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THE
S M U G G L E R ' S
DAUGHTER,

And Other Tales.

ALSO,

THE TWO MAIDENS,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES,
167 WALNUT STREET.

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THE

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DAUGHTER,

And Other Tales.

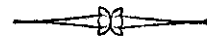
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THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

A FEW weeks since business caused my attendance at the admiralty. While waiting in one of the anti-rooms, I heard myself accosted by name by a tall and elegant looking man standing near me.—My eye rested on his figure, but memory refused recognition in the gaze. I inquired his identity. My surprise was great at finding he was one of my dearest and earliest friends; and the start of astonishment, almost of pain, which his revelation elicited from me, must have communicated to him the knowledge of the withering havoc which sorrow had made on his person. Only five years had elapsed since our last meeting, and that period, when unmarked by mental suffering or sickness, may pass over man while in his prime—and Capt. Tancred was now only thirty-five—without leaving a record of its flight.

I had known him in boyhood: he had been my wildest, but the truest and most generous of my school companions. His presence had ever been the signal for some thoughtless freak or hazardous adventure. With a spirit fresh and buoyant as the mountain air, exuberant health, and exhaustless vivacity, he was formed to be the idol of his associates. He seemed destined for happiness; he had every element of it in himself: and utterly exempt from that contracting selfishness which binds up the sympathies of too many natures, he revelled in the joy of dispensing it to others. Left to the choice of a profession, he selected that of the sea: it assimilated best with his taste, for it afforded indulgence to his peculiar

temperament, which, always seeking after strong excitements, would even court danger in all its varieties. The very character of the element had charms for him: he loved its false unsubstantial surface, its engulphing depths, its perilous quicksands, the warfare of its waves, whose wild hoarse murmurs seem to warn man from their territories; they had terror in their sound, and that sound was music to his ears. Often when the tempest from above had lashed the ocean into fury, and it boiled forth its wrath in billows which threatened destruction to aught of human power that dared its ire, I have known him singly to embark in a little boat, in assertion, as he would say, of man's prerogatives, and to trample on the enemy which seemed to oppose his free agency over nature and her works.

At the termination of our maritime struggles, finding his very soul enervated at the prospect of indolent peace, he obtained command of a revenue cutter, and I parted with him in the full glow of health, on his departure for the coast of Norfolk, to enter on his new service. Engaged in active pursuits, I had little opportunity for correspondence; but my heart often held communion with him, who was the dearest friend it had ever known. An interval of leisure having occurred in my occupation, I had resolved on visiting him a few days subsequently to the period when chance again united us. And was it—could it be Tancred, the gay, the handsome, the volatile Tancred, who stood before me? His very voice seemed changed; his ac-

cents had now a mournful and dreary cadence, like the responses of a rifted cavern, and they were the echoes of a bare and shivered heart. There was still about him the exquisite polish of demeanor so often instinctive with high birth—for Tancred was nobly connected—which had always distinguished him; but the lofty bearing, the unquailing eye, the sunny smile, was gone for ever! At an interview which I afterwards had with him, he disclosed to me the events which had produced such a metamorphosis in his aspect and manner. The substance was as follows:—

The signal station which Captain Tancred commanded was situated, as I have said, on the coast of Norfolk. It was near a remote hamlet, and partook, in an eminent degree, of that dulness and insipidity which so often distinguishes a country village. The scenery was not of that elevated and picturesque character, which, in many parts of England, rivalling in loveliness and grandeur the landscapes of Italy or Switzerland, might well content a people less migratory than ourselves, with the native samples it displays of nature's power. W—— had none of this; the painter or the poet might have looked on it without the faintest glow of that kindling enthusiasm which rushes from the heart and thrills through the frame, at the sight of beauty, in whatever guise displayed, uninstructed, unaltered, by the sophistications of art—fresh, luxuriant, and perfect, the visible and tangible evidence of that unerring system of harmony and arrangement by which the Divine Ruler conducts the universe. The inhabitants, too, of W—— were generally uncultivated and illiterate. Education had there been tardy in its civilizing influence; and there was amongst the lower classes—the mass of the population—little of that amenity of feeling and manner which may in some measure atone for the absence of the higher mental qualities. The service in which Capt. Tancred was engaged drew an almost entire line of demarkation between himself and his neighbors. He met them, and perchance the bow and courtesy of compelled deference were accorded; but

there was neither glance, nor tone, nor word of sympathy exchanged. He was looked upon, by even those who stood unconnected with the illicit traffic which it devolved on him to oppose, with distrust and suspicion. He was one of those men, however, whose activity and healthiness of temperament supply to themselves the deficiencies of place and people. Still there were moments when his customary employment failed of amusement, when even his own beloved element was gazed upon with an eye of listlessness and dissatisfaction, when he would more gladly have enjoyed communion with living than inanimate nature. In one of these moods he wandered forth on the beach. It was at that hour when

The moon was up, and yet it was not night.

The sun was still in the sky, and the ocean blushed in the gorgeous beams which crimsoned the west. A thousand clouds floated around the throne of his expiring glory, as though they were anxious to bear away to some favorite and distant clime, a trace of his splendor. A few stars were out to mark and guard the orbit of the timid moon, which, pale and more beautiful than all, seemed the type of that blissful world of peace and rest, from which she had just emerged.—Tancred felt in its full force the might and majesty around him. Who can look on the boundless deep, the uncircumscribed firmament, the "stars which are the poetry of heaven," and not feel his own insignificance in the scale of creation? Who can think of the world, its empty distinctions, its feverish passions, its trivial pursuits, while gazing on the immensity of nature? The heart must be dead to every finer impulse, the mind destitute of every noble desire, which can restrict its views and wishes to mortality, while contemplating the symbols of immortality!

Immersed in his own reflections, the hours glided imperceptibly on, and Tancred started, on finding the waves were "winning their way to the golden shore." He was about to retreat hastily, when a form at a distance met his observation. Perhaps it might be humanity to warn

the individual of the danger of her situation, or curiosity to discover who was the lonely wanderer—or gallantry, as that wanderer bore the outline of a female, which led him hastily forward to offer protection. It was declined by the young and lovely girl to whom it was proffered, with such bewitching yet shrinking timidity, such trembling apprehensiveness, that his interest was far more powerfully awakened by her refusal, than if she had acceded to his request. Casual and slight, however, as this introduction to each other may seem, it formed the basis of a permanent acquaintance. It is unnecessary for me to trace its progress, or to follow it through all its gradations, while germinating into friendship, till it arrived at the maturity of love. The developement of a passion, which involves the whole sum of earthly happiness of two individuals—which embraces in its issue anguish or bliss to them, here and hereafter, may yet be too deficient in striking peculiarity of incident to engage the sympathies of others. To a certain point this was the case in the attachment of Capt. Tancred and Helen, for so was his idol called. There was a mystery about her, which she seemed most unwilling to account for or unravel. Beyond the name of Helen, he was even ignorant how the object of his worship was designated. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!" and, while gazing on the exquisite being before him, he often thought how little accessory were name, birth, or station, to the possession of beauty, grace, and dignity. She was eighteen, yet looked even childishly young for that brief date of years. Her form was bounding and light, and there was a freedom and elasticity in her step, which her natural quietness of spirit and demeanor at times could scarcely control. There were moments when a dark and melancholy shade would steal across a brow pure and clear as the fair and stainless snows of heaven; and the small rosy mouth, which seemed blushing for the peril its matchless beauty exposed others to, would compress and almost quiver with internal agony. The eye, too, so blue and bright, would sometimes

lose its look of boundless radiance; while a glance of deep, mournful, and passionate feeling, would beam from its azure depths, and the dark silken fringe which shrouded its glory become gemmed with the tears of silent sorrow.

Tancred often interrogated her as to the cause of her unavowed grief. To imagine it the result of personal misconduct was incompatible with the angelic purity which so peculiarly distinguished her, and which, even more, perhaps, than her extreme loveliness, captivated his imagination and enthralled his heart. Of her relations and friends she spoke little. She talked indeed of her father, but it was evident that fear and awe were blended with filial love and duty. That she moved in the lower walks of life, her appearance indicated, though in her conversation, and in the soft and gentle repose of her manner, there was not discovered the slightest taint of vulgarity. They met but seldom, and each time with the resolve on Helen's lips of parting forever! But who shall tell the struggle it requires—voluntarily to separate from a being most dear to us? Policy and prudence—worldly wisdom may bid us burst the fetters which enchain our souls; but when those fetters are, at the same time, the only connecting links between us and happiness—when the snapping of them rives asunder, too, the ties of sympathy, and affection—oh! who shall marvel that we hug the chain closer and closer, till the meshes become so woven and entangled with our very heart's strings, that the breaking of the one may shiver the others too!

Tancred, convinced that the destiny of his future life depended for light or darkness on his beloved Helen, offered his hand, though literally ignorant of the very name of her to whom he tendered it. His proposal was received in silence and tears; still it was not rejected; indeed a faint smile illuminated her countenance, and a slight pressure of the hand she gave, when he talked of the ensuing week for their nuptials. This was superstructure enough for Tancred to build a fairy castle of hope upon, and he anticipated with unbounded joy, the near

prospect of calling Helen, the fair, the delicate Helen, his own forever!

But now to deviate from the order of my narrative.

In a ragged and rarely-trodden path which led to the beach, stood a mean and lonely hut. It was of that coarse and rude description which the mind involuntarily associates with the idea of even squalid poverty, and from which the eye retreats, while the bosom yields a sigh for those condemned to inhabit it. It wore a cheerless aspect, an air of negligence and gloomy desolation, which seemed as though it were wilfully indulged, and even prided in. The inmates of this hut consisted of an old man and his daughter—little was known of them. The ascetic and uncompromising sternness of the father operated so powerfully against the daughter, that her meek demeanor and singular loveliness could hardly subdue the general feeling of dislike which was entertained for them. Of their former occupation, or even the precise nature of their present employment, none were aware. Some imagined that the father labored under a painful alienation of reason; for there was at times a savage moodiness about him which approximated to insanity. He seldom was met in the hamlet, and neither visited nor received his neighbors, by many of whom, as he had been more than once surprised in the exercise of fire-arms and the arrangement of sea-tackle, it was supposed that he followed the dark, desperate, and unlicensed trade of smuggling.—The unavowed exercise, too, of any other occupation, rendered the belief prevalent and strong. Nor was suspicion false. Old Denham, which was the appellation of Helen's father, was a smuggler by vocation and choice, it might be also said, by nature. In early life he had filled a subaltern situation in the navy; but the moroseness of his temper led to quarrels with his captain, and he quitted an honorable service, to engage in a dishonorable traffic. He had fancied himself wronged, though he himself was his own enemy. The conviction, however, of having been injured, combined with the loss of a wife, who, though he

tyrannized over while living, he bewailed ceaselessly when dead, and the accidental death of an only son, soured his disposition to absolute malignity. The constant poverty which he struggled with, his exclusion from all society, and even the beauty of Helen, which might render her so accessible to design and danger—all lent their aid in making Denham an object of restless anxiety to his child, and detestation to his neighbors.

It has been stated, that, in ignorance of her condition in life, in ignorance that he had proffered his hand to one whose father would have had little compunction in stabbing him to the heart, Capt. Tancred had fixed the following week for uniting himself to the smuggler's daughter. For several nights a vessel had been observed floating on the dark waters, which had aroused the suspicions of Captain Tancred. On the Saturday night preceding the week in which he fondly hoped to realize his heart's dearest wish, it was again descried. On that evening a seaman, who had recently been added to their detachment, was on watch for the first time. By the moonlight he recognized in the commander of the little vessel a notorious smuggler who had long infested the coast of Kent, where he had previously served, but always eluded pursuit, and had for some months disappeared from the neighborhood. The intelligence was communicated to Captain Tancred, who, with a party of men, put off in chase. It was a wild and stormy night; the moon at intervals only broke through the huge masses of cloud which drifted along the sky, the darkness of which received frequent illuminations from the lightning's blue glare. The wind howled around, and

From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leap'd the live thunder.

Many a heart might have blanched from daring man's and heaven's wrath on such a night as this; but Tancred and his companions were fearless; duty excited them, and they sped onwards dauntlessly. The vessels met, and a short but determined encounter ensued. The numerical strength of the smugglers was

trifling in comparison with their opponents; but despair lent them gigantic energy, and they fought as though this world and the next had been staked on the issue of the engagement. After a brief space, however, the scuffle terminated in the defeat and capture of the smugglers. Yet there was one amongst them who stood unharmed, unyielding, undismayed. Throughout the combat a savage desperation and ferocity of conduct had distinguished him from his comrades. His arm brandished a huge cutlass, which he raised to strike at the head of Captain Tancred, who at the same moment discharged his blunderbuss. One ball entered the heart of the smuggler, and a gurgling splash of blood welled from his side. One deep short groan, and the heart stopped its pulsations, and he fell a heavy corpse at the feet of Tancred!

But the smuggler was not alone in his death—nor a single victim to Tancred's fatal weapon;—"its scattered shot destruction dealt around." In the commencement of the affray, a slight figure, masked, and enveloped in a large cloak, had escaped observation by crouching in one corner of the vessel. As the danger thickened, however, that form sprang from concealment, and was about to interpose between the combatants, when the fatal trigger was pulled, and a random bullet entered a bosom heaving with love for its murderer. The brave and the weak, the stern and the delicate, alike had been annihilated by Tancred's arm, and lay prostrate before him! The vessel steered hastily back to the shore, and then was the discovery made, which stamped with unalloyed and unmitigable grief the future life of Tancred. The bodies of the smuggler and his comrades were removed from the boat. There was no mask to hide the features of Old Denham, and his ascertained identity created little sympathy. But the tearing off the mask, the removal of the fatal disguise from the figure of his youthful adherent, awakened a thrill of horror, and interest, and pity, in many a rugged breast, and overwhelmed one with a tide of misery that never ebbed. Perception

at first refused to yield credence to the reality of the appearance presented to it. Horror without limit, despair without hope, were in the conviction; but conviction did come, and the mind sickens with the matchless agony of the moment. Yes! it was the corpse of Helen that lay before him—killed, too, by his own hand! The fair, the fond, the beautiful being whom he had worshipped with the idolatry of devoted love; who had lain on his bosom in the sweet confidence of pure affection, and to whom he had been the whole earthly sum of weal or woe! He put aside the golden hair, which was now clotted with gore, and kissed the marble cheek, whose whiteness was stained with blood.—Her eye was closed, yet on the lids lay a few glimmering tears, the latest mementos of human suffering. The little flower which he had that very evening presented to her, was yet hidden in her bosom. It was crushed and faded; but, worthless as it appeared to some, to him the world's riches would have seemed poor for the purchase of the holy relic. On inquiry it was proved that Denham, in his wayward moods, would often take his daughter to be his companion in his unlawful and dangerous enterprises. No reasonable motive could be assigned for such proceedings by others; it could only be traced to the natural tyranny of his disposition, or might find solution in the fears that he sometimes expressed lest his daughter's state of unprotected loveliness might be invaded by insult. There was no ostentatious parade of grief about Tancred; not a single tear did he shed over the grave, when it opened to receive his life's essence. But the blight had struck at his heart, withered up every blossom of joy, and blasted, as with volcanic influence, the soft verdure of hope that had grown there. No amusements beguiled him of woe, no occupation robbed him of one pang of recollection. "Memory ceaselessly plied the work of pain," and at the age of thirty-five he appeared before me, a bankrupt of joy, with a shattered frame, haggard looks, and a wasted and agonized heart!

THE FADED GIRL.

I KNEW Anna Delancy in her early childhood. She was a lovely little being—playful as a fawn, bounding as an antelope. I parted from her for a few years, and when I returned, she was a blossoming beauty of sixteen summers—a flirt in the fullest sense of the phrase, and surrounded by admirers. Her slight frame had rounded to perfect grace—a deeper fire lit the brilliance of her eye, and a stronger glow played fitfully upon her cheek. Her intellect, also, had wonderfully developed. She was even in her childhood esteemed precocious in mind and smart beyond her years; but I thought it impossible that so few summers could effect the revolution in the person and manners of Anna, the fruits of which I now witnessed.

It was just at twilight, in August, when I visited her father's house, after a long absence. I inquired for her brother, who was my friend; and, being shown into the parlor, was recognized and welcomed home by Anna. At first, unconscious that the being before me could be her whose girlish lip I had so often pressed in innocent hilarity—I was formal and distantly polite; but the moment she was fully recognized, I again touched her forehead with my lips, and pressed her light hand with the true warmth of friendship. The evening gradually stole on, and with the passage of the flying hours several young gentlemen dropped in, evidently for the purpose of enjoying the society of Anna. Volatile and witty, she was polite and entertaining with all, and gave an interest and zeal to her conversation beyond what might be expected

from her years. She freely discussed the merits of all the new works of note, and expatiated with much discernment on the general features of the times. Of me she inquired into the particulars of my travels, and endeavored by every method, to add to the stock of information she already possessed.

The night waned apace, and I returned to my residence, reflecting on the change which a few years sometimes effects. I also mused of the creature who had suddenly started into womanhood, bright and beautiful. Visions of love and of happiness floated through my imagination, and I fell into elysium dreams. The past came back to me—again I saw Anna Delancy in her innocent childhood, throwing her little arms around my neck, and holding up her guileless lips that I might kiss them. Then, the scene suddenly changed—a stately and majestic creature stood before me; a slight tinge of pride was blended with the crimson of her lip, and a flash of fire mingled in the glorious light of her eye. I fell down before her, and poured into her soul vows of affection—she blushed, trembled, and was silent; but at last I felt her finger cling with a closer grasp to mine—the blood shot like lightning through my veins—my heart was flooded with rapture, as she clung to my embrace. Again the scene changed—we were before the altar—she arrayed in all the splendor of her bridal garments, and I wrapped in elysian smiles of happiness. Her father and mother, and her brother, my friend, were all there. The hoary headed priest came in his sacerdotal array, and stood

before the altar. Anna leaned, in her girlish weakness, upon my arm. I could perceive that she trembled, and a thrill of joy, blended with a strange tremor, passed over my own heart. The priest took the holy book in his hands; friends and relatives stood around us. I placed the hand of Anna in mine. A peal of thunder shook the church to its foundation—and I awoke.

A summer sun shone warmly into my chamber. In vain I strove to shake off the delusion of my dream. The look of my trembling bride still haunted my imagination, and the peal of thunder still rung strangely in my ears. For many months I was the nightly visiter of Anna Delancy. The impression which her wit and beauty made upon my understanding, strengthened with every visit, but knowing that I must again return to Europe for a few months, I postponed the avowal of my passion until the evening previous to my departure. Fleety the time passed in that interval. Happily I may say, for although tortured by doubts and fears, there were some gleams of unsophisticated kindness in the manners of Anna, and I frequently persuaded myself that I was beloved. But the time of my embarkation speedily arrived; and the night previous found me at the feet of her I loved. I told my tale with all the pathos possible. When I had finished, she questioned me concerning my anticipated absence! I told her that the ensuing night would find myself on the ocean. She hesitated long, and with apparent seriousness—told me as yet her heart was wholly her own—promised, if my absence did not extend beyond six months, she would still retain the right of appropriating of its affections. One hallowed kiss was imprinted upon her lips, and we parted.

The term of absence was extended to two years. During all that period the image of Anna Delancy held the freshest and warmest place in my heart. I underwent trials and hardships— toil and strife—but still she held the choicest shrine in my memory—was the dearest and fondest theme of my dreams. Constantly I wrote to her, but neither anticipated nor received an answer—my hopes were still alive, though delayed—and I thought oft and long of the period when I should again return and find her all that my fondest dreams portrayed.

At length I returned. Again I knocked at the door of her father's dwelling, and was admitted to the same parlor as before. The furniture was the same, and seemed placed in the precise situation as when I was last there. A thousand delightful and familiar images crowded into my mind. Anna Delancy was also there—but oh God! how changed. She rose with a faint smile, and my name trembled from her lips. I would have clasped her to my heart, but shuddered at the change as I gazed upon her features.

Her history during my absence is brief. She loved and was beloved in return, by one who possessed every quality, both of mind and person, for winning the affections of a young and artless female. He enjoyed a highly respectable station in society, was accepted by Anna's parents, and soon accepted by herself. The day was fixed for the wedding, when she was suddenly attacked by that most terrible disease, the small pox. The sequel may readily be anticipated. Her beauty was totally destroyed—her lover forsook her, and she was now pining away of a broken heart. Oh God, forgive the change that will pass over human affections.

THE LAST OF THE LINE

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

It was on a tranquil evening, in the sweet summer-month of June, that a lady of no ordinary appearance sat at an open casement of many-coloured glass, and overlooked a wild, but singularly beautiful, country. From the window a flight of steep stone steps led to a narrow terrace, that, in former times, had been carefully guarded by high parapets of rudely-carved granite; but they had fallen to decay, and lay in mouldering heaps on the shrubby bank, which ran almost perpendicularly to a rapid stream that danced like a sunny spirit through the green meadows, dotted and animated with sheep and their sportive lambs. In the distance, rude and rugged mountains towered in native dignity, "high in air," their grim and sterile appearance forming an extraordinary, but not unpleasing, contrast to the pure and happy-looking valley at their base, where, however, a few dingy peasant-cottages lay thinly scattered, injuring rather than enlivening a scene that nature had done much to adorn, and man nothing to preserve. Half way up the nearest mountain, a little chapel, dedicated to "our Lady of Grace," hung, like a whited wren's nest, on what seemed a point of rock; but, not even its rustic cross was visible from the antique casement. Often and anxiously did the lady watch the distant figures who trod the hill-side towards the holy place, to perform some act of penance or devotion.

It was impossible to look on that interesting woman without affection; one

might have almost thought her destined

"To come like truth, and disappear like dreams."

Though she was young, there was much of the dignity of silent sorrow in her aspect; and it was difficult to converse with her without feeling her influence, not to overpower, but to soften. Her form was slight, but rounded to the most perfect symmetry, and an extraordinary quantity of hair, black as the raven's wing, was braided, somewhat after the fashion of other lands, over a high and well-formed brow; although such was the style of the times, she wore no head-dress, except what nature had bestowed; a golden rosary, and cross of the same metal, gemmed with many precious jewels, hung over a harp-stand of antique workmanship; a few of the strings of the harp were broken, and a pile of richly-bound music gave no token of being often disturbed. Silken Ottomans, gilded vases, fresh-gathered flowers, and a long embroidered sofa, filled up, almost to crowding, the small apartment. In a little recess, opposite the window, a child's couch was fitted with much taste and care; the hangings were of blue damask, curiously inwrought with silver, such as the nuns in France and Flanders delight to emboss; there was also a loose coverlet of the same material, and a tasseled oblong cushion at either end. I have said that the lady was seated at the casement; sometimes she pressed her small white fingers to her brow, and then passed them over its rounded sur-

face, as if to dispel, by that simple movement, thoughts, "the unbidden guests of anxious hours;"—but still it was only for a moment her gaze was turned from her best treasure, her only child; her eye followed it as, in its nurse's arms, it enjoyed the evening breeze that played amid its light and clustering hair; the baby had a blue eye and a fair skin; and, if it sometimes, in the infantine seriousness that passed as airy shadows over a smiling landscape, resembled its mother, now, as it laughed and shouted, in broken accents, "Mamma! mamma!" she thought how like its father it spoke and looked. Clavis Abbey—as the strange mixture of ancient and modern buildings, inhabited by the household of Sir John Clavis, was called—was wisely situated. The monks of old always chose happily for their monasteries; the sites of their ruined aisles tell of the good taste, as well as good sense, of their reverend projectors. Hill, wood, and water, were ever in their neighborhood, and the red deer and salmon were always near to contribute to their repast.

But the fair possessions had, more than a century before our tale commences, passed from the hands of holy Mother Church. The marvellous tale of its exchange of masters is still often repeated, and always credited; it is said and believed, that the stream, which runs through the valley I have described, is every midsummer-night of a deep-red hue, in mysterious commemoration of the massacre of the priests of that abbey, which took place as late as the Elizabethian reign. Certain it is that the projector of such indiscriminate slaughter, never reaped the rich harvest he anticipated; for, unable from severe illness to visit the court of the maiden queen, he despatched his son's tutor on the mission, with communications of the services he had rendered the state, and a petition for a grant of the lands he had rescued from popery. The tutor, however, made himself so agreeable to the royal lady that she either was, or affected to be, severely angered by the unnecessary effusion of blood; and, so far from approving, testified her displeasure,

and bestowed the fair lands of the murdered monks upon Oliver Clavis, the false, but handsome, accessory of the priest-slayer. But no family could take possession of the consecrated ground in Ireland without falling under the ban of both church and people; and, notwithstanding the bland and liberal conduct of the new owner of the estate, then called Clavis Abbey, Oliver lived and died, as unpopular as could well be imagined. Tradition says that none of the heirs male of the family ever departed peaceably in their beds, and much learned and unlearned lore is still extant upon the subject.

Somewhat about the year 1782, Sir John Clavis entered upon his title and property, in consequence of the sudden demise of his father, Sir Henry, who was drowned on a moonshiny night, when the air and the sea were calm, and he was returning from an excursion to one of those fairy islands that at once beautify and render dangerous the Irish coast. The people who accompanied him, on that last day of his existence, say that he had been in unusual health and spirits during the morning, and had fished, and sung, and drank as usual—that as the night advanced he became reserved and gloomy, and, as they neared the coast, insisted on taking the helm—that, suddenly yielding the guidance of his little vessel, he sprang overboard—that immediately the crew crowded to save him, but a black cloud descended on the waters, and hid his form from their eyes, and it was not until the boat had driven an entire mile (as well as they could calculate) from the spot, they were enabled to behold the sea and the sky. Some laughed, some surmised, but many credited the tale, for superstition had hardly, at that period, resigned any of her strong holds; and the peasantry, to this day, believe that Sir Henry Clavis acted under the influence of a spirit-guide, that had lured him to sudden death, conformably with the old prophecy—

"The party shall fail by Clavis led,
And none of the name shall die in their bed."

Sir John had just completed his college course when he was called upon to support the honors of his house and

name. At Trinity he was considered more as an amiable gentlemanly young man, than an *esprit fort*, or one likely to lead in public life. At that period the college lads were a very different set of youths from what they are at present. The rude but generous hospitality, the thoughtless daring, the angry politics, the feudal feeling, that characterized the gentry of that time, was not likely to send forth subjects submissive to college rule; and the citizens of Dublin were too often insulted and aggrieved by the insolent aristocratic airs of unfledged boys, ripe for mischief, who, half in earnest, half in jest, sported with their comforts, and often with their lives. Party feeling, also, ran (as unhappily *there* it always does) to a dreadful height; and the young baronet, whose father invariably drank "The Glorious Memory," and "Protestant Ascendancy," every day after dinner, was frequently called upon to defend or support his party, although he invariably declared that as yet he was of none—that he must wait to make up his mind, &c. &c. It must be confessed that this extraordinary irresolution, at such a period, was more the effect of constitutional apathy than of reflection; he had a good deal of the consciousness of birth and wealth about him, but he disliked either mental or bodily exertion. As an only child he had suffered nothing like contradiction, and had he horsewhipped and abused his servants (when at the age of twelve he sported two of his own racers at the Curragh of Kildare), instead of speaking to them as fellow-creatures in a mild and kindly voice, it would have elicited no rebuke from his father, who secretly regretted that the youth was neither likely to become a five-bottle man, a staunch Orangeman, nor a Member of Parliament—the only three things he considered worth living for.

The young baronet never could have made up his mind to visit the continent—an exploit he had long talked of—but that an anticipated general election frightened him away, as he would certainly, if at home, have been expected to offer himself as a candidate, and make speeches. He hated trouble, and of the two

exertions chose the least—committed his affairs, for twelve calendar months, to the management of Denny Dacey, his nurse's son, who had acted, satisfactorily, as steward, since the second childhood of the old and respected man who had for sixty years filled the situation; and left the Abbey, attended by only two servants and one travelling-carriage. This was a matter of surprise and conversation to many, more particularly as Sir Henry and his neighbour, Mr. Dorncliff, a Cromelian settler, had arranged that their children should be united when of sufficient age. Miss Dorncliff was handsome and an heiress, and, it was said, in no degree averse to the union; they had been companions in childhood, but the lady, it would appear, was of too unromantic a disposition to remove the young baronet's indifference. As his carriage rolled past the avenue that led to her dwelling, he merely leaned forward and cast a fleeting glance towards the house. Where he met, and to what exact circumstances he owed the possession of so lovely a wife as the lady I have endeavoured to describe, is still a mystery; his business-letters conveyed no intelligence of his marriage; nor was it until the arrival of gay furniture, from a fashionable Dublin upholsterer, that the idea of such an event occurred to the inhabitants of Clavis.

When the baronet returned, and announced as his Lady her who leaned upon his arm; when the domestics received her with that warm-hearted and affectionate respect, for which Irish servants are so justly celebrated, and when the rumour went abroad that Sir John Clavis had married a Spanish lady, a Catholic, and "one who had little more English than a Kerry man," great was the consternation, and many and various the conjectures. "What will become of the 'Protestant Ascendancy,' and the 'Glorious and Immortal Memory,' now that a popish mistress is come to Clavis?" said one party. "Some chance of luck and grace turning to the old Abbey now that the right sort's in it," observed the other. Not a few affirmed, that the lady had absconded from a convent;

others asserted that she was picked off, with a few other survivors, from a wrecked vessel in the Mediterranean; those who had not seen her, whispered she was no better than she should be; but Miss Dorncliff—who, at first perhaps to show she was heart-whole, and afterwards from real regard, was often Lady Clavis's guest—generously declared that she was the most charming woman she had ever met, that she was highly accomplished, and, although a Catholic and a Spaniard, any thing but a bigot.

Her want of knowledge of the language, when she arrived, prevented her joining in conversation either with those who visited her, or those at whose houses she was received. Perfectly unconscious of the rules and etiquette of society in our colder regions, she was sure to commit some grievous fault in the arrangement of her guests, which invariably threw her husband into an ill temper, that, after the honey-moon was over, he seldom thought it necessary to conceal. Sir John had shaken off a good deal of his ennui by journeying; and when he came home he no longer stood on neutral ground, but suffered the excitement of politics to take place of that which is the accompaniment of travelling. He had now discovered that for the honour of the house it was necessary he should adopt his father's side of the question; and, accordingly, the gardener was ordered to fill the flower-beds with orange lilies, and the hangings of the spare rooms were garnished with orange bindings. Unfortunately, the members of an Orange Lodge were invited to dine at the Abbey, and Lady Clavis positively refused to wear their colour, in any way, *because* she considered it as the symbol of persecution to the Catholic religion, of which she was a devout and faithful member. When her husband, after much contention, gave up the point, she ordered a green velvet dress for the occasion, embroidered with golden shamrogs; she did this with a view to gratify him, never imagining that the colour which emblems the beauty and fertility of Ireland *could* be obnoxious to any body of Irishmen. What

then was her astonishment when he, whom she had been so anxious to please, expressed a most angry opinion of her costume—which occasioned a flood of tears from one party, and from the other an over hastily expressed desire that, as she could never understand the customs of the country, she would give up trying to do so. Matrimonial disputes are dreadfully uninteresting in the recital,—not entertaining as are lovers' quarrels, simply because there is no danger of a heart-breaking separation arising from them; it is only the two engaged in those unhappy differences that can understand their bitterness, the world has for them but little sympathy. Enough, then, be it, that the innocent green velvet was the commencement of much real disagreement: the lady insisting that she had the dress made as a compliment to his party; the gentleman protesting that it could not be so, as green was always opposed to orange. This he repeated over and over again, without troubling himself to inquire whether his wife understood him or not. Many an unpleasantness grew out of this trifle, that continued silently, like the single drop of rain, to wear the rock of domestic happiness. Sir John persevered in drinking deeply of the bitter cup of politics, that universal destroyer of society and kindly feeling. He soon discovered, or imagined he had discovered, how perfectly a continental education unfits the most amiable woman in the world for the society and habits of our islands; and the very efforts Lady Clavis made to appear cheerful, were silent reproaches to him for not endeavouring to make her so; they had, however, still one feeling in common—affection for their child.

While the mistress of Clavis Abbey was engaged in watching every movement of her beloved daughter, as the nurse paced slowly beneath her turret-window, the baronet was sitting tete-à-tete with no other than Denny Dacey, who, from being what in England is termed bailiff to the estate, had risen to the rank of agent, under the title, as his correspondents set forth, of "Dionysius Dacey, Esq." &c. &c. How this per-

son ever acquired the influence he possessed over his patron, must now remain a mystery: it is to be supposed that he insinuated himself into his good graces, as a weasel does into a rabbit-burrow, by various twists and windings, of which nobler animals are incapable. It was no secret in the county that, although Sir John's apathy no longer existed, in a political point of view, he had not acquired those active habits that are so necessary where a gentleman's affairs are embarrassed, and where nothing but good sense, and good economy, can retrieve them. During the young baronet's residence abroad, Dacey had exceedingly prospered; and, though one or two shrewd landholders suspected he used means, not consistent with his employer's interest, to obtain both influence and wealth, there was so much plausibility about the man, that the most watchful could bring nothing home to him; his bearing was blunt and open; he affected honesty, but his look belied the utterance of his tongue, for his eye lacked the expression of truth, and, instead of looking forth straightly from beneath its pent-house lid, was everlastingly twisting into corners—with cat-like quickness, watching a fitting opportunity, when those with whom he conversed were busied in other matters, to scan and observe their countenance. It has been to me an entertaining, though often an unpleasing study, to attend to the varied expressions conveyed by the mere action of the eye, almost without reference to the other features; and I would avoid, as I would a poisoned adder, the person whose eye quivers or looks down.

The two friends (as such is the usual term given to those who eat meat at the same board,) were seated at either end of a somewhat long table, on which were piled papers of various dates and dimensions; a huge bowl of punch had been nearly emptied of its contents, and the baronet did not appear particularly fit for business—Irish gentlemen seldom are—at all events, after dinner: he leaned listlessly on the table, as if in reverie; and it was only Dacey's voice that aroused him from his reflections.

"But, my dear Sir John," he commenced with his peculiar drawl, while his eye was fixed on the punch-ladle; "My dear Sir John, 'pon my sowl it weighs upon my conscience, so it does, to be managing here, and you to the fore, with such a fine head and so much cleverness (a sly glance to see how the flattery took), 'tis a shame you don't turn to it yourself, for by'n-by you'll, maybe, find things worse nor you think 'em, as I have told you before, God knows—"

"And will my looking over these cursed papers make things better? It is, positively, enough to set me mad, just at a time too when our grand county meeting is coming on, and the general election, and so much exertion expected from me; and the house will be full of English company from the castle, and Lady C. has not an idea how English people should be entertained."

"But sure Miss Dorneliff is coming to stop with my lady while they stay."

"Very true, she is a capital, good-natured girl, 'faith, and much better-looking than she was eight years ago, when I left Ireland. Oh, dear! I wonder young men of fortune marry, Dacey!"

"Sir John, it is very necessary."

"Well, well, I suppose it is, but say no more about it; there are enough of disagreeable subjects on the table already." The baronet looked upon the pile of papers, and the agent glanced keenly up, but his eye was quickly withdrawn.

"My Lady was in a convent, I believe, Sir John?"

"Ay; it was a fine exploit to get her out of it. Well, poor thing, she trusted nobly to my honour, and was not deceived."

"Of course you were married by a priest?" (This was said cautiously.)

"To be sure we were, and by a jovial fellow too: he went with me to the convent-wall, and performed the ceremony at the foot of a beautiful old cross, by the way-side, as the moon was sailing over our heads, and the orange-trees were showering perfume around us. Poor Madelina!" he continued, almost involuntarily, "I found the withered or-

ange-blossoms, which that night I bound upon her maiden brow, encased in a cas-ket, with the hair of our child, only this morning."

"You had the ceremony repeated on your arrival in England?" inquired Dacey.

Sir John Clavis fixed his eyes upon the reptile, and, in a sterner tone of voice than was his wont, in his turn became the querist.

"Why do you ask?"

"For no reason, only that if you had a son it would be well to see that the marriage was firm and legal."

"Thank you," replied the baronet drily, "there is not much chance of that being the case; and if there was—"

A long pause followed the last sentence, which neither seemed inclined to disturb. Dacey gathered the papers towards him, and pulling his spectacles from his forehead to his nose, occupied himself in sorting and placing them in separate piles; every five or ten minutes a no gentle sigh escaped from his lips, the last of which was so audible that Sir John exclaimed, "What the devil, man alive, do you growl for in that manner?—one would think that you expected the ghost of your uncle, the priest, to start forth from the papers and upbraid you with your apostacy!"

"Sorra a ghost at all then, Sir John, among the papers; only the reality of botherin' debts, custodiams, thrown-up leases on account of the rack-rent, and the Lord knows what!"

"And whose fault is it?" replied the gentleman angrily; "did I not leave it all to your management? The property was a good property, and why should it not continue so? I'm sure I can't think how the money goes; to do Lady C. justice, she spends nothing."

"There's the hounds, the hunters, and five grooms, of one sort or other, Sir John; to say nothing of town-houses, and carriages, and—"

"My father always had the same establishment," interrupted Sir John, "and never kept an agent to overlook matters either."

"More's the pity!" ejaculated the

manager—(the exclamation might have been taken in two ways).

"There's no manner of use in my keeping you, if I am to be pestered with those eternal accounts—accounts—accounts—morning, noon, and night. The simple fact is," continued Sir John, rising from his seat, "the simple fact is, money I want, and money I must have. After flying to the Continent to avoid an election, I find that now, at this particular crisis, I can not help running into the very strait I endeavoured to steer clear of. My friends say it is necessary, and would even subscribe (if I permitted) to return me free of expense; that I will never do—so money, Dacey, money I must have, that's certain."

"It's easy to say money," retorted the agent; "will you sell, Sir John?"

"What?" interrogated the baronet.

"There's the Corner estate, that long strip, close by Ballyraggan; your cousin Corney of the hill has long had an eye to it, and would lay down something handsome."

"You poor pitiful scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir John, "do you think it's come to that, for me to sell land, like a huckster!—and to Corney too, a fellow that gathers inches off every estate, as a magpie picks fi'pinnies!—a fellow who, basely born and basely bred, has, nevertheless, managed to accumulate wealth, like a pawnbroker, on the miseries of others; I know he has had an eye on that property these eight years, but look—sooner than he should have it, I'll beg my bread—I'll sell the estate to a stranger to prevent the possibility of him or his ever possessing an acre of the land."

"Please y'erself, sir," replied the manager, sweeping some of the papers into a wide-mouthed canvas sack, which he drew from under his chair. "Here's Mr. Damask's, the upholsterer's, letter—swears, if he's not paid, he'll clap on an execution like lightning; it's as good as 2,500*l.* now, with costs."

"Fire and fury!" exclaimed the baronet, who, his apathy once shaken off, became terrible in his violence, "do you want to drive me mad!"

"Then I'll say nothing of Mr. Barry

Mahon's little letter," continued the man of business quietly, "who writes, that as you've decided on *standing*, in opposition to him, he'll trouble you for the money he lent you as good as four years ago, to complete some purchase or another; it ends very civilly, though, by saying that it's only the knowledge that a gentleman like you will be a formidable adversary, which obliges him to strain every nerve to make his own step firm."

"A blight upon him and his civility!"

"Then here is—" Mr. Dacey was prevented from finishing his sentence by Sir John's striking the table so violently with his clenched hand, that the very punch-bowl trembled, and the agent ejaculated, "Lord save us!"

"Look here!" said the baronet, "you have, *I know*—means, somehow or other, of raising money when you like; find me the sum of ten thousand pounds by this day week, and that very estate, so coveted by my cousin Corney, shall be yours for ever, at a pepper-corn rent, provided the matter be kept secret; mind, *provided it be kept secret*, and you bind yourself never to let a twig of it into Corney's possession."

"It's easy to keep a thing a secret that never happens," observed Dacey, rolling the cord of the bag between his finger and thumb; "is it me get money when I like?—and I obliged to go at credit for these brogues on my feet,"—and he put forth a topped boot, well-polished and shining, as he spoke.

"The Corner estate, as it is called," repeated Sir John.

"At a pepper-corn rent," pondered Dacey; "if a body could any way make up the money, I'd do a dale to oblige you, sir; and though I've neither cross nor coin to bless myself with, to be sure I know them that has, who, may-be, for a valuable consideration, might—though I don't know—the little estate—eh!—ten thousand!—it's badly worth that, Sir John, unless, indeed, you'd throw the fourteen acres of pasture by the loch into it."

"Well!" exclaimed the indolent baronet, though perfectly conscious that the

land was worth treble the sum; "we'll talk about that, provided you ensure me the money; and now gather your parchments, and vanish; I've had enough of arithmetic to last me for some months—and Dacey!"

"Yes, Sir."

"After the election, I will really look into matters myself; but, at present, when the good of my country is at stake—when we are threatened with invasion from without and rebellion from within—the man must be basely selfish who thinks of self—Oh, Dacey! did you see the Madeira safely into the cellar?"

"Yes, Sir John."

"Good night, Dacey!—there—good night—you won't forget—ten thousand—hard gold—none of your flimsy paper—the Corner estate."

"And the pasture."

"There, good night," repeated the baronet. As the wily agent bowed himself out of the apartment, Sir John Clavis rose from his seat, and threw open the window which was directly under the turret that formed the boudoir of his Spanish wife; indeed it was the sound of her guitar that had drawn him to it; and he recognized a favorite seguidilla, to which he had written words; he remembered having taught her to repeat them; and the full rich voice that had given them so much beauty—if in that twilight hour it sounded less melodious—had never fallen upon his ear so full of tenderness; its simple burthen—

"Sweet olive-groves of Spain,"

brought the remembrance of what Madelina was to him, in the days when he playfully chid the mispronunciation of his poetry; and as the prospect of receiving the ten thousand, and not being plagued about money matters, had somewhat softened his temper (the idea that he was diminishing his property had no share whatever in his thoughts—possessing, as he did, the peculiarly Irish qualification of looking *only on* to-day), he thought, I say, of his wife, with more complacency than he had done since the affair of the green velvet. He was pleased when he heard Miss Dorncliff (of whose

arrival he was unconscious) urge her to repeat the strain. She commenced, but at a line which he well remembered—

"I know no blessing but thy smile,"

her voice faltered, and the next moment he heard her friend chiding away her tears; his first impulse was to go to her apartment, and inquire their cause; but then he hated scenes, and vanity or curiosity, or both, prompted him to remain; and the broken dialogue which followed, happily for the repose of his soul, roused, in his wife's cause, the best feelings of his heart. Many were the affectionate expressions lavished by Miss Dorncliff on her friend, and many the entreaties that she would cease to agitate herself upon what she insisted was a surmise without foundation.

"You would not say so," replied Madelina, "if you had seen his attention, his tenderness, on the Continent—or heard his repeated promises that my religion should be held sacred; the little silver shrine, that my sainted mother so often knelt to, I have been obliged to remove, even from this chamber, which it is mockery to call my own; and though I can not understand all he says—and though his eye is bright, and his lip smiles, sometimes, yet he never looks upon me as he used; *to me his countenance is sadly changed.*"

"I'll tell you what, my dear," replied her friend, taking advantage of a pause in her complaint, "adopt the course I should have done, if my good father's scheme had, unfortunately for me, been carried into effect. Assert your own dignity; if he looks as cold as snow, do you look as cold as ice—if he stamps, do you storm—if he orders, do you counter-order—if he says, 'I will,' do you say, 'you sha'n't.' My life on it!—such conduct for one week would bring him sighing to your feet. Here you sit, with your baby, which, if he had the common feelings of a man, he would worship you for presenting to him—"

"Stop, my dear Margaret," said Lady Clavis; "do him not injustice; he loves his child as fondly as father ever loved a child; he has not changed to it—"

"Yet," interrupted in her turn, the indignant Margaret, "he has not changed yet, but who can tell how soon he may? The man who would change *to you* must be base indeed."

"He is not base," replied the wife, in a sweet low tone, which penetrated into the inmost recesses of Sir John's heart, "not base, only weak; he is surrounded by a parcel of flatterers, many of whom hate me because of my religion, and others for reasons which I can not define; but look, Margaret, were he to treat me as a dog, were he to spurn me from him, and trample me to dust, even that dust would rise to heaven's own gate to ask for blessings on his head."

"She is an angel, after all!" thought Sir John.

"You are a fool, my dear!" both thought, and exclaimed Miss Dorncliff; "and I only wish I were big enough to throw him over the terrace of this old musty place, and I would soon choose out a husband worthy of your love."

"Upon my word, I am much obliged to you, Miss Minx!" murmured the baronet, as he cautiously closed the window, resolving to turn over a new leaf, and station himself, for the remainder of the evening in his wife's dressing-room. He could not avoid thinking, as he passed through the winding corridors and up the staircases, "a very pretty wife I should have had, if it had been as my worthy agent seems to think it might be even now. The fellow means well, but he is mistaken; I should not have been able to call my life my own—the termagant! Thank goodness, I escaped her! I never valued my blessing before!"

He met his child in the lobby, and took the laughing cherub from the nurse's to his own arms. As he prepared to enter, "You may go down, Mary," he said, seeing the maid waiting to receive the child, "I will take Miss Madeline in myself."

How easily can a man make the woman who truly loves him happy! It was enough for Lady Clavis that her husband was at her side—enough that he smiled upon her—enough that he called her "darling:" although it would have been bet-

ter for them both, had she possessed the strength of mind to entitle her to the name of "friend," the most sacred, yet the most abused, of all endearing terms. Miss Dorncliff exulted in her happiness, though her more cool and deliberate temperament led her to believe that Sir John's "love-fit," as she termed it in her own mind, would not be of long duration. She little knew the service she had rendered Lady Clavis by her somewhat intemperate advice; nor the dread the baronet had, lest any portion of that advice should be followed by his gentle wife.

As Mary Conway, Madeline's nurse, descended to the vestibule, she heard a voice, whose sound was familiar to her ear, repeat her name two or three times, and in various tones; she lingered for a moment, and then, as if gladly remembering that her infant charge was committed to its parent's care, turned into an abrupt passage, leading from the great hall to one of the archways, where dew and damps mouldered from day to day upon the massive walls.

"What are you afther wantin' now, Mister Benjy?" she inquired, as the outline of her lover's (for there is no use in concealing the fact) figure became visible to her laughing eyes.

"Nothing particular, that is to say very particular," replied the youth, who was no other than Dacey's nephew; "only I'm going a journey to-night, and I thought I'd be all the better for your God speed, or may-be a bit of prayer to the saints ye think so much of."

"A journey!—where to?" inquired Mary, with a palpitating heart.

"Why, thin, just to Dublin, Mary, honey. And it's glad enough I'd be to get out of this murderin' grand ould place, only just for one single thing."

"And might a body know what that is?" again inquired the maiden.

"Honor bright, Mary, because I sha'nt see y'er sweet smilin' face for many a long day, may-be; for uncle says he has a dale o' business to transact in Dublin, and that he'll be wanting me to look afther it; indeed, I'm thinkin' that he has a notion we're keeping company, and don't over like it; though, Mary,

darlin', its more nor he can do to put between us."

Mary covered her face with her hand, and, though no sigh or sound escaped her lips, tears bedewed her cheeks. She was nothing more nor less than a frank-hearted, good-natured girl, with only three, or perhaps four, definite ideas in her pretty round head—the first of which was decided love for her mistress, and her mistress's child—a great portion of affection for Benjamin Dacey—and no small regard for finery in all its branches and bearings; she consequently had not a multiplicity of objects to divide her attention, which was therefore steadily devoted to the service of her three or four several propensities. The idea of her lover's being sent away, and to Dublin too, overwhelmed her with grief, to which she would have given more audible vent, but that Benjamin had unwittingly observed, his "uncle didn't over like his keeping company with her," which aroused the maiden's pride; she therefore said, "that indeed Mr. Dacey ought to remimber when he once held two or three acres of land under her father," and that, "though she was at the Abbey, she was far from being a *râle sarvant*; she took care of Miss Maddy more from pure love than any thing else. May-be, it was Mister Benjy himself that wanted to be off the promise—if so, she was willing and ready," &c. &c. But, in fact, these lover's quarrels are the same in all cases; I could give a recipe by which people might quarrel, *agreeably*, ten times a week on an average—only, as love would be the principal ingredient in my prescription, I fear the misunderstandings would be too soon understood for your genuine downright-in-earnest quarrellers,—a set of choleric individuals, which I sincerely testify, I hold in most fervent abhorrence. I can not tarry with those young people, during this parting scene, but only recount that "Mary," as she afterwards expressed it, "got a dale out of Benjy, which no one should be the wiser for; only her heart was fairly crushed—thinkin' what a misfortune it was to a boy like him to have such an uncle;" even this she only communicated

to her particular friend and companion, Patty Grace.

When the expected company arrived from Dublin,—from "the Castle," as it has been familiarly termed for ages—it was evident that Sir John had nerved his mind to some great undertaking to which he was secretly urged by Dennis Dacey. Indeed, the particular party who had once been led by his father were anxious that he should tread in the same steps, and they again regretted that his union with a Catholic was likely to cool his ardor in "the good cause;" they however did their best to urge him forward—and "the glorious and immortal memory" was drank so often after dinner, that those who sacrificed to the sentiment had neither glorious nor inglorious memory left. The humble parish priest never joined in these revels; and when Dacey, in Lady Clavis's presence, hinted at this circumstance, and had, moreover, the audacity to assert that his absence was a tacit acknowledgment of disloyalty, the lady roused herself in defence of her ancient friend, and told the agent that, if religion was a proof of loyalty, he must be the worst of traitors, for he was a renegade from the faith of his fathers, and had changed for the love of filthy lucre. Dacey trembled and turned pale; but as he quitted the apartment he muttered a deep and bitter curse against the lady of Clavis Abbey. Not only had "the little estate" been secretly transferred to Dacey, along with the fourteen acres of pasture, and the ten thousand pounds paid for present relief, but other sums must, at this crisis, be advanced to relieve the necessities of the proprietor, and other lands sacrificed to feed the rapacity of the agent. Mr. Barry Mahon resolved to stand as the *people's* champion, and already were the addresses of the several candidates duly printed in the county papers; the Abbey became a scene of interminable bustle and confusion; as the day for the commencement of the election approached, it would be difficult to convey an idea of the strange persons and scenes that crowded on each other. To Mary Conway's great delight, Benjamin unexpectedly returned;

and, from the manner in which his uncle received him, it might be supposed that he was not particularly pleased at the circumstance; he, however, carved out for him the task of managing (dare I say bribing?) a few refractory freeholders at some distance; but the young man did not depart until he had whispered some words of moment into his true love's ear. The same evening, when Mary was undressing the little Madeline, Lady Clavis entered the room, happy to escape from a tumult she could hardly understand.

"I'm so glad y'er honorable ladyship's come in," said the girl; "I wanted so much to know what you'd have packed up to take into town to-morrow, my lady—as of course you mean to go with his honor to see the election and all that?"

"Indeed, Mary," replied Lady Clavis, "I have no such intention; I shall be but too glad to escape the bustle of it here—and I should be only in the way, Sir John says."

"Och, my grief! Does his honor, the master, say that? But, no matter, madam, dear, for the love o' God, as ye value y'er own honor, and the honor of this sweet baby, go!—go, for God's sake!—or you'll be sorry for it,—mark my words!"

Lady Clavis was astonished at the girl's vehement manner and gestures, but still she remained firm to her purpose. She was suffering acutely from mental anxiety and bodily exertion; and as Sir John had continued to treat her with great kindness, she was anxious to show how willingly she would yield to his wishes—even where they were opposed to her own. But Mary was not to be thus satisfied. She "hushowed" her little charge to sleep, and descended to the lobby that led to her master's study. She paused for a few moments at the entrance, and inclined her ear so as to catch any sound that might pass along, having ascertained that persons were speaking within. I can not avoid lamenting that she was led away, by what might be called, "natural curiosity," to draw near—very near; so near that her ear covered the key-hole—and listen—systematically listen—to whatever conversation

was going on. She might have remained some fifteen minutes, in no very comfortable attitude, when she suddenly started up; but had hardly receded three steps from the door, when it was opened, and the round vulgar face of Dacey appeared, carefully prying into the darkness. Mary saw she could not escape unnoticed, so, with ready wit, she inquired, "Oh, Misther Dacey, have you seen my lady's Finny? I've been huntin' all the evenin' after the ugly baste, and can get neither tale nor tidings of it?—Finny!—Finny!—Finny!"

"Can ye see in the dark, like the cats, Miss Mary, with y'er fine red top knot?" said Dacey, earnestly.

"Troth, ye may ask that," she replied, "for my candle went out."

"And where's the candlestick, Miss Mary?" persisted the keen querist.

"No wonder ye'd inquire, but sorra one have we been able to lay hands on these three weeks, for the shoals o' company, so I just used the same candlestick my father and your father, Misther Dacey, was best acquainted with—my fingers, why!—Finny!—Finny!—Finny!"

She was receding, calling the dog at the same time; when Dacey, whose ire was roused, followed her nearly to the end, and said, "You'd better not turn y'er tongue against my family, Miss Impudence, for ye're mighty anxious to get into it, I'm thinkin'."

"Not into your family, Misther Dacey," retorted Mary, proudly. "Anxious, indeed! I don't deny that Benjy and I have been keepin' company, though my true belief is he's no nevvie of yours. Ye'd think little of adoptin' any man's child or property either."

"Hah!" he exclaimed, seizing her arm and pressing it firmly, "is that the news ye're afther?—ye'd better—" but the girl prevented his finishing his threat by screaming "Murder!" so loudly, that Sir John Clavis rushed out, with a candle in his hand, to inquire into the disturbance.

Dacey looked extremely foolish, while Mary lifted her apron to her eyes, and with well-feigned tears, declared, "It's

a shame—and I'll tell my lady, so I will, that when I was looking for little Finny, that man comed out of your honour's study to kiss me, y'er honour—a dacent girl like me—I'll tell my lady, so I will. Finny!—Finny!—Finny!" And off she marched triumphantly, leaving Dacey to explain his equivocal situation as he best could.

The night had become dark and stormy; and, when Mary put her head from under the archway, before mentioned, large drops of rain were drifted on her face. She hastily folded her gray mantle round her, and, stepping from parapet to parapet of the ancient enclosure, gained a particular elevation that overlooked the entire country. Here she paused for a moment, and then pushed into the brushwood that covered the slope leading to the meadows. Having reached the stream, that partook of the agitation of the evening gale, she seemed puzzled how to make her passage good; but her perplexity was not of long duration, although the stepping-stones were perfectly covered by the swollen waters. She seated herself on the wet grass, took off her shoes and stockings, and, folding her clothes round her, prepared to cross the river. Having achieved her purpose, after much buffeting with both wind and water, she readjusted her dress, and proceeded on her way so intently, and with so much resolution, that I doubt if she would have stayed her course had she even met the bogle that frightened the good Shepherd of Etrick—

"Its face was black as Bryant coal,
Its nose was o' the whunstone;
Its mou' was like a borel hole—
That puffed out fire and brimstone."

Regardless of banshees, clurecauns, or any of the fairy tribe, so admirably depicted by their historian Crofton Croker, Mary pressed earnestly forward till she arrived opposite a small gate that opened into an extensive park; the lock, like most Irish locks, was out of repair, so that she had but to apply her finger underneath, and push the bolt back. She only paused to inhale a long breath, and flew onward across the yielding grass,

startling birds and herded deer from their early slumbers: this continued fleetness soon brought her opposite the gate of a noble modern mansion; but she preferred entering through a little postern-door to ascending the stone steps.

"Where's her honour?" she inquired of an old serving-man, astonished at her untimely visit.

"Lord, Ma! you've frightened the senses out o' me."

"Why, thin, 's myself is glad to hear it."

"Why so, Mary?"

"Because it's the first I've hard of y'er havin' any in,—but where's the lady?"

"Umph," replied the old servant, evidently annoyed, "nd out!" and, turning on his heel, he was leaving the offended damsel alone, when she snatched the candle, that maintained a very equivocal equilibrium in his hand, and ran up the back staircase.

"That one has the impudence of the ould boy in her, and makes as free in this house as if it was her own," he observed.

She tapped gently at the door of a small apartment, and a clear-toned voice responded, "come in." In another moment, Mary was in Miss Dorncliff's presence. She advanced, making a curtsy at every second step, until she stood opposite the young lady, who regarded her with much surprise.

"Why, Mary, is your mistress ill—or has any thing happened to little Madeline?"

"No, God be thanked!—nothin'—to say nothin'—yet," replied the girl, laying her hand on the back of a chair for support, for she had traversed nearly five Irish miles in less than an hour.

"Sit down, sit down, my good girl," said the lady, kindly; "and, as soon as you can, tell me what has agitated you thus."

"Thank you, my lady—sure ye said that just like herself that's the angel entirely, if ever there was one, God knows!—and God counsel her, and you, my lady; for she won't be said or led by me, and more's the pity!"

"You speak of your mistress, Mary, I suppose," interrupted Miss Dorncliff, "but do come to the point at once, for I am all anxiety."

"I can't make a long story short, madam, particularly when my heart's all in it—but, as fast as I can, I'll riddle it all out, for sure my heart's burstin' to tell it." The lady assumed the attitude of a patient listener, and Mary, again drawing a long breath, and pulling first one and then another of her red, but taper fingers, commenced the disclosure of her mystery.

"Ye remember, when her ladyship first came over, the bobbery and the work there was about her; and the people—the protestant people, (savin' y'er favour—all but y'erself,) saying this, that, and t'other about her, as if she wasn't what she out to be. Well, to my knowledge and belief, the one who kept this stirrin' was no other than that ould vagabond—that the beams of God's own sun and moon 'ud scorn to rest upon—(savin' y'er presence, for mentionin' him before ye)—ould Dacey; because ye're sensible he's a turn-coat in the first place—and my lady is so steady to her duty that it was ever and always puttin' him to shame; and to be sure my lady, seein', I suppose, that in foreign parts the poor are all negres, God save us! (may-be black bodies too,) my lady was high to him—she has a high way with her, I grant, and sure so has the lilies, though they're so sweet and gentle when you come to know them—well, for that he hated her; and I'm sure it's more to get at the way of punishing her, than even securin' the property, that he's been goin' on as he has lately—"

"Securin' what property?—going on how?" eagerly demanded Miss Dorncliff.

"Let me tell you my own way, miss, agra! or I can't go on; besides, how would ye get at the rights of it, if ye didn't hear from the beginnin'!"

Miss Dorncliff resumed her patient attitude.

"Ye see ould Dacey knows what he's afther, and Sir John has a way of his own of never seein' to any thing—gen-

tleman-like—though I can't but think it a bad fashion; and while he was on the continent there was a dale of plunderin' roguery goin' on; and when he came home, sure the agent managed to keep him employed gettin' presentments, and entertainin', an' making speeches about pathriotism, and all that, (I've been tould he's a powerful fine speaker, though I can't say I ever hard him); and ever divartin' him with sich things, till the right time, when he turned, my dear! as quick as a merrymen, and bothered him with debts and accounts. Now the masther bein' a classical scholar, (as I've hard tell), didn't by course like the figures, which are only common larnin'; and the ould one played his cards so well, that he made him hate the sight of a bill, or a figure; till at last Sir John said, 'manage it all y'erself, which he was glad to get the wind of the word to do, though all the time he was putendin' he wanted the masther to look to it himself—the thief o' the world! As well as I can come at it, madam, (miss, I ax y'er pardon,) Sir John agreed to let Dacey have pieces of estates, on the sly, for ready money, at half their value, agreein' that Dacey should keep it to himself; for the pride, ye see, wouldn't let him own it; and the ould one, 'cute like, got sich another rogue as himself, in Dublin, to go somethin' in it. You'r *sinsible*, miss, my lady. Bein' not a well larned girl, never havin' got beyant my *read-a-me-daisy*, I can't understand the rights of it, only that these two was cocherin together, and procurin' money—for what I know, *unlawful* money—from foreign parts, and gettin' bit by bit of the poor masther's property from him, and tyin' him down, as Benjy said."

"As who said?" interrupted Miss Dacey.

"Why Benjy said so," stammered forth the girl, confused at committing her lover's name.

"Then Benjy, as you call him, was your informant as to these pretty villainous plots, I suppose?" interrogated the lady.

"I didn't say *that*, Miss Dorncliff: sure a body may make a remark, as the

poor boy did, when they *hear* a thing, without being the one to *tell* it?" retorted the girl, keenly looking into her face; and the lady wisely, seeing that Mary was now put on the *qui vive* to prevent her lover being suspected as the informer, merely replied, "go on."

"Ye've put me out ever so many times; but all I've got to say's easy said now; it isn't enough for that ould devil's pipin' that he has *custotied*, or some sich thing, the whole land, so as to make the noble man all as one as a genteel beggar, but now that the election is come on, and Sir John goin' to stand for the county and all—what d'ye think, but he's laid a plan to get the poor gentleman into W—, to give the word to some thraythors of vagabonds, and get him arrested and shamed fore'nent the whole county, unless—(oh, the black villain!)—unless—the sneakin' ditch-hopper!)—unless—(oh, indeed I can't say it, for the choakin' of my throat!)—unless he puts away his darlin' wife—who can be made not his wife, on account of the religion, as I'm credibly informed; and that, if he doesn't give in to this, he'll expose him in the face of the people, which I know the masther 'ud rather die than stand. Well, miss, ye see, he's got Sir John to promise entirely that he'll not take my lady with him, because she's delicate like; and he's persuaded masther she'd be in the way. And I want her to go—for look," continued Mary, giving full scope to the action and energy of her country, "if she was *with* him, he couldn't desert her, and look in her sweet patient face, and her two darlint eyes, that send the bames of true and pure love right to his soul; he couldn't look at *that*, ma'am dear, and consent to stick a knife in her heart, and send the blessin' of the poor, the light of one's eyes—the *fond cra-thur that trusted him*, as if she was a thing of shame, abroad in the *could*, *could*, world!—but—" and here the poor girl's voice sank from the highest tones of hope, to the low and feeble ones of uncertainty—"if she's *not* with him, and that villain at his shoulder; and the disgrace; and lose the election; and all

that: and if he agrees, plinty o' money; and the seat; and ivery thing smooth, and keep him more than half or whole mad, betwixt the fame and the whiskey!—it'll be all over with my poor lady! Oh, she little thinks! this blessed night, she'll lay down her head and die!" Mary hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly.

"My poor friend!—my dear Madelina!" exclaimed Miss Dorncliff, as she hastily passed up and down the apartment, "how worthy of a better fate!—Mary, there is no use in your denying it; Benjy has given you this information, and he *must* give it publicly."

"D'ye want ruin on him too?" returned the subdued girl; "sure he's above a trade, and has been brought up like a born gentleman to do nothin';—and, even if he had a mind, how can he turn agin the ould villain, his uncle, when sorra a penny he'd have in the world, and doesn't know how to make one?"

"Look," said the lady; "if Benjamin will bring forward such proof of trickery as can force conviction on Sir John's mind, I will settle upon him a sufficiency for life; and there," she continued, throwing her purse into Mary's lap, "is the earnest of my promise." For a moment, the girl forgot her mistress's interest in her own, as she eyed the glittering treasure; but soon she reverted to what, with true Irish fidelity, was nearest to her heart.

"My lady, you'll come to her now, and persuade the masther to take her, and make out something to oblige him to take her. Och! my heart never warmed to ye as much as it does at this minute!—for they said—" She stopped before the conclusion of the sentence.

"What did they say, Mary?" inquired Miss Dorncliff.

"That you, my lady—only I'm loath to repeat a lie—that, may-be, you'd marry the masther, if he'd put off his wife."

Miss Dorncliff's face and forehead crimsoned to the deepest dye at this villainous insinuation. "Me!" she ejaculated, as if to herself, "Me!—the base, base-born churls! But I will save *her*, come what may. Mary," she contin-

ued, after a pause, "Mary, do not say a word of your having been here; mind, not a syllable. You will see me in the morning."

"Before masther goes?" inquired Mary.

"No, but soon; immediately after. Fear not, my good girl, your mistress shall be safely cared for."

"May the Holy Mother, whether ye've faith in her or no, preserve ye from harm, and may heaven be y'er bed at last!" replied Mary, clasping her hands, and looking most affectionately at Miss Dorncliff; "and a good night, and a fresh blessin' to ye every mornin' that ye see day-light!"

When Miss Dorncliff was again alone, she revolved her plans as she paced along her chamber. For the last three years she had had the sole management and control of her father's affairs, whose age had, in a great degree, swallowed up his mind; and a large property was also at her sole command, which she had already inherited from her uncle. That night she neither slumbered nor slept; repose came not to her body or her spirit; and from the highest window of the dwelling, she watched until she saw Sir John's equipage, with his troop of noisy retainers, pass the great gate on its way to W—. She then ordered her own carriage, and in a little time was at Clavis Abbey. The first person she inquired for was Mary, and doubtless she derived some information from her, for they were long together. She then proceeded to Lady Clavis's dressing-room, and found her in tears.

"I can not tell why," said she, "but I feel a sad anticipation of evil hanging over me. It was so strange, John kissed me this morning when he thought I was asleep; and, do you know, he attempted to kneel at Madelina's cradle, but he rushed, like a madman, from the room, despite my efforts to recall him."

"We must follow him, then," observed Miss Dorncliff, assuming an air of gaiety, "we must follow the knight; I want most sadly to go to the election; my presence will cheer on my own tenants to his service; and there is no say

ing but that some of them, were I not on the spot, might dare to think for themselves. Besides, I can only go under the protection of a matron, you know. No interruption; I must be obeyed; we will set off this afternoon, so as to hear his maiden speech from the hustings."

Lady Clavis offered a very weak opposition to what her heart longed to engage in, and they arrived in W— at about half past ten at night. The little Madelina was left in Mary's care at the Abbey.

There was no difficulty in finding the inn, or, as it was called, hotel, where the Orange member put up; for he had steadily refused going to the house of any of his constituents.

The waiters immediately recognized Lady Clavis, and, with many bows, conducted her into the passage, which was empty at the time, though the sounds of music, singing, and loud debate, were clearly distinguished by the ladies, even before they alighted from their carriage.

"You can show us to a sitting-room, where we can wait till Sir John is disengaged. We wish to surprise him," said Miss Dorncliff.

"I can't tell him ye're here just now, my lady," replied the man, "for Mr. Dacey said they war not to be disturbed; and there's two gentlemen, I'm thinkin' from Dublin, besides two or three others, waitin' to get speakin' with him. And it's myself don't know where to put y'er ladyships, barrin' ye'll go into a purty tidy room jist off where his honour's settlin' a little affair of business with Mr. Dacey. Sure, if I'd known you war comin', it's the great grand committee-place I'd have redied for ye."

"Be firm and cautious now, my dear friend, for the hour of trial is come," observed Miss Dorncliff in French, as she pressed her friend's arm closely to her heart;—"the men from Dublin, and all: we have just arrived in the right time—you may depend upon it, all will be well."

The waiter stared with stupid astonishment, and said, "May-be ye'd have the goodness, my lady, not to speak out much, as Sir John's at business in the

next room, and he mightn't like to be disturbed; it'll do to tell him by'n by, won't it my lady? But what'll you please to take?"

"Nothing, nothing, now," replied Miss Dorncliff; for Lady Clavis appeared incapable of either mental or bodily exertion. Her friend had revealed to her a considerable portion of her plans and anxieties during their brief journey; and her elegant but weak mind, unable to arrive at any conclusion, remained in a state of passive obedience.

Communicating with the next apartment was a small door, which, in the true Irish fashion, hung very loosely on its hinges; the cracks and chinks were many; and through the principal one Miss Dorncliff saw Sir John sitting at a table, his face buried in his hands; while Dacey, whose head was approached close to his, was talking in a low, eager tone; so low that only broken syllables reached her ear.

At last Sir John removed his hands, and lifting his eyes slowly, while his pale and sunken features expressed the painful struggles he endured, said, "It must not be, Dacey; do you think I want to insure damnation to my soul? What possible difference can it make to you, that you thus stipulate for her destruction? Men are seldom so desperately wicked without a motive."

"Hasn't she scorned me, and ordered me out of the room as if I was a neagre?—hasn't she treated me with the contempt which a man never forgives?—hasn't she——but the short and the long of it is, Sir John, that you know my determination: disgrace her, or disgrace yourself!—disclaim your marriage, or go to jail!—to jail instead of to parliament!—to the jail, where Mr. Mahon can point, as he passes it, at the last of the house of Clavis! There's the pen and the ink; I don't force ye; do as ye please; it's no business of mine." The fellow pushed some parchments and papers towards the unfortunate baronet, and gathered unto himself a pile of rouleaus that were filled with gold, while his eyes gloated and glared on the agonized face of his patron! "Sure,

there's no harm in life in keeping a foreigner like her," continued the brute; "many has done the same, and will again. Send her back to the 'olive-groves of Spain,' she's so fond of singing about, and——"

"Peace, miscreant!" roared Sir John, in a voice of thunder, quite forgetting the time and place.

"Whisht!" exclaimed the coward, "never call names so loud—you know I'm y'er best friend. If these sheriff's officers hear ye, it will be high mass with us all!"

The baronet sunk back in a state of stupefaction, and the agent advanced towards him, pen in hand. Almost mechanically Sir John took the little instrument in his fingers—its point touched the paper: even the letter J. was traced, when—Miss Dorncliff pushed strongly against the door; and, in the same instant, both Sir John and Dacey were trembling in her presence. For some moments, all parties remained silent—gazing at each other with such varied expressions, as would be difficult to describe. With the politeness with which Nature has endowed every Irishman, from the prince to the peasant, both pushed seats towards the young heiress, which she declined; at last Sir John inquired, as the pen dropped from his fingers, "to what circumstance they were indebted for the honour of her visit?"

"I came, Sir John," she replied—and the first sentence was uttered in a trembling voice, which gained strength as she proceeded, "I came to save the husband of my friend, Lady Clavis, from destruction!"

Sir John's pride mounted, as he replied stiffly and formally, "that he was not aware to what Miss Dorncliff could allude."

"This, Sir John," she continued, heedless of his interruption, "is a bad time for compliments; you were about to sign a paper repudiating your wife, in order that that bad man might relieve your present necessities, and save you from arrest. I can not now bring forward the proofs that I possess, of his villainies, and the various arts he has

used, to dupe your understanding, while he ruined your property. I pledge my word to do so; and to redeem all, even the little Corner estate, from his clutches, if, instead of signing his paper, you will sign mine—and, to relieve your present embarrassment, I will tell down, guinea for guinea, of the money you are to receive from that person! Need I say more? Need I urge the love you have tried? Need I ask if you will consign your child to shame? Need I——"

She was interrupted by a loud and piercing shriek from Lady Clavis, as with one strong effort she rushed from the outer room, and threw herself into her husband's arms. He was so unprepared, so astonished, that he did not appear able to support her, and she sank gradually on her knees; her hands clasped; her hair falling in heavy masses over her neck and shoulders; and her eyes shining with unnatural brightness, from amid the bursting tears that flowed incessantly down her cheeks. It is impossible to describe the mingled look of hope and anxiety with which she regarded Sir John. Miss Dorncliff advanced to her side; and, as her tall, commanding figure, towered over the bending form of her friend, she laid her hand on the baronet's arm, and, in a low impressive tone, said, "*Can you look upon and crush her?*" The appeal was decisive. He pressed his wife convulsively to his bosom; and, it is no disgrace to his manhood, to confess that his tears mingled with her's.

"This is all mighty fine," at length exclaimed Dacey, whose vulgar perplexity was beginning to subside into assurance, "but I don't understand it."

"And who supposed that the wallowing swine comprehended the sweetness of the ring-dove's note?" replied Miss Dorncliff, casting upon him a withering look of contempt and scorn.

"I don't deserve that from you, Miss," said the savage, interpreting the expression of her countenance, "for I meant to help you to a husband."

"Sir John Clavis, I call upon you to turn that man out of the room!" replied

the lady; "let him and his gold vanish; and trust for this night to the agency of your wife's friend!"

Bitter and deep were the curses he muttered, while depositing the coin in his leathern wallet; he would have formed no unapt representation of Satan preparing baits for sin; but foiled even in this effort.

"I recommend you, Dacey, to be silent," said the baronet.

"But others won't be so," growled forth the menial, as he retired. He had hardly closed the door, when he remembered the papers and parchments he had left on the table, and returned with the view of securing them. Miss Dorncliff had anticipated this movement; and, placing her hand firmly on the documents, signified so decidedly her intention of not suffering their removal, that, baffled at all points, he finally withdrew. He could hardly have reached the hall, when the officers, who had been waiting outside, made their appearance, in no very gentle manner, to make good their seizure. This, however, Miss Dorncliff prevented, by paying the amount demanded, and the room was soon cleared of such graceless company.

"Now, then," said the generous girl, looking round her with a happy and cheerful countenance, "now, Sir John, my document must be signed. I claim that as my reward. My own lawyer will settle other matters at some future date, but that *must* be done before I either slumber or sleep; the physician demands her fee."

The baronet seized the pen, which, a short time before, he had taken to perform a very different office, and affixed his name to the paper she presented. After placing it within her bosom, she remained some time silent, while the vacillating man was endeavouring to explain his conduct to his wife, who, loving much, forgave all.

"It is well," she thought, "that such men should be wedded to such gentle women. My affection would always expire with my esteem; but now, she loves and believes, as if he had never been about to ruin her reputation, and to

stigmatize for ever their innocent child! There must be something mysterious in this love, which I cannot comprehend." She could, however, comprehend the depths and sweets of the noblest friendship. Her sleep that night was light and refreshing; and, it was not till the morning was far advanced, that the shouts and bustle of an Irish election, woke her to consciousness and activity.

It is not to be supposed that Dacey's bad but enterprising spirit, would rest composedly under detection, and consequent exposure. He conjectured, truly, that Miss Dorncliff, through some means, which at present he could only suspect, had obtained information of his intentions, and was prepared to render null and void his basely-earned bargains and nefarious schemes. He was aware that, until the election was over, no investigation could be systematically gone into; and he hit upon a cold and villanous design to prevent the inquiry he had so much reason to dread. He knew well the character of the opposing candidate—a fearless, careless, man—vigorous and imprudent—

"Jealous of honour,
Sudden and quick in quarrel;"

who had fought more duels than any man in the county; and was as often called "Bullet Mahon," as "Barry Mahon." He existed only in an atmosphere of democracy; and his hot impatient aspect, firm tread, blustering voice, and arrogant familiarity, formed a very striking contrast to the polished, weak, but gentlemanly, bearing of Sir John Clavis. It was not at all unlikely that a quarrel would ensue, before the termination of the election, and many had even betted upon it. With the generality of Irishmen, it would have been unavoidable. But, though Sir John had never shown the white feather, he was a decidedly peaceable man—and was known so to be. Dacey, however, resolved not to trust to chance in the matter, and the morning of the second day he was closeted with Mahon for nearly an hour. When the candidates appeared on the ill-constructed hustings, to greet their respective constituents, it appeared evi-

dent that Mahon was overboiling with rage at some known or supposed injury. Sir John's address was mild, and more than usually facetious; a style better understood and appreciated in England than in the sister island; he alluded to, without exulting at, the favourable state of the poll; and, after a short and cheering exhortation to his friends, resumed his seat.

When Mahon prepared to address the crowd, he swang his body uneasily from side to side, looking, when wrapt up in his huge white coat, as the personification of those unhappy polar bears who suffer confinement in our menageries. At last, elevating his right arm, as if threatening total annihilation to all who even differed from him in opinion, he began one of those inflammatory addresses that have been followed up by so many second-rate agitators in modern times; he talked of the distresses of the people, until those who had just eaten a hearty dinner, imagined they were literally starving—and assured them so often that they were in a debased state of bondage, that at last they fancied they were sinking under their fetters' weight. "I would have you beware," he said, exerting to their utmost power his Stentorian lungs, "I would have you *all*, green as well as orange, beware of those who would purchase your votes by bribery! If a man gives a bribe, he will take one!—and I wonder my opponent is not ashamed—I *say* ashamed—to show his face here, after the conduct he has practised in private."

Sir John Clavis called upon Mr. Mahon to explain.

Mr. Barry Mahon said he did not come there to *explain*—he came to speak, and speak he would—*no descendant of an impostor* should put him down—if Sir John Clavis wished for explanation, he could seek it elsewhere—if he did not do so, he was a coward.

The language had grown too violent, or, as the interfering parties called it, "too warm," even for an Irish election; and the friends of both candidates endeavoured to put an end to it, or, at all events, to conclude it in another place.

As Mr. Mahon refused to make any apology, or even give any explanation, it became necessary, according to the received and approved code of honour, for Sir John Clavis to send a message to the gentleman who had so grossly insulted him.

It was sent, but Clavis so worded it as to leave the matter open to apology. This, however, was not taken advantage of, and a "meeting" for the next morning was of course agreed upon.

Since their reconciliation, poor Lady Clavis had been suffering severely from agitation; her mind and body had received a severe shock; and, though the happy termination, through her friend's kind sacrifice, had set her trembling heart at ease, her health had not yet mastered the struggle; she had been confined to her chamber, unceasingly attended by Miss Dorncliff.

About seven o'clock on the evening of the distressing quarrel between the candidates, Lady Clavis had just requested her friend to open the window, that she might feel the breath of heaven on her fevered cheek, even for a few moments; her fine dark eyes were fixed on the setting of a rich autumnal sun, which shed its glories over the scattered houses, and converted them into dwellings of molten gold. She was reclining on a couch formed of the high-backed chairs of the rude apartment, and as her husband entered she greeted him with inquiries as to the state of the poll. Miss Dorncliff thought within herself that he looked pale and agitated, but did not allude to the circumstance. He was hardly seated, when a servant placed a note in Lady Clavis's hand; she just broke the wafer, and, glancing at the contents, burst into tears. Sir John perused it with almost the same agitation; and the intelligence it conveyed was well calculated to excite sorrow, for it said that the little Madelina had been taken dangerously ill, and Mary Conway, the writer, entreated Lady Clavis, "for God's sake, to come home, if she wished to see the child alive." The mother lost no time in her preparations; she thought not of herself; and to Sir John, under

existing circumstances, her departure was a relief: he kissed and handed her into the carriage; the door was shut, and the coachman preparing to drive off, when Sir John called to him to stop. The evening sun had set, and the night-wind was blowing sharply in the horses' heads; the baronet pushed the footman away, and, unfastening the door, let the steps down, so that he could kneel upon them.

"Madelina," he said, in a low agitated tone, and in her own dear native tongue, "Madelina, do you, *from your heart*, forgive me, for the unkindness I have shown—for the injury I would have done you, and our suffering child?"

"My soul's life," she replied, "why do you ask? I cannot think of you and injury at the same time; *from my heart*, I have forgiven you." She bent her head forward to kiss her husband, and the wind blew one of the long locks of her raven hair across his face. He seized upon it, as on a treasure.

"I must keep this to wear next my heart till——" "we meet again," he would have added, but the sentence remained unfinished, while he severed the ringlet from the rest; he then extended his hand to Miss Dorncliff, and continued, even in a more broken tone, "You have been her friend, as well as my preserver; I *commit* her to your care!"

"How kind and affectionate he has grown!" observed Lady Clavis, as the carriage drove on; "when this dreadful election is over, and our darling recovered, we shall be so happy!—and to you, my dear, dear friend—my more than sister—I owe all this: his first love was not so sweet to me as his returning affection;" and, overcome with many contending feelings, the gentle creature sank into a troubled sleep.

The roads were heavy, and the lumbering carriage and fatted horses little accustomed to hasty journeyings; they had got on at the rate of three miles, or three miles and a half, the hour, and were within five miles of the Abbey, when their progress was arrested by a figure on horseback seizing the reins, and commanding them to stop. "God

be thanked for his mercy!" ejaculated a well-known voice, "by his blessing 'ill not be too late, and he may be saved yet."

"Who saved?—what do you mean, Mary?" eagerly demanded Miss Dorncliff, for Lady Clavis was not sufficiently collected to make any inquiry, and only looked wildly from the carriage-window.

"The masther! the masther!—turn the horses' heads, Leary, as ye value salvation, or the priest's blessing!"

"Explain first, Mary, for this is madness," replied Miss Dorncliff; "where—how is the child?"

"Here," she replied, unfolding her cloak, and placing the smiling cherub on its mother's lap. "I knew mistress 'ud never believe it was alive and well, when I hard o' the trick just to get ye all out o' the way, my lady—and you too, Miss, who unriddled so much before that he thought you'd be at it again—the villain! 'The short an' the long of it is, that ould rascal tould some lies to the other mumber that wants to be, and, on the strength of them lies, him, the other man, insulted master forenent the people; and they'd a row; and the upshot of it is that they're to fight a jewil to-morrow morning—Lord save us—like Turks or Frenchmen; and 'twas he wrote the note—as one let on to me, who rode a good horse to tell it—and, troth, grass didn't grow under my feet either. But turn, turn!—we'll may-be get a help of horses on the road; I'll gallop on and have 'em ready, though it's as much as we can to reach town by day-light."

The servants urged the jaded animals to their utmost speed; and prayers mingled with the tears Lady Clavis shed as she pressed her child to her bosom. Miss Dorncliff endeavoured to give what she did not possess—hope. She knew that Barry Mahon's bullet was unerring; and, from time to time, she let down the front glass to cheer forward the anxious coachman. The horses Mary procured on the road were more a hindrance than a help, so restive and ignorant were they as to carriage-harness. Never did cul-

prits, who watch for, yet dread, the coming day, feel more bitterly than they did when the first thin stream of light appeared on the horizon; the stars, one by one, faded from their gaze; and at last the spire of the church of W—— appeared like a dark speck on the clearing sky.

"Forward, forward, my good Leary!" said Miss Dorncliff; "there's the church-steeple—hasten now, and reward shall not be wanting."

"It isn't the reward—it's the masther I'm thinking of," replied the faithful fellow. "If we had the luck to be on the Dublin road itself, there'd be some chance of help; but here——" He groaned audibly; and, by words of encouragement, and a more liberal application of the whip, forced the horses into something like a trot.

"I can see the masts of the vessels that are lying in the harbour," exclaimed Mary; "for God's sake, hasten, Leary!"

"I may as well throw down the reins," replied Leary; "they can only crawl; this one's sides are cut with the whip, and that one's fallen lame, too!"

"I could walk faster than the horses can go now," said Miss Dorncliff.

"And so could I, and *we will* walk," replied Lady Clavis, rousing all her energies.

"Do, do, my dearest friend," retorted Miss Dorncliff, "for I see figures on the bridge that cannot be mistaken; and if we could only get there in time, all could be explained."

Lady Clavis sprung from the carriage with a promptness that astonished her friend. She folded her child closely to her bosom, and took the path across some meadows, which led, by a nearer way than the carriage-road, to the field that for centuries had been the duellist's meeting-place. The agony of her mind may be imagined, but cannot be described. There was her husband—every step rendered him more visible—she pressed onward—and her child was rocked by the panting of her bosom. The ground is measured—she flew without disturbing the dew that trembled on the grass; repeatedly she raised and

waved her arm, eager to arrest attention—it was in vain!

Man to man stood opposed—not in spirited combat, but with cold murdering designs on each other. She screamed loud and fearfully, and her scream was answered by a fiendish laugh, which seemed to proceed from the hollow of a blighted tree that stood in her pathway; as she passed it, the bad face of Dacey glared upon her with bitter exultation. She shrank involuntarily from his ken, and the report of a pistol struck upon her ear with appalling distinctness; it was followed by another, and the next moment saw her kneeling by the side of him whom she had loved with all the fervour of the glowing south, and all the fidelity of our colder climes; the innocent baby crept from her arms over his bosom, and pressed her little lips to those of her dead father. Lady Clavis motioned off the people, who wished to remove the body, and with fearful calmness unbuttoned the bosom of his shirt, and looked intently on the wound, and the oozing blood. She attempted to unfasten it still more, but started back as if some new horror had been displayed, when the tress of hair he had severed from her head the night before, appeared literally resting on his heart. Tears did not dim her eyes, which became fixed and motionless; and her whole figure assumed a frightful rigidity. The scene was even too much for Ellen Dorncliff's firmness; she fainted while endeavouring to take the child from the remains of its ill-starred parent.

"It's THE LAST OF THE LINE, sure enough," exclaimed an old keener, who had watched the whole melancholy proceeding; "for a girl, and such a girl, if report says true, has no houl on the land—ill got, ill gone!"

My tale is told, and many will recognize it as *over true*. Lady Clavis's intellect never recovered the shock it received, and some years afterwards she died in a convent in Catalonia. The property of Clavis passed into other hands; and those who obtained it were generous and honourable enough to settle upon Lady Clavis and her child a

much greater income than they would have been entitled to, had there even been *legal* proof of the marriage, which it was generally supposed could not be obtained, or Miss Dorncliff would have brought it forward. So perfect, however, was the evidence she had collected of Dacey's villany, that he was never suffered to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. I remember him in extreme old age—a hated, mischievous, drivelling idiot. Mary and Benjy were "as happy," to use the tale-telling phrase, "as the days were

long;" and Miss Dorncliff—who was a living refutation of all the scandal ever heaped upon that most injured and most respectable class of persons called old maids—received, in her declining age, more than even a child's attention from Madelina Clavis. Some years subsequent to the incidents I have detailed, the papers, with all due ceremony, announced that excellent and interesting young lady's marriage with the next heir to an earldom.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hinton," said Martha Green, lifting her head, as a visitor entered the room in which she sat, busily engaged in sewing, "You see that I am full of work."

"So you seem to be," was the quiet reply. "But I suppose you can spare to-night, for a work of mercy?"

"How a work of mercy, Mrs. Hinton!"

"Poor old Mrs. Bender is very ill—so ill that she cannot be left alone any length of time. I have been up with her two nights in succession, and am now looking for one or two young ladies who will take charge of her to-night. Can I depend on you?"

"Not to-night, Mrs. Hinton, it would be impossible! It will take me till twelve to-night, and the most part of to-morrow, to finish this dress, which I must wear

at Mrs. Corrie's party to-morrow evening.—Any other time I would go with pleasure."

"I am really sorry for that. I have been to two or three this morning, and all have declined on account of this party."

"Hannah Ball can go as readily as not, Mrs. Hinton. She had her new dress made at the mantua-maker's."

"I have seen Hannah."

"Does she decline?"

"Yes."

"That's very strange. What reason does she give?"

"She says, that if she were to sit up to-night, it would ruin her appearance to-morrow evening. That it would make her look dreadful."

"There is something in that, you know yourself, Mrs. Hinton. Loss of

rest has the same effect upon me. I don't look fit to be seen for two or three days after losing a night's sleep."

"Yes, I know that sitting up does not improve the looks much," Mrs. Hinton gravely remarked; and then, after pausing a few moments, got up, and said, as she moved towards the door—

"Well, I must bid you good morning, Martha, time is passing, and I must find some one who will relieve me, or I shall get sick myself."

"I do hope you will," Martha said, in a tone of concern. "Were I not situated just as I am, I should go with pleasure!"

And then the visitor went away. After her departure, Martha Green sat thoughtfully for some minutes. She did not feel altogether satisfied with herself, and yet, on reflection she could not see any cause for self-condemnation. Sincerely did she pity the condition of poor old Mrs. Bender, who was nearly seventy years of age, sick, and without any one in the world up to whom she could look and claim, from consanguinity, a single kind office. "But it was impossible for her to go," she reasoned; in the effort to quiet her uneasy feelings, "under the circumstances—utterly impossible."

Still she sat thoughtful, without resuming her needle. At length she aroused herself with the half audible remark—

"Somebody will go, of course"—and that settled the matter.

It was, perhaps, an hour after, that a young friend, and confidant, dropped in to sit an hour with Martha. The conversation run, of course, on the party to be held at Mrs. Corrie's on the next evening.

"You will look beautiful in this dress," the friend remarked, lifting a portion of the garment upon which Martha was at work, in her hand. "It suits your complexion admirably; besides being of a rich material, and attractive, yet appropriate, and not too gaudy in color."

"I am glad you think so," Martha replied, with a smile of satisfaction. "I don't believe there will be anything half so elegant at the party."

"There will at least be one dress there that will fully equal it," the visitor said.

"Are you sure?" in a tone of disappointment.

"Yes. As I came along this morning, on my way here, I dropped in to see Ellen Willard, and found her at work as you are upon her own dress. She has certainly selected it with exquisite taste. Much as I admire yours, I should prefer the one she has chosen. She will attract much attention, of course, for you know that she is a girl of a great deal of taste, and knows how to dress to the very best advantage."

This intelligence had the effect to change naturally the tone of Martha's feelings. As far as was in her power, she concealed this change from her friend, but after she had left, her countenance expressed much concern. The reason was this. A young man named Alton, had paid her a good many attentions, in the last few months, and of such a marked kind, that she had suffered her affections to become a good deal interested.—The extent of this interest had not become apparent to herself, until within a week or two, during which time, she thought that she perceived a slight change in his manner towards her, united with, on two or three occasions, a perceptible preference for the company of Ellen Willard. One reason for her being unusually desirous of making, if possible, the very best appearance at the party of Mrs. Corrie, was to fix again the wavering regard of Mr. Alton. To learn, then, that Ellen was likely to equal, if not to eclipse her, was no very pleasant information, and it troubled her in spite of every effort to rally her feelings.

Time passed, and the evening came for the anticipated company. Martha was there early, dressed with the most scrupulous regard to effect, yet tastefully in every respect. Alton came in perhaps half an hour after. The maid's heart bounded as she saw him enter, while the soft tint of her cheek, delicate as the rose blossom, deepened its hue. The eye of the young man glanced around the brilliantly lighted room, evidently in search

of some one, and then he seated himself alone, as if disappointed, and again slowly surveyed the company. "Of course he did not fail to notice Martha Green. In a little while others made their appearance, and soon he found himself by the side of one of his most intimate friends.

"Did you ever see Martha Green look so beautiful?" he said to this young man.

"Where is she? Oh, yes—I see. Really, she is a superb looking woman."

"Isn't she? But there is one whom I expect here to-night, that, if I am not mistaken, will eclipse her."

"Who is she?"

"Ellen Willard."

"There she is now. Look at her, and then yield the palm at once to Miss Green. Really, I never saw Ellen look so indifferent in all my life."

Alton turned his eyes towards the door, and sure enough there was Ellen, plainly dressed, though neat, and her face wearing an expression of weariness. It was a moment or two before he spoke, and then he said, in a tone of disappointment,

"As you say, I never saw her look so indifferent in my life. Still, she is a sweet girl, even though eclipsed to-night, in every way, by Martha Green."

"They certainly will not bear a comparison," responded the friend.

Martha Green, who was sitting beside the friend and confidant mentioned as having called on her the day before, had been glancing uneasily towards the door, every time it opened to admit some new comer, and was among the first to perceive Ellen.

"O dear! If that is all, no one here need fear being thrown into the shade to-night," was her exulting remark. "Why I thought you told me that she was at work on a dress even more beautiful than mine?"

"So she was," replied her friend. "And I cannot for my life tell why she has not worn it."

"She could not get it done, I suppose."

"Perhaps not. There was a good deal to do on it when I saw her. Indeed she had just commenced working on it."

"Do you not know that I am right down glad of it?" Martha said.

"No—why?"

"Because, if she had come out in her very best style this evening, I am very much afraid Mr. Alton would have been too much pleased with her."

"Indeed! I thought he was paying almost exclusive attention to you."

"So I have flattered myself until within the last week or two, when he has seemed to grow a little more attentive to Ellen than is agreeable to me."

"You have nothing to fear to-night, Martha, just see! She has that old dress worn by her at the last half dozen parties. And instead of her usual brilliant complexion, her skin looks sallow, and her cheeks pale; and her whole face has a dull lifeless expression. What on earth can be the matter? Something has happened, no doubt, to prevent her from getting that dress done, which has worried her so much as to spoil her very face. And see, with what a look Mr. Alton is now regarding her."

"Yes, I see; and what is more, I see that I am safe."

In a few minutes after, Alton took a seat beside Martha, cured, as he thought, of the evident preference which had recently existed in his mind for Ellen Willard, over her anxious rival. This preference had not been so distinct as to have been founded upon any serious comparison made in his mind between the intrinsic claims to estimation, which the two young ladies presented; it was rather a leaning towards Ellen, without reflecting upon the reason why she seemed more interesting to him than Martha. Of course, it required but a trifle to change that state of mind. He now renewed his attentions to Martha Green, with even more than his former assiduity, to the entire neglect of Ellen Willard, who retired at a very early hour.

Towards the close of the evening, he sat near Mrs. Hinton, who was present, and two or three ladies who were conversing.—The name of Ellen mentioned by one of them, attracted his attention.

"Ellen did not look like herself to-night," was remarked by one.

"No," said another, "I never saw her make a more indifferent appearance. And she was, besides, very dull while she remained, and has left the room at an unusually early hour. What can be the matter with her?"

"She is not very well," Mrs. Hinton said.

"But even that does not account for the want of taste and effect in her dress, two things that are always regarded by her."

"I think that I can explain it all," replied Mrs. Hinton, smiling.

Alton listened very attentively to what followed, although it was not intended for his ears. He sat near enough to hear all that was said without making any effort so to do—and he was too much interested to get up, and move to another part of the room.

"Well, what is the reason?" asked two or three of the ladies.

"It is a very plain case," resumed Mrs. Hinton. "Most of you know old Mrs. Bender. On calling to see her a few days ago, I found her very ill, and in need of nourishment and attention. She is very old, and lives entirely by herself. In the condition that I found her, it would have been cruel to have left her alone for any length of time. For two nights I remained with her myself, not wishing to trouble any one else, and being in the hope every day that she would get much better. Yesterday I found myself so much fatigued from the loss of rest, that I was compelled to seek for some one who would relieve me. Accordingly I called upon several young ladies, and asked their assistance. But some, like Martha Green, had their hands so full in making up dresses for this evening, that they could not possibly sit up—while others were afraid that the loss of a night's rest would entirely unfit them to enjoy this pleasant company. Any other time, one and all would have come forward cheerfully for the sake of old Mrs. Bender. With a feeling of discouragement, I called in to see Ellen, and found her busily engaged on one of the sweetest dresses I have ever seen. It was to have been worn this evening.

"Busy, too," I remarked, as I sat down by her side, with a feeling that my search for a sitter-up would prove fruitless.

"I am busy, Mrs. Hinton," was her reply, "but not so busy, I hope, but what I can oblige you."

"Instinctively, it seems, had she perceived, from my tone of voice, that I had a request to make, which her heart prompted her at once to grant, if in her power."

"I am rather afraid, Ellen, that you are too much engaged for what I wish you to do. This beautiful dress is for to-morrow evening, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And is just commenced, I see."

"Yes."

"And, of course, will keep you busy to-night and to-morrow."

"I shall not, certainly, have much time to spare," was her reply. "But what is it that you wish me to do?"

"I did wish you to sit up with old Mrs. Bender, who is very ill."

"To-night?"

"Yes. I have been to six or seven young ladies, but not one can go. I have been up for two successive nights myself, and feel quite worn out."

"Is Mrs. Bender very ill?" she inquired, in a voice of sympathy and concern.

"For a few moments Ellen sat thoughtful, and then said, with a cheerful smile,

"I will go over to-night and sit up with her."

"But you cannot finish this dress, and do so," I said.

"I know that, Mrs. Hinton. But Mrs. Bender needs my kind attentions a great deal more than I need this dress, much as I have desired to appear in it to-morrow evening, and much as I need a genteel dress for such an occasion. But I had rather go with a calm consciousness of having done my duty, than, without it, to appear in the attire of a queen."

"The dear girl spoke with an earnestness that made her cheek glow and her eye brighten. I thought that I had never seen her face wear so lovely an expression. True to her resolution, she went

over to Mrs. Bender's, and remained with her all night. Her dress could not, of course, be finished, and that was not all. An attack of sick head-ache was the consequence, the effects of which upon her appearance, you all observed to-night."

"Admirable girl!" murmured Alton to himself, as Mrs. Hinton ceased speaking. "How far more beautiful is a truly good, self-sacrificing action, than all the exterior graces that art can put on."

As he said this he looked up, and his eye fell upon the belle of the evening, Martha Green. But, like magic, faded

all her exterior loveliness as he compared it with the moral beauty of the other. He sought not her side again, and left the company as soon as he could do so with propriety.

The next evening found him at the dwelling of Ellen, in whose every look and tone, he now perceived a new attraction, and in every movement a new grace. He soon yielded his heart to the power of virtues nupercieved and unfelt before; virtues, whose bloom and fragrance time nor change can steal away.

THE SECRET.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

ARMAND D'APREMONT had entered the navy at a very early age, and had arrived, although very young, to the dignity of a captain. He had amassed a large fortune, in addition to his patrimonial estates, and he had now come home to rest after his labors. As yet, however, he was a single man, and moreover had laughed at love.

But when he saw Nathalie, his opinions underwent a change. He inquired—"Who is that pretty woman who dances so well?"

"That is Madame de Hautville. Is she not handsome, captain?"

"Oh, yes—she is perfect."

"Yes, and she has as many graces of mind as of body. Ask her to dance in the next set, and you will find I am right."

"Ah! but I do not dance."

And for the first time in his life he re-

gretted that he had never learned to dance; but he kept his eyes constantly fixed on Nathalie.

Nathalie perceived this, although she pretended not to take any notice of him. "What fun it would be," said she, "to make that man fall in love with me; him who never speaks to a lady."

His attentions to a young widow soon became the subject of general conversation, and several of his friends said to d'Apremont—"Take care! Madame de Hautville is a coquette. She will amuse herself with you for a while, and then cast you off."

At last, the report of Nathalie's new conquest reached the ears of M. d'Ablaincourt, and one evening, when Nathalie mentioned to her uncle that she expected the captain to spend the evening with her, the old man grew almost angry.

"Nathalie," said he, "you act entirely

without consulting me. I have heard that the captain is very rude and unpolished in his manners. To be sure I have only seen him standing behind your chair; but he has never even asked after my health. I only speak for your interest, as you are giddy."

Nathalie begged her uncle's pardon for her inconsiderateness in acting on her own responsibility, and even offered not to receive the captain's visits, if her uncle desired it, but this he forbore to require—secretly resolving not to allow his visits to become too frequent.

But how frail are all human resolutions,—overturned by the merest trifle. In this case, the game of backgammon was the unconscious cause of Nathalie's becoming Madame d'Apremont.

The captain was an excellent hand at backgammon. When the uncle heard this, he proposed a game; and as the captain understood that it was important to gain the uncle's favor, readily acceded.

This did not please Nathalie. She preferred that he should be occupied with herself. When all the company were gone she turned to her uncle, saying—"You were right, uncle, after all. I do not admire the captain's manners; I see now that I should not have invited him."

"On the contrary, niece, he is a very well behaved man. I have invited him to come here very often, and play backgammon with me—that is—to pay his addresses to you."

Nathalie saw that the captain had gained her uncle's heart, and she forgave him for having been less attentive to her. He soon came again, and, thanks to the backgammon, increased in favor with the uncle.

He soon captivated the heart of the pretty widow, also. One morning, Nathalie came blushing to her uncle.

"The captain has asked me to marry him. What do you advise me to do?"

He reflected for a few moments. "If she refuses him, d'Apremont will come here no longer, and then no more backgammon. But if she marries him, he will be here always and I shall have my

games." And the answer was—"You had better marry him."

Nathalie really loved Armand; but she would not yield so easily. She sent for the captain.

"If you really did love me"—

"Ah, can you doubt it?"

"Hush! do not interrupt me. If you really love me, you will give me one proof of it."

"Any thing you ask, I swear"—

"No, you must not swear any more; and one thing more, you must never smoke. I detest the smell of tobacco, and I will not have a husband who smokes."

Armand sighed, but answered—"I will submit to any thing you require. I will smoke no longer."

The wedding was soon celebrated; and when they appeared, afterwards, in the gay world, the surprise was great that the coquette should have married a sailor. The first month of their marriage passed very smoothly; but sometimes Armand became thoughtful, restless and grave; Nathalie, for a while, did not notice it.

After some time these fits of sadness became more frequent.

"What is the matter?" asked Nathalie, one day, on seeing him stamp with impatience.—"Why are you so irritable?"

"Nothing—nothing at all!" replied the captain, as if ashamed of his ill-humor.

"Tell me if I have displeased you in any thing."

The captain assured her that he had no cause to be any thing but delighted with her conduct on all occasions, and for a time no angry expression escaped him; but it soon returned. Nathalie was distressed beyond measure. She imparted her anxiety to her uncle, who replied,

"Yes, my dear, I know what you mean; I have often remarked it myself at backgammon."

"My dear uncle, what can the matter be?—I wish he would confide his distresses to me."

"There are some things a man cannot confide even to his wife."

"Not even to his wife! I should like my husband to conceal nothing from me. I cannot be happy otherwise."

M. d'Abraincourt promised to endeavor to discover the mystery; but he satisfied himself with playing back-gammon with the captain every day.

It was now summer, and the family left Paris for a pretty country seat belonging to the captain, in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau.

D'Apremont seemed very happy in the society of his wife and always anxious to please, but he left her every afternoon for about two hours, and at his return appeared very gay and lively.

Nevertheless, his wife was not satisfied. She said to herself—"My husband is certainly happier than he used to be in Paris; but where can he go, every day in that mysterious way all alone, and without mentioning where he has been. I shall never be happy till I fathom this to the bottom."

Sometimes she thought of following him when he left the house, which he regularly did at the same hour, sometimes even when the house was filled with company; but then to secure the servants in her confidence, and to act as a spy upon one who was so habitually kind to her—no, she could not do such a thing!

One day, a young man, a visiter at the house said, laughing, to d'Apremont, "My fine fellow, what in the world were you doing yesterday, disguised as a peasant, at the window of a cottage about a quarter of a mile from here? If I had not been going so very fast, I would have stopped my horse to enquire if you had turned shepherd."

"My husband! disguised as a peasant!" exclaimed Nathalie, with astonishment.

"Edgar is mistaken: it could not have been me that he saw," replied Armand, turning away in evident embarrassment.

"Not you—impossible!" replied the young man. "Some one, then, very much like you."

"How was the man you saw dressed?"

where is the cottage?" asked Nathalie hurriedly.

"Oh, Madame, I do not know exactly; I am not well enough acquainted with this part of the country to describe the place, but the man wore a blue 'blouse.' But why should I have taken him for the captain, I cannot imagine, as we are not yet in the carnival."

Madame d'Apremont said no more; but she was fully persuaded that the person mentioned was her husband. But why disguise himself. He must be engaged in some very dreadful affair; and Nathalie shed tears as she thought, "Oh how unfortunate I am to have married a man who is so mysterious!"

She now became very anxious to return to Paris, and her husband, always attentive to her wishes, made no objection. But, once in town, his old habits of impatience and irritation reappeared, and one day he said to his wife—"My dear, an afternoon walk does me so much good, such as I used to take in the country; an old sailor like myself cannot bear to sit all the evening, after dinner."

"Yes sir! I see how it is—go!"

"Nevertheless, if you have any objection."

"Oh no! what objection can I have?"

He went out, and continued to do so, day after day, at the same hour, just as he had done in the country, and as before, he regained his good humor.

"He loves some other woman, perhaps," thought Nathalie, "and he must see her every day. Oh, how wretched I am! I must let him know that his perfidy is discovered. No, I will wait till I have some certain proof wherewith to confront him."

And she went to seek her uncle, saying—

"Ah! I am the most unhappy creature in the world!"

"What is the matter?" said the old man, leaning back in his arm chair.

"Armand leaves the house two hours every evening after dinner, and comes back in high spirits, and as anxious to please me as on the day of our marriage. Oh! uncle, I cannot bear it any longer, if you do not assist me to discover

where he goes, I will separate myself from him."

"But my dear niece?"

"My dear uncle, you are so good and obliging, grant me one favor. I am sure there is some woman in the secret."

M. d'Ablaincourt wished to prevent a rupture between his niece and nephew, which would interfere with the quiet, peaceful life which he had led at their house. He pretended to follow Armand, but came back very soon, saying he had lost sight of him.

"But in what direction does he go?"

"Sometimes one way and sometimes another, but always alone; so your suspicions are unfounded. Be assured he only walks for exercise."

But Nathalie was not to be duped in this way. She sent for a little errand boy, of whose intelligence she had heard a great deal.

"M. d'Apremont goes out every evening."

"Yes, madame."

"To-morrow, you will follow him; observe where he goes, and come and tell me privately. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame."

Nathalie waited impatiently for the next day and for the hour of her husband's departure. At last the time came—the pursuit is going on—Nathalie counted the moments. After three quarters of an hour the messenger arrived covered with dust.

"Well," exclaimed Nathalie, "speak; tell me every thing you have seen!"

"Madame, I followed M. d'Apremont, at a distance, as far as Marias in the Rue Ville du Temple, where he entered a small house in an alley. There was no servant to let him in."

"An alley! no servant! dreadful!"

"I went directly after him, and heard him go up stairs, and unlock a door with a key he held in his hand."

"Opened the door himself without knocking! Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, madame."

"The wretch! So he has a key! But go on."

"When the door was shut after him, I

stole softly up the stairs and peeped through the key-hole."

"Well, you have twenty francs more!"

"I peeped through the key-hole and saw him drag a box along the floor."

"A box?"

"Then he undressed himself, and—"

"Undressed himself?"

"Then for a few seconds, I could not see him, and directly he appeared again in a sort of grey blouse, and a cap on his head."

"A blouse, still. What in the world does he want with so many blouses? well, what next?"

"I came away then, madame, and made haste to tell it to you; but he is there still."

"Well, now run to the corner and get me a hack, and direct the coachman to the house where you have been."

While he was gone after the hack, Nathalie hurried on her hat and cloak, and ran into her uncle's room, saying—

"I've found him out—he is at his mistress's house now, in a grey blouse. He had a blue one in the country. But I will go and confound him, and then you will never see me more."

The old man had no time to reply. She was gone with her messenger, in the hack. They stopped at last.

"Here is the house."

Nathalie got out, pale and trembling.

"Shall I go up stairs with you, madame?" asked the boy.

"No, I will go alone. The third story, is it not?"

"Yes, madame; the left door at the head of the stairs."

Nathalie mounted the dark, narrow stairs, and arrived at the door, and almost fainting she cried—"Open the door, or I shall die!"

The door was opened, and Nathalie was received in her husband's arms, who was alone in the room, clad in a grey blouse, and smoking a turkish pipe.

"My wife?" exclaimed Armand in surprise.

"Yes, sir, your wife; who, suspecting your perfidy, has followed you to discover the cause of your mysterious conduct!"

"How, Nathalie, my mysterious conduct? Look, here it is!" showing his pipe. "Before our marriage, you forbade me to smoke, and I promised to obey you. For some months I kept the promise; but you remember how irritated I became. It was my pipe, my beloved pipe, that I regretted. One day, in the country, I discovered a little cottage where a peasant was smoking. I asked him if he could lend me a blouse and a cap, for I should like to smoke with him, but it was necessary to conceal it from you, as the smell of the smoke remaining in my clothes would have betrayed me. It was soon settled between us; I returned thither every afternoon to indulge in my favorite occupation, and with a precaution of a cap to keep the smoke from remaining in my hair, I contrived to deceive you. When we returned to Paris, I hired this little room, at a distance from home, and here I keep this great box, in which I always lock my coat before I bring out my pipe; so that when I return, you may not be offended at the odor. This is the mystery. Forgive me for my disobedience, since I

have done all I could to conceal it from you."

Nathalie embraced him, crying—

"Oh, no! I might have known it could not be! I am happy now, and you shall smoke as much as you please, at home. I will never make any opposition to it, and you need hide your pipe no longer."

And Nathalie returned to her uncle, saying—

"Uncle, he loves smoke! He was only smoking; but hereafter he is to smoke at home."

"I can arrange it all," said M. d'Abincourt; "he shall smoke while he plays backgammon. In that way," thought the old man, "I shall be sure of my game every evening."

"My dear Nathalie," said the captain, "I will profit by your permission; but at the same time I will take care not to discommode you. I will use the same precaution at home as I have formerly done."

"You are so kind! But I am so happy to find that you are so faithful to me that I think I shall even like the smell of the smoke."

THE BLIGHTED ONE.

Who is this distinguished-looking young woman with her eyes drooping, and the shadow of a dreadful shock yet fresh upon every feature? Who is the elderly lady with her eyes flashing fire? Who is the downcast child of sixteen? What is that torn paper lying at their feet? Who is the writer? Whom does the paper concern? Ah! if she, if the central figure in the group—twenty-two at the moment when she is revealed to us—could on her happy birth-day at sweet seventeen, have seen the image of herself five years onwards, just as we see it now, would she have prayed for life as for an absolute blessing? or would she not have prayed to be taken from the evil to come—to be taken away one evening at least before this day's sun arose? It is true, she still wears a look of gentle pride, and a relic of that noble smile which belongs to her, that suffers an injury which many times over she would have died sooner than inflict. Womanly pride refuses itself before witnesses to the total prostration of the blow; but, for all that, you may see that she longs to be left alone, and that her tears will flow without restraint when she is so. This room is her pretty boudoir, in which, till to-night—poor thing!—she has been glad and happy. There stands her miniature conservatory, and there expands her miniature library; as we circumnavigators of literature are apt (you know) to regard all female libraries in the light of miniature. None of these will ever rekindle a smile on her face; and there, beyond, is her music, which only of all that she possesses, will now become dearer to her than ever; but not, as once, to feed a self-mocked pensiveness, or to cheat a half visionary sadness. She will be sad indeed. But she is one of those that will suffer in silence. Nobody will ever detect her failing in any point of duty, or querulously seeking the support in others which she can find for herself in this solitary room. Droop she will not in the sight of men; and, for all beyond, nobody has any concern with that except God. You shall hear what becomes of her, before we take our departure; but now let me tell you what has happened. In the main outline I am sure you guess already without aid of mine, for we leaden-eyed men, in such cases, see nothing by comparison with you our quick-witted sisters. That haughty-looking lady with the Roman cast of features, who must once have been strikingly handsome—an Agrippina, even yet, in a favorable presentation—is the younger lady's aunt. She, it is rumored, once sustained, in her younger days, some injury of that same cruel nature which has this day assailed her niece, and ever since she has worn an air of disdain, not altogether unsupported by real dignity, towards men. This aunt it was that tore the letter which lies upon the floor. It deserved to be torn; and yet she that had the best right to do so would not have torn it. That letter was an elaborate attempt on the part of an accomplished young man to release himself from sa-

cred engagements: What need was there to argue the case of such engagements? Could it have been requisite with pure female dignity to plead anything, or do more than look an indisposition to fulfil them? The aunt is now moving towards the door, which I am glad to see; and she is followed by that pale timid girl of sixteen, a cousin, who feels the case profoundly, but is too young and shy to offer an intellectual sympathy.

Shall we, then, after an interval of nearly two years has passed over the young lady in the boudoir, look in again upon her? You hesitate, fair friend; and I myself hesitate. For in fact she also has become a wreck: and it would grieve us both to see her altered. At the end of twenty-one months she retains hardly a vestige of resemblance to the fine young woman we saw on that unhappy evening with her aunt and cousin. On consideration, therefore, let us do this. We will direct our glasses to her room, at a point of time about six weeks further on. Suppose this time gone; suppose her now dressed for her grave, and placed in her coffin. The advantage of that is—that, though no change can restore the ravages of the past, yet (as often is found to happen with young persons) the expression has revived from her girlish years. The child-like aspect has revolved, and settled back upon her features. The wasting away of the flesh is less apparent in the face; and one might imagine that, in this sweet marble countenance, was seen the very same upon which, eleven years ago, her mother's darkening eyes had lingered to the last, until clouds had swallowed up the vision of her beloved twins. Yet, if that were in part a fancy—that not only much of a childlike truth and simplicity has reinstated itself in the temple of her now reposing features, but also that tranquility and perfect peace, such as are appropriate to eternity; but which from the living countenance had taken their flight forever, on that memorable evening when we looked in upon the impassioned group—upon the towering and denouncing aunt, the sympathising but silent cousin, the poor

blighted niece, and the wicked letter lying in fragments at her feet.

One only person in this world there is, who could to-night have been a supporting friend to our young sufferer, and that is her dear loving twin-sister, who for eighteen years read and wrote, thought and sang, slept and breathed, with the dividing-door open forever between their bed-rooms, and never once a separation between their hearts; but she is in a far distant land. Who else is there at her call? Except God, nobody. Her aunt had somewhat sternly admonished her, though still with a relenting in her eye as she glanced aside at the expression in her niece's face, that she must "call pride to her assistance." Ah, true; but pride, though a strong ally in public, is apt in private to turn as treacherous as the worst of those against whom she is invoked. How could it be dreamed by a person of sense, that a brilliant young man of merits, various and eminent, in spite of his baseness, to whom, for nearly two years, this young woman had given her whole confiding love, might be dismissed from a heart like hers on the earliest summons of pride, simply because she herself had been dismissed from his, or seemed to have been dismissed, on a summons of mercenary calculation? Look! now that she is relieved from the weight of an unconfidential presence, she has sat for two hours with her head buried in her hands. At last she rises to look for something. A thought has struck her; and, taking a little golden key which hangs by a chain within her bosom, she searches for something locked up amongst her few jewels. What is it? It is a Bible exquisitely illuminated, with a letter attached, by some pretty silken artifice, to the blank leaves at the end. This letter is a beautiful record wisely and pathetically composed, of maternal anxiety still burning strong in death, and yearning, when all objects beside were fast fading from her eyes, after one parting act of communion with the twin darlings of her heart. Both were thirteen years old, within a week or two, as on the night before her death, they sat weeping by the side of their

mother, and hanging on her lips, now for farewell whispers, and now, for farewell kisses. They both knew that as her strength had permitted during the latter month of her life, she had thrown the last anguish of love in her beseeching heart into a letter of council to themselves. Through this, of which each sister had a copy, she trusted long to converse with her orphans. And the last promise which she had entreated on this evening from both, was—that in either of two contingencies they would review her councils, and the passages to which she pointed their attention in the Scriptures; namely, first, in the event of any calamity, that, for one sister or for both, should overspread their paths with total darkness; and secondly, in the event of life flowing in too profound a stream of prosperity, so as to threaten them with an alienation of interest from all spiritual objects. She had not concealed that, of these two extreme cases, she would prefer for her own children the first. And now had that case arrived indeed, which she in spirit had desired to meet. Nine years ago, just as the silvery voice of a dial in the dying lady's bedroom was striking nine upon a summer evening, had the last visual ray streamed from her sinking eyes upon her orphan twins, after which, throughout the night, she had slept away into heaven. Now again had come a summer evening memorable for unhappiness;

now again the daughter thought of those dying lights of love which streamed at sunset from the closing eyes of her mother; again, and just as she went back in thought to this image, the same silvery voice of the dial sounded nine o'clock. Again she remembered her mother's dying request; again her own tear-hallowed promises—and with her heart in her mother's grave she now rose to fulfil it. Here, then, when this solemn recurrence to a testamentary council has ceased to be a mere office of duty towards the departed, having taken the shape of a consolation for herself, let us pause.

Now, fair companion in this exploring voyage of inquest into hidden scenes, or forgotten scenes of human life—perhaps it might be instructive to direct our glasses upon the false perfidious lover. It might. But do not let us do so. We might like him better, or pity him more, than either of us would desire. His name and memory have long since drooped out of everybody's thoughts. Of prosperity, and (what is more important) of internal peace, he is reputed to have had no gleam from the moment when he betrayed his faith, and in one day threw away the jewel of good conscience, and "a pearl richer than all his tribe." But, however that may be, it is certain that, finally, he became a wreck; and of any hopeless wreck it is painful to talk—much more so, when through him others also became wrecks.

TO LAURA,

WITH HER PORTRAIT AND CHARACTER.

[FROM THE GARRET.]

O thou, the fairest of the fair, the tribute now I bring
Is on the golden harp of praise, thy beauties bright to sing;
Deign, lady fair, to list the lay of lyre that hath so long
In silence slumber'd, waked again by sorrow's child of song.
O, in thy large and melting eye there is a light of love
With which no eye can ere compare, save angel's eye above;
It speaks without a tongue, and hath a language of its own,
Far sweeter than the laughing lip may tell in melting tone.
And yet I would not from thy lip of rich and rosy hue,
Rob one bright smile, or lovely grace, or nectar'd drop of dew;
For on that smiling lip I've seen the graces often play,
And hung upon its silvered tones that sweetly died away.
Nor would I from thy forehead fair withhold the meed of praise,
Where oft thy lofty soul is seen clad in its own bright rays;
Like some snow-mantled mount beneath the fair Italia's skies,
Where lightnings flash, yet all below one beauteous summer lies.
O, thou art wild and giddy, yet thou hast the power to be
All that we love in woman, or in gravity or glee;
In thy young brilliant soul there is capacity to shine
In all that's bright and beauteous here, and all that is divine.
Within thy bosom virtue dwells, that stern and lovely pride,
That dares e'en death, prefer'd to woes that hope and heav'n divide.
That gives to woman all those charms so blissful here to scan,
Without which beauty is but shame, and love a curse to man.
Within thy pure and gentle heart that knows the art to feel,
The sweetest passion lives, that thou'rt too timid to reveal;
Ay, there love lives, in ambush sly, and only peeps from eyes
That spread a sunshine on the soul, and make a paradise.
Yes, Laura, thou art all that man might wish to make him blest,
A generous soul, a feeling heart, and pure and guileless breast;
A mind too bright for one so fair, for one so young refined,
Thou art what I would wish should be the race of womankind.
Adieu, thou bright and beauteous one, perhaps we meet no more,
But memory oft shall bring to mind the hours that now are o'er;
And oft in fancy's musing mood and silent midnight's dream,
Thou shalt again be with me, and thy bright eye on me beam.
Adieu, and if no more we meet on life's eventful shore,
O, may we meet in Heav'n above, where parting is no more:
But not till in the gloomy grave my head shall rest at last,
Shall I forget thee, or shall fade the memory of the past.

MILFORD BARD.

THE SPANISH HEADSMAN.

THE town clock of Menda had tolled the hour of midnight, when a young French officer, leaning on the wall of an extensive terrace, which formed the bounds of the gardens of the chateau, appeared lost in reflection, and absorbed in deeper contemplation than generally accompanies the gay thoughtlessness of a military life: although, undoubtedly, place, season, and all by which he was surrounded, were most propitious to meditation. It was one of the clear and cloudless nights of Spain; the twinkling of the stars, and the moon's pale and partial beams, threw a soft light on the rich and romantic valley, in which, at a hundred feet beneath him, was situated the small but handsome town of Menda, skirting the base of a rock, which sheltered its inhabitants from the north wind, and on the summit whereof was placed the vast and antique chateau; and thence the waters of the Atlantic, extending far on either side, might be fully descried. The chateau of Menda, however, afforded a contrast to the calm and silence of the scene around it. From its numerous casements blazed forth a profusion of light; the lively clamour of the cheerful dance, the sounds of mirthful music, and the joyous voices of the assembly, often mingled with, and oftener overpowered, the noise of the more distant waves dashing against the shore. The refreshing coolness of the night, succeeding a day of extraordinary heat, with the delicious perfume of trees and flowers by which he was surrounded, in restoring him from the severe fatigue which the military duties of the morning occasioned, had long detained the young soldier in that delightful spot, and induced him to forego the social enjoyments which the interior of the mansion afforded.

The chateau itself belonged to a Spanish grandee of the first rank; who, with his family, now resided there. Of his two daughters, the eldest was particularly handsome; and had, during the evening, greatly attracted the admiration of the French officer, whose notice had evidently not been disregarded by the fair Spaniard: but, whenever she addressed him, there was, mixed up with her looks and tones of kindness, so singular an expression of seeming sorrow and compassion, that, haply the impression it had made on him, had led him to withdraw from the society, and induced his deep and lengthened reverie. Notwithstanding she was one of five children, the great wealth of the Marquis justified the idea that Clara would be richly endowed: but Victor Marchand could scarcely bring himself to hope that, in any event, the daughter of one of the proudest and most powerful nobles in all Spain, would even be permitted to regard, with more than ordinary civility, the son of a Parisian grocer.

The French were hated: and General G***r, the commandant of the province, having had strong reason to suspect that the Marquis de Léganès contemplated an insurrection of the inhabitants of that and the surrounding country, in favor of Ferdinand the Seventh, the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been

sent to garrison Menda; and to overawe its inhabitants and the people of the neighboring towns and villages, who were at the disposal and under the influence of the Marquis. Indeed, a recent despatch of Marshal Ney had even communicated the probability of the English attempting a landing on the coast, and of the Marquis being in active correspondence with the cabinet of London. So that, notwithstanding the welcome and hospitality evinced by the Marquis to himself and his comrades, Victor Marchand never relaxed in the adoption of every precaution that prudence could suggest. In pacing the garden terrace, and casting a keen and watchful glance from time to time to ascertain the state of the town, of which his position gave him a distinct and general view; or in listening occasionally to whatever sounds arose from the valley below, in which it lay, he strove vainly to reconcile to his mind, the open and almost unreserved friendship the Marquis had displayed towards him, and the peace and tranquillity of the country itself, with the doubts and fears expressed by his general,—when his curiosity was suddenly awakened, and his suspicions aroused by new and somewhat unaccountable circumstances. Innumerable lights, at one and the same instant, were to be seen moving in the town below: the hum of many voices simultaneously heard, where all had been for so many hours darkness and repose. Although it was the feast of Sant' Jago, he had issued, that very morning, severe and peremptory orders, that everywhere, (with the exception of the chateau) fire and light should be extinguished at the hour appointed by the military regulations. Again he looked, and more intently: and certainly could distinguish the glittering of muskets and bayonets at several of the posts where his sentinels were stationed. The lights were yet seen; but a solemn silence now succeeded to the noise, which was wholly distinct from that which might be supposed to accompany the observance of a festival of the church. Whence could proceed so general and extraordinary an infraction of military orders, in despite of the more

than adequate nocturnal police rounds which he had organized? He was resolved to fathom the mystery: and at once, and with all the impetuosity of youth, he was in the act of scaling the terrace wall, to reach, by a direct and rapid descent of the rock, the *corps-de-garde* stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side of the chateau, when a slight movement near him, resembling the light step of a female on the sanded alley of the garden, induced him to pause. He looked around him anxiously for some moments, but without success. Again he raised himself to observe, and he became fixed and motionless with surprise, as his strained sight dwelt on some distant object; for, clear and distinct as the moon in heaven, he beheld a fleet of ships riding upon the waters and nearing the land. He was casting in his mind, with the utmost rapidity of thought, the measures he must instantly pursue, when his reflections were interrupted by a hoarse, low voice, proceeding from a breach in the wall, at some paces distant, above which a human head projected. He hastened to the spot, and ascertained it to be the orderly who was in attendance upon him at the chateau.

"Is it you, Colonel?"

"It is!"

"The beggars, below there, Sir, are twisting about like so many worms. I have been upon the watch, and hastened to make my report to you."

"Speak!" said Victor Marchand.

"Seeing a man leave the chateau privily, with a lantern, I resolved to follow him; for a lantern, at this hour, looked suspicious, so I stuck close to him, as he crept thitherwards: and on a platform of rock, there, where my finger points, Sir, I saw him approach an enormous pile of faggots; when——"

A tremendous shout rose from the town beneath. A wide and sudden blaze of light broke forth near him, produced by the firing of straw and dry wood: and, at the same instant, the grenadier he had been talking with, received a ball in his skull, and fell dead upon the spot.

The cheerful sounds within the chateau walls were hushed at once. A death

like silence reigned around for a moment; and then were heard, but for an instant, distant and heart-piercing groans, as of a short conflicting agony: the report of a cannon boomed along the surface of the ocean. Cold drops burst from the forehead of the officer. He was there alone, unarmed, unfriended. His soldiers had all—all perished. He felt himself a degraded and dishonored being; he would be dragged before a council of war, a prisoner, and in chains: all who could vindicate his zeal and prudence were of another world. With a keen and rapid glance he scanned the depth below; and capping on the terrace walk, was on the point of casting himself into the abyss, when the slight shriek and convulsive grasp of some one by his side restrained him.

"Fly! Oh Fly!" whispered Clara, almost breathless from agitation; "my brothers follow me—descend the rock, quickly—without delay—there—that way—below you will find Juanito's horse—begone—haste—haste——"

She urged him onward with all her strength. Lost and confused, the young man gazed on her for a moment; but quickly yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, which rarely deserts us, he leaped into the park, and rushed onwards in the direction pointed out to him. The steps of persons in pursuit were heard, danger animated him to speed: he hastily scrambled down the rocks, by paths never before trodden but by goats. A shower of musket-balls whistled by him: but, with almost inconceivable rapidity, he gained the valley. The horse was there. He bounded on his back, and disappeared.

A few hours brought him to the headquarters of General G***r, who was at breakfast with his staff: and he was instantly admitted into the commander's presence.

"I come to resign myself to death," exclaimed the Colonel, as he stood before the General, pale and haggard.

"Sit down, Sir, and when you are more composed I will listen to you;" and the stern severity of his countenance, which truly indicated his well known

harsh unyielding character, somewhat abated as he witnessed the emotion of his visiter. As soon as he was able, Victor told his horrible tale: and the downcast looks and deep silence of his auditors were the only, but expressive, comment on his history.

"It appears to me, Sir," at length said the General, calmly, "that you are more unfortunate than criminal; you can hardly be deemed responsible for the guilt of the Spaniards; and if the Marshal decide not otherwise, I shall not hesitate to acquit you." These words afforded but feeble consolation to Victor, who falteringly demanded, "But when the Emperor learns the report, Sir?" "It is not impossible he may order you to be shot," observed the General, in a tone of indifference: "but of that hereafter," he added, rising and assuming his more bitter expression of tone and feature. "Let us now only think of vengeance—vengeance, deep, deep and terrible on these Spaniards."

In a short hour, an entire regiment, with detachments of cavalry and artillery, were on their march; at the head of which rode the General and Victor. The troops, informed of the massacre of their comrades, pressed onwards with unrelenting activity, actuated by feelings of hate and fury. The villages through which their road lay were already up in arms: but they were soon reduced to obedience, and in all of them each tenth man was told off and shot.

By some unaccountable fatality, the English fleet remained lying to and inactive, without even communicating with the shore: so that the town of Menda was surrounded by the French troops without the slightest show of resistance on the part of its inhabitants: who, disappointed in the succor on which they had relied, offered to surrender at discretion. Such as were more immediately implicated in the massacre of the garrison, justly presuming that, for their act, the town would be delivered up to flames, and the entire population put to death, by an effort of courage and self-devotion, not unfrequent in the war of the Peninsula, offered to become their proper accusers.

This unexpected and extraordinary proposition was acceded to by the General; and he engaged to accord a pardon to the rest of the inhabitants, and prevent the town being fired or pillaged by the incensed soldiery. But, at the same time he levied an enormous contribution on the people; for the payment of which, within twenty-four hours, he commanded that the principal and wealthiest residences should be given as hostages into his hands; and inflexibly decreed that all the persons appertaining to the chateau, from the Marquis to his lowest valet, should be placed, unconditionally, in his power.

Having seen his soldiers encamped, and taken all due precautions for their safety against a sudden attack, the General proceeded to the chateau, of which he immediately assumed military possession. The respective members, with the domestics of the family of Lézanès, were bound with cords, and the ball-room assigned them as a prison, the casements whereof opened upon the terrace: while the General and his staff occupied an adjoining suit of rooms, where a council was holden, to adopt all necessary measures in the event of an attempted disembarkation by the British. Orders were given for the erection of batteries, on the coasts, and dispatches sent off to the Marshal.

The two hundred Spaniards who had acknowledged themselves as the authors of the massacre, and resigned themselves into the General's power, were drawn up on the terrace of the chateau, and shot! without a single exception. As soon as their execution had terminated, General G***r ordered the erection of as many gallows as there were prisoners in the ball-room, on the same spot; directing, moreover, that the hangman of the town should be summoned.

Victor Marchand profited by the interval in the work of death, which the execution of the General's orders required, to visit the unhappy prisoners; and a few minutes only elapsed before he again presented himself to his commanding officer. "I presume, Sir, he said, with much emotion, "to implore your

consideration in behalf of the condemned family." "You!" observed the General, with a sneer.—"Alas, Sir, it is a sorrowful indulgence they solicit. The Marquis, in observing the preparations for the approaching execution, trusts that you will deign to change the mode of punishment; and that such as are of noble blood may suffer by decapitation." "Granted," was the laconic reply. "He also hopes you will allow him to have the aid of religion; and in tendering his solemn engagement not to indulge in the thought of escape, he prays that he and his may be freed from their bonds." "Be it so," said the General: "you being responsible for the consequences. What further would you?" he added, sternly and impatiently, seeing the Colonel yet linger and hesitate to speak.—"He presumes, Sir, to render you all his wealth—his entire fortune,—so that his youngest son might be spared." "Indeed," said the General; "it is no extraordinary exertion of generosity, as his property is already at the disposal of King Joseph. But," he continued, after some moments of reflection, while an indescribable expression of savage triumph lighted up his features—"I perceive all the importance attached to his last request, and shall even go beyond it. Let him then purchase the continuance of his name and family, that it may exist a memorial of his treason and its penalty. But it shall be on my terms; mark me,—I leave his fortune free, and grant like pardon to such one of his sons as shall assume the office of executioner. I have said it,—begone! and let me hear no more of him or his." The General turned from Victor towards the chateau, where dinner for himself and staff had been just served; leaving the Colonel thunderstruck.

His brother officers eagerly hastened to satisfy an appetite provoked by fatigue, but he had no thought but for the wretched prisoners; and summoning resolution again to meet them, he slowly entered the ball-room, where the father and mother, their three sons and two daughters, sate bound to their rich and gilded chairs; while the eight servants of the house

stood with their arms tied behind their backs, mute and motionless, their looks turned on their superiors, as if to derive a lesson of courage or resignation from their bearing. At times a hasty exclamation disturbed the silence, attesting the regret of some bolder spirits, at having failed in their enterprise. The soldiers who guarded them were stern and silent, as if respecting the misfortunes of their enemies; and Victor shuddered as he looked upon the mournful spectacle of their distress, where but so lately joy and gaiety presided; and compared their afflicted state with the gaudy trappings which yet adorned the walls, as in mockery of the dreadful doom which they were sentenced in a few minutes to undergo.

Ordering the soldiers to loose the bonds of the others, he hastened to the release of Clara; and while every eye was turned towards him with intense interest, he freed her beautifully moulded arms from the cords. Even in that moment of sorrow, he could not but admire the loveliness of the Spanish girl, her perfect form—her raven hair—her long, dark eye-lashes—and an eye too brilliant to be gazed on, suffused as it was with tears of anguish or indignation. "Have you succeeded?" she whispered, as he bent over her; and her look strove to penetrate his inmost thoughts. An involuntary groan was Victor's sole reply; and to avoid her ardent gaze, he threw a wild and piteous look upon her brothers and her parents, and again on her. The eldest son, Juanito, was about thirty years of age, short of stature, and scarcely well formed, but these defects were redeemed by a countenance eminently Spanish, proud, fierce, and disdainful, teeming with all his country's gallantry. Filippo, the second, was about twenty years of age, and bore an extraordinary resemblance to Clara. Raffaele, the youngest, was eight years old; a mild and passive creature, with much of patience or endurance in his gentle features. The venerable countenance of the aged Marquis, and his silver hair, offered a study worthy of Murillo. As he contemplated the mournful group, Victor knew not how to announce the

General's determination. Compliance with it was surely out of the question; and why should the cup of grief, already full, be unnecessarily overcharged? The entreaties of Clara, however, overcame him; her face wore the hue of death as she listened, but she struggled violently with her feelings, and assuming a comparatively calm and tranquil air, she arose and placed herself solemnly on her knees at her father's feet.—"Oh, Sire!—Father!" she exclaimed; and as all leaned forward in breathless attention, her accents fell clear and distinct around, as earth upon the coffin-lid. "Command—command Juanito to swear by all his hopes of mercy hereafter, that he will now obey your orders, whatever they may be, to their fullest extent, and we shall yet be happy." The mother trembled from joy and hope, eagerly, as unobserved she bent forward to participate in the communication her daughter whispered in her father's ears. She heard, and fell fainting to the earth. Juanito himself seemed evidently aware of its intent; for he writhed from rage and horror.

Victor now commanded the guards to quit the room, the Marquis renewing his promise of unconditional submission. They accordingly retired, leading away the domestics, who, as they issued forth, were delivered over, one by one, to the public executioner, and successively put to death.

Thus relieved from painful intrusion, the old man arose—"Juanito!" said he, sternly. The son, aware of his father's intention, only replied by an inclination of the head, indicative of a decided refusal. He then sank into a chair, while his wild, fixed, and haggard look rested upon his parent. "Come, come, Juanito; dearest brother!" said Clara, in an encouraging and cheerful tone, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, the other hand fondly removing the hair from his burning forehead, which she affectionately kissed. "If you knew, my Juanito, my own kind brother, how welcome death would be, if given at your hand. Think, Juanito, my loved, loved, Juanito! that I shall thus escape the odi-

ous touch of the public executioner. You, you will end my sufferings: and so shall we thwart the triumph of——." Her dark eye turned from Juanito full on Victor, as if to awaken in her brother's bosom all his hatred for the French.

"Be a man, brother. Summon all your courage!" said Filippo: "Let not our name perish, and by your fault."

Clara arose; while all made way for the Marquis, who addressed his son. "It is my will—I command you, Juanito." The young Count moved not, stirred not; and his father fell at his feet. Raffaele, Filippo, and their sisters did the same, stretching forth their supplicating hands towards him, who alone could save their name from forgetfulness and extinction, while the Marquis, on his knees, continued, "My son, my Juanito, prove yourself a Spaniard. Show the stern resolve, the noble feeling of a Spaniard. Let not your father thus kneel in vain before you. What are your sufferings compared with the honor of those you love—those who so truly love you? Let not your own sorrows prevail against your father's prayer. Would I not die for you, were it required of me? Live then for us. Let not the hand of infamy insult my hoary head.—Is he our son, Madam?" indignantly exclaimed the Marquis, addressing his wife as he arose, while Juanito, with a fixed and horrid stare, sat deadlike; the distended muscles of his livid front, seeming less the traits of mortal man than those of chiseled marble. "He yields, he yields," shrieked forth the mother, in accents of triumph and despair. "He consents," she cried, as she marked a slight movement of his brow, which she only could understand as implying the hard and cruel obedience of her child.

The almoner of the chateau entering, he was instantly surrounded by the family, who led him towards Juanito, while Victor, no longer able to endure the scene, made sign to Clara of his intention, and rushed from the room to make one last effort with the General. Him he found in one of his milder moods, cheerfully conversing with his officers, while he

partook of the delicious wines the cellars of the chateau afforded.

An hour afterwards, and one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda were assembled, by the General's orders, on the terrace, to witness the execution of the family of Léganès. They were arranged beneath the line of gallows, on which hung the bodies of the Marquis's domestics; and a strong military guard preserved order. At about thirty paces distant, a block had been prepared, on which a large and naked scimitar was laid; while the executioner stood near to act, in the event of Juanito's refusal.

The dead silence which prevailed was interrupted by the sound of many footsteps; the slow and measured tread of the soldiery, and the clattering of arms, drowned, at times, by the loud laugh of the officers over their wine. So had the dance and music, but shortly since, been mingled with the expiring groans of the French garrison. All eyes were now directed towards the chateau, and the several members of the Léganès family approached, with firm unshrinking step, and countenances patient, calm, and serene—save one. He, pale, wan and heartstricken, leant upon the priest, who unceasingly urged every argument of religion, to sustain and console the wretched being who was alone condemned to live. The Marquis, his wife, and their four children, took their places at some paces distant from the block, and knelt. Juanito was led forward by the priest, and having reached the fatal spot, the public executioner advanced and whispered him, haply imparting some necessary instructions in his dreadful mystery. The confessor would have arranged the victims so as to avoid, as far as possible, a view of the work of death; but they were Spaniards, and evinced no symptoms of fear.

Clara now darted forwards to her brother. "Juanito!" she exclaimed, "you must have pity on my weakness. I am a sad, sad coward.—Begin with me."

A hasty step was heard approaching—it was Victor. Clara was kneeling by the block, and her white neck already bared to the scimitar. The officer shud-

dered, but rushed forward,—“Your life is spared, Clara. The General pardons you, if you consent—to—to be mine.”

The Spanish lady looked on him for an instant; a proud, disdainful glance of withering scorn, “Quick, quick, Juanito,” she murmured in a hurried hollow voice, as she turned, and her head rolled at Victor's feet.

As the first dull blow of the heavy scimitar was heard, for one moment the mother's whole frame moved convulsively. It was the first and only sign of weakness exhibited.

* * * * *

“Am I well so—my good—good Juanito?” said the little Raffaele.

“You weep, my Marquirita, my sister,” and, verily, the voice of Juanito seemed as a voice from the tomb, as again he lifted the scimitar.

“It is for you, dear brother,” she answered. “Poor, poor Juanito!—you will be without us all, alone, and so unhappy.”

* * * * *

The tall commanding figure of the Marquis now approached. He looked on his children's blood, and then turning towards the assembled Spaniards, and stretching forth his arms over Juanito, exclaimed in a loud and resolute tone of voice,—“Spaniards, hear me! A father's blessing I give unto my son; may it ever rest on and with him! His is the post of duty. Now, *Marquis of Léganès*, strike firm and surely, for thou art without reproach!”

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor—the scimitar struck heavily against the earth, as he shrieked in bitterest agony—“Mother!—God!—God! It is too much—She bore—she nourished me. Blood!

and my mother's blood!” A cry of horror burst from all around. The bacchanalian orgies within the castle were at once ended.

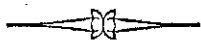
The Marchioness, sensible that the strength and courage of her son had fled, cast one glance, and one only, at the scene at her feet; and then, aged as she was, leaped the terrace balustrade, and disappeared. As she fell upon the rocks beneath, the reeking instrument of death dropped from the hand of Juanito. His eyes flashed an almost maniac fire. A low gurgling sound, like a death-greeting, broke from his livid lips,—life seemed to forsake his limbs—and he sunk senseless upon the ground, beside the beloved beings who had fallen by his hand.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the unlimited respect and high honors accorded by his sovereign to the Marquis de Léganès—notwithstanding the title of *El Verdugo*, by which his ancient and noble name has been rendered yet more illustrious, the Marquis now lives an almost heart-broken and solitary man. The birth of an heir to his name and fortune (an event which, unhappily, deprived her who bore him of existence,) had been impatiently awaited by him, and as his son saw the light, the father felt that it was now his privilege, in Heaven's own time, to join that troop of shadows, that are ever with him and around him. With these, in his long hours of solitude, he holds strange discourse: and if he ever smile, it is when he points out his sleeping boy to those unseen beings—unseen by all save himself—and swears by its innocent head, and by the generations yet unborn, an eternal enmity to France and her children.

BRING FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.



BRING flowers, young flowers for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd :
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !
He comes with the spoils of nations back ;
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track ;
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous wood to tell ;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky ;
And the bright world shut from his languid eye.
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth ;
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

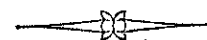
Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead !
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst ;
For this in the woods was the violet nurst.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer ;
They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart ;
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours ;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring flowers.

THE LEGEND OF ROSE ROCHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“STORIES OF WATERLOO.”



AT sixteen Rose Roche was the loveliest maid in Ulster. In infancy she was found exposed at the Gate of the Ursulines, and her beauty and destitution recommended her to the charity of the sisterhood. Educated accordingly, for a conventual life, she had never passed the boundary of the garden walls, and accident discovered the existence of beauty, which else had faded unseen and unadmired within those cloisters, to which from childhood it had been devoted.

Cormac More, Lord of Iveagh, was the patron and protector of the community at Balleek. At primes and vespers a mass was celebrated for his soul's weal. His Easter-offering was ten beeves and five casks of Bordeaux wine ; and on the last Christmas visit he presented six silver candlesticks to the altar of *Our Lady*. No wonder this powerful chief was held in high honour by the sisterhood of St. Ursula.

One tempestuous night in October, wearied with hunting, and separated from his followers by darkness and the storm, Cormac More found himself beneath the walls of the convent of Balleek. Approaching the gate, he wound his horn loudly, and begged for shelter and refreshment. Proud of this opportunity of affording hospitality to so noble and munificent a protector, the wicket was unbarred, the Lord of Iveagh admitted, and received in honourable state by the Lady Superior, and inducted with due form into the parlour of the Ursulines.

There a plentiful repast was speedily prepared, and the tired hunter was ceremoniously seated at the table. His morning meal had been dispatched before the sun had topped Slieve Gallion, and a long day's exercise had given him a keen relish for the evening banquet. The Lady Abbess feasted the patron of her house right nobly—he was attended on assiduously by the novices—dish after dish succeeded in luxurious variety, until the chief requested the tables to be drawn, and with knightly courtesy entreated permission to pledge the holy mother of the Ursulines in a deep draught of Rhenish wine.

Then for the first time, the novice who presented the cup, attracted the good knight's attention. The folds of her thick veil could not conceal the matchless symmetry of her form ; and as she filled the chalice from the flagon, the exquisite proportions of her hand and arm struck Cormac More with wonder. At this moment her drapery became entangled with the jewelled pommel of the Knight's rapier ; a hasty attempt to disengage it was unsuccessful—the veil fell, and disclosed to the enraptured view of the Lord of Iveagh the loveliest features he had ever seen. Covered with blushes, which heightened her surpassing beauty, the novice caught her veil hastily up and retired from the parlour, while the Knight, despite the evident displeasure that the accident had caused the Lady Abbess, gazed after the retiring girl until she dis-

appeared among the cloisters. In vain the proud Superior introduced costlier wines of rare and ancient vintages; in vain she enlarged upon the piety of her order, and enumerated the number of the Ursulines who had been canonized; the Knight's whole thoughts were engrossed with one lovely object—his courtesy and converse were feeble and constrained, until, piqued by his neglect, the Abbess wished him a fair repose, and retired in full state from the apartment, preceded by crucifix and taper, and followed by her attendant nuns.

Although the Knight lay on the Bishop's bed, and occupied that honored chamber where none of a less degree than a mitred abbot had hitherto been permitted to repose, no slumber sealed his lids, nor was the beautiful novice for a moment absent from his thoughts. Cormac More had declined many a splendid alliance; the Lord of Offaly proffered him an only sister, with a princely dower; and O'Nial himself courted him for a son-in-law, and promised him the barony of Orier, and Blanche, his fairest daughter. But till now, Cormac had never loved: the beautiful cup-bearer seemed to him a being of another world; the more he dwelt upon her image, the more his passion was excited; alliances with lords and princes were overlooked, disparity of rank and fortune was forgotten, and, ere the morning sun had lighted the storied window of the Bishop's chamber, the Knight's determination was formed, and matins were scarcely over when he demanded an audience of the Lady Abbess.

Never was there greater surprise than that, with which the holy Mother heard Cormac More express his passion for the novice of the Ursulines. Joy sparkled in her eyes as the noble Lord of Iveagh confided the secret of his love, entreated her powerful intercession, and begged for her sanction to his nuptials. As Rose was still unprofessed, there existed no spiritual barrier to her marriage. Flattered by the high honor conferred upon her house by the proudest Baron of the Pale selecting a bride from the holy sisterhood, the Superior willingly acceded to his request; his offers were accepted,

and ere the vesper bell had tolled, the preliminaries were completed, and the fair novice had consented to become the bride of Cormac More.

But, alas! the wild ardor of the good Knight, and the carnal motives of the Abbess, caused both to neglect consulting another personage, namely, the blessed Ursula herself, in thus disposing of one devoted to her service from the cradle; and the saint felt the oversight. That night the Abbess was tormented with fearful and portentous dreams; the Lord of Iveagh tossed restlessly upon the Bishop's bed; and if the novice closed an eye, her slumbers were broken with strange and incoherent visions. In vain next day, the Knight hunted from sunrise to curfew—his hounds were eternally at fault, and his followers appeared besotted or bewitched; the deer, when pressed to the utmost, vanished on a bare moor—and knight, squire, and yeoman, unanimously agreed that the several parties interested in the chase, were under the immediate influence of the Prince of Darkness.

Nor did the holy Superior of the Ursulines fare better than the persecuted Knight and his afflicted companions. Every thing about the convent went astray, and the culinary preparations for entertaining the Lord of Iveagh were awfully interrupted by accident and forgetfulness. The sister who presided over the pastry, and whose conserves, throughout a long and blameless life, had been pronounced unique and irreproachable, now actually omitted the necessary ingredients; the soup, when uncovered for a second, was invaded with such a discharge of soot, as reduced it, in color at least, to an equality with the broth of Sparta. The nun at the organ, instead of a "jubilate" struck up a "nunc dimittis;" the very bells were "jangled out of tune"—and the Lady Abbess was horrified by a succession of prodigies that, from her noviciate to her promotion, had never before visited the quiet residence of the sisterhood of Saint Ursula.

What were the nocturnal visitations inflicted upon the lovely novice, have not been exactly handed down. One thing alone is certain. She visited the Lady

Abbess with the first dawn, and in her maternal bosom the bride elect deposited the causes of her sorrow.

In this perplexity, the Knight and the Superior held secret counsel in the parlor of the convent, and long and difficult was the conference. The result was, that Cormac More vowed a golden chalice to the offended virgin; and the Abbess, not to be outdone in liberality, agreed to double aves and credos for a fortnight. But with Rose Roche herself the chief difficulty was found to lie. All measures proposed by the holy mother were inefficacious; and, in this desperate dilemma, it was deemed advisable to add to the number of counsellors, and the Prior of the Dominicans was summoned to the assistance of the conclave.

To that holy man the exigencies of the respective parties were intrusted. The Prior was sorely disturbed with doubts, but after a night's deliberation, during which he discussed a capon single handed, and fortified his stomach with a second stoop of Rhenish wine, he decided that the Lord of Iveagh should add a flagon to the chalice—the Abbess double her penitentiaries for a month—and Rose Roche undergo a private penance, which he, the Prior, should communicate to the lady alone.

Never had such an alarming predicament a happier termination! The Knight had scarcely laid himself upon the Bishop's bed, until a sweet and refreshing slumber, blessed with the happiest visions, sealed his eyes; the Lady Abbess slept like a watchman; and since she had first gathered wild flowers in the convent garden, never did the fair novice enjoy more delightful dreams.

At last the bridal day arrived. The Lord of Iveagh was attended by a splendid following. The bells rang out a joyous peal, and the élève of the Ursulines left the home of her youth, escorted by three hundred horsemen, the consort of the proudest Baron of the Pale. No lover could be more gallant than the noble husband of Rose Roche. Fête succeeded fête, and feasting continued in the castle of Cormac More, from Michaelmas till Advent.

Months passed away, and honey-moons can not be expected to last for ever. Cormac More by degrees resumed his hunting, and again involved himself in the endless feuds and warfare of those restless times; and Rose Roche was often deserted for the chase or the field. She still was passionately loved, but in the bosom of a martial Baron other and sterner feelings held a predominance. It is true that the young bride bore these frequent absences with wonderful resignation; and page and tire-woman confessed in secret, that Dhu Castle was gayer and merrier when Cormac and his stern companions were away.

A year wore on. The Lord of Iveagh was pensive and thoughtful; a cloud would often gather on his brow, and his bearing to his beautiful wife became chilling and repulsive. It transpired that two circumstances occasioned his anxiety. His lady wore a curious-fashioned coif, which concealed her tresses as effectually as if she never laid aside her night-cap; and the cherished hope of an heir to his ancient line now faded in the heart of Cormac More. Dhu Castle became duller and more gloomy—the fair Baroness was more and more deserted—the chase and banquet were preferred by the moody Knight to soft dalliance in his "lady's bower," and any pretext was gladly resorted to, which offered an excuse for being absent from his joyless home.

Gentlewomen, in these perilous days, required and possessed an astonishing portion of philosophy. No Baron's lady "in the Pale" submitted to a frequent separation from her lord, with more laudable submission than Rose Roche. The customary resource of "wives bereaved," appeared any thing but consolatory to the dame. She determined to avoid crying, as being an unchristian waste of beauty—and instead of useless lamentations, she wisely substituted mirth and minstrelsy.

There was not a more accomplished bard in Ulster than Connor O'Cahan, and for seventy years he had resided with the Lords of Iveagh. No tale or tradition connected with this puissant race was unknown to this gifted minstrel;

yet by some strange infirmity of taste, young Rose preferred the light romances of her Lord's English page, to all the legendary lore of the gray-haired harper; and listened with more delight to a merry roundelay from Edwin's lute, than to the deeds of Cormac's grandfather, as set out in song by Connor O'Cahan. The bard, it is true, was blind, and the page had the blackest eyes imaginable.

This unhappy predilection was not concealed from her Lord. His jealousy instantly took fire, and the handsome page was suddenly removed, and none knew whither. The absence of an heir had now become matter for serious complaint; it was whispered among the Baron's followers that there was no cause for hope, and maliciously insinuated, moreover, that the close coif adopted by the dame, was worn to conceal some natural deformity. Cormac, a slave to suspicion, and instigated by his rude companions, insisted that the hood should be discarded, or that Rose Roche should retire in disgrace to the convent from whence she came.

On the alternative being proposed, the Lady proved positive, and the coif was peremptorily retained. Cormac, irritated by opposition to his commands, was obstinate in his determination, and Rose Roche left the castle of her lord a repudiated wife, and once more returned to the convent of the Ursulines.

From the hour of their separation, the Baron seldom smiled. To part from his wife was a trifle; but unluckily he had embroiled himself with the church. The Abbess espoused the lady's quarrel fiercely, and *ave* and *credo* were no longer offered up for Cormac More! Notwithstanding past largess, beeves and wine-butts were forgotten; the candle-sticks upon the altar no longer elicited a prayer; and his soul's health was no more attended to by the community, than the lowest horse-boys of his train.

Thus matters stood; when one dark evening, returning from the chase, Cormac and his followers were surprised by a band of Catterans, and a fierce and desperate skirmish ensued. The outlaws were defeated, but the Lord of Iveaugh

was shot clean through the body with a three-foot arrow; and how could he have better luck?

Then it was that the sinful Knight was tortured with remorse and unavailing sorrow. He cursed the evil counsellors who tempted him to insult Saint Ursula and her adopted daughter, and determining to be reconciled to his wife and the church together, directed his followers to carry him to the Abbey of Balleek. His orders were obeyed, and the Lady Abbess consented to admit the dying noble. He was laid before the altar, and his injured wife, forgetting past resentment, was the first to rush from her cell, and minister to his relief. In the fatal emergency, coif and veil were left behind; her raven tresses fell below her shoulders, and reached to her very waist, and Cormac was convinced, too late, that his ill-used consort had the finest hair in Christendom. Alas! those ebon locks had been the admiration of the whole sisterhood—and for penitential purposes, the Dominican had enjoined their concealment for three years, when he gave spiritual counsel, in their hour of tribulation, to the Abbess, the Baron, and Rose Roche.

To make atonement for his former unkindness, he willed his rich domains to his beautiful widow. The Prior of the Dominicans indited the deed, which disposed of his possessions; and the church, of course, was not forgotten. Surrounded by all the emblems of religion, and with a splinter of the true cross in his right hand, the penitent Baron breathed his last. He lay for three days and nights in the chancel, in great state; and was interred on the fourth morning, with all the ceremonies that both Ursulines and Dominicans could bestow.

The days of mourning passed over: Rose Roche exercised her resignation; and Dhu Castle became a different place to what it had been during the latter days of the defunct Baron, and mirth and music were exchanged for the rude revelry of Cormac More. Her hall was filled with guests; at the board she did the honors nobly; and when she visited the green wood, with her gold-bellied hawks and gallant retinue, she looked as if she

had been ennobled from the Conquest, and in her bearing and attire, seemed "every inch a queen."

But amidst all this splendor and magnificence, poor Rose had her own secret causes of inquietude. Beauty accompanied by broad lands, could not but induce suitors without number to come forward, and never was woman, not excepting Penelope herself, more vigorously besieged. From past experience, Rose was not ambitious to exchange wealth and liberty for becoming the wife of some doughty Baron, who would probably undervalue her charms, just as much as he would over-estimate his own great condescension in giving her his name. A tender recollection of one, long since lost, would cross her mind occasionally, and in her solitary hours the black-eyed page haunted her imagination. Accordingly she eschewed all offers for her hand, with excellent discretion. Few were offended, she managed her rejections so prudently; and through the first year of widowhood, neither land nor liberty were lost.

The consort of the wise Ulysses herself could not have held out forever. Rose was severely pressed; for finding themselves foiled by her ready wit and good discretion when they attacked her singly, her lovers, from necessity, agreed to coalesce, and determined that one should be accepted, and the remainder be pledged to support the acquired rights of the fortunate candidate, as report said King Henry had resolved to gift a favorite noble with the person and estates of the beautiful widow.

This agreement of her suitors was politely but decisively intimated to Rose Roche, and the Prior declared, "by the vestment," that to evade matrimony longer was impossible. "She had," the holy man said, "an ample list to choose from; there were eleven suitors in the neighborhood, besides the '*Big Man of the West*,' for so the Thane of Connaught was entitled."

In this extremity the lady resolved to exercise, at least, the privilege of free choice. The Prior was directed to engross a bond, by which the respective candidates for her hand bound themselves

to grant an uncontrolled right of selection to the widow, and covenanted, moreover, neither to molest, or permit her to be molested, when her choice was made. The deed was duly executed—the day for her decision was named—and a reasonable time allowed for "the Big Man of the West" to attend and try his fortune.

O'Connor was surprised when the determination of the widow was communicated. He had only time for a hurried preparation, as his rivals, from their vicinity to the lady, had never taken the remoter situation of the "Big Man" into their consideration, when they named the day. O'Connor, however, was no sluggard; he collected his "following" with all haste, and every department was complete, when, alas, the chief harper fell sick without a cause, and no other was procurable for a distance of sixty miles. In this dilemma a Saxon youth, who, two years since, had been shipwrecked beneath the castle walls, was recollected. He could not, it is true, "strike the bold harp," but he had a sweet and mellow voice, and his skill upon the lute was admirable. In wood-craft he was a thorough proficient, and with lance and brand had more than once proved himself a man. O'Connor had no alternative, and the stranger was selected to fill the place that "Cathwold O'Connor of the harp" should have more worthily occupied.

Although the Thane of Connaught and his gallant company pushed forward with all the speed that man and horse could make, from bad roads and flooded rivers, they were unable to reach the heights above Dhu Castle until the sun of the eventful day had set. In vain knight and squire pressed on their jaded steeds—evening fell; all the candidates besides had been in the hall for hours, and, as "the Big Man" had not appeared, according to modern parlance he was voted present by the company, and the banquet was served. Never with such a heavy heart did Rose Roche assume the place of honor. Though her hall was lighted splendidly, and her table crowded with the proudest nobles within "the Pale"—though rich wine flowed, and the most

skilful harpers in the province poured forth their lays of love and war—yet one heart was heedless of gaiety and grandeur; and that one was her's on whom every eye was bent, in deep expectancy awaiting her decision.

The curfew rang—and in another hour the happy Lord of Dhu Castle would be proclaimed. As the moments flew, the beautiful widow became paler and more dejected; and breasts which had never quailed amid the roar of battle, now throbbed as nervously as a maiden's, when she listens to the first tale of love. The harps were mute, the revel became less loud, for all were deeply interested in that event which a brief space must determine. At this embarrassing moment, a loud blast was heard at the grand gate, and the seneschal rushed in, to announce the arrival of the Thane of Connaught, attended by a noble following of, at least, one hundred horse.

The sudden and opportune appearance of him of the West, seemed to affect the company variously. His rivals heard the news with mingled feelings of jealousy and alarm, which was in no ways abated when the number of his attendants was announced, which exceeded that of their united followings. Rose Roche felt a secret pleasure at his coming; not that her sentiments towards O'Connor were more favorable than to her suitors generally, but his late arrival must necessarily occasion some delay, and postpone, though but for a brief space, that dreaded moment when she should surrender a hand, without a heart, to her future lord.

While O'Connor, as the greatest stranger, was placed beside the lady of Dhu Castle, his bard stood behind his master, and his train bestowed themselves where they could best find room. As Rose Roche looked carefully around to see that the band were fitly accommodated, her eyes met those of the young minstrel:—the blood rushed to her brow; for excepting those of her own loved page, she never looked upon a pair so black and sparkling as the stranger's.

When the Thane of Connaught had feasted to his heart's content, the Prior of the Dominicans produced the parch-

ment, to which his rivals had affixed their signatures already. The "Big Man" listened attentively as the monk read it. "'Tis all fair," he added, as he placed his sign manual to the deed, "that the lady should choose her lord; and thus I bind myself, faithfully to abide the intents of this parchment." Then turning to Rose Roche, he thus proceeded: "It grieves me that through accident I have unwittingly occasioned some delay; therefore, in pity to my gallant competitors, I beg you, lady, to terminate their suspense, and declare to this noble company the happy object of your choice—nay, blanch not so, fair dame," for the lady became pallid as the white marble of a warrior's tomb; "exercise your own pleasure leisurely; and while I pledge thy matchless beauty in a cup of muscadine, Aylmer, my bard, shall sing a Saxon roundelay." As he spoke, O'Connor signed to the minstrel, who, rising at his lord's bidding, struck with a rapid hand the prelude of a light romance, which, with a tremulous, but powerful voice, he thus gave words to:

"Ladye, farewell!—the fatal hour
Has sped, for thus thy tyrant wills,
When he, who loves thee, leaves this tower,
Deserts gay hall and woodland bower
Of her, for whom his heart's pulse thrills;
And thou art she—Ladye—sweet Ladye."

When the minstrel touched the prelude, Rose Roche became visibly affected; but when the words fell from his lips, a burning blush dyed her cheek and brow, and her heart throbbed almost to bursting. Alas, it was the very roundelay the poor page had sung beneath her casement on that melancholy night when her defunct lord had expelled him from the castle!

She turned hastily round to see who the strange youth might be, who thus recalled her absent love in look and voice so forcibly. Blessed Ursula! it was he, the long lost page. The minstrel, as he caught her eyes, suddenly ceased his melody—the lute fell from his nerveless grasp, and, overcome by feelings that could not be controlled, he sank upon the bench behind him. It was, indeed, young

Aylmer. The well remembered features could never be forgotten, although the boy had ripened into manhood—the thick down upon the lip had changed to a dark moustache—and the belt which once held a hunting blade, supported now a goodly brand.

The strange effect of the melody upon the lady, and the minstrel's sudden indisposition, could not escape remark; a startling suspicion flashed across the minds of the company, and after a painful silence of some minutes, Hubert de Moore rose from his seat, and bowing to the very table, thus addressed the lady of the castle:

"Wilt thou forgive the humblest but most devoted of thy suitors, if he presume to remind you that the hour has long since passed when your election should have been made? Far be it from me, noble dame, to seem importunate; but suspense is irksome to those that love, and I and my brother nobles pray you to signify your pleasure, and end uncertainty at once."

While De Moore was speaking, Rose Roche appeared to recover her self-possession wonderfully; her eye brightened, her color came again, and the compression of her lips proved that she was nervously herself for some determined effort. She rose slowly and gracefully, while a dead silence pervaded the hall; faint and tremulous as her first words were, they were distinctly heard by those remotest from the dais.*

"Noble lords," she said, "I own and thank your courtesy: I ask this holy churchman if I am to exercise free choice in this affair, unshackled with bar, or condition, save my own pleasure; and if he whom I shall place here," and she pointed to the vacant seat beside her own, which had been reserved for the successful wooer, "shall be supported in all the rights and properties which he shall obtain through me?"

"All this," said the Prior, "is fairly stipulated in the intents of this scroll."

"Then will I not trespass on your patience, noble lords,—there stands the ob-

ject of my choice; and thus I instal him in this seat, as Lord and Master of Dhu Castle!"

She turned to the astonished minstrel as she spoke, and ere her words were ended, the youth was seated at her side.

A scene of wonder and wild confusion followed—most of the Barons protested loudly against her choice; angry looks and threatening gestures were directed at the minstrel, and more than one sword was half unsheathed. O'Connor seemed thunderstruck—and the lady herself was the most collected of the company.

"How is this, Sir Knights?" she cried. "Is lordly word and written pledge so lightly held among you, that thus ye violate their sanctity? Thane of Connaught," she continued, as she addressed herself to the "Big Man," "thy faith was never questioned, and thy word is held to be sacred as a martyr's vow. When the English King, under pain of confiscation, ordered thee to deliver the stranger up, whom thou hadst resettled—although five hundred marks were put upon his head, what was thy answer? 'The lands may go, but plighted faith must stand.' The ink with which you bound yourself to the conditions of yonder bond, is not yet dry upon the parchment, and wilt thou break thy word?"

"It is a trick," cried De Moore.

"The selection rests with ourselves alone," exclaimed Mandeville.

"We will never brook that page or minstrel should hold the lands and castles of Cormac More," said both together; and they laid their hands upon their swords; the attendants followed the example of their lords, and a scene of violence and discord was about immediately to ensue.

O'Connor slowly rose—he waved his hand to command silence, and his wishes were promptly obeyed.

"This is, indeed, an unexpected choice," he said: "Sir Prior, read the parchment aloud, that all may hear, and read it carefully, line after line, and syllable by syllable; see that a letter be not omitted."

The monk obeyed. "The document is a plain one," said the "Big Man," "and by it, the lady has good right to choose whom she listeth for her consort. Lady

* The place of honor in a Baronial hall.

of Iveaugh," he continued, as he turned to the blushing widow, "is this youth the husband of thy choice?"—"He and none besides, so help me saints and angels!" was the solemn answer. "Then by my father's ashes, and a knight's word, that never yet was questioned, thou, Aylmer Mowbray, shalt this night possess thy bride! And why, my lords, chafe you so at this?" for the storm was again about to burst forth: "Is it because the monk was but a sorry lawyer, and the lady took advantage of a loose parchment which should have bound her better? Is it that the Lord of Dhu Castle was once a page? What was thy ancestor, De Moore, (I mean not to offend thee,) but usher to the Lord Justice? and thine, Mandeville, but chamber-groom to Strongbow? Aylmer, I love thee too well to envy thee thy good fortune;—thy lute has won the lady—thy lance must keep her lands. Kneel down, minstrel no longer—rise up, mine own knight banneret? And now, Lords of the Pale, Henry himself could not confer a nobler dignity; for O'Connor's knight is standard-bearer to the King of Connaught! Does any here gainsay his rank and dig-

nity? The sword that conferred the honor, is ready and able to maintain it!" And O'Connor, as he ended, flung belt and rapier on the table.

But none seemed disposed to quarrel with him; and gradually they followed his example, and admitted the lady's right of choice. The mirth and feasting were resumed; and each, after reasoning with himself, finding that the chances of success were greatly against him, became reconciled to lose the lady and her lands. Before midnight struck, the Prior performed the marriage ceremony; and while O'Connor bestowed the beauteous bride, De Moore himself attended upon the fortunate minstrel.

Nor did Sir Aylmer Mowbray disappoint his patron's expectation. His lute was sweetest in the bower, his plume was foremost in the field. He held the possessions he gained by his lady against every claimant; sons and daughters blessed his bed, and transmitted his titles and estates to posterity; and thus more than one powerful house traces its lineage back to an "élève" of the Ursulines, and the *black-eyed Page*.

LEGENDARY BALLAD.

BY MR. MOORE.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic glass have power
To call up forms we sigh to see;
Show me my love in that rosy bower,
Where last she pledged her troth to me."
The wizard showed his lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bower she lay;
"True hearted maid," said the happy knight,
"She's thinking of one who's far away."
But lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the lady's ear,
"Tis," said the knight, "the same bright boy
Who used to guide me to my dear."
The lady, now, from her favorite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower;
"Such," he exclaimed, "was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bower!"
She gives her page that blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning fly!"

"Thus," thought the knight, "she soothes her
woes,
By fancying still her true love nigh!"

But the page returns, and—oh! what a sight
For a true lover's eye to see;
Leads to that bower another knight,
As gay, and, alas! as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the youth, "is woman's love!"
Then darting forth with furious bound,
Dash'd at the mirror his iron glove,
And strewed it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ill would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The wizard still would have kept his glass,
And the knight still thought his lady true.

BARBARA S——.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

On the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S——, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember,) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behavior. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was

Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in the costliest morocco, each single—each small part making a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrances. They were her principia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfection. "What," she would say, "could Indian Rubber, or a pumice stone, have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I

ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in a great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella, (I think it was) when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honor (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humored Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the player-picture gallery, at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much) went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me.

I have supped with —; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S—.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humor of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people beside herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any

books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake; God knows, Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw that in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked on her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide

for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the landing place—the second I mean from the top—for there was still another to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford* then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

* The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she changed by successive marriages, for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs. Crawford, and a third time a widow, when I knew her.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man—without any libel against the law of love—without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits—without degrading the species to the level of this one—we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to show that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a

graceful demeanor, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen,—youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chestnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of a painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanor. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He

had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue,—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love, all combined in one; and for fortune, here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it! She should be his in any condition of life,—her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such extacies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet—the carriage was put down—but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer—nor did he fail to show the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of “love in a cottage, or palace without,” this eternal young girl's theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side,—the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him? The father consulted, the mother advised—but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer, and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference? From that time they were all the world to one another—for ever together—he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass, is likely to form a just estimate of his own

defects, or his own peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind—his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practise on ourselves, and on others—and this when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or centuries! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature's most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the blooming garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to moan, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but the tears were denied

So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if it never meant to fade.

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer, when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendor of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, "the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward.

He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

"What! Delacour, on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why Sidney is in the Gazette."

"Impossible!" cried Delacour, "I would have ventured my life against it—you joke."

"Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, "look and be satisfied."

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

"You will find Emily," said she, "in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night?"

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but he was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he

drew near—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed again, he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in the voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp; you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes—the flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned and now cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss—said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over—he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," he said,

"or angry, but my Emily used not to be either."

"I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, "not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose, and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night Emily,—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible, "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not,—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion,—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest.—It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

* * * * *

How strangely we decide our destiny! Led by appearances, even misled by truth.

Yet why arraign the providence of Heaven! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy; and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base! One would think that "the wisdom of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace: if "the gentleness of the dove"—the artlessness of true nature, might teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so; and then sought to be happy even while resigning his greatest of human good. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false: the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable—time can alone show us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the channel—broken on the rock of hope—while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp—lest finally, we be drifted down the tide of time—and left to perish. So Delacour pursued his avocations—rushed into society—and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings, any sentiments—he had forsworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never too late to love honor. Had he then lived for this! He remembered his debts of obligation—of gratitude to his old friend; but then he recalled also the prospects that might yet be open to him—the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future—he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression and forced hilarity; but if he ever expe-

rienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years—handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion but such as might lie in the compass of a carriage. Again family, future, friends, and connections were canvassed, and were found fitting; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days; again he was in possession of all his dreams; again hoped, was again happy; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever—more fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire—on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favor in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She rose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an

assent. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. "I am better than I have been," she returned, "indeed—quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day: but oh! the manner said every thing. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as usual sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture,—the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature's loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honorably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the Baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Busi-

ness was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love-suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found, by the father, or might it be by the lady?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They tell that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a dupe—cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and the good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggrandizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the

steep of fortune—bewildered among the brushwood—torn and defaced amid the brambles,—to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find ourselves there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung,—this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness—the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart—and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him—he had lost honor in losing her—well, he must repair the loss—but then her reproaches and scorn,—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways—her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object

of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would, to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighborhood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprang over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbor that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers: she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of all his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no more; and, with one last embrace—one last respectful pressure—he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, forever, between him and all that he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base. No—no—the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigor of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man,—one not to be reconciled to himself,—one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said—the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last bitter pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favorite sister drew near, "but it is the last, and let us pass through it

bravely." It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that had gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. "If ever you see her," he sighed; "if ever you meet, tell her—but no—I can say nothing.—If she knew all she would know too much—my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard—and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended nor died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone—for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts—the friend of her heart—the lover of her youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence,—if all these are the emblems of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. "Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, "he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us." "I am sensible of no grief," was the answer; "yes,

he has long been a stranger, at least to me,—yes, yes—to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the mean time she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate, or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes, sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance; the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her own accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY J. M. WILSON, ESQ.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of Nature, crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the plains below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp riveting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, gray-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbors considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner in the same spirit that their masters made themselves free at each other's tables.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no further back than his great-grand-father, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as his birth-place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexity as their descendant. The parlor was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlor, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land

lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stewarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton; and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years the best runner, leaper and wrestler, between Wooler and Jelburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire forever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire, who are you squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or any body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding and buoyant as the wind that caroled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane upon his native hills, and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh, steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening the darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows

at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his father. He was beloved by his neighbors, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yet, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was a Christmas day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on a 25th of December. One vast sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers, the broader streams were swollen into wide torrents, and, gushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honor of its being the birth-day of Thomas, his first-born, who that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our Border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter ad-

mitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless, no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and, the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding, studded with temptation, and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a savory and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with the good things of this life common to both kingdoms and to the seasons.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he inquired; "have none o'ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer he continued, "How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as many o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand in that very chair, and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it is empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrives."

"Ye are not a father, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became angry, peevish and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her

character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kened the dinner wouldna keep. And I am sure Thomas kened it would be ready at ane o'clock to the minute. It is sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavoring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething of him, Elizabeth, hinny?"

The maid blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible to the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot despatched one of her children after another, in quest of the father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that, "Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary; good humor appeared to be restored; and sirloins, pies, pastries and moor-fowl, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the color from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband, and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this!" said she, as she hurried with

a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where have you been, Peter?" said she, eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no east up yet?" and, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he; "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I could think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell of him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbors," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent looking Northumbrian, "that a father's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his ee; and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbor, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough country way o' thinking, it must be something out of the common that could tempt Thomas to be a missing. Indeed, I nedna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "are not ow'r chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely sougning about my heart, without being able to tell the cause—but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But, at the same time, in our plain country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my faither say, and I've as often remarked it myself,

that, before any thing happens to a body, there is a *something* comes ow'r them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort o' dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is nothing o' the kind in your case, yet, as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying of my mother's, poor body!—Bairns, bairns," she used to say, "there is ow'r muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time; and I never in my born days saw it to fail."

At another period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that have been handed down to the company from the days of their great-grand-fathers; but, in the present instance they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians, were seen hurrying in divers directions from Marchlaw, as the first faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains. The wives and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and, taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh, hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife! And what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before you a sorrowing mother, that fondly hoped to have seen you and—I canna say it!—and I am ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But Oh! let us try and remember the blessed portion; 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and inwardly pray for strength to say 'His will be done!'"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one of the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen.—"No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "It is not the foot o' my own bairn;"—while her keen gaze still remained riveted upon the door, and was not withdrawn, nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, with a silent and ominous shake of the head, betokening his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat, each wrapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, rose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last?"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver pass-

ed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbors," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it will bring forth, but in the mean time, let us read a portion o' the Divine Word, and kneel together in prayer, that whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healings on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, and upon the hearts of all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend taking down the "Ha' Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written "It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birth day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, silence characterized the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But as the younger branches of the family advanced in

years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook of their enjoyment with a smile, half of approval, and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come; it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear blue sky was tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two and thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins; and "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his heart's blood after the hammer, before he would have been beat by ever a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temple and forehead; and whiskers of a similar hue, more con-

spicuous for size than elegance, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted a hammer, and swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own lost Thomas!" The tear burst into his eyes, and without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival.—Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humor at the defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, where none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' dinner with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy

the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste, ye, lasses," he said to the servants; "some o' you get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman: "this will do!" and before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied chair. The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation than did this filling of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, sir! excuse me, sir!" said Peter, the words trembling on his tongue, "but ye can not—ye can not sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take any chair in the house!—but dinna sit here! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I can not endure!"

"Sir! sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas's seat! Twelve years this very day—his birthday—he perished, Heaven kens how!—He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, oh, sir, spare a father's feelings, for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere, nay, hang it, I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say, is—that Tom an't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "Oh, sir! sir! tell me, how?—how?—Did ye say living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him, and grasping his other hand; "not dead! And shall I see my bairn again! Oh! may the blessing o' Heaven, and the blessing o' a broken hearted mother, be upon the bearer of the gracious tidings;—But tell me—tell me how it is possible! As ye would expect happiness here, or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness their hands in his, "Never! never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty."

"No, no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "He does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible:" and she also endeavored to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or, shiver me! I'll show daylight through your timbers in the turning of a hand-spike!" and, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty! Betty, my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father! mother! don't you know me? Have you really forgotten your own son? If twelve years have made some change in his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and in answer to their inquiries, replied, "Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day, not to-day."

"No, my bairn!—my bairn!" said his mother, "we'll ask no questions—nobody shall ask you any—But how—how were ye torn away from us, my love? And, oh, hinney! where, where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, however, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left muttering revenge, and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in the King's Cave. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night they cut through the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse between two, and before daylight found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger. Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years kept dodging about on different stations, till our old yawning hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o'-nine-tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast head. I was as active as any one during the battle; and, when it was over, and I found

myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied—nay, hang it! I almost believed I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest—but, instead of returning to old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us.

As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort; a packet was lying along side ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, 'I know you like a little smart service; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of these French bum-boats under the batteries.' I could not say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small shot from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners. It is no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from the French prison. We did escape; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends, all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

FROM

"REAL LIFE, OR THE PORTFOLIO OF A CHRONICLER."

JOURNEYING one day along a muirland road not far from Stirling, we passed a very fine old tree in a field at a short distance. I remarked its beauty, to which Simon assented, but seemed a while absorbed in recalling recollections associated with it. At last he said, pausing and looking back on the tree: "That sturdy old plant of other years, reminds me of an incident which displayed a striking trait of character of the true old Scottish breed. That is, or was, called the Trysting Tree, and there a country lass had consented to meet her sweetheart one winter night, to arrange matters for the wedding. The night came, cold and foggy, and the girl, true to her appointment, set off silently in the hopes of being back again before she was missed. It soon came on a heavy snow, and snowed all night. The girl was not to be found; and all the roads round being not only impassable, but invisible from the depth of the drift, a whole week passed before communication was possible with the neighboring farms, all which time nothing could be heard of her. At length the news reached her lover, who was lost and bewildered with the feelings of wonder, fear, and jealousy.—On inquiry as to the time when his betrothed had been last seen, he found it was the night of their assignation, and the first of the snow. The Trysting Tree flashed upon his mind, and hither, with a sturdy band of pioneers, he bent his course. On reaching the tree they commenced digging all round it, and soon came to a solid hammock.—Their spades and shovels were then exchanged for the simple labor of

their hands, with which they gathered up and flung out the snow by gowpens, and ere this had been long continued, they succeeded in extricating the very girl, exactly eight days from the time she had been buried. You may guess it was a moment of agonizing perturbation which succeeded the discovery that she was alive!

On coming to the tree and not finding her lover there, she drew her plaid tight around her, and sat down to wait. She conjectured that the cold had made her drowsy, and the snow falling thick upon her, when she awoke she was unable to move, and felt herself as if alive in her grave, and cut off from the living world. Her lover was full of sorrow and explanations. "If he had but thought she could have ventured out on such a night, he never would have failed to keep his word," &c. Every young man's mind will suggest the proper thing to be said on the occasion; but Lizzy, who could scarcely be suspected of bestowing any but cold looks at such a time, took no notice of him whatever. The country people who accompanied him had a supply of cordials, and he was loud and earnest in enjoining them to "give her something warm instantly;" and a glass of spirits was offered, which she gravely pushed aside. "Give me a glass of water," said she; "*its a cauld heart that canna warm a drink to itself.*"

Her Joe was ardent in his addresses, but she repulsed him with endless scorn. Whether she ever took a husband or not, I have forgotten, but it is certain she never married him.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill-stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream, as ever Izaak Walton angled in.

Many a traveller has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard, especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter, flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other end of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent

clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower-borders, and its close filberd-walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream: so that the cows, which in sultry weather, came down by twos, and by threes, from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten passers by, never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all, the unrivalled brilliancy of coloring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake,

"on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazelnut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and child-like; add to this, "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse-dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price, and took the refusal in such dudgeon, that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended, in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of school-master and land-measurer, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlor he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening as they sat smoking, outside the door, broke his accustomed silence, with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welch rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday; and to judge from his whole demeanor, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighborhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple, who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sundial, and planted the great mulberry-tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant county, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old-world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favorite than with his opposite neighbor, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling toward her new acquaintance, was an awe, altogether different from her usual shame-facedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally, a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen, and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he persisted in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room: then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely, as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked

nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humors, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fire-side lonely; and the parties of the neighborhood boisterous; the little parlor of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably, as if in his master's own dainesnes, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little misfs had, indeed, occurred between the parties; once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May. Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half-led, half-forced into the booth to look at the real living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the color of a riband, an election riband; Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a country candidate, who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbor, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea, than a difference from her favorite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her

candidate put a stop to the dispute, by declining to come to the poll. So that the quarrel was, per force, pretermitted. At last, a real and serious anxiety, overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens, in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations, her cousin Sophy Maynard had long been her favorite. She was an intelligent, unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself; the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her; her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country, and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with their new neighbor, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey," and now that her cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other, a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy, she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite sure that she was wretched; and then she cried again.

In the meanwhile, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and

closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret—could it be a love secret? And the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house, as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down, on either side, to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and, seemingly, shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly-mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn, and woodbine, and the brier-rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beach, or a lime tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, the blue forget-me-not, and "a thousand fresh-water flowers of several colors," making the bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged-robin, the wild rose, the crane's-bill, and the fox-glove, or, to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify." A talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a

long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well-known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's 'country art,' but it is my favorite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern manner of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added after a short pause, his bright and sudden smiles illumining his whole countenance; "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh, that the offering may find favor with my queen!" Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding for the first time her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears in her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose hu-

man meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of piety and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly: and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuler than your master, thought poor Katy, as, with a fresh gush of tears, she laid her own straw bonnet: felt herself her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat caught in Edward's arms; for between in that position, as it seemed to her, for surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen; and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, wedding must be next week, for I have lifting his hand to her bonnet: "Come promised Edward to stay and be bride's- and see how nicely I have fastened it! maid;" and the very next week they No clearer mirror than the dark smooth were married.

PAULINE DE MOULAN.

A young lady of good family in Paris was deprived of the friend who had brought her up, and was compelled to look out for some source of support for herself. She had received a good education, and having a taste for literature, made an attempt to gain her bread by the use of the pen. She sent various little stories and other contributions to several of the newspapers; but all her pieces were too long or too short, too grave or too light—any thing, in short, but entitled to reception. Had Pauline not possessed uncommon energies, as well as uncommon abilities, she would have found it impossible to fight her way through the briery path that leads to literary success. Many a time and oft, in the solitary chamber, she would cast down her pen in despairing lassitude; but the difficulty of seeing any better mode of maintenance made her always lift it anew, with revived determination. Her efforts were at length rewarded with something like success. Her essays found favor with the managers of the periodical paper called the *Publiciste*, and she became a regular contributor to its pages, being paid for her labors in such a manner as to maintain herself in comparative comfort. She became even the object of considerable notice, and was occasionally an invited member of the literary soirees so common among the Parisians.

At M. Suard's, in particular, a well-known member of the world of literature, Pauline met and mingled with many of the rising people of talent, male and female, in the French metropolis. Things continued thus until Pauline fell ill, and became unable to send her contributions as usual to the *Publiciste*. Unluckily for her, the capital supplied too many young persons of literary ability to make the cessation of her labors a matter of much consequence to the people with whom she communicated. She was sensible of this, and her sick-bed was harassed by fears of indigence and distress. But at this moment, a kind though unknown assistant stepped in to relieve her terrors, and save her from falling a prey to the evils in prospect. One morning while musing sadly on her state, she received a packet, which proved on being opened, to contain a contribution, in her own line and manner, for the *Publiciste*. It was accompanied by a note, in which the writer stated his intention to send her a similar paper at regular intervals, hoping at the same time that they might be accepted in place of her own, until she was well enough to resume her tasks. The hand writing of the note and paper were unknown to Pauline, and she could form no guess who was their author. The promise made, was fulfilled, however. Articles of a fitting kind were regularly sent, and they procured for the young invalid, from the conductors of the *Publiciste*, the same remuneration that her own toils had produced.

All necessary comforts were thus as-

sured to her in her illness, and she recovered that health which distress of mind might otherwise have aided to keep back.

Pauline's correspondent dropped his labors when she was enabled to resume her own. It may be imagined that her mind dwelt much on this circumstance, and she longed to know and thank her benefactor. She was not long left in the dark. A pale slender young man, with a mild and expressive countenance, called upon her and modestly revealed himself as her unknown assistant. He was immediately recognized by the young contributor of the *Publiciste* as one whom she had seen at M. Suard's, and who had won for himself the repute of being one of the most promising young men of the day. He also had seen her at M. Suard's, and it was from no common feelings that he had been induced to act as has been related. After their first interview, they saw each other again and again, and Pauline soon learned to reciprocate the affection which the other had already conceived for her. They were married. At this day they live happily with each other; and while the husband fills one of the highest places in the Senate and literature of his country, the wife, while holding no ignoble station also in the world of letters, is elevated high among the matrons of France. Reader, the parties of whom we have been speaking are Monsieur and Madame Guizot. The "Letters on Education," and other works of the latter, show her to be a worthy partner of a statesman and historian so distinguished as M. Guizot.

THE WINE MERCHANT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE KING'S OWN."

[The following amusing story is one of the series in imitation of the Arabian Nights. A Pacha is supposed to desire a similar amusement, and to hear original tales, to which end he sallies forth in company with his vizier. When they meet with a person likely to tell a good story, he is ordered to the palace. One of these, thus relates the particulars of his eventful life.]

I AM a Greek by birth; my parents were poor people residing at Smyrna. I was an only son, and brought up to my father's profession, that of a cooper. When I was twenty years old, I had buried both of my parents, and was left to shift for myself. I had been for some time in the employ of a Jewish wine merchant; and I continued there for three years after my father's death, when a circumstance occurred which led to my subsequent prosperity and my present degradation.

At the time I am speaking of, I had by a strict diligence and sobriety, so pleased my employer, that I had risen to be his foreman; and although I still superintended, and occasionally worked at the cooperage, I was intrusted with the drawing off and fining of the wines, to prepare them for the market. There was an Ethiopian slave, who worked under my orders, a powerful, broad shouldered, and most malignant wretch, whom my master found it almost impossible to manage; the bastinado, or any other punishment, he derided, and after the application only became more sullen and discontented than before. The fire that

flashed from his eyes, upon any faults being found by me on account of his negligence, was so threatening, that I every day expected I should be murdered. I repeatedly requested my master to part with him; but the Ethiopian being a very powerful man, and able when he chose, to move a pipe of wine without assistance, the avarice of the Jew would not permit him to accede to my repeated solicitations.

One morning I entered the cooperage, and found the Ethiopian fast asleep by the side of a cask which I had been wanting for some time, and expected to have been ready. Afraid to punish him myself, I brought my master to witness his conduct. The Jew, enraged at his idleness, struck him on the head with one of the staves. The Ethiopian sprung up in a rage, but on seeing his master with the staff in his hand, contented himself with muttering, "That he would not remain to be beaten in that manner,"—and re-applied himself to his labor. As soon as my master had left the cooperage, the Ethiopian vented his anger upon me for having informed against him, and seizing the staff, flew at me with the intention of beating out my brains. I stepped behind the cask; he followed

me, and just as I had seized an adze to defend myself, he fell over the stool which lay in his way—he was springing up to renew the attack, when I struck him a blow with the adze which entered his skull, and laid him dead at my feet.

I was very much alarmed at what had occurred; for although I felt myself justified in self-defence, I was aware that my master would be very much annoyed at the loss of the slave, and as there was no witnesses, it would go hard with me when brought before the *cadi*. After some reflection I determined, as the slave had said “He would not remain to be beaten,” that I would leave my master to suppose he had run away, and in the mean time conceal the body. But to effect this was difficult, as I could not take it out of the cooperage without being perceived. After some cogitation, I decided upon putting it into the cask, and heading it up. It required all my strength to lift the body in, but at last I succeeded. Having put in the head of the pipe, I hammered down the hoops and rolled it into the store, where I had been waiting to fill it with wine for the next year's demand. As soon as it was in its place, I pumped off the wine from the vat, and having filled up the cask and put in the bung, I felt as if a heavy load had been removed from my mind, as there was no chance of immediate discovery.

I had but just completed my task, and was sitting down on one of the settles, when my master came in, and inquired for the slave. I replied that he had left the cooperage, swearing that he would work no more. Afraid of losing him, the Jew hastened to give notice to the authorities, that he might be apprehended; but after some time, as nothing could be heard of the supposed run-a-way, it was imagined that he had drowned himself in a fit of sul-*lenness*, and no more was thought about him. In the mean while I continued to work there as before, and as I had the charge of everything, I had no doubt but that, some day or another, I should find means of quietly disposing of my incumbrance.

The next spring, I was busy pump-

ing off from one cask into the other, according to our custom, when the *aga* of the janissaries came in. He was a great wine-bibber, and one of our best customers. As his dependents were all well known, it was not his custom to send them for wine, but to come himself to the store and select a pipe. This was carried away in a litter by eight strong slaves, with the curtains drawn close, as if it had been a new purchase which he had added to his harem. My master showed him the pipes of wine prepared for that year's market, which were arranged in two rows; and I hardly need observe that the one containing the Ethiopian was not in the foremost. After tasting one or two which did not seem to please him, the *aga* observed, “Friend Issachar, thy tribe will always put off the worst goods first, if possible. Now I have an idea that there is better wine in the second tier, than in the one thou hast recommended. Let thy Greek put a spile into that cask,” continued he, pointing to the very one in which I had headed up the black slave. As I made sure that as soon as he had tasted the contents he would spit them out, I did not hesitate to bore the cask and draw off the wine which I handed to him. He tasted it and held it to the light—tasted it again and smacked his lips—then turning to my master, exclaimed “Thou dog of a Jew! wouldst thou have palmed off upon me vile trash, when thou hadst in thy possession wine which might be sipped with the *Houris* in Paradise?”

The Jew appealed to me if the pipes of wine were not all of the same quality; and I confirmed his assertion.

“Taste it then,” replied the *aga*, “and then taste the first which you recommended me.”

My master did so, and was evidently astonished. “It certainly has more body,” replied he; “yet how that can be, I know not. Taste it, *Charis*.”—I held the glass to my lips, but nothing could induce me to taste the contents. I contented myself with agreeing with my master, (as I most conscientiously could,) “that it certainly had more body in it than the rest.”

The *aga* was so pleased with the wine,

that he tasted two or three more pipes of the back tier, hoping to find others of the same quality, probably intending to have laid in a large stock; but finding no other of the same flavor, he ordered his slaves to roll the one containing the body of the slave into the litter, and carried it to his own house.

“Stop a moment, thou lying *Kafir*!” said the *Pacha*, “dost thou really mean to say that the wine was better than the rest?”

“Why should I tell a lie to your sublime Highness—am I not a worm that you may crush? As I informed you, I did not taste it, your Highness;” but after the *aga* had departed, my master expressed his surprise at the excellence of the wine, which he affirmed to be superior to anything that he had ever tasted—and his sorrow that the *aga* had taken away the cask, which prevented him from ascertaining the cause. But one day I was narrating the circumstance to a Frank in this country, who expressed no surprise at the wine being improved. He had been a wine merchant in England, and he informed me that it was the custom there to throw large pieces of raw beef into the wine to feed it; and that some particular wines were very much improved thereby.

“Allah *Kebir*! God is great!” cried the *Pacha*,—then it must be so—I have heard that the English are very fond of beef. Now go on with thy story.”

Your Highness cannot imagine the alarm which I felt when the cask was taken away by the *aga*'s slaves. I gave myself up for a lost man, and resolved upon immediate flight from Smyrna. I calculated the time that it would take for the *aga* to drink the wine, and made my arrangements accordingly. I told my master that it was my intention to leave him, as I had an offer to go into business with a relation at Zante. My master, who could not well do without me, entreated me to stay; but I was positive. He then offered me a share of the business if I would remain, but I was not to be persuaded. Every rap at the door, I thought that the *aga* and his janissaries were coming for me; and I hastened my departure, which was fixed for the fol-

lowing day,—when in the evening my master came into the store with a paper in his hand.

“*Charis*,” said he, “perhaps you have supposed that I only offered to make you a partner in my business to induce you to remain, and then to deceive you. To prove the contrary, here is a deed drawn up by which you are a partner, and entitled to one third of the future profits. Look at it, you will find that it has been executed in due form before the *cadi*.”

He had put the paper into my hand, and I was about to return it with a refusal, when a loud knock at the door startled both. It was a party of janissaries despatched by the *aga*, to bring us to him immediately. I knew well enough what it must be about, and I cursed my folly for having delayed so long; but the fact was, the wine proved so agreeable to the *aga*'s palate, that he had drank it much faster than usual; besides which, the body of the slave took up at least a third of the cask, and diminished the contents in the same proportion. There was no appeal, and no escape. My master, who was ignorant of the cause, did not seem at all alarmed, but willingly accompanied the soldiers. I, on the contrary, was nearly dead from fear.

When we arrived, the *aga* burst out in the most violent exclamations against my master—“Thou rascal of a Jew!” said he, “dost thou think that thou art to impose upon a true believer, and sell him a pipe of wine which is not more than two-thirds full, filling it up with trash of some sort or another. Tell me, what it is that is so heavy in the cask now that it is empty?”

The Jew protested his ignorance, and appealed to me: I of course, pretended the same. “Well then,” replied the *aga*, “we will soon see. Let thy Greek send for his tools, and the cask shall be opened in our presence; then perhaps thou wilt recognize thine own knavery.”

Two of the janissaries were despatched for the tools, and when they arrived I was directed to take the head out of the cask. I now considered my death as certain—nothing buoyed me up but my observing that the resentment of the *aga*

was levelled more against my master than against me; but still I thought that, when the cask was opened, the recognition of the black slave must immediately take place, and the evidence of my master would fix the murder upon me.

It was with a trembling hand that I obeyed the orders of the aga—the head of the pipe was taken out, and to the horror of all present, the body was exposed; but instead of being black, it had turned *white*, from the time it had been immersed. I rallied a little at this circumstance, as, so far, suspicion would be removed.

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed my master, "what is that which I see!—A dead body, so help me God!—but I know nothing about it—do you Charis?" I vowed that I did not, and called the Patriarch to witness the truth of my assertion. But while we were thus exclaiming, the aga's eyes were fixed upon my master with an indignant and deadly stare which spoke volumes; while the remainder of the people who were present, although they said nothing, seemed as if they were ready to tear him into pieces.

"Cursed unbeliever!" at last uttered the Turk, "is it thus thou preparest the wine for the disciples of the prophet?"

"Holy father Abraham!—I know no more than you do, aga, how that body came there; but I will change the cask with pleasure, and will send you another."

"Be it so," replied the aga; "my slaves shall fetch it now." He gave directions accordingly, and the litter soon re-appeared with another pipe of wine.

"It will be a heavy loss to a poor Jew—one pipe of good wine," observed my master, as it was rolled out of the litter; and took up his hat with the intention to depart.

"Stay," cried the aga, "I do not mean to rob you of your wine."

"Oh, then you will pay me for it," replied my master; "aga, you are a considerate man."

"Thou shalt see," retorted the aga, who gave directions to his slaves to draw off the wine in vessels. As soon as the pipe was empty, he desired me to

take the head out; and when I had obeyed him, he ordered his janissaries to put my master in. In a minute he was gagged and bound, and tossed into the pipe; and I was directed to put in the head as before.

I was very unwilling to comply, for I had no reason to complain of my master, and knew that he was punished for the fault of which I had been guilty. But it was a case of life or death,—and the days of self-devotion have long passed away in our country. Besides which, I had the deed in my pocket by which I was a partner in the business, and my master had no heirs,—so that I stood a chance to come into the whole of his property.

Moreover—

"Never mind your reasons," observed the Pacha, "you headed him up in the cask—go on."

"I did so, your Highness; but although I dared not disobey, I assure you that it was with a sorrowful heart—the more so, as I did not know the fate which might be reserved for myself."

As soon as the head was in, and the hoops driven on, the aga desired his slaves to fill the cask up again with the wine; and thus did my poor master perish.

"Put in the bung, Greek," said the aga, in a stern voice.

I did so, and stood trembling before him.

"Well! what knowest thou of this transaction?"

I thought as the aga had taken away the life of my master, that it would not hurt him if I took away a little from his character. I answered that I really knew nothing, but that the other day, a black slave had disappeared in a very suspicious manner—that my master made very little inquiry after him—and I now strongly suspected that he must have suffered the same fate. I added, that my master had expressed himself very sorry that his highness had taken away the pipe of wine, as he would have reserved it.

"Cursed Jew!" replied the aga; "I don't doubt but that he has murdered a dozen in the same manner."

"I am afraid so, sir," replied I, "and I suspect that I was to have been his next victim; for when I talked of going away, he persuaded me to stay, and gave me this paper, by which I was to become his partner with one third of the profits. I presume that I should not have enjoyed them long."

"Well, Greek," observed the aga, "this is fortunate for you; as, upon certain conditions, you may enter upon the whole property. One is, that you keep this pipe of wine with the rascally Jew in it, that I may have the pleasure occasionally to look at my revenge. You will also keep the pipe with the other body in it, that it may keep my anger alive. The last is, that you will supply me with what wine I may require of the very best quality, without making any charge. Do you consent to these terms, or am I to consider you as a party to this infamous transaction?"

I hardly need observe that the terms were gladly accepted. Your Highness must be aware that nobody thinks much about a Jew. When I was questioned as to his disappearance, I shrugged up my shoulders and told the inquirers, confidentially, that the aga of the janissaries had put him in *prison*, and that I was carrying on the business until his release.

In compliance with the wishes of the aga, the two casks containing the Jew and the Ethiopian slave, were placed together on settles higher than the rest, in the centre of the store. He would come in the evening, and rail at the cask containing my late master for hours at a time; during which he drank so much wine, that it was a very common circumstance for him to remain in the house until the next morning.

You must not suppose, your Highness, that I neglected to avail myself (unknown to the aga) of the peculiar properties of the wine which those casks contained. I had them spoiled underneath, and constantly running off the wine from them, filled them up afresh. In a short time there was not a gallon in my possession which had not a dash in it of either the Ethiopian or the Jew;

and my wine was so improved, that it had a most rapid sale, and I became rich.

All went on prosperously for three years; when the aga, who during that time had been my constant guest, and at least three times a-week had been intoxicated in my house, was ordered with his troops to join the Sultan's army. By keeping company with him, I had insensibly imbibed a taste for wine, although I never had been inebriated. The day that his troops marched, he stopped at my door, and dismounting from his Arabian, came in to take a farewell glass, desiring his men to go on, and that he would ride after them. One glass brought on another, and the time flew rapidly away. The evening closed in, and the aga was, as usual, in a state of intoxication;—he insisted upon going down to the store, to rail once more at the cask containing the body of the Jew. We had long been on the most friendly terms, and having this night drank more than usual, I was incautious enough to say—"Prithee, aga, do not abuse my master any more, for he has been the making of my fortune. I will tell you a secret, now that you are going away—there is not a drop of wine in my store that has not been flavored either by him, or by the slave in the other cask. That is the reason why it is so much better than other people's."

"How!" exclaimed the aga, who was now almost incapable of speech,—"Very well, rascal Greek! die you shall, like your master. Holy prophet!—what a state for a Musselman to go to Paradise—impregnated with the essence of a cursed Jew!—Wretch! you shall die—you shall die."

He made a grasp at me, and missing his foot, fell on the ground in such a state of drunkenness as not to be able to get up again. I knew that when he became sober, he would not forget what had taken place, and that I should be sacrificed to his vengeance. The fear of death, and the wine which I had drunk, decided me how to act. I dragged him into an empty pipe, put the head in, hooped it up, and rolling it into the tier, filled it with wine. Thus did I revenge my poor master, and relieved myself from

any further molestation on the part of the aga.

As soon as I had bunged up the cask, I went down to the yard where the aga had left his horse, and having severely wounded the poor beast with his sword, I left it loose that it might gallop home. The noise of the horse's hoofs in the middle of the night, aroused his family, and when they discovered that it was wounded and without its rider, they imagined that the aga had been attacked and murdered by banditti, when he had followed his troop. They sent to me to ask at what time he had left my house; I replied an hour after dark—that he was very much intoxicated at the time and had left his sabre, which I returned. They had no suspicion of the real facts, and it was believed that he perished on the road.

I was now rid of my dangerous acquaintance, and although he certainly had drank a great quantity of my wine, yet I recovered the value with interest, from the flavor which I obtained from his body and imparted to what I had left. I raised him up alongside of the two other casks; and my trade was more profitable and my wines in greater repute than ever.

But one day the cadi, who had heard my wine extolled, came privately to my house; I bowed to the ground at the honor conferred, for I had long wished to have him as a customer. I drew some of my best—"This, honorable Sir," said I, presenting the glass, "is what I call my aga wine: the late aga was so fond of it, he used to order a whole cask at once to his house, and had it taken there in a litter."

"A good plan," replied the cadi, "much better than sending a slave with a pitcher, which gives occasion for remarks: I will do the same; but first let me taste all you have."

He tasted several casks, but none pleased him so much as the first which I had recommended. At last he cast his eyes upon the three casks raised above the others.

"And what are those?" inquired he.

"Empty casks, Sir," replied I; but he had his stick in his hand and he struck one.

"Greek, thou tellest me these casks are empty, but they do not sound so; I suspect thou hast better wine than I have tasted: draw me off from these immediately."

I was obliged to comply—he tasted them—vowed that the wine was exquisite, and that he would purchase the whole. I stated that the wine in those casks was used for the flavoring the rest; and that the price was enormous, hoping that he would not pay it. He inquired how much—I asked him four times the price of the other wines.

"Agreed," said the cadi; "it is dear—but one cannot have good wine without paying for it:—it is a bargain."

I was very much alarmed; and stated that I could not part with those casks, as I should not be able to carry on my business with reputation, if I lost the means of flavoring my wines, but all in vain; he said I had asked a price and he had agreed to give it. Ordering his slaves to bring him a litter, he would not leave the store until the whole of the casks were carried away, and thus did I lose my Ethiopian, my Jew, and my aga.

As I knew that the secret would soon be discovered, the very next day I prepared for my departure. I received my money from the cadi, to whom I stated my intention to leave, as he had obliged me to sell him those wines, and I had no longer hopes of carrying on my business with success. I again begged him to allow me to have them back, offering him three pipes of wine as a present if he would consent, but it was no use. I chartered a vessel, which I loaded with the rest of my stock: and taking all my money with me, made sail for Corfu, before any discovery had taken place. But we encountered a heavy gale of wind, which after a fortnight, (during which we attempted in vain to make head against it) forced us back to Smyrna. When the weather moderated, I directed the captain to take the vessel into the outer roadstead, that I might sail as soon as possible. We had not dropped anchor again more than five minutes when I perceived a boat pulling off from the shore, in

which was the cadi and the officers of justice.

Convinced that I was discovered, I was at a loss how to proceed, when an idea occurred to me that I might conceal my own body in a cask, as I had before so well concealed those of others.

I called the captain down into the cabin, and telling him that I had reason to suspect that the cadi would take my life, offered him a large part of my cargo if he would assist me.

The captain, who, unfortunately for me, was a Greek, consented. We went down into the hold, started the wine out of one of the pipes, and having taken out the head, I crawled in, and was hooped up.

The cadi came on board immediately afterwards, and inquired for me. The captain stated that I had fallen overboard in the gale, and that he had in consequence returned, the vessel not being consigned to any house at Corfu.

"Has then the accursed villain escaped my vengeance?" exclaimed the cadi; "the murderer, that fines his wines with the bodies of his fellow-creatures; but you may deceive me, Greek, we will examine the vessel."

The officers who accompanied the cadi proceeded carefully to search every part of the ship. Not being able to discover me, the Greek captain was believed; and after a thousand imprecations upon my soul, the cadi and his people departed.

I now breathed freer, notwithstanding I was nearly intoxicated with the lees of the wine which impregnated the wood of the cask, and I was anxious to be set at liberty: but the treacherous captain had no such intention, and never came near me. At night he cut his cable and made sail, and I overheard a conversation between two of the men, which made known to me his intentions: these were to throw me overboard on his passage, and take possession of my property. I cried out to them from the bung-hole: I screamed for mercy, but in vain. One of them answered, that, as I murdered others, and put them into casks,

I should now be treated in the same manner.

I could not but mentally acknowledge the justice of my punishment, and resigned myself to my fate; all that I wished was to be thrown over at once and released from my misery. The momentary anticipation of death appeared to be so much worse than the reality. But it was ordered otherwise; a gale of wind blew up with such force that the captain and crew had enough to do to look after the vessel, and either I was forgotten, or my doom was postponed until a more seasonable opportunity.

On the third day I heard the sailors observe that, with such a wretch as I was remaining on board, the vessel must inevitably be lost. The hatches were then opened: I was hoisted up and cast into the raging sea. The bung of the cask was out, but by stuffing my handkerchief in, when the hole was under water, I prevented the cask from filling; and when it was uppermost, I removed it for a moment to obtain fresh air. I was dreadfully bruised by the constant rolling in a heavy sea, and completely worn out with fatigue and pain; I had made up my mind to let the water in and be rid of my life, when I was tossed over and over with such dreadful rapidity as prevented my taking the precaution of keeping out the water. After three successive rolls of the same kind, I found that the cask, which had been in the surf, had struck on the beach. In a moment after I heard voices, and people came up to the cask and rolled me along. I would not speak, lest they should be frightened and allow me to remain on the beach, where I might again be tossed about by the waves; but as soon as they stopped, I called in a faint voice from the bung-hole, begging them for mercy's sake to let me out.

At first they appeared alarmed; but, on my repeating my request, and stating that I was the owner of the ship which was off the land, and that the captain and crew had mutinied and tossed me overboard, they brought some tools and set me at liberty.

The first sight that met my eyes after I was released, was my vessel lying a

wreck; each wave that hurled her further on the beach, breaking her more and more to pieces. She was already divided amid-ships, and the white foaming surf was covered with pipes of wine, which as fast as they were cast ashore, were rolled up by the same people who had released me. I was so worn out, that I fainted where I lay. When I came to, I found myself in a cave upon a bundle of capotes, and perceived a party of forty or fifty men, who were sitting by a large fire, and emptying with great rapidity one of my pipes of wine.

As soon as they observed that I was coming to my senses, they poured some wine down my throat, which restored me. I was then desired by one of them, who seemed to be the chief, to approach.

"The men who have been saved from the wreck," said he, "have told me strange stories of your enormous crimes—now sit down and tell me the truth—if I believe you, you shall have justice—I am cadi here—if you wish to know where you are, it is upon the island of Ischia—if you wish to know in what company, it is in the society of those who by illiberal people are called pirates: now tell me the truth."

I thought that with pirates my story would be received better than with other people, and I therefore narrated my history to them, in the same words that I now have to your Highness. When I had finished, the captain of the gang observed:—

"Well, then, as you acknowledge to

have killed a slave, to have assisted at the death of a Jew, and to have drowned an aga, you certainly deserve death; but on consideration of the excellence of the wine, and the secret which you have imparted to us, I shall commute your sentence. As for the captain and the remainder of the crew, they have been guilty of treachery and piracy on the high seas—a most heinous offence, which deserves instant death: but as it is by their means that we have been put in possession of the wine, I shall be lenient. I therefore sentence you all to hard labor for life. You shall be sold as slaves in Cairo, and we will pocket the money and drink your wine."

The pirates loudly applauded the justice of a decision by which they benefited, and all appeal on our parts was useless. When the weather became more settled, we were put on board one of their small xebèques, and on our arrival at this port were exposed for sale and purchased.

Such, Pacha, is my history, and I hope you will allow that I have been more unfortunate than guilty, as, on every occasion in which I took away the life of another, I had only to choose between that and my own.

"Mashallah! Bounty! I've given him his life, and, as he considers it of more value than an aga's, I think it is a very handsome present. Drown an aga, indeed!" continued the Pacha, rising, but it certainly was a very curious story. Let it be written down, Mustapha. We'll hear the other man to-morrow.

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