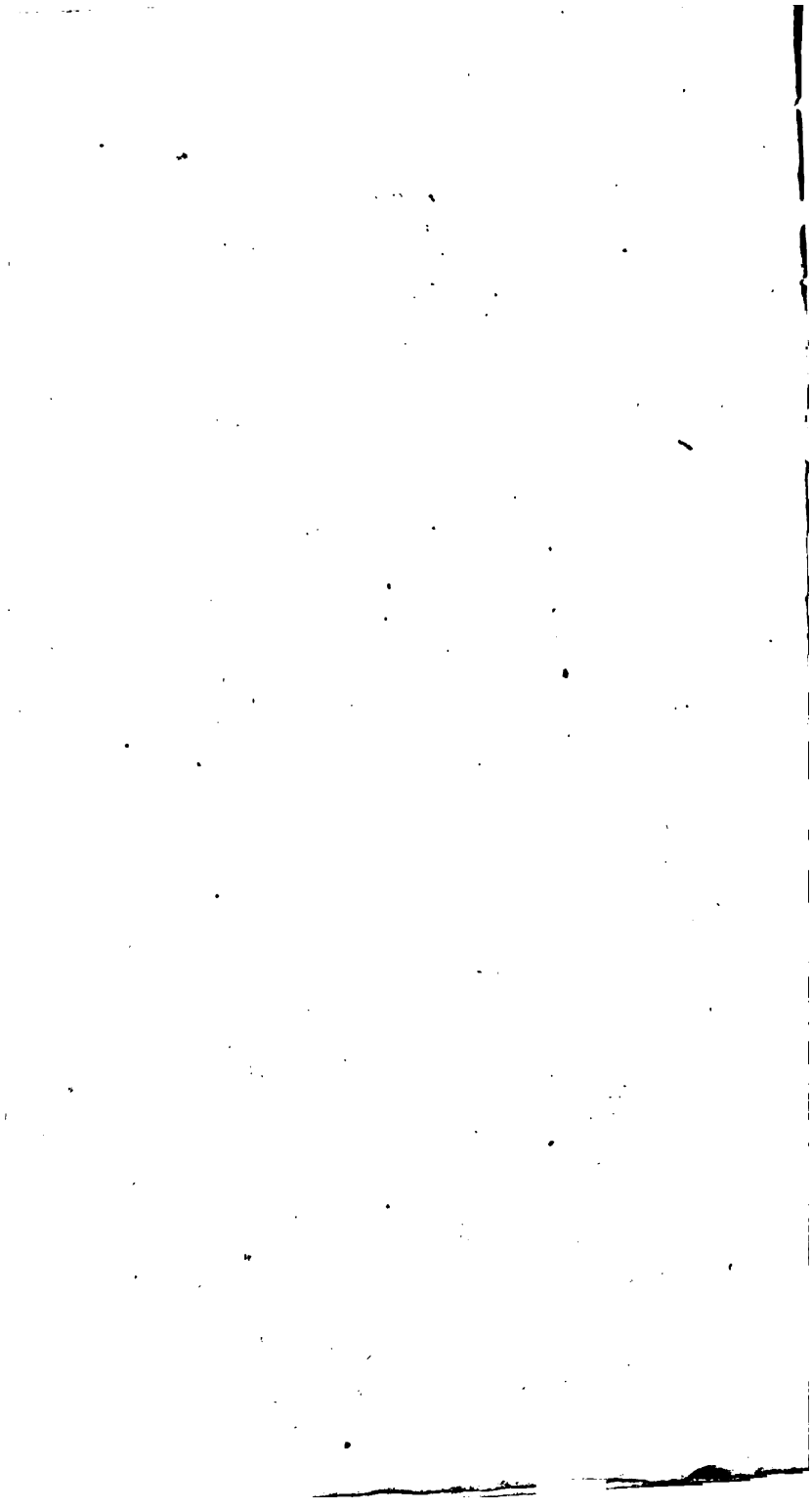
could purchase, and again preserving a strict and regular course of life. The property he had acquired at Rio, though handsome, could not last for ever, and as he observed it rapidly diminish, and felt that his youth was past, and the buoyancy of his spirits broken, he grew wearied at last of perpetual wandering, and sighed for a settled abode. It was not difficult to find this, and he resolved to seek his native land, and return to the vicinity where he first drew his being. It was strange, that a spot so obscure, and possessed of so few attractions, should be his choice, but there is no accounting for the waywardness of taste.

He came to the valley he had left twenty years before in perfect security, for no one could recognise the outlaw who had fled in secrecy. His bold and spirited features had a more calm and subdued expression, though the lines of many toils and hardships were on them. The valley was the same as when he had quitted it, as tranquil and as thinly inhabited; he gazed on the graves of his parents, but without much emotion, so long had been the interval since he had parted from them. After a while, he purchased with his remaining property, a farm in the neighbourhood, and pursued for several years a course of regular industry. He rose early, and went himself into the fields to direct the labours of his people, in which he often shared, and returned to a plain and plentiful meal, which he might be said to have earned by the sweat of his brow. Finding his home solitary, he formed an attachment to the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, several years younger than himself, and married her. His income was quite sufficient for competence, in a province so cheap as his native one,

and was much improved by his own care and application; he enjoyed not now the luxuries of Rio, of his elegant residence and profuse expenditure; but his sleep, purchased by fatigue, was unbroken; his health acquired a tone and vigour it had not known for years; and inconstancy and the love of change invaded not the unvarying habits and feelings of a farmer's life. When he told the tale of his chequered course, which, though rather averse to, he was sometimes prevailed on to do, it might well excite wonder to see how this man could lead a composed, and even dull life, after the indelible excitements he had proved. It has been said, that men of strong feelings and passions, carry them in their bosoms to the grave: but certainly it was not thus with Rosemaine,—the daring outlaw:—the husband of Isabel, can now talk of the past vivid moments of his life, as if they had been a dream; almost unmoved and untroubled; and can be pleased with the companion he has chosen, a woman of his own land, sincere and affectionate it is true, but without any attractions; and can nourish her in his bosom, that has been the resting-place of an angel. In his rides to the distant market-towns along the dreary hills, amidst which his dwelling is situated, and which are often hid by drizzling rain and fogs, his memory might well turn to the splendid scenes of Brazil, and the rapid gains that made it to him a golden land; and amidst which he would have cast scorn on such a plodding career as his present one. He has now lived to a good old age, with a constitution unbroken; has seen his children, of which he has several, grown up around him; and still preserves the same equanimity of temper. Whether the impetuous feelings that at-

tended his early life have died within him, or have only slept for want of strong occasions to call them forth, it is difficult to say. When seated by his own blazing hearth at evening, while the winter winds blow fiercely around his exposed dwelling, where there is neither grove nor tree, it is an instructive lesson of the waywardness of the human heart, to hear this once reckless wanderer speak of the past;—of the time when he drank, as it were, the very essence of the most darling passions; and without a roused spirit or flashing eye, tell of the beautiful and devoted Spaniard; who, for his love, left her calm home in the forest, and sank by an early doom,—that in her tomb, beneath the palms of Rio, sleeps a peerless woman. Then he passes to other themes; to his many changes and perils; and lasty, dwells upon the comforts of his present life, and the calmness of its decline.

THE MINER.



THE MINER.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGER, who for the first time saw the long and weary wastes of many, it may be said of most, parts of Cornwall, might imagine he wandered over the dreary territory of Hialtland, or of Patagonia, instead of one of the most productive provinces, in respect to its size, of the kingdom of England. Many a foreigner who has landed from his distant and far different country at the port of Falmouth, and traversed the peninsula from west to east, has lifted up his eyes in astonishment, and deemed that the tales told him of the fruitfulness and beauty of "the famed isle" were like those of the blest lands in the Arabian Nights. Such ideas might well enter the mind, while passing over in particular the downs that form the approach to the ancient capital of the county,—a tract that brownies and elves might choose for their favourite and unmolested dwelling-place; a dank, dismal waste of five or six leagues in length, without a hill or elevation to relieve its hopeless flatness,—not a cottage whose curling smoke might show there was life there, nor a spot of cultivation, even of the rudest kind. Fast as the wheels of the mail,

hasting to softer scenes, now move over it, they move all too slowly: so, at least, has every one felt who has been whirled across it at whatever speed for the last half century.

The people, however, are better than their land; for the miners, who form a considerable part of the population, are an acute, sober, and intelligent race of men, enduring poverty and distress, when they come, with the fortitude and passiveness of Stoics, though the same observation cannot apply to their days of prosperity:—and their manner of occupation exposes them peculiarly to the two extremes. In general they do not receive regular wages in the mines wherein they work; but prefer that their gains should depend in a great measure on their own sagacity, aided by their good fortune. This system has all the charm and excitement of speculation, often remarkably successful, and as often attended by uncertain returns, even to penury and long and sickening expectation.

The various and extensive possessions of the copper-mines are let, if the expression may be used, at regular intervals, by auction, to the best bidders; that is, those who will work them for the lowest wages per fathom: the old, the new, and the promising ground of various bearings and hope, that lies at a greater or less depth, being assigned into various portions, is thus taken by a certain number of men, who receive a share of the produce of the discoveries they make or carry on. These are sometimes, and not unfrequently, so valuable, that wealth pours in upon these men as if they dug at the bottom of the mines of Potosi or Peru: from poverty they become in a few months comparatively rich, while others toil on from day to day, still cherishing

sanguine hopes; which, often their only portion, fortunately never forsake them.

At the foot of a hill that descended by a long slope into a ravine, through which ran a stream, whose red and discoloured hue was derived from the metal that had mingled with it, lived in a poor cottage two brothers of the name of Gilbert, who supported themselves by daily labour in an adjoining mine. Each day and night alternately they had several miles to traverse to their place of occupation, and their steps were retraced as duly as the sun-rise or set bade them finish their short but severe labour. Poorly as they now lived and fed, they were the last of a rather old family that could at least boast of having possessed for several generations a good and ancient-looking house, situated beside the same stream that ran close to the young men's hovel, and at no great distance. They had indeed been bred up delicately: only a few years since they had lived in that building, indulged in every wish that idleness and plenty could prompt. The father, however, lived too fast and free for his income; he was a fox-hunter, and hounds and horses, and the frequent substantial dinners he gave, with the unlimited freedom of the bottle, were parts of the expenses that eat up by degrees his good property. The greater part of his estates were mortgaged; and when he died, the mansion itself was seized to help to pay his debts, and the two sons were turned out almost friendless on the world. It might well be said friendless, for of the many who had feasted at their father's board, not one took a kind or effectual interest in their condition, and they saw that they must either earn their living by the sweat of their brow, or starve. They were now advancing into

manhood, and the manager of the large copper-mine on the distant hill, when addressed by them in an humble tone for employment, gazed doubtingly on their delicate features and hands, all unused to toil. Their handsome clothes, and hats with a broad band of gold lace, (such was the fashion with the squires' sons of the day,) were doffed, and they were simply and meanly clad. Employment was instantly assigned them, and with some feeling of sympathy, the same wages given as to hardier men: nor was it long ere the brothers learned, though with difficulty, to earn them. They were obliged to descend during six out of the twenty-four hours some hundred fathoms deep;—at first with a dizzy head and a trembling heart, clinging to ladders fixed to the perpendicular sides of the shaft with one hand, and carrying a lighted candle with the other. They bore the chilling and constant damps and moisture so far beneath the surface; wielded the heavy pick-axe and shovel without ceasing amidst a sometimes close and stifling air; where a few small lights only relieved the grave-like darkness of the place.

They succeeded, however, and a few months had scarcely passed, ere it was difficult to discover, in the bronzed features, hardy looks, and active limbs of the labourers, the two young and luxurious descendants of one of the chief families in the parish. It was not all hardness and suffering; they tasted, for the first time, perhaps, in their lives, the sweetness of a meal purchased by their own exertions, and the delicious flavour that keen hunger gives to the plain repast. The cellar of their father's house, well stocked with wines, they might not enter again, nor sit down at his rich and well-spread table: but their gains were now sufficient to enable them to

provide occasionally a good substantial repast, cheered with the best ale the neighbourhood afforded; and when the Sabbath came, this was always the case. It was in truth a day of rest to the two unfortunate men; and they enjoyed it exquisitely. They set out in the morning along a pleasant path that led to Gwinear church, whose gray tower, on the hill, might be seen at a considerable distance around:—in the church-yard they met a few of their acquaintances, for few they were who now took notice of them, save those of a lower degree! The magnates of the land, who had hunted with their father, and drunk his wine, passed them with a cold nod, or perhaps stopped a moment to inquire into their prospects, and commend their industry; but there were some, who had tasted, as dependants, of the fatness of their home, who remembered them in the day of their distress, and that with a grateful and even respectful feeling. After the service was over, they returned to their dwelling, and sat down to their plentiful board, with a comforted and elated spirit.

We are creatures of habit, whether of good or ill, of sorrow or of joy; and in two or three years their condition sat almost as easily on the two young men, as if they had never known a better one. Often, indeed, at first, had they used to cast a wistful eye toward the ancient building, which they had always regarded as their own: it was full in view from their cottage, and the large trees, that had sheltered the front, having been lately cut down by the creditors for sale, the well-known walls were thrown bleakly open: then they sat and talked sadly of former days and pleasures, when care was a stranger, and on passing sometimes beside the place,

in the way to their daily toil, they stopped, as if by a mutual impulse, cast on it a long and melancholy look, and saw that the rank weeds overspread the garden, that the pond was filled up, and that the spacious dwelling was let in small portions, to low tenants, whose noisy and squalid families made a common area of the whole. But now their feelings were more hardily, as well as coarsely strung; the sentiments and thoughts of humble life had become habitual; there were, it is true, gleams of memory at times, but these seldom interrupted their comforts.

The spot near which they resided presented in itself a singular spectacle, from which a man who had tasted the bitters of adversity might have drawn a useful lesson. The long slope of the hill from the summit to the bottom, (a space of more than a mile,) was thickly covered with the remains of a very rich and flourishing copper-mine. Almost as far as the memory of the oldest native could stretch, it had been a scene of numerous and joyous population; and the veins and lodes of the costly mineral had long seemed exhaustless. The hopes, the prosperity, and the despair of a whole generation had been centred in the spot,—not of the lower ranks only, for what mind is not infected with the thirst of speculation and rapid gain? Within the last few years, however, all this had ceased, and the place was utterly deserted. The many tall structures which had enclosed the fire or steam-engines, and were built at an immense expense, rose at intervals on the slope of the hill, like the ruined towers of some feudal chieftain; the grass waving rank on their roofless walls, and the wind sweeping hollow through their large empty chambers.

Conspicuous on the most elevated spot, was the mansion of fine stone, erected for the management of the extensive and exciting scene, and for the weekly and monthly dinners shared by the sanguine adventurers, where the glass circulated freely; and the welcome punch-bowl was often drained, till El Dorado itself came all glorious before them, and heaps of silver, waiting but the furnace, and countless piles of rich metals glittered before their eyes. It was shut up and forsaken now: the round kind face of the cook, installed in the situation for nearly half her mortal term, met the hungry and jovial eye no more. No one regretted the sad change more than she; she had lived in the mine, had heard her culinary skill praised and admired by all, and had seen many an aspect that came at first smiling and sanguine to the successive dinners, grow gloomy and desperate as time rolled on, and instead of a sudden fortune, ruin came, like a spectre, with rapid strides.

Hundreds on hundreds passed from the scene, that had been the means of ample support to them and their families, where every one, from infancy to manhood, could gain a livelihood. It was like, on a larger scale, the going forth of the "wanderers from the deserted village," though not to so distant a destination. The mandate had gone forth, however, that the wide source of labour and enterprise was to be abandoned; and the cottages poured out their dejected groups to other and remoter spots; uncertain to find there the same warm hearth, well-tilled garden of vegetables, and the same course of prosperous industry. In a few weeks the place thus became a wilderness, where not a voice echoed, or a foot-fall was heard. To the stranger's eye it

now seems to resemble the ruins and the desolation of some Eastern city, especially when the moonlight is on the fantastic shapes that cover the face of the hill. Vast piles of the ore, some of them still sufficiently valuable, covered with a rank verdure, rise on every side, like the mounds or tumuli that mark where an edifice has sunk, or a warrior has fallen. The many cottages that stand beside, or at a short distance, are doorless and windowless; and the streams of water that formed the copious reservoirs, brawl harshly amidst the decay—the only sound in the once noisy and tumultuous arena.

Often, when the brothers passed this way, though their habits of life had little to do with feelings of sensibility, they could not help being struck with the melancholy view; for they had known it in their happier days, when its fame was high, and its wealth abounding. An old miner would sometimes pass, shake his head, and observe, it was a lonesome place to what it used to be; or a chance traveller would occupy himself curiously in selecting some mineral specimen from the heaps of many hues that were strewed thickly on the soil; or would seat himself and gaze with surprise on the vast wreck that was spread before him, where many a golden hope and actual fortune lay buried.

It happened, that, after a few years success began to smile steadily on the Gilberts; they had taken what is called a fortunate pitch, and in the course of working it, had discovered a small though valuable vein of copper. It lasted for several months, and their gains grew high. When the day of payment came every month, the sums they received were such as would have spread joy over any countenance: and they had felt so keenly the hard

reverse of condition, from affluence to poverty, that they were now intoxicated with pleasure. This burst of prosperity produced no change, however, in their habits of life, save that their board was better spread, and an occasional guest seated there; the friendless state in which they had been left had made them strongly attached to each other: they laboured together, taking always the same spot of ground; they associated little with their fellow miners, and had never been a day apart since they had entered their present abode. They had resolved never to marry, let fortune smile as she might, but the vow was made in the day of adversity.

An event happened soon after the instance of good fortune above recorded, that broke entirely these plans of life, and showed how closely sorrow often follows on the footsteps of success.

One night the brothers were busy at their work at the bottom of the mine, where the ground they had taken lay at a depth of more than a hundred fathoms. They were talking with great glee of their prospects; and that if the present run of luck should last for a year longer, hoped to be able to purchase back again the old family dwelling, dilapidated as it was, and live there once more.

The elder brother was obliged to go above ground, to ask advice of one of the captains, respecting some new appearance in the lode, and said he should return again shortly. With his small candle, he mounted quickly by the ladders, a perilous ascent to a stranger's foot, and the staves too are sometimes rotten and frail. He had delivered the message he wished, and had descended some distance on his return, when part of the earth, as sometimes happens, at the edge of the shaft

loosened, and a large stone falling, struck the unfortunate miner from his ladder. He plunged instantly to the bottom. The other, hearing the rush and fall of a heavy substance, ran to the spot, and by his glimmering light beheld the mangled form and features of his brother. He had been dashed to pieces by the shock! and the younger Gilbert, kneeling beside him, filled the place with his cries, which no one heard, for they had been quite alone, and in a remote part of the mine. His first impulse was to ascend, and attempt to carry the body to the surface; but seeing that all aid was now a mockery, he lifted, and bore it to the spot he had just left, and there sat down beside it. The perished man was his only friend and relative: the single companion of his life through distress and prosperity; they had borne contempt and neglect—had mourned and hoped, together; and he called on his brother's name in wild and earnest accents, and looked, and looked again, on his broken form and lifeless features. There was something fearful and horrible in the silence that was around, and in the echoes of the arched caverns and hollow avenues that returned his brother's name on his ear. The candles that still burned there, (his companion's had been extinguished in the fall,) rendered dimly visible the damp sides and roof of the place. With the superstition of his province, he placed one light at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and this arrangement rendered the scene still more ghastly. Gilbert sat a little apart, nearly shrouded in the darkness, and gazed (he could not withdraw his gaze,) from the form on which the sickly light fell. With all his tenderness for the object, he felt in every nerve the fearfulness of regarding sudden

and violent death: the features were miserabl lacerated, the mouth open, and the frame so bowed, that the head was almost beaten into the breast, and the blood oozed slowly from every pore, more cruel to look at, than if life had issued swiftly in a full tide. The cold damps of fear gathered on the survivor's brow, and coursed in large drops down his face: he placed his hands before his eyes, but the light came through the screen, and in that light was his brother's corpse, so distinct to the excited fancy that reality could have done no more. He rose and went farther into the gloom of the excavations they had made; but it was impossible, in so contracted a space, to prevent his glance wandering at times to the fatal object, and then he fancied strangely, as the currents of air made the flame flicker to and fro, that he saw his brother beckon him to come, and that the head raised itself from the chest on which the blow had bowed it, and the ghastly and disfigured face was turned on him. Then he wildly drew near again, and found that the sleep of death was fast on his victim.

The hours rolled drearily away toward morning; and each one seemed prolonged beyond endurance. At his feet lay the piles of rich black ore which their joint hands had just exultingly broken: he regarded them with indifference—for the world, amidst his grief, seemed like a desert to him. The time came at last, when, at the end of the allotted six hours, two other miners descended to take their turn at the same labour, and relieved Gilbert from his cruel situation. These bore the remains to the open air. The young man went to his distant home with far different feelings from those wherewith he had left it the preceding evening. Solitude

and desertion are hard to bear at every period of life, and still more so when they come without warning or expectation. If Quarles wept over the death of his poor and faithful attendant, and Fernandez felt forsaken when the mute inmate of his bower was missing in the woods, the loss of that being who had been the miner's constant associate and friend might well cause the survivor to murmur at his lot. There was no voice but his own in the dwelling; the well-known footstep was gone; and during the nights, (and they were long and dreary,) sleep was a stranger to his eyes.

Gilbert followed the remains of his brother to the distant church-yard; he was buried beside the father, though in an humbler grave; his survivors and relatives had given the latter a handsome tomb, out of pride perhaps, but the poor miner slept obscurely, mourned by a scanty yet sincere retinue. There is little of what occasions burial-places to be sometimes called "beautiful" or "imposing," in that of Gwinear, yet its whole character is both pleasing and impressive; the yew and the cypress do not tower mournfully there, nor rows of ancient oaks fling their shadow over the solemn resting-places beneath, but it is ancient, and surrounded with a venerable wall; and well and variously is the area within peopled, from the tombs of the poor, (overgrown with a wild verdure,) to those of the heads of the chief families of the parish, for a term of between one and two centuries, and rare are some of the antique inscriptions.

The church itself, in the interior, possesses extreme neatness and venerableness united, and used to be remarked for its good choir of singers, and the sweetness of its psalmody; for it was a point of

ambition with the young men in the parish, who had good voices, or could play on any instrument, to muster their forces here each Sabbath morning.

CHAPTER II.

From that time Gilbert's place of residence began to grow distasteful: he strove hard to keep up his spirits, and laboured with greater ardour than ever; nothing, however, came with the same zest as before, and he said that he had felt less keenly when turned from his father's door, on a cold and friendless world, than now.—He sat down to the solitary meal that he had dressed, and found that his appetite forsook him, when his eye rested on the vacant chair opposite, where his companion had always sat; and, above all, when the Sunday came, ke knew not what to do to pass the leisure time away. They had frequently read the Bible togegether in the hours that were unemployed, (and they were many,) and he now took it up to seek consolation there; but his thoughts wandered insensibly; and he sat for hours at times in the small window-seat, with the open volume in his hand, his look bent upon the stream, and the decayed mansion on its banks, and one reverie after another coursing through his thoughts.

It was an advantage that, ere their sorrows originally came upon them, the young Gilberts had both received a better education than their after

path of life could have admitted, and the dwelling possessed a few books which had beguiled many a heavy moment. But the night was the worst to the survivor: his imagination, as well as feelings, had received a dreadful shock; and in his dreams, the miserable scene was constantly repeated. He heard the rush and the fall, and bent again distractedly over his unhappy brother; but it seemed that the earth closed over them, and the living and the dead were there, in that dim and hopeless tomb, hundreds of fathoms deep, whence his cry could reach no human ear—no human hand could extricate him. The visionary night and day passed on:—he regarded them little;—the dim lights never went out; and the body, freshly slain, was ever before him, and knew no corruption. Then he would wake in agony, yet in rapture to find that the eternal prison was burst; but sleeping again the vision was changed. He seemed in the act of breaking the damp and rich mould, when a large portion rolled down, of stones and earth, and enclosed him helplessly. At the same moment his brother fell, quite near him; and fatally wounded, yet still alive, he stretched out his hands to Gilbert, and called faintly on his name. The latter struggled and writhed in every limb to free himself from the heavy earth, but he could not—and as he madly thrust it from him, it was no comfort that it was changed into the most precious substances; silver and gold,—the pure metal from the ore,—glittered in his eye, and pressed on his limbs—he loathed them, and springing convulsively forward, his brother's death-cry was in his ear as he awoke.

He was obliged to pursue his labour in the same spot; it was too productive to be forsaken for ano-

ther, and its returns continued to be very valuable; it was necessary, indeed, they should be so, to compensate for the annoyances, imaginary, (in part, it is true,) that pursued him.

The miners have their full share of the superstitious feelings of the country, and often hear with alarm the noises, as it were, of other miners at work deep under ground, and at no great distance. The rolling of the barrows, the sound of the pick-axes, and the fall of the earth and stones, are distinctly heard through the night,—often, no doubt, the echo of their own labours; but sometimes continued long after that labour has ceased, and occasionally, voices seem to be mingled with them. Gilbert believed that he was peculiarly exposed to these visitations; he had an instinctive shrinking from the place where the accident had happened, and when left alone there, it was in vain that he plied his toil with desperate energy to divert his thoughts. Another person appeared to work very near him: he stayed his lifted pick, and listened—the blow of the other fell distinctly, and the rich ore followed it in a loud rolling: he checked the loaded barrow that he was wheeling; still that of the unknown workman went on, and came nearer and nearer, and then there followed a long faint cry, that thrilled through every nerve of the lonely man, for it seemed like the voice of his brother. These sounds all ceased on a sudden; and those which his own toil caused were the only ones heard; till, after an interval, without any warning, they began again, at times more near, and again passing away to a distance, and the descent of his fellow workmen at last down the shaft was a welcome relief.

Time by degrees made him more reconciled to

these things; and the supernatural sounds grew less harassing, though they never entirely wore away. After some interval, in prosecuting the course of the lode, that had very much fallen off both in size and value, the workmen made a singular discovery: in driving a level in an opposite direction, they were astonished to find that the earth fell hollow on the *other* side, instead of that where they were excavating. The spot was quickly enlarged, and passing through it, they found themselves amidst the lofty and extensive remains of an ancient and abandoned mine. The most singular circumstance was, the depth at which these were found below the surface. They displayed not only the *ruin* of great and skilful labour, but in many places the *entire* parts; for much of the work, so long kept from external air, was in good preservation. To a miner's eye this discovery was like the wanderer in the Laureate's poem coming to the city beneath the wave, whose palaces and towers, though discoloured and sea-beaten, were still firm and beautiful.

It must have been the work of more than a century before; since, on inquiry, nothing more than a tradition appeared, that there had been a large and flourishing mine there in former days. The vast and well-arranged works were supported and strengthened by lofty and massive beams of wood, still firm and undecayed;—the long, various, and high excavations, in certain parts, resembled arched caverns; while in others the foot passed on to some distance, and its free, hollow tread showed that, far and near, the earth had been visited by the daring and curious research of their forefathers. The lights of the many visiters (for the unusual scene

excited much curiosity) fell faintly on the gloomy walls and roofs that had been closed for an age, and had once been the source of deep speculation, and perhaps of great wealth. It proved that the passion of the former day for mining had been as determined, and in some measure carried to as great an extent, as that of the present; for the expense, as well as perseverance lavished here, must have been extreme. In a few directions the water that had gushed from some ancient and rifled lode had overflowed and formed large pools, in contrast to the general dryness of the other parts. In one spot, particularly, the stream still continued to pour from some height, and fell on the floor beneath with a distinct and ceaseless sound; and at such an immense depth, and amidst such gloom, this resemblance to a fountain's fall in upper air, and in the sun, was singular and striking. There was one object found here, however, that was far more so; it was the scarcely tangible remains of an unfortunate miner, who had perished on the spot: his hair was nearly entire, and some remnant of his clothes, that were attached to a small portion of the skeleton. He might have been surprised by the sudden irruption of a torrent, as is not usually the case, ere he could escape, or have been crushed by the descent of some detached mass, and met a more sudden fate.

The tide of prosperity still continued to flow on our miner's path: and at the end of a few years he had quitted his distant dwelling, and taken a more comfortable and better provided one nearer to the scene of his labours. His habits insensibly became less lonely; guests and acquaintances not unfrequently came beneath his roof, and it was in his

power to entertain them well. He scarcely knew how this happened, for he sought society almost as little as during his brother's life; but the keen eye of others saw that he was a prospering man,—one whom, to use their expression, a run of good luck had set in on, and was not likely to forsake. Whether it be really chance, or the effect of their own desponding fancies of predestination, there are certainly in this numerous body of men many individuals, who, as keen in their judgment and unwearied in their exertions as their neighbours, seem doomed to suffer a continual tide of ill fortune. Let them take the most promising or kindly portion of ground, which other candidates have bid high for, they discover nothing; find merely a small sprinkling of ore, just enough to keep appetite alive, and mock their labours. They are unlucky beings, with whom it is well not to join; for the water, perhaps, rushes in, and in an instant destroys the toil of many months: a bunch of ore comes in their way, rich to excess, and beautiful to the eye; did it last but a few weeks, money would be poured into their grasp; but it is limited to days or hours, and they see it end with a bitter feeling, like an oasis in the desert, while the same dull, barren, thankless tract opens beyond. They then throw it up, in disgust—others come to the same spot, and soon dig into a valuable vein. These are certainly born under a fortunate star: take what pitch they will it hardly ever turns out "barren or nought;" their very presence seems to ensure something good being struck out.

Gilbert was universally regarded as one of these fortunate beings; and, in truth, he began to consider himself so, and to believe that the adverse fate

that had so long haunted his steps, was about to flit from him, and disappear for ever. He now hired a domestic, and his small garden beside the dwelling was kept neat and stocked with choice vegetables, and even flowers. His dress underwent a visible change; the Sunday's garb was of the choicest kind; and whether or not it was from this addition, his looks were materially improved, and his air that of a man who was getting the better of the world, and felt that he was doing so.

With the money he had gained, he began to adventure by little and little in one or two mines; fast and strong the thirst of speculation grew on his mind. He had sometime since laid aside manual labour, and was advanced to be a captain in the mine, a situation for which his experience well qualified him. He did not quit his second dwelling: he remembered, in his father's case, the folly of attempting too rashly to build on prosperity: his foresight that had thus far not been deceived, saw before him a long path of the latter; but which constant care and penetration, to seize as well as anticipate each lucky chance and prospect, could alone ensure.

Years passed away, and a material alteration had taken place in Gilbert's condition. With many an up and down of Fortune, many a frown and smile, the general course of his adventures had been prosperous, at least one of them had always been good enough to overpay the losses of another. A thorough adventurer, he still possessed so much caution and shrewdness, that where, on more than one occasion, others had sunk to rise no more, he still kept his head above the tide, and came to shore well and heavily laden.

He had now resigned his situation of manager; for he did not need the salary attached to it, and preferred to be independent. Every thing indeed had changed with him; habits, views, society, all but the favourite pursuit that engrossed his thoughts both sleeping and waking; it had given him another and a better destiny, and he could not but love it. When he sat at table at the counting-house with men, who a few years before had never heeded or noticed the obscure miner, but now regarded him as their equal, and looked with a pleased eye at the good cheer that loaded the board, and the full punch-bowl, composed by an experienced hand, he could not help thinking that fate had dealt kindly and fairly with him. Feelings and manners long forgotten, of his first life, came back on him now, and enabled him to play his part in some measure as a man to whom affluence had been familiar. Qualities and even graces were discovered in him also, which certainly were not revealed till they were seen through that best of all reflectors, a *golden* mirror.

Men of property thought him a lively and agreeable companion, and they proved their belief by often entreating his company at their tables, as well as by appearing at his own. The eye of the fair, too, if not the heart, told their opinion of the prosperous Mr. Gilbert, "the only descendant of an ancient family;" and as there was many a distinguished but portionless spinster in the parish, it was deemed strange and unaccountable that he persisted in living alone.

The man had, however, after all, no particular attractions that could win hearts, or unite voices in his praise; his manners were simple, and his mind had no feeling of hauteur. He had learned to

know the world; it had been to him in distress as a broken reed, and he did not embark his faith or happiness now in its flattering breezes. He had one master passion, that when it was felt, (and rare was the hour when it was *not* felt,) gave infinite animation to his discourse, and even eloquence to his tongue: when the subject of mining was started, how his eyes sparkled! his countenance beamed with intelligence, and his opinions were listened to with deep attention; his excellent experience and long success being well known. Columbus never felt more ardour and enthusiasm in the Western Ocean, or Park in the wilds of Africa, than Gilbert did when dwelling on the mysteries, the chances, the exciting uncertainties of mining. His manner is before me now, by hearsay, for his day is past.

The cloth was removed; the glasses and decanters already freely in motion; there was a good fire, for it was a winter's day: a large bow-window was at each end of the apartment, partly for the convenience of seeing more distinctly over the wide area of the great copper-mine, in the midst of which the house stood. Not a tree, not a shrub, or blade of grass, met the eye; the deserts of Arabia were not more unsightly. The clamour of tongues was almost unceasing on the excellence of one adventure, but lately commenced, whose praises reached to the sky: a deep full voice is heard on the opposite side lauding the merits of one mine that has succeeded for half a century, so deep and yet so lasting, that shares rise higher every month. The tone of others is more variable and anxious, for each has smarted more or less. There is the triumphant laugh, the envious look, and the forced smile, when the prospects and merits of a new, extensive, and united concern are brought on the carpet. Not

only from London, and from the shores of the Bristol channel, but even from the borders of Scotland, had adventurers risen, anxious and eager to embark in the splendid speculation; all call on Gilbert for his opinion, and every voice is hushed. The concocter of the magnificent bowl of punch has just filled his glass to the brim—in vain! it touches not his lips; he had listened in silence to the various and conflicting opinions on the subject, till his soul warmed within him, his fancy kindled, and he felt —not like the war-horse that rushes to the conflict —but like the master pilot, who marks the shoals and hazards of the course, and smiles amidst the doubts and fears around him. He looks round on each expecting face with the calm, clear gaze wherewith he used to regard some newly discovered vein by the glimmering taper, and leaning his left arm on the table, while the energetic action of his right aided his descriptions and explanations, he entered on a survey of the intended speculation, so just and yet so acceptable, inclining to the brilliant side of hope, and handling the stern difficulties with a veteran's hand, that each eye grew brighter as he went on, and each wavering resolve was confirmed; and when he had finished, the clash of tongues was as the strife of waters.

The last great event came, in the miner's life, one for which he had long patiently yet anxiously waited: he purchased again the ancient dwelling of his family. It was true, the heyday of life was past when he was enabled to do this, and youth and middle age had begun to decline into the vale of years. He had delayed this step till his wealth had gathered fast and ceaseless as the April showers of his own province; and then he left the plain habitation in which he had resided, and went, with feel-

ings the most agreeable perhaps he had ever known, to take possession of his purchase. The low and poor tenants that had for years inhabited its many apartments, had all been ejected, or prevailed on to quit; the garden was in a measure restored from its forlorn and neglected appearance, and the pond cleansed and filled anew: it was impossible to restore the old oaks that had thrown their shadow over the front, and kept off many an eastern blast —they had been felled; but the walls were repaired and beautified, and the ancient, gloomy apartments again assumed their wonted aspect.

Is there any thing so delightful as to rear again the forsaken home of one's fathers? to stand beneath the roof and beside the hearth from which we have been driven as outcasts, and say, "I, am lord of the domain, to build, and to plant, and no stranger shall inhabit here?" So thought the present possessor, as he looked around with a gratified heart and an exulting eye. The same red stream still ran before the gate; the same spectacle of ruined speculations still rose on the side of the opposite hill; and about a mile down the ravine was the cottage, untenanted, where the brothers had taken refuge when expelled from their own home. He had bought it, and would never allow another tenant to live there. The loneliness of the mansion seemed to have passed away, as that of its present master; the gate that hung so long half-broken and unclosed, was now besieged with frequent guests of various descriptions. There were cousins of as many and remote degrees as ever claimed kin to the Llewellyn or the Douglas blood. The wealthy of the land also came, and among them some who had been dark comforters in the hour of his desti-

tution;—their memories now suddenly revived of the virtues of the father, which, however, it was agreed, lost greatly by the contrast with the good qualities and talents of the son. It was not the least pleasant circumstance to Gilbert's feelings, that all, now that he owned the family home, gave him the appellation of Squire: he smiled at his own weakness; but there was something to his ear irresistibly melodious in the sound; there was something hereditary in it: it had been enjoyed by each of his ancestors: it was like "the Laird" to a Highland, and "the Jarl" to a Norwegian ear. When he saw a goodly number of guests once more in the old dining-room, among whom his voice found ready attention, it was his delight at times to tell over the reverses and chances of his past life: how hard he laboured, and how hopeless were his prospects: and the event of his unhappy relative's death, which he never mentioned without strong emotion. The first Sabbath morning after he had been established in his new residence, he passed along the same pleasant path they had formerly trodden together: he entered the church, where one of the best pews awaited him, and gazed up at the small gallery where the choir of singers stood, in whose ranks he had been glad to mingle. The clergyman was the same, but now stricken in years and with a head white as snow, whose discourse had then often given them comfort.—Gilbert was strongly affected; and when the congregation had departed, he went to his brother's humble grave, bent long and sadly over it, and felt how cloudless would have been the day, how pure his joy, could the only and affectionate companion of his adversity have lived to share it, to drink out of the same cup, and like himself sit honoured in their father's hall.

THE EXILE.

THE EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

Not very distant from the extreme point of the most western province of the kingdom, is situated a very ancient village, of no account, save for the beauty of its situation and its climate. Its white cottages are spread along the shore in a circular sweep, and their walls are almost washed by the tide.

At the distance of a short walk, and at the summit of the hill behind, the tower of the ancient parish church rises finely to the view. When the Spaniards landed here in the reign of Elizabeth, and fired the small town on the shore below, with one or two others, they attempted to burn this church; and the ancient porch, partly consumed, yet offers its scorched remains to the eye, undecayed by time, having been screened long ago by a new portico, the framers whereof had too much of the love of antiquity in them, to destroy what was left of its predecessor. The interior of the edifice is remarkable for its neatness and beauty, even in a county, the parish churches of which excel in appearance those of most other provinces. And here are the arms and coat of mail that belonged to a chief of the Godolphin family, who fought bravely

in the wars of the Revolution. Holinshed says, that spear-heads, battle-axes, and swords of copper, have been found beneath the soil around Mousal, a proof that warlike deeds must once have been wrought there.

In front of the village beneath, and not far from it, is a small and picturesque isle, consisting of little else than rocks. Celebrated as the climate of the bay deservedly is for its softness and mildness, the air of the village of Mousal is more genial and warm than that of any other spot on the surrounding shores: a consumptive patient would find health in its sequestered retreat, far more surely than on the distant shores of Italy and France, subject as they are to frequent and violent changes. Its people are remarkable for their kind and simple manners, and the exquisite neatness of the interior of their dwellings, on which they pride themselves, as well as on their superiority in moral and religious habits of life, to the inhabitants of the neighbouring places. Certain it is, there were a few individuals, in this village, of intellect and feeling far above their rank; who, having been much abroad, and passed the chief part of their life in constant voyages, had brought the stock of information they had acquired, to their native village in the decline of their days; for to them it was the sweetest spot upon earth. Although its inhabitants were now, with regard to the possessions of this world, in general on a happy footing of equality, possessing a bare competence, free alike from riches and penury, this had not always been the case. The roomy and massive dwelling of the last survivor of an old family, the only grandee of the place, had not very remotely become the chief in the village; yet the faded

portraits on some of the walls, the gloomy air of many of the spacious apartments, and, above all, the decaying walls, on parts of which the ivy had grown, of the ancient and now neglected garden—proved that the possessor had been a man of opulence, and, as was still recollected, of influence in the village, almost equal to that of a feudal chieftain.

Of the numerous and romantic walks on every side the bay, there is none so beautiful as that along the high and winding beach, that conducts to this village; the sea-breeze always blows freshly on it; the hills rise immediately above, with here and there a scattered hamlet; and the air of seclusion and peace that reigns around the peopled shore, with the rocky isle in front, has induced more than one stranger to make it their abode for years. Being one evening seated in one of the small and exquisitely neat cottages, the owner, who was an intelligent man, related the following tale, the leading circumstances of the chief character in which had been well known in the neighbourhood, where some of his surviving relatives still reside.

"It was on a voyage," said Harvey, "that I made several years ago, in a vessel bound up the Mediterranean to Egypt, for a cargo of corn, that we were obliged by a succession of contrary winds to put into Algiers and remain there several days, before we could proceed on our destination, to Alexandria. Several of the crew took the opportunity, one day, to go on shore to see the town and enjoy themselves. Having soon gratified their curiosity, as they strolled about the streets, looking anxiously, but in vain, for some place of refreshment, the weather being very sultry, they were at last directed to what proved to be the chief coffee-

house in the city: refreshments were set before them, consisting of some kind of meat, and coffee. While they were eating and talking, the landlord, whom they had observed attentively listening to their conversation, approached, and, addressing them in their own language, inquired if they were not Cornishmen? They gazed with astonishment at the Algerine (as his dress and aspect bespoke him): he wore a large turban and a robe and slippers, with the other articles that compose an Eastern dress; his complexion was dark, his head destitute of hair, and a handsome pair of black mustaches ornamented his upper lip. His look was fixed eagerly on them, as, in excellent English, with a strong western accent, he repeated his question. One of them replied, that they came, himself at least, and two others, from the village of Mousal. 'Then you know,' said their host, a family of the name of ———, that live not far distant?' On being answered in the affirmative,—'And one of the sons,' he continued, 'has been missing several years, and no tidings ever heard of him.' Of this circumstance the others were well aware. 'I am that son,' said the supposed Algerine, 'who was believed to be lost at sea, and has long been numbered, no doubt, by his family among the dead.' He was much affected at hearing that both his parents had expired a few years before; and said, if they would have patience to listen, he would relate his whole story, and the reason why they found him there, and in that dress. He then ordered the best that the house afforded, to be set before them; the wine, forbidden by the law of the Prophet, also made its appearance; the table was quickly covered with a various and excellent repast, to which their

host joined the most pressing entreaties to make themselves at home; and when they were satisfied with the good cheer, and the bottle not yet being exhausted, (he himself declined to partake of it,) he began the story of his wayward fortune.

The vessel in which he had sailed had been taken, after passing the Straits of Gibraltar, by a corsair from Algiers, and carried into that port. The crew were a few days afterwards sold for slaves; and it was with feelings of anguish that they saw themselves separated by the different masters who had bought them, and conducted into servitude.

Pentrail was bought by an elderly Algerine, to whose dwelling he was immediately taken. It was a good house, in a pleasant and retired situation without the town. His work was not severe, nor did his condition at all resemble slavery, save that he was the property of his master. The employment required of him was to labour in the garden the whole of the day;—he had two meals, one at sunrise, at the commencement of his toils; and the more substantial one, according to the custom of the country, in the evening. At first, the sultry heats of the weather oppressed him greatly; his strength frequently failed, though the work was by no means extreme; but the climate was utterly different from his own genial one. His master was a kind-hearted man, and frequently stopped to put questions to the Christian, when he walked in his garden, as soon as the latter had picked up sufficient of the language to render himself intelligible. The manners and customs of the land of the infidels seemed to interest the Moor, whose ideas of things were probably bounded, like those of most Orientals, by the land and sea he saw around him.

He used many persuasions to induce his captive to change his religion and embrace that of Islam, but in vain; for, though the latter had seldom thought deeply about his own faith, he could not bear the idea of becoming a Turk, a name he had always heard mentioned with execration in his own country. The arguments of his master were thrown away, as well as his entreaties; threats he never used, as he was of too humane a disposition to compel his slave by force to embrace the turban.

Pentrail had not been more than a few months in his servitude ere he became more reconciled to it. He met occasionally with his fellow countrymen of the same ship, on those days, which occur so rarely, when slaves are released from their daily toils and allowed to enjoy a holyday. It was the greatest solace the days of their captivity ever brought them, to meet thus and talk about the land they had left perhaps for ever. Their friends and families, who had long vainly expected their return, rose before them, with those looks and voices of affection that now they could not hope to meet again. How lovely does the land we have quitted come back on the thoughts in the days of exile; yet Memory herself could not invest it with beauty comparable to that which now spread around them. The bare and wild hills that formed their native shores, the far and desolate heaths that spread inland, with here and there a lonely cottage of the rudest kind, were surely less attractive than the superb scenes on every side of Algiers. The position of the city, the streets of which rise above each other on the face of the hill like a noble amphitheatre, mingled with the cypress, the palm, and the sycamore; and the various hills around so

thickly covered with luxuriant gardens, in the midst of which were handsome country houses; and a cloudless climate lighting up the bold and beautiful scene! But the eyes of the captives turned sickening from the whole:—the sweet and free air of their own bleak coast came not there:—the hours of past pleasure, that had fled almost unregarded away, seemed now a separate and blest existence.

In the midst of one of these gardens stood the house of Pentrail's master, overlooking the harbour, with a part of the town, and the numerous shipping. The garden was full of orange and citron-trees, above which towered at intervals the lofty palm; and various rich flowers bloomed beneath, particularly around the small fountain in the middle, the waters of which, falling from several spouts, united in a rapid stream. To enjoy this spot, seats were placed around, where the owner of the house and his friends loved to sit during the heat of the day, smoking their long pipes and sipping coffee with so much zest, that the call for evening prayer from the minaret often induced them to wonder at the swift passage of time. They then washed their faces and hands in the fountain, laid aside their chibouques, and, addressing themselves to devotion, knelt down on the bank of verdure beside, and, with their faces turned to the East, devoutly went through their form of prayer. Hamed, who lived this tranquil and to him happy life, was a very devout man; he rose always at daybreak, and the moment he had drunk his cup of coffee, which was instantly presented him by a slave, in a small apartment with a divan beside the wall, he knelt on one of the cushions, with his face bent to the earth; then prostrated himself on the carpet, and, in low-

muttered accents, continued for near a half-hour, blessed Allah for all his mercies. Nor was this the only excellence of the good Moor, who made a practice every day to distribute charity to the distressed with his own hand; and when they came not to his door, he repaired to the public hospital, a place of reception for the unfortunate, and where he never failed to find them.

Observing constantly so calm and virtuous a life, Pentrail began to lose some of his bitter prejudices against the people who had made him a captive, and the faith they so obstinately followed. The household to which he was attached was very small, consisting, besides the devout Islamite, who was a widower, (having lost his wife some years before,) of his only daughter and a few domestics. In this girl the old man's affections were wholly bound up; the Orientals are particularly fond of their children, but with him it was the only and reigning passion, and seemed to constitute the very charm of his existence. And Aischa was well worthy her father's love, being of a mild, affectionate temper; and since the death of her mother, she had devoted her care and attention to supply that loss. She had mingled in the world, such as it is found to be at Algiers: the small circle of friends who came at times to her father's house she sometimes saw: but chiefly loved (like all the women of her faith) to pay frequent visits to the harems of her acquaintances. In these meetings, the favourite pastimes were to talk over the news and scandal of the day, and indulge in the endless delight of displaying their dresses and ornaments. Sometimes too, but rarely, they make excursions in pleasure-boats along the shore, gazing with childish pleasure on the bright sea spread out

before them, and the various shipping that coursed along its bosom,—and then they landed in some small creek or shaded spot, partook of the various refreshments they had brought with them, and listened to the sound of music. To the Moorish women in general, this was like a momentary release; it broke agreeably on the monotony of their lives, and the stated avocations of their harems, and gave them for a time independence and liberty. But it was not thus with Aischa; her home was one of too much kindness and indulgence, for her to rejoice at being severed from it; and she returned without regret to its tranquil and unvarying duties.

And that home had its enjoyments, as well as duties, so far as competence could procure them; for the owner was not rich. The hall of the mansion was paved with marble, and opened on the trees without; a few seats stood around, and vases of flowers were placed there, for this was the coolest apartment during the heat of the day. A staircase conducted hence to a small saloon, the carpets of which were Turkish; and the cushions, that were placed in rows along the walls, covered with silk: this opened into a corridor, which also led to the other apartments, among which, its windows almost shrowded by the drooping branches of the trees, was the harem of the lady, to be entered only by her female friends.

It could scarcely be supposed that even in this calm routine of life, with so little to awaken the passions, the heart of the fair Moor was cold and insensible. Where is the Eastern bosom that can ever be said to be so? The propensity, so dear to their feelings, of exploring whatever is forbidden or withheld,—and the very restraints of their life,

(which serve as excitements,) make the passion of love most welcome.

Had Aischa been told that she could ever have loved a Nazarene, she would have recoiled at the thought; but she was not the first proud and beautiful woman who, seeing a handsome form and countenance continually before her eyes, though belonging to one of another faith and rank in life, has grown ardently attached to what at first was merely noticed with transient admiration. And in the case of the youthful Moor,—her eyes had seldom rested on any features they approved of; the few friends who came to visit her father were chiefly elderly men, and the one or two candidates who had expressed to Hamed their wish to marry his daughter, had met her decided disapprobation. The stranger slave, though an infidel, she saw was of good demeanour and well behaved: often in her walks through the garden, when the thick foliage partly screened her from observation, had she paused to look at him while engaged in his daily labours. Captivity had not quelled the spirit that glanced from his bright eye, or taken the comeliness from his ruddy countenance; and, like most of the natives of his sequestered village, he was tall and of a powerful make. She had observed him at times pause in his work, and shed tears, as he cast his eyes over the wide bay beneath: she could not see so young and friendless a man in sorrow and misfortune without sympathy; and the captive found his situation softened by many additional comforts ere he knew the source whence they came, or imagined he had a kind benefactress in his patron's daughter. He had at times beheld her, as she walked with her father amidst the trees, or when

the latter stopped to converse with him respecting his labour, when the veil that she wore on those occasions but partially concealed her person. And this could scarcely be gazed at with perfect impunity, even by a slave; for the Moor was a very young and attractive woman, with all the richness of her country's beauty about her. This, it is true, exists oftener in romance than reality: but here there was a large dark eye; a complexion that had little colour, but which the sun had never been suffered to embrown; a full figure; and that kind and engaging expression of features which, when cast on the unfortunate, is to them a hundred-fold dearer than the most dazzling charms. So thought the captive, who always beheld the approach of his young mistress with the greatest interest; and it was not long ere he had reason to imagine, without vanity, that he was not quite indifferent to her.

She ventured at last to stop and converse with him alone, by means of the imperfect knowledge of the Turkish language he had picked up during his abode there; and attended by a female domestic. And more than once, when the father had gone to the mosque, and it was past sunset, did the fair daughter seek with eager and undissembled pleasure the society of the Christian slave. This could not long continue;—it was never the intention of Aischa to carry on an intrigue; though she could not subdue her passion, she would not so far degrade herself. There were a few struggles, perhaps, on the score of pride and the ridicule of some of her Moorish acquaintance: the difference of religion was yet a more serious obstacle; but the Nazarene surely would never hesitate between his own vile faith and the possession of her. He must renounce the for-

mer: if not, she would scorn him with as deep disdain as she now passionately loved him. She confided in the indulgence and affection of her father, and resolved, throwing herself on those partial feelings, to tell him candidly all her sentiments and hopes.

A favourable opportunity soon occurred. One morning, they were seated at an early hour in the shade of some sycamores, to enjoy the freshness of the air, before the advancing heats of the day should confine them within doors. Hamed was sipping his sherbet made by Aischa's own hand, and uttering his usual ejaculations on the goodness of Providence, when the fair Moor, impatient of restraint, ventured to disclose her passion for the Christian slave.

Had Hamed beheld the gilded crescent fall ominously from the spire of the great mosque, he could not have testified deeper astonishment, which was unable, for some moments, to find relief in words, and then vented itself in fervent expostulations rather than in menaces. But the more he entreated her to overcome so absurd an attachment, and warned her of the evils that might flow from it, the more obstinate became the enamoured Moor, who, finding her father persisted in his objections, had recourse to a flood of tears, a mode of argument from an only and beloved child that could not fail to be irresistible. The aged Islamite at length yielded with a deep sigh, and with his hands clasped on his breast, and then uplifted, as if he felt his tenderness had betrayed him, hastened to the mosque, whence the Muezzin's cry came shrilly up the hill, to implore pardon of Alla.

Next morning he approached Pentrail as he was

engaged as usual in the garden, and, after a few moments' conversation, frankly told him of his daughter's attachment, and declared that he should become his son-in-law, in case he consented to relinquish his faith and turn Mussulman. The surprise and wonder of the captive at such an offer, were quite as great as those of the master had been the day previous. He gazed on Hamed for some time in silence and perplexity, and then, in broken and confused accents, attempted to declare his sense of the honour that was offered him, and begged to be allowed a short time to consider it more maturely. His patron agreed to this, and walked silently away without reply.

The young sailor laid down the work in which he was engaged, and abandoned himself to the thoughts that rushed on his mind. Here was freedom at once offered from his degraded state of slavery: his chains were broken, at least a few words from him would loosen their grasp for ever, and Liberty came like an angel, but not alone; she brought competence, wealth,—indeed, it appeared in his eye, that had contemplated poverty so long, overflowing wealth. But, more than all, she brought the possession of his kind and beautiful mistress: she who had so often pitied and relieved his sorrows and his servitude, would now surrender herself to his arms: those sweet features, that dark and haughty eye, those raven tresses, on which he had gazed at an humble and reverential distance, were to be all his own, and given with a true and devoted attachment. He was dazzled by the prospect, which, from the suddenness and brightness with which it was disclosed to him, resembled more a splendid dream than a sober reality. Never in the

days so dear to his memory, in his own native land, could he have hoped for such a destiny. But then!—the fearful alternative broke on his reveries: the inevitable condition to which he must submit, of forsaking his own faith, and embracing that of the Prophet. He must sacrifice the only true and living way, for that which his conscience told him was one of falsehood and imposture. He had been brought up by his parents in a devout attachment to the religion of his own country; and often, in the sad and solitary hours of his captivity, had he fled thereto for refuge and consolation; and could he lightly abandon it?—nay, even more, could he publicly dishonour it in the sight of its bitter enemies, and by his apostacy cause them to pour fresh ridicule on the faith that had sustained him. He recoiled at the thought, and vowed still to embrace the chains of slavery, rather than to break them asunder by such an action.

CHAPTER II.

But what vows or resolves can stand against the united fascinations of liberty, competence, and loveliness to a poor, friendless, and fettered man?

When morning returned, there lay the habits of servitude which he had worn so long: he resumed them with a disdainful and discontented feeling, and almost shrank from the burthen of his accustomed task during the oppressive heat of the day. The resignation of his mind was gone; and at evening, when he heard the footstep of Aischa, and saw her advancing to the spot where he was occupied, he felt a conflict of thoughts, in which joy and triumph, however, were conspicuous. And the sounds of her voice, that spoke only of kindness and sympathy, went to his heart, and her brilliant and melting eyes met his. It was in vain to strive—faith, duty, and conscience all took flight,—and in a few days the captive had abjured his religion, and embraced that of Mohammed. He was received as a true convert by many of "the Faithful," and regarded as a faithless renegade by his own countrymen. He obtained, however, the meed he sought. All signs of servitude were for ever cast away—the mean garb and scanty cap of the slave! He was invested with the turban, wore a handsome robe, and felt himself, as he trod the streets of Algiers, risen into a higher and prouder state of existence. In a few days more he was married to his master's daughter, and found himself at the very pinnacle of

happiness. He had indeed reason to think so, as far as regarded this world. He had been hitherto an humble and unnoticed man, and the highest destiny he could ever have anticipated was to retire with his scanty gains to his native village, and share them with some maiden of lowly station like his own, and endowments that rose not above it.

Day flew on after day, and Pentrail heeded not the passage of time, while every thing around invited only to enjoyment and indulgence; for the apostate heard not yet the voice of conscience. He met sometimes his fellow captives, with whom in the days of sorrow he had held close intimacy; but they now anxiously shunned him, and turned from his aproach as from that of the pestilence.

The affection of his young Moorish bride knew no bounds:—she had dared ridicule and reproach for its object, and in him seemed to centre the whole happiness of her existence. But in spite of his regard for her, which was sincere, Pentrail soon began to find that it was far easier to pass from the extreme of misery to that of rapture than to banish from the mind its wonted habits. Novelty delighted strongly at first; but the ceaseless custom of smoking a pipe, and sitting in the shade by the fountain-side the greater part of the day, whether in silence or conversation, soon grew tedious. And the frequent devotions at the mosque, the appearance of which, at least, he was obliged to keep up, were not a little annoying to his feelings, for other eyes were upon him besides those of love—and the regard of the Moslemin was sometimes bent on him jealously and suspiciously.

Impatient, at last, of the quietude of his situation, he expressed to his wife, when a few months were

gone by, his strong desire for a more active and busy scene. The old Moor was consulted, and though he looked very grave and reluctant to take any step that deviated from his usual habits, yet in the course of some weeks, after much sedate reflection and deliberation, (which cost an additional number of chibouques and argillés,) it was agreed that, having many acquaintance, he should establish his son-in-law in a new and handsome coffee-house, which was much wanted in the city.

The proposal gave general satisfaction, save that Aischa deemed this new employ might take him too much from her society. The plan was not difficult to be accomplished in a city where so much coffee is drunk and fragrant pipes emptied; and ere very long, Pentrail found himself, to his great joy, at the head of such an establishment, with plenty of customers, and occupation enough to fill the greater part of his time. In the evening he always returned to the house of his father-in law, where the warmest welcome awaited him, and soon after sunrise repaired again to his coffee-house, which his servants had already opened, and prepared for the business of the day. Here, listening to the news, which, in a place like Algiers, was brought from all parts of the Mediterranean, and conversing with the natives of different countries, who resorted thither, he passed his hours greatly to his satisfaction, and at each evening saw the fine eyes of Aischa beam with pleasure at his return to their retired abode. It was at this time that he met with his countrymen from the West of England, and heard the accents of his native province, which revived all his recollections. He had now passed many years at Algiers, where his affable and frank manners, as well

as cautious conduct, had made him much esteemed; and he lived in good repute in the town. He was perfectly reconciled, he said, to the manners and customs of the country, and never expected to see his native land again.

Here ended the relation of the supposed Algerine, which had much engaged the attention of his companions. He heaped civilities upon them, as well as more substantial marks of kindness, and gave them a pressing invitation to come and see him at his country-house without the town. This, however willing, they could not accept, being in hourly expectation of a favourable wind; and, taking a friendly farewell of their quondam comrade and kind entertainer, went on board their vessel, and sailed on the following day for Alexandria.

Thus far had all gone smoothly with the convert to Islamism; Adversity had never laid her iron hand upon him, or touched his dearest possessions. A few years were gone, and he was still prosperous; the venerable Hamed had died, and been buried with his fathers, in the full hope of awakening again amidst the bowers and gardens of his Prophet. But a fearful change now came on the fortunes of the renegade. Aischa was seized with a dangerous illness, and in spite of all that the most skilful physician in the city could do, it was evident that the decree of fate was gone forth. The still young and attached woman looked on the approach of death with dismay: it found her unprepared yet to leave her adored husband, and never were the dark footsteps of Azrael less welcome. Amidst vain regrets and lamentings, to which her parent's last hour had been a stranger, she died, and left him an alien in the land. He wept over his faithful wife, and

saw the earth close on her remains with a foreboding of sorrow. She was interred in the cemetery without the walls, where the palm tree stood beside the tombs, and the cypress spread a shade over them. When day again broke, he sought the city, and strove amidst his usual occupations to shake off the oppression that hung upon his mind.

This effort was unavailing. Weeks and months rolled on, and Pentrail was no longer the same careless, light-hearted being. Utter loneliness now fell on his heart: the only tie that bound him to a land whose faith, and all whose usages were hostile to his inclinations, was broken: that silver cord was loosened, and what had hitherto sat lightly on his full and satisfied heart, was now a burden heavy to be borne. And he resolved he would bear it no longer;—the sight of a turban grew hateful to his eye; and the voice that called him to adore at the shrine of the Moslemin, sounded like a summons to the bar of conscience. Was it that remorse yet spoke? or that his steps were no longer followed by the eyes of his Moorish wife, or her soft accents poured on his ear?

He sat by his fountain side, and for hours listened to its ceaseless gush of waters, the only sound that broke on the silence of the place; he entered the house, and bade his attendants bring the few simple instruments of music it had been their daily wont to play: but there was no melody in the sounds; and they served only to awaken the memory of the past.

He took his resolution, and proceeded to accomplish it in caution and secrecy, lest the suspicions of the Moors should be awakened. He converted as much as possible of his effects, by degrees, into

money; occupied himself as usual in his affairs; and one night, the extreme darkness of which favoured the attempt, he left his coffee-house and château, and, hastening to the shore, was conveyed on board a merchant vessel in the port, that waited only the return of tide to sail. On the following morning, with a prosperous wind, the city and its many hills disappeared gradually from view; and he saw the sun set on its lofty dwellings and groves for the last time without a sigh. The vessel was bound to Liverpool, and the weather continuing favourable for the passage through the Straits, she made a rapid progress. The fugitive took the first opportunity to change his dress, and once more resumed the habit of a Christian.

The voyage had lasted three weeks, when they were becalmed one morning opposite the northern coast of Cornwall. At no great distance, the Exile fixed his eyes on it with ardour, and, as it was impossible for the vessel to proceed on her course, he entreated to be put ashore. The captain gratified his request, and in two or three hours he was landed with his effects on the solitary beach. He knew the spot well, for he had often come, years before, in the fishing boats of his village, to this part of the coast, which was held in fear by mariners, on account of the high and shelterless precipices of which it was composed. He had been landed in a small cove, enclosed and overhung by these: sitting down beneath a narrow ledge of rock, and gazing on the waters that slept calm and motionless, he abandoned himself to the reflections which crowded on his mind.

The distant sound of bells roused him from his reverie; he ascended the cliff, that rose fearfully

above his head, and perceived at a short distance a rude village, surrounded by a few cultivated patches of ground wrested from the hard and thankless soil, whose surface was covered with furze, the blossoms of which now threw a golden hue over its barrenness. A few tumuli in one part proved to the curious eye that the feet of warriors had formerly moved here; and a large ancient cross of stone, that still stood erect beside the hamlet, showed that another mode of the Christian faith had once ruled over this wild land. There was a range of dark hills close behind, whose summits were scathed and bare:—yet, with all its dreariness, the village of Rosemergie is one of the most romantic and impressive spots in the province. The Exile's eye paused on every object, as on what had long since been familiar to him; and sought, as he passed near the village, to discover some countenance that he had known in happier days, when his heart was lighter, though his lot had been more obscure. But all who passed him gazed with surprise on the sunburnt and anxious stranger, who moved through their secluded neighbourhood like a native of another land. It was a Sabbath morning, tranquil and lovely, and the pure air blew fresh and inspiring, far different from the sultry breezes he had left behind; the inhabitants of the village, dressed neatly, and with serious and earnest looks, were hastening to their accustomed place of worship, the church, whose tower rose at some distance. He felt that he had no part with them. Each sound and sight had been so long estranged from him, that they came like forgotten things. There was no longer the cry from the minaret of "Alla el Alla: God and the Prophet! fall down and adore

them!"—No longer the haughty and voluptuous followers of the Koran bowing their heads to the dust,—but the simple and pure devotion of his earlier days.

At that moment mingled sounds came from an adjoining cottage; it was a hymn sung by a number of people gathered together for worship: their voices, without art, yet not unmelodious, rose sweetly on the air, and the words expressed the ardent feelings of a repentant and grateful heart. Pentrail paused, as if a charm had arrested his progress, and giving way to emotions which he could no longer resist, the apostate bent his face to the earth, clasped his hands, and wept in bitter anguish,—for the past came before him in its true and undisguised colours, a career of guilt, however beautifully veiled, and of apostacy from his God. He had avowed a faith that he knew to be false. Conscience refused any longer to be lulled asleep —the lure of beauty and affluence came not now— the remembrance of the pains of slavery had died away—and he would have recalled, even at the price of life, the hour when he perilled the eternal hope of his soul. Even the image of his own Aischa rose like that of a temptress before him, so fearful was the price she had demanded.

He drew near to the dwelling whence those sounds still issued, and entered a small and neat apartment, where a group of villagers were engaged in their simple yet sincere worship. How different was this humble temple from that in which he had been accustomed for the last twenty years to worship! The lofty pillars of marble that adorned the chief mosque; the sentences in letters of gold that covered the walls; the rich and flow-

ing garments of the worshippers; and the dim and solemn light cast from the small windows in the roof:—what had this magnificent imposture done for him?

So thought the self-accusing man, as he strove, but faintly, to join in the devotion of these humble people. When this was finished, and they had dispersed to their several homes, he still lingered behind, for well he knew the apartment, which was regarded with veneration by all the neighbourhood; it was the same that had been always used by the well-known man whose followers they were, and exists to this hour in the like state, for every article is preserved with as scrupulous a care as if they had been relics of St. Francis or St. Dominic, or the trappings of the white camel of the Prophet of the East.

It is a chamber which was built expressly for the entertainment of the celebrated Wesley, during his journey through this wild part of the country, which, as the Laureate says, seems to have been his favourite resting place, and, at that time, no inn or hospitable mansion was to be found. He always made it his lodging and his resting-place, and, when wearied or benighted, was often indebted to this lonely apartment, else the rocks or the heath must have been his bed. It was a favourite spot, and seems to have been selected as well for its romantic beauties as for the convenience of its situation; for Wesley appears in his journeys to have had a keen and likely taste for the picturesque. The arrangement of the chamber was after his own direction.

A few steps lead down to the clean wooden floor: on one side, in a recess, is a small bed, of dimension precisely suited to the stature of him who re-

posed in it; on the opposite side of the apartment is a book-case, that might almost be made a travelling companion; and a few of the works are still there that were once perused by this indefatigable man, whose maxim was, not to let a moment slip by unimproved. A table and a single chair stand beside the diminutive grate, in the same position as they were left when he came here for the last time, and the very inkstand that he used remains untouched.

The only window looks out on the tremendous rocks beneath, and the vast sweep of the North Sea beyond and on each side. To this place Wesley sometimes came when the winter's storm, hurling the billows with fury against the precipices, howled round his solitary retreat; and lighting the fire that was previously prepared, and with a candle before him, (the only light that appeared amidst the darkness of the night,) he partook of some simple refreshment, or read the dreary hours away. Ever since his death, this chamber has been preserved with religious care; and a small cottage has since been added to it, by whose tenants it is kept in order, but who never presume to make it for a moment their abode. It is the delight of the followers of that singular man to assemble there on the Sabbath to worship, and it was on one of these occasions that the apostate passed by.

Strangers are sometimes led to visit these bleak cliffs, from a curiosity to see the yet surviving asylum of a man whose labours effected so great a revolution in the minds and manners of a considerable part of the population. Pentrail, overcome by his own emotions, requested of the tenants of the cottage to be allowed to rest there, ere he pro-

ceeded on his way. His request was readily granted, and he was invited to partake of their homely but plentiful repast. His hosts, who were at a loss to reconcile his conversation and demeanour with his foreign aspect and appearance, could not forbear asking him a variety of questions. In order to satisfy their curiosity, he requested them to listen to his story; they accordingly formed a circle around him, while he related the events of his residence at Algiers. The hours fled away fast, and evening drew on ere the tale was ended.

He was not unrewarded for this disclosure. It was the first time he had unbosomed his sorrows to a human being, or found any to sympathise in them, and he felt it was sweet to see those of his own land and faith shed tears for his sad and guilty career. And the surest as well as richest consolations were earnestly offered by persons who, they said, however humble their lot in life, had also bowed beneath affliction, and risen triumphant from the blow. He retired to rest with a spirit less agitated and wretched.

At an early hour, on the following morning, Pentrail quitted the hamlet, and bent his steps over the long and useless waste that conducted towards his well-remembered village, though at a considerable distance. The evening was advancing as he descended the hill that rose over his long-deserted home; he paused to gaze on the calm and beautiful scene. The sun was going down on the bay, its beams lingering on the rocky islet that he had often wandered over in childhood, and on the village whose neat whitewashed cottages were ranged along the rocks, where the inhabitants were gathered in peaceful groups to enjoy the freshness

of the evening, and gaze on the boats that were issuing from the harbour to their distant fishing-grounds. He had left the place a poor and dependent man, and he returned comparatively rich, with an ample provision to give him ease and independence during the rest of his life. In so small and secluded a spot, it needed not a large portion of wealth to ensure many a warm and friendly greeting: and the long-forgotten sailor found himself kindly received by those of whose faces he retained no remembrance. Of the elder ones, who still recollected when he had sailed long since, some listened with a wondering and attentive ear to his recital; while others turned sternly away from the apostate, and said that the depths of the sea had better have covered him, ere he denied the faith of his fathers. He found that few of his relatives were left in the place: his parents had died—and his brothers had settled in other parts, or were engaged in distant voyages. He took a house on the cliff near where he had formerly resided, and though still almost in the prime of life, and many a fair villager would have willingly wedded with the rich Exile, he ever after remained single; still cherishing the memory of his Moorish wife, her fidelity and affection: he saw not her equal around him in beauty or attraction.

Pentrail lived many years afterwards, till old age came on him, and even then it was his favourite pastime to sit several hours in the day before his dwelling, just above the wave, and to speak (and he seldom wanted listeners) of the country where he had passed so many years—of its sultry days and scorching nights—of the winds of the desert that sometimes came there, blasting as they passed—of the splendour of the place and of its strange cus-

toms. And his eye would grow bright, and his voice once more animated—for in these moments his vanity was at times stronger than his remorse, and told him, that with regard to this world, that had been the golden period of his life—when youth and fortune and successful love had all been his, and not a cloud darkened the prospect, save what his own accusing spirit raised.

It was long ere that spirit was lulled to rest. It was long ere repentance could efface the dark remembrances and fearful forebodings which haunted both his waking and sleeping hours. These were felt oft and vividly, when the excitements of his career had subsided in the even tenour of his village life: he strove at first, though faintly, against them, but they would not be withstood. The memory, however, of better and purer days was here, —the scenes where they had passed before his eye;—the converse of the elder men, who had been friends of his parents, and now warned their mistaken son,—the hope of an enduring peace, which he sighed for, now that the dearest tie of the world was broken,—all urged him to seek in a deep and bitter repentance the pardon, which the Heaven that had been veiled from him the mercy that he had forsaken, could alone accord.

Nor was his penitence unavailing: often, while seated in his own parish church, on the summit of the hill, to which he went as long as his strength allowed, his fixed and humble aspect, and the tear that sometimes stole down his sunburnt countenance, (on which the thin white locks fell,) showed that anguish as well as hopelessness had passed away.

THE LEGEND OF PACORRA.

THE LEGEND OF PACORRA.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine evening in the month of August, and the soft air that breathes on the western coast of Cornwall partook of the influence of the season even to sultriness. The many barks that were on their passage up the channel lay idle, without a breeze; and the bold precipices, in general lashed by the surges, were undisturbed, save by the cry of the sea-birds that had their nests far down their sides. My steps wandered along the shore without aim, yet not without pleasure, since every object around, barren and naked though it might be, aided to give wings to the fancy, and bid it create a world of its own. There was not a cloud in that sky, as pure and as brilliant as is ever spread in the climes of the South and East; and far as eye could reach there was not the motion of a billow. Each samphire-covered steep, and crag, and turreted rock were reflected with such clearness in the deep beneath, as to look like the city of Indus, over which the green wave has rolled, while its spires and domes still sparkle beneath.

Led onward by the loveliness of the scene and hour, along a path scarcely discernible, which, from

the summit of the airy heights, descended abruptly upon a narrow beach of silver sand, distance was unheeded, and time fled away unperceived, when I arrived at a spot that fixed all my attention.

It was not the place itself, though that was sufficiently romantic, with the puny ruin (within whose mouldering walls the grass grew rank) and its lonely site,—not a cot, nor a vestige of one, within view. These had before excited an interest, and given rise to many a fanciful speculation. But the form of a stranger was now seated on the low wall, his arms crossed on his bosom, and his countenance marked by sad and anxious reflection. He had a foreign aspect; his garb certainly belonged neither to the age nor land; and the marks of long travel, as well as of suffering, were visible in both. He raised his eyes from the earth as I drew near, and courteously saluted me. Solitude soon creates intimacy: we began to speak of the spot on which we now stood; and on my expressing my belief that this trifling and obscure ruin belonged probably to the monastic age, his eye kindled, and his dark features were lighted with enthusiasm. "I deemed it so;" he said, "it is the first sacred scene to which my feet have wandered since they landed on this shore: but are there not many such," he asked anxiously, "and more entire than the one before us? The end, the hope of my journey, will surely not be lost—no, faith of my fathers! I will trace thy every fallen stone, thy every gray and illustrious fragment, though the grass covers them, and the harvest has waved above them." I gazed with surprise as the stranger spoke. He had not yet reached middle age: his eye, though melancholy, was full of fire, and his dark hair had scarcely a

tinge of gray. It belongs not to youth in general to be over-zealous for a departed faith; rather to the harder feelings and stronger prejudices of age; but here there was a passionate remembrance, and an unquenched attachment, for what had long been numbered with forgotten things.

The latest rays from the west had some time passed from the spot, and a gray light was spread around, that rendered it more solemn, though less picturesque. The dull heath was on every side untouched by the hand of man, its solitude unbroken by any sound; and the hushed sea and silvery sky appeared in the dimness to be mingled together. In such a scene, the most insignificant vestige of former ages awakens a deep interest. So it was here: the pilgrim, for such he now appeared to be by his scalloped hat, the small image at his breast, and the staff that supported his wanderings, gazed on the low walls with a sympathy as if they had been the ancient hold of his race, and he the sole survivor. Darkness was fast advancing, and as he appeared to have no certain destination, I asked him, where his home was to be for the night, and if his course lay much farther on? He said he had no home or friend in the land; that he had come from a distant and sacred country; and that love of his faith had drawn him to this remote province, which had been the dwelling-place of his fathers,—but long, very long since.

He consented to accompany me to a village about two miles off, with an assurance on my part that he would find kindness and hospitality. It was not long ere we drew near it, and the stranger paused and gazed on the scene beneath with much admiration. The moon had risen, and shone full

on the beautiful valley of Penberth, enclosed between hills of nearly equal height. A river, clear as crystal, ran through its whole extent,—and lost itself in the sea, at whose edge the village stood. There were scattered houses also, by the river's side, sweetly situated; and neither the north nor east wind might invade here, the air even in the winter being peculiarly mild and soft. Isolated rocks, of fantastic shape, stood here and there on the broken slope of the hill above the habitations. "My steps have travelled far," said my companion, "through the famed lands of warmer climes, but seldom have I looked on a lovelier landscape than this. What a noble situation for a monastery on the banks of that stream, beneath the brow of the bold descent, and with the ocean spread out in front! the world would be well left for such a retirement."

The village of Treene, at which we had arrived, was on the brink of the hill that sloped down into the valley, and we entered the cottage that was to be our resting-place for the night. Though the dwelling was not of large dimensions, it was neat and clean almost to excess; and the kitchen, with its bright wooden floor, pots and pans that shone like mirrors, and brilliant fire, was at this moment more tempting than a fair and well-carpeted saloon. In a large arm-chair beside the chimney, busily occupied in knitting a substantial pair of stockings, sat the mistress of the house, the first glance of whom proved that poverty and she had long been strangers. A pair of spectacles, on a nose sufficiently prominent; keen, searching eyes; and a small cap, beneath which the gray hair luxuriantly escaped; a chin that denoted at once shrewdness

and complacency, and formed a firm and projecting foundation to the countenance, where, amidst a long and habitual expression of piety, the world lurked and looked out in many a corner,—such was the *tout ensemble* of the good lady's visage. She was much regarded in the hamlet, where she had brought up and sent into the world twelve goodly sons and daughters, on whose temporal prosperity she greatly prided herself,—and had reserved a decent competence to make the remainder of her life comfortable. For forty years, the ministers that exerted their zealous and wandering labours throughout the province had been received into her house. In her early youth, a staunch follower of the established church, she had heard the founder of her prosperous sect, and had ever since been his devoted follower. Much had she observed, in her long course, of the various characters that had fallen within her ken; and a most retentive memory had treasured up a rich store of anecdote, in which her own caustic and characteristic remarks never failed to be mingled.

She lifted her eyes as we entered, and fixed them with a suspicious and inquiring expression on us. "What, is it you, Mr. ——, come to the village at this time of night? and what brings you here, wandering in the lone country, when other people are in their quiet homes, and their own families around them?"

"We are benighted, and have lost our way, are wearied and hungry, and come to ask shelter for the night."

"And is it so?—then sit you down by that blazing fire, and you 'll find more comfort than the top of a crag, or the old gray walls you are so fond of.

can give. But you look like a stranger, Sir, in these parts;" turning to my companion.

On his explaining that he had come from a foreign land, and was a Catholic; the storm that instantly gathered on our hostess's brow, and flashed from her gray eyes, was quite startling. "A Roman!" cried she; "and how could ye dare to bring one under my roof? what but evil, and no good, can come of it?—upon the very floor, too, where gracious men have trod! And are ye come to bring the fagot and the sword again into a peaceable land? But go your ways!" pointing with one hand to the door, as she stood erect, and the half-finished stocking hung gracefully from the other:—"go, and tabernacle amidst the cold walls and stone heaps that are left of your former grandeur;—ye 'll find them up the wild heath, and the grass is aye rife upon them.—But the night's chill, and he 's weary and forworn," continued she, in a somewhat softer tone, fixing a closer regard on the object of her wrath, "and though a dark-faced man, he has n't the look of a parsecutor, and has, may be, known affliction; so sit ye down, Sir. It is written, 'Thrust not the stranger from your doors;' but ye never read the Word, blind, misguided creature!" and thus finishing her address, she bustled out to prepare some supper.

This made its appearance ere long, in the form of some excellent coffee, cream, and eggs, as the traveller, observing perhaps some penance, declined taking more substantial fare. They were placed on the table beside the fire, around which we now formed a frugal and social circle. It was incumbent to praise the good woman's fare—welcome, though not very copious. "And the coffee

is to your liking?" addressing me: "you are e'en hard to please, but it 's true Mocha, and ye ken the flavour well.—May be, Sir, you may have been in the parts where it 's grown, for you are sunburnt enough?" fishing for my companion's land and destination. But his mind was wandering, it appeared; for he heeded not the question, any farther than the concluding words. "Sunburnt enough, it is true," he said, "for those Eastern scenes may not be traversed with impunity. Yet what are the climes of the sun, and their awful ruins of former ages, to the vestiges that are left of a glorious and expiring faith? Is not the spot that has borne the tread of a saint's footstep precious? Do not the winds that blow around their graves bear sweeter perfume than if they had passed through groves of oranges and spices? The very weeds that grow rank on the sod are more lovely to the eye—"

Here he was interrupted by the hostess, who, struck with the fervour of his manner, had listened with a most approving look, with one hand laid on the table, and the forefinger of the other placed beside the nose, as was her attitude when highly gratified with some new trait; she now partook of his enthusiasm. "Precious, indeed, Sir, is the footstep of a saint! and the very spot, as you truly observe, where he has trodden. It revives to my mind a very gracious scene, which seems almost now before me. It was a charming summer's evening, when that powerful man, Mr. Thomas Sandal, paid a visit to these parts. He had a wonderful name, and was truly a great man; though when he came into this cottage, and sat where you are sitting now, it was remarkable, I thought, that so small a man should have so great a name. He

was very pale, and, indeed, diminutive, and his voice was weakly; but his eye, through which, as the poet says, the spirit is discerned, had a peculiar smartness and fire. So that when the people were gathered on the heath, not very far from here, in a lonely spot, where there are some ruined walls, he stood on them; and every word he spoke was sweet as silver; and so clear, for there was n't a wave heard upon the shore, and the very birds of the air were still: and as the setting sun shone full upon his face, there was a peculiar lus—"

Here the full tide of her description was in turn broken by her guest, whose eyes flashed fire, and over his composed and sad aspect spread deep indignation. "St. Dominic!" exclaimed he, "a heretic trample on those venerable walls, and make them a stepping-stone to promulgate his vile doctrines from, where the forms of martyrs, perhaps, have reclined, and their sighs and groans have been echoed amidst penances and sufferings!—alas! I looked not for such degradation!"

The coffee-pot, that had been lifted by the good dame, in the full complacency of her thoughts, to replenish her guest's cup, was planted on the table with a fierce and sudden clang, and awful was the full gaze wherewith she met the intruder. Still redder grew the nose and chin; and the lips, that looked full of eloquent wrath, were closely compressed, as if to gather it all into one volley; when suddenly reclining back in her seat, she raised her eyes to the ceiling with a deep sigh, took a pinch of snuff, and with a sharp and bitter smile, that mantled the whole of her expressive countenance, she said, "Why should I strive with this potsherd, and fall into the snare of anger for such a child of

error, that worships things made with men's hands? See how he presses that image to his bosom, a mark of the woful idolatry within; and glooms upon it with his dark eye, as if the creature could both hear and see! Ah! well might he speak of weeds being lovely to the eye, even amidst groves of spices and perfumes, or glory over a decayed heap of stone, more than in the powerful word that sounded forth from above them! He never tasted the true spice of the myrrh, or walked in the garden of delights! as dear Mr. R. used to say;—you never remember him," turning to me with a trembling voice: "had you had but a glimpse of his form or face, 'twould have been more memorable than all your travels. The last time I saw him, he was just going out to the sea; 'Sally,' says he to me,—I was young then and single,"—(and a solitary tear stole down her not naturally tender features, which was wiped away by an ancient red cotton handkerchief;)—"'Sally,' says he—he was a singularly clean man in his apparel—'do you see that speck of dirt on my shoes?'—which were always so bright as to reflect his comely form almost like a mirror. 'Yes, Sir,' says I:—'Such, says he, 'is the smallest taint of idolatry; it mars the purity and understanding of the whole man.' He went to sea to the islands soon afterwards, and was heard of no more, but I've often thought upon his parting words."

The stranger had by this time recovered from his emotion, and his countenance once more resumed its composed character. He spoke of the extensive journeys he had achieved in pursuit of the same object that had drawn him here; said that he had traversed the ancient Land of Promise—

had sojourned in the Wilderness of the Baptist,—drank of the waters of the Jordan,—and poured his tears of penitence on the same spot where the Apostles had shed theirs.

It was easy to perceive that there was a wild enthusiasm strewed over the whole current of this man's feelings, which obscured the effects of a good education, and the exercise of an acute and well-informed mind. Yet this enthusiasm excited interest, rather than blame or pity in others; for it had evidently been felt in his earliest infancy, had been drawn round him even by the hands of parental affection, and every step of his after-life had been closely influenced thereby. It seemed indeed to be part of his nature; and if by chance his conversation wandered for a time to other topics, the favourite one was soon ardently resumed. This propensity created the most ludicrous confusion between him and his hostess, and the most sudden transitions from good-will to open rupture. Caught by the sound of the "Land of Promise," she gave the most fixed and riveted attention to his discourse. "As I passed, on a calm evening, down the steep descent that leads from the road to Damascus, the purple rays that fell on the beautiful summit of Olivet, lingered as if in fondness over the adored tomb of the Virgin Mary, while each rock and olive-tree around were left in gloom. Giving loose to the rapture of my feelings, and kneeling in the marble porch." "And could you really be such an idolater?" broke in the words of sharp reproof, "as to kneel to the Vargin, and in a white marble tomb too! brought all the way from Rome, I'll warrant, that seat of Antichrist? Maybap she had silks and satins on, and goold and sil-

ver ornaments, not to be counted for costliness! And who said she died there, Sir? show me the warrant for that, with all your larning; people were always buried where they died, in my time; but, I suppose, 'twas easy for tomb and all to fly through the air, like a whole chapel I have heard tell of, in Italy: ye have worshipped there too, perhaps? but to place such an object in that precious valley!"

A deep sigh here followed the grin of strong satisfaction that had accompanied the latter part of her reply. But her antagonist kept his temper this time, feeling the contest too perilous, or ashamed to quarrel over the board of whose hospitality he was partaking. With a faint smile, he said, "Youth and age both had their prejudices, and both regarded them as inviolable; as a person of her experience, who had seen so much of the world, must be very well aware of." The propitiation was most graciously accepted: the indignant aspect gave way to an expression of deep complacency; and proffering her antique, well-worn snuff-box, "Experience!" she replied, "you may well say so: 'tis sartain, I've had my share, both of the sorrows of the wilderness, as well as the joys: yet the complaint of the motherless, 'as though they were not,' never was mine. Twelve goodly sons and daughters, Sir, the very pride of the country, and one only laid beneath the sod of the valley: he was about your age, and had much the same aspect, though as fair as the driven snow. Robert was a weakly creature, but of an enlarged mind, and of a temper like a lamb. His favourite walk, as long as he was able, was to those fragments of walls, where the idol—hem! the Romans of old times

used to congregate. Not coming home one evening as usual, I went there hastily, and found him sitting amidst the gray stones and the grass and the wild flowers, but his spirit had soughed gently away; and I have loved the spot ever since, and have had it kept in order, and not suffered the beasts of the field to come near it. Often, of an evening, I go there now, though my steps are weary; and sitting on the ruin, when all is so still around me, think of the passage of my child into the world of spirits, so calm and sweetly: and I wish to follow him; for many years are my portion, and their rushing cannot be stayed."

Her look was bent fixedly upwards, while the tears coursed each other in rapid succession down her face; and her hands, clasped before her, trembled with the deep emotion of the mother for the son.

Her guest was thoroughly softened; the more so, as there was a degree of reverence expressed for a spot to which he had become attached; and he said something of the pleasure of breathing one's last in so venerable a place, where the ashes of sainted men might have reposed; he had no higher ambition, he said, than to lay his head also beside them.

"And would your head sleep softer in such a bed of error and darkness? better lay it amidst the snows of the rock. Repose, indeed! that 's pretty sharp by this time, if all is true, that these cruel men did, in their day." Her eye kindled again: "It 's well, if they are saved. If *I* might venture to speak of one," with a solemn voice and uplifted finger, "whose very name is a cordial to the mind, and who made this cottage his resting-place, what

greater ambition can I have than to follow him? His head was white with the toils of nearly a century when he laid it in the grave: his words, never to be forgotten, have been spoken to me; and his looks, full of strength and victory to the last, have been often turned upon me. Beside *him* it were sweet indeed to sleep!" With these words, as the clock, that stood at the other end of the apartment, struck loudly the passage of time, she arose from her seat, and casting a look on the fire, that still burned brightly, wished us a cordial good-night.

The abstraction that had first marked the stranger's manner was now quite worn away, and he entered into conversation with the spirit of one who had been for some time accustomed to no associate but his own thoughts. His family had emigrated, he said, from this part of the country at the time of the Reformation, in order to avoid the effects of the frequent persecutions directed against the lives and properties of the Catholics. It was with deep regret that they had quitted their native soil, to which they were passionately attached, for Italy, the very seat and nursery of their faith. It was from barrenness to loveliness, and from the naked heath to groves of cypress and orange-trees, in a favoured clime. Still it was an exile, and they had felt it so, and had bequeathed to their descendants a portion of the same love of country, though in a lesser degree.

"In me," he continued, "it has been fostered by long wanderings; and after having visited many a scene more distant, and perhaps less patriotic, I resolved to turn my steps to the place where my ancestors once lived long in esteem and affluence; when the true faith reigned in the land; before

heresy and anarchy raised their heads, and spoiled and destroyed the religion of ages, and all the learned and venerable buildings where she had made her resting-place. Time has spared some vestiges, and, however faint, they will serve to rekindle feelings which have been the delight, as well as sorrow, of my life."

He then made several inquiries, with much earnestness, respecting some remains which are known to survive;—if the ruins of the chapels of St. Loy and Lanyon were still visible; and if the ancient cross beside the church of Buryan was preserved? On being told that this had been placed on an elevated site, so as to be gazed at by every passenger along the road, and that the ruins of the chapels remained, he expressed himself much gratified. He then asked after the ancient shrine and well near Madron, where they once stood monuments, he said, of the goodness of the saint; and not a disease in that or the neighbouring parishes, that was not wholly or partly healed by faith in the miraculous water: the maimed and the wretched, the diseased and the discontented, came in troops from hamlet, cottage, and town, till the wild moor was peopled with the multitude, and echoed with countless prayers and wishes put up for health and riches, and every other good gift: then the water ran supernaturally clear, and rose, and bubbled, and whirled, when any offering was thrown into it, while Saint Maddern, in the niche close by, stood smiling in mercy.

"It is gone," he answered, "fountain, and shrine, and all—not a vestige remains: not an aisle is left standing to receive the hollow sighing of the wind on the heath: the grass grows rank and free, but it

conceals no remnant; not a gray stone, not a moss-covered mound, is left. The basin of the fountain is there—but no water, for when its virtue passed away, the spring, it is said, became exhausted; though so late as the last century it was still resorted to."

"But I will visit these spots, as well as others," answered he, "and will judge for myself. There is another scene also, yet more dear to me, which your exertions must aid me to discover. It is a rude valley, that cannot be very far from this village, and is close to the sea. There formerly stood the seat of my ancestors, whence they were driven partly by persecution; which they left with tears, and never ceased to think of but with passionate regret. Have you ever observed the ruins of a dwelling in such a spot?"

"Perhaps you mean the vale of Pagora, that is within a short league of this place, and answers to your description. The steep, whose green bosom slopes into the water, is the same; but there are no vestiges of an edifice left: probably the tide, that has encroached to such an extent along the coast, has long since covered them."

"It is the same," he replied eagerly, "there cannot be a doubt; though the ancient name was somewhat different. At the nunnery of Lanherne, that still flourishes in the north of the county, and to which my steps will soon be directed, there may exist, perchance, some memorial of the time. In this manuscript," he continued, drawing forth from his bosom an envelope of papers tied with peculiar care, "you will read a tale not wholly without interest, of the time of my family's prosperity as well as misfortune. It was written by the son of the

then lord of the dwelling. Read it, should it so please you, to-night; and to-morrow, at an early hour, let us pursue our search after the place to which it relates." Saying this, he rose to retire to rest, on the plea of extreme fatigue, and left me alone.

With much curiosity I unfolded the manuscript, anxious to know something, though only of the ancestors of a being who had deeply interested me: and trimming the fire while all was hushed within, as well as in the village without, and not a sound rose from the shore beneath, I began.

CHAPTER II.

At the conclusion of the reign of the Eighth Henry, there remained no part of the kingdom, however remote, that had not been visited, more or less, by the troubles attendant on the forcible reformation of religion. Although the people had in general yielded implicit obedience to the capricious mandates of the King, the often-renewed and stubborn resistance offered, both by nobles and vassals, in Westmoreland and its neighbouring counties, as well as in some other parts of the realm, proved that there still existed a strong attachment to the ancient faith.

On the western territory, however, these disorders fell less heavily, and at a later period. The monastic establishments, which had every where else been crushed with unrelenting hand, were here too poor to render their possessions an object of immediate desire either to the King or the instruments he employed, and which latter often shared the chief portion of the spoils. These remote domains of the Church thus lingered in existence longer than their more richly endowed associates; and the same transient immunity was enjoyed also by the more opulent Catholic families. They heard the sound of war afar off, but it came not within their doors; and they were spared awhile the innumerable and petty vexations and oppressions, which, at the arbitrary will of the King's examiners, were frequently

heaped on those houses most devoted to the falling cause.

In a rude valley, opening on the sea, at the very extremity of a province in that day little known except by name, stood a substantial dwelling. Its distance from cities and towns was remote indeed, though several similar dwellings stood at long intervals on the bleak hills and vales, of which this part of the county (that measured scarcely two leagues in breadth from the North to the South Sea) was composed. The mansion had not the appearance of a castle, though the purposes of defence had evidently not been forgotten in its construction. It stood on a narrow eminence, that sloped down abruptly into the sea, and was built of the fine stone found on the hills a few miles to the east. All unpolished however, as was the outside of the walls, they were massively constructed, and, as was suited to the state of the times, answered more the ends of strength than of beauty. The edifice was low, with a sloping roof of tiles that projected nearly two feet beyond the walls, for the convenience of carrying off the frequent and profuse rains that fall in this climate full half the year. The large gate of entrance opened into a confined court, coarsely paved, that ran along the front of the dwelling, the lower apartments of which commanded a prospect of a few yards only, as far as the tall barriers of this court, and were therefore dark and gloomy. A door in each wing, if it might be so called, opened on the kitchen and the buttery, or rather dairy, since the large earthen vessels of solid cream, peculiar to the province, seldom had their contents transmuted ere they were devoured. In front was a large wooden porch, with a seat on each side for the convenience,

it could not be said luxury, of such as chose to take there the freshness of the morning and evening air, that came pure and bracing from the wave beneath. This porch conducted by a narrow passage into a large hall, and also into a side parlour of very inferior dimensions. The floor of the hall was strewed with rushes of a fine and soft kind, brought from the vicinity of a vast marsh about nine miles distant: the chimney was large and naked, and the smoke that eddied through it, often, on account of its bad construction, found its way in volumes through the apartment, especially when the wind blew from the south. Chimneys, indeed, were a luxury very lately brought into fashion, for each family had been accustomed to make their fire against a reredosse in the hall where they dined. The small windows of glass, that had long succeeded those of horn even here, were slightly arched, and, being only two in number, admitted no very brilliant light to the apartment. The ceiling was very low, and it is well there were no 'giants in those days,' for the armed man that came sometimes there, was obliged to doff his casque and plume ere he could obtain entrance. A narrow flight of stone steps conducted to the upper story, which was chiefly occupied by the sleeping apartments, resembling much the cells in a monastery in their size and accommodations. There was no garden attached to the dwelling; the attempt to raise flowers would have been nearly as useless as to plant a grove of trees to give shade, or shelter from the fierce southern blasts. The best defence of the mansion, however, was the sea, that washed the foot of the eminence on each side, beneath the spot where it stood. Nor was its situation totally destitute of beauty; a clear

stream that ran through the valley maintained a perpetual verdure in its narrow bosom; not a tree —neither oak, beech, nor fir—was to be seen; the sides, though steep, were verdant, and afforded excellent pasture for the sheep that grazed thereon; two or three gentle green swells stood in the midst beneath, and the stream wound at their feet, but their summits were disfigured by a few hovels of wretched appearance, loosely built of wood, and covered, both sides and roof, with reeds and straw. Although the scene had little softness, the eye that gazed on it from the upper part of the narrow territory, (that did not exceed a mile in length,) paused for some time in pleasure on the rocky steep far in front, whereon the naked gray walls of the mansion rose like a tower of defence against all intruders, while on each side were glimpses of the ocean beyond, wild and boundless.

It is probable that the tenants of this domain did not deem it a cheerless abode: their fathers had lived and died here before them, and they had never known scenery more soft or genial. The saying might with good reason have been used by the poor as well as the affluent, both of this and the neighbouring inhabited districts, that every man's house was his castle; for who would come to so remote and uninviting a tract to invade or molest them?—Yet, the plea of independence availed not now:—the peal of Reformation had sounded forth through all the land; and cot and tower, monastery and chapter-house, heard it alike either with anxiety or dismay. To a people who lived so remote and tranquil—so removed from the refinement in arts or manners,—who rarely found their way into the more central part of the kingdom, so

that few who chanced to wander here from the court, imagined they had stumbled on another and a savage land,—it was cruel to be thus disturbed and invaded in the exercise of their religion. But the gross ignorance wherein the greater part of them lived disarmed the sympathy of others on their account. The temporal loss to the province by the destruction of its few religious establishments was probably much greater than its spiritual. In a land wild and waste like Cornwall, the Catholic faith had its charms: the fewness of its towns and villages made the monastic retreats most welcome to the traveller or wayworn passenger. A hospitable reception awaited him, as well as a substantial repast in the refectory, and lodging for the night. The rustic, too, shared in these advantages, and saw perhaps more comfort, if not luxury, in the interior of the monastery than was presented by the dwelling of his affluent landlord.

In none did the agitations of the period excite deeper emotion than in the tenants of the lonely dwelling of Pacorra. These consisted of the owner, a rather elderly man, whose mind and manners were such as characterized the country gentlemen of the period—illiterate and somewhat superstitious; and, as his steps had never wandered beyond his native province, his ideas, in spite of a good understanding, were as confined as the limits of his own valley. To hunt the game that abounded on the neighbouring hills; to drink hard at the boards of his friends, as well as at his own, (for hospitality was ever a feature in the character of the people;) to farm his paternal acres, and look after his scanty flocks and pasture-ground,—were the sole avocations of the lord of the place. Such an existence possessed in its coarse and

unvaried habits little to be envied; and his family partook of its routine, though not of its monotony. The mistress of the mansion was a being of another kind: mild and amiable, she seemed more fitted to dwell in some convent solitude, in a rich clime, and amidst richer scenery, and to give her spirit and the hours of its pilgrimage to contemplation and prayer, to deeds of kindness and gentleness, than to be the mate of the rude and boisterous Cornish squire.

There were two goodly sons also, as far as tall stature and strength of limb went; both now grown up to man's estate: and one daughter completed the family list.

In such a situation, what could be expected of a girl so brought up, but that she should be either a wild, ungovernable hoyden, with robust health and spirits, rude as her native blasts,—or a timid, shy, reserved being, who would tremble at the approach of a stranger, and never soar to any destiny beyond her own sea-girt walls? The child of this couple united a portion of both these characters, with enough only of the former to give occasional flashes of energy and spirit, (when any circumstance called them forth,) to the usual calm and peaceful current of her thoughts and expressions. The mantle of her mother had indeed fallen on her: the soft glance of the blue eye, and the sweetness of voice that ever accompanied Mrs. Trastere's address, were the dowry of her favourite daughter, and the same kindness of temper also.

These were not qualities common to the age or country, and may be rather said to have been transplanted from a more indulgent clime. Squire Trastere had met and fallen in love with the sister

of an opulent Italian merchant, whose affairs had brought him to England: they had both come to this western country to visit a brother who had been for several years a member of the celebrated monastery of Trywardreth. During the few weeks which they passed in the neighbourhood of their relative, the merchant had fallen ill, and died in the odour of sanctity, as the friar declared; who took possession of the greater part of his goods and chattels; earnestly recommending his sister, at the same time, to enter into a nunnery, and devote her life to contemplation and good deeds. The young Genoese was too handsome and loved the world too well to be very ambitious of such a step; she had resolved to return to the English metropolis, and thence find her way back to her own land as she might, when she was seen and passionately admired by the Lord of Pacorra, at that time on a visit to a friend in the north of the county. There was little similarity in mind, temper, or taste, between the fair and well-educated Italian and the Cornishman: but love even in a savage, where it is sincere, has been known to excite sympathy in the female heart: besides, the lady was an exile from her native land; and a feeling of desolation had come over her mind since the death of one brother, and the unkindness of the other. The small property she possessed would soon be exhausted: these reasons, to which, though of less force, were joined the advice and entreaties of her interested brother, determined her to become the bride of her western lover, who to sincere attachment added the recommendations of a good face and figure. She came to the sea-beat valley—Oh what a change from the luxuriant and Eden-like vicinity of Genoa!—eternal rocks for

her gardens of oranges and myrtle!—fierce waves for the calm and lovely expanse of her bay! and in place of the splendid and sultry skies, clouds, dense fogs, and ceaseless rains! The palaces of her city's nobles too were in her memory when she entered the naked court and low smoky hall; yet Anna was neither ambitious nor vain-glorious:—a few deep sighs and even tears were all that was given to past scenes and enjoyments: she resolved to be reconciled to the lot she had embraced, and to adhere faithfully to the path before her.

She had much to endure for many years, but the sweetness of her temper bore and conquered all. The rough and untamed habits of her husband yielded in a measure to its resistless influence: his affection never diminished; it was the best redeeming virtue he possessed, and would have atoned for many frailties. In all companies where he happened to be, or where the bowl had passed freely round, he bore both jeer and taunt respecting himself or his proceedings: but if any one presumed to reflect on the foreign origin and manners, or retired habits, of his wife, he must instantly consent to endure the "rough word and the rude blow." And so well was this point in the Squire's character known and tried, that envy, which had been rife at first at the Italian's superior accomplishments and refined address, gave way at last, awed by the involuntary respect which her excellent conduct inspired, as well as by the husband's fiercer temper. It was true, the wives and daughters of the neighbouring gentry could not always repress their spite and discontent on the rare occasions of visiting Pacorra Seat, as it was called. They could neither sing nor play; and the soft, rich accent of the

stranger, as she accompanied the guitar she had brought from her native soil, placed the rude accents and home-spun ballads of the visiters at an immeasurable distance; while in conversation they listened in mute wonder as she told of foreign glories, temples, and palaces: and no sooner had they achieved the steep descent behind the house, on their return, than the words provincially uttered, "foreign minion," "improper rolling of the eye," with other like expressions, were heard bandied about, to console the uneasiness they felt, when brought fairly into contact with their neighbour. As to the lady herself, these were things she heard or heeded not:—happy in the society of her children, she chiefly occupied herself in their education—a beloved as well as indispensable employment, as there was no proper seminary at that time in the land. Other cares and duties also found their way into her path, though of minor import: for where is the sphere, however confined, that does not offer to its possessor abundant means of doing good or of decreasing the fearful lot of human misery? To alleviate the latter was a favourite care of the mistress of the mansion; and not a week passed but the huts of the tenantry, both in her husband's and other lands, were visited and relieved. Often was she seen ascending the wild heights, and pursuing the scarcely visible path over dreary moors, accompanied by her favourite child.

Years had fled as fast and pitilessly in the valley as in the courts of kings, and at that period of our story to which we now advance the Squire of Pacorra, as well as his wife, were past the middle of life. The slight gray tinge that had mingled with the thick raven hair of the former, was the only

sign of age that he exhibited; his strength and the tone of his spirits were little abated.

It was an evening in the gloomy month of November, that had marked its reign in the territory less by frost or snow than by drizzling rains and thick fogs, which at morn and eve were accompanied by extreme cold. The family were assembled round the table in the hall to supper, though it was yet only six o'clock; and though there was no curfew-bell to sound the passage of time, the extreme regularity of the domestic habits never allowed the hour to be mistaken. The early dinner at mid-day gave interval enough for the appetite to grow keen for the evening meal, and the few but substantial viands that now appeared on the board were well suited to gratify it. A joint of excellent mutton, and a fowl, a tempting dish of mullet, caught the same morning off the shore, and a huge silver flagon, whose size denoted the thirsty propensities of the father and his two sons, stood at the head of the table, on which pewter trenchers were placed; and the dishes were of the same material, for plate was an indulgence confined to the monasteries and the nobility. The Squire, indeed, possessed a few old vessels of silver, bequeathed by his ancestors, but to use them, except on rare and important occasions, would have been a cardinal sin. The weather was calm, though cheerless, so that the large turf fire that filled a considerable portion of the chimney sent its smoke by good fortune upward, instead of casting a dense shroud over the forms and features of the company. At the head of the table sat the lord of the dwelling, a tall, square-shouldered, bony man, with a character of countenance in which good-nature was mingled largely with an expression of

wilfulness and absolute rule. A short jet beard contrasted well with his still ruddy aspect, and his large black eyes were turned in succession on the different individuals who composed the party, while he continued to eat rapidly:—but they rested with peculiar pleasure on a delicate female who sat near him on the right, and seemed rather to witness than share in the pleasures of the repast. Her mild blue eye met her father's with joy, and with her smile of inexpressible sweetness conveyed an impression of her temper and character that could not deceive. Her dress was simple, and tasteful also; the silk gown, confined by a girdle of the same material, was surmounted by the coat, waistcoat, or short tunic, (by each of which names it went,) of green cloth, lined with fur, and suited to the advancing season. But she wore one article of luxury that was rarely found at that day even in the halls of nobles, or the bowers of the most curious dames; it was a shawl of Eastern manufacture, and had found its way to Pacorra from one of the Phœnician ships which came to the Mount's Bay for tin; and as the Squire possessed some share in the produce of the mines, that were even then worked a few miles distant, he had caught eagerly, in part of payment, at this shawl for his fair daughter. It was of cashmere, and its rich colours and exquisite workmanship gave to Mary's slender and elegant form, particularly at night, a character almost Oriental; while her own taste, as well as the observation of the seller, as to the custom of his country, induced her to weave it frequently round her head in the form of a turban.

"What ails you, my child," said Trastere, "that you do no honour to the good meal? and your look

is paler than it is wont to be! The walk over the hills with your mother to yonder peasant's cottage has over-wearied you. Those rocky heights are too rude for your strength."

"It was farther than we thought," said the mistress of the dwelling, in her sweet-accented voice; "the day was so lovely we heeded not the distance, and the toil was richly paid by the pleasure we experienced."

"But the girl has not your Italian ardour of pursuit, Anna, that would defy the desert or the pestilence in search of its favourite object,—or even the wilds of death, the Maremma, which you have so often told me of; neither are her feet on your soft sunny shores of Genoa.—William!" calling to a tall youth, at the farther end of the table, in a voice that might have rung down the steep without, "bring me from the press on your right-hand a flask of Muscat, that cheers the flagging spirit, and would almost bring back life to a drowned man. And you will pledge me, Mary," he continued, as the bottle was given him, "in the small silver cup that you never exceed; it will restore the life to your cheeks, and we will drink your favourite toast; 'May the true Church defy the efforts of her enemies!'" Thus saying, he filled a goodly flagon and drank it off with infinite satisfaction; while his daughter obeying his entreaty, her look grew more animated, and a faint colour came to her aspect, as she named the toast.

"I knew," cried Trastere, "that the good wine would not belie its virtue; it would drive despair itself from the blanched cheek.—But, Dick," exclaimed he to his second son, in an angry tone, "who gave you leave to empty the bottle at that

rate? have you no more conscience?—Look! if the swigbelly has not nearly drained it to the bottom!—ten years in the cellar, too—and only five more left! Look you, my lad, I 've often warned you of the love of liquor: many a family have I known, and many a goodly man, made shipwreck of:—so, if you ever wish to prosper—but hand me up the bottle! there 's no trusting it so near you."

"The hunt to-day has sore worn me: the fox took up Pertinny Hill, and away to the north shore," said the son: "and that wine has brought dule (comfort) to my heart and limbs, that I should n't mind another start—or even a round of cudgels:—it beats ale all to nothing!"

"So much the worse for your future comfort, you graceless dog! Have you forgotten the distinction Father Peter made the other day,—'that good ale only unsettled the head, and made the hands like edge-tools—but that old wine stole away the heart, and made death and destruction lie in wait on each side?' Is it more than a few months ago Squire Treseigh tumbled over the head (cliff) of Tol-y-pedn, mistaking the light on board a ship for his own hall?—did not young Carclew, going home last year from his aunt's funeral, walk into a tin-shaft upon Carnbrae, and thereby leave a fine property to go to his cousins? What a property!" he added with a sigh: "all Sennon Green for sheep-walks:—glorious fishing in the coves below:—and flocks of wild-fowl in the great pool, enough to darken the sun. And all lost for a flagon of Alicant too much! so take warning, Richard, in time: your head is not so old as mine; but the Muscadine," as he poured the last contents of the bottle

into the cup, "is a lighter wine than the Spanish, and far more innocent."

As the jolly-hearted Squire finished these words, the door opened, and a personage entered, in whose mien or form there was nothing, at the first glance, very impressive. He was somewhat advanced in years, and from his aspect it might be thought that the world, which had hitherto spared, had begun to deal hardly with him; for sorrow sat there like a stranger: and as he gently advanced to the upper end of the hall, he was warmly greeted by the whole party, but especially by the ladies, whose salutation he very courteously returned. "You are most welcome, good father," said the host: "and not the less so, because unexpected:—it's a weary mile to the monastery, and you seldom choose such late hours for your visits."

"None but an unusual occasion would have drawn me here," said the visiter, in a mild yet earnest voice: "it is seldom I venture forth at such a time, and on so damp and dark a night. Had not my mule found out the path better than his master, we had yet been wandering on the wild paths, shrouded in the dense fog. But your fire burns cheerfully, and its warmth and light are most grateful." He accepted the full cup presented by his host, took the chair placed at the chimney-side by a fairer hand, and then continued: "Would that all of my flock were as you are! but many, very many of them, wander now like sheep without a shepherd, and my declining years will go down in bitterness. O St. Nicholas! little did I look for this day. Have I not strove night and morn, in spite of the occasional wanderings of my brethren, to make St. Buriens like a flower in the land, that

all men might draw unto? and now it will soon be desolate, and its gray walls, it may be, that have stood the strife of ages, entered no more by the faithful foot, or clung to by the helpless heart!"

"You are deeply moved, good father," said the elder lady: "has any new and evil event occurred to agitate you thus?"

"Not yet, my daughter, not yet; but the hour draws nigh: rumours have reached me that the wolves of heresy will soon bend their steps this way, to prey upon the lonely fold that has thus far been spared—for what has St. Buriens left to tempt their greediness, or even their thirst of destroying? The few lands are reft which the college once called its own; few benefactions now find their way there; we are impoverished even to the bone. Most of the brethren, you know, have left me since the hour of distress came upon us; Father Austin alone with old Paul remain, because their superior is the only stay they have on earth."

"Think not so darkly of the hour to come," said Mary, in a tone of deep feeling; "should the enemies in truth ravage your home, is not our hall open as your retreat? The beggar and the friendless are not turned from this door, and will it not be opened with joy to receive our guide and confessor, our dear and ancient friend?"

"Thanks for those words," said the agitated man, fixing his eyes with a look of paternal fondness on the speaker, "they were not necessary to assure me; yet sweet it is in the day of darkness to hear the voice of fidelity and consolation, and seldom do my ears now drink it in. I am come, my friends, to take your opinion,—for even the spiritual superior may seek counsel from the chief

of his flock, when those of his own brotherhood desert him; to consult if it be not better to resist to the last those fierce oppressors, and be buried amidst the ruins of my beloved house, than tamely to surrender it at their demand, or submit to terms that are still more degrading."

We will leave, however, for a while, the colloquy that took place, as well as the measures that were embraced or rejected, in order to revert to the period a few months previous to the father's visit, and to the monastic retreat already spoken of, which might truly be called the *last* in the land, since the Atlantic spread its waves at a short distance, and its stupendous barriers forbade all farther advance.

The origin of the establishment of St. Buriens was extremely remote—even in the year 460, when St. Berian, (or Burianna, according to the most learned antiquaries,) came into this country from Ireland, and landed on the north coast. She was a holy woman, and the daughter of a king;—two qualifications which in any age would be sufficient to produce great things, much more in the barbarous and superstitious period that was blessed with her wanderings. She was accompanied, says the tradition, by many persons of high birth and dignity; and thus attended, advanced farther a few leagues towards the west, and settled in the territory that is still called by her name. On this very spot she built an oratory, and passed there the whole of her subsequent life, though not the most laborious researches of antiquaries have yet discovered whether she was a young and lovely woman when she landed, or an experienced lady stricken in years, which would have made the sacrifice less, as well as shortened the period of her

penance. The sanctity which this oratory obtained through all the land continued fresh and undiminished till the days of Athelstan, who conquered Cornwall about the year 930. The historical tradition is very distinct: "When the King was but a few miles from the ocean, and in the present road to it, he went into an oratory, which had been erected by that ancient lady, who was buried in her own chapel. He prayed for success in his expedition against the Scilly isles, and vowed, if he conquered, to erect a college there, and endow it with a large income. The isles were subdued, and the King returning, minded his vow, and ordered a church to be erected on the spot, (in view of his conquest on a clear day,) a college of clergy to minister in it, and assigned it a large quantity of lands. They were dedicated to St. Beriana, and were exempted from all episcopal authority whatever, save that of the Pope. It cannot be said that the inmates of this establishment retained long a tithe of the self-denial or strict discipline of their foundress. In the days of Leland they were often absent for some time together, wandering to and fro for their own pleasure. "Their longeth to St. Buryens," he says, "a deane and many prebendarys, that almost be never ther, and there be not above eight dwellying howses thereabout."

Between its erection and final suppression, however, a number of deans, of various character and talents, had ruled over this solitary college—among them was more than one foreigner, and the rule of a Frenchman,* in the time of Edward the Third, caused the loss of part of their patrimony. These

* John de Maute.

had lived and died in good and peaceable times, before the days of evil came, that now fell heavily on their latest successor, Alan de Stokes. Discipline had at no period been very rife within the walls of the college, and it cannot be said that the present superior, who was a tranquil and amiable man, and strove to do all the good in his power, as far as his belief went, was exactly the character to revive the decaying rules and fortunes of his house. Yet he blenched not from the storm, but seemed to gather firmness as it thickened around him: and the period when he found himself left at last alone to bear all its violence, might be said to be the best and noblest of the superior's life.

To the stranger's regard there was little to fascinate about the father's abode; but to his own eye and feeling it was like the hall of his ancestors to the last of a long descent. He had lived there almost from boyhood; it had been to him the sole theatre of passion, hope, and fancy, which the world afforded. Certainly the illustrious Irish saintess, amidst her many excellent qualities, was not gifted with a taste for the picturesque: whether a dream, or a prediction, or, may be, a desire to mortify the fondness of the eye for looking on lovely things, was the cause of her selecting such a site, cannot be decided. The college stood on rather elevated ground, though it could not be positively termed a hill; and vast was the dreary prospect that stretched on every side. Often did the passenger over the almost pathless waste bless the moment when the tower of the church first met his view at a distance; for the habitations around were poor and at long intervals, and their cheer was worse. Stoutly and imposingly did the sacred

and unassuming edifice brave the winds of heaven, that seemed to meet around it from every quarter; no sheltering hill, with a north aspect, was nigh; no grove, or clump of trees, lent softness to the scene, or waved round the gray walls, which rose all bare and bleak to the eye, and gave no outward sign that there was enjoyment or luxury within. The monks of all ages have been remarkable for good taste in the selection of the sites of their residences, and seldom have had reason in after-times to ridicule the choice of their founders. But often in their hearts did the inmates of this college curse the choice of the excellent St. Beriana, while confined within the walls of their wild and tempest-beaten home: why did she not choose a more sheltered place? there was the sweet valley of Rosemoddris within view to the south, on lower ground, and richly shrouded by foliage; for still, solitary devotion, it was just the thing; the winds blew soft and mildly there, and green sunny slopes rose on every side. They rose not, however, around St. Buriens; for, on descending the gradual declivity whereon it stood, long, dank moors awaited the traveller, to which there seemed no end.

These moors were tenantless; on their surface were seen frequent and turbid pools of water, caused by the plentiful rains, and to their banks in winter came numerous flocks of wild fowl, whose shrill cry was the only sound heard on the waste. In summer, the sun-beams fell not on one object of loveliness within the circuit of many miles: there were some hollows at the foot of the long hill on either side, that ran along for some distance; their bosoms washed by yellow and rapid streams: the whole presented a seclusion that would have been

coveted by a monk of the Thebais, but not by the lazy and luxurious inmates of Saint Buriens. The lands that belonged to their foundation, however, lay on the flat grounds immediately around, and were productive and well-farmed. Corn, sufficient for their own consumption, was produced here, as well as a surplus quantity that was annually sold: cattle grazed in the meadows, and sheep, of excellent flavour, on the pastures of the hills. The cellar of the college might have tempted a dainty Norman knight to prolong his stay; for the convenience of good ports on either side the Peninsula enabled the judicious superiors to obtain, as often as they chose, the most approved and various wines of France. Fish, of every kind known in the realm, was to be had in abundance from the neighbouring coasts. Thus provided, it may be deemed the good monks had little reason for meriting the censure of Leland, 'that they were often absent from their dwellyng;' more especially, when their peculiar privilege is taken into account, that they were exempted from the authority or jurisdiction of any other order or monastery whatsoever. The celebrated one of the Benedictines of Trywardreth; or that of the Knights Hospitallers still nearer, could neither censure nor interfere with the lives or proceedings of the small and lonely brotherhood of Saint Buriens. Then there were a few pleasing features attached even to their exposed situation: the view from the tower of the church, and also from the windows of the residence, looked on the noble sweep of ocean to the south and west: on a clear summer or autumn evening, the distant Scilly isles were visible, of various and romantic forms—a scene the eye might delight to dwell on.

as a contrast to the monotony nearer by. To the discredit of the good fathers' taste, however, it must be said, that they seldom troubled themselves to gaze either on the ocean or the sky: to them, the fields of waving corn, the fat herds, the poultry-yards, and, above all, the nobly-stored cellar, had not only ideal but positive beauty. At times, indeed, some brother, less indolent, would hie to the shore and there pass hours in gaining a plentiful dish of fish for the evening meal: and on occasions, they would hurriedly ascend, morn and eve, the ancient tower, and look far and anxiously to seaward, to catch a glimpse of the bark bound from the opposite coast with a fresh stock of Burgundy or Gascoigne. But they were few in number, and deemed their resources also few, envying the more fortunate sites of some other brotherhoods: the Cistercians for instance, who dwelt near the gay town of Bodman, (the capital of the province,) whose dames were as affable as eminent for their comeliness; and St. Germains also, whose deep shades and fine river were not its only attractions.

The wooden oratory of the saintess had for more than ten centuries been replaced by the solid stone Saxon edifice: small, yet massive in its proportions; and as it was the sole religious temple in all those parts, it might well pass among its votaries as imposing and venerable. The church itself was low, and of scanty dimensions within, being scarcely more than forty feet in length: the walls, of rough hewn stone, were several feet thick, and faced at the corners with square and more polished blocks: outside, it was roofed with slate. Confined as the area was, it was nevertheless divided into two aisles by a few slender stone columns, of rude

workmanship. The windows, that looked out upon a wild scene on each side, were very long and narrow, and ornamented with free-stone cut in curious fashion. The single western window (which was the largest) was of stained glass, and fronted the setting sun, whose light was thus thrown with fine effect on the pillars and the ancient pavement, and on the tombs of the many superiors who slept beneath, each in his stone coffin, and having left the full odour of sanctity behind him. On the walls, in different parts, were ranged the goodly and revered figures of saints of various nations and various virtues. Conspicuous over all, in a niche beside the altar, stood, or rather kneeled, the marble form of the gracious St. Beriana, clothed in a drapery of scarlet silk; her Irish extraction speaking in her eloquent cheek, and her high descent marked by a gilded circle, intended for a crown, on her head. On her features time had had little influence; there was still the same resolved and self-denying expression; the same scorn of the passions, of power, and of all the good things of this world. It is probable, that the edifice had been rebuilt or repaired since its first erection by King Athelstan; and that this figure, universally admired, as well as two or three rude paintings, had either been the fruit of improvement in the fine arts, or imported from the realm of Italy.

The care of these treasures was the chosen province of the present superior, who having been educated and fostered within the walls, had, in spite of his general good sense and discernment, drunk largely of the frivolous superstitions and weak observances of the age. Unlike many of his profession, Alan was strongly attached not only to the

leading realities of his faith, but to its mysterious traditions and sweet and wondrous fables; whereto he clung with the fondness and pertinacity of the most ignorant beldame in his diocess. His community often sneered at this trait in his character, and listened with abstracted thoughts to his details and eulogiums on great and canonized men. The prevailing unbelief in these things, he would sometimes say, had much to do in bringing on the desolation of the church: infidelity had spread, like a torrent, over the land. He would fain, in the commencement of his rule, have tightened the reins of discipline in regard to his brethren; but he saw it was in vain, and his easy temper soon yielded to the various innovations and indulgences that marked their career.

The college stood at a short distance from the chapel, and, like the latter, was neither extensive nor magnificent; yet it possessed every requisite for the comfort of its inmates. Its apartments were few; of these, the kitchen and the refectory were the largest, and probably the best regulated: then there was "the deane's parlour," and the library, better stored with manuscripts, than the confined nature of the institution would give reason to suppose. Many of these were in foreign languages, brought by John de Maute, (the superior in Edward the Third's reign,) from abroad.

The stables also were an indispensable appendage. Father Alan was perfectly contented with his own mule, which had grown old in bearing him the distance of a few miles out and home again. But the younger and more restive brethren liked coursers of mettle, good in appearance and swift of foot; and often, to the scandal of the Church,

—a scene that St. Beriana would have wept bitterly over,—would these gay friars ride merrily and fast along the roads to the dwelling of some hospitable squire or farmer, to share in the banquet or the game. So well known, in fact, was the mirthful and idle life of these college brethren, that oftimes there came of other fraternities, far and near, to share their hospitality on various pretences of *saints' days, festivals*, &c.

To men thus worldly, and from whom retirement from the world (as it was called) had not taken a single enjoyment, the tidings of the Reformation, that came fast and fearfully, were like a summons to the judge's bar. It was soon after several of the larger abbeys had fallen, when the same fate was dreaded even by the lesser and more remote, that the inmates of the dwelling of St. Buriens were assembled in the refectory; the unusual number of the party denoting that an event of some moment was in contemplation. From the rapid manner in which the flagon was at first filled, the hurried and sometimes hushed conversation, and the variety of tone wherewith it was carried on, the party resembled more one of military men on the eve of a desperate battle, and seeking to stifle or excite their feelings, than of lazy and peaceable monks, to whose existence one day rolled on in the same routine as the past. Yet the cause of the alarmed aspect, pale or flushed, exhibited on this occasion by each of the fathers, could not be slight; it was evident all their hopes, their comfort, nay their very being, were closely connected with it.

The evening had been lovely; the setting sun glanced through the windows of the refectory, and fell on a few of the figures who were seated at the

table. The startled look, the quivering lip, and anxious, almost anguished features of two or three of the eldest, were shown more vividly in the yellow beam;—for what could be more cruel to men grown gray beneath an indulgent and luxurious roof, than the prospect of being driven forth on the world, to get their living by the way-side, or to starve? The dull and incessant murmur of the sea upon the north shore was brought to their ears amidst the stillness of the evening; and by the silence and abstractedness that at times, in spite of all their efforts, came over the party, it would seem as if they listened for the distant approach of an enemy, or the fearful sound of the spoiler's step. News, indeed, had reached them the same day that the commissaries had made a visitation to the monasteries in the north of the province, and that their proceedings had been ruthless and unsparing; soon would their feet be at their own door also. Next the superior was seated a venerable-looking man, who spoke little, and seemed to be quite overwhelmed by the pressure of some calamity. His long white beard rested on his breast, and his eyebrows, of the same hue, almost sank on his large gray eyes; his garments, of costly material, were disfigured by travel and the usage of rougher hands than those of his attached domestics. His long, meagre hand, that rested on the table, was occasionally lifted in mute wonder, or in sorrow that might not be uttered; and his earnest and eloquent look accompanied the gesture. It was the Abbot of Tavistock, a few months previously expelled from his retreat—which expulsion, in consequence of the old man's *obstinacy*, had been accompanied with insult and blows; and he had found his way at last to

the remote dwelling of his ancient friend Alan, as an asylum hitherto untouched.

The only one in the company who showed any signs of firmness, was the superior: he sought to cheer the drooping spirits of the fathers; and while his mild and expressive features were turned on them, he urged with zeal the adoption of stricter discipline and unwearying devotion as the best means of averting the threatened evil.

"Is it not so, Abbot?" he said, addressing his associate; "does not the deep malice of our foes, spurred on as they no doubt are by the powers of darkness, require to be combated—not by the baron's towers, or the knightly lance—but by weapons more resistless?"

The old man neither heard nor heeded him, or he might have said how he had watched, and wept, and fasted, ere his ancient asylum was rent above his head. His thoughts were wandering to past hours of peaceful seclusion; of undisturbed enjoyment; where the stream ran amidst fruit-trees and flowers of his own garden which he delighted to rear. His looks were turned wistfully on the declining day, as it sank in the distance on the wave, as if he too longed to be afar, and at rest from his troubles.

Alan then turned to Father Michael, the oldest of his community, who had been a greater home-keeper than the others. "It is for us, my brother," he said, "to set the example, that less experienced of our members may follow it. In the pure and ancient times of the Church, more, a thousand fold more, was done by the penances and denials of devoted men, than the sword of the warrior could effect. By such means were the holy orders

of our faith rooted and prospered; and, by the same also may they now be preserved from perishing. Ah! did St. Francis of Assisi, or the blessed St. Bruno, now move in their pilgrimage, the foes would be scattered before the breath of their mouths. Let us then begin to wake at midnight to our prayers; and again at cock-crowing, ere the eyes are well closed in sleep: let the tapers burn all night in the chapel; then will our matins be sweet after watching. A spare diet also, without wine; and, instead of lying down at noon to slumber, let each repair to his own cell, to meditate and strive for the Church's good."

Father Michael shook his head sadly, and uttered a groan that spoke not of eager acquiescence in his superior's design; while something like a shudder ran through the junior part of the assembly, at the proposal of severe and incessant exercises to which they had long been strangers. No one spoke in reply to the address, as to most of them the case seemed too desperate to be thus retrieved; and the orator, discouraged by the lukewarmness as well as terror that had evidently fallen on his charge, did not repeat his exhortations. He leaned back in his massive chair, and resting his head on one hand, while the other grasped a rich cross that hung on his breast, he looked earnestly and sorrowfully at the silent group before him. Twice did Father Nicholas, the cellarer, advance to the table to replenish the large antique silver vessel that stood motionless, and twice he withdrew his hand on perceiving that its contents were not half drained. "For thirty years," he murmured, "have I filled that flagon, but never did I know the rich old Gascoigne slighted till now." The unhappy thoughts

which the excitements of the former hour had lulled for a time, re-awoke with oppressive power; and as day faded into the darkness that spread slowly around, each monk sat lost in the sad contemplation of the destiny before him: the friendless, homeless lot, the toiling for a poor subsistence with the sweat of their brow, must be the portion of every one; but imagination, a very tyrant in such moments, pictured for some even a fiercer visitation: the bitter scorn of the persecutor—the loud laugh of derision—imprisonment, long and cruel, ended only by the stake or by sterner tortures. At intervals, the long-drawn sigh and the stifled whisper told of the internal agitation of these unfortunate men, who had made no provision for the day of adversity:—no memory of gracious deeds or feelings—of private or public fidelity to their calling, rose now to give consolation. At this moment, gay and mingled voices came from one of the cottages of the village at a short distance—one of the "eight dwellyng howses" of which it was composed; lights were seen to glance from the windows, and one peal of merriment was succeeded by another. On former occasions, more than one of the friars would probably have joined the group; for fair faces were there—faces on which they loved to gaze; and the inmates of the college were known to be generous as well as gallant. But now the sounds broke on the stillness of the apartment, as if in mockery of their feelings; they brought to mind many a guilty pleasure, which, in fulness of heart and wantonness of the senses, they had shared, and which they were doomed never to share again. Conscience, not a cloudless one, lent bitterness to the certainty of future desolation.

One friar after the other quietly stole from the refectory to his own cell; and when the tapers were brought, the light discovered only the Abbot and his friend, still seated at the upper end of the long table. Silence was broken by the superior, who took the hand of his more aged companion in his own. "Mine ancient friend," he said, "we are fallen on evil times; and the cup of bitterness, that was spared in our youth and manhood, is reserved for our latest hours. It was not thus at Tavistock, when many years since it welcomed me.

"Alan," said the Abbot, with a sudden burst of emotion, while his hand trembled and his large gray eye waxed bright, "as the parent thinks of the lost and only child, so does the memory of those days cleave to me. My abbey, shrouded in its deep rich woods—you have seen it, Alan: you have sat with me in the shadow of its gardens; were they not lovely and well ordered? no voice of an enemy came nigh; and I thought that when my race was run, my bones were to rest there. Oh! that they rested there now! that the earth I loved covered them!"

"It was a cruel stroke, my brother; yet the memory of a long and cloudless career can give rich consolation."

"Not for myself only do I mourn," said the old man with increasing emotion, "but for my poor, my unoffending brethren: they were to me as a family, Alan, in that beloved heritage of Tavistock; they loved me as a parent. Even the stern examiners, who sought it eagerly, could discover no disorders, no crying iniquities, among them. They were turned forth rudely: they prayed for pity, but there was none; they looked to me for

protection, and gathered round me, the old and the young, with cries and tears, for they trembled to face a friendless world. I lifted my hands and voice, and knelt to the hard and pitiless men,—for nobles were among them,—and besought them, by the love of God—by their own hope of eternal mercy, to spare my brethren: to wreak their malice on me—but to spare those who had no other asylum—no other resting-place on earth!"

"And did not the persecutors listen to your prayer?" said his sympathising friend.

"They heard, but pitied not:—they gazed on our desolation as men gaze upon the field whereon their enemy has fallen; and thrust us forth from that home, from which our feet had never wandered, even in our days of pride. We turned and looked back, for earth had nothing so dear to our eyes. The hour is before me now—the still, the holy shades that had been hallowed by the feet of saints! and going slowly on our desolate way, we paused and lingered, as the towers faded slowly from our view, till they were lost, quite lost in the distance. We were still a united band, though misery was our companion; I strove to arm my fainting people with hope, and spoke of brighter days to come. But misfortune soon severs the oldest bonds; in a few days they fell from me like leaves in autumn: they should have strengthened the hands of their Abbot, and cheered his way: but they melted from my side, Alan, as snow-wreaths in the southern blast, save two or three, whose advanced years left them no other hope."

The venerable man clasped his hands firmly together on his breast, whereon his head slowly sank: his lips moved at times, and by the low-mut-

tered sounds it could be discerned that his beloved retirement was present to his view; was again around him—perhaps in its peace and power, ere the hour of spoliation came.

CHAPTER III.

THE day had been cold and windy, and the sky, covered with dark clouds, seemed to reflect its gloomy aspect in the waters, that rolled with short and broken waves on the shore; the evening of the cheerless December's day set in rapidly.

In an apartment that rose high above the outer wall, and looked out on the deep, were seated the two female inmates of the dwelling of Pacorra, the elder intent on the care of adding to the family wardrobe, and the daughter more carelessly engaged in embroidering a tasteful garment for her own use. The occupation of each admitted of an almost uninterrupted converse, which they seldom failed to find more suited to their taste than the long, loud, or various discourse of the neighbouring parties; for the young beauty of the mansion idolized her mother, and few things gave her more heartfelt enjoyment than to be her companion either within the walls or on a distant walk. The room in which they were seated exhibited more comfort in its arrangements than any other in the dwelling. The sides were "celyd," or covered with wainscot, and on the floor was a large piece of carpet, of "Turkye makynge," and which though frequently

seen in the affluent mansions of the period, found its way here probably by the Eastern ships that entered the neighbouring bay. The small "turnyde chairs" were such as were afterwards met with in the poorest houses; and the awndyern, or cobirons on the narrow hearth supported the wood that burned clearly. No mirror hung its graceful length on the walls, which nevertheless were not destitute of adornments; among which was a striking image of Saint Francis, not of marble of Carrara, but of wood, gaudily painted in colours that made the lady sigh sometimes, when she thought of the purer taste and material of her own land. In spite of the saint's vivid outfit, the seller, who was a foreign pedlar and artist, had thrown infinite gravity and sternness into the features, in the idea perhaps that the wild natives of the province required to be frightened, rather than allured by kind and gracious looks. Opposite to this impressive figure was an ornament of a softer and more attractive character; it was a Magdalen in the desert; beautiful amidst the agony of her repentance; and enclosed by rocks and howling wastes in a manner that drew the admiration of the delighted guests. It had been brought by the Italian merchant as a present to his priestly relative, who, having got hold of the more useful chattels, allowed his sister to retain the picture. A small oak table, whose misshapen proportions did little credit to the artist's skill, stood near the window; and many specimens of the exquisite shells found along the shore were placed on it, amidst parts of dresses, both necessary and ornamental.

In this apartment its two inmates were accustomed to spend the greater part of the day; not

always employed alike; for on a shelf on the wall were several volumes, chiefly of foreign literature. The poems of Dante, and even of Ariosto, were there; and many an hour was beguiled while the mother and daughter read alternately the works of that native land, whose language the latter comprehended, though unable to converse in it. From this habit, and the unwearied pains taken by a fond parent, Mary often evinced an elevation of thought and expression quite inconsistent with the manners and refinements of the place and society in which she lived. There was a gulf fixed between the ideas and conversation of most of the young women around, and her own; and this was caused chiefly by the almost total deficiencies of education they laboured under, and the peculiar advantages she possessed. An hour-glass, that stood on the table, had been of late much and anxiously consulted.

"It is a drear scene, my mother, that is now before us," said the younger lady; "the hoarse sounds on the beach, and the shrieks of the birds, forebode a tempest. For hours I have watched that helpless vessel at a distance, that is stripped of all her sails, and drives at the mercy of the blast. It will be a fearful night, and I dread that the wind which blows full on this dangerous coast, sounds the knell of many of the barks we saw this morning striving to gain a port."

"May Saint Francis avert it!" said the other, hastily looking at the image: "our prayers should be offered to him on such a day as this, that he would protect the wanderers on the main;—and they have not always been in vain. You remember the rich Spanish ship that came from the In-

dies,—the New World lately discovered, that they call by that name. She was full, it was said, of gold and silver, and many were the longing glances and grasping hands stretched by the fierce natives for her destruction. Just as her fate seemed nigh, I was on my knees to my patron saint, and at that moment the wind changed, and the vessel bore in an instant proudly away, and held on her course till she was lost in the distance."

"It was a singular event, this, which you have often related to me. Was there not a holy man on board that ship, who had been a missionary to the New World?—I saw him stand on the highest part of the deck, with an aspect of terror, his hands uplifted,—and thought he looked like that figure of St. Peter sinking in the waters, that you have described to me as looking like the living apostle."

"The painting you allude to, my love, is truly a noble one: but how many others equally so are there in every Italian city!—Oh my own land, where the arts are in all their glory, and nature is of perfect beauty! when shall I see thee again?" and the tears gathered as she spoke. "Had you seen the works of Raphael, Mary, the divine expression he has cast on the forms and features of saints and martyrs, and of the blessed Virgin also," devoutly crossing herself, "you would have been willing, like many an Italian woman I have known, to forego the bonds of this world, for some seclusion in that delicious clime, where, on every wall and altar are seen those master-works of genius that was surely inspired."

"No, my mother," answered the girl, in a tone of decision foreign to her usual manner, "these treasures of art, though more than earthly, would

not have charms to induce me to forego the world, its associations, its friendships, the many attachments by which it weaves its silken web round the soul! There are those who have made the sacrifice, and have afterwards perhaps exulted in it; but it is a cold, cold exchange."

"There is emotion, my child, in your words as well as looks, more than the few ties that *here* attach you can prompt. Is there not a deeper cause? Nay, turn not your regard from me; it can detect no frown or harshness on your mother's brow:—she would watch for you and counsel you as a guardian angel, not as a judge. And much, if my suspicions are true, will you need her counsel. You have said that to leave the world for the faith would be too great a sacrifice; I do not doubt it: but wander not, I implore you, into any of the bye-paths that are now spread for the heedless step. You mourn with me the heresy that stalks, like a spirit of darkness, over the land;—beware when it comes with an ensnaring aspect and a silver voice: where the heart yields, not long does the reason delay to follow it."

"I will beware," replied the daughter, in a voice that trembled with emotion; "but do not think that my heart can ever falter in its allegiance to the only faith:—had it been all false and dangerous, as its cruel enemies describe it, the path of my parents should be mine. But I have proved its sweetness: and—Maria! my protectress and friend!" she said, gazing on a small silver image of the Virgin, that hung at her neck, "from my earliest memory thou hast been near my heart: never will it turn from thee, or become cold to thy care and love!"

"Then will you ever be guarded from its delu-

sions; and they are of no common kind: for less hard is it to brave the stake, than to crush the power of a young and ardent affection. Yet when duty and conscience call, it ought to be firmly resisted. I know the object is engaging, and is not without worth and honour;—but has he not fallen, Mary, into the fatal errors of the times? And if he wanders to the desert of heresy, she that loves must follow him there, and dream not of his return, for men say his character is decided and unbending: and to reclaim him!—the ivy that clings to the oak gives loveliness to its branches, but impairs not its firm and rugged nature."

"Decide not so hastily, I entreat you," said her companion, confused and hesitating. "It is but little, very little, I know of the youth of whom you speak. He has cherished, it is true, some of the sentiments of the Reformers, who have taken pains to instil them into his mind. But I will not believe that they have taken strong root there. But how the storm rages!" she added, anxious to divert the conversation; "the bark too, that has kept all day her course in the distance, comes fast towards the shore; the clouds are driven through the sky as rapidly as the waves along the deep; and the lightning flashes from their dark bosoms on the face of the precipice. Maria! that watches over the forsaken, have pity on the mariners, who seem to long for, yet shrink from, the shore they are approaching. And look! how the billows rush on the rocks on each side the walls! their foam rises on the green bank above, and their noise is like the yell of the lion for his prey."

"Alas! there is no place of safety," said the elder lady, gazing on the fearful spectacle, "on the

coast; no harbour to fly to for shelter; and the rugged beach forbids all approach. But let us go down to the hall, our chamber is too exposed to the violence of the storm; and your father and brothers are by this time returned from the hills that look far to seaward on every side."

They descended the narrow stone staircase, that seemed to rock with the fury of the winds; and entering the hall, found the rest of the family assembled there, drying their wet garments before a large fire.

"Human aid can do nothing for them," said the loud voice of the sire; "'tis a strong southerly wind, hard in-shore, and no boat can live. Since I was a boy, never was I out in a worse night: the tide has broken in upon Pacurno valley, and five of my best sheep are missing; and the stone wall built for the luth (shelter) for them, is most of it blown down."

"Perhaps," said one son, "she may be a French ship, like the one that came ashore two years ago, with a cargo of wine from Bordeaux, when we picked up so many casks of claret, that you praised so much, father. I thought I saw them throw some overboard from the top of Tol-y-pedn, just now: with this wind they'll drive all snug upon the sand."

"And the poor wretches on board," said the elder of the hopeful heirs of the mansion, who partook of his mother's milder temper, and had been destined to the Church, "they'll perish without absolution; it may be they are Reformers, to whom it would be of little avail. Alas! if so, the storm itself is less fearful than their state!"

"A few hours will determine: in the mean time,

let 's have supper; meal time stays for no man: fair weather or foul, one must eat; and as you have spoken of claret, Richard, and the driving rain on the hill has given me a thorough chill, let 's have a flagon, and let the toast be, 'Safety to the poor bark that drives without hope on land or deep!' for life is dear to every man, heretic or not. Would that King Harry were for one hour between her planks! he would learn to spare the keen axe and fagot a little oftener." And the rude and good-natured Squire, whose discourse was mingled with provincialisms, which would here be unintelligible, sat down hastily and anxiously to the repast, listening at intervals for new sounds in every pause of the blast. And he waited not long, ere voices came mingled from without, faintly at first, but gradually growing more distinct and strong, till they prevailed above every other sound: they seemed to be at once of distress, of triumph, and of misery.

The family rose from table, and instantly rushed into the open air: the two females felt the wild excitement of the scene, even amidst the soft promptings of humanity. The strength of the infant was here as mighty to aid as the giant's hand: the unfortunate ship was urged close to the shore one moment, and hurled back with fiercer impulse the next; and ever as they drew near, the numerous crew uttered the most moving appeals for help: but among the crowds of spectators with which the adjacent rocks were covered, no eye pitied them, no heart prayed for their safety. At the repeated commands of the elder Trastere, a rope was thrown towards the ship, but it was a mere mockery of aid. As the struggle of the frail bark approached its close, those who looked on drew nigher to the

wave, some even rushed into it, and there stood in extreme peril, in order to be the first at the spoil. Most of them were armed with some weapon of offence, hatchet or club; even old men tottering with years were there, and the days of their youth seemed to come back again as they watched eagerly for the coming wreck, their long gray locks driving in the wind, and their withered hands clenching a weapon. The wretched sailors rent their hair and beat their breasts in despair at this scene; for well they knew the character of the coast. They still stretched out their hands to the merciless natives, who heeded them not, but bent their eyes fiercely on the expected prey, and uttered ferocious cries of joy whenever the surge bore it near them. "Can men's hearts be thus cruel," exclaimed Mary, struck with horror at the scene, "and wish the destruction of those that the very elements, fierce as they are, would spare?"

As she spoke, the fate of the vessel was decided: it dashed on the rocks, and in a few moments the sea was covered with masts, broken planks and floating merchandise, amidst which were discerned at intervals the wretched mariners struggling to avoid their fate. Several reached the shore, and the flashes of lightning discovered more than one arm raised to crush the feeble life that the waves had spared: those who were well-dressed, or had any thing valuable on their person, had no chance of escape; of the common sailors, some struggled unnoticed to land. One man, who appeared to have been a passenger, had striven hard against so cruel a death, and, exhausted with effort, stretched out his hand to a peasant, at the same moment that he sank senseless at his feet at the

water's edge. The hand was grasped by the native, but not to save, and his uplifted club was arrested at the critical moment by the strong grasp of the elder Trastere. "Villain!" cried he, "would you kill a defenceless man?"

"Is it you, Squire," said the other, enraged at the interference; "who gave you a right to take the wreck from atween my teeth? the chain of gould too, hanged to his neck, and the cross; 'twould ha' been the best night's work I shall ever cast eyes on: and the man 's dead, and all about un goes to the finder"—still clinging to his prey. "He is not dead," said the rescuer; "so lift him instantly from the water, and help to bear him to the house, or you shall taste before morning of the cell below ground; 'tis not the first time your cruel deeds have deserved it."

With many a suppressed curse and murmur, the wrecker reluctantly obeyed, and the stranger was soon safely placed in the hall, where the speedy exertions of those around ere long restored his senses. He looked wildly for some moments about him. "You are in kind hands, my good father," said his host, who perceived by his garb that he was a priest, "and out of all danger; so, be composed, and cheer your spirits."

The stranger crossed himself earnestly, murmured some indistinct words of thanksgiving, and accepted the entreaties of his host to take refreshment, to recruit his languid strength. "It is the sound of the waves," said the lady of the house, who observed his still alarmed look; "and the voices of the servants without, who are busied in saving some of the articles driven on the beach."

"I am glad that it is so," he replied; "but my

mind still wanders: methought I heard the shouts of those wretches, more cruel than the howling of wolves: never will their sound leave my ears; but they are the faces and forms of friends that I now see."

The board was again hospitably spread, on his account, and he soon got the better of his terrors; his pallid features glowing with returning animation and health. He appeared to be youthful, and his dark hair, steeped in the wave, hung long and loosely on his shoulders, in the fashion of the times, which many even of the priesthood followed.

This man had been a friar of the monastery of Carthusians of the Charter House, that had been entirely suppressed and despoiled. The fraternity were all either expelled or doomed to a worse fate; the latter of which he had avoided by a timely retreat. Yet he knew not what to do, he said, not being a native of the land; having come from the north of Italy a few years before, induced by motives of piety to quit the world. His dark features glowed with indignant feeling as he told how, in his friendlessness, he had applied to the mansions of some whom he had known staunch friends of the faith, and guests of the monastery; and had been received with coolness or contempt, or repulsed from the door, even by menials. He had found, by good fortune, a vessel of his own country bound homeward, and embraced with joy the occasion of returning thither, where the sword of heresy neither wasted nor destroyed.

As night was now far advanced, it was proposed that the household should retire to rest, and the shipwrecked man soon lost in refreshing slumbers the memory of the perils from which he had been

rescued. When he arose next day, and met the family in the hall at their morning meal, the sun shone brilliantly, and the heavens were clear: but the terrors of the night were still visible on the beach, whereon the fragments of the ship were thickly strewed, together with many portions of the cargo, the most valuable part of which, however, had been conveyed to the cottages of the peasants during the night. The break of day still found many of these unwearied in their search, grasping in jealousy of each other at what the surge momently threw up, even amidst the bodies of the foreign sailors that lay on the sand, stripped of every article of dress worth taking.

The young monk was soon aware he had abundant cause to be satisfied with his present situation. The hospitality he received was not momentary; his destitute estate, and sympathy for the cause in which he suffered, as well as his sacred calling, procured him a pressing invitation to reside at the mansion till fortune should open a more favourable path, or an occasion present itself of return to his own land. Had he been an Irish or English priest, he had perhaps found his stay less pleasing; but to be a fellow-countryman from the same loved shore where the lady of the dwelling drew her breath, and who was well skilled to converse also of its many attractions, was a recommendation more potent than any other.

Many an hour flitted by that broke delightfully on the sameness of the life at Pacorra, in reviving old and fond recollections of scenes long since left by its mistress—of the churches, palaces, carnivals, and enchanting gayeties that had been dear to her youth. The guest was a well-educated man, in a

superior degree to most of the priesthood of the country wherein he now resided. Indeed it was evident, from the knowledge he possessed of the world, that his days had not always been passed in a cloister; in his air and manner there was less of the devoted recluse than of one who had drunk deep of the cup of pleasure, and still remembered the sweetness of the draught.

In truth, he had given an impartial detail neither of himself nor his past life, on the night of his being saved from perishing,—except so far that he had quitted Italy to enter the monastery, from which, with the rest of his brethren, he had been driven. But the cause that led him to embrace the monastic life he had not told. He was a native of Florence; had wasted much of his patrimony on his pleasures in various parts of the kingdom; and one night, excited by wine and a fierce dispute with a companion to whom he had lost a larger sum at gaming than he could well afford, had taken the not unusual revenge of his country, and with a blow of his stiletto had slain his adversary. He was too new in crime not to feel the liveliest remorse for this deed. He resolved to quit his native scene for a distant one, to pass over to England, and devote himself to the cloister, in the hope that his conscience would be calmed, and his rash act atoned for in silence and penance.

Several years had thus passed, but long ere their termination he repented the hasty step he had taken. It was consequently with more satisfaction than regret that he saw the progress of the Reformation, and the downfal of his own as well as of other retreats. He had determined, on his arrival in Italy, to throw off the garb as well as habits of a recluse,

and enter again the scenes he had lived in, where no one knew of his past vows. His expressive features, that had worn by constraint the humble and penitent look, grew bright with joy when he dwelt on the attractions from which he had been so long estranged. The deed that had exiled him, though not forgotten, came with less pain to memory; and the penance he had achieved he deemed more than half an atonement.

In the hospitable family with whom he now resided, he felt constrained, however, to support the sacredness of his character; and this fell the more bitterly on his feelings, as he saw and met every day, in the daughter, a being who reminded him of the most fascinating females of his own land, while he found himself obliged to conceal every feeling of admiration, and to repress its faintest expression. It was doubly mortifying too, that he was compelled to dwell on objects and avocations connected with his own profession, (to which the conversation was often turned,) at the very time when the words of eulogy and perhaps of tenderness trembled on his tongue,—and to recount the excellent deeds of one good father of his convent, or the more surprising miracles of another, when these were wormwood and gall to his spirit. Traditions too, however old and long; strange legends, so peculiarly acceptable to the female ears of the day, he was called on to relate, and to tax his memory to its utmost extent. Some young men would have exulted in the deep attention of the auditors, have put forth all their eloquence to portray the characters of self-denying abbots, all their fancy to bring vividly to view the exquisite unction of some martyr's words—but not so Paolo.

The conversation of his host was even sometimes a relief from these thoughts; for Trustere had many things to ask at times respecting the Southern country, over every part of which the steps of his guest had wandered. In his social moments he loved to listen to the latter's descriptions (which were given with zest) of his travels, the sulphureous lake, the burning mountain, and the sad territory whose stifling air brings death upon its wings, yet which shepherds and their flocks still haunt, where dwellings are seen to rise at long and lonely intervals: all passed in review. The latter theme,—with details of rich pastures, and hills luxuriant to the very top with herbage or vines,—pleased the friendly listener more than discussions on temples and antiquities; and often he broke in with expressions of admiration of so fair a land. He would then himself take up the converse, and enlarge on the resources of his own sterile province, which he loved, however, from his soul. Of the tin mines, to receive whose produce the Phœnicians came into the country several hundred years before Christ, and carried back such an account of the refinement of the natives, as rendered them famous through the East. Thus Diodorus writes, (for the Squire appealed from the Dean of St. Burien's information to antiquity:) "'These Britons who live near the promontory Belerium, (the Land's End,) live in a very hospitable and polite manner, which is owing to their intercourse with foreign merchants. They prepare with much dexterity the metals which their country produces.' Thus," said the narrator, "while the rest of Britain was sunk in barbarism and ignorance, Cornwall (and particularly the western part, where the mines are situated,) was

remarked for its refinement and polite manners, insomuch that historians dwell upon its praise." (His companion thought differently perhaps, though he did not care to express his dissent.) "There were certain mines, whose treasures lay beneath the sea, whence some were daring enough to gather them; and in various forms they were to be met with in the farthest climes of the globe. Do you meet with vessels, utensils, or even weapons of war, —of lead, tin, copper, or brass, in the remotest lands, and remark how eagerly the nations seek after and prize them? They all come, friar, from the bleak hills and shores you see around. Which, then, is better? a lovely land, like yours, that carries all its good upon the surface, or a dreary one, such as ours, that 's like another India under ground?" As the theme opened on his view, the Squire's imagination warmed into enthusiasm, till scarcely a spot upon earth appeared so illustrious as his native province.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sabbath morning was a bright and cheerful one, on which the usual large assemblage of people was gathered together near the church of St. Madern, of great antiquity. It has been contended that a virgin was the patroness of this church; that she was buried at Minster; and that many miracles were performed at her grave. A learned commentator, however, is satisfied that it was St. Motran, "who was one of the large company that did come from Ireland with St. Beriana, and he was slain at the mouth of the Hayle: the body was begged, and afterwards buried here." Near by was the miraculous well of St. Madern, over which a chapel* was built, so sacred was it held. It stood at no great distance on the moor, and the soil around it was black and boggy, mingled with a gray moorstone. Not the loftily perched chapel erected by the Greek pilgrims on the top of Mount Sinai, was ever regarded with more veneration than this lonely well and shrine upon the moor. No one of either sex, young or old, profligate or sober, ever passed even within the most distant view thereof, without devoutly crossing themselves. The newly discovered Indies scarcely gave rise to more numerous vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, of sanguine hope;

* This chapel was destroyed by the fanaticism of Major Cecly, in the days of Cromwell.

cruel suspense, and defeated expectation, than did this celebrated spring. It could not indeed well be otherwise, since scarcely a gay and light-haired girl, thriving farmer, ancient beldame, or roaring squire, passed a year or even a month of their lives without coming to consult the infallible properties of this thrice-blessed water. The votaries bent awfully and tremblingly over its sedgy bank, and gazed on its clear bosom for a few moments ere they proved the fatal ordeal; then an imploring look was cast towards the figure of St. Motran; many a crossing was repeated, and at last the pin or pebble held aloof was dropped into the depth beneath. Often did the rustic beauty fix her eye intently on the bubbles that rose, and broke, and disappeared; for in that moment the lover was lost, or the faithful husband gained. It was only on particular days however, according to the increase or decrease of the moon, that the hidden virtues of the well were consulted.

The appearance of the assembly that now stood on the moor was rude and various, consisting chiefly of the peasantry, among whom came some of the affluent landholders, "few and far between" however, for they had begun to feel the influence of the times. The congregation, that awaited only the arrival of the priest, though little diminished in number, was by no means so unanimous in sentiment as formerly, when one deep feeling of veneration and awe animated the whole. Some were on their knees to a few rude images over the door of entrance, or in the niches of the walls; while others of the rustics, affected in some degree by the tide of unbelief and incredulity that had found its way even into their minds, stood with a wavering

and doubtful look, or indulged in a stupid smile. The old women wore an air of pious wonder mingled with horror, at several of the expressions that fell from a few by-standers; and expressed their feelings with no little vehemence in their own provincial and expressive tongue.

"Who said," exclaimed a beldame with sparkling eyes, her skinny finger lifted to a level with her long gray hair, that floated with her agitation, like a streamer in the wind: "who said that the blessed look of St. Agnes could be burnt with fire, like senful things? or that the dear figure of St. Motran had left off to nod his gracious head; or by token that he wudden forgit the offerin'? and Maddern Well too," raising her voice to the highest pitch, "that I ha' ken'd to cure the dead palsy, and bring a kindly husband and sweet bairn to my only dafter,—who says the vartue is clean gone?"

"I did!" said a short round farmer, in a broken voice, while the tear stood ready to roll down his great cheeks: "you know the black mare, An Catran, that I was offered thirty nobles for,—she fell deadly sick, so I goes to the Well, just in the night o' full moon, and drops in my old father's gould ring, that he died with upon his finger; and the Well bubbled three times, and I was sure of the mare, and Friar Tummas said nothing could reseest gould. But before I comed with a light heart to my own door-stane, my wife called out the mare was dead, and I see'd the ring upon Friar Tummas's finger as he held up St. Marget's apron for us to kiss."

"Gaffer Trewren," said his antagonist hastily, "'twas because you hadn't got faith in the precious water; and dare ye turn to the blind heresy for the

sanke of a ring?—ye'll be bound yerself, where none can loosen ye, but not with a gouldeu ring; with something sharper and harder, that the fire ye'll be in won't melt, ye faithless man! And will ye moan for your black mare then, or for yourself?"

It should seem for the latter, as the complainant turned very pale at the fearful menace, and forgot both his losses for the moment in his terror, as he muttered, "Me turn from the ould way!—no, no, better be a Roman and loose chattels and all, than loose my own self." At this moment he was crossed and jeered by the schoolmaster of the village, a self-opiniated wight, who, with a small circle around him, had been haranguing in favour of the new opinions; and it should seem, from the perplexed looks of several of the auditors, not wholly without effect. Suiting the action to the word, and with his long arm waving in the air, he had been demonstrating that images of wood and stone could neither hear the prayers, nor perceive the distresses, of those who called on them:—in fine, that the saints were some of them no better than they should be, and that the priests (here he lowered his voice and looked cautiously behind) were drones who lived upon the poor and industrious. To his avocation of teacher to the urchins of the village, this man added that of cicerone to the holy places and antiquities of the neighbourhood, both to strangers and pilgrims; and had thus fallen into the company and converse of some who had come from other provinces, that had been the hot-bed of the Reformation; in communing with whom, he had eagerly drunk of the cup of heresy; and over one or two books, which they had left with him,

(works of the reformers,) he had pored, night and day, till he had actually made every argument and dogma his own. Here was a field worthy the new convert's ambition: from advancing his novel principles at the public-house to a staring company, over muddy ale, he began to spread them from dwelling to dwelling. With spare features, eye perpetually wandering, nose and chin alike sharp and aquiline, and a lathy form that seemed food for the northern blast, the zealous but apostate guide sped over hill and wild, glorying in his doctrines. Twice was he waylaid by the friars of St. Buriens, and only escaped through extreme swiftness of foot. Now, emboldened by the near approach of the party whose disciple he boasted to be, he took his stand every Sabbath on the moor, with an unbelieving gaze and a hard scornful smile that never left his lips. Often did his stealthy footstep draw near the cottage on the rude common by night, and, seated by the dull turf fire, while the wind whistled shrill without, his voice was heard yet shriller, while he urged his bold sentiments; thence driven forth, sometimes with blows and curses, he retook his way in darkness and sadness.

The effect which a restless being of this kind may produce in an ignorant and credulous district, can hardly be measured:—suffice it to say, many was the tranquil mind he unhinged and troubled. Seldom, however, had he gone so far as on the present morning; no doubt the news of the speedy downfal of the chapels had fired his zeal, and in the fulness of his heart he was met by Catran, the champion of falling Catholicism. She had always treated him with sovereign contempt, and now fixed her eye upon him with a keen malicious expression;

"D'ye think, Atty White, ye 're larning the bairns in your dark roome at home, that ye wauve your shrevelled hand in the wind, like the thestle on Carnlye? And ye mak' it a light thing to mislaid sowls! I ha' seen yere starved body and hungry sneering look in the wind, the rain, and the darkness, skim the heath and the hill, like houns after a haare:—and what for, ye mallin! what for?—to guide others to the pit; but your time is not long, Atty White,—your hour is nigh;—I ha' seen your mother!" whispered she in a soleman tone.

The ancient speaker, who in her poor circle might have been pronounced a keen observer of human nature, knew her man, whose look of pride faltered beneath her own; and in a tone that evidently quavered, he asked what she meant?

"'Tis three nights agone, I was crooning by the well-side in the bright moonlight, to span if my dafter's bairn shuld git past his ailins, when I saw yere mother, man, that was mine own crony,—but not bye the gray stone, or the greene moss:—bye her own grave she stoode, with a fierce look and a warnin' hand, and shook her gray hairs as if hope was ower. And ken ye why, you wretch?—the aunciente cross—the bleesede cross was torne by your own hands from her grave, and ye brake it. 'Where is the cross?' she cried, 'that covered my bones?' and the long deep cry went up Carnlye syde, and I saw the well rise and girgle above the banks;—and she looked to the sky, and then to the yerth, and said—'My sonne, my own sonne's deed!' and she fleed from the grave like the wind, and her voice cam' back upon the moor. 'All is ower!—all is ower!' 'Twas for you, ye postate! for she 's safe and comfortable with St. Motran."

So was not the unhappy Whyte, who staggered beneath the blow. The firm belief held by every one in these appearances, took from him the power of offering a single doubt or retort. He trembled violently: his long arms sank powerless to his side; his aspect took a mixture of extreme terror, struggling with vanity; and at last, with a long yet faint step, he sought shelter amidst the crowd. His antagonist gazed after him with an exulting laugh, and then entered the church.

In one part of the edifice a kneeling and admiring group was gathered, by whom many a pitying tear was shed, and many a sigh heaved; maids, wives, and widows, moved by one common sympathy, joined in the united wail of sorrow. The priest, who was to officiate that day, to quicken the fading faith of his people, had hung up a painting of St. Bartholomew, just flayed alive, and holding his skin in his hand. The performance was rude, it is true, and might be called, "a sad daub;" yet, to the unpractised eye of the gazers, there was infinite force of expression in the rueful figure and features of the sufferer. It had the rare claim of originality, also, in a territory where a gallery of pictures as yet formed no part of a grandee's establishment; and many and moving were the gestures, words, and motions. On some it had all the power of fascination: these stood rivetted to the spot with staring eyes and open mouths, without being able to utter a sound to evince their surprise and delight. The sanguine hopes of the good father were fully accomplished.

Just as service was about to commence, two strangers drew near the scattered fragments of the crowd which yet remained without. One was an elderly man, of a staid but not contented expres-

sion of countenance; he was attended by a youthful companion, who, from the strong resemblance, appeared to be his son. They were each clad in what was called, by the French writers, a *chape-à-pluie*,—a large cloak or mantle thrown over the usual dress, and open in front: and in the moist clime, at this season, few things could be more indispensable. The rather high cloth bonnet of the younger was lined with velvet, from beneath which his hair, worn, after the fashion of the time, extremely long, fell over his face and eyes, so as partly to obscure their expression. His doublet was of cloth; while the hose that were worn not far below the knee, and the short boot, showed to advantage his well-made but not masculine form. They entered the chapel immediately, and, turning aside from the more busy part of the assembly, addressed themselves to their devotions. It was of the father however, alone, this could truly be said: he knelt and crossed himself devoutly to several of the saints who were ranged along the walls, and especially to St. Francis, who was represented rudely enough in a mountain cavern, absorbed in the celebrated rapture that all his followers hold as an article of their faith. The son looked more unconcerned about him, and seemed rather intent on the curious groups dispersed in the area of the chapel. When at last the service was finished, the two strangers went on their way, scarcely exchanging a salute with any one present. Walking at a quick pace over the common, and up the long hill to which it conducted, they were soon lost to the view.

Although courted by few, there was not one of the motley congregation of that day,—not even the

few rich lairds of the northern coast, or the proprietors of the mines in the vicinity,—whose lot might compare in interest with that of these strangers. It is true, they were often regarded with a respect that their present condition did not seem of itself to command, and which was rather extorted by the former career of the elder. After walking several miles along an open and almost pathless country, they turned to the left, and entered an extensive wood that filled the whole of a spacious level tract, or bottom, as it was called, to which the low eminences on each side sloped gently down, about a mile to the east of the village of St. Just. Their habitation was in the middle of this space: a less desirable place of residence could scarcely be conceived: the soil was rendered damp and unwholesome by two or three small streams that ran amidst the wood, and there was not one kindly object within view. Above the trees appeared, on each side, dreary wilds that stretched along the higher grounds, and the naked hills of Karnidjeck and Bosavern rose conspicuous. To term the retreat a solitude was to belie it, for the rude voices and uncouth songs of the peasants sounded from the high road at frequent intervals; and in the more immediate precincts of this recluse home, the miners had begun to deface the luxuriance of nature—for beauty it could not be called, and to make the shaded spot as sterile as the tracks that overlooked it. The beds of the streams that ran through this enclosure were rich in tin, and, to facilitate the obtaining it, they enlarged the channels of the waters, diverted them at times to the right and left, and cut down many of the trees that impeded their operations; a sacrilege that could scarcely be par-

doned in so unclothed a land. The rivulets were thus spread over much of the soil; which they so moistened, that in the course of years the ancient trees were sapped and prostrated, so as not to leave a vestige of their existence: save that when any chance labourer now invades the almost useless land, he quickly comes to the ancient tenants, deeply imbedded in the soil over which they once spread their shadow.

The occupier of this unenviable place was a Devonshire gentleman of good family, who had been deeply engaged in the last insurrection in favour of the Pretender Perkin Warbeck's right to the crown; and on the total defeat of that attempt, while most of the ringleaders (among whom were many of his friends) were executed at Taunton, he had fled for safety with his only son, then a child, into the west of Cornwall, where he had dwelt for many years. After the accession of the present monarch, he might have returned with impunity to his native place, but he had grown accustomed to his solitary life; the greater part of his property had been sequestered, and he resolved to remain in the retreat in which he had so long dwelt. The son was now twenty-four years of age, and the father began to feel that every onward step he took grew frailer and feebler; yet the prejudices of his earlier days became more rooted as life advanced: to his dislike of the reigning monarch (to dethrone whose father he had sacrificed fortune and all the luxuries it brings) was added a hatred of the Reformation that was fast covering the land. The Catholic faith was to him as the apple of his eye: and if any judgment might be formed from the general tone of his conversation, the overthrow of

the ancient hierarchy sank deeper into the heart of Mr. Maldon than the loss of home and affluence, or the destruction of his plans of ambition.

The decline of his life had one bitter draught that he had not looked for: the apostacy, as he termed it, of his only son; who had, by means that baffled his conception, imbibed a portion of the heretical sentiments of the day. In so secluded a situation, mingling so little in society, and every work that savoured of the new doctrines kept, like the pestilence, at a fearful distance, the father had believed that his child drank at the same fountains with himself: he had knelt for years before the same altar, adored the same favourite saints, joined his prayers to those of the priests for the souls of his departed mother, sisters, and friends slain in a just cause; and now the old man saw with anguish that he was wandering from the fold. But the youth had judged for himself: he had by chance perused some of Luther's writings, and had conversed with more than one intelligent as well as zealous Reformer.

The two inmates entered their dwelling, that could boast of few luxuries. The damp floors of both parlour and kitchen were covered with sand, in fault of a softer material: a noble wood-fire blazed, however, in the former, beside which they sat down and took a frugal meal, prepared by the only domestic. The repast finished, some time was spent in silence, which was first broken by the elder.

"A goodly assemblage to the mass this morning, William—thanks to St. Nicholas! the faith of our fathers is still honoured in the land, driven as it is from cities and courts to these hills and wastes.

Yet here, too, will these vile Reformists set their destroying footsteps: what corner, what rock, forest, or cavern is there, which the blood-hounds of heresy have not scented out, thirsting for their prey? Have the wilds of Cumberland, or the heaths of Scotland, been spared? Here also, to the very bounds of the land, they are advancing: and their cries of spoil and havoc already come down the wind. Shall God's shrines fall thus before the touch of rude, rapacious laymen; their precious relics be scattered, and many a holy image defiled,—broken to pieces, if it be gold or silver,—or trampled in the dust, if wood or stone?"

"The means these men have taken to redress the religion of the country cannot be palliated," said the son calmly; "ancient feelings and sentiments are too rudely assailed; and the eventual success of their measures is doubtful."

"Success!" replied the other, with increasing energy; "can they indeed hope for it? Do they think to make their new faith flame forth from the ashes of the old? those still burn secretly and fiercely, and can never be consumed! Is there a dwelling or a hovel in the land that does not contain some spirit that weeps for the desolation of the Church? Yet better is it to look at the noble abbeys given to the torch, their halls unroofed and blackened by the flame, than to feel that desolation of the heart that is the lot of him who has forsaken the faith of his fathers, and knows not where to seek nor what to believe! I have heard the heartless laugh and the fierce threat of many of the Reformers over the very shrines at which they had not long before kneeled, and have marked their unsettled look and the secret trembling at each new

mandate of the King, that he has bade them believe, on pain of death—till belief became mockery! Not into my heart, and oh! St. Francis, grant! not into my household come these snares! What comfort have I felt for years in praying and having masses offered up for your mother; for my Catherine, who died while the rich glow of youth was on her! These are illusions, saith the new decree, for there is no purgatorial fire to cleanse the soul: —not that she tarried long there; such was the odour of her life, that the Prior would have canonized her, had she died out of the nuptial bond. Even now, I implore her intercession oftener than my patron is perhaps pleased with."

"But my mother, you have often told me, was a devout woman, and delighted in deeds of charity and mercy: no heresy can affect."

"Say not so, young man! Admit doubt on one article of your faith, and soon its whole fabric will be broken up. Remember the words of Bishop Fisher, when he warned the Lords of the dangerous power they were placing in the King's hands: 'you give a handle to the axe of the King, on the pretence of his levelling one tree, but soon the whole forest will fall beneath its blows,—even all the cedars of Lebanon." And my confidence in the protection of my guardian saint—that too, the new tenets would say, is illusion; but they blaspheme! Did he not save my life in the battle of Blackheath, when the body of gallant Cornish, with whom I marched to redress their wrongs, were attacked by the father of the present evil monarch? (Perish the race of Tudor!) The Lord D'Aubeny, breaking into our ranks, was made prisoner by my hand: in the second onset he was

rescued by his men, who, enraged at the desperate resistance opposed, attacked me in numbers; and, when falling beneath their blows, I called on his name, clasped his image to my heart with one hand, and still struck with my sword in the other: and, though severely wounded, my life was saved from their rage then, and from the axe of the executioner afterward."

"Was it not rather a higher power that intervened?" said the youth hesitatingly, "before whom saints and martyrs are but frail creatures of the dust, and may not claim glory to themselves, or be soothed with our homage and praises, that can add little to their happiness."

"And this from you, William!" exclaimed the parent, in a tone of bitter emotion: "strikes the blow there? It is, then, as I have long suspected; —but where and how, unhappy boy! have you drunk of the fountain of heresy? Have you read the writings of the proud and deluded Luther, that spirit of darkness? There was a time when I would rather have seen you lie dead at my feet, than that you should listen to that serpent's voice: —But not now! solitude and suffering have made us too dear to each other!" The old man proceeded, as if to himself:—"He, my only son,—the image of my lost Catherine—and earth has no other remembrance of her! but must he bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?" And he covered his face with his hands, and shed tears of unrepressed grief.

The other could not see this without being deeply moved; he repented that he had uttered a single expression to wound the heart of his only friend, and vowed internally that his lips should

henceforth be sealed on the dangerous subject. He clasped the hand of his parent, and entreated forgiveness; the other gazed at him for a moment, and then said, "Can there be a brighter faith, my son, than that in which your mother died? and would you choose another path than her's, or than that in which my feet are hastening to meet her?"

This was an irresistible appeal, and the youth felt it to be so:—he sighed deeply, turned from his father's look, and abruptly quitted the apartment.

The evening was mild and clear, as young Maldon walked slowly on: the smoke of the cottage rose in an unbroken column above the bare and leafless trees, and the bell of the chapel of the village of St. Just, at a short distance above, announced the last service, for it was a festival day. The mind of the young man, strong and penetrating as it naturally was, was agitated by contending thoughts. He could not stifle the doubts that he had long cherished respecting the faith of his father, or blind his eyes to the flagrant idolatry inevitably connected with it; yet he reproached himself for grieving him. Happily for the predominance of his new faith, his other parent had died before he had known her affection: for what can resist the memory of a mother's love, or of her parting, warning, or benediction? His conscience called him to embrace sentiments that cast scorn on those of the authors of his being, and on the path they had trodden,—was it really one of error and danger?—this was a question he shrank from answering; and felt all the uncertainty and painful emotions of a mind decided on abandoning the religion it has been taught to consider the most excellent, and launching into a sea of new hopes,

thoughts, and researches, where it scarcely knows yet what rocks to avoid, or what gale to confide in. "Still there are recompenses, and rich ones too," he said, "to be gathered. The confident assurances of Luther, and the sweet persuasions of Melancthon, cannot both be false. No! my feet shall not turn back; the doubts and fears that yet harass me will soon give way to greater light and comfort: it is a bright though an arduous path; and like that which lured the Paladins to fight for the Cross, the obstacles are many, but the meed will be high!" and the enthusiasm of his thoughts gave to his youthful countenance an eloquent and animated expression.

Daylight had faded while Maldon indulged in these musings; and passing along the downs on which the wood issued, he soon found himself the only passenger there. They presented at this hour a singular scene. The side of the hill, that rose with a long and gentle acclivity on his right, possessed a scattered population, though few dwellings immediately struck the eye; and loud and mingled voices were heard. There were many low and wretched hovels built partly against the rocks or in hollows of the ground, for greater shelter; and some, excavated out of the banks, were divided into two or three subterraneous apartments, where these men, who were miners, and their families lodged. The smoke curled out of these miserable abodes, and the lights glanced from crag and bank, and glared from beneath on the barren soil they occupied, while tones of merriment seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth. The deep shafts dug in search of the ore were scattered over the waste, and in some parts stood close to the dwellings, ren-

dering a nightly ramble dangerous to a stranger's foot. These people, little removed in mind or manners from the beasts of the field, were contented with their hard lot, and bore the extreme of toil and poverty cheerfully. On two or three mounds apart, were fixed large stone crosses—and a wooden image of the Virgin, nearly as large as life, of the coarsest workmanship, standing on a lofty rock; nor did a miner ever descend to his employ without first raising his eyes devoutly toward it, and invoking, with many crosses, its protection. The machinery for working these mines was not yet brought to the perfection which it afterwards attained, and the manual labour was of consequence far more severe. A large slouched hat, coarse woollen dress, naked legs and feet, and uncombed beard, composed the personal appearance, but little inviting, of the rude miners of the district. In a life of such speculation, however, neither the saints nor the priesthood were allowed to be without employ; of the former, St. Keby, (son of Solomon, king of Cornwall,) and St. Blaze, held the chief place; and not a day passed but vows were made, and offerings promised, in case the adventure then in hand should terminate successfully.

As he drew near the sea, Maldon saw beneath him a singular scene:—Far down the side of a shelving cliff, where the surface had either fallen, or been broken up, a body of miners were at work. A vein of copper had been discovered here, some weeks before, by the brilliant or ruddy colour of the cliff, and the gossan, or ochrous stone observed, had been considered "highly promising;" a phrase applied alike to the faintest or most flattering appearances. Some, more enterprising than the rest,

had resolved to prosecute the discovery, had descended, by dint of ropes and narrow-ladders, to the spot, and were now busily employed. They were several hundred feet above the surface of the sea, which rolled hoarsely on the black and hollow rocks beneath, whereupon a false step, or the breaking of a rope, would have precipitated the adventurer. The lights which they held in their hands, or fixed amidst the stunted shrubs, rendered each form and movement perfectly distinct, while the obscurity of a cloudy and starless night was upon every object. Their voices rang amidst the surrounding echoes, and were mingled with a loud and sudden splash, in the wave below, of the masses of earth and stone detached by their blows, as they proceeded with their adit or excavation. At intervals, one of the party was seen to detach himself, and ascend the shelving ladder with a noiseless step, his light glancing like a meteor up the face of the ascent. The hope of gain softened, and perhaps entirely concealed, the danger of the operation; for more than one of the short ladders, which were tied together by cords, were old and frail, and several of the steps wanting; but use had rendered the miners careless of these things, and a cry of joy and impatience, now and then heard, proved that the adventure did not disappoint their hopes. In such an hour and scene, these poor men, like the statesman at his midnight reverie, or the merchant at his wasting taper, saw riches, or a higher step in the career of life, opening in fancy before them. The youth gazed at their proceedings with interest for some time, and then passed down the declivity that led to his quiet home.

CHAPTER V.

THE following day drew these two retired beings to a busier and more cheerful scene. Though Mr. Maldon rarely joined the society or the board of the hospitable gentry who dwelt around, he did not always refuse their invitations. And the present was one, to have rejected which might have been construed into an affront. The inviter was the wealthiest landholder in the West, and the occasion was no less than the marriage of one of his daughters to the son of a neighbour, also a substantial man. As travelling was a thing almost unknown in these days, few ever ventured beyond the province in search of a bride. They grew up, wedded, had children, and were buried—all within the sound of their own curfew-bell; and could point to the tombs of their ancestors, that stood in goodly array, like the columns of a portico, although not so graceful, with inscriptions in the ancient Cornish tongue.

As they rode slowly to the dwelling, the younger thought of the tales he had loved to hear from some pilgrims to the sacred land of the East, of the deserts they had at times passed through making a fair country look like the mansions of the blessed. It was not wholly unlike this, when the eye that had for some leagues looked only on barrenness, first saw the smiling territory in which stood the house of the entertainer. A river ran rapidly along, that

was crossed by an ill-constructed stone-bridge, beyond which was an ancient and massive gate. This opened on an avenue of fine tall trees, well stricken in years, like the edifice that was dimly seen through their branches. It was a lofty building, and on its gray elevation was a thick covering of ivy, more than half shading the scanty windows. This, and still more the garden in front, proved the superior softness of the air in this vicinity: flowers of different kinds might be said to revel here; they were unfolding their hues at this early season, and might well seem lovely to the natives of the bleaker coast, though of little value in the eye of the connoisseur. Of fruit-trees and vegetables the catalogue might well be deemed scanty, when the monarch of the land himself considered on one occasion a present of apples from the north of France a most acceptable thing; the luxury of various fruits, indeed, was rare even in his daughter's time; and it could not, therefore, be expected they should greet the eye of the guests so near the remote end of the realm.

As they entered the path leading directly to the dwelling, they saw many guests in gay attire, on horseback and on foot, bending their steps from different parts to the same destination. At some distance, however, a group was observed advancing, that from their looks as well as pace seemed to be bound to the house of mourning rather than of feasting. Their steps were slow and weary, and as they drew near, their garb denoted them to be a parcel of monks, exiled from their own warm homes. The falling hierarchy was more sadly visible in the demeanour of these helpless men than in sacked halls or deserted shrines. A few of them had tried

to labour for their daily bread, but the unwonted effort had borne hard upon their slothful limbs, and the small pittance they gained had scarcely sufficed to support nature. They were not the oppressors or deceivers of the people now, but lay at the mercy of every peasant whose charity they implored. One or two had saved a few favourite relics, which were carried forward, to their manifest inconvenience. One old friar, bent nearly double with years, bore on his shoulder a wooden image of St. Anthony, that had for at least half a century been the inmate of his cell; and as he faltered along, often addressed his murmurings and vexations to his patron, the only friend he had in his affliction. Several were burley, able-bodied men; whose once full cheeks and worldly eyes, though on the wane, still grappled stoutly with the pressure of poverty: they looked round them with a sullen gaze, in which was little hope of better things.

As these men regarded the merry bearing and goodly array of the different parties that hastened down the slope to the banquet awaiting them, the cruel contrast of circumstances could not fail to present itself forcibly to their mind; they longed, were it but for a day, for an hour, to join the festivity, to sit once more at a sumptuous table, to be treated once more as equals by the rich and the happy. It was only a few days since, and their own halls had welcomed and feasted both high and low, and now "no man gave unto them."

On entering the hall, the scene gave comfort both to the sight and feeling of the company, after a progress through the cutting wind of a frosty December's day. There was a hurrying to and fro of the domestics without, which, with the loud

accents of the men and shrill clatter of the women's voices within, the large apartment, formed the reverse of that solemn waiting and gazing on each other that took place in after-times. Several pieces of armour hung on the walls, for one of the host's ancestors had fought in the battle of Bosworth against Richard; the helmet and breast-piece, however, were rusted, as well as the mailed gloves and sword by their side, for the present owner was a man of peace, and had signalized his loyalty to the House of Tudor by a more gainful exploit, having had a share in the late plunder of a priory in the north of the province. The pieces of stained glass that once belonged to the latter, now formed the rare adornment of the windows of the hall, and had much beauty in the eye of his guests, particularly as the light of a clear sky, that came brightly through them, threw azure and purple hues over the forms and visages of the company. This was singularly at variance with the appearance of the roof, that was composed only of rude rafters, half-blackened by smoke, and so deeply shrouded by the ivy were the windows at the upper end of the room, that, but for the prodigious fire crackling in the chimney, many a fair and aspiring countenance would have remained unseen. High rose the blaze, (for the ancient trees had not been spared on the occasion,) and the party eagerly gathered round it. The walls, coated with wood, were neatly covered by white plaster, and the planked floor, whose cleanliness took the eye, was strewed, in fault of a warmer material, with the very fine light sand brought from "The Sylley isles."

Various were the dresses, and manifold their hues, adorning and distinguishing the female portion

of this goodly company. The choicest habiliments were sported on the occasion; the loveliest as well as most important airs assumed. Many a squire's lady came in her gown of scarlet cloth, close up to the neck, above which rose her rosy face, broad and martially; a few wore their satin gowns, in a fashion reprehended by a writer of the period, so close to their bodies, (he compares it to "stays or whale-bone,") that the minutest proportions of their figure were fully exhibited; and it so chanced (for when will woman see herself aright?) that these figures were by no means models of beauty, but meagre, pointed, and formidable to any but a lover's eye. Several more ancient and motherly dames swept in their fardingales of green and yellow, the same as were worn by their mothers before them, and many was the look of scorn they cast on the sparer and Venus-like figures around. The neck, that fairest part, was little exposed:—on account of the weather many wore comfortable collars, lined with the fur of fox or otter; and the tippet, that ancient ornament, defended the shoulders of others. The maidens came, "all in their wimples white," or veils of snowy linen; the hair in some instances was neatly braided; and even the cloth stockings could not wholly hide the small foot, though fearfully augmenting the size of the large one.

Amidst that numerous female party, the stranger's regard would have rested on the pale and beautiful Mary Trastere. There were other eyes as bright, and other forms as faultless; but they lacked utterly the expression of thought and feeling, by which the spirit gives its character to the countenance, and arrests the interest of such as

gaze on it. So thought the younger Maldon, as, indifferent to every other object, his looks followed her form wherever it moved. It was not the first time he had gazed thereon with a deep and dangerous delight; he had met her on several previous occasions, and the attractions that had at first rivetted his attention, he now felt to be irresistible. There were times, too, though rarely, when they had met, and his passion was richly recompensed by the conviction that he was not indifferent to her. Each saw in the other a being, who, though endowed with no extraordinary virtues or qualities, it were in vain to seek again through the whole circle of the society they moved in. From the early misfortunes of Mr. Maldon, and the seclusion in which he had subsequently lived, the son had been almost his sole companion; had grown up with the same resolute temper and habits of retirement and reflection; and though mingling in the society of the young and more ignorant men of the neighbourhood, he had given little into their rude or boisterous manners and temper. The dress of the girl he loved was simple—of white linen, with open sleeves that disclosed the fine proportions of the arm; her hair had no ornament, and was allowed to fall in long ringlets upon her neck.

Voices of joy, and the trampling of horses' feet were now heard without:—it was the wedding procession returning from the church of St. Buriens, and a large accession of guests came in its train. Young and old, the gray-haired and the gay, were there, and quick and loudly did the tread of their coursers ring on the hard frosty path. The softer portion of the cavalcade were mounted on mules and horses, or else trotted more safely though less

gracefully behind, on the animals that bore their husbands or brothers. Many a rich joke and repartee passed on dale and hill; when they came to the door of a lonely ale-house by the road-side, a general halt was made, in order to observe the good old custom of the stirrup-cup, that must be drunk in the saddle to the health of the bride and bridegroom. It was brought by the ale-wife, a little notable body, in a huge round hat, put on in honour of the occasion, that half hid her shrewd and smirking face,—the stirrup-cup, foaming with good ale, firmly clasped in both her hands: its contents touched the fair lip, as well as that of the hardier part of the company, who with many a loud remark and jest not over nice, drained it by turns to the bottom. The bride had her charms, and gaily and fearlessly rode a handsome pony, with her cousins, the bride-maids, on each side. Had the well of Saint Keyne been in view, or even within a few leagues distance, she would have been probably disposed to try the race with her liege lord; nor would brook, or ditch, or hedge have stayed her passage. But unfortunately it was too far off, and the prospect of obtaining its exquisite privilege opened not to her hope. Saint Keyne came to this celebrated well about five hundred years before the Norman conquest, and imparted a strange virtue to its waters—namely, that whichever of a newly married couple should first drink thereof, was to enjoy the sweetness of domestic sovereignty ever after. Hence rose for ages a fearful rivalry, a wary, well-planned, and desperate struggle, between those who were just united for life, which should first taste the delicious spring. It has been even known that the fondest lovers have in this pri-

mary moment of their union forgotten all previous sighs, tears, and endearments, and hastened, as if their existence were at stake, to the side of this famous fountain, over which a sacred arch of four ancient trees spread its shadow. And deeply it is to be regretted, that some of those old writers, who employed themselves in gathering together the legends and miracles attaching to several neighbouring spots, did not rather give us the history of some of these emulations for mastery, and of the consequences on the after-life and felicity of the parties. Thereby, many rich domestic scenes, the faith of vows, the constancy of strong love, &c. might have been perused to our benefit. An old writer, who is the most circumstantial, thus dwells on the subject:—"Not Kayne, the manqueller, did give this excellent quality to the well, but one of a gentler spirit, and milder sex, to wit—a woman.

"In name, in shape, in quality,
This well is very quaint,
The name to lot of Kayne befel—
No over-holy saint.
The shape, four trees of diverse kind,
Withy, oak, elm, and ash,*
Make with their roots an arched roof
Whose floor this spring doth wash.
The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attain
First of this sacred stream to drink
The mastery should gain:—
And fast the speed, and sore the strife,
And deep the draught they took!
Hard 'tis to mind of man or wife
That life-long rule to brook.

*About fifty years since, these venerable trees, that had stood so many ages, were blown down by a thunder-storm; and the proprietor of the domain instantly planted four others, namely, an oak, an elm, and two ash trees, which now spread their shadow over the memorable spot.

It appears that the power of this fountain was well known and believed throughout the province, and that from far and near people came to enjoy its virtue; while some to whom the journey was impracticable, were obliged to have the water brought by stealth, and with it their chance of attaining the chief dominion within their own walls. Whether this was the case with the youthful couple here spoken of is not known, but onward they came to the paternal mansion, and loud and universal was the greeting with which they were received. Soon afterward, to the special joy of a great part of the assembly, (for the usual time of their repast had elapsed more than an hour,) dinner was served, and all sat down to table. Not the tender passion, nor the spectacle of its consummation in the happy pair, had the smallest diminishing effect on the appetites of the company, and the goodly dishes were assailed with little intermission; the rather, as the wealth of the host enabled him to procure, though from a distance, some delicacies not usually seen on the tables of the neighbourhood. Strong ale seemed to be most in request among the hearty squires and their sons; and for the ladies, old and excellent mead passed not slowly from lip to lip, in small horns tipped with silver. The elder dames began to *talk fast* of the days of their youth, of their lovers, and of the splendour of their weddings; and then digressed to their younger representatives, whose charms and pretensions were fast pushing themselves off the stage. The song went round; and though the melodies of the district have since been entirely lost, no doubt they had their force of expression and imagery at the time. At last, evening having set in, the candles being lighted in various

parts of the hall, and the long table removed, dancing commenced with spirit. Refined and airy attitudes were out of the question; enjoyment was the sole order of the evening, and the rustic movements, and high as well as heavy footfalls, made the ancient hall ring again. The groups of sires and dames, who joined not in the exercise, sat and looked on with a satisfied and merry air; among the latter, to grace the nuptials, were one or two of superior quality, to whom the host or his wife had the honour to be distantly related. Ladies they were of high degree, (their husbands knights,) as was evident by the silk dresses with silver tissue, stiff enough to stand of their own accord, if placed on the ground,—collars lined with minever,—and hoods of goodly stuff that fell down behind, leaving the hair (whether gray or auburn) all uncovered. As the hall could not boast of a dais, the seat of honour consisted of two enormous chairs rudely carved, with cushioned bottoms, and stools at the feet: the mass of the company had been accommodated on forms, which were now ranged beside the wall.

When the dancing had continued a few hours, the hall was once more put in order, the huge oak table arranged, and spread with smoking and substantial viands; whilst the hilarity as well as the noise appeared to increase as the witching hours of night drew on. A grave, substantial landholder from the north coast was in the middle of a song (in a voice that, though it inspired no soft ideas, ran along every cranny and rafter of the ancient apartment,) on the popular theme of the noble King Arthur, born at Tintagel Castle, on the wild shore, son of the bold knight Uter by the fair Igerna,—when he was interrupted by a loud noise from

without, that broke roughly on the heroic and melodious strain. It was caused by the observance of an ancient Christmas custom, known by the name of wassell, or warsall. Several men, having furnished themselves with a large bowl, set out at the close of the year to visit the villages and hamlets. They draw near to these only in the night, and after the candles are lighted, and then silently opening the door, begin to sing a strain of some old barbarous song, that neither themselves nor the hearers understand, accompanying it by striking at intervals on the bowl, with a request that those within will bestow meat, drink, and money. "The idea (an historian of the province observes) which the wassell is designed to convey, is to express a wish of health and good neighbourhood to all within; and it was ordained to follow the departing year, that hours and days being now no more, all remembrance of private feuds should expire." Hence, whoever presumed to repeat a former difference, or seek revenge, after the wassell had been sung, incurred a degree of infamy.

These men, in their lonely wanderings, had seen the lights issuing from the mansion, and had drawn near, in hopes of a good harvest; they sang the Cornish rhimes in voices no quite unpleasing, but the strains of Orpheus himself would have been destroyed by the hollow clang of the copper bowl, at the close of every stanza. When the song was conluded, the choristers were called for, handsomely rewarded, and ordered into the kitchen to regale themselves; for the Squire took it as a good omen that it should have been sung at his door on the night of his daughter's wedding.

It now grew late, and the company began to

think of departing: the wide hearth now presented only a mass of glowing embers; the sounds of jollity gradually died away, as the numerous coursers were brought in succession to the door, and were heard to clatter furiously off in the clear cold night; the steps of many dashed through the river in front, in fault of their rider's tact to find the bridge; and up the long avenue of ancient trees came the shout and loud farewell, till the sounds were lost in distance.

CHAPTER VI.

It is now time to return from the scene of festivity to one of more interest and loneliness. To the elder son of Trastere, the friar's residence in his home was a source of great satisfaction. His own views being fixed on a conventual life, in spite of the clouds and troubles that now gathered round it, the experience and information of the guest were most welcome. As he descanted on the dignity and wealth which the Abbot of his order had enjoyed, dreams of ambition began to rise in his companion's mind. The seclusion of the valley grew daily more irksome; the confinement and unvarying duties of the cloister rose far more inviting to the young man's fancy than the pure air and boundless freedom of his native hills; and though it was evident that the church was falling into swift decay, his resolution did not falter, and he resolved to cleave to its fortunes in some other and distant land.

Not so his new associate, who smiled at the ardour of the other's expressions on a theme that had long grown tasteless to himself: when he paced the shore, and gazed on the expanse of the sea, and the sublime barriers that confined it, he wondered how he could so long have borne the wearisomeness of the monastery, the plainly furnished cell, the convent garden, the society of the fathers, most of them ignorant and low-bred men,) and the regular and sys-

tematic devotions. Amidst these, for many years, he had lived; happy or contented he knew he had not been; and but for the arbitrary decrees of the King, there he had lingered till death had set him free. There were other paths in which crime might have been atoned for besides that of ascetic and cheerless solitude; wherein the years of gloom and self-denial brought no balm to his thoughts. But the vow was given, and he could not cast the mist over others' eyes with which he strove to darken his own. He sometimes took up the volumes of his country's poetry that were placed in the ladies' apartment; he felt, as he had used to feel in past times, the power of their impassioned descriptions, and hope faded from the eyes of the ardent Italian, for in these he could now have no part. Sometimes he made them the companions of his walks, and, wandering along the beach, delivered up his mind to the influence of those emotions which swept across it resistlessly; and these volumes had the more power, as, during the period of his retreat, he had allowed himself only to peruse works of devotion, often of the most puerile and tedious kind—interminable legends—the lives of the whole catalogue of saints, and their strange and savage sufferings—till his imagination was affected and overwrought.

There were then intervals when his crime returned to memory with tremendous force; and brooding over the deed, its cause, and the dark results it might possibly produce, the image of the associate he had deprived of life seemed to stalk forward and accuse him,—and he deemed that he too must go through self-inflicted sufferings and cruel penances ere any peace could be known.

The few weeks he had enjoyed of liberty had effected a rapid change in his feelings; but never till now was that change so vividly felt. The interest others evinced in his fate—and these, beings of a most engaging character; the kind and sympathizing look and expression; the smile, and the consolation often so sweetly given;—before these, the gloom and even despair that had so often visited his mind fled away; conscience was lulled to rest, and its wounds, he flattered himself, were closed for ever. He had been long estranged from his family, with whom since his flight he had held no communication whatever; the voice of a friend had long been foreign to his ear, for in the heartless and selfish intimacies of the monastery he had felt no interest.

In such a state of mind, softer thoughts might well find entrance: so long doomed to gaze only on the dull and eternal features of his brother monks, and bear their caprices, he felt the full power of an engaging temper and manners in a young and lovely woman. The very effort continually to shroud his emotions beneath the austerity of his profession only added to their energy. "Were I but, as formerly," he thought with anguish, "free to choose my own lot in life, and to love where my heart prompted, what a companion for my future path would that woman be! But these bonds! Would that they had never been embraced—or were for ever broken!"

Hopes to the latter effect, after a while, began to arise in his mind, and on very plausible grounds; as the tyrannical decrees respecting the Catholic faith, that succeeded each other so rapidly, seemed intended to work an entire revolution in its whole

discipline. A great number of the expelled and impoverished monks had had recourse to manual labour and mechanical employments, whereby to gain a livelihood: some had entirely thrown aside their priestly character, and availed themselves of the privileges of laymen. Above all, the decree that those brethren who had not yet arrived at the age of twenty-four were at liberty to forsake their monastic profession, and return to the world, excited his liveliest emotion; for he had not yet reached that term. But these thoughts were confined to his own breast: to have imparted them would, he saw, compromise his footing in the family, who looked on him only as a sufferer in the good cause, and in some respects its martyr. Although the monastic character in these times was by no means maintained in a strict and unsullied manner; yet to minds who knew and regarded the vows of its professors to be binding and irrevocable, any attempt to break them would have appeared a heinous sin. The converse and intimacy of the mother and daughter were enjoyed by the youthful friar with the same freedom and unreserve as if he had been their confessor; indeed, the younger lady, had his engaging qualities been tenfold what he really possessed, would not have dreamed of a lover beneath the cowl.

His society, in his present remote sojourn, was not wholly confined to the tenants of the dwelling; in so narrow a tract of country, where every event of any note was quickly known, the escape of the Carthusian from a shipwreck, in which nearly all others of the crew had perished, procured him considerable notice. Among many indeed of the more devout, his preservation passed for nothing

less than a miracle: some said he was snatched from the waves by an invisible hand, and landed on the top of the rock without the least injury; others, that he had in reality taken leave of this world, being picked up a senseless corpse, but had come to life again in the Squire's hall, by the agency of a powerful saint, whose image he wore round his neck. What with these various rumours, the friar found he had not seldom created expectations that it scarcely lay in his power to satisfy: it was concluded, of course, that the object of such an interposition must be a singularly devout man; it might be, some gracious abbot in disguise, whose abbey being destroyed, and safety threatened, chose to be thus obscure; or hermit, older in good deeds and penances than in years. Often he found, in his excursions, that the old women ran to their doors with uplifted hands and eyes, and the younger ones wondered so self-denying a man could yet retain such comeliness of feature. He was doomed to find also, that in some companies where his presence had been solicited, a closer scrutiny did not altogether satisfy the good people's hopes and wishes. Had he possessed, or chosen to practise, the arts of not a few of his brethren, he might have sustained his high reputation, have been one of the most revered and saintly men of his day, and perhaps transmitted his fame to posterity. But he could not prevent himself from catching the spirit of the jovial and hospitable boards at which he was sometimes a guest; and the friendly hosts, though they admitted he was not the "gracious being" they took him for, were so content with his powers of pleasing, that they generally thought them a more than sufficient atonement for the ab-

sence of more exalted things. He had been earnestly solicited by the Dean of St. Buriens to come and abide within his walls; to take possession of a cell, of which there was more than one to spare; and unite with him in earnest efforts to avoid the evils that menaced them. During the last two months, the brethren of the college had one after the other deserted its falling fortunes, and the venerable Abbot of Tavistock had sunk under the pressure of his sorrows, and slept in the burial-ground of the Church. Paolo, however, turned a cold ear to the entreaties of his friend: he had proved more than once the plentiful board and daily indulgences of the richer monasteries; and whenever he gazed on the gray walls of the college in passing near, and thought of the meagre, cheerless interior, he could not refrain from an involuntary shudder.

Having engaged, however, to pass one day with the good father, he set out on his walk on a fine spring morning, and in the course of two hours stood at the gate of the building. No well-fed brother waited there to receive the stranger, and assure him by his looks of the good cheer within. He entered the refectory; it was empty; the cellarer came not with the knowing glance of a man who has choice of good wines under his key: the long table was spread, it is true, but in a manner that would have suited St. Bruno's taste better than that of a hungry man. Passing from one naked and silent apartment into another, he called, but no one answered; and at last he bent his steps toward the chapel, where he found the superior so absorbed in his interesting employment, that the sound of a cataract would not have disturbed him.

A vivid delight was spread over his features, as he busied himself in cleaning the various canonized and illustrious worthies from the profane dust that had gathered on their venerable and winning forms. He bent gently and reverently over them, and with a silk napkin, white as snow, wiped the limbs and features with such exquisite care, as soon restored their primitive brightness and purity. He held at that moment a good-sized figure of St. Benedict, elevated a little; and paused amidst his beloved employment at times to contemplate the visage of the celebrated man, the founder of so powerful an order. Hearing his name pronounced at last in no gentle tone, he turned, and beheld his guest by his side, whom he received with great kindliness.

"You find me engaged," said he, "in the greatest solace of my solitary hours: look how fine is the resignation of the saint's eye, as if even now the world and its charms were as nothing to him. Now that the duties of my charge are so few,—and, in fact," with a smile, that was belied by the deep sigh that accompanied it, "they are reduced to a mere shadow—to empty and silent walls—I am not quite alone, but have still a resource left me."

On the friar's observing that he had walked far, and should be glad if the morning meal were ready. "Is it possible?" said the other. "I have been here since day-break, as soon as matins were over, and have not yet broken my fast. Indeed, one might well cease to think of eating in such an occupation, and here are proofs that I have not been idle;" pointing to the now sad and neglected worthies that stood each in their cold niches;—"not a speck, not a spot," proceeded he, "sullies their

forms: that blessed Saint Nicholas, the whiteness of whose hoary locks and beard was quite dimmed by the dust and dirt that for the last two months of agitation have gathered there, the driven snow is not purer now. But rude hands, alas!" he continued, as the tears fell from his eye, "have demolished part of the cavern in which St. Francis is kneeling, and the fragments have fallen on his head; and the last time mass was performed in the chapel, some audacious heretic broke three of the fingers from his outstretched hand. I have done what I could to restore their beauty, and truly the task brings its sweetness with it: but what fire can be hot enough for the sacrilegious hand that could thus deface——"

"But have you no domestic left—no fathers at home?" said the friar, who, less alive to sympathy for the images around him, grew impatient; "as I passed through the refectory, I perceived no preparation for the morning repast."

"Ah! my son, we are too neglectful of these things in our desolate state, perhaps. Now I remember, Father Paul is gone to attend a sick person; and Austin has set out for the next farmhouse, in order to furnish the meal forth better;—for he mourns more, poor man! over the decay of the larder than the fortunes of the Church; but he will soon return, and then we will attend to the calls of appetite. Not so didst thou, blessed St. Bruno!" apostrophising the image, which looked, indeed, the veriest skeleton that stone could embody; "Thou didst weep to feed the body once a-day with water and a little bread made bitter with ashes; how sharp those gracious features are worn with penance; the eyes look forth from the shri-

velled body as if they already saw the rich reward, and the lifted hands are wasted to the bone. Alas! we are fallen on degenerate days; did a few such pillars yet survive, the Church might lift its head above the storm!"

"I doubt it, my good friend," said the other; "the tide of oppression is too strong, and may not be resisted. How very few of our revered establishments yet survive; and you will soon have only the deserted walls."

"And what, then?" replied the father, in an animated tone; "can I have a more desired resting-place than these walls, though I should be their only tenant? or a dearer tomb, should the hand of the oppressor pursue me even here? not a stone is beneath us that these feet have not passed over, daily and nightly, or my knees pressed in supplication to the sainted forms around. Can I mourn at solitude and neglect, when their honours are forgotten, and no offering is presented, no voice raised in their praise? Pardon me, St. Neot! if my proud heart has swollen, when those who bowed before me, now laugh me to scorn. No, sweet and favoured is the desolation of which these are the companions—these the partakers."

"Evil is indeed come in your days," said Paolo; "those who repose here," casting his eyes on the monuments of former superiors, strongly carved in stone, "knew not persecution; their path was one of peace to the last."

"It was so, my son; their trials and wars were few: our ancient and excellent foundress, St. Beriana, could not have lived and died in a more deep tranquillity. The mantle of that noble lady is departed from us now. Often, often do I envy her

lot! a king's daughter, yet leaving her father's court and all its pleasures, in Ireland, to come to this secluded place. Her oratory of wood was to her at once a sanctuary and a palace. Gracious deeds she wrought: though a fair woman, she would not be gazed on by men's eyes, but loved to be retired; was revered by all, and her memory is a sweet odour even in these days."

The discourse was here interrupted by the voice of Father Austin, in a tone that announced he had not come empty-handed; he had, indeed, returned successful from his morning foraging excursion, and had arranged in the refectory the materials for a comfortable meal. "The people's hearts are turned to stone," said the old man impatiently, as the Dean and his guest sat down to the table; "but a year agone, it was who should make the fattest offering to the college: one farmer sent a fat pig, or some barn-door fowls; another, a lamb; forbye, the game and wild fowl from the Squire: but now, the churls give hard looks for full hands, and harder words; there did I stand wrangling full half an hour to get that fine ham from Dame Pender, that has a well-stocked yard and granary to comfort her widowhood; and the cold roast leg of mutton would never have come from farmer Vingan's shelf so easily, but that I threw in something about his reverence's prayers to St. Nicholas for his son, that's upon his last bed."

"You have done admirably," said the well-pleased guest, "and this wine, Austin, is too good to come from either the churl or squire's dwelling?"

"You may well say so, Sir; the like is not to be found in west or east: it was here long before our superior's time, who cares little about such matters.

Father de Maute, rest to his memory! who came from France, was Dean long since, and he brought it over with him. He always drank it out of the rich silver flagon which one of the commissioners stole at the same time with the vessels from the altars, and it goes to my heart to put such wine into stone vessels, it hurts the flavour. But, stone or silver, all will soon be one; these walls will soon be no place for us,—we must flee, and leave them to the heretics."

"Not so, Father Austin, not so; dear is his own hearth to the oppressed man. We will stay, though the moss should grow there, and the birds of the air make their nests."

The cellarer replied only by turning up his eyes, and shrugging his shoulders, as those he served rose from the table. The wanton ravages of the Commissioners, as they were called, during the visit they had paid about two months before, were visible in almost every apartment; in the library, the manuscripts that had been treasured for many years with the utmost care were great part of them torn and scattered about the room, because their contents were chiefly connected with the Catholic faith. The antique furniture was injured: the huge dark old chair, of wood curiously carved, that had been the favourite seat of every dean, since the period chairs were first known, (which was not very remote,) had been broken into fragments, which the father's hands had striven to rejoin; and even the leaves of one or two beautiful illumined missals, rent and soiled, met the eye. Alan groaned deeply, as he trod cautiously over the floor; and proceeded with the friar to search for an ancient manuscript containing the history of the establishment, from its

earliest time. The room, though not extensive, had a very literary appearance, and had evidently, from the look of the volumes, been less used by most of the late inmates than by their ancestors. The works of Marvels, Lives of the Pontiffs, and Awful Warnings of the Church, had met the worst treatment from the examiner's hands, having been cut into shreds, or cast to the winds. Misused as the place had been, it was yet a loved retreat for a man to whom study had become habitual; and who, in the meagre and wretched literary stores of the wealthiest dwellings within reach, found no substitute for those he left behind. So thought Alan de Stokes, who, though not of distinguished learning, possessed a much larger portion than some of the prelates of the day.

END OF VOLUME I.

NT
N.M

NM