THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

REAL CONVERSATION;

OR,

RECOLLECTION OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"The circumstance of your being *detenu* in France so long, my dear Madam," said I to an elderly lady in 1815, "has made you half a Frenchwoman, or you would not have said so positively that our laws were unjust towards women. I really do not consider myself in any way aggrieved by them."

"They have not pressed upon you," she replied with a smile. "You judge wrong in the conclusion as to myself also; for I am really proud of being an Englishwoman and thankful that my last days will be spent in my native country. Nevertheless I must assert, that the *Law* here is hard, is cruelty, upon a class of meritorious women. *For example*, let a woman be ever so industrious, and successful in a business, or in the exercise of art—let her maintain and educate her children, support an unworthy husband, or give valuable employment to the poor; extend the commerce of her country, or do it honor by the talents she displays; and yet the laws of the land allow the creditors of a known profligate, and dishonest husband, to wrest from her the hard earnings and self-denying accumulations of her life. It takes, in fact, the bread from her children's lips, (drawn from the heart-strings of a tender mother) to squander it upon an extravagant mistress, bestow it on a gambling companion, or in any way uphold the means of wickedness in a wretch who has already proved himself such—who, in the Apostle's language, "provided not for his own household and was worse than an Infidel."

"It is certainly a very hard law, but I do not believe it is ever acted upon*—in fact we have few women in this country capable of the energies, or gifted with the courage requisite for business of any kind, distinct from that pursued by the husband, in which case there can be no division of property." To this the lady replied.

"Our conversation reminds me of a circumstance which happened many years ago, about the subject of which I must make enquiry, for she was a most interesting woman. I must tell you her history.

"Some five, or six, and twenty years since, two very fine girls, who had lately become orphans, came from my native town, Rutlandshire, to visit a friend in London. In a short time each made what is called a *conquest*, and in the course of the year one was married to an apothecary, who resided in a street leading into Smithfield, the other to a very eminent tea dealer at Ludgate Hill.

"The latter was, in person, delicate, almost to fragility, and so gentle, and modest in manner, yet with so much good sense and quiet observation, that I was sorry to lose sight of her. It so happened that a short time after her marriage I had the pleasure of seeing her, and I shall never forget the manner of her husband, he appeared so fawningly fond of her, so over-and-above civil to me as her friend, I said to myself, 'either this man is a great hypocrite, or my amiable countrywoman is a cold-hearted woman after all, for certainly his fondness, though not repulsed, was not affective.' I fear she is unhappy, flourishing as all around her appears."

"My visit was not returned, but this did not surprize me, for we lived then in the country, and my own large family, and subsequent trouble, might be said, 'to engross me wholly.' Some years after, however, I found myself one day near Mr. Elliett's, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. On entering the warehouse I

* This was a few years previous to that period when the husband of Mrs. Glenn, the actress, (a gentleman's son by the way,) consigned himself to the execrations of every honest and humane person by acting on this law.

saw with great surprise my former elegant acquaintance seated at a raised desk, with a pen in her hand, arrayed in plain and matronly clothing, and although surrounded by that press of business which indicated the power of wealth, apparently stripped of all those attributes of it which I had seen her formerly possessing. As my own appearance was altered, both by time and sorrow, I approached her slowly, and I remember asked her if she recollected me.

"'Oh, yes, yes!' she exclaimed, exceedingly agitated, and taking my hand she led me with trembling haste out of the warehouse, first into an adjoining parlour, and afterwards up stairs, as if she desired to retire from every eye, to secure to herself the sad luxury of weeping freely over a tale of sorrow, to which she yet supposed I was no stranger, for the causes of her misery were known to many.

It appeared that a very short time after her marriage, her husband had shewn himself tyrannical, mean, and full of a dissimulation abhorrent to her nature, but which she hoped (for wives have a knack at hoping) no one save herself had discovered. She had reason also to believe him unfaithful, but it was not until after the birth of her second child that she discovered what the world had long known, that an illicit connexion with an extravagant and profligate woman, at once estranged him from home, and rendered him when there, a miser to his dependants, a sycophant to his customers, and a drainer of the money produced by the exertions of the former, and the confidence of the latter.

At this period there became a great falling off in their hitherto extraordinary trade, in the management of which he had once shown great abilities. Distressed as she was by contemptuous neglect, and even studied cruelty, she found refuge from her own feelings, by occasionally seeing those whom it was *his* duty to see, and when she had by mere chance transacted some matter of business with an ability for which he had not given her credit, he positively insisted on her entering into the most arduous duties. And for the last two years she had been a slave and a most successful one. She said her children (young as they were) had been sometime at school, her husband lived almost wholly at the other end of the town, but his returns had been of late more frequent, in order to inspect the progress of some workmen who had been fitting up an adjoining room according to his order.

As she spoke she threw open the door of her bed room, and I perceived a tolerable large room in which the windows were bricked up, allowing only small apertures at the top, guarded by iron stanchions and that a stove was the substitute for a grate.

"I believe," said she, "it is to be a repository for choice teas, but he never condescends to mention any intention to me, though I have proved myself (strange as you may think it) a better judge than himself. I am treated as the most despicable menial—but my children (my innocent children) must never know the pangs I suffer, nor the exertions I make—I trust after *all*, that before they grow up he will be an *altered* man."

"Alas!" thought I, "their mother is an altered woman.—She was tall, and her frame was attenuated to very leanness, her fine features were sharpened, but their expression was full of meekness and sweetness. I left her with all the sympathy of an aching heart, and about three months afterwards I called again.

"Imagine my astonishment, when evidently unemployed, yet sitting on the same seat, I beheld in the warehouse a stout, handsome, woman about ten years older than Mrs. Elliott, dressed in the most expensive and flaunting manner, and bearing alike in mien and manners a character that could not be mistaken. I looked round—there was not a creature in mourning—the woman's eye pursued me, I hastily asked for a pound of tea, and as my recollection returned in paying for it, enquired what was become of Mrs. Elliett?

"The young man who served me, with a most intelligent look pointed to a direction which he had already written, and at the same time took my money to the presiding lady. One other customer alone appeared—the place was changed from a fair to a desert."

"The direction was 'Mrs. Elliett, N— street,' and thither I sped—there were three carriages at the door, and to my astonishment I found their owners in a small store, behind the counter of which stood my poor friend, with a smiling countenance and a handsome cap. I bustled through into a little parlour, and in the course of a few minutes she joined me, and welcomed me with tears of joy. I intreated her to compose herself and tell me what had happened? "'You remember that odd room I showed you the Saturday you were so good as to sit with me an hour!'

"Perfectly well, it was for a tea store."

"I had a bad cold and intended to lie late in bed the next day, but was called by the maid who said a lady wanted to see me. I was not without hope that it was you and hastened into the parlour, where I found an elderly woman, who of course I saluted with respect, and concluding she was come to ask the character of the servant who had recently left me, I began to speak on that subject.

"The woman replied not, and her eyes were fixed on me in a manner really distressing. I began to make my breakfast in order to relieve myself from her looks, which fell on me as a spell. After enduring this above an hour I ventured to enquire, by what right, and for what purpose she had paid me so unaccountable a visit, and fixed upon me regards so scrutinizing?"

"I am a nurse from St. Luke's, and am engaged by your husband to *take care* of you."

"*Take care!*—you do not think me mad?"

"I *know* you to be so, but it is better not to talk of this."

"Instantly the whole horrible scheme burst upon me—the strange room up stairs, the locks, and words, of my husband which had sometimes struck me of late as incomprehensible.—my heart sunk in my bosom—I covered my face with my hands, and tried to pray—in my stillness I required self-possession, remembered that I was very near the outer door, the numerous fastenings of which were familiar to me—hope sprang in my breast, by a strong effort I stilled the beating of my heart, and braced my trembling limbs. When I was capable of a plan,

did not look towards that fearful eye, which was still bent on me—I sprang into the passage —reached the door before my pursy attendant could quit her chair, and had withdrawn five massy bolts ere she reached me. As her hand seized my gown I sprang into the street and her grasp, though strong, failed to detain me—we went forward together.

"The streets were nearly empty. I bent my steps towards my sister's house, and walked with such rapidity, the woman followed me with difficulty—on reaching Snow-hill, a stream of people from the different churches appeared—the sight of so many of my fellow creatures (coming, too, from the worship of God) seemed to ensure my safety, and lift, as it were, a great weight from my heart. I burst into tears—I sobbed convulsively, but yet I pressed forward—it was happy that I did so, for had I dared to appeal to the pity of any one, the strangeness of my appearance, and the wildness of my looks, might have satisfied them in thinking me deranged, and in assisting the really respectable looking person who followed me, to regain that power over me she would naturally have asserted—once secured I should unquestionably have become a prisoner for life.

"The moment I beheld my sister's face I fainted, and whilst* Mr. Holmes my brother-in-law applied the usual remedies, my attendant (ignorant of our relationship) explained to him our relative situations.

"Mr. Holmes had long execrated Elliett, and conceived him capable of many things bad—he retained the nurse as a witness, and after giving me some restoratives and putting on me my sister's bonnet, we proceeded in a coach to the Lord Mayor, who immediately received our depositions, and treated me with the kindness of a brother. The next day Elliett was summoned and if shame and confusion of face, could have restored my tranquillity, as clearly as it established his base intentions, I might have been happy. But I must not complain, for all except him have been kind to me. The first lawyer in the kingdom (even Lord T—† himself) hearing of my situation, have consulted on my case, and procured me a separation, but I am still, I believe, a good deal in Elliett's power. However, the result of all this is, that Mr. Holmes has taken this shop of which I am sole mistress, but we are equal partners—two of my late servants are come to me, the merchants voluntarily have offered me credit to any amount. The money which could not be dispensed with was found by my partner, of course, my poverty being extreme, for I was really unable to gain even a portion of my worthless wardrobe from Elliett. No matter—I am blest by the possession of my children, for the wretch who has usurped my place would not receive the poor lambs at the holidays. As their bills followed them, I am for the present pressed a little, but that is a trifle for my success is really unparalleled. The gentlemen of the long-robe have taken up my case with a warmth of heart, for which I can never be grateful enough. In fact it is a fashion for their ladies, as you may perceive, to come here in their own carriages, to give me advice.'

"Well, ma'am," continued my friend, "you will be aware how happy I felt to witness this relief, and that I did not intrude long on the time of one so valuably employed. It was perhaps a year and more, before circumstances enabled me to call again upon her in N–g–e Street—she was no longer visible. In answer to my enquiries I was told, 'no such person was known,' yet when I anxiously asked if my friend was dead, (seeing the words, late Elliett, was on the cheek of the door) no answer was obtained.

"A little girl (the only customer) observed the look of surprize and sorrow I naturally assumed on quitting the spot, and following me out, said 'the *lady* was gone to the end of the street she believed.' Thither I too went, pondering on the wayward destiny of one so little fitted apparently to meet it, but who endured it so wisely and so well. In a low, dark, shop to which I descended by a step, I again found her —pale, harassed, yet to a certain degree busy, but with persons of a far inferior description to the late ones.

"After some preliminary and mournful observations, she now told me, 'that at the end of her first year's exertions, in her new situation, Mr. Holmes had, to her utter astonishment and horror, declared, that he had hitherto considered her only as his servant, and instead of sharing his profits with her, had presented her with a pitiful* salary, unequal to providing for herself and children. That she found herself unequal to form a partnership, or in fact to *possess property*, and that as her husband was going down in the world, it was probable that even if her unjust brother-in-law had conceded that share, to which by agreement she was entitled, and which she *alone* had earned, *the* husband would have seized it.

"'Thus,' said she, 'it is evident that for my exertions there is no reward, for the property I gain no security—my feelings as a mother, of course, prevent me from sending my children to the house rendered infamous by my husband's conduct, and I have had no alternative but that of continuing a servant to the man who deceived me, or to those friends who originally trusted him for my sake, and have supported me through all my troubles; you cannot be surprised that I prefer them, though my heart aches at the loss of my sister this division has occasioned.'

"'Foolish man,' said I, 'his shop is deserted.'

"'True,' said she, 'yet I am not, therefore, the gainer; my friends finding that the law forbids my personal benefit, no longer, as heretofore, come from afar to countenance and help me, but I must now gain anew the aid which by knowledge and unremitting diligence may ensure success, even in these narrow premises and unpromising circumstances. Do not cry for me my

* The names alone are altered in this narrative which is given to the best of my recollection verbatim.

† Lord Thurlow.

* It was her great success which awakened the avarice of this person who had till then been her friend. In grasping at all he eventually lost all, and that which, when divided, would have been a fortune to each, was, for several years, lost to both parties.

dear friend. With all my sorrows, I have some comforts; my servants are those who lived with me on Ludgate Hill, and have followed me from the kindest motives,—my children loves me, and if I can save them from bad example, even poverty is better (ah! how much better) than vice!'

"This was the last time I saw her, for it was soon afterwards my lot to go to France, and you know how many sorrows and how long a captivity followed. By an extraordinary chance I was, about eight or nine years since, in company with some English persons who knew something of this Elliett, and told me that he gave, in some fit of fondness, a bond to his mistress for a large sum—that for this she sued him, flung him into Newgate, where he became sick, and was nourished by his wife to the utmost of her ability, but that *there* he died—whether she still lives, still suffers, I know not, but my first visit to London shall be to enquire, since of all whom I left, and lost, this excellent and unfortunate woman dwells most strongly on my memory."

The reader will, perhaps, unite with the writer of this recollected conversation in desiring to know whether the *old lady* visited town, which, at this period she intended, having only arrived at Twickenham when the reminiscences in question were given.

She set out with a proviso that her stay was not to be limited to a day, for she had much to see and much to say; three days had passed when I was informed by her daughter (my friend and neighbour) that she had returned, and was desirous of seeing me.

A thousand questions naturally present themselves to a person of sense and sensibility so situated; the "what did you think? and who did you see?" arise in all directions, but my questions were confined to—"did you reach N–g–te street? did you find that long tried and excellent Mrs. Elliett?"

"So soon as it was possible to despatch my west end friends, I took a coach to the top of the street where I had left her. I then walked slowly forward, looking to right and left, but on the spot where I had last seen her in the low, dark shop, I first found the name—the place now was totally different, for it was light, large, and handsome—my hopes expanded as I beheld it.

"Well, ma'am, I entered the shop—a middle aged man stepped forward, (for the young ones were all busy)—to my enquiry 'for Mrs. Elliett,' he replied—'Mr. and Mrs. Elliett are out returning their bride's visits, ma'am.'

"Never had the flight of time struck me so forcibly—the son married! yet he was the youngest child. I now asked in an anxious tone 'if his mother were living!' observing 'that I had been abroad many years, and was ignorant of her situation?'

"'Mrs. Elliett gave up the business two years ago to her son, as her daughter, who was well married down at Hackney, greatly desired her company, and there was a house then on sale which would suit her, and with this wish she complied. She had been a widow many years, and worked very hard, it was time she should retire—this is her card.'

"I took it gladly, but not without assuring the giver that I recollected him a boy, and honored the attachment to his mistress, which was evinced by his long residence. I then hurried to the Bank, entered a coach, and in a short time found myself in the handsome, well-appointed house of my countrywoman.

"I was received as one risen from the dead, and treated with kindness far beyond my claims; such, indeed, was her warm welcome, and so deeply was I interested by her details of the past, her sweet daughter, her lovely grand-children, and their excellent father, that I could scarcely tear myself from them, and I have promised to return next week."

"But how does your poor friend look," said I "after the blight of spring, and the toils of summer, how fares the autumn of her days?"

"She is a little fuller in form, and a little fuller in the face, of course; has a rheumatic affection from standing so much in the cold, but otherwise seems well, and her countenance still exhibits the goodness of her heart, the simple rectitude of her mind; the unrepining submission once so strongly depicted there, is exchanged for quiet happiness and gratitude to heaven."

"I rejoice to hear this—you see she has done well at last, notwithstanding the *law*."

"True: but no thanks to the *law*, which, by its refusal of assistance to such a wife, mother, and citizen, as this virtuous and industrious subject, proves that there are cases in which we may say with almost forgotten Sterne, "they manage these things better in France, nay, they manage them better even in Turkey."

London, 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DO I LOVE THEE!

BY MRS. V. E. HOWARD, LATE MISS GOOCH.

If to feel the deep devotion
Of a pilgrim at a shrine;
If to weep with fond emotion
Be to love thee, I am thine.

If to treasure every token,
Every look and every sign,
Every light word thou hast spoken
Be to love thee, I am thine.

Once the future spread before me
Many a mingled hope and fear:
Now but one e'er glances o'er me,
'Tis, *will he still hold me dear.*

Once I too dreamed of ambition,
Of *Corinné's* wreath of Bay,
Now such thoughts seem worthless vision,
If but *thy* praise crowns my lay.

Arabia never was conquered by any foreign nation. Its sands have been its securities, and the poverty of the people has offered no temptation. Job was an Arab. Their power of story-telling is almost universal.

Tin and antimony are pewter.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S FUNERAL.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Died, in the vicinity of Montrose, Wisconsin Territory, the only daughter of Meko, an Indian woman of the Sac tribe, at the age of 18, of a lingering consumption. A few of the tribe, and a few of the pale faces were in attendance—yet no one wept over the maiden's grave, but the poor mother."—*Herald of the Upper Mississippi.*

A WAIL upon the prairies,
A cry of woman's woe,
That mingleth with the autumn blast
All fitfully and low.
It is a mother's wailing:
Hath Earth another tone
Like that with which a mother mourns
Her last, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her,
They mark the storm swell high
Which rends and reeks the tossing soul,
Yet their cold blue eyes are dry.
Pale faces gaze upon her,
As the wild winds waft her moan,
But she was an Indian mother—
So she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,
She watch'd and toil'd and pray'd,
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some ravage Death had made:
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And Hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice—
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress,
And dove-like were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness,
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent,
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain,
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplored her pain—
None, save that widow'd mother,
Who now, by her open tomb,
Is writhing like the smitten wretch
Whom judgment marks for doom.

Alas! that lonely cabin,
That couch beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all!
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain,
Since she, for whom the board wrs spread,
Must ne'er return again?

Rest, rest thee, Indian maiden!
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones, with scorn,
Thy burial-rite survey'd.
There's many a king, whose funeral
A black-rob'd realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed,
Like that which falls for thee.

Rest, rest thee, forest maiden!
Beneath thy native tree,
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust, like thee;
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom Nature nor affection mourn,
As now they mourn for thee.

September 22, 1837.

TORCELLO.

THE evening of the 23rd of April, 1797, will be long remembered in Venice, as the commencement of those hostilities which determined the fall of the most ancient republic of Europe. On that evening Charles Montague had arrived in the city of palaces, with despatches to the British envoy. In the vigour of life, just five-and-twenty, a captain of cavalry, and in prospect of a handsome estate, life was to him all *couleur de rose.* Italy had long attracted all eyes. Napoleon's brilliant battles inflamed his young soldiership, and he regarded it as one of the brightest days that ever dawned on his gay existence, when a relative in the foreign office offered him the opportunity of seeing Italy, whether in flood or flame, by charging himself with a half-a-dozen routine letters for his Britannic majesty's legation at Venice.

After traversing the country with extreme difficulty, and some rather delicate escapes from the French Hussars, he made his way to the hotel of the embassy, tired, waysore, but in the highest state of animation, mental and bodily.

"What news?" was the anxious envoy's, Sir Edward Wilmot, first question.

"Capital," was the answer. "The war has broken out again. The French columns, under Victor and Kellerman, are moving full speed on the Brenta—at least thirty thousand men. They will be within cannon-shot of us by to-morrow night. And, as for myself, within these twelve hours, I have walked, rode, and run, half a hundred miles, and have seen a first-rate skirmish besides."

"Why, captain, I must acknowledge, you seem to have made the most of your day," observed the envoy, gravely. "Then the old republic goes. I regret that so little time can be allowed for the hospitalities of the embassy. If the French come, the 'Sauve qui peut,' will be the order of the day here."

"Well, we must take the world as it comes," said Montague, laughingly; "if the Sansculottes make their way to the city, we shall have something to do. If they turn off, we shall have something to see. In both ways we gain. But,

on the whole, I think Venice will be able to beat them."

"Yes. If old men in the field, and old women in the council, can supply the place of generals and statesmen," said the envoy, with increasing gravity.

An attendant here entered to announce that dinner was on the table, and Montague, hungry and parched by a journey in the glow of an Italian sun, gave way to the envoy's polite pressure with remarkably good will. Several of the attachés and some Italian men of rank joined the party; the table was full, and he owned to himself, as he looked round on the showy apartment, decorated as it was with Italian luxury, and on the lively party, in whose conversation all the novelty, oddity, and not a little of the scandal, of the city came out with foreign freedom—that, amusing as it might be to be galloping off from the shots of a squadron of chasseurs, the existing state of things was better, at least for the time. The envoy alone was unmoved. The general gaiety was lost upon him, and his efforts to bear his part in the conversation, were evidently unsuccessful. At length, the cloth was removed, the wine began to circulate, and the standing toast was given; "The king of Great Britain, and the republic," which the Italians honoured by throwing the glasses, in which it had been drunk, out of the windows, as an especial distinction. But the pleasantry of the hour was interrupted by the horn of a courier, which announced the welcome tidings that letters were at hand. They were speedily spread among the attachés. The envoy alone held one in his hand, as if he dreaded to break the seal.

"Read this for me, Cadogan," he said to one of the young men.

The letter was opened, and simply announced that the family of Sir Edward had arrived safely at the Isle of Torcello, where they had been most hospitably received by the family of its noble owner the duke, and had now no anxiety but to hear from Venice.

"I must apologize to Captain Montague," said the envoy, "for this *scene*. But the fact is, that I was extremely uneasy since I heard his news, for the situation of my family. Under the idea that the war was at end, and the treaty just signed, or about to be signed at Leoben, I allowed Lady Wilmot and her daughter to take advantage of the invitation of their noble friends, to spend the hot months as far as they could from our sickly canals. I should have joined them in another week; but, gentlemen," said he, turning to the astonished Italians, "I am sorry, for all our sakes, to say, that the tide of the war seems turning upon us here. The French are out in force again, and the country must soon become unsafe in every direction."

All topics were now lost in the safety of the ladies. A dozen voices volunteered at once, to set out next morning, that night, next minute, to escort them back. On this rapid performance, however, Sir Edward imposed his negative.

"Not," said he, "but that I am as willing as man can be to get them once more as near me as I can. But any very hasty proceeding on my part would undoubtedly bring the public eyes upon us, and might produce a panic among a populace, by no means too strongly inclined already, as we all know, to fight the French."

"Of what order is the daughter?" inquired Montague, in a low voice, of the sitter next him, a magnificent coxcomb, and nephew of the doge.

"The Signora?" said, or rather smiled, the Venetian, turning up a superb pair of moustaches. "A fine blonde, perfectly English, blue-eyed, auburn-haired, and charmingly *susceptible*." The Venetian's look sufficiently proved his opinion that her susceptibility had been all his own. Montague fixed his eye rather doubtingly on the coxcomb's visage. "But, Signor Capitano, have you any curiosity to see the lady?" said the showy coxcomb.

"By all means," was the answer.

The Venetian drew from his pocket a diamond snuff-box, and from the lid took a small portrait exquisitely painted. It fully answered the description. It was that of a beautiful English girl, with the rosy cheek, the sunny hair, and the eyes of *bleu celeste*, a pair of sapphires, that at once shot deep into Montague's imagination. He gazed on the lovely countenance, and with a new feeling, put the question, "Does *she* actually love you!"

"*Actually* love me! Ah, Corpo di Bacco, to distraction," whispered the count. "I was forced to go to Milan for a month. She fell sick. Could not bear my absence, and, as you see, has been obliged to go up the country for want of air. Ha, ha, povera figlia!"

"And you marry her on your return, I presume," said Montague, with an undefined sensation, that made him wish the count at the bottom of one of his own canals.

"Caro mio, impossible!" was the answer, "I have a score of principessas on my list already. You would not have me break the hearts of all the fine women in Venice for one? Cospetto!"

"Scoundrel!" was on the very point of Montague's tongue; when all were roused by the sound of a heavy gun from the sea. The party rose at once. The count put his finger to his lip, restored the miniature to his snuff-box, and the snuff-box to his pocket. Montague cast an involuntary glance at the fond father, and mused on the folly of being anxious about blue-eyed daughters with too much susceptibility.

The apartment looked out upon a broad expanse of the waters. The air from the trellis of roses and myrtles breathed in deliciously. But the Englishman's spirit had met with a disturbance which perplexed him infinitely, yet which left him no resource in the calmness of evening seas, or the breath of Italian gardens. The indescribable beauty of the twilight sky of the south was reflected in the unruffled Lagune. There all was the perfection of tranquillity. But the sound of cannon was heard again, and he felt it as the war-horse hears the sound of the trumpet. The party had now crowded to the casements. A few of the populace alone were lounging about the esplanade below, but they were talking with native eagerness, and it was evident that something unusual had happened, or was happening. The envoy sent off one of his secretaries to the palace of the government to know whether any news of the French advance had been received. In the meantime fresh signs of disturbance were

given. A concourse were seen blackening along the distant shore of the Lagune, and moving rapidly towards the Lido. A cluster of rockets next shot up from the ducal palace, and fell like a shower of stars over the spot where two of the galleys lay; which were shortly seen strongly pulling out to sea, throwing up fire-works as they passed the forts, in answer to the signals. The twilight rapidly darkens in the south, and the crowds, the galleys, and the Lido, had melted into one deep haze of purple, almost as soon as the eye could fix on them.

But they were speedily to be seen by another light. A roar burst from the long range of batteries lining the entrance to the port. The guns on the Lido began to play, and the horizon was kept in a blaze with their perpetual fire. The matter had now become one of more than curiosity; but, as is usual in cases of public alarm, to obtain exact intelligence of any kind was found to be out of the question. Servant after servant hurried back, each with a different tale, and generally a contradictory one. It was successively, an insurrection, an invasion, and an attack by a French fleet. It was by the peasantry, the Austrians, the French, headed by Napoleon in person, or the man in the moon. The numbers of the assailants varied according to the fright of the narrators, they were ten thousand, fifty thousand, or ten times the amount. The secretaries from whom alone any accurate intelligence might have been derived, had not returned. In this uncertainty, Montague proposed that he should be sent to the Lido to ascertain the facts, such as they were. The dispute ended in the whole party's getting on horseback and galloping towards the spot where the incessant flashes from the guns told unequivocally, that the true business of the night was going on.

But this was soon found, by the greater number, to be an expedition of more than usual difficulty. The populace choked up the way. The roads, neither very wide, nor very passable at any time, were now filled with carts and mule-teams of the peasantry flying to Venice, from what they deemed an invasion direct from Pandemonium. The two streams of population, thus hurrying from the shore and to the shore, produced a horrible confusion; and, in a few minutes after plunging into the mass, when Montague looked about for his companions, he saw nothing round him but a tide of brown visages, and clasp-knives flashing in the fire of the batteries, and heard a peal of Italian oaths and rabble oratory that almost equalled their roar. To proceed became, at length impossible. To return was as difficult as to go forward. His horse, at last, fell under him in a general rush of the multitude to escape the fall of a huge shell which came slowly sailing through the blue, with its fuze burning a quarter of a mile above their heads.

He was now in imminent danger; but by an extraordinary effort of dexterity and strength, he raised the animal on its legs, and taking advantoge of the space left open for the shell to do its will, struck in the spur, and rushed down to the water's edge. A hundred yards of sea, smooth as a mirror, and black as death, lay between him and the sandy tongue of the Lido. He plunged in, swam his horse across, and, to his great delight, found himself once more on dry land. There he was not likely to be impeded by the multitude; though, in better times, he might have been seized or shot for a spy. But the little garrison were too busily occupied in front, and to the front he made his way. Turning his horse loose, he fixed his stand on the flank of the battery, and there had his first view of the mighty cause which had thrown the ancient mistress of the seas into such an ague-fit.

A solitary French corvette of twenty guns, with the tri-coloured flag, insolently multiplied wherever she could fix it all over her rigging, was firing, and being fired upon. The vain glory of the *grande nation* happened to be then at its height, and laws were nothing to the republic of republics. The Gaul had insisted on passing the entrance of the port, without let or hindrance, an act which had never been done before by any earthly power. The insolent demand was repelled, and the little corvette without further hesitation dashed forward, and taking the bull by the horns, poured in her cannon-shot upon a range of batteries mounting about two hundred and fifty guns! Fortune had signally favoured her so far, for their first discharge ought to have sent her and her *braves* to the bottom. But Italian holidays, maccaroni, and fright make but bad gunners, and it had already taken an hour to break down her two little masts, shave off her figure-head, and dismount a couple of her six-pounders. However, fortune will not last forever, and a twenty-four-pound shot at once swept away her helmsman and helm, and brought her round, with her head direct on shore, and within fifty yards of the principal battery. Bold as she was, she had now nothing to do but surrender; and surrender she did accordingly, with all the grace of her nation. The captain and his officers landed immediately, bowing on all sides with the air of the most accomplished of mankind. But their grace was thrown away; they were, unhappily, among men who knew nothing of the elegances of war, but a great deal of its savageness. The dreadful excesses of the French in Italy, had filled the peasantry with revenge. The Italian knows no restraint with the knife in his hand and wrongs in his bosom.

At the first news of the capture, a crowd of the peasantry had crossed by boats, or swimming, to the island. The unfortunate Frenchmen were received with a howl of wrath as if they had fallen into a den of wild beasts. Not a man of them was to leave the spot alive!

Roar on roar of fury succeeded; the slight guard, perhaps not unwillingly, were forced, and in a few minutes all was a scene of butchery. Montague recoiled in horror, but the whirl of the crowd, yelling, fighting, and stabbing, suddenly rolled on to the spot where he stood. In the midst of the tumult his ear was caught by a voice crying out in half-a-dozen successive languages, "that he was no Frenchman, no traitor, no enemy;" and among the rest of the languages, in excellent English. It was clear that a countryman had, by some ill-luck, got in the midst of these savages. He sprang forward, with instinctive gallantry, and dragged from the midst of the crowd a tall young man, half naked, fighting fiercely, and with a wound in his forehead

that covered his face with blood, and made him a formidable exhibition.

Montague had come up just in time. The young Englishman had struggled boldly till the last moment, but the loss of blood had exhausted him, and he fell at his feet. His protector brandishing the sword which he took from his fallen protege, was not a figure at all to the taste of Italian heroism. Besides, the flame of their wrath had been tolerably slaked in the carnage which had already so atrociously taken place; and he was at length suffered to congratulate himself in quiet, on having saved from being cut in pieces, a countryman, who indeed seemed already a corpse. A little water, a little wine, and a little fresh air, however, brought him round.

It was past midnight when he reached the hotel of the embassy with his prize, in one of the shore-boats. He found the household still up, and great alarm expressed for his own safety. Some account of his adventures had already reached the envoy, coloured in the native style, with an alternate touch from Pandemonium and the skies; but, whether rescued by St. Januarius, or slain by the fangs of the fiend—whether conquering by a spell, or gone headlong to purgatory, he was universally declared to have done wonders, and to have deserved a "sonnet" to himself, in honour of English gallantry.

But he, too, had his wonder. The half-dying figure whom he had brought with him, was no sooner cleared of the blood that covered his very pale physiognomy, than he was discovered to be Lord Avondale, the intended son-in-law of Sir Edward. The *eclaircissement* was easy. It was in his lordship's haste to meet his bride, that the catastrophe originated. The packet in which he sailed from England had been captured by the corvette in the bay of Lyons. He had been kept on board during the cruise, and was finally dragged into the quarrel with the batteries against a hundred remonstrances on his part. But in spite of the most eloquent protests against this reluctant battle with the open mouths of so many allied twenty-four pounders, the Frenchman swore by the tri-colour, that nothing would satisfy him but putting the whole senate to the sword, or finding his bed in the sands of the republic. He had one of his wishes, and France lost a corvette and a conqueror.

For four-and-twenty hours all was rejoicing in all quarters. Venetian victories had been few, for the last three centuries, and the warriors of the commonwealth were by no means disposed to let the sinking of a French sloop go for nothing, if it was armed only with cigars. The whole city, from the piazza to the fish-stands along the shore, was in a blaze. The night echoed with squibs and crackers. The nobles gave a ball. The cannoneers from the Lido marched through the little narrow streets, like so many lions; and the peasantry who had executed the final portion of the work, exhibited the patches of their unfortunate victims' lace and clothes, as if every fragment were a ribbon of the order of St. Anthony, the invincible, or a knot of the holy slipper itself.

The envoy was perhaps the sole exception to the public gaiety; which exception the crowd of "manificentissimi" who came to communicate their intelligence of this stupendous achievement, and share his very excellent supper, attributed by many a significant gesture, to English jealousy of the national renown in arms—but, for which, if the Englishman himself had been consulted, he might have given the unpopular reason, that the night's performance would, in all likelihood, be the most expensive victory that had ever been obtained by the "City of the Seas."

Montague was on his feet by daybreak, and was cooling his fever by the dewy air which flows in before the sun comes to scorch the Italian to the core; when a chaloupe, with a couple of officers in a foreign uniform on board, came rushing up the canal, shot along to the landing place of the ducal palace, and discharged her cargo, which immediately disappeared within the gates of his highness. A knot of gondoliers were standing outside, evidently in no good temper with the arrival. All was quiet round him—the household had not yet slept off the effect of their night's rejoicing, and Montague quietly descending the superb flight of marble steps which dipped into the waters, still glittering with the dawn, hailed one of the fruit-boats to take him over to the scene of the affair. The Venetians have no love for an affray, except it be of their own choosing. The helmsman quickly conceived that two furious Frenchmen, and of the staff too, had not come at five in the morning, only to inquire for the Doge's health; and he recommended his fare to let him steer in any other direction. Some time was lost in the discussion, until the sight of an English guinea, the grand softener of the foreign soul, suddenly turned the argument and the helm together, and Montague's foot was set on the palace esplanade. He found his dinner friend, the showy Count Carlo Spadinari, coming at the instant out of the portal, disconcerted, to the oblivion of all the graces. He ran full against Montague, and recoiled from the shock with an oath which could have been uttered only by a Venetian exasperated to the utmost possible indignation.

"What does this mean, count?" was the young Englishman's inquiry, as he struggled to save himself from being shot into the very centre of the most silvery of waters.

"Hah, Diavolo!" was the answering scream, "*Mille perdonne*; but who expected to have found Mi Lor Montague here at this hour? The fact is,"—and the Signor slowly recovered his respiration and his elegance; "Pshaw! may all the fiends take our last night's work! The news has reached those scoundrels of French, and two of the Etat-major, one of them Buonaparte's own aid-de-camp, Junot, have just arrived, to give us the very pleasing intelligence that we are to provide rations within twelve hours for twenty thousand ruffians, now on their march for the city; and who will do us the honour to make Venice their head-quarters, until the amplest reparation, and so forth, is made, and all this for the capture of that miserable corvette."

"Well, and they are actually coming?" eagerly inquired Montague. "Just the very thing you could have wished for, and at the very time."

The count stared. Montague all alert at the idea of seeing service, followed his own specu-

lation. "You have at least ten thousand troops within call; batteries in plenty, as I know; the sea around you; sailors against conscripts, frigates against boats; the people in spirits for fighting. Let, then, twenty thousand men, or three times their number come, and you have nothing to do but give them a first-rate flogging, and take all that are left of them, like so many rats in a trap. That will, indeed, be something to talk of."

The Venetian's visage grew longer at every word. Montague, already in the midst of the battle by anticipation, was darting his animated gaze round the defences of the city, and pointing with his finger to the spots where the business was to be decided; when his showy friend, with a contortion of which nothing on earth is capable but an Italian nose and chin, murmured "Cospettone! No. They would eat us alive! I am now on my way to the French head-quarters."

"For what purpose under heaven?" asked Montague, fixing his eyes, half in scorn, half in astonishment, on the convulsed muscles of the speaker.

"For what purpose?" coldly came the answer —"why, what but to try if they will suffer the grand council to apologize for the *contre tems* of last night, and accept of half a million of ducats in place of the rations."

"*Bravo, bravissimo*," irresistibly exclaimed Montague. "Then, while you have a ducat you will have the French. But a new thought strikes me, when do you set off?"

"The moment the council can be assembled to ratify the proposal," said the count, languidly: "I suppose in an hour or two. I wish they would choose St. Anthony, or any body else for their ambassador, for I have a thousand things on my hands; for example, to pay a morning visit to the Principessa di Blandini; to see my tailor, who has just come from Paris; to give directions for the furniture of my gondola: and besides——"

"And besides, Signor! Out with the fact. You are ashamed of the mission. You have no great love for wading your way through the French patroles, and, after all, begging pardon for this trembling old coterie of superannuated fools and knaves. Not their whole bank would make me undertake it," indignantly interrupted Montague.

"Doubtless, caro mio," said, or sighed the Signor, twisting his exquisitely curled moustaches: "it is an abominable trouble altogether. I hate the French—they are *so* vulgar!"

The conference ended by Montague's proposal to ride along with the count, as a matter of curiosity towards the French camp, at the appointed hour.

He returned to the hotel of the embassy, and there found that fresh confusion had arisen. A letter, written in pencil, had been received from Lady Wilmot, saying, "That the French had appeared near Fucina the night before; that the duke and his family had been forced to fly from Torcello, in expectation of the island's being plundered, and that they were all on the road to Brescia—with but little hope, however, of reaching it in safety, as the enemy's light troops were spread every where through the country."

Something more had evidently been written, but the peasant not being perfectly sure of his neck for carrying letters through the enemy's lines, had wrapped up his despatch so carefully in his rags, that the pencil marks were beyond all decyphering. The envoy, a bold and a feeling man, was deliberate and diplomatic no more. He had instantly ordered horses to be ready for him on terra firma, and was stepping into his barge to follow his fugitives, at the moment when Montague returned. But, at the same moment, a message from the terrified Doge, who wished to consult with the British representative, was brought to him. Vexatious as this delay was, there was no alternative—the public business must be done. He accepted Montague's chivalric offer to turn his expedition with the count into the means of a search for Lady Wilmot and her daughter. The rowers dipped their oars in the canal, and the envoy was on his way to the palace. Montague, in half an hour after, was inspecting and urging the tardy proceedings of the Signor at his toilet; and, at length, the new embassy was sweeping its way over the northern face of the Lagune.

No experiment in diplomacy could be more disastrous from the beginning. As the gondolas approached the shore it was clear that the enemy were there before them. A scattered fire of musquetry rattled in all directions round Fucina, and the sight of the peasantry flying across the fields with their cattle, showed that the French foragers were pursuing their usual game. The ducal gondola pushed into Fucina, where the envoy's horses should have been ready for the count and his suite, but a shower of grape from a French howitzer, which ploughed up the water for a hundred yards round them, told effectually that there was no landing for them at Fucina, and that the horses were already good prize. The count proposed an instant return to Venice; but this Montague, who had further objects before him, indignantly refused, and insisted on another trial. The gondola was then steered for an inlet some miles lower down, and the landing was effected beyond the reach of the French sharpshooters. The expedition now began to move. The gondoliers were ordered to lie on their oars till the count's return. But those were delicate times. French posts, too, were awkward neighbours; and the count was no sooner fairly entangled in the thickets that line the low shores of the Adriatic marshes, than the boatmen, consulting their own value to the state, slipped from their moorings, and moved, without trumpet or drum, towards home.

The night was dark, and soon threatened a storm. The count and his suite were already mid-leg deep in the mire of bye-roads, that seemed to have been constructed on the principle of the spider's web. To bivouac in this world of brambles, with the probability of being swept into the Adriatic before morning, on the surface of some overflowed ditch, was a trial for the patience of any man; but such an indignity had never been heard of before in the history of a noble Venetian. At length the promise of the night became fully realised—a few broad, bright flashes along the horizon—a few fierce gusts that shook the forest boughs thick upon their heads, —a few heavy drops, and down came the tempest!

All was brought to a stand. The count protested against advancing another step, and would have given half his estate for the sight of a cottage. Montague protested against the waste of time in going back, and the absurdity of supposing that the gondolas would wait along shore in the midst of a whirlwind. This argument he had the opportunity of reinforcing from the first rising ground, which displayed to all eyes the cluster of torches in their bows, rolling away far over the waters. At length it was agreed that the count should remain where he was, and the party should separate to discover some place of shelter. Montague set out at once, forced his way through a *chevaux-de-frise* of brambles, and found on the other side of them a French suttler, drunk, and asleep in a cart, loaded with the produce of some plundered farm. His first act was to fling the fellow out of the cart, and his next to drive it towards the count's bivouac.

The exploit was bold but imprudent; for the ejected suttler raised a roar for his loss, which awoke a sleeping outpost. The drums beat, the chasseurs were all on the alert—shots began to rattle through the hedges in all directions. There was bustle enough for beating up the quarters of a brigade; and when Montague reached the point of union, he found the count alone, and half dissolved into a jelly with rain and terror. To wait for the rest of the party, of course, would have been idle. The count was taken up into the cart, the lash applied stoutly to the little Ferarrese poney, and away thehy drove, over ruts, logs, and stones, that shook the unfortunate Venetian's teeth in his head. At length the pony, neighing suddenly, and snorting, brought them within a glimpse of a blaze from a farm-house window.

But all was to be unlucky on this night of illluck. Instead of the quiet supper and trucklebed of the farmer, they were saluted by a shot from an invisible sentinel. They had stumbled on the quarters of a squadron of French hussars. Montague counselled a retrograde movement without delay. But the pony knew his home, and had made up his mind not to stir a step. The delay brought a volley from the hussars, who had run to the window on the discharge of the sentinel's musket. Montague felt himself wounded; and the count gave a groan as if every bullet of the squadron had made a lodgment in his body.

"Fly!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he saw the hussars pouring out on foot from the farmhouse. The count only groaned deeper still. Montague, determined on not being made a prisoner, sprang out, plunged into the thicket—fell, and felt no more.

A fortnight after the French had retired from the coast of the Adriatic, the young Englishman was lying on a bed in the farm-house. The hussars had found him in the wood, apparently dead, but his fine features had interested some of the sentimentalists among them; and as they were a little ashamed of having been so hastily alarmed by a civilian in a cart, they brought the surgeon of their regiment to examine him, before he was laid where civilian and soldiers can frighten each other no more. The surgeon found that life was there; and though his patient raved and dreamed for a fortnight, he had brought him within sight of recovery.

But who is there who has not owed some of the most fortunate services of his existence to woman? An hospital of the "Sœurs de Charitê," in the neighbourhood, had supplied the attendance, which man could never give to man: and Montague, on the surgeon's following his regiment, was delivered over to the healing power of those soft hands, soft words, and soft footsteps, which have done more since the world began, than "poppy, mandragora, and all the soothing syrups of the world."

What men, mad either with pain, passion, or perplexity, think on their pillow, might seem to be matter of no great import to those who look or listen. But one of the sisterhood, at least, had begun to listen more than her share, to the waking dreams of the young and fine-countenanced invalid. They were often as wild as an Arabian fable; but they often showed the richness of an imaginative mind, and an ardent heart. He frequently conceived himself to have passed away from the world, and to be enamoured of some of the bright spirits of the stars; his speeches then glowed with all the eloquence of feeling; he pleaded, he implored, he exulted, he poured out all the language of a native sensibility, elevated by the noblest and most creative of all the passions of man. The young sister began daily to discover that her attendance was more interesting; but at seventeen all are courageous: and the delight was not discovered to be the most serious part of the danger. At length the turn of an elder sister came, and the young devotee was forced to suspend her skill in the art of healing. She retired—but her world seemed to have changed within a fortnight. The effect was now fully revealed to herself. She had never felt it so miserable to have nothing to do. The routine of the convent life seemed a calamity beyond all endurance. The garden, the cloister, the cell, and the refectory were equally irksome. She grew unaccountably wretched, and alone beguiled her hours with attempting to recall the wild eloquence of the dreamer.

The effect on the dreamer himself was equally strange. The returning tide of his life seemed to have suddenly ebbed. He had his reveries still. They were wild, but without the richness of his former extravagancies. He saw no more of those lovely visions, that held him in perpetual chase of their floating footsteps and silver wings. He followed them no more through landscapes of perpetual luxuriance, and listened to them no longer by fountains of living music. The glow of his speeches had entirely passed away, and the ancient sister who now administered to him, and who probably expected to have heard some of those pathetic addresses directed to herself, declared that she had never attended a duller young gentleman in the course of her life.

But one evening Montague opened his eyes, and saw the seraph of his vision once more. Yet still more distinct, clear and beautiful. The evening sun threw an amber and visionary radiance into the chamber, and for a few moments after his awaking, he actually thought that the form had descended on the flood of glory that poured from the casement. With feeble and

dazzled eyes he continued to gaze. But a strange idea suddenly started into his mind. He recognized the singularly pure complexion, the auburn hair, the brilliant dark blue depth of eye. It was the original of the portrait which he had seen in the possession of that most consummate of all coxcombs, the Count Carlo. His heart sank within him at the thought—he unconsciously pronounced her name. The vision instantly vanished. It was reality.

That night he received a note entreating him "Never to mention his having seen the writer—acknowledging that she was the daughter of the British envoy, but that circumstances of the most painful nature rendered it imperative on her to remain unknown to her family for a time."

Montague preserved her secret; but his anxiety to know whether the fair "Sœur de Charité" was still near him became irrestrainable. His bed could detain him no longer. He inquired in all quarters. The inquiry was wholly in vain. The day after the date of her note, she had bidden farewell to the sisterhood, and had left no trace behind.

In the course of another week the invalid was within the hotel of the embassy. The invasion had been bought off. But the public joy on this event had not extinguished private anxieties. The envoy was in great sorrow—Lady Wilmot had made her escape with great difficulty, but her daughter had been lost in the confusion of the flight from the French, and notwithstanding every effort, no intelligence of her could be obtained. Montague was panting with his secret, but his lips were sealed; though even if he had spoken, he could not now tell the place of her retreat. He had, too, another bond upon him. The intended bridegroom, now fully recovered, was daily before his eyes, and he felt a sensation in his presence which sickened at the idea of seeing the goddess of his idolatry given to another. Still, the thoughts that this lovely creature, so sought and so sorrowed after, had actually stooped to give her affections to so palpable a puppy as the count, gave him a sensation still more sickening.

At length, conceiving it just possible that the envoy might have two daughters, and thus the difficulty might be cleared, he made the inquiry of his valet, a personage who generally fathoms the secrets of families, at least on the Continent. But Monsieur Papillote was at fault; he protested that he knew nothing on the subject; adding that as *he* did not know it, the affair was impossible. He then made his enquiry of the envoy himself. Sir Edward answered promptly and gravely, "Mr. Montague, I have but one daughter, if, fortunately, I have even that one."

The subject was too painful, in the uncertainty of the moment, to be more than touched on, and the inquirer was left as much in the dark as ever.

He made one last inquiry; it was from the count. The Venetian had been made prisoner, but sent back on the discovery of his mission. He owed a retort for exposing his diplomacy to the storm; and the inquiry was met with a peculiarly bitter sneer. The dialogue became warm; and Montague, insisting that the honor of his friend, the envoy's family, should not be compromised by the count's frivolity, demanded the restoration of the miniature to Sir Edward. Count Carlo haughtily refused. Montague retired, and sent him a message to meet him on the Island of Torcello, as the spot most remote from disturbance, in two hours. The count was the first gladiator in Venice, accepted the message, and openly pronounced in the caffé that the impudent Englishman had just half an hour to live.

Montague was in his chamber writing some letters to England, with the feelings natural to a man who might never write another; when the intended bridegroom, now Lord Avondale, tapped at the door.

"This is an unlucky business, my dear Montague." said the young nobleman; "but as there is no use in talking about it now, I come to offer you any service in my power.

"How have you heard of this, Avondale?"

"By that most communicative of all things, the tongue of Count Carlo himself. That intolerable fellow, who boasts of the hearts of every Donna of Italy, and thinks himself possessed of all its charms, has been vapouring, like a fool as he is, before the rabble in the piazza, and in consequence I came without delay."

"Then you are welcome. You are just in time, and now let us be gone to Torcello,"

The young nobleman pressed his hand, and they left the hotel together.

The gondolas of both parties grated on the pebbles of the island at the same moment. Lord Avondale advanced to the count, and asked his second, one of the diplomatic body, in the usual terms—whether the nature of the quarrel demanded this mode of settling it, and whether any explanation might not prevent two friends from being involved in the consequences.

"Of the quarrel I know nothing, my lord," said the diplomat, "except that it has arisen about a mere matter of etiquette, a thing so trifling as the retention of a lady's portrait, the lady herself being probably no longer in the land of the living."

"And must my preserver, Montague, throw himself away upon such a fancy as this?" thought his lordship. "Had my friend any personal interest in the lady?" he asked.

"None whatever," said the count, hastily interposing. "He has insulted me, absolutely for nothing, for whim, spleen; for a lady whom he never saw in his life. The daughter of your envoy."

This produced a new storm. The bridegroom was furious, raved, and insisted on Montague's giving up his right of chastising the count's insolence, to himself. This, however, was not to be conceded; and, as the simplest way of settling the affair, the whole four finally drew, flung their coats on the ground, and engaged each other.

A spectacle of this order would have collected a crowd any where but in the sands of the Great Desert. Boats were soon seen flitting across the waters to the spot. The skill of the two Englishmen was altogether inferior to the practised swordmanship of the Italians; but they were active, daring, and they fully kept the more adroit fencers in awe. The groups now gathered towards the island, and among the rest, one of the market-boats from the Bolognese pulled up close, with a dozen of red-capped clowns, and

ribbon-haired damsels, straining all their eyes to enjoy the novelty. The caution of the Italians, and the awkwardness of the Englishmen, had hitherto confined the combat to a few scratches of the sword's point; but now Montague, impatient of this tardy hostility, gave a sudden spring forward, dashed his sword through the count's arm, and in the impulse, following his weapon, fell against the count, already sufficiently astonished at his wound. His weight brought down the Italian, and they rolled on the sand together. At this moment a scream from the boat was heard, and one of the women springing on the land, rushed forward a few paces towards the combatants, and fainted at their feet.

To continue the conflict was now impossible: Lord Avondale and the diplomat had fought for form's sake—and the count had got something to employ himself with, in a handsome section of the fleshy part of his right arm, which bled profusely, and by his own account, smarted more horribly than any wound ever inflicted on a count before. Montague, wiping the sand from his visage, was left to offer his attentions to the peasant who had exhibited so much more sensibility than her countrywomen. Raising her up to the air, and removing her hood, he saw—the Sœur de Charitè! the fugitive note writer! the vision! He was delighted. But the next thought stung him to the quick. He saw the lost daughter of Sir Edward, the bride of Lord Avondale, and worst of all, the fair intriguante of the notoriously profligate Count Carlo. Unconsciously, he deposited her on the sand, and stood, gazing on a countenance, that, lifeless as it was, still seemed to him the perfection of innocence and loveleliness. Lord Avondale, who had now sheathed his rapier, came up, and gazed along with him at the beautiful paysanne. Montague expected to have heard some exclamation of joy or grief. Not a syllable! His lordship, with the look of one perfectly at his ease, brought some water to bathe her temples. She opened her fine eye. Still no sign of recognition on either side, Montague's heart revived. But the start of the count, and the shudder of the lady as he advanced to indulge his curiosity, showed that, there at least, the recognition was complete. His blood sank a hundred degrees below the freezing point. In ten-fold perplexity he almost wished that the count's sword had saved him the trouble of developing a problem which darkened every instant.

At length the young nobleman, who alone preserved the use of his senses, came forward, after the exchange of a few words with the fair fugitive, and leading her towards his friend, begged to introduce ——.

"Lady Avondale," murmured Montague, with an effort that made him writhe.

"No," said his lordship, with a good humoured laugh. "Plurality of wives is not British law *yet*."

The light grew upon the lover. He gazed in speechless admiration. But a sound of oars awoke him; it was the count's gondola, about to carry off its master. Was it possible that *she* could have loved him! But, let what might happen, the Venetian must not be suffered to carry off his trophy. Montague made but one spring from the spot where he stood to the gunwale of the boat, and there caught the count in the act of stepping on board. The miniature was demanded, and again refused. The Englishman grasped him with the strength of rage. The count was in peril; he was already hanging half-way over the side—another instant would have seen him plunged ten fathoms deep under it. He was prudent, capitulated, and the picture was surrendered! The achievement had not escaped the eyes of the lady, if ever there was meaning in a smile and blush of thanks; they made her look handsomer than ever in the eyes of her worshipper. Still there were difficulties. Nothing was yet explained. The crimson cheek was bent immoveably on the ground. The third party good-humouredly protested "that all this was but a waste of time; that if neither would speak, it must be impossible to solve the problem." He "recommended an immediate return to the hotel of the embassy."

But the fairest of paysannes evidently again shrank from the proposal. Montague as evidently had no inclination to move. The peacemaker almost got out of patience.

"My good friends," said he, with a grave smile, "this quarrel is premature; you should wait till the British chaplain gives you the privilege of misunderstanding each other. Montague, be a man! Remember, I, too, have my motives. No intelligence has been received from Lady Wilmot and her daughter."

"Her daughter!" echoed Montague, with a glance at the *inconnue*.

Lord Avondale interpreted the glance.

"Oh, I see the whole affair. You think the inquiry in another quarter would be more interesting. Pray, Signora," said he, turning to the lady, "by what name shall I have the honor to introduce you to this gentleman?" The cheek was but the more crimsoned. "Well, then, Mr. Montague, captain in his Britannic majesty's hussars, hand into our chaloupe the fair unknown —the *sœr de charité*, unow, doubtless, flying to some other sisterhood, where she will be out of sight of this wicked world, hussars and all." He placed her passive hand in his friend's. But with all that friend's admiration of the exquisite creature before him, he was a firm and high-hearted man. He paused. "One question," said he, "I must be suffered to ask. Did this lady give this portrait to the Count Spadinari?"

He pronounced those words in a tone, which probably would have trembled much less if he had been facing a battery.

"Give!" was the only word which escaped the glowing lip beside him. But it was sufficiently expressive. She started back from his hand, and turning to Lord Avondale, with a look in which the high blood of England was not to be mistaken, said, "Now, my lord, I put myself under your protection. I am ready to go to Venice. I demand to go to Sir Edward Wilmot's house without delay."

The lover in vain abounded in apologies for his abruptness. The noble in vain attempted to reconcile. The lady stepped into the chaloupe; took her seat as far as possible from her chevalier; and sat with her hood concealing her face, and her head bowed upon her hand during the

voyage. A sob now and then escaped her. But neither was honoured by a word.

Twilight was again dipping the golden spires of the city, one by one, in purple, when the barge entered the Grand Canal. No spectacle of Europe is more calculated to delight the eye of romance, than the vistas of marble, and masses of mingled Italian and Oriental architecture, which the sinking sun colours with such etherial hues along its waters. But none of the party at that hour would have had eyes for any thing less than a volcano, or have felt any thing less than an earthquake. All were as silent as if the human tongue never existed; and as unseeing, among all the glittering objects round them, as if they were asleep. The paysanne was still wrapt inexorably in her hood: the hussar was absorbed in thinking whether she ever meant to throw it off; and the noble was busy with thoughts and terrors of the loss of his future bride.

But when they at length ranged along the esplanade of the hotel of the embassy, a different spirit seemed to be let loose there. By the blaze of lights from the casements, a crowd were seen moving backwards and forwards with all the signs of festivity. Lord Avondale rushed in. In a few moments he was seen advancing to the casement, evidently in high exultation, with a female hanging on his arm. Montague at once rightly conjectured that Lady Avondale had returned in safety; but what was to be his own fate, and that of the strange enchantress who had wrought such a spell over his own heart? Once, and once only, she had raised the hood; it was to give a glance at the hotel, but it had been instantly dropped again, with a deep sigh. At length he approached her, and soothingly offered to lead her from the boat. She paused; her reluctance was palpably one of extreme pain. She wept aloud, shuddered, and waved her hand tremblingly for him to leave her to herself. He stood gazing, grieving, and more perplexed than ever.

At length a train of domestics, with torches, came from the portal, and in the midst of them the envoy, followed by his daughter and son-in-law. He pronounced the word "Caroline,"—it acted magically—she flew into his arms. They retired; and all was explained and forgiven.

The problem was now solved. As they sat down to the splendid table of the embassy, Montague, placed between the envoy and the fair fugitive, received the little history.

"Two years ago," said Sir Edward, "when I first had the honour of this appointment, I brought my second daughter with me, leaving her mother and sister to arrange the family affairs, which the necessity of my coming here with all expedition, had left unsettled in England. Though it is in Caroline's presence, I may say, that the Venetian sonneteers thought much more of the envoy's daughter than of the envoy himself, and the result was, a proposal from the Count Spadinari. As he was immensely opulent, and of the highest rank in the country, I felt no objection to him. As he was reckoned the greatest beau in Venice, and certainly had the handsomest villa, gondola, and equipages, I conceived that Caroline could have as little objection. And here I have a mind to let her finish the story for herself."

A gesture from Caroline declined the honour.

The envoy proceeded,—"I, perhaps, exhibited too much irritation at her refusal of what I thought a brilliant alliance. However, she knew more about him, as it appears, than I did; and among the rest, that, to frighten her into the match, he had sworn to put me to death by poniard or pistol, on the first opportunity, unless she married him. At length those menaces, of which I, of course, knew nothing, or I should not have trusted myself within reach of his penknife so often at table, I find, frightened the poor girl to such a degree, that she thought her only chance of saving me from this tiger was to fly, give herself out as dead, or do some other thing just as romantic. She fled, as it appears, to an establishment of *Sœurs de Charitè*, where some old acquaintance of hers gave her a shelter. The rest is characteristic of the country," he added, in an indignant tone. "It amounted to this. That all sorts of reports were spread, I now suppose, by the scoundrel himself. On this occasion I was fool enough to determine never to see the face of my poor girl again. In fact, I forbade her name to be mentioned in my presence. I resolved thenceforth to know, to have but one daughter. I immediately sent for Lady Wilmot and my elder girl from England, and renounced all recollection of my wanderer. This accounts, Mr. Montague, for the declaration which I made to you, and which, indeed, at that time, I believed to be true, in every sense, as from the distracted state of the country, and the absence of all tidings for a year, I began to believe that she was no more on earth. The rest, I presume, you know better than I can contrive to tell it to you. As to the portrait of which Caroline spoke to me before we sat down to table, I am fully convinced that the Count stole it, not being able to get it in any other way, and sleight of hand being a national branch of education. The knave deserved the humiliation of having it torn from him publicly, for which I leave the owner herself to express her acknowledgments."

The acknowledgments were made—they cost many charming words, but the dialogue might have lasted till midnight, without the discovery on either side that the conversation had continued too long. Within another week a double fête united the affianced. Every thing in Venice takes the shape of a public festival; gondolas showily filled crowded along the canal by which the bridal party proceeded to the little chapel of the embassy. Lord Avondale and his betrothed led the way, with the pomp due to his rank and opulence; the gondola with Montague and the *ci-devant Sœur de Charité* followed.

They were all fine specimens of the youth and beauty of their country. The cheers of the people, as they passed the terraces, followed them. It was a pageant of the heart. If Cleopatra's galley, sailing down the Cydnus, had more gilding on it, it did not contain a lovelier countenance than Caroline Wilmot's—nor a more delighted spirit than Charles Montague's.

D'ALAVA.

ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

From the man that I love, though my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he have strength but to balance a straw,
He will surely take a hint from the picture I draw.
And if he have sense, &c.

A wit without sense—without fancy a beau—
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow.
A peacock in pride—in grimace a baboon;—
In courage a hind—in conceit a gascoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious—in falsehood a fox—
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
As a tiger ferocious—perverse as a hog—
In mischief an ape—and in fawning a dog.
As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead—and his brain is of feather:—
Yet if he have sense but to balance a straw,
He will surely take hint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he have sense to balance a straw, &c.

Her mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile
Half opens to view
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morn as it blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm; but how can he,
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My happiness destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain!
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know;
Ye envious powers! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

How blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows!
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repos
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure
Without measure
From every object flows.

Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses,
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,
No int'rest, no motive but that would I own.
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' placed on a throne.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is to die!—*Goldsmith.*

TO MIRTH.

Parent of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit, benign, a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptured sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And, flower-adorn'd, in new born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow:
Shine, goddess, shine, with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee.
If thou be nigh Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower.
Lo! darkness' trembling 'fore the the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale, shivering ghosts, that dread th' all cheering light,
Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral night.
But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth! I ..e her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side,
Bright ey'd Fancy hovering near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air:
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age:
Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's pray'r,
No clouds that ride the blast shall vex the troubled air.—*Smollet.*

FREEDOM.

Tempt me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
With the gay slav'ries of a court:
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms,
Go, vassal souls! go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state,
Move as he moves—and when he loiters, stand—
You're but the shadows of a man;
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground;
Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:
Adore the follies of the great,
Wait till he smile; but lo! the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate,
Thus base-born minds: but as for me
I can, and will be free;
Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree
My soul grows firm upright;
And as I stand and as I go
It keeps my body so.
No; I can never part with my creation right;
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which formed it free.
Thus my bold harp profusely played
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid:
Nature, that listened to my strain,
Resumed the theme, and acted it again;
Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio, proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind,
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies.
And as the tempest fell the obedient vapour sunk;
Again it roars with bellowing sound.
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground;
Hard by there stood the iron trunk,
Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces tried,
In vain they roar'd—the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's smoke.

A LAPLAND LOVE SONG.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies;
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh, were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear,
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Not yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh, love has stronger fetters far;
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No more shall doubts harass my breast;
When thoughts perplex, the first are best,
'Tis bad to go—'tis death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.

The Netherlands are rich in coals, and vast quantities are produced in the tracts between the low countries and the present French frontiers.

Every family in England and Wales is considered as using, on the average, six chaldrons of coal, which makes the annual consumption about fourteen million chaldrons.

Pounce is gum sandarach pounded fine.

Written for the Lady's Book.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

WHAT is the charm of the New Year? Why is the first of January a day of rejoicing—a day for the interchange of friendly greeting and pleasant gifts? Why has that day, for its motto—"Good will to man," so that whichever way one turns he is hailed with good wishes, the fulfilment of which would make him "a man of the Beatitudes."

Whatever customs are of universal or national observance must be formed in the nature of man; however they may seem to be arbitrary or merely conventional. Can the spirit of our New Year observances be resolved into the charm that attaches to the word *new?* In part, perhaps, for the love of what is new, so strongly developed in childhood, never altogether forsakes us—and the attractions of a new frock or a new toy, only yield, in after life, to those of a new house, a new farm, or, mayhap, a new friend.

But there is no small delusion in the epithet as applied to each successive year. There would be some propriety in calling the year new, where, after its period of decay, it teems again with life and beauty. But what is there new in bare trees, wintry skies, and snow-covered fields? It has nothing new but its name, and, while we hail its coming, it is making us old. This may be matter of congratulation to a child—for the wish to grow older is among true "childish things," which are not "put away" until the child becomes a man; but, in mature life, "'tis little joy" to find the traces of age continually multiplying, to feel one's vigour abated, one's capacities for action and for enjoyment impaired by the same influence, forever at work, which furrows the cheek, and silvers the hair, gradually despoiling God's workmanship of its beauty and its cunning. Yet, despite all this, there is still a charm in the term *New Year*, and, therefore, naturally enough, the word happy has become its established prefix.

Then, too, we are, as has been said a thousand times before, creatures of hope. We hope always for better things, whatever of good we may have already received. And what may not a "new year" bestow upon us? What can prevent the plans that could not be accomplished this year from being completely achieved in the next. The invalid hopes to be better another year. The poor man to be richer, the debtor to get a full discharge from his creditor. He who has met with reverses in business, hopes that the gains of another year will more than make up for the losses of this—the discontented politician hopes for a change of rules—the disappointed politician for office—and those who are in the habit of referring all the ills of life, as well those they have brought upon themselves, as those which come upon them in the common course of events, to some vague, indefinite, universal cause, hope for "a change of times." The separated, who are joined in heart, hope that another year will bring them together—lovers hope to be married—the school-girl rejoices that every year brings her nearer to the time when school-days will be over. The young man that he is fast attaining his majority—and children, in the expectation of that undefined good, infinite in amount, which they suppose comes with time to all. And the old—what do they hope for? Some, perchance, for the rest of the grave—some, it may be for still another and another year of life!

Life's journey like other journeys, has its land marks, and for a time, at least, there is satisfaction in having accomplished one stage of it, after another. They serve in the one case, as in the other, reckonings of time and distance, of so much accomplished, and so much remaining to be done, for looking back over the ground already passed, and forward to that which is in prospect. The commencement of the Year, is one of these. In some sense it seems like a pause in our existence, a pause for reflection, and for anticipation. Tis the beginning of a new chapter in life—the turning over of a new leaf—and in the confidence of hope we expect to see its yet unread pages, beautifully illuminated and written over with histories of deep and joyous interest. Hope inspires happiness—happiness the instinct of universal love and a craving for sympathy. The New Year is a common interest to all, and the good wishes which we frame for ourselves, we entertain and express for others. Towards our nearest friends—towards those we love best, our feelings too strong and deep for utterance—require to be interpreted symbolically, and we resort to the language of gifts. In other cases they are bestowed in acknowledgment of the prescriptive rights of the day, and in conformity with its spirit, that is with the single object of making happy as many as possible.

All this is very pleasant—very much as it should be—and it only remains to be wished that the spirit of New Year's Day, could be infused into the whole year, then should we all have indeed "a happy New Year." Unfortunately, there is no more virtue, no more that "availeth" in our prayers for others than in those we breathe for ourselves, if unaccompanied with action and effort. Suppose that all who bestow so freely and indiscriminately their good wishes, should regard themselves as bound to do all which in them lies towards giving those wishes effect, and should endeavor to fulfil that obligation—would not happiness indeed reign on the earth? Would not the Apostolical injunctions be obeyed by husband and wife—would not the child walk diligently and carefully in the way in which his parents were striving to train him—would not all families of brothers and sisters prove to themselves and to show the world: "how goodly and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and would not words of love and deeds of kindness, and the spirit of good will gladden all the intercourse of man with his fellow man? But does not the husband often breathe the wishes of the season to the wife, and the wife to the husband, the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, the brother to the sister, and the sister to the brother, without reflecting that upon one another more than all the world beside, and all that is therein contained, depends the fulfilment of these wishes. And is not this interchange of salutations renewed from year to year, among friends, neighbors, and

acquaintances, in most instances without suggesting the idea that they have any thing to do with promoting one another's happiness beyond the utterance of a wish? Whenever the spirit of human brotherhood shall be felt and exhibited every day in the year, as it is on the first day, then will it appear that mankind are capable of being something more and better to one another than mere well-wishers.

There is one class of persons, but it is to be feared a small class comparatively, who have good reason for rejoicing at the coming of the New Year, viz: those who are conscious of being wiser, better, richer in good works, and in all immortal treasures—treasures laid up in Heaven, than they were twelve months ago—who have no unbalanced accounts with the old year—who have taken and faithfully imposed and enjoyed all that it gave; in fact, compensation for all that it has taken away. Years take only what is perishable—they give it, what is imperishable. Fearful indeed is their flight and any thing but happy their approach—if one after another is gathered to the past, only to swell the record of blessings abused—opportunities wasted—the perversion to ignoble ends of powers and capacities designed for high and noble uses, and the debasement, by sin and folly, of our immortal nature.

We avail ourselves of the columns of the "Book," to wish all its readers "a Happy New Year," which being interpreted, means that we hope they may avail themselves in the ensuing year to the best possible advantage, of all the means in their power, both to their own happiness, and that of others.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VESPER BELL.

"At the sound of the bell which calls to Vespers, all, whatever be their employment or situation at the time, kneel, and offer their evening prayers."—*Italian Sketches.*

The glorious tints of a sunset sky!
Bright clouds on the brow of even,
Are floating like banners free and high;
Flung out from the wall of heaven.

On palace-roof, and on turret gray,
Is blazing a flood of light,
While below on field and inland bay
Lie the shadows of the night.

The gushing voice of the garden fount,
As its waters feebly fall,
Comes up through the flowers, and o'er the mount,
Like the music of childhood's call.

Zephyr has folded his light wing up,
And slumbers on land and sea,
And a hush is down on the village group,
On the hill-side and the lea.

Over the blue and the waveless flood,
The glee of gondolier comes not,
And echo has fled to the deep, dark wood,
And sleeps in some fairy grot.

A blessed spirit is brooding o'er
The earth, and her bright, glad things,
Like that which fell on the world of yore,
With the hovering of angel wings.

There thrills *one* sound on the startled ear—
'Tis the peal of the Vesper Bell;
With a tone we look to the sky to hear—
It swells over hill and dell.

It summons to prayer: and none may fail
To bow at its signal tone,
The worshipper in the crowded hall,
The monk in his cell alone.

It summons to prayer: and a lordly train
Is bent in the garnished room,
And loud and high rolls the choral strain
Through the minster's awful gloom.

It summons to prayer: and hard-kneed men
Bow down in forest glade,
And in the depths of the mountain glen,
Where the cold rocks throw their shade.

The king from his lofty throne comes down,
And aside his sceptre lays,
And unto the Lord of cowl and crown,
His evening worship pays.

With his bare knee on the naked turf,
Muttering the words priest-given,
Oh, up from the peeled and meted serf,
Goes a fearful prayer to Heaven.

The maiden decking for revel gay,
Drops the green and bright-wreathed flower;
But who shall tell of the thoughts that stray,
And the words that mock the hour.

Where the vine its trellis'd branches fling,
And the olive's leaves are spread,
Is bowed in meekness a peasant ring—
Dark locks with the hoary head.

Awoke from the spirit-land of dreams,
Where he had been roaming long,
With a shaded eye where Genius gleams,
And a burst of hallowed song:

The poet knelt till the falling dew
Lay damp on his ample brow,
And the host of heaven their glory threw
On the streams that slept below.

The Christian *alone* to his closet turns,
And, bowing his forehead there,
With a trembling lip, and a heart that burns,
He wrestles with God in prayer.

Oh! many a prayer has now its birth—
But in which does the *soul* take part?
Oh, many a word does the tongue give forth—
But which gush warm from the *heart?*

J. H. KIMBALL.

Peruvian and cascarilla bark, and chamomile flowers, are powerful tonics.

Salop is made from the root of the orchis, or fool-stone, a favourite food in the eastern countries.

The pimento or allspice is a species of myrtle in the West Indies, which grows thirty feet high.

Acids combine with water, condense it, and produce heat.

Scotch music is referred to their James I.

SKETCH OF ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

Dear, good Mrs. Barbauld!—how vividly comes the remembrance of her "Hymns in Prose" over my heart, mingling with those pleasant recollections of my childhood; the thought of the earliest violet, always gathered by me for my mother's own eye, and the birds' nests in that thicket of evergreens, which, duly as the spring came round, was my aviary, and almost my abiding place! Yes, there I first read her sweet "Hymns," and learned to love her name, and none dearer to me is twined in the wreath of Genius, which woman's hand has wrought. Like the Lavender, whose rich fragrance makes us prize its simple flower, her poetry will be treasured, because imbued with those pure and enduring qualities of truth and feeling which require little ornament.

The genius of Mrs. Barbauld seems never to have incited her to attempt a wider range, or a very lofty flight; but, in the sphere she chose, her taste and observation were correct and delicately nice; and her moral feelings were elevated and bright with all that is best and holiest in our nature. Hence she succeeded better in those compositions which were addressed to the heart than in her more studied efforts to engage the imagination and reasoning powers. Her "Hymns in Prose" are more truly poetical than her rhymes, because, in the former, the heart pours itself out in that true divinity of poetry; the love of Nature and of "Nature's God," unfettered by those rules of verse, which, to her mind, must, we think, always have proved heavy and irksome.

Her prose is written with more freedom and apparent ease than her poetry; and her style is vigorous and elegant. There is a benignity, mingled with sprightliness, in many of her productions, which seems breathed from a happy, as well as innocent, heart; and it adds very much to our pleasure, when reading a delightful book, to feel assured that it was written in the same spirit of complacency. This pleasure we always enjoy over the works of Mrs. Barbauld.

The maiden name of this lady was Aiken. She was the only daughter of the Rev. John Aiken, and was born at the village of Kibworth, Leicestershire, June, 1743. Miss Aiken exhibited, in her earliest childhood, an uncommon quickness of apprehension, and though her education was entirely domestic, and her literary advantages, in youth, quite circumscribed, yet her own industry and talents overcame all these obstacles, and she became an authoress of high repute before her marriage with the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, which took place in 1774. From that time she devoted the greatest part of her time and thoughts to the assistance of her husband, who was, for many years, engaged in superintending the education of a select number of boys, from among the first families.

Mrs. Barbauld seems to have had a tender love for children, though she had none of her own; and the aid she rendered her excellent husband in the education of his pupils was, without doubt, of much service in disciplining and strengthening her own mind. She survived her husband a number of years, devoting her widowhood to deeds of benevolence and her literary pursuits. Her own death took place March 9th, 1825, in the eighty second year of her age.

Her personal appearance has been thus described by her niece, Miss Lucy Aiken, well known for her literary accomplishments: "Mrs. Barbauld was, in youth, possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of her life. Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of fancy." We may add, that she exhibited through life the most precious of examples, intellectual eminence and Christian humility, united in a lovely and accomplished woman.

The writings of Mrs. Barbauld have been, since her decease, collected and published, in two handsome volumes, with a "Memoir," by Lucy Aiken. The work ought to be in every family library. Few authors have written with more devoted zeal to do good than Mrs. Barbauld; and she has excelled in making her precepts acceptable to the minds and feelings of the young. There is a peculiar grace and naiveté in her letters, and in many of her minor pieces. But the "Essay" against "Inconsistency in our Expectations" is one of the best and most perfect things she ever wrote.

Among her Poems, the "Washing Day," which we subjoin, exemplified her sprightliness of fancy and the characteristic manner in which she seems to have gathered wisdom, as she imparted instruction, from common incidents and familiar objects.—EDITOR.

WASHING-DAY.

"And their voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound."

The Muses are turned gossips; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear, high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure, loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard; pleasant curds and cream;
Or drowning flies; or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day:
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed souls, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth-sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort. Ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come, and chase repose;
Nor pleasant smiles, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day: the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour—an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast-meal is soon despatched,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet: Then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dust and gravel stains,
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short; and linen horse by dog thrown down;
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm, while stretched upon the rack;
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals:
But never yet did housewife, notable,
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
But grant the welkin, require not thou,

Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat;
Or usual tendance: ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended; though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious: shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of the tender shrubs—
Myrtle or rose—all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron—with impatient hand
Twitched off, when showers impend: or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the cold wet sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites!
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall be received. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken—savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding: pudding he, nor tart,
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what cant be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious. The unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from
them:
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences; jelly or creams,
Relic of costly supper, and set by
For me, their petted one; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder. So I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire:
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,
Anxiously fond; though oft her spectacles,
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins,
Drawn from her ravelled stockings, might have roused
One less indulgent.
At intervals my mother's voice was heard
Urging despatch: briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold and starch, and clap, and iron, and plat;
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming, then,
To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds; So near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.
Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VICTIM OF EXCITEMENT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

INTEMPERANCE is a vice which is generally considered of the masculine sex. In the pictured scenes of the ravages it has wrought woman is seldom introduced but as the patient victim of brutality, or as the admonishing angel of transgressing man. There are instances on record however, of a sad reverse. Not alone in the lower classes of life, amid the dregs of society, but in higher walks, where intelligence, wit, beauty and wealth, virgin worth, wedded love, and Christian grace, are all cast as unvalued offerings at the beastly shrine of intemperance. One of these fatal examples, (of which to the honor of our sex, be it said, there are so few,) once came under the observation of the writer. Her character and history form the subject of the following sketch.

Mr. Manly first met Anne Weston in a ball room. It was on the eve of the Fourth of July, and the fairest ladies of the country were assembled to celebrate the national jubilee. He was a lawyer, and had been the orator of the day; an eloquent one, and therefore, entitled to distinguished attention. He came from an adjoining town, of which he had recently become an inhabitant, and now found himself in a scene which scarcely presented one familiar countenance. He was a very proud man, and had the air of one who felt himself too superior to the multitude to mingle in the general amusement. He stood with folded arms, as remote as possible from the dancers, despising those who were engaged in that exercise on such a sultry night. In vain the obsequious master of ceremonies begged to introduce him to this and that fair lady. He declined the honor with a cold bow, declaring his utter disinclination to dancing. He was told that his disinclination would cease as soon as Miss Weston arrived. She was the belle of the place, the daughter of the richest gentleman in town—had received the most finished education, and refused the most splendid offers. In short, she was irresistible, and it was predicted that he would find her so. It cannot be denied, that the fame of this all conquering lady had previously reached his ears, but unfortunately he had a detestation of belles, and predetermined to close his eyes, and shut his ears, and steel his heart against her vaunted attractions. He had never yet sacrificed his independence to woman. He had placed his standard of female excellence very high. He had seen no one that reached its altitude. "No," said he to himself, "let me live on in singleness of heart and loneliness of purpose, all the days of my life, rather than unite myself with one of those vain, flimsy, garrulous, and superficial beings who win the smiles, and fix the attention of the many. I despise a weak woman, I hate a masculine one, and a pedantic one I abhor. I turn with fear from the glittering belle, whose home is the crowded hall, whose incense the homage of fools, whose altar the shrine of fashion. Can *she* sit down contented in the privacy of domestic love who has lived on the adulation of the world, or be satisfied with the affection of one true heart, who has claimed as her due, the vows of all? No, better the fool, the pedant, than the belle. Who can find that woman, whose price is above rubies? Ah! 'tis certain I never shall marry." He was aroused from these reflections, by a movement in the hall and he felt a conviction that the vaunted lady was arrived. In spite of his boasted indifference, he could not repress a slight sensation of curiosity to see one who was represented as so transcendant. But he moved not, he did not even turn his eyes towards the spot where so many were clustering. "The late hour of her arrival," said he, "shows equal vanity and affectation. She evidently wishes to be conspicuous—studies every thing for effect." The lady moved towards that part of the hall, where he was stationed. She held the arm of one gentleman, and was followed by some half dozen others. He

was compelled to gaze upon her, for they passed so near, the folds of her white muslin dress fluttered against him. He was pleased to see that she was much less beautiful than he had expected. He scarcely thought her handsome. Her complexion was pale, even sallow, and her face wanted that soft, flowing outline, which is necessary to the perfection of beauty. He could not but acknowledge, however, that her figure was very fine, her motions graceful, and her air spirited and intellectual. "I am glad she is not beautiful," said he, "for I might have been tempted to have admired her, against my sober judgment. Oppressed by the heat of the apartment, he left the hall and sauntered for a long time in the piazza, till a certain feeling of curiosity, to know, whether a lady whose bearing expressed so much pride of soul, could be foolish enough to dance, led him to return. The first object he beheld, was the figure of Miss Weston, moving in most harmonious time, to an exhilarating air, her countenance lighted up with an animation, a fire, that had as magical an effect upon her features, as the morning sunbeams on the face of nature. The deepest colour was glowing on her cheek,—her very soul was shining forth from her darkening eyes. She danced with infinite spirit, but equal grace. He had never witnessed any thing to compare with it, not even on the stage. "She dances entirely too well," thought he; "she cannot have much intellect, yet she carries on a constant conversation with her partner through all the mazes of the dance. It must be admirable nonsense from the broad smiles it elicits. I am half resolved to be introduced and invite her to dance—from mere *curiosity*, and to prove the correctness of my opinion." He sought the introduction, became her partner in the dance, and certainly forgot, while he listened to her "admirable nonsense," that she was that object of his detestation—a *belle*. Her conversation was sprightly, unstudied and original. She seemed more eager to listen than to talk, more willing to admire than to be admired. She did not tell him that she admired his oration, but she spoke warmly on the subject of eloquence, and quoted in the happiest manner, a passage of his own speech, *one*, which he himself judged superb. It proved her to have listened with deep attention. He had never received so delicate or gratifying a compliment. His vanity was touched, and his pride slumbered. He called forth those powers of pleasing, with which he was eminently endowed, and he began to feel a dawning ambition, to make the conquest of a heart, which so many had found indomitable. He admired the simplicity of her dress, its fitness and elegance. A lady's dress is always indicative of her character. Then her voice was singularly persuasive in its tones, it breathed of feminine gentleness and sensibility, with just enough spirit and independence for a woman. Mr. Manly came to these wise conclusions before the end of the first dance—at the termination of the second, he admired the *depth*, as well as the brilliancy of her mind, and when he bade her adieu for the night, he was equally convinced of the purity of her feelings and the goodness of her heart. Such is the strength of man's wisdom, the stability of his opinions, the steadiness of his purpose, when placed in competition with the fascinations of a woman, who has made the determination to please. In after years Mr. Manly told a friend of a dream, which that night haunted his pillow. He was not superstitious, or disposed to attach the slightest importance to dreams. But this was a vivid picture, and succeeding events caused him to recall it, as one, having the power of prophecy. He lived over again the events of the evening. The winning accents of Miss Weston mingled in his ear, with the gay notes of the violin. Still, ever and anon, discordant sounds marred the sweet harmony. The malicious whisper, the stifled, deriding laugh, and the open scoff came from every corner. Sometimes he saw through the crowed, the slow finger of scorn pointing at him. As he turned, with a fierce glance of defiance, Miss Weston seemed to meet him still, holding a goblet in her hand, which she pressed him to drain. Her cheeks and lips burned with a scarlet radiance, and her eyes sparkled with unnatural brightness. "Taste it not" whispered a soft voice in his ear, "it is poison." "It is the cup of immortality," exclaimed the syren, and she drained the goblet to its last drop. In a few moments her countenance changed—her face became bloated, her features disfigured, and her eyes heavy and sunken. He turned with disgust, from the former enchantress, but she pursued him, she wound her arms around him. In the vain struggle of liberating himself from her embrace, he awoke. It was long before he could overcome the sensation of loathing and horror, excited by the unhallowed vision, and even, when overcome by heaviness and exhaustion, he again slept, the same bloated phantom presented her intoxicating draught. The morning found him feverish and unrefreshed. He could not shake off the impression of his dream, and the image of Miss Weston seemed deprived of the witchery that had enthralled his imagination the preceding evening. He was beginning to despise himself, for having yielded up so soon his prejudices and pride, when an invitation to dine at Mr. Weston's, interrupted the severe tenor of his thoughts. Politeness obliged him to accept, and in the society of Miss Weston, graceful, animated and intellectual, presiding with unaffected dignity and ease at her father's board, he forgot the hideous metamorphose of his dream.

From that day his fate was sealed. It was the first time his heart had ever been seriously interested, and he loved with all the strength and ardour of his proud and ardent character. The triumph too, of winning one, whom so many had sought in vain, threw a kind of glory over his conquest, and exalted his estimation of his own attributes. The wedding day was appointed. The evening previous to his nuptials, Anne Weston sat in her own chamber, with one of the chosen friends of her girlhood, Emily Spencer. Anne had no sisters, and from childhood, Emily had stood to her almost in that dear relation. She was to accompany her to her new home, for Anne refused to be separated from her, and had playfully told Mr. Manly, "that if he married *her*, he must take Emily too, for she could not, and would not be parted from her."

The thought of the future occupied the minds of the two friends. Anne sat in silence. The

lamp that partially illumined the apartment, gave additional paleness to her pale and spiritual countenance. Her thoughts appeared to have rolled within herself, and from the gloom of her eye, did not appear to be such, as usually rest in the bosom of one, about to be wedded to the object of her affection and her trust.

"I fear," said she at length, as if forgetting the presence of her friend, "that I have been too hasty. The very qualities that won my admiration, and determined me to fix his regard, now cause me to tremble. I have been too much accustomed to self indulgence, to bear restraint, and should it ever be imposed by a master's hand, my rebellious spirit would break the bonds of duty, and assail its independence. I fear I am not formed to be a happy wife, or to *constitute* the happiness of a husband. I live too much upon excitement, and when the deep monotony of domestic life steals on, what will become of me?"

"How can there be monotony" answered Emily, warmly, "with such a companion as Manly? Oh, trust him, Anne, love him as he merits to be loved, as you yourself are loved, and your lot may be envied among women."

"He has awakened all the capabilities my heart has of loving," cried Anne, "but I wish I could shake off this dull weight from my spirits." She rose as she spoke, approached a side table, and turning out a glass of rich cordial, drank it, as if conscious from experience, of its renovating influence. Emily's anxious gaze followed her movements. A deep sigh escaped her lips. When her friend resumed her seat, she drew nearer to her, she took her hand in her's and while her color heightened, and her breath shortened she said—

"Anne Weston, I should not deserve the name of friend, if in this hour, the last, perhaps, of unrestrained confidence between us, I did not dare—"

"Dare what?" interrupted Anne, shame and resentment, kindling in her eye.

"To tell you, that the habit you indulge in, of resorting to artificial means, to exhilarate your spirits, though now attended with no obvious danger, may exercise most fatal influence on your future peace. I have long struggled for resolution, to utter this startling truth, and I gather boldness as I speak. By all our friendship and sincerity, by the past splendour of your reputation by the bright hopes of the future, by the trusting vows of a lover, and the grey hairs of a father, I pray you to relinquish a habit, whose growing strength is now only known to me." Emily paused, strong emotions impeded her utterance. "What is it you fear," asked Anne, in a low, stern voice, "speak, for you see that I am calm." "You know what I dread," continued Emily. "I see a speck on the bright character of my friend. It may spread and dim all its lustre. We all know the fearful strength of habit, we cannot shake off the serpent, when once its coils are around us, Oh, Anne, gifted by nature with such brilliancy of intellect and gaiety of heart, why have you ever had recourse to the exciting draught, as if art could exalt the original buoyancy of your spirits, or care had laid his blighting hand upon you?"

"Forbear," cried Anne, impetuously, "and hear me, before you blast me with your contempt. It was not till bitter disappointment pressed, crushed me, that I knew art could renovate the languor of nature. Yes, *I, the* courted and admired of all, was doomed to love one, whose affections I could not win. You knew him well, but you never knew how my ineffectual efforts to attach him maddened my pride, or how the triumph of my beautiful rival goaded my feelings. The world guessed not my secret, for still I laughed and glittered with mocking splendour, but with such a cold void within! I could not bear it. My unnatural spirits failed me. I *must* still shine on, or the secret of my humiliation be discovered. I began in despair, but I have accomplished my purpose. And now," added she "I have done. The necessity of shining and deceiving is over. I thank you for the warmth of friendship that suggested your admonition. But, indeed, Emily, your apprehensions are exaggerated. I have a restraining power within me that must always save me from degradation. Habit, alone, makes slaves of the weak; it becomes the slave of the strong in mind. I know what's due to Manly. He never shall blush for his choice in a wife."

She began with vehemence and ended with deliberation. There was something in the cold composure of her manner that forbid a renewal of the subject. Emily felt that she had fulfilled her duty as a friend, and delicacy commanded her to forbear a renewal of her admonitions. Force of feeling had betrayed her into a warmth of expression she now regretted. She loved Anne, but she looked with many misgivings to being the sharer of her wedded home. She had deeply studied the character of Manly, and trembled to think of the re-action that might one day take place in his mind, should he ever discover the dark spot on the disk of his sun—of his destiny. Though she had told Anne that the secret of her growing love for the exciting draught, was *known* only to herself, it was whispered among the servants, suspected by a few discreet individuals, and had been several times hinted in a private circle of friends. It had never yet reached the ears of Manly, for there was something in his demeanour that repelled the most distant approach to familiarity. He married with the most romantic and enthusiastic ideas of domestic felicity. Were those bright visions of bliss realised? Time, the great disenchanter alone could answer.

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It was about five years after the scenes we have recorded, that Mr. and Mrs. Manly took up their residence in the town of G———. Usually, when strangers are about to become inhabitants of a new place, there is some announciation of their arrival, but they came, without any previous intimation being given, for the speculation of the curious, or bringing any letters of introduction for the satisfaction of the friend. They hired an elegant house, furnished it rich and fashionably, and evidently prepared for the socialities of life, as enjoyed in the highest circles. The appearance of wealth, always commands the respect of the many, and this respect was heightened by their personal claims to admiration. Five years, however, had wrought a change in both, not

from the fading touch of time, for they were not of an age when the green leaf begins to grow sere, but other causes were operating with a power as silent and unpausing. The fine, intelligent face of Mrs. Manly had lost much of its delicacy of outline, and her cheek, that formerly was pale or roseate as sensibility or enthusiasm ruled the hour, now wore a stationary glow, deeper than the blush of feminine modesty, less bright than the carnation of health. The unrivalled beauty of her figure, had given place to grosser lineaments, over which, however, grace and dignity still lingered as if unwilling to leave a shrine so worshipped. Mr. Manly's majestic person was invested with an air of deeper haughtiness, and his dark brow was contracted into an expression of prevailing gloom and austerity. Two lovely children, one almost an infant, who were carried abroad every fair day, by their nurse, shared the attention their parents excited; and many appealed to *her* for information respecting the strangers. She was unable to satisfy their curiosty, as she had been a member of their household but a short time, her services having been hired while journeying to the place. The other servants were hired after their arrival. Thus, one of the most fruitful sources from which the inquisitive derive their aliment, was denied to the inhabitants of G——. It was not long before the house of Mr. and Mrs. Manly was frequented by those whose society she most wished to cultivate. The suavity of her manners, the vivacity of her conversation, her politeness and disinterestedness captivated the hearts of all. Mr. Manly too received his guests, with a cordiality that surprised, while it gratified. Awed by the external dignity of his deportment, they expected to be repulsed, rather than welcomed, but it was universally acknowledged, that no man could be more delightful than Mr. Manly, when he chose to unbend. As a lawyer, his fame soon rose. His integrity and eloquence became the theme of every tongue. Amidst all the admiration they excited there were some dark surmises. The malicious, the censorious, the evil disposed are found in every circle, and in every land. It was noticed that Mr. Manly watched his wife with painful scrutiny, that she seemed uneasy whenever his glance met hers, that her manner was at times hurried and disturbed, as if some secret cause of sorrow preyed upon her mind. It was *settled* in the opinion of many, that Mr. Manly was a domestic tyrant, and that his wife was the meek victim of this despotism. Some suggested that he had been convicted of crime, and had fled from the pursuit of justice, while his devoted wife refused to separate her destiny from his. They gave a large and elegant party. The entertainment was superior to any thing witnessed before in the precincts of G——. The graceful hostess, dressed in unwonted splendour, moved through her drawing rooms, with the step of one accustomed to the homage of crowds, yet her smiles sought out the most undistinguished of her guests, and the most diffident gathered confidence from her condescending regards. Still the eye of Mr. Manly followed her with that anxious, mysterious glance, and her hurried movements often betrayed inexplicable perturbation. In the course of the evening, a gentleman refused wine, on the plea of belonging to the Temperance society. Many voices were lifted in condemnation against him, for excluding one of the gladdeners of existence, what, the Scriptures themselves recommended, and the Saviour of men had consecrated by a miracle. The subject grew interesting, the circle narrowed round the advocate of Temperance, and many were pressing eagerly forward to listen to the debate. The opinion of Mrs. Manly was demanded. She drew back at first, as if unwilling to take the lead of her guests. At length she seemed warmed by the subject, and painted the evils of intemperance in the strongest and most appalling colours. She painted woman as its victim, till every heart recoiled at the image she drew. So forcible was her language, so impressive her gestures, so unaffected her emotions, every eye was riveted, and every ear bent on the eloquent mourner of her sex's degradation. She paused, oppressed by the notice she attracted and moved from the circle, that widened for her as she passed, and gazed after her, with as much respect as if she were an Empress. During this spontaneous burst of oratory, Mr. Manly, remained aloof, but those who had marked him in their minds, as the harsh, domestic tyrant, were now confirmed in their belief. Instead of admiring the wonderful talents of his wife, or sympathising in the applause she excited, a gloom thick as night lowered upon his brow, his face actually grew of a livid paleness, till at last, as if unable to control his temper, he left the drawing room.

"Poor Mrs. Manly," said one, "how much is her destiny to be lamented. To be united to a man who is incapable of appreciating her genius, and even seems guilty of the meanness of annoying her."

Thus the world judges; and had the tortured heart of Manly known the sentence that was passing upon him, he would have rejoiced that the shaft was directed to *his* bosom, rather than *her's*, which he would fain shield from the proud man's contumely, though it might never more be the resting place of love and confidence. Is it necessary to go back and relate the history of those years which had elapsed since Anne Weston was presented to the reader as a triumphant belle, and plighted bride? Is it not already seen that the dark speck had enlarged, throwing into gradual, but deepening shade, the soul's original brightness, obscuring the sunshine of domestic joy, converting the home of love into a prison house of shame, and blighting, chilling, palsying the loftiest energies and noblest purposes? The warning accents of Emily Spencer were breathed in vain. That fatal habit—had already become a passion—a passion which, like the rising tide, grows deeper and higher, rolling onward and onward, till the landmarks of reason and honor, and principle, are swept over by its waves—a tide that ebbs not but with ebbing life. She had looked "upon the wine when it was red, when it gave its colour to the cup," till she found, by fatal experience that it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It were vain to attempt a description of the feelings of Manly when he first discovered the idol of his imagination under an influence that, in his opinion, brutalised a man. But a woman!—and that woman

—his wife! In the agony. the madness of the moment, he could have lifted the hand of suicide, but Emily Spencer hovered near and held him back from the brink to which he was rushing. She pleaded the cause of her unhappy friend, she prayed him not to cast her off. She dwelt on the bright and sparkling mind, the warm, impulsive heart that might yet be saved from utter degradation by his exerted influence. She pledged herself to labour for him, and with him, and faithfully did she redeem her pledge. After the first terrible shock, Manly's passionate emotion settled down into a misanthropic gloom. Sometimes when he witnessed the remorse which followed such self-abandonment, the grace and beauty with which she would emerge from the disfiguring cloud, and the strong efforts she would make to reinstate herself in his estimation, a ray of brightness would shine in on his mind, and he would try to think of the past as a frightful dream. Then his prophetic dream would return to him, and he shuddered at its confirmation—once it seemed as if the demon had withdrawn its unhallowed presence, unable to exist in the holy atmosphere that surrounds a mother's bosom.

For a long time the burning essence was not permitted to mingle with the fountain of maternal tenderness. Even Manly's blasted spirit revived, and Emily hoped all, and believed all. But Anne had once passed the Rubicon, and though she often paused and looked back with yearnings that could not be uttered, upon the fair bounds she had left, the very poignancy of her shame, goaded her on, though every step she took, evidenced the shame that was separating her from the affections of a husband whom she loved and respected, and who had once idolized her. It has been said that when woman once becomes a transgressor, her rapid progress in sin mocks the speed of man. As the glacier, that has long shone in dazzling purity, when loosened from its mountain stay, rushes down with a velocity, accelerated by its impenetrability and coldness, when any shameful passion has melted the virgin snow of a woman's character, a moral avalanche ensues, destroying "whatsoever is venerable and lovely, and of good report."

Manly occasionally sought to conceal from the world the fatal propensities of his wife. She had occupied too conspicuous a station in society—she had been too highly exalted—to humble herself with impunity. Her father—whose lavish indulgence probably paved the way to her ruin—was unable to bear himself up under the weight of mortification and grief thus unexpectedly brought upon him. His constitution had long been feeble; and now the *bowl was, indeed, broken at the fountain.* The filial hand which he once hoped would have scattered roses on his dying pillow, struck the death-blow. Physicians talked of a chronic disease; of the gradual decay of nature; but Anne's conscience told her she had winged the dart. The agony of her remorse seemed a foretaste of the quenchless fire, and the undying worm. She made the most solemn promises of reformation—vowed never again to taste the poisonous liquor. She threw herself on the forgiveness of her husband, and prayed him to remove her where her name was never breathed; that she might begin life anew, and establish for their children an unblemished reputation. On the faith of these ardent resolutions, Manly broke his connection with every former friend—sold all his possessions, and sought a new home, in a place far removed from the scene of their present unhappiness. Circumstances in her own family prevented Emily Spencer from accompanying them, but she was to follow them the earliest opportunity; hoping miracles from the change.

Mrs. Manly, from the death of her father, came into the possession of a large and independent fortune. She was not sordid enough to deem money an equivalent for a wounded reputation; but it was soothing to her pride, to be able to fill her husband's coffers so richly, and to fit up their new establishment in a style so magnificent. Manly allowed her to exercise her own taste in every thing. He knew the effect of external pomp, and thought it was well to dazzle the judgment of the world. He was determined to seek society; to open every source of gratification and rational excitement to his wife, to save her from monotony and solitude. His whole aim seemed to be, "that she might not be led into temptation." If with all these cares for her safety, he could have blended the tenderness that once softened his proud manners, could he have banished from his once beaming eye the look of vigilance and distrust; could she have felt herself once more enthroned in his heart, gratitude might, perhaps, have completed the regeneration begun by remorse. But Anne felt that she was an object of constant suspicion and fear; she felt that he had not faith in her good resolutions. She was no longer the sharer of his counsels—the inspirer of his hopes—or the companion in whom his soul delighted. His ruling passion supported him in society; but in those hours when they were necessarily thrown upon each other's resources, he was accustomed to sit in gloomy abstraction, brooding over his own melancholy thoughts. Anne was only too conscious of the subject of these reveries, and it kept alive a painful sense of her humiliation. She had, hitherto, kept her promise sacred, through struggles known only to herself, and she began to feel impatient and indignant that the reward for which she looked was still withheld. Had she been more deeply skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, she might have addressed the Genius of the household shrine, in the language of the avenging Moor, who first apostrophises the torch that flares on his deed of darkness:

> "If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
> I can again thy former light restore—
> Should I repent me—but once put out thine,
> I know not where is the Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume."

Mr. Manly was called away by professional business, which would probably detain him many weeks from home. He regretted this necessity; particularly before the arrival of Emily, whose coming was daily expected. He urged his wife to invite some friends to remain as her guests during his absence, to enliven her solitude. His request, so earnestly repeated, might have been gratifying to her feelings, if she had not known the distrust of her faith and

strength of resolution it implied. The last words he said to her, at parting, were "Remember, Anne, every thing depends on yourself." She experienced a sensation of unspeakable relief in his absence The eagle glance was withdrawn from her soul, and it expanded and exulted in its newly acquired freedom. She had a constant succession of visiters, who, remarking the elasticity of her spirits, failed not to cast additional obloquy on Mr. Manly, for the tyranny he evidently exercised over his wife. Emily did not arrive, and Mrs. Manly could not regret the delay. Her presence reminded her of all she wished to forget; for her days of triumph were returned, and the desire of shining, rekindled from the ashes of scorn, that had for a while smothered the flame.

It wanted about a week of Mr. Manly's return.—She felt a strong inclination to renew the splendors of her party. She had received so many compliments on the subject:—"Mrs. Manly's delightful party!" "Her conversational powers!" "Such a literary banquet!" &c. Invitations were given and accepted. The morning of the day, which was somewhat warm and oppressive, she was summoned by the kitchen council, where the business of preparation was going on. Suddenly, however, they came to a stand. There was no brandy to give flavour to the cake; and the cook declared it was impossible to make it without, or to use any thing as a substitute.

Mrs. Manly's cheeks flushed high with shame. Her husband had retained the key of the closet that contained the forbidden article. He was afraid to trust it in her keeping. The mildest cordials were alone left at her disposal, for the entertainment of her guests, What would her husband think if she purchased, in his absence, what he had himself secreted from her? What would the servants believe if she refused to provide them with what was deemed indispensable? The fear of her secret's being detected, combined with resentment at her husband's unyielding distrust, decided her conduct: She bought—she *tasted*. The cook asserted there was something peculiar in its flavour, and asked her to judge for herself. Would it not excite suspicion, if she refused? She broke her solemn vow—she *tasted*—and was *undone*. The burning thirst once kindled, in those who have been victims to this fatal passion, it rages with the strength of madness. In the secresy of the closet where she hid the poison, she yielded to the tempter, who whispered, that, as she had been *compelled* to taste, her promise had been innocently broken: there could be no harm in a *little more*—the last that should ever pass her lips. In the delirium of the moment, she yielded, till, incapable of self-control, she continued the inebriating draught. Judgment—reason—at length, perception, vanished. The approach of evening found her still prostrate on her bed, a melancholy instance of the futility of the best human resolutions, unsupported by the divine principle of religion. The servants were at first struck with consternation. They thought some sudden disease had overtaken her: But the marks of intemperance, that, like the brand on the brow of Cain, single out its votaries from the rest of mankind, those revolting traces, were but too visible. They knew not what to do.—Uncertain what guests were invited, they could not send apologies, nor ask them to defer their visit. The shades of evening were beginning to fall; the children were crying, deprived of the usual cares of their nurse; and in the general bustle, clung to their mother, whose ear was deaf to the appeal of nature. The little one, weary of shedding so many unavailing tears, at last crawled up on the bed, and fell asleep by her side, though there was scarcely room for her to stretch her little limbs, where she had found the means of climbing. As her slumbers deepened, her limbs relaxed from the rigid posture they had assumed: her arms drooped unconsciously over the bed, and she fell. In her fall she was thrown against one of the posts, and a sharp corner cutting her head, inflicted a deep wound. The screams of the little sufferer roused the household, and pierced even the leaden slumbers of intemperance. It was long, however, before Mrs. Manly came to a clear perception of what was passing around her. The sight of the streaming blood, however, acted like a shock of electricity.—She sprang up, and endeavoured to stanch the bleeding wound. The effusion was soon stopped; the child sunk into a peaceful sleep, and the alarm subsided.

Children are liable to so many falls, and bruises, and wounds, it is not strange that Mrs. Manly, in the confused state of her mind, should soon forget the accident, and try to prepare herself for the reception of her guests, who were already assembling in the drawing-room. Every time the bell rung, she started, with a thrill of horror, conscious how unfit she was to sustain the enviable reputation she had acquired. Her head ached almost to bursting—her hands trembled, and a deadly sickness oppressed her. The visions of an upbraiding husband, a scoffing world, rose before her—and dim, but awful, in the dark perspective, she seemed to behold the shadow of a sin-avenging Deity. Another ring—the guests were thronging. Unhappy woman! What was to be done? She would have pleaded sudden indisposition—the accident of her child—but the fear that the servants would reveal the truth—the hope of being able to rally her spirits—determined her to descend into the drawing-room. As she cast a last hurried glance into the mirror, and saw the wild, haggard countenance it reflected, she recoiled at her own image. The jewels with which she had profusely adorned herself, served but to mock the ravages the destroying scourge had made upon her beauty. No cosmetic art could restore the purity of her complexion; nor the costliest perfumes conceal the odour of the fiery liquor. She called for a glass of cordial—kindled up a smile of welcome, and descended to perform the honors of her household. She made a thousand apologies for her delay; related, in glowing colours, the accident that happened to her child, and flew from one subject to another, as if she feared to trust herself with a pause. There was something so unnatural in her countenance, so overstrained in her manner, and so extravagant in her conversation, it was impossible for the company not to be aware of her situation. Silent glances were exchanged, low

whispers passed round; but they had no inclination to lose the entertainment they anticipated. They remembered the luxuries of her table, and hoped, at least, if not a "feast of reason," a feast of the good things of earth.

It was at this crisis Emily Spencer arrived. Her travelling dress, and the fatigue of a journey, were sufficient excuses for her declining to appear in the drawing-room; but the moment she saw Mrs. Manly, her eye, too well experienced, perceived the back-sliding of Anne, and hope died within her bosom. Sick at heart, wounded and indignant, she sat down in the chamber where the children slept—those innocent beings, doomed to an orphanage more sad than death even makes. Anne's conscious spirit quailed before the deep reproach of Emily's silent glances. She stammered out an explanation of the bloody bandage that was bound around the infant's head, assured her there was no cause of alarm, and hurried down to the *friends* who had passed the period of her absence in covert sarcasm, and open animadversion on her conduct.

Emily sat down on the side of the bed, and leaned over the sleeping infant. Though Mrs. Manly had assured her there was no cause of alarm, she felt there was no reliance on her judgment; and the excessive paleness and languor of its countenance, excited an anxiety its peaceful slumbers could not entirely relieve. "It is all over," thought she, "a relapse in sin is always a thousand times more dangerous than the first yielding. She is at this moment blazoning her disgrace, and there will be no restraining influence left. Oh! unfortunate Manly! was it for this you sacrificed home, friends, and splendid prospects, and came a stranger to a strange land." Absorbed in the contemplation of Manly's unhappy destiny, she remained till the company dispersed, and Mrs. Manly dragged her weary footsteps to her chamber. Completely exhausted by her efforts to command her bewildered faculties, she threw herself on the bed, and sunk into a lethargy; the natural consequence of inebriation. The infant, disturbed by the sudden motion, awakened with a languid cry, expressive of feebleness and pain. Emily raised it in her arms, endeavoured to soothe its complaining; but it continued restless and wailing, till the blood gushed afresh through the bandage. Greatly alarmed, she shook Mrs. Manly's arm, and called upon her to awake. It was in vain—she could not rouse her from her torpor. Instantly ringing the bell, she summoned the nurse, who was revelling, with the other servants, over the relics of the feast, and told her to send immediately for a physician. Fortunately there was one in the neighbourhood, and he came speedily. He shook his head mournfully when he examined the condition of the child, and pronounced its case beyond the reach of human skill. The injury produced by the fall had reached the brain. The very depth of its slumbers was but a fatal symptom of approaching dissolution. The tears of Emily fell fast and thick on the pallid face of the innocent victim. She looked upon its mother—thought upon its father, and pressed the child in agony to her bosom. The kind physician was summoned to another chamber of sickness. He had done all he could to mitigate, where he could not heal. Emily felt that this dispensation was sent in mercy. She could not pray for the child's life, but she prayed that it might die in the arms of its father; and it seemed that her prayer was heard. It was a singular providence that brought him that very night—a week sooner than he anticipated—urged on by a restless presentiment of evil; a dread that all was not well. Imagination, however, had not pictured the scene that awaited him. His wife, clothed in her richest raiments, and glittering with jewels, lying in the deep torpor of inebriation. Emily, seated by the side of the bed, bathed in tears, holding in her lap the dying infant, her dress stained with the blood with which the fair locks of the child were matted. What a spectacle! He stood for a moment on the threshold of the apartment, as if a bolt had transfixed him. Emily was not roused from her grief by the sound of his footsteps, but she saw the shadow that darkened the wall, and at once recognised his lineaments. The startling cry she uttered brought him to her side, where, kneeling down over his expiring infant, he gazed on its altering features and quivering frame with a countenance so pale and stern, Emily's blood ran cold. Silently and fixedly he knelt, while the deepening shades of dissolution gathered over the beautiful waxen features and the dark film grew over the eyes, so lately bright with that heavenly blue, which is alone seen in the eyes of infancy. He inhaled its last, cold, struggling breath; saw it stretched in the awful immobility of death; then, slowing rising, he turned towards the gaudy figure that lay as if in mockery of the desolation it had created. Then Manly's imprisoned spirit burst its bonds. He grasped his wife's arm, with a strength that might have been felt, even were her limbs of steel, and calling forth her name in a voice deep and thrilling as the trumpet's blast, he commanded her to rise. With a faint foretaste of the feeling with which the guilty soul shall meet the awakening summons of the archangel, the wretched woman raised herself on her elbow, and gazed around her with a wild and glassy stare. "Woman," cried he, still retaining his desperate grasp, and pointing to the dead child, extended on the lap of the weeping Emily, "woman! is this your work? Is this the welcome you have prepared for my return? Oh! most perjured wife and most abandoned mother! You have filled, to overflowing, the vials of indignation; on your own head shall they be poured, blasting and destroying. You have broken the last tie that bound me—it withers like flax in the flame. Was it not enough to bring down the grey hairs of your father to the grave? to steep your own soul in perjury and shame, but that fair innocent must be a sacrifice to your drunken revels? One other victim remains. Your husband—who lives to curse the hour he ever yielded to a syren, who lured him to the brink of hell?"

He paused suddenly—relaxed his iron hold, and fell back perfectly insensible. It is an awful thing to see man fall down in his strength, struck, too, by the lightning of passion. Anne sprang upon her feet. The benumbing spell

was broken. His last words had reached her naked soul. She believed him dead, and that he had indeed died *her* victim. Every other thought and feeling was swallowed up in this belief, she threw herself by his side, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and rending her sable tresses, in the impotence of despair. Poor Emily! it was for her a night of horror; but her fortitude and presence of mind seemed to increase with the strength of the occasion. She turned her cares from the dead to the living.—She bathed with restorative waters the pale brow of Manly; she chafed his cold hands, till their icy chill began to melt in the warmth of returning animation. All the while his wretched wife continued her useless and appalling ravings.

The morning dawned upon a scene of desolation. In one darkened room lay the snowy corpse, drest in the white garments of the grave; in another, the almost unconscious Manly, in the first stages of a burning fever; Anne, crouched in a dark corner, her face buried in her hands; and Emily, pale and wan, but energetic and untiring, still the ministering and healing spirit of this house of grief. Yes! darkness and mourning was in that house; but the visitation of God had not come upon it: Pestilence had not walked in the darkness, nor Destruction, at the noon-day hour. Had Anne resisted the voice of the tempter, her child might have still smiled in his cherub beauty; her husband might have still presided at his board, and she, herself, at his side; if not in the sunshine of love, in the light of increasing confidence. Her frame was worn by the long, silent struggles of contending passions, hopes and fears. This last blow prostrated her in the dust. Had *Anne resisted the voice of the tempter* all might yet have been well; but having once again steeped her lips in the pollution, the very consciousness of her degradation plunged her deeper in sin. She fled from the writhing of remorse to the oblivious draught. She gave herself up, body and soul, irredeemably. She was hurrying on, with fearful strides, to that brink from which so many immortal beings have plunged into the fathomless gulf of perdition.

Manly rose from the couch of sickness an altered man: his proud spirit was humbled—chastened—purified. Brought to the confines of the unseen world, he was made to feel the vanity—the nothingness of this—and while his soul seemed floating on the shoreless ocean of eternity, the billows of human passion sunk before the immensity, the awfulness of the scene. The holy resolutions, formed on what he believed his death-bed, did not vanish with returning health. He saw the bitter cup prepared for him to drain, and though he prayed that it might be permitted to pass from him, he could say, in the resignation of his heart, "not my will, oh father! but *thine* be done." He looked upon his degraded wife rather with pity, than indignation. He no longer reproached her, or used the language of denunciation. But sometimes, in her lucid intervals, when she witnessed the subdued expression of his once haughty countenance—his deep paleness—the mildness of his deportment to all around him; the watchful guard he held over his own spirit; and all this accompanied by an energy in action—a devotedness in duty—such as she had never seen before—Anne trembled, and felt that he had been near unto his Maker, while she was holding closer and closer companionship with the powers of darkness. The wall of separation she had been building up between them, was it to become high as the heavens—deep as the regions of irremediable love?

Emily was no longer their guest. While Manly lingered between life and death, she watched over him with all a sister's tenderness. Insensible to fatigue—forgetful of sleep—and regardless of food, she was sustained by the intensity of her anxiety; but as soon as his renovated glance could answer her attentions with speechless gratitude, and he became conscious of the cares, that had done more than the physician's skill, in bringing him back to life, she gradually yielded to others the place she had occupied as nurse—that place, which she who should have claimed it as her right, was incapacitated to fill. When Manly was restored to health, Emily felt that she could no longer remain. There was no more fellowship with Anne; and the sympathy that bound her to her husband she could not, with propriety, indulge. Manly, himself, did not oppose her departure; he felt it was best she should go. She took with her the little Anne, with the grateful consent of her father. The opposition of the mother was not allowed to triumph over what Manly knew was for the blessing of his child. "Let her go," said he, mildly, but determinately; "she will not feel the want of a mother's care." * * * * * * * * * *

It was a dark and tempestuous night.—The winds of autumn swept against the windows, with the mournful rustle of the withered leaves, fluttering in the blast: the sky was moonless and starless. Every thing abroad presented an aspect of gloom and desolation. Even those who were gathered in the halls of pleasure, felt saddened by the melancholy sighing of the gust; and a cold, whispered mortality breathed into the hearts of the thoughtless and gay. It was on this night that Manly sat by the dying couch of Anne. Every one is familiar with the rapid progress of disease, when it attacks the votary of intemperance. The burning blood soon withers up the veins; the fountain, itself, becomes dry. Fearfully rapid, in this instance, had been the steps of the destroyer. Here she lay, her frame tortured with the agonies of approaching dissolution, and her spirit strong and clear from the mists that had so long, and so fatally obscured it. She saw herself in that mirror which the hand of truth holds up to the eye of the dying. Memory, which acquires, at that awful moment, such supernatural power, brought before her all the past—the *wasted past*—the *irretrievable past*. Her innocent childhood—her bright and glowing youth; her blasted womanhood, seemed embodied to her eyes. Her father rose from his grave, and standing by her bedside, waving his mournful locks, warned her of her broken oath. Her little infant, with his fair hair dabbled with blood came gliding in its shroud, and accused her of being its murderer. Her husband! As her frenzied spirit called up this last image, she turned her dim eye to him, who was hanging over her couch with a

countenance of such grief and compassion, the dry agony of her despair softened into a gush of remorseful tenderness: "Oh! no—no!" cried she, in difficult accents, "you do not curse me; you live to pardon the wretch who has undone herself and you. Oh! could I live over the past; could I carry back to our bridal the experience of this awful hour, what long years of happiness might be ours?"

The recollection of what she had been—of what she *might have been*—contrasted with what she then was, and with what she still *might be*, was too terrible. Her agonies became wordless. Manly knelt by her side: he sought to soothe her departing spirit by assurances of his own pardon; and to lead her, by penitence and prayer, to the feet of Him, "in whose sight the heavens are not clean." He poured into her soul the experience of his, when he had travelled to the boundaries of the dark valley: his despair—his penitence, and his hopes. He spoke of the mercy that is boundless—the grace that is infinite—till the phantoms, accusing conscience called up, seemed to change their maledictions into prayers for her behalf. Her ravings gradually died away, and she sunk into a troubled sleep.

As Manly gazed upon her features, on which death was already fixing its dim, mysterious impress,—those features whose original beauty was so fearfully marred by the ravages of intemperance,—the waters of time rolled back, and revealed that green, enchanted spot in life's waste, where he was first gilded by her presence. Was that the form whose graceful movements then fascinated his senses; or those the eyes, whose kindling glances had flashed like a glory over his soul? The love, then so idolatrous and impassioned—so long crushed and buried—rose up from the ruins to hallow the vigils of that solemn night.

The morning dawned, but the slumbers of Anne were never to be broken, till the resurrection morn. In the bloom of life—the midst of affluence—with talents created to exalt society, and graces to adorn it; a heart full of warm and generous impulses; a husband as much the object of her pride as of her affections; children, lovely in their innocence, she fell a sacrifice to one brutalising passion. Seldom, indeed, is it that woman, in the higher walks of life, presents such a melancholy example; but were there but *one*, and that one Anne Weston, let her name be revealed, as a beacon, whose warning light should be seen by the daughters of the land.

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Another year glided by. The approach of another autumn, found Manly girded for enterprise. He had marked out a new path, and was about to become a dweller of a young and powerful city, born on one of the mighty rivers of the West. His child could there grow up, unwithered by the associations of her mother's disgrace. Amidst the hopes and anticipations gathering around a new home, in a new land, his own spirit might shake off the memories that oppressed its energies. He was still young. The future might offer something of brightness, to indemnify for the darkness of the past.

He once more sought the native place of his unhappy wife; for his child was there, under the cherishing care of Emily Spencer. He passed that ball-room, in whose illuminated walls his destiny was sealed. The chamber selected for the traveller's resting-place was the one where the prophetic dream had haunted his pillow. His brow was saddened by the gloom of remembrance, when he entered the dwelling-place of his child; but when he saw the bright, beautiful little creature, who sprang into his arms, with spontaneous rapture, and witnessed the emotion that Emily strove vainly to conquer, he felt he was not alone in the world: and the future triumphed over the past. He unfolded all his views, and described the new scenes in which he was soon to become an actor, with reviving eloquence.

"Are you going to carry me there, too, father," said the little girl, whose earnest blue eyes were riveted on his face.

"Are you not willing to go with me, my child? or must I leave you behind?"

"I should like to go, if you will take Emily, but I cannot leave her behind," cried the affectionate child, clinging to that beloved friend, who had devoted herself to her with all a mother's tenderness.

"We will not leave her," exclaimed Manly, a warm glow spreading over his melancholy features, "if she will go with us, and bless our western home."

Emily turned pale, but she did not speak—she could not, if her existence had depended upon it. She was no sickly sentimentalist, but she had ardent affections, though always under the government of upright principles. Her mind was well balanced, and though passion might enter, it was never suffered to gain the ascendancy. From her earliest acquaintance with Manly, she had admired his talents, and respected his character; but the idea of *loving* the husband of her friend, never entered her pure imagination. It was not till she saw him borne down by domestic sorrow, on the bed of sickness, thrown by the neglect of his wife on her tenderness and care, that she felt the danger and depth of her sympathy. The moment she became aware of her involuntary departure from integrity of feeling she fled, and in the tranquillity of her own home, devoted to his child the love she shuddered to think began to flow in an illegitimate channel. That Manly ever cherished any sentiments towards her, warmer than those of esteem and gratitude, she did not believe, but now he came before her, freed by heaven from the shackles that bound him, and duty no longer opposed its barrier to her affections, her heart told her she would follow him to the ends of the earth, and deem its coldest, darkest region, a Paradise, if warmed and illumined by his love! The simplicity of childhood had unveiled the hearts of each to the other. It was not with the romance of his earlier passion that Manly now wooed Emily Spencer to be his wife. It was love, approved by reason, and sanctified by religion. It was the Christian, seeking a fellow labourer in the work of duty; the father, yearning for a mother to watch over an orphan child—the man awakened to the loftiest, holiest purposes of his being.

In a beautiful mansion, looking down on one of the most magnificent landscapes unfolded in

the rich valley of the West, Manly and Emily now reside. All the happiness capable of being enjoyed around the household shrine is theirs—and the only shade that ever dims their brows, is caused by the remembrance of the highly gifted—but ill-fated Anne.

THE HERALD.

BY MRS. HALE.

"Light to the world!" and a herald went forth,
Commissioned by heaven to compass the earth;
He sped o'er the mountains, he traversed the seas,
Unchanged as the rock, untired as the breeze;
The sand-withered deserts in safety he passed,
Nor trembled at robber, nor shrunk from the blast,
But where rose man's dwelling mid sunshine or snows,
On his mission of mercy unfaltering he goes.

The slave hears his tidings and smiles in his chain:
The lost son he sends to his Father again—
No cell is too narrow for him to find room,
He seeks the pale felon, ere borne to his doom,
Like the angel of Hope, by his side will he stay,
And soothe his deep anguish and teach him to pray;
The worn and the weary on him may repose,
And he brings to the mourner a balm for her woes.

All ages, all stations to him are the same,
He flatters no party, he bows to no name,
But *truth* to the highest, or humblest he brings;
In the tent of the warrior, the palace of kings,
This Herald will enter, unawed and alone,
And sin in the hovel, or sin on the throne,
Will feel the rebuke of his heart-searching eye,
Blasting Guilt's pleasures like fire from the sky.

On, on in his course, like a heaven-kindled star!
And his light is diffused o'er the islands afar—
Their idols are scattered, their altars o'erthrown,
And to the poor heathen this Herald is known;
The temple of Budda is bowed by his power,
Time-hallowed Pagodas, like reeds of an hour,
Are rocked to their fall by the breath of his prayer,
As the name of Jehovah he publishes there.

No barrier can stay him, no might can withstand,
The world at his feet, and heaven in his hand!
All climates he'll visit, all languages speak,
All minds he'll enlighten, all fetters he'll break:
His sceptre of wisdom the nations shall sway,
As ocean's vast waters the moonbeams obey,
And by him attracted, man's nature shall rise,
Till the anthem of earth joins the song of the skies.

Ask ye his name, to remember in prayer;
Go, go to your BIBLE and ponder it there:
The Bible! the Bible! what herald so pure—
With precepts so holy, and promises sure;
Jehovah's own servant, commissioned to win,
By the blood of the Saviour, transgressors from sin;
Thou wonder! thou treasure! Oh, who that has heard
Thy voice, can forget thee, thou life-giving word!

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR,

THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF,

A Novelette.

BY MISS LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.

THE clock of St. John's Church was striking twelve as the last carriage rolled away from the door of Mrs. Vernon's residence in the neighbourhood of Hudson Square. The lady and her daughter were leaning, somewhat fatigued, against the cushions of an ottoman, and talking over the events of the evening, which had been devoted to entertaining a small select party, for Mrs. Vernon never gave large ones: the company being invited to meet a southern family from which her late husband received much civility during a winter he had passed in Charleston. One of the cushions having slipped down, Althea in replacing it found an elegant pocket handkerchief, which she immediately recognized as belonging to the Carolinian heiress, Miss Fitzgerald.

"Ah!" exclaimed Althea, who was a very young girl, "I should have known this handkerchief to be Miss Fitzgerald's, even without the name she has had so delicately marked in the centre. I wonder at her carelessness in leaving so valuable a thing behind her. I was with her at Stewart's the other day when she was looking at some that were just opened: and she took six at fifty, and four at eighty dollars a-piece. Do you not recollect, mamma, I told you as soon as I came home?"

"I think I do remember something of Miss Fitzgerald's laying out several hundred dollars in one morning at Stewart's—but I thought it had been for what your uncle Waltham calls gown-stuffs."

"Oh! no indeed, mamma—that would have been nothing extraordinary; Miss Fitzgerald, of course, dresses superbly. It was all for pocket handkerchiefs. I wonder you should forget. But really these southern people must have Aladdin's lamp in circulation among them. The money they spend when they come to the north is almost incredible."

"It is a great mistake," observed Mrs. Vernon, "to suppose that all southern families are rich, or that they universally indulge in a lavish expenditure; on the contrary, many of them are obliged to use very close economy in their visits to our part of the Union. But the wealth of Mr. Fitzgerald is, I believe, unquestionable; and, therefore, it is needless for his daughter to manifest the opulence of the family by throwing away large sums upon gew-gaws."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Althea, "do not call these divine handkerchiefs gew-gaws! Only look at this (spreading it out on her hands) examine the work, and see how exquisite it is—like a delicate bas-relief sculptured by the fingers

of a fairy. You must look at it closely, or you will be unable to appreciate its excellence."

"The work is certainly very fine," conceded Mrs. Vernon, "and the effect so admirable that colour would rather injure than improve it."

"And the design is so beautiful," pursued Althea. "See the peacock's feathers radiating like a star from the centre where their stems cross each other so ingeniously, leaving a space for the owner's name! And the rich border of rose-leaves and buds, with the minuteness of the almost imperceptible thorns on their delicate stalks. And these charming corners—how ingeniously they are turned! And the lovely sprigs thickly scattered between the centre-piece and the border. Then look at the magnificent lace that is quilled round the hem—the ground so fine, and the edge so rich. See, it is genuine Brussels. There, now mamma (placing herself before a pier glass) when I hold the handkerchief bias, gathering it a little beyond the middle, and letting one corner fall gracefully over my hand, the lace has the effect of strings of small white shells meandering about the cambric, and only united to it by transparent wreaths of woven air."

"I cannot see all this, even when you do hold the handkerchief *bias*," said Mrs. Vernon, half smiling, "and you seem to be wasting a great deal of good enthusiasm on a pocket handkerchief."

"Oh, mamma!" replied Althea, "if you would only take it into your own hands, and examine it closely, you would not wonder at my admiration."

"If its beauties are so minute as to be imperceptible without a close inspection," remarked Mrs. Vernon, "it must be a most unsatisfactory piece of finery; for I will not do the thing the injustice to suppose that it is considered otherwise than as a mere ornament."

"And so are ear-rings, mamma, and necklaces, and broaches, and all other articles of jewellery. They, also, are mere ornaments."

"True: and as such I regret that so much money should always be expended on them. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic value of rich jewels, their beauty is well defined, and their lustre visible even at a tolerable distance. It must be acknowledged that the brilliancy of a few rich jewels improves the elegance of a fine head and neck, and sets off the whiteness of a handsome hand. They certainly add much to the splendour of full dress when a lady is of proper age to wear it. Thus, when *grand costume* is considered expedient, a rich satin or velvet is undoubtedly more magnificent than a plain silk. Also, with regard to feathers, flowers and blond, however costly they may be, they still have the advantage of demonstrating at a glance their quality and their beauty, and are really very ornamental. And I confess that lace and fine needle-work make a very pretty show in pelerines, collars and cuffs, particularly when worn with a dark dress. But does a lady look the more beautiful for carrying, gathered up in her hand, a piece of cambric, whose decorations and whose value can neither be perceived nor understood without a close examination. There may be much private felicity in the innate consciousness of having paid an enormous sum for the thing; but I know not how the glories of an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief can be duly manifested to the public, unless the enviable owner should display it to full advantage by pinning it over the front of her dress, spread out as an apron, the price ticketted on one corner. She might, to be sure, affix it to a wand, and carry it as a flag, with the motto, 'See what *I* can afford.' No doubt it would attract many followers to her standard."

"Now indeed, mamma," said Althea, "you are making the subject too ridiculous. But you see that elegant handkerchiefs are becoming universal, at least among all that can possibly procure them. Last* winter I met in the street a lady leading a little girl, about three years old, and to the muff secured to the child's waist by a ribbon, was pinned a handkerchief covered with embroidery, and trimmed with a quilling of broad lace. The handkerchief was so arranged that the whole of it hung down conspicuously from the end of the muff."

"Poor child!" remarked Mrs. Vernon, "an infant sacrifice on the altar of vanity. Every new folly is for awhile epidemic."

"Indeed, mamma," proceeded Althea, "this sort of epidemic is now so prevalent that it seems impossible to resist the contagion; therefore, we may as well yield to it at once, and be like other people. I have long been ashamed of my plain cambric handkerchiefs, fine in texture as they are. And if I had twenty dozen, I would gladly give them all for two or three beautiful things like this of Miss Fitzgerald's."

"I am very sorry to hear you talk so foolishly," replied Mrs. Vernon, "and I regret that this senseless fancy seems to have taken possession of a mind from which (even young as you are) I had hoped better things. Be assured, however, that you cannot prevail on me to gratify this idle longing for embroidered handkerchiefs.

"Just one then, mamma," pleaded Althea, "I will try to be satisfied with a single one, provided it is very elegant, like this."

"Not a single one," replied her mother, "I could not indulge you with such a handkerchief, or indeed with one at fifty or even twenty dollars, unless I withheld from you things more conducive to your real happiness. Your father, it is true, left quite sufficient to enable you and myself to continue living in our accustomed manner, with something to spare occasionally to a few deserving people, whose lot is less fortunate than our own. You should be satisfied at our amply possessing the means of keeping house both genteelly and comfortably, (for those two words are not always synonymous); of entertaining our friends in a liberal and becoming style; of dressing as well as American ladies ought to dress; and of gratifying ourselves with books, prints, music and many other rational pleasures; of seeing whatever is curious in the city; and of occasional excursions to other places. Being in possession of all these enjoyments, (which, however, can only be afforded by observing a due proportion in our various expences, and regulating them with proper consistency) I think, my dear Althea, you may well

* Fact.

dispense with embroidered pocket handkerchiefs."

"But mamma," persisted Althea, "I see very elegant handkerchiefs carried by ladies whose circumstances are certainly far inferior to ours."

"So much the worse," replied her mother, "these ladies must have made very inconvenient and perhaps painful sacrifices to obtain the baubles. But I am amazed, my dear daughter, at your pertinacity on this very foolish subject. Do you not recollect how amused you were in reading Lady Montague's account of her visit to the Sultana Hafiten, when you came to the handkerchiefs or napkins of tiffany beautifully worked in flowers of coloured silk, with which the Turkish princess and herself wiped their hands on washing them after dinner. But Cæsar is waiting to extinguish the last of the lamps. We have had 'something too much of this.' Good night, and give me a kiss, though I do refuse to allow you embroidered *mouchoirs*."

Althea smiled, kissed her mother, and ran to her own apartment, taking with her Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, which she again spread out and surveyed with admiring eyes before she folded it up and put it away.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning our heroine wrapped the handkerchief in India paper, put it into her reticule, and set out to restore it to Miss Fitzgerald, at Mrs. Ranstead's boarding house, in Broadway. There, on seeing Mrs. Ranstead, she found that Mr. Fitzgerald and his daughter had departed at an early hour on the northern tour, as it is called; designing to visit Saratoga, Niagara, and Quebec, and to return through New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

"I thought," said Althea, "they were not going till next week."

"That was their intention," replied Mrs. Ranstead, "but after they came home, last night, they were persuaded to join a very pleasant party from my house, that had decided on setting out this morning."

When Althea went home, she consulted her mother on the expediency of sending the handkerchief after Miss Fitzgerald. But Mrs. Vernon, (aware of the risk of its not reaching the place of destination, as the movements of Miss Fitzgerald and her party were uncertain,) recommended that Althea should take care of it till the return of the owner, adding, "if it were a plain cambric, it would be well to have it washed before restoring it to her."

"Oh! mamma," said Althea, "these exquisitely delicate handkerchiefs should be washed as seldom as possible. No art can ever make washed lace look as well as new, and this is quilled on so elegantly—indeed, as none but a Frenchwoman can quill. It had best remain as it is. I cannot take the responsibility of having any thing done to it that may in the slightest degree impair its freshness and beauty. Besides, as these superb handkerchiefs are never in reality *used*, they will bear a great many carryings in new white gloves before they begin to look in the least soiled or rumpled. There is an art in managing them, as there is an art in wearing an India shawl. See—this handkerchief looks as nicely now as if it had just come out of the store."

"Althea," said her mother, "Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia have been here, while you were out. On Monday they go to Rockaway, for a week or two, and they are very pressing that you and I shall join their family party on this excursion.—But I declined, as you know we shall next week be expected at your uncle Waltham's."

"Oh! dear mamma," exclaimed Althea, "I had much rather go to Rockaway than to New Manchester. I have been repeatedly at New Manchester, and never once at Rockaway: which is certainly very strange, considering that it is but twenty miles from the city. I am really ashamed to acknowledge that I have never yet seen the open ocean. And as to these New Manchester visits, I must say that I have now very little pleasure in them. They are always exactly the same thing. Uncle Waltham has explained to me so often the machinery of his cotton mills, and of all other cotton mills—present, past, and to come, that he only confuses, instead of enlightening me; and the more he explains the less I understand. I supposed I had quite lost his favour, during our last visit, when, after he had been talking to me two or three hours about old-fashioned and new-fashioned machinery, I thought to give him a proof of what he calls an enquiring mind, by asking if the Jennies were the women-spinners, and the Billies the men, and if they all rode to the factories on mules. I hoped, after this, that he would no longer attempt to combat my ignorance, but next day he returned to the charge all the same, and my silly head was again set in a whirl with flyers, and rollers, and double-speeders; all which he gravely assured me were no laughing matters, as, without them, I should not have a gown to my back."

"I am sorry your good uncle has taken so much pains to so little purpose," observed Mrs. Vernon.

"Dear mamma," proceeded Althea, "do not try to look so serious. You know he is no farther my uncle than that his first wife was papa's half-sister."

"Still," said Mrs. Vernon, "as a kind and excellent man, and an old connection of the family, he is entitled to your regard and respect."

"Indeed, mamma, I regard and respect him with all my heart. Yet it is so hard to be a utilitarian before I am out of my teens. *Mais le bon temps viendra*, and I dare say at five-and-twenty I shall quite enjoy New Manchester, and be fully capable of taking a distinguished part in all the improving conversation that is continually progressing between my uncle and his neighbours. For instance, that of Mr. Stratum, the geologist, who comes every afternoon and talks about the old red sand-stone, and the new red sand-stone; and Mr. Grading, who bolts in just after breakfast, with his hands full of newspapers, saying, delightedly, "There's another rail-road out, this morning."

"For shame," said her mother, "to laugh at these valuable men. You know not how much may be learnt by listening to every one on their favourite topics."

"Very true, mamma, but it is so fatiguing

to be kept always on the improve. As to Aunt Waltham, she has no fault but that of expecting every one to be as faultless as herself, and trying to make them so by perpetual admonitions and exhortations. Then her books are all so exceedingly instructive, that I fall asleep with them in my hands, and am at a loss how to answer when she catechises me about their contents. I know it is very wicked in me to say so, but when I was last at aunt Waltham's I absolutely hated Miss Hannah More. Therefore, dear mamma, do let me go to Rockaway."

To be brief, Mrs. Vernon was finally prevailed on to consent, for the first time, to a separation from her giddy daughter; permitting Althea to accompany the Dimsdales to the sea-shore, while she herself made the promised visit to New Manchester.

While Althea was finishing her preparations for the excursion, her eye fell upon Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, as it lay smoothly folded in one of her drawers. She took it up, looked at it again, and wished it hers. "I ought not," thought she, "to trust this handkerchief out of my own possession till I can restore it to Miss Fitzgerald in person. The house may be robbed, in our absence, in spite of Cæsar's vigilance. Somebody may slip in that has false keys. Mrs. Milford's set of emeralds was taken out of her dressing-room bureau, in Waverley Place, when she had the key with her in Canada. And therefore, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' this 'superb article' shall accompany me to Rockaway." So saying, she placed it in her trunk, beneath a pile of her own pocket handkerchiefs.

CHAPTER III.

On Monday, precisely at the appointed hour, Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale, with their daughter Julia, stopped at Mrs. Vernon's door, to convey Althea to Rockaway. It being their first separation, (Mrs. Vernon was to go the following day to New Manchester,) the eyes of both mother and daughter overflowed with tears as they bade each other adieu.

The carriage had crossed the Brooklyn Ferry, and proceeded several miles into Long Island, before our young heroine could rally her spirits so as to bestow due admiration on the beauties of the road; notwithstanding that Mr. Dimsdale assiduously directed her notice to various white frame mansions, whose architecture savoured of the Gothic, with a touch of the Grecian. He also endeavoured to interest her fancy, by pointing out the picturesque scenery of the numerous market-grounds; descanting upon the thick luxuriance of the green and feathery carrot-tops; the broad beet-leaves veined and stalked with red; and the immense purple fruit of the dusky melangina plant; also, the fine clusters of Lima beans, hanging round their lofty poles; and the glossy tufts of vegetable silk bursting from the green sheaths of the Indian corn. By degrees, however, Althea brightened up, shewed a great disposition to be enlightened on the subject of summer and winter squashes; made, of herself, some pertinent remarks on tomatas; and accurately described the difference between cauliflowers and broccoli. To speak seriously, there is, undoubtedly, much real abstract beauty in the aspect of a fine plantation of culinary vegetables; independent of their connection with the enjoyments of the table.

When our little party stopped to rest their horses at the village of Jamaica, they found there the first detachment of an itinerant menagerie, encamped in an open field on the roadside; and, grazing on the green, were two very polite elephants, who at times with their trunks handed to each other select tufts of grass.

While her friends went into the *soi-disant* hotel, and seated themselves in one of the parlours, our heroine, the moment she quitted the carriage ran off, with girlish curiosity, to take a close view of the elephants, one of which was much larger than the other. Almost at the same instant a tilbury drove up to the door, and two young gentlemen alighted, in one of whom Mr. Dimsdale recognized his nephew, Templeton Lansing; and the other was introduced by Lansing as his friend Mr. Selfridge, lately returned from Canton. They had been passing a day or two at Rockaway, and were now on their way back to New York.

"Where is Althea Vernon?" enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! mamma!" replied Julia, looking out at the window, "yonder she is, close to those tremendous elephants, and actually stooping down to examine the ends of their trunks, which they are winding and waving about in the most frightful manner."

"I see," said Mr. Dimsdale, smiling, "that curiosity, in women, is even stronger than fear."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimsdale, "do, somebody, run out and bring Miss Vernon away. It terrifies me to see her so near those monstrous creatures. Mr. Dimsdale, you must not go. I meant the young gentlemen."

"There is no danger, my dear," observed Mr. Dimsdale, "the elephants are perfectly docile.'

"Perhaps so," replied his wife, laying her hand on his arm; "but the head of a family cannot be too safe."

Wyndham Selfridge, at the first intimation, had set off to rescue the young lady, followed by his companion, whose speed he rapidly outstripped, as Lansing stopped a few moments to give some directions to the ostler. When Selfridge reached the spot, Althea was still bending down, intent on the manner in which the elephants plucked up the grass with their trunks and conveyed it to their mouths; and it was not till he addressed her by name, that she was aware of his presence. Althea started, and hastily raised her head: her bonnet falling back gave him a full view of one of the prettiest faces he had ever seen, and at that moment he became a convert to the belief in love at first sight. Selfridge was a very handsome young man, and Althea blushed beneath his gaze as she eagerly adjusted her bonnet.

"Excuse me, Miss Vernon," said Selfridge, "I am commissioned by Mrs. Dimsdale to rescue you from all possibility of danger, by bringing you away from the vicinity of these animals, whose enormous size and immense power are almost enough to shake the confidence of a young lady in the placidity of their dispositions."

Atthis moment, Templeton Lansing came up,

and introduced Miss Vernon to Mr. Selfridge. Then, putting her arm within his own, he conducted her towards the inn, his friend walking on her other side.

"Were you not afraid, Miss Vernon," said Lansing, to approach so near those stupendous creatures?"

"Not in the least," replied Althea, "or I should not have done so. The elephant, I believe is one of the most amiable, as well as the most intelligent of quadrupeds, seeming perfectly aware that though 'it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is villainous to use it as a giant.'"

"A fine girl!" thought Selfridge. "Sense—energy—knowledge of Shakspeare; and, withal, so extremely beautiful."

By the time they entered the parlour, where the Dimsdales were awaiting them, Selfridge regretted exceedingly that he was on his way to the city, and had serious thoughts of proposing to his companion to turn back and accompany the party to Rockaway. His eyes sparkled when this was actually suggested by Mrs. Dimsdale; her husband reminding Lansing that it was now the dull season in Pearl street, and that his partner was fully competent to superintend business. As to Selfridge, he was, just now, quite at leisure, not having yet determined, since his recent return from China, whether he should establish himself in New York, or in his native place, Boston. Finally, it *was* arranged that the two young men should go back to Rockaway.

Having partaken of a little collation, and rested the horses, the ladies and Mr. Dimsdale resumed their seats in the carriage; the young gentlemen preceding them in the tilbury, where Selfridge was unusually silent and abstracted, not hearing the half that was addressed to him by his companion, and giving vague and unconnected replies.

"See that squirrel running along the fence," said Lansing, pointing with his whip.

"Is she intimate with your cousin, Miss Dimsdale?" enquired Selfridge.

"I suppose you are talking of Miss Vernon," replied Lansing. "Yes, I believe so—I think they were school-mates. I have met Miss Vernon several times at my aunt Dimsdale's, and I have an indistinct recollection of having danced with her somewhere."

"Insensible fellow!" exclaimed Selfridge, "to have any doubts on such a subject."

"Are you going to fall in love with Miss Vernon?" asked Lansing.

"Yes—I have begun already."

"Let me counsel you," resumed Lansing, "to keep your love to yourself, till you have had time to become well acquainted with the lady. Do not—by a boyish precipitancy, unworthy a man of six-and-twenty—involve yourself in an engagement with a young girl whom you may afterwards find incompetent to ensure your happiness in married life. I confess that appearances are highly in favour of Miss Vernon; but still she may be in reality as frivolous and heartless as little Rosa Fielding, who, after tantalizing me a whole year, married the fine house and fine equipage of old Gumbledon, who is fat, gouty, deaf, and aged sixty-five. Then there was my first love, the elegant Eugenia Beaumont, whom I thought the most refined and the most intellectual of her sex: did she not jilt me for a rich vulgarian, that told her he never saw nobody half so good looking, and promised to take her on the grand tower, and give her plenty of diamonds, and have her represented (as he called it) at all the courts in Europe. Depend upon it, Selfridge, every woman is a paradox. All my experience of them goes to prove that they are only consistent in inconsistency."

"So are men," replied Selfridge; "but let us change the subject. Do you see that flock of white cranes, rising together from yonder salt-marsh?"

In the mean time, the travellers in the carriage proceeded on their way; and Althea Vernon, who had heard much of the distinguishing features of the sea-coast expected to find the face of the country wild, arid, and rocky, with no vegetation but a little coarse and scanty grass, and a few bent and stunted pines. But in this part of Long Island the land was very productive, and in good cultivation; and the trees numerous, tall, and of such varieties as denoted a fertile soil. At length they were apprized of the vicinity of the ocean by the appearance of a distant vessel, beyond an opening in the woods; and soon a mast, a sail, and a flag, glancing behind the trees, were objects of frequent recurrence. Still the vegetation continued fine, and the ground level, with not a stone to be seen; and Mr. Dimsdale facetiously informed Althea that the place was called Rockaway because all the rocks were away from it.

The twilight was now gathering round them; the sea-air blew fresh and chilly, and the ladies drew down their veils, and wrapped their shawls more closely. The lights in the returning fishing-boats gleamed upon the dark expanse of the ocean, and the roar of the surf was distinctly heard. They passed a few small white houses, whose windows were bright with their cheerful evening fires: and in a few minutes our heroine and her friends arrived at the lofty portico of the Marine Hotel, where Lansing and Selfridge were waiting to receive them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RECOLLECTIONS;

AS CAUGHT FROM A SPIRIT'S STORY.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

He told of other hearts—a mother's love!
Changeless; and stronger than the grasp of death
A passion holy as its home above,
And mingling with each hush'd and anxious breath,
A mother's love! to nought on earth allied,
To draw its wond'rous fervor from its fount—
Still holier and deeper as 'tis tried—
On wings that never weary, taught to mount;
Of that repressless power, earth's hate and scorn
But lift to loftier tone, when other hopes are gone!

II.

A mother's love! that through the heaving deep—
The ocean of existence, unconfined,
Its flowing on and upward still will keep—
That unsubdued expansion of the mind!
Like Arethusa's fabled fount of old,
That through the cavern'd earth and ocean sea
Led up its waters, still as clear and cold,
And as unmingled in their purity,
As when they startled from their deep repose,
And from the unfathomed chaos of the waves arose!

III.

Then Hate a history unveil'd. He told
Of two whose hearts grew callous with their years,
Touch'd by that madd'ning malady of gold,
That while it desecrates, the spirit sears;
And they were brothers—but the murky cloud
That veil'd each heart, like gloom of Erebus,
Hung o'er their prayerless household as a shroud,
Blighting their sad existence like a curse,
Till, scorning mercy, they were left to die,
With malediction's curling lip, and flashing eye!

IV.

And Persecution, with its sword and brand,
He pictured in his story—fiend of wrath,
That with a festering heart and bigot hand,
Swept through an empire on its bloody path,
Mask'd as Religion—with fanatic voice,
It summon'd armies in its deadly wake,
'Neath Inquisition's banners did rejoice,
And strode exulting round the pile and stake—
Changing God's temple to a very tomb,
And worship for a jubilee of grief and gloom.

V

I ponder'd as I listen'd to the tale
Of Hatred and of Vengeance, till I thought,
Beneath their ban how many brows grew pale,
That, but for them, the fight of Faith well fought,
Had brighten'd as they pass'd into the sky!
How many brothers hands, alas! were stained
With the dim plague-spots of malignity,
That, as their stifled sympathies had wan'd
Grew darker and yet deeper, till they spread,
Over the whole, like black corruption o'er the dead!

—●—

Dew is the condensation of watery vapour upon the surface of a condensing body or substance. Clouds and fogs are watery particles which are condensed while floating in the atmosphere, where they continue to float till precipitated, or again dissolved. If by the concentration of these particles, or by additional condensation, their weight be increased beyond that which the extent of their surface can sustain, they then descend in the form of rain. The formation of clouds and fogs, dews and rain, is therefore essentially the same, the latter being but the continuation or extension of the same process which produced the former.

Sulphate of soda is Glauber salts.

†

ORMOND GROSVENOR.*

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

Characters.

ORMOND GROSVENOR, protegé of Col. Hayne, and Grandson of the Earl of Rochdale.
COL. HAYNE, an officer in the American Army.
LORD RAWDON, Commander of the British troops in South Carolina.
COL. BALFOUR, a British officer.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, Agent of the Earl of Rochdale.
SULLIVAN, a Bostonian, and friend of Grosvenor.
GEN. MARION, the South Carolinian Patriot.
LIVINGSTON, HOLMES, } friends of Hayne, and Patriots.
EDWARD, son of Col. Hayne, 12 years old.
TRASK, a New England volunteer.
KINLOCK, SIMMONS, } Riflemen in Marion's troop.
MURRAY, an English soldier, and agent of Col. Balfour.
GOALER, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS.

MRS. RUTLEDGE, wife of an exiled patriot, and sister-in-law of Col. Hayne.
JULIA, sister of Ormond Grosvenor.
CALISTA, daughter of Mrs. Rutledge.
Children of Col. Hayne.

Scene—the City of Charleston—afterwards the country and camp of Marion.

ACT I.

Scene—a Street in the city of Charleston. Time—night.

[*Enter Trask, stealthily, followed by Sullivan.*]

Trask. This way; keep in the shadow of the street; We'll soon be out of danger:
Sullivan. Are you sure Our steps have not been watched? I would not care, But Julia's brother must not be discovered. You say that search is making through the city?
Trask. Ay, that's the rumour. Rawdon, as I hear, Has offered largely if he may but find Where Grosvenor harbours; and it is presumed, That, dead or living, he will soon be seized,
Sullivan. Not while I hold my sword. Let me but join him— The pistols are in order.
Trask. Excellent. But how can two maintain the deadly strife Against a host? There is no hope, no chance, And if you're taken, breaking your parole—
Sullivan. Oh! never count the chances of defeat— In a good cause, for country or for friend, Do battle with the world. My dearest friend Is now in peril. Never talk to me Of danger—prudence—'tis the tories' cant.
Trask. True; but a soldier's honor; his parole—
Sullivan. Is sacred, and I've kept it. Rawdon, thanks, Thy violated pledge has set us free. He broke the compact, forcing us to join The strife against our country. He shall find 'Tis death to take the lion by the beard, Though hunted to his den.
Trask. But pray remember Your feeble health; 't will screen you from the service.

* This drama was written to illustrate the spirit of the American Revolution; or the struggle between the principles of civil Liberty—then first developing their power in this country—and the prescriptive privileges of aristocratic domination in the old world.

Sullivan. Away! I am ashamed New England's son
Should bear such shuffling heart. 'Tis true my strength
Accords not with the spirit of my mind,
Or instantly I'd join bold Marion's band—
Heavens! how my heart thrills while I speak his name:
Defender of his country! Freeman! Patriot!
How glorious are those titles when deserved:
They lift the soul above the frowns of fate;
Or give it strength to wrestle with the storm;
As the firm-rooted oak, whose sheltering arms
Protects the fragile plants that flourish near.
I tell thee, were it mine to choose my rank,
I'd sooner wear those titles, nobly won,
Than be born sovereign of a world of slaves.
There's nothing great but noble deeds; nor good,
Save virtues that adorn and bless mankind.
We live not till we take the happiness
Of others in our estimate of life;
O, Marion feels life's energy, its scope:
And measureless, as Freedom's blessings flow,
He pours the tide of his benevolence.
The wrongs of his insulted, wasted land,
The sufferings of his countrymen—'tis these
That nerve his arm; no selfish passion stirs.
And is he not a true philanthropist,
Who hazards poverty, and wounds, and death,
To serve his fellow men? I'll join him soon.

Trask. I'll bear your company; and glad to hear
That I may go with honor. Thank you, sir,
Your argument was lawyer like; I wish
Your father could have heard its eloquence,
'Twas so much like his own. But all your race
Are gifted with choice phrases, and smooth speech.
Hark! the alarm is given. Fly! follow me.

[*A noise within; firing, alarms. Trask and Sullivan rush out just as a number of British soldiers are entering by the opposite door.*]

SCENE II.

[*An apartment in the house of Mrs. Rutledge. Mrs. Rutledge standing in a mournful attitude beside a table, with a miniature in her hand.*]

Mrs. Rutledge. It is the same: and such a smile he wore
When on our nuptial morn he gave me this.
How short the time; it seems but yesterday;
As fancy brings the gay and glowing scene,
Bright hours of love, of hope, and happiness.
Why must stern terror raise his fierce rebuke,
And say that all have fled? 'Tis even so.
The long, long days of sorrow lay their chain
Heavy with doubt and dread upon my soul;
And I must drag the weary burden on.
O, could I see the end, and know the aim
Which these accumulated woes will bear
Upon my country's destiny—I'd bow,
If 'twere for good, and welcome every pang.
But thus to suffer, and, perhaps in vain.
O, my loved husband! are thy sufferings vain,
Thy sacrifices vain! Forbid it, Heaven,

[*Enter Calista in haste, with an open letter.*]

Calista. Mother! my dear mother—

Mrs. Rutledge. My child, Calista—
Why fright me thus? your cheek is pale, you tremble,
I thought, my love, our hearts were bankrupt now,
And feeling's tribute we no more could pay:
That grief, and fear, and horror would pass by,
Like known and common things. What would you tell?

Calista. Here is—a letter—from the British chief.

Mrs. Rutledge. What seeks he now? the murderer; tyrant, ha!
I have no more a husband and a brother,
Whose blood or banishment might glut his rage.

Calista. My dearest mother, do not be alarmed.
Now let me take the picture. 'Tis my father.
How calm he looks! he bade us, too, be calm,
And hope, and pray.

Mrs. Rutledge. And we will pray, Calista,
God of the perishing, we cry to thee.
O, make thy red right arm our strong defence,
Nor let oppression triumph! O, my heart
Is swelled to bursting, and my tears must flow.
I would not murmur at the bitterest cup,
Heaven's kindness, for my trial, might appoint;
But miseries heaped by men, by scoffing foes—
Oh, these are adder-tongued, and sting the soul
Till patience seems a sin. And yet Calista,
We must be calm. Now let me see the letter.
I well remember your dear father's words,
His last injunction, ay, the smile he wore;
He would not that the enemy should know
A triumph o'er his mind; and so he went,
An exile, as on pleasant journey bound,
And with the farewell kiss no words he spake,
Save these, 'be calm and pray.'

Calista. We have much need
To reason now in calmness—we are tried.
The British chief another victim seeks,
And on the martyred Hayne would doubly wreak
Revenge and death! and he would bribe our hands
To deal the wound.

Mrs. Rutledge. What, we wound Hayne? my friend,
Your father's friend! our brother, too! Could he
Insult us thus? What does he say? the letter.

Calista. Rawdon, it seems, has gathered from his spies
That Ormond Grosvenor is within the city,
And here—my mother, what could make him judge
So meanly of our souls, that he would bribe
The traitor's part from us? but here he offers
If we with Ormond will persuasion use
To yield himself, no evil shall befall him.
And the commisioners shall be instructed
To spare the forfeit of our fair estate.
The forfeit! O, this fiend of wealth that gives
The gloss of happiness to outward show,
Yet fills the heart with poverty and baseness.

Mrs. Rutledge. I do not comprehend—but let me read.
Ah, here it is explained: and this I knew.
Calista, it is time you, too, should know—
Young Grosvenor is the heir of titled splendor,
'Tis to restore him to his rank and lineage
Lord Rawdon seeks him now.

Calista. Rank and title!
How should the kinsman of my uncle Hayne
Be heir to rank? And Julia, is she, too,
Of noble lineage! She is Ormond's sister?

Mrs. Rutledge. Ay, both were children of a British lady.
Poor creature, she died broken-hearted, cursed
By her own father.

Calista O, what crime deserved
An earthly punishment so horrible?

Mrs. Rutledge. Ask you what crime deserved a father's curse?
It was humility, a love that stooped
Beneath her rank, and wedded a poor man.

Calista. And worthless—was he not?

Mrs. Rutledge. Oh, no—his mind
Was a pure fountain of the loftiest thought,
Where Truth might see her image undefiled;
And if the high-souled ardor that would dare
All perils, penalties at honor's call,
And the rich virtues of the heart had power
To stamp the patent of nobility,
He had taken precedence in princely halls.
But he was poor, and lowly-born, and lived
Where merit must be heralded by birth,
Or bought with gold.

Calista. And yet he was beloved.

Mrs. Rutledge. He was, and loved in such sincerity
As rank and wealth might never yet obtain;
And by a peerless beauty; an only child,
The Earl of Hochdale's daughter. I have seen
Many a lovely woman, never one
So fair, even in her faded loveliness,
As this sweet victim of a father's pride.

Calista. And yet she died! The loveliest must die.

Mrs. Rutledge. Yes, in this city, in this house she died.
Driven from her father's door, denied the alms
Bestowed on lying beggars; her husband seized
For a paltry debt, incurred to save his wife
And son, their little Ormond, from the famine,
Which pines unheeded in that land of lords,
Where luxury laughs loud, and drowns the groans
Despairing sorrow heaves; and bloated wealth
Treads down the poor, as they were only made
To toil and die.

Calista. They are called Christians.
Can such do this? Or does the love of gold
Make all men Jews in spirit? Imprisoned
Was he?

Mrs. Rutledge. He was; and there he must have died,
Had not the generous Hayne, in London then,
Redeemed him, paid the debt, and brought him here,
With his wife and son, and made them share
His fortune. Ah, he was a generous man!
When such are rich it seems as angels reigned;
But there are sorrows angels cannot soothe,
Such were the elder Grosvenor's. He had felt
That withering grief, which eats into the soul—
The consciousness of injuring her he loved.
O, the deep sickness of the wounded mind!
Self-torturing, self-consuming!—it is dreadful!

Calista. Did he die too?

Mrs. Rutledge. He did—and such a death!
When I recall the mournful tragedy,
The deep, sad scenes which passed without a show,
I feel how impotent is earthly justice.
'Tis only trust in heaven that can reconcile
Such dark, mysterious passages of life.
Two noble-hearted beings sacrificed
On the vile altar of unholy pride.

Calista. How did they bear their fate?

Mrs. Rutledge. With tender patience;
Each sorrowing for the other, and alone
Feeling the wound that pierced the one beloved.
O, night and day the gentle lady hung
O'er her sick husband's couch: and she would smile,
Wiping the clammy drops from off his brow,
And pass her slender fingers through his hair,
As 'twere in playfulness, and in soft tones,
Beguiling as the melody of heaven,
Would talk of his recovery, and of hopes,
And happiness in store; and he'd smile too.
But when he slumbered came her agony.
Then on his sunken features she would gaze,
And then go forth, and wring her hands and weep.
'Tis a sad sight to watch the breaking heart—
It almost broke my own.

Calista. O, could there not
Be found some remedy? You surely tried.

Mrs. Rutledge. All, every thing, Calista, was essayed
That skill and anxious friendship could devise,
That love and prayer might urge; all was in vain.

Calista. How did she bear his death?

Mrs. Rutledge. They died together:
On the self-same day. She was not left alone.
That favor to their constancy was granted.
They were one in death! I would that the old Lord,
Her father, could have seen them as they lay
Shrouded in death's cold beauty; 't was a sight
To call forth tears from stones.

Calista. Julia was then
An helpless infant?

Mrs. Rutledge. Ay, orphaned at her birth.
Poor little Julia! well she never knew
The clouds of sorrow that hung o'er her morn,
The tears that bathed her infant brow: it seemed
As though she were baptized the child of grief.
I feared 'twas ominous, yet she has been
A gay, sweet-tempered one; and ne'er till now
Has felt affliction.

Calista. Does not Ormond know
His kindred, and his country? does he deem
My uncle his relation?

Mrs. Rutledge. Not so—the boy
Had the quick instinct of a passionate heart,
And such learn sorrow's lesson all too soon;
The feelings are prompt tutors. His young soul
Brooded o'er all the tears his mother shed,
And when they died, father and mother died,
It seemed the mountain load of all their griefs
And all their wrongs had been transferred to him.
And long and painfully my heart was tried
By the poor pining boy.

Calista. Did he fall sick?

Mrs. Rutledge At heart, stricken sorely, and at times he'd show
A temper fierce and stubborn, as if he were
Wrestling for strength to meet some dreaded foe;
And then in uncomplaining sadness sit
The live-long day. He never told his thoughts:
But since that time I look on childhood's sports,
And bless their joyousness, and pray that ne'er
The shadow of our woes may hide their sun.

Calista. Oh! could he not be comforted? be soothed?
I would have told him all those cruel men,
Who wronged his father, would be left of God
To sin and desolation; and that he
Would yet be blessed, and happy, and—beloved.

Mrs. Rutledge. He would not hear it. Hayne essayed the task
In tenderest words, 'twas as a sword had pierced
A cankering wound. It seems as now I heard
His shriek of agony. Poor child, he begged us
Never to name his country or his kindred;
And from that hour they never have been named.
But now I must break through this long restraint,

Calista. (in alarm) You will not give the letter—

Mrs. Rutledge. Indeed I must.
Grosvenor shall know the high estate which waits him;
'T would not be wond'rous should he prize it now.
Titles and wealth have many syren charms;
The soul that can withstand them will deserve——

Calista. What? my dear mother.

Mrs. Rutledge. Our confidence.

[*Exit Mrs. Rutledge.*

Calista, (alone.) My mother thinks I love him. 'Tis not so.
We always have been friends, were playmates, too.
I love him as a friend, a cousin. But
No other love. Will he go? My mother seemed
To think he might be dazzled with a title.
He'll be called 'Lord!' I'd rather have him 'Ormond.'
What charm has greatness when there is no heart
That shares our sympathy? What worth has gold,
Unless it purchase blessings for our friends?
He has no friends in England—none; not one.
But here—O, Freedom's children all are friends;
He will not go.

[*Exit Calista.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An apartment in Hayne's house.

[*Enter Julia, in agitation, Mrs. Rutledge, and Calista following.*]

Julia. Yes, I will go, and kneel, and weep, and pray—
'Twill be no acting, ours is real grief;
The little children too. You do not think
Our suit can be denied when thus 'tis urged.

Calista. Never—unless their bosoms are of flint.

Mrs. Rutledge. O, war is cruel hearted: and the man
Who in the private walks of life was kind,
Even to the nursing mother's tender fears;
Who started at a funeral knell, and walked
With slow, sad step, and sympathizing eye,
When the hearse past with one he never knew—

Why he, when war's stern strength is on his soul,
Will stalk in apathy o'er slaughtered friends,
Counting the dead and dying, as their loss
Were all computed by the numbers slain.
I fear, I fear; but yet we must not shrink,
Nor leave untried, one means that breathes of hope.
Were Ormond here——
Julia. He could do nothing.
Blessed be heaven, he is not here to suffer;
His frank, proud heart would spurn all supplication,
He would defy the Briton, and would fall
Beneath his vengeance. Yes! I thank my God
That Grosvenor has escaped.

(A knocking is heard at the door. They listen in silence and consternation. The knocking is resumed, and a voice asks admittance.)

Mrs. Rutledge. Who can it be?
Julia, rushing to the door. 'Tis he! O, mercy! 'tis my brother's voice.
[*She opens the door—Grosvenor and Sullivan enter.*]
O, Ormond! you are lost. Lord Rawdon's spies
Are in pursuit. Where will you fly? where hide?
Grosvenor. Let them come on, an army if they list—
I do not fly while *he* remains in fetters.
When is his hour of doom?
Julia. To-morrow—morning—
At the seventh hour. My brother, is there hope?
Or do you rashly throw your life away?
How can you succour him?
Grosvenor. I know not, Julia.
But stern resolve shall point the destined way.
There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer every hazard.
The fearful are the failing. Even now
A hope, that, when I came within the city,
I had not counted, dawns upon my soul.
I go to prove its promise.
Julia. Stay, brother!
Calista. Ormond, stay——
Mrs Rutledge. A moment to your friends—
We have prepared one trial more to move
The heart of Rawdon, and it must prevail.
In mourning robes the children are arrayed—
Poor things! they well may mourn. And they shall go,
With Julia and myself, and we will kneel——
Grosvenor. Kneel to the whirlwind when it sweeps in fury!
Kneel to the ocean when an earthquake heaves it!
Kneel to the starving tiger! brutes may listen,
The elements be moved at pity's pleading,
As easy as the chafed and ruthless tyrant.
No—Rawdon thirsts for blood, and he shall have it.
I go to offer up my own—my hope
Rests on the eagerness I hear he shows
To hunt me out. Sister, friends, farewell.
Julia. Brother, stay! Let us go first. We'll plead—
His life and your's at stake—oh, we will plead!
We will not be denied. Calista, Sullivan,
Will ye not stay my brother, till we've tried
To melt the tyrant's heart? till Rawdon hears us?
Mrs. Rutledge. Julia, forbear; give me a moment's converse—
I have a secret, Ormond, for thine ear.

(Mrs. Rutledge shows Grosvenor the letter.)

Julia, to Sullivan. Why should the rage of Rawdon be directed
To crush my brother? He hath not taken arms:
'Tis true his speech is bitter, and his hate
Of our oppressors has been hotly spoken—
Can these wild words, the agony of spirit,
Wrung from him when he learned the awful doom
Which threatened our kind guardian, our best friend,
Can these be deemed a crime deserving death?
Sullivan. It is a mystery, but rest assured
Thy brother shall not perish unrevenged.
Julia. Ay, that is man's reliance: he'll revenge:
And so he braces up his mind to bear.
But we have softer natures, and the dart
That thrills a human bosom gives us pain—
I never see a wounded enemy,
Or hear of foe slain on the battle field,
But I bethink me of his pleasant home,
And how his mother and his sisters watch
The tidings from America. Poor souls!
I've often wept to think how they must weep.
Now I have sorrows, and it seems as though
No heart shared mine.
Sullivan, [*taking her hand*]. O, did I dare to breathe
The feelings of my soul! Command my sword,
My life. What shall I do to give you comfort?
Mrs. Rutledge, [*coming forward.*] Ormond has been persuaded. He will wait
Till we have made petition. Come away.
The time is waning, and each numbered hour
Seems shorter, as the term of all draws nigh.
And thus 'twould be with life, its limit known:
'Tis a kind shroud that veils futurity,
And lets us live in hopes of better days.
Even now that hope sustains me. Julia, come.
[*Exit Mrs. Rutledge, Julia, and Calista.*
Sullivan, [*following.*] Can I not aid you in this pious duty?
I would Lord Rawdon were beneath my sword!
He should be humble, ay, and learn to plead
Till mercy's voice were welcome to his ear.
The lesson learned he would not soon forget.
The proud and prosperous little reek of mercy.
[*Exit Sullivan*

Grosvenor. (*alone—Lord Rawdon's letter in his hand.*) Wealth, and titled grandeur, and the homage
The world accords to those who tread life's path,
As they were privileged to hold the way,
(Because, forsooth, their fathers had a name,)
And thrust with scorn each newer race aside:
(Base world, man's merit is not in his name;)
Why, these distinctions wait upon my will.
I have had dreams of greatness—glorious dreams,
How I would play the lord—how I would spurn
The littleness of that false pride which seeks
To build on fictious honors its renown:
How I would lend my influence to suppress
The haughtiness of pedigree, and teach
That *brain*, not *blood*, is test of noble birth.
What is so noble as a mind endowed
With high capacities and virtuous aims?
And these are Nature's gifts, and Culture's fruits,
Bestowed, acquired, in every rank and age.
The ruffian warriors of the olden times
Boisterous as winter, and with minds as hard
And barren as the frozen wilderness,—
Did such as these possess exclusive right
To patent Nature for nobility?
And to their silly, sinning offspring grant
A perpetuity of dignities
To the end of time? a charter of that power
Which only should be placed in hands that wield
The public destinies for public good;
And a monopoly of fame and praise,
Which talents and true nobleness should gain?
O, foolish men! because your fathers bowed
To a vile idol, must ye still fall down
And deem the clod they worshipped is divine?
I would not join this throng; I would not be
A common bubble on a common stream.
I meant to spurn the trappings of that rank,
I knew would sometime wait me, and assert
The dignity of free and fearless man,
Holding his title by the gift of God—
And rendering homage only at His throne.
But Hayne shall not be sacrificed—my pride,
My mother's wrongs and sufferings—and the deep
And branding insults which my father bore,
Oh, these I must forego—but not forget.
I'll think no more. My fancy brings such scenes
As shake my soul—yet they shall not subdue.
'Tis a hard task to curb the angry spirit—
To smile on those we scorn, speak villains fair,
And be the sycophant we have abhorred:
And yet, my benefactor shall be saved
At any price, save that of—self-dishonor.
[*Exit Grosvenor.*

SCENE II.

(Lord Rawdon's quarters in the city. A splendid apartment. Lord Rawdon, Colonel Balfour, and Sir Robert Stanley sitting round a dinner table. Cloth removed, and table covered with bottles, glasses, &c.

Rawdon. Come, fill your glasses up, and let us drink
Confusion to the Rebels. Would their chief
Were now within my grasp, I'd send his soul—
To hell, to-morrow—with the dastard Hayne.
Traitors are always cowards.
Stanley. Nay, my lord,
Disparage not your own right noble deeds.
Contemning thus the foe. 'Tis true they lack
The dignity of courage, that belongs
To those who wield the sword for majesty.
The lofty honor of a king can throw
A lustre round the meanest loyal name,
That fights beneath his banners. Yet these men
Have shown what they might be, were they but trained,
And taught their duty: witness Bunker Hill,
And Saratoga, and Fort Moultrie, held
'Gainst fearful odds. Such deeds as these would gain,
In the right cause, the praise of Spartan valor.
Balfour. Ay, true—they did fight then—but that was nought
Save selfish instinct that a slave might feel
To shield his own poor pittance. They have been
So long indulged, and freed from all restraints,
That the immunities, our gracious kings
Were pleased to grant for their encouragement,
They have th' effrontery to claim as rights:
And so they battle for a paltry tax,
Just as a boor would fight to save his shed.
'Tis plain such narrow feelings must produce
A policy as mean in public acts.
Rawdon. And thus we find they have no sentiments
In unison. No bond save selfish aims.
Balfour. And we must treat them as we would a band
Of lawless depredators; make them fear,
Each for himself, and thus dissolve their Union,
And show their patriotic boasts are smoke.
Let power but rise, as the wind sweeps in wrath,
The mass like vapours will dissolve and scatter,
And England's sway more firmly will be fixed;
As conquered, not as colonists, we'll treat
Their last submission.
Stanley. Well, I may be wrong—
But still I feel that British clemency,
So long our boast, should not be cancelled now.
I know they're rebels, and I grant they've sinned,
But 'tis in Freedom's name—and we should pause,
Lest trampling out our brother's light, we crush
The flame by which we walk in our own land.
Rawdon These men deserve no favor. They are stubborn,
Stiff-necked as Israel, and for cunning wiles,
The Greeks before old Troy, compared with Yankees,
Were as Parolles to Bertram. I hate them—
I'll humble their proud hearts—I have already—
They've plead for Hayne: even ladies fair have deigned
To send their names to move me. Let them send
The names of all the angels, I care not;
He dies to-morrow.

(Enter Servant)

Servant. Some ladies desire admittance to your lordship.
Rawdon. I'll not admit them. More pleading fools, I trow,
To beg again for the vile traitor's pardon.
Stanley. 'Twould please me much to see them. I have heard
That Carolina's dames are passing fair:
And doubtless they have sent their fairest here,
That is, if they are shrewd as you report them,
They know the magic of a melting eye,
Dissolving in soft pity's lustrous light,
The wooing of the tender tone in prayer,
Breathed from soft lips that seem to hesitate,
As conscious their own loveliness is speech.
And then the clasped white hand, and drooping head,
And heaving bosom, and the tremulous sigh—
Beshrew me, Rawdon, I would scarce refuse
Such lovely pleader, should she come to ask
The rendering up my friends to death—much less
When 'tis to spare her own she brings her suit.
Rawdon. Stanley, you do not know this rebel race.
Why this same drooping damsel you depict,
Will emulate the Roman's haughtiest style,
And prate of liberty—and place the sword
In her rebel lover's hand, and bid him fight,
And lavish all her smiles to cheer his heart.
Balfour. But on our honorable corps she'll turn
The glance of cool contempt, and pass us by,
Curling her pretty lip in high disdain,
As we were all unworthy to be named.
Rawdon. By heaven! it has rejoiced my heart to see
How these same haughty dames have been subdued,
And when they kneel and plead—then I repay
Their scorn with interest. But you shall find
How I can play the avenger. Let them come in.

[Exit Servant.

[Enter Mrs. Rutledge, followed by Edward Hayne, a boy of 12 years, and his three little sisters, hand in hand,—then Julia with Hayne's youngest child, an infant of two years, in her arms—all clad in mourning.]

Mrs. Rutledge. Lord Rawdon.
Rawdon. I am he:

(The children and Julia kneel before him.)

Edward Spare my father!
Little Girls. My father—my dear father. O, spare my father!
Julia. I kneel with one who cannot speak his suit.
Look on this innocent suppliant, my lord,—
See how he smiles, unconscious of the fate
That threatens his dear father. Do not tear
From this sweet child his only stay—his mother is dead.
O, let our prayers and tears prevail, and grant
The father to his children—so when death
Shall lay his cold hand on thy sinking frame,
The thought of this kind mercy will sustain
Thy heart to meet the Judge, who bids forgive,
And we shall be forgiven. In that dread hour
Our blessings, like sweet incense, will arise,
Our thanks will seem a melody, a light,
Shedding upon thy soul the hopes of heaven.
Rawdon I had presumed my fixed resolve was known,
And that no further efforts would be made
To change what is determined, and shall be.
Let those who fear the spray the torrent flings
Retrace their steps—I cross the stream, howe'er
Its brawling may disturb me, Know the man,
For whom you plead, has been adjudged to die?
His crimes, rebellion, treason, well deserve
The sentence, and the majesty of law
Shall have its victim. He dies—the traitor!
Edward, (starting up.) My father is no traitor—he is good—
I wish all men were so. He only sought
To serve his country: and I would fight, too,
Had I a sword. He is no traitor!—*(menacingly.)*
Rawdon, (turning to Stanley) There, see the spirit of this mutiny.
It has pervaded, poisoned all the land:
Old men and children, and the women, too,
Are traitors, and his majesty may deem
We take no note, when we forbear to punish.
Leave me—your prayer accords not with my duty.
Mrs. Rutledge. Had you a father? Were you e'er a child?
A little helpless innocent, who clung
When danger threatened, to a mother's breast,
Secure, that there was shelter? O, what shield
Like parent's love to guard the child from harm?
And will you rend the last defence away

From these poor infants? on their tender heads
Pour out the vials of war's wrath, and turn
Their rising sun to blood? Art thou a man?
Then show humanity. Wouldst be a hero?
Then conquer minds by mercy, and thy name
Will live in grateful and admiring hearts
When marble monuments are dust. O, say
That Hayne may live!

Rawdon. Pardon me, madam, his life
Is forfeit, and the example must be made.
Rebellion thrives by mercy. I must try
If wholesome discipline has any terrors.
Your people shall be taught the majesty
Of our good king, and the omnipotence
Of Parliament. The rabble's insolence
Shall be brought down: and when they cease to sin
Why, we shall cease to punish. I am busy;
And if your plea is finished——

Mrs. Rutledge. Heartless monster!—
But come poor orphans—Julia, come away,
Your father must die! There is no hope; but death
Will come to all. And thou art sentenced too!
(*To Rawdon.*)
Nor power of king or Parliament will save thee;
And when *that* hour arrives, then think of *this*;
And let thy soul despair, for thou hast griev'd
These little ones, and Christ will judge their cause.
—Nor think proud England can subdue our hearts,
Or bend our people to her haughty will.
We shall be free—and she will rue the day
She makes America her deadly foe.
Yes, some descendant of this weeping group
You spurn in contumely, may wield the scourge
That shakes her towers, and lays her glory low.
God is our refuge. Edward, come.

(*As they are going out, Edward turns, rushes to Rawdon and clasps his knees.*)

Edward. O, mercy for my father?—pardon!

Rawdon. Off! young rebel, off! You are traitors all—
And 'twere good policy to hang you all.

(*Mrs. Rutledge leads Edward out.*)

Balfour. If Nero's subjects were as bad, his wish
To lop their necks at once were only justice.

Rawdon. Ha! ha! Sir Robert, what say you? must I grant
These weeping damosels their poor petition?

Stanley. I would not choose their curse upon my head.
—That lady bears a heart of lofty mood,
Undaunted as a queen.

Rawdon. So they do all,
And this self-arrogance we must repress,
Or lords will soon be only common men;
Let such a spirit gain ascendant here,
And Europe's millions will be roused, and swine
Will rend and trample all our jewels down.
These rebels shall be crushed.

Stanley. 'Twill be a task;
If all the women are as fair,—and faithful
In their country's cause. But who was that sweet girl?
She should be loyal, she was formed to grace
The splendors of a court; her life should pass
In gay pavillions where soft music floats,
And love is harmony, and pleasure life.
But here, in these rude scenes and perilous times,
She seems a sunbeam on a scowling cloud.
Who is she? I have seen her face ere now.

Balfour. In dreams, perchance. She is a native here;
A poor dependant on the rebel Hayne.

(*Stanley seems lost in thought—then suddenly takes out a miniature.*)

Stanley. 'Tis here. She must be Ormond Grosvenor's sister.
Is not this like her? every feature true—
The forehead, fair as moonlight on the wave—
The cheek so clear, you see the soul shine through
Leaving its tinge of beauty. (The maiden's cheek
Was paler—very pale—but it was sorrow)
The dimpled chin—the hair—the soft blue eye,
That looks as it had opened first in heaven,
And caught its brightness from the seraph's gaze,
As flowers are fairest where the sunbeams fall—
'Tis like the maiden.

Balfour. Very.

Rawdon. Wonderful.

Stanley. This was the lady Julia, Grosvenor's mother;
And that young beauty must her daughter be.
The old Earl knows it not—and yet I know
He will be proud to greet her. I'll inform him.
Have any tidings of the youth arrived?

Balfour. None; I told you he had fled the city.
'Tis like he's joined the rebels, for with Hayne
What lesson but rebellion would he learn?

(*Enter servant, and gives a letter to Lord Rawdon.*)

Rawdon. Ha! 'tis from him, from Grosvenor—he is here.
A coronet has dazzled him; he'll yield:
And then we'll use his influence to quell
These plebeians. Warmest ardor always springs
From new-born zeal—he'll make a flaming tory.
Say we await his coming; show him up. [*To the servant.*]

(*Exit servant. The gentlemen rise from their seats. Enter Grosvenor.*)

Stanley, to Balfour. He is a lord in looks and lofty bearing,
And thus proud blood will always show itself.

Balfour. I've seen a player look as proud as he.

Rawdon. Welcome, young sir, your history I have heard.
Sir Robert Stanley from your grandsire brings
Authority to treat you as the heir
Of Rochdale's wide domain and honored name.
Accept my hand in pledge of warmest joy,
That you are thus restored to adorn the ranks
Of our nobility.

(*Grosvenor folding his arms refuses the offered hand.*)

Grosvenor. The noble are the good.
With such alone shall Grosvenor's hand be pledged,
And I am Grosvenor *now*. My father's name
I've honour'd, cherish'd, borne; I am proud to bear it.

Stanley. Why so you should have done; but now the time
Arrives to put a nobler title on,
The blood of Rochdale must have thrilled your veins;
The lofty lineage of that ancient race,
Like mighty river, deepening as it flows,
With broader space, and richer treasure fraught,
Now pours its tribute as your rightful due.

Grosvenor. That *rightful* may be question'd. But not now;
I came with other purpose: Yet I've learned
Much that the lordling's heir is never taught;
I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds;
To separate the accident of birth,
The gifts of fortune and the outward show
From the true work of God—the image here:
Drawn forth in beauty only by the light, (*laying his hand on his heart.*)
Each man must kindle for himself, and keep
Bright by his own deep watchings. There's no power
In ancestry to make the foolish wise,
The ignorant learned, the cowardly and base
Deserving our respect as brave and good.
All men feel this. Nor dares the despot say
His fiat can endow with truth the soul,
Or, like a pension, on the heart bestow
The virtues current in the realms above,
Hence man's best riches must be gained, not given:
His noblest name deserved, and not derived;
But this to you is treason. Fraud and force
Have abrogated right, and men are slaves—
Ay, willing, beastly, slaves—Content to drag
The chariots of their master—yield their necks
To the yoke of power—so it be only gilded.
And hence you claim their service. Well, they're fools;
But not forever. Justice yet will reign,
And the world be the heritage of men

Stanley. I grieve to find that, living thus estranged
From all your peers, and mingling with the low,

Has filled your mind with dangerous fantasies.
But these will soon disperse; resume your rank,
And you will then be satisfied that heaven
Ordain'd that kings should rule, and men obey:
That lords should have their privileges, frank'd,
To pass unquestion'd by the peasant throng.
At least I've never known a lord to doubt
His own capacity for high estate.
These mists will disappear as you ascend,
And then, in fair proportions, stand revealed
The beauteous fabric of our social state.
Rough stones for the foundation, as was meet;
But smoothing to the eye as it upheaves,
'Till, carved and garnish'd with each rare device,
Lofty and fair, the capital shines forth,
The wonder and the envy of mankind.
A monument of wisdom.

Grosvenor. Your *fathers'* wisdom;
And they, it seems, expended all, and laid
On their posterity the Median law
Which "altereth not."—Improvement is a sin.
But leave this theme. I came to yield myself,
And be the pageant of my grandsire's will,
On one condition only.

Stanley. Name it then
I shall feel honoured to obey your wish.

Grosvenor. That Hayne shall be set free. He is my friend—
My benefactor—yea, my more than father;
For he discharged those duties from his heart,
Which nature ne'er imposed.

Rawdon. The rebel—no!
I've heard his name till the very sound is treason.
And he shall die, if but for troubling me.

Grosvenor. Then tremble for your life. My arm is nerved;
He never dies alone.

Stanley. But why this rage?
Grant him your friend. Shall private virtues claim
Exemption to the man, for public crime?
'Tis pity there is need of punishment.
But still, offences must be noted.

Grosvenor. Talk not
Of laws and crimes to me, I am resolved!

Rawdon. You are not dictator here. Know that your speech
Is treasonous, and I have power to lay
The fetters on your arm. One word of mine———

Grosvenor. One blow of mine will spare your tongue that trouble.
Call, if you dare, upon your slaves without.
I will be heard—and I will talk of Hayne.

Balfour, (to Rawdon.) He's desperate. Why provoke a madman's wrath?
Yield to him seemingly, and we'll contrive
To manage him; I'll warrant you.

Rawdon. Must I say Hayne is pardoned? Heaven and earth!

Balfour. Only *say* it. One word in your ear.

[*Balfour and Rawdon talk apart.*]

Stanley, (to Grosvenor.) You bear a faithful heart.

Grosvenor. And memory too.

Stanley. But oft we should forget. Your early life
Was a sad scene; yet now 'tis past, why turn
To gaze upon a shadow, that no more
Will haunt you with its terrors? We all have
Remembrances to blot from out the brain.

Grosvenor. But mine were branded deep—seared—and the scars
Are legible as the carved rocks that bear
The tale of dungeon horrors. Every glance
Turn'd inward, meets such record. We may change
The current of our thoughts, even habits yield
To skilful management and patient care;
These operate on reason and the mind;
But turn the heart's sweet current into gall;
No earthly power can heal the deadly flow:
T'will poison the affections, till the blood
Grows venomous and fiery; and beneath
Its blasting influence *are* withered up
The springs of love and hope; and then we taste
No joy, save in the dignity of scorn,
That dares seem what it has been made, and keeps
Its likeness as in mockery of the fate
Injustice had decreed for punishment.

Stanley. But when the punishment is disavowed,
And reparation offered——

Grosvenor. Never name
The price of blasted hopes, and broken hearts;
Earth has no price for these.

Stanley. None, save regret—
The penitence that heaven accepts. Can'st thou
Shake off the palsied hand that fain would rest
Upon thy head, and bless thee, as the prop—
The last reliance of a noble race?
A solitary, old, and gray-hair'd man,
Thy grandsire lives, with but one hope in life—
To see thy face.

Grosvenor. My sister———does he know
I have a sister?

Stanley. No.—But he'll receive
The lovely maiden with the pride of joy
A doating mother o'er her infant feels
When first its beauty wins a stranger's gaze.
I've seen your sister: She must not be praised
With the set terms of admiration's speech;
'Twould be like offering incense of strange fire,
When in the heart, alone, the light should burn.
The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence.

Grosvenor. Yes, Julia will be loved; and if our earth
Could ripen virtues, we might hope that she
Would reach perfection. I have sometimes grieved
That one so formed in mind and charms to grace
The brightest scenes of life, should have her seat
In the shadow of a cloud: and yet 'tis weakness.—
The angels watch the good and innocent,
And where they bend their gaze it must be glorious.

[*Balfour and Rawdon come forward.*]

Balfour. Rawdon has graciously inclined his heart
Esteem for one of Rochdale's blood—the hope
That, thus conciliated, he may prove
What nature meant him—loyal, brave and firm—
A dignified defender of the crown
In these revolted colonies—Such thoughts
Have moved our chief to listen to thy suit.
Hayne is reprieved.

Grosvenor. It must be pardon in full.
No lesser boon I ask, or will receive.

Rawdon. Well, pardon, then; *(aside,)* 'tis easy as reprieve—

Grosvenor. Thanks! O thanks!
Father in heaven, I bless thee. Thou hast turned
The hearts of these to mercy. Thanks, again;
My tongue but ill obeys my heart; this hand
May better speak my feelings.
(They shake hands.)
Ah! 'tis thus
That mercy wins. Were vengeance always armed,
In heaven would be distrust; on earth despair.
God reigns by love, and so should earthly kings;
And men show forth their mightest power in kindness——
But Hayne must be informed—I go.

Balfour, (hastily.) Not yet.
We have letters, messages, and secrets, which
Require immediate thought. I'll send to him.

Grosvenor. I have a friend without will bear the message.

Rawdon. Ho! there. *(Enter servant.)* Send hither the American.

[*Exit Servant. Enter Trask.*

Grosvenor, Here, bear this ring to Julia; say to her
Our friend is pardoned.

Trask, (seizing Grosvenor's hand.) O, heaven be praised!
'I'll fly like arrow from a bow, to carry
Such joyful news.

Balfour (aside.) I'll check your arrow's flight.

Grosvenor. And say to Julia I am now engaged,
But will be with her soon.

Balfour. (aside.) Not in a hurry;
If I can manage you will stay engaged—
At least, till Hayne is free—as death can make him.

[*Exit Trask, followed by Balfour.*

Stanley, (to Grosvenor.) Shall we retire? There's much demands our care.
I cannot rest till I behold thy name
Invested with the title. Thy sister, too—
When may I hope to see her?
Grosvenor. Soon, I trust.
There is a weight upon my heart. If rank
Thus press the spirit down, why nobles have
Small cause for gratulation. But we'll go
And do what is before us.
[*Exit Stanley and Grosvenor.*
Rawdon, (alone.) That will be
A task you little dream of. Have I borne
The taunts of this rude fellow? And his father
Would have been honour'd had he held the place
Of footman in my train. I'll let him know
That I have power to punish Hayne; and were
Not Rochdale's blood in his veins, he, too, should pay
The traitor's forfeit. Is he arrested?

Re-enter Balfour.

Balfour. The rebel had a friend without. I thought
It best they leave our quarters ere the guard
Arrested them; or Grosvenor might learn the fate
His messenger had met; and then our plans
Would fail. There's some will follow, and secure them;
And bring to me the token—the ring. I have
A little dream of romance for that ring.
Rawdon. Knock them in irons, and the ring is yours.
I go to make arrangements for our scheme;
Grosvenor must be aboard to-night; the wind
Is fair: and when in London, and a lord,
Fear not but we shall have his hearty thanks
For thus removing those who would have said,
"I knew when you were humble." 'Tis the curse
Of high estate to have such monitors.
And Grosvenor will rejoice that Hayne is silenced.
[*Exit Rawdon.*
Balfour, (alone.) Yes, I have my own plans, and they shall speed.
I never yet was balked, when fairly roused
To make a trial of my skill. They say
'Tis that I never falter at the means.
Well, I have reverend counsel on my side.
How many holy friars have held the creed,
That a good end in view—meaning, no doubt,
Their own good only—the means were hallow'd
Though crimes that fiends would shrink from. Ha! ha!
These fathers shall be my authority;
The end I seek is good—in ladies eyes:
'Tis marriage, with a lovely, innocent girl;
With Julia. And I seek a fortune, too;
And that most men will deem the chiefest good.
Let me count the obstacles before me:
Grosvenor must be removed; I see the way,
And Julia, then, will be her grandsire's heir.
Well, then, the next: Stanley already loves her,
And I must injure him in her esteem.
He has been my friend. Pho! conscience, can I feel
A twinge so like remorse? Why, what a fool!—
He is my rival, not my friend; as such
I must consider him, and lay my plans.
I have them all before me. 'Tis quite easy
The world to cozen, so we can cheat ourselves
Into the thought that treachery is best.
And in this case I think the prize in view
Will make it wisdom to attempt the risk,
Though hell were sure to wait me, should I fail.
Fail! I will not. Julia—fortune—all mine;
Who'll dare to doubt my wisdom or my honour?
I'll on. [*Exit Balfour.*

END OF SECOND ACT.

To be Concluded next Month.

Mercury for thermometers is purified by agitation in a bottle with sand, and then by straining it through leather.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FAILURE;

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.

BY MISS L. E. PENHALLOW.

"From seeming evil still educing good."

IMAGINE yourself in a neat parlour, in the year 1840.—It is a December evening, the cold stormy blasts from without giving a greater feeling of security and comfort to its inmates; it is the hour of "parlor twilight," which Cowper has so beautifully described, and conversation is to employ the half hour which precedes the introduction of the interesting volume, and the various tasks which are to call forth the powers of female taste and ingenuity.

"To-morrow is cousin Dora's wedding-day," said Mary Bruce, "so mother, tell me something of my cousin, say all which has occurred since I have been absent at school; tell me why she is so much beloved by all, and why every one says, as you know father did, to-day, that De Cleveland is so fortunate a man; he said, I think, that he would draw a prize in the lottery where so many find only blank."

"To tell you all that is worthy of being remembered in the history of your cousin Dora, would carry me back to some events, which, at the time of their occurrence, you were unable to comprehend, but now," said Mrs. Bruce, with an arch smile, "that your judgment is matured by sixteen summers, you may perceive the influence they exerted upon the character and fortunes of your cousin.—The year 1837 was one which will long be remembered as one of great national embarrassment. Various were the opinions which prevailed relative to the cause or causes of this distress, each individual drawing his own conclusions, according to the medium of prejudice, feeling, or interest through which he viewed it, but various as were the reasons assigned, all agreed in deploring the sad consequences which were the result. The commercial horizon was for a time obscured by so dense a cloud, that the usually shrewd glance of mercantile sagacity found it impossible to penetrate it. Conjecture followed conjecture, as to its probable duration and effect upon national character. At length the cloud, dark and sullen as it had been, gradually dispersed; and the prospect, if less dazzling to the mere speculator, promised more that was permament and enduring. Your uncle Southgate was esteemed one of our most opulent merchants; his plans had been well founded—his voyages successful—his projects crowned with more than hope itself could promise; wealth poured in upon him from every quarter, till it seemed that he possessed an almost *Midas wand*, to convert every thing into gold. He had but two children—Theodora, and a daughter many years younger, the little Helen; born to affluence, surrounded by all the indulgencies it could purchase, she could scarcely fail to feel the undue distinction yielded in our country to the power of riches. Dora was beautiful, and gifted with strong powers of mind. I had often mentally exclaimed, 'had she been the child of poverty,

or rather of moderate circumstances, had she been compelled to draw upon her own resources, had she been placed in a situation where she must learn the lesson of self-dependence, Dora Southgate would have truly filled the highest and most *appropriate sphere of woman*. How sadly do we err in our sentiments of happiness! We look to those who are surrounded by luxury and wealth —to the children of fortune—of ease, and self-indulgence, and pronounce them happy. Alas! we grossly mistake. It is not amid scenes like these that self-esteem, firm resolution, and true moral courage, find a home; these are plants which require the hardy soil of adversity—the pure influence of vigorous effort—to give them strength: and is it not from these that happiness must arise? Beautiful and talented, with that fascination of manner which is so irresistible a charm in woman, Dora must have attracted admiration, even in a humble sphere of life; what wonder, then, when surrounded by the glare of wealth, that she should have been the courted and admired—'the very glass of fashion.' To the unthinking observer, who looked not beyond the surface, her life seemed but one bright summer day; for myself, I must acknowledge, I did not read her character aright. I believed her satisfied with the round of fashionable folly in which she had engaged; but I knew not that beneath the gay exterior there was an unsatisfied void, and something which would whisper in the ear of the beautiful girl, that it was not all as it should be; that this was not the *appropriate sphere* for an immortal and intellectual, above all, for an accountable being.

Amid the numerous admirers who formed the circle of the young heiress, the most prominent was Mr. Lawton, a gentleman from the South, of good family, fine exterior, and graceful though haughty demeanour: he was ever at her side; her partner in the dance, her companion in her rides and walks; and it was generally decided by the world—by those whose knowledge of the fitness of such affairs usually goes not beyond the comparison of external advantages—that nothing could be more inevitable than the connection likely to be formed between the wealthy beauty and the agreeable Southerner. Dora liked his society, and received his attentions as one who was unconscious that they were marked by aught of particular deference; she received them with that indifference which an occupied heart may be supposed to feel for all but the one favoured object. The companion of her childhood—the sharer of all her youthful joys and sorrows—was Henry Cleveland. The friendship which subsisted between the parents had descended to the children: and, though fickle fortune, while she had showered her gifts on one, had, with a niggard hand, denied them to the other, yet was the family of his friend Cleveland ever welcome at the house of Mr. Southgate. Henry had been educated for the profession of medicine, and when, at the death of his father, he devoted himself to the care of his dependent mother, he felt sufficient motive was given him for professional exertion. Dora often wondered why Henry had become so formal, why she was now Miss Southgate, instead of the Dora of former days, and bitterly did she regret the change. In the midst of the crowded assembly, or gay party, she would look around for the approving glance, and listen for the intelligent comment, or speaking eye of Cleveland; and without these in vain did she seek for pleasure in the homage of the heartless and fashionable. But Henry Cleveland's character was of no common mould, he looked upon life as a scene of trial and probation, upon the future which lay before him as a great arena for exertion and usefulness, and the mere toys of fashion could afford but slender gratification to a mind so constituted. He had loved Dora fondly and devotedly, loved her for those very qualities which the circle in which she moved, thought not she possessed, but he felt that she must be loved as some "bright particular star," if, indeed, flattery and the thousand dangers of her situation, did not depress her from the high elevation on which his love had placed her, he felt that to him she must henceforth be but as a dream of the past, for even could his high sense of honor have permitted him in his poverty to sue for the wealthy heiress, would she be happy in the cares of domestic life. Dora suspected not the motives which had produced Cleveland's coldness and estrangement of manner. She believed him indifferent to her, and though for one glance of kindness from him she would have exchanged the flatteries and homage of the very élite of the city, yet in a hasty moment of wounded affection and mortified pride, she pledged her faith to Lawton. About this time Cleveland, induced by some lucrative offers removed to the neighbouring state.

The rage for speculation, which formed so prominent a feature of the period preceding the distress of 1837, seemed to pervade all ranks and classes; Mr. Southgate did not escape its influence, he engaged largely in a scheme which promised abundantly—and *failed*: this, with other extensive losses, led to his own Failure. There is a degree of indelicacy in intruding our society and sympathy even upon our friends immediately after severe disappointments of a pecuniary nature have been suffered. I did not, therefore, see your aunt and cousin, till a few days after the Failure, and then I dreaded the interview with them in their altered fortune, with those who had been wont to surround themselves with every indulgence that wealth could afford—for I knew that your uncle's strict sense of virtue would lead him to discharge every debt to the extent of his ability, though it should leave him penniless. When I entered the room I found Dora alone, she received me with a cheerful smile, and soon spoke of the change of fortune. "The wheel has indeed turned," said she, "but I have been forming two classes, emanating in one the things which have *not*, in the other those which can *never fail*. In the first place, my health has not failed, the affection of my dear parents, my own cheerfulness, nor the power of exertion, though as yet I can scarcely extend that, so long has it lain dormant. These are some of the things which have *not failed;* that beautiful moon now shining upon us can never *fail*—the thousand toned voices of joy and beauty in nature can never *fail*—and more than all, the goodness of God can *never fail*—and with all these unfailing blessings, say, my dear aunt, shall we not be happy. But I forget there is one *Failure*, of which, perhaps, report has not

yet told you, the Failure, no I will not say of Lawton's affections, but," said she, a shade of irony passing across her beautiful face, "the failure with me of an establishment, for the history of the last week has told me that it was the rich heiress, not the penniless Dora Southgate, whom Lawton wooed for his bride. But trust me, I shall not die of a broken heart,and did I even contemplate so tragical an event, I should think myself no more deserving of sympathy than the victim of any other species of intemperance, a sacrifice to undisciplined feeling and wounded pride. The large and splendid mansion they had occupied was exchanged for a mere cottage, which had every thing of comfort, but nothing of elegance to recommend it. "The taste of Dora had thrown around it that air of refinement which the cultivated and educated know so well how to give to the most humble abode—economy and order were the presiding genius of the place. Mr. Southgate had again engaged in a business which afforded to his family the comforts and conveniences of life, while his daughter had found that though banks may fail, and stocks fall, investments may be profitably and securely made in the *banks of industry, economy and contentment*, which will yield, not merely a *semi-annual*, but a *daily* dividend of comfort and happiness to the domestic circle. In cheering the hearts of her parents, in educating her little sister, she soon found that pier-tables, ottomans, and all the thousand appendages of wealth, were quite non-essential to happiness.

On a fine October evening, about three months since, Dora had been walking with her sister, and illustrating some truths by observations on the brilliant orbs that 'deck the brow of night.' As she entered the room she perceived a stranger; a second glance was sufficient to tell her that the seeming stranger was no other than her former playmate and friend, Henry. With the self-possession and grace of a high-bred, elegant woman, she welcomed him again to his native city, though, as she spoke, the bright blush of surprize and pleasure was succeeded by as deadly a paleness, when she reflected that she was to him but as the acquaintance of former days, and that, perhaps, his vows and his heart were in the possession of another. It was but the suspense of a moment, the cold and distant Cleveland, forgetting his former restraint, now that he had returned, if not with wealth, at least with competence to offer, now that he had found not the mere votary of fashion, but the devoted sister and daughter, forgot to address *Miss Southgate*, so happy was he again to find his own fair *Dora*.

"And now Mary," said Mrs. Bruce, "shall we say that no good can result from evil, shall we say that it is not good for the cup of worldly success to be dashed from our very lips, that it is not well for "the tables of the money changers sometimes to be overthrown." Shall we say that the Failure may not be a fortunate event when such is the result, when it can render the fashionable belle a useful, intelligent and pious woman, save her from a heartless union, and restore her to the chosen object of her heart's best, earliest affection."

Portsmouth.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. J. N. BROWN.

Time's solemn music! Can she forget
His touch is marked by swift decay;
That scenes by Fancy burnished yet,
Will soon be vanished all away;
And, ere a few more years are fled,
We shall be mingled with the dead?

She cannot! and the mournful thrill
Of Feeling, waked by Memory's hand,
Is trembling o'er her bosom still,
Unawed by Reason's stern command.
And still she looks for scenes sublime,
Beyond the withering touch of Time.

Nor looks in vain! For lo! secure,
MESSIAH'S KINGDOM now appears,
Destined in glory to endure,
Uninjured by the lapse of years;
But rising still, in richer bloom,
When earth has met her final doom!

KINGDOM OF PEACE! The passing year
Hath wider spread thy gentle sway:
And gazing on thy bright career,
We hail the dawn of holier day—
When God's high will on earth is done—
All nation's blest in Christ, his Son!

See! every hill, and vale, and plain,
Echo's the Missionary's tread;
See! souls redeem'd from endless pain,
Are up to heavenly glory led.
And from Earth's hosts one shout is sent—
"REIGN ON, LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT!"

The kingdom's of this world may pass,
Like billows of the restless sea;
Wealth may waste, and as the grass
The pride of youth and beauty be;
But souls that own Messiah's sway,
May smile amid a world's decay!

EMPIRE OF LOVE! The ravished eye
Wanders o'er all thy scenes of bliss,
And owns that all beneath the sky
Is poor and mean, compared with this!
Here rests the soul with joy divine:—
Oh, be my interests link'd with thine!

The Assyrian is the earliest recorded empire, that of Bacchus wants records. It began with Ninus, and ended with Sardinapalus. It was united to the Medes, from Arbaces to Astyages, and then to the Persians, from Cyrus to Darius.

In 687, the Mahomedans first entered Africa, under Omar. In 650, they invaded Barbary. In 710, they overran Numidia and Lybia. In 973, Nigritia; and, in 1067, Lower Ethiopia—extending their faith to the Equator.

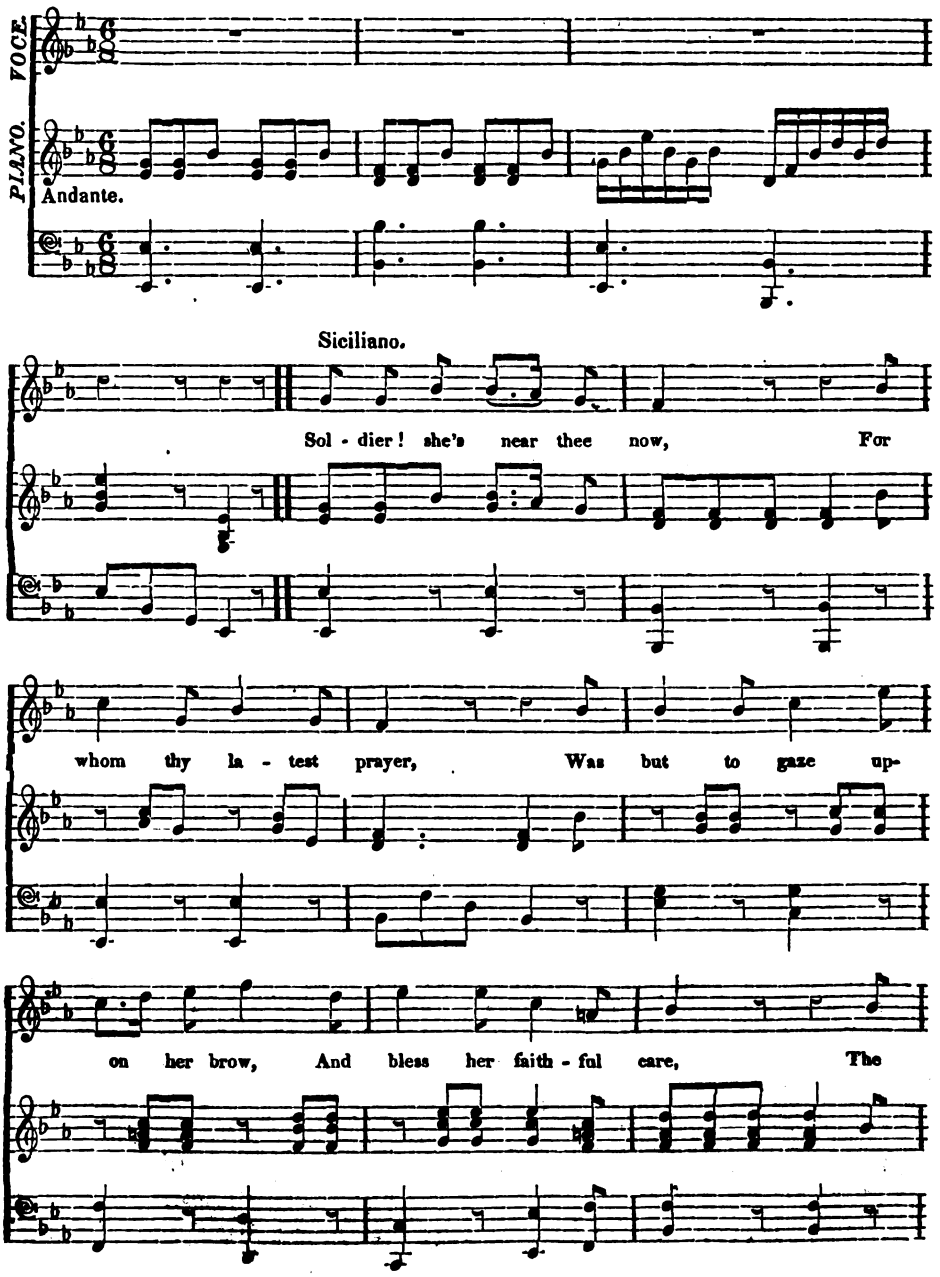
THE DEAD SOLDIER.

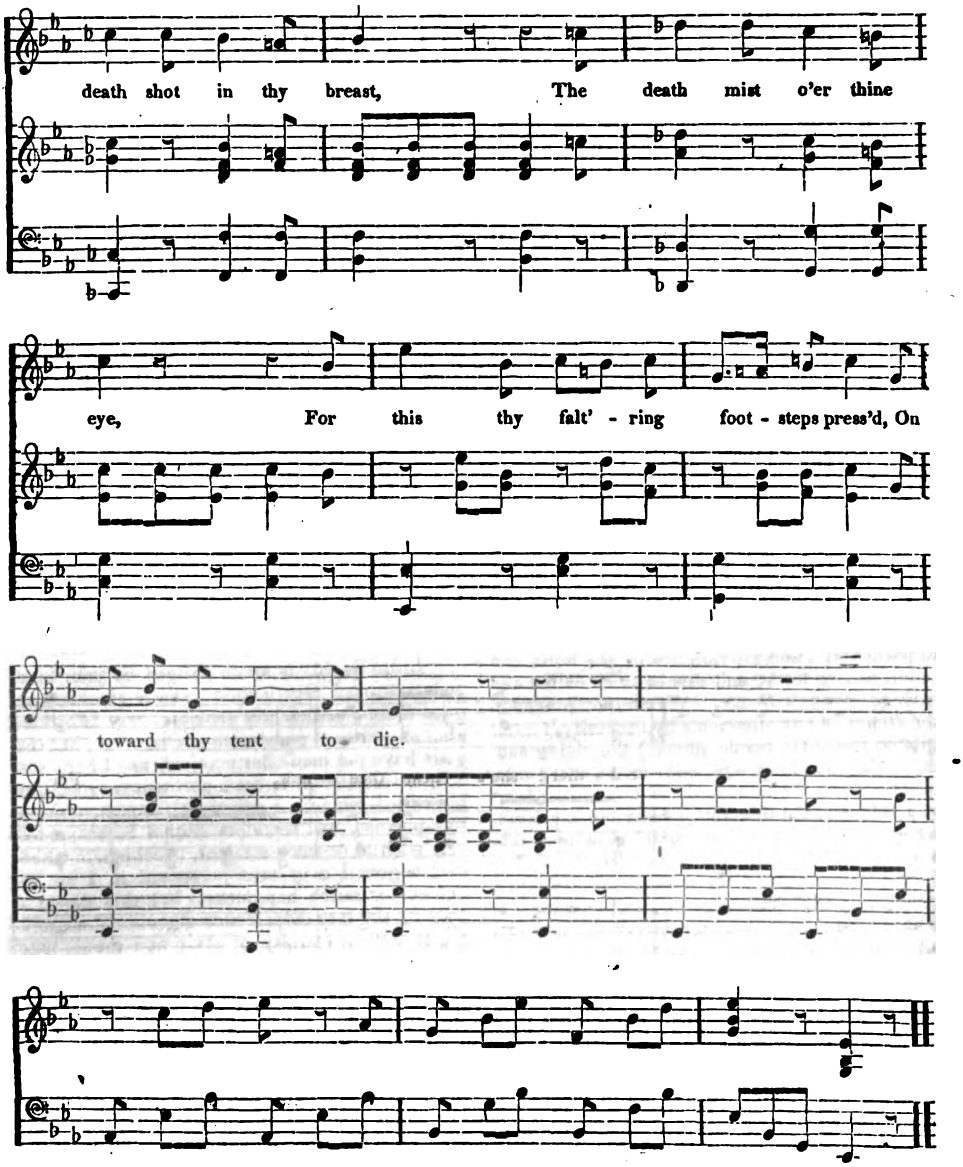
A FAVOURITE SONG,

WRITTEN BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY DR. F. A. EWING.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.





II.

She's kneeling at thy side,
Her face of anguish see,
How changed that bright, that blooming bride,
Who left her home for thee.
The battle smoke curls high,
Above the reeking plain,
Thy comrades raise the victor cry—
Wake, soldier!—but 'tis vain.

III.

Mourn, mourn, thou desolate one;
No more thy path forlorn
Shall glow with earth's refulgent sun,
It hath no second morn;
Go in thy deep despair
Down to thy husband's tomb,
And lay thy young affections there—
They know no second bloom

IV.

Babe! sorrow hath no power
O'er innocence like thine,
And thou must gild her lonely bower—
A star from mercy's shrine.
Thy sweetly slumbering breath,
That o'er her cheek shall stream,
Can chase the form of war and death,
That haunt her nightly dream.

V.

Still, with thy cherub art,
Her misery beguile,
And when the grief pangs rend her heart,
Wear then thy father's smile.
None else thy skill can share,
None else such balm bestow,
For thou canst bring a mother's care
To heal a widow's woe.

The following Letters are from the admirable Biography of Scott, by his son-in-law, Lockhart.

TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE, HAMPSTEAD.

November 12, 1815, *Abbotsford.*

"I have been long in acknowledging your letter, my dear friend, and yet you have not only been frequent in my thoughts, as must always be the case, but your name has been of late familiar in my mouth as a household word. You must know that the pinasters you had the goodness to send me some time since, which are now fit to be set out of the nursery, have occupied my mind as to the mode of disposing of them. Now, mark the event; there is in the middle of what will soon be a bank of fine young wood, a certain old gravel-pit, which is the present scene of my operations. I have caused it to be covered with better earth, and gently altered with the spade, so as, if possible, to give it the air of one of those accidental hollows, which the surface of a hill frequently presents. Having arranged my ground, I intended to plant it all round with the pinasters, and other varieties of the pine species, and in the interior I will have a rustic seat, surrounded by all kinds of evergreen shrubs (laurels in particular), and all varieties of the holly and cedar, and so forth, and this is to be called and entitled *Joanna's Bower*. We are determined in the choice of our ornaments by necessity, for our ground fronts (in poetic phrase) the rising sun, or, in common language, looks to the east; and, being also on the north side of the hill—(don't you shiver at the thought?)—why, to say truth, George Wynnos and I are both of opinion that nothing but evergreens will flourish there; but I trust I shall convert a present deformity into a very pretty little hobbyhorsical sort of thing. It will not bear looking at for years, and that is a pity; but it will so far resemble the person from whom it takes name, that it is planted, as she has written, for the benefit as well of posterity as for the passing generation. Time and I, says the Spaniard, against any two; and, fully confiding in the proverb, I have just undertaken another grand task. You must know, I have purchased a large lump of wild land, lying adjoining to this little property, which greatly more than doubles my domains. The land is said to be reasonably bought, and I am certain I can turn it to advantage by a little judicious expenditure: for this place is already allowed to be worth twice what it cost me: and our people here think so little of planting, and do it so carelessly, that they stare with astonishment at the alteration which well planted woods make on the face of the country. There is, besides, a very great temptation, from the land running to within a quarter of a mile of a very sweet wild sheet of water, of which (that is, one side of it) I have every chance to become proprietor: this is a poetical circumstance not to be lost sight of, and accordingly I keep it full in my view. Amid these various avocations, past, present, and to come, I have not thought much about Waterloo, only that I am truly glad you like it. I might, no doubt, have added many curious anecdotes, but I think the pamphlet long enough as it stands, and never had any design of writing copious notes.

"I most devoutly hope Lord Byron will succeed in his proposal of bringing out one of your dramas; that he is your sincere admirer is only synonymous with his being a man of genius; and he has, I am convinced, both the power and inclination to serve the public, by availing himself of the treasures you have laid before them. Yet I long for 'some yet untasted spring,' and heartily wish you would take Lord B. into your counsels, and adjust, from your yet unpublished materials, some drama for the public. In such a case, I would, in your place, conceal my name till the issue of the adventure. It is a sickening thing to think how many angry and evil passions the mere name of admitted excellence brings into full activity. I wish you would consider this hint, and I am sure the result would be great gratification to the public, and to yourself that sort of satisfaction which arises from receiving proofs of having attained the mark at which you aimed. Of this last, indeed, you cannot doubt, if you consult only the voices of the intelligent and the accomplished; but the object of the dramatist is professedly to delight the public at large, and therefore I think you should make the experiment fairly.

"Little Sophia is much obliged by your kind and continued recollection; she is an excellent good child; sufficiently sensible, very affectionate, not without perception of character; but the gods have not made her poetical, and I hope she will never attempt to act a part which nature has not called her to. I am myself a poet, writing to a poetess, and therefore cannot be suspected of a wish to degrade a talent, to which, in whatever degree I may have possessed it, I am indebted for much happiness; but this depends only on the rare coincidence of some talent falling in with a novelty of style and diction and conduct of story, which suited the popular taste: and were my children to be better poets than me, they would not be such in general estimation, simply because the second cannot be the first, and the first (I mean in point of date) is every thing, while others are nothing, even with more intrinsic merit. I am therefore particularly anxious to store the heads of my young damsels with something better than the tags of rhymes: and I hope Sophia is old enough (young though she be) to view her little incidents of celebrity, such as they are, in the right point of view. Mrs. Scott and she are at present in Edinburg; the rest of the children are with me in this place: my eldest boy is already a bold horseman and a fine shot, though only about fourteen years old. I assure you I was prouder of the first black cock he killed, than I have been of any thing whatever since I first killed one myself, and that is twenty years ago. This is all stupid gossip: but, as Master Corporal Nym says, 'things must be as they may;' you cannot expect grapes from thorns, or much amusement from a brain bewildered with thorn hedges at Kaeside, for such is the sonorous title of my new possession, in virtue of which I subscribe myself,

ABBOTSFORD & KAESIDE."

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Ashestiel, 1st October, 1807.

"My dear Southey,

"It will give me the most sincere pleasure to receive any token of your friendly remembrance, more especially in the shape of a romance of knight-errantry. You know so well how to furbish the arms of a preux chevalier, without converting him *a la Tressan* into a modern light dragoon, that my expectations from Palmerin are very high, and I have given directions to have him sent to this retreat so soon as he reaches Edinburg. The half-guinea for Hogg's poems was duly received. The uncertainty of your residence prevented the book being sent at the time proposed—it shall be forwarded from Edinburg to the bookseller at Carlisle, who will probably know how to send it safe. I hope very soon to send you my Life of Dryden, and eke my *last* Lay—(by the way, the former ditty was only proposed as the lay of the *last* Minstrel, not his *last* fitt). I grieve that you have renounced the harp; but still I confide, that, having often touched it so much to the delight of the hearers, you will return to it again after a short interval. As I don't much admire compliments, you may believe me sincere when I tell you, that I have read Madoc three times since my first cursory perusal, and each time with increased admiration of the poetry. But a poem whose merits are of that higher tone does not immediately take with the public at large. It is even possible that during your own life—and may it be as long as every real lover of literature can wish—you must be contented with the applause of the few whom nature has gifted with the rare taste for discriminating in poetry. But the mere *readers of verse* must one day come in, and then Madoc will assume his real place at the feet of Milton. Now this opinion of mine was not that (to speak frankly) which I formed on reading the poem at first, though I then felt much of its merit. I hope you have not and don't mean to part with the copy-right. I do not think Wordsworth and you understand the bookselling animal well enough, and wish you would one day try my friend Constable, who would give any terms for a connexion with you. I am most anxious to see the Cid. Do you know I committed a theft upon you (neither of the gait, kine, nor horse, nor outside. nor inside plenishing, such as my forefathers sought in Cumberland), but of many verses of the Queen Auragua,* or howsoever you spell her name. I repeated them to a very great lady (the Princess of Wales), who was so much delighted with them, that I think she got them by heart also. She asked a copy, but that I declined to give, under pretence I could not give an accurate one; but I promised to prefer her request to you. If you wish to oblige her R. H., I will get the verses transmitted to her; if not, the thing may be passed over.

"Many thanks for your invitation to Keswick, which I hope to accept, time and season permitting. Is your brother with you? if so, remember me kindly. Where is Wordsworth, and what doth he do? I wrote him a few lines some weeks ago, which I suspect never came to hand. I suppose you are possessed of all relating to the Cid, otherwise I would mention an old romance, chiefly relating to his banishment, which is in John Frere's possession, and from which he made some lively translations in a tripping Alexandrine stanza. I dare say he would communicate the original, if it could be of the least use*. I am an humble petitioner that your interesting Spanish ballads be in some shape appended to the Cid. Be assured they will give wings. There is a long letter written with a pen like a stick. I beg my respects to Mrs. Southey, in which Mrs. Scott joins; and I am, very truly and affectionately, yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

*The ballad of Queen Orraca was first published in the Edinburg Annual for 1808.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER year! Is it possible that the New-Year has come so soon? Why, when we were a child a year seemed an eternity. It never would pass away; How long and bright then were the summer days! Now we have no summers. There seems, indeed, no day in the month, but the *first day*. And these first days come, unlike 'spirits from the vasty deep,' without being called for. But we are better prepared for the present year. Thanks to the wise liberality of the Publisher, we have a larger list of contributors. Political economists have long been urging the benefits of a division of labor. They are right. Nothing great in physical improvement can be accomplished without co-operation. And intellectual improvement and literary excellence can also be greatly accelerated by the same means.

For ten long years have we sat here alone, and so busied with the thousand and one cares of our duty, that we have hardly had time to mend our pen, and even now, while our new recruits are being trained, proceed we to the examination of the Editor's box, and which, unlike Pandora's the bad articles are usually at the bottom, some weighed down by their own specific gravity (*dullness* is heavy as the nightmare), and others laid aside because unreadable, being written, as we opine, in humble imitation of the Chinese characters. But we will see what we have on hand, and then look over this pile of books: We will talk over the various merits of the new publications, (I have few except works of merit sent me) and by this way avoid the necessity of formal notices --which to me is very dull business, and I presume quite as irksome to all our readers, except the author of the book noticed.

"What article have you there for the Book?"

Secretary.—It is a Poem—"The Emigrant's Daughter."

Editor.—Oh! I do not wonder you found that first. It deserves the first place.—'Tis by Mrs. Sigourney.

Secretary—It is not in her handwriting.

Editor.—No, it was copied by her little daughter, as she told me in the accompanying letter; all but the last stanza. That round, school-boy hand was written by her son, a boy of about six years, who begged to "do something to help mother," and that motive has probably induced him to strive more earnestly to improve, than would a dozen lessons of the writing master. Such is the influence of the mother.

Secretary.—Here is another poem, "The White Chrysantheum," by "S. E. K."

Editor.—We must give that to our readers next month. It is by a lady whose productions have ap-

* Mr. Southey introdnced, in the appendix to his Chronicle of the Cid, some specimens of Mr. Frere's admirable translation of the ancient *Poema del Cid*, to which Scott here alludes.

peared in the Ladies' Magazine. She writes so well that she leaves us nothing to suggest, except that she will write oftener.

Secretary.—The next is a prose article,—"The Solitary Beauty, by Mrs. Hoffland."

Editor—That must be reserved for the March number; we cannot afford all our good things at once. Our readers may be assured that it is worth waiting for.

Secretary.—Here is a "Sketch," by "A."

Editor.—A very well-written article it is, and deserves the attention of our readers. Please to file it for next month.

Secretary.—What say you to this "Poem," by "A Young Lady?"

Editor.—That I have not read it. Young ladies sometimes write very well, but there are usually some corrections or emendations necessary.

Secretary.—I have here a prose essay, entitled "Animal Magnetism." It looks as though it might be the scribblings of a somambulist.

Editor—And would cure the magnetic sleep in some of our readers, perhaps. What do you think of the science?

Secretary.—That it is not worth a thought: but I believe it has been quite popular in New-England.

Editor.—Not in Boston. The pretended science did, at first, excite some wonder there; but it has gained few proselytes. Rhode-Island has been the grand theatre of the mania. The good people in that State, where liberty of conscience was first so nobly established, seem determined to use their freedom. They will believe what they please; and it has pleased them to believe in Animal Magnetism.

Secretary.—But did not M. Poyen work wonders in Boston? I heard much of his Lectures, and his somaambule.

Editor.—You mean Miss Gleason. I saw her performance, and, had we time, should like to describe it. I think it would amuse you; particularly the manner in which I discovered that she was not asleep, when she pretended to be so.

Secretary.—Then you do not believe the science?

Editor.—No, not in the wonders of it. There may be some influence of sympathy or imagination, which, by the manipulations of the magnetiser, will be felt by the person magnetised; particularly when the latter is diseased. But the *clairvoyance* is all a humbug. I detected Miss Gleason's imposition. She is no more in the magnetic sleep when she pretends to be, than I am at this moment. I wish she could be placed under a shower-bath when she is in one of her pretended magnetic slumbers.

Secretary.—Is it not strange that sensible people will believe such ridiculous pretences?

Editor.—Yes, and pay their money to encourage other deceivers. But we will discuss this subject when we have more leisure. At present we must look over those books; only a few, however, can be glanced at. What is the title of that which seems to amuse you?

Secretary.—It is a "Lecture on the CHANGES OF FASHION," by Charles W. Brewster, delivered before the Portsmouth Lyceum. I hope the ladies listened very deferentially. Such lectures are usually intended for their benefit.

Editor.—And in this instance, I think, they might have been benefitted. I have looked it over, and found it worth reading, which is quite a compliment to the lecturer. Will you select an extract? It may gratify our readers to see what the fashions have been in other ages.

Secretary.—Here is a short extract, which I think suited for the Book:

"Although the inventors of *new fashions* and the *leaders* in them are highly culpable, for the injury they do society—yet nine-tenths of those whom we see in fashionable attire, are persons on whom no imputation can be cast: neither is there one in a hundred of their dress-makers or tailors, hatters or cordwainers, who are deserving a breath of censure for doing their work in a fashionable style. So powerful an impetus has been moving the fashionable world that no individual can with safety hold up a resisting hand. Nothing but a combined strength can ever overcome it.

Common sense asks, why is it that a coat of a few years standing, with a broad back and long waist, which the prudent man has kept for his holiday wear, is not as really valuable as one in which the seams are more nearly allied, or the buttons placed in a different position?

Public opinion replies, the man is *not in fashion*. The observers point him out among the multitude: "There is a sample of old times; "there goes a miser, who can't afford a new coat:" and a soft voice whispers, as he passes, "I wonder who would have that old-fashioned man?" How frequently is the public sympathy excited for an adroit rogue in *fashionable attire*, who has received the just sentence of the law, while the poorly clad culprit by his side, not more guilty, passes almost unpitied to the gallows.

Thus to be out of fashion a man is generally regarded as wanting in spirit or purse: and it becomes a matter of necessity for a modest man, who wishes to elude the notice of the world, to follow along in the wake of Fashion. However much a person in common life may be disgusted with its fluctuations, he must bear the imputation of *vanity*, and, in some degree, lose his influence in society, if he either has a new dress made in an old style, or, for convenience, appears in any new clothing which is made more with a view to general utility than in subservience to Fashion.

"The necessity of conforming to the style of the times, and avoiding singularity in dress, is strikingly illustrated in the life of Sir Humphrey Davy:

"In 1813 Sir Humphrey Davy was permitted by Napoleon to visit Paris. At that time it will be recollected, that every movement of citizens was carefully watched, and that every assemblage of people in public places was speedily dispersed by military power, to prevent riots and revolutionary proceedings. While the distinguished philosopher was attending the meeting of the Institute, Lady Davy, attended by her maid, walked in the public garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockle-shell form, such as was fashionable in London at the time, while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be a Saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the garden. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprise than the inhabitants of Brobdignag, on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic: in consequence of which one of the Inspectors of the Garden immediately presented himself, and informed her ladyship that no cause for assemblage could be suffered, and therefore requested her to retire. Some officers of the Imperial Guard, to whom she appealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested to be conducted to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden surrounded by fixed bayonets!

"We here see the impropriety and even the danger of an individual—unsustained by the example of others—appearing in public without paying due respect to the fashion of the times. Had Lady Davy, instead of appearing in her modest, unassuming dress, decorated her head with a lofty bonnet, arrayed in all the costly and showy gew-gaws of the Parisian ladies, she might have passed unobserved among the fashionable populace, and the corporal's guard remained unemployed at their post.

"In every division of the world of fashion, the same species of curiosity is in exercise—a degree of the same notice is taken of an aberration from the fashion —and it occupies a large share of the thoughts and the conversation of that extensive class in society, who look mostly upon the outward appearance, in deciding upon the man's worth.

"The great wheels of fashion, like those of the manufacturing mill, are set in motion by a heavy pressure from a strong current, and individual opposition to their force, may be thought only like the rebellion of a spindle against the power which sets ten thousand in motion. But however feeble individual power may be, we have the right of investigating and discussing such measures as are of questionable utility; as it is only by throwing light upon popular follies, that the current of public sentiment can be turned into a right channel, and the fluctuations of fashion be suppressed or regulated.

"The citizens of a Free Republic should do away every kind of bondage. In some countries, where the loyal subject looks to the Court for fashions as well as for laws, and where he can hardly harbor a thought, unless sanctioned by his king, he may well consent to have his shoe-strings tied in royal style, and change the knots in imitation of the Sovereign and his Court. But *Citizens* of a *Republic* have no cause for such servile imitations. *They* are the *highest power in the Nation*; and only lack freedom from the influence of Fashion to make them *truly independent*.

"In Europe, for the last five hundred years, the Courts have been the modellers of Fashion. So long as our country was under the British crown, there was some excuse, although but feeble, indeed, for following the Fashions of the Court. But we are now freed from kingly power and influence, and are under no greater obligations to follow foreign fashions, than our independent ancestors were to drink the tea poisoned by an indigestible duty.

"Fashions are intended at Court to gratify the ambitious vanity of those who are high in rank; to make a distinction between them and the lowest classes in society.

"That the changes of Fashion have long been made in foreign courts to gratify such aristocratic feelings, is plainly illustrated by the remarks of a French moralist, about 250 years since, who was making grievous complaints because the ladies of the Court, at that time appeared with looking-glasses suspended from their waists, and thus kept their eyes in perpetual activity:

"'Alas!' he exclaims, 'in what an age do we live! to see such depravity as we see, that induced them even to bring into church these *scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists!* Let all histories, divine, human and profane, be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but ladies of the Court venture to wear them; but long it will not be, before *every citizen's daughter*, and every *female servant*, will wear them. Such,' the historian remarks, 'in all times, has been the rise and decline of Fashion; and the absurd mimicry of the citizens, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in striving to rival the *newest fashion*, has mortified and galled the courtier.'"

Editor—I should like to make other extracts, if we had room. The object of the lecture is to urge the advantages of adopting a national costume; a subject that deserves attention—more than we can now give it. What next?

Secretary—"The Young Wife," by "William A. Alcott." Do you not think there is something preposterous in the idea that a man should prescribe the duties of a Young Wife, and a Young Mother? What would the men say if we ladies should lay down the law to Fathers and Husbands?

Editor.—Say what we do about Dr. Alcott, I suppose, that we were not competent to the task. However, I think that "The Young Wife" is worth reading, and hope the work will be circulated extensively. The author is a man of strong powers of mind, and has great zeal to do good. Some of his theories we think absurd; and a few exceptionable passages might be pointed out; but the book is a good one, notwithstanding. Next month we will speak further on this subject.

Secretary.—Here are two handsome volumes—the outside quite attractive—"Tales from the German," by *Nathaniel Greene*.

Editor—His example should be quoted as a model for all men of business:—He employs his leisure hours in study, and by this course has, we understand, become quite a proficient in several modern languages. A year or two since he published a translation of the Compendious History of Italy, and now we have two volumes from the German. There are four stories, principally illustrative of portions of German history. Van der Velde, the author, has been called, by some critics, the Walter Scott of Germany. We do not know enough of his writings to decide how far he deserves such a title, but these tales are calculated to win him favor, and do great credit to the taste and talents of Mr. Greene.

Secretary.—What have we here? "A Historical Drama," entitled "Pocahontas, by a Citizen of the West." I presume the author of Pocahontas is some industrious planter, who has employed a winter's leisure in this dramatic effort. And while our farmers write tragedies, and our men of business translate German, who will deny that we are a learned nation?

Editor.—Now look at that little thin volume beside you—"The Contrast: or Modes of Education." That book, the production of the author of the "Three Experiments of Living," is a proof that our women are doing their share to promote the moral improvement of society.

Secretary.—The box is empty.

Editor.—From whom have we contributions in this number?

Secretary.—Mrs. Hoffland has contributed "Recollections of the Past," Mrs. Sigourney, "The Indian Girl's Funeral;" Mrs. Howard, "Do I love Thee;" Miss Sedgwick, "New-Year's Day."

Editor.—That would have been more appropriate to have commenced with.

Secretary.—It was so intended, but it came too late. J. H. Kimbale, "The Vesper Bell;" Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, "The Victim of Excitement;" Miss Leslie, the commencement of "Althea Vernon;" Grenville Mellen, "Recollections, as caught from a Spirit's Story;" Miss Penhallow, "The Failure;" and there are various others, which I find we have not time to mention.

To prevent another disappointment we respectfully request agents to let us know, as early as possible, how many Numbers they will want for the present year. Most of them are aware of the disappointment in furnishing last year's Numbers, although our edition was one-third larger than that of any preceding year.

The most ungracious task of requesting subscribers to settle up their accounts again is ours. It is not polite to refuse after having been asked so often. If the exact sum cannot be procured send Five or Ten Dollars on account. We shall have to commence about February and publish an extra sheet with the names of subscribers, alphabetically arranged, with the sums due by each. We like not the task, but it will be a wholesome rebuke.

After our notice some months since, we hope there will be no more cases of pleading that the book was not ordered by the person receiving it—that being no excuse. If the work is received by any persons who did not order it, they should immediately give the Publisher notice, or they are liable for the subscription.

As many of our female friends are, no doubt, anxious to see how a young queen of 18 looks, we mean to gratify them. Our Engraver has now in hand the Portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and it will be ready in about a month.

The Dinner to Mr. Forrest, on Friday last, went off very well. Some excellent speeches were made by Forrest, McMichael, J. R. Chandler, R. T. Conrad, R. Penn Smith, &c.—and some excellent singing was given by Howard, Russell, Brough, and others.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

ORMOND GROSVENOR.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A cell in the prison. Hayne sitting on his pallet, handcuffed. His son Edward leaning against the wall, weeping.

Hayne. My poor boy, do not weep; this grief is vain.
Look up, and let me see a pleasant smile
On thy young face, that I may tell thy mother
How bravely thou hast borne this bitter hour.
In heaven we'll talk of thee, if 'tis permitted.
I cannot think that all our earnest hopes,
Our prayers and watchings for the little ones
Committed to our care on earth, will cease
With the breath which gave our forms of clay the power
To minister in things of time. No, child,
We shall be near thee in each trying scene,
Rejoicing o'er thy steadfastness and truth.
Cherish thy sisters tenderly, their sex
Will always need the shield of love to ward
The dangers of the world; and trust me, boy,
In sheltering them thou treasurest happiness,
For kindred hearts in bonds of love are strong
Against temptation, and the gloomiest hour,
If brightened with affection's smile, will pass,
Leaving a sweet and soothing balm to heal
All sorrows flesh must bear. Therefore be kind,
And when I am dead———

Edward, (rushing to his father, and clasping his neck.) My father, I'll die with thee.

[*Enter Livingston and Holmes.*]

Hayne. Excuse these tears my friends: my arms were bound,
And so I threw my heart around my boy,
Nor wonder if the pressure melted it.
Edward my love, we must show courage now.
Come, dry thy tears, that mine may cease to flow;
Thou art my comforter, and I am rich,
And soon I shall be blest.

Edward. But will you live?
Ask these good men to take your fetters off;
Oh, pray—the iron is so hard and cold.

Holmes. I would I had not lived to see this hour.

Hayne. Why, then I should have wanted one kind friend,
The cause of freedom would a champion lack:
And our loved country—she has need of all
Her dauntless and true-hearted sons—would mourn
Another stay decayed. Wish not for death,
There's glorious things to compass.

Holmes. But I feel
While thus my heart is wrung by private griefs,
All public sacrifices would be vain;
And it were well to yield us to the fate
We cannot conquer.

Hayne, (standing erect.) Never let such thoughts
Quell the firm purpose of your souls. Bear on.
The goal will yet be reached, it is in view.
I stand upon an eminence, the mound
Dividing time from the eternal world.
The future, like a vista, spreads afar,
And there are storms and thunderings,—but bright
Above the tumult shines the Bow of Peace—
It bends above my country, fresh and fair,
As the green olive o'er the Deluge smiled,
In Freedom's name she rises, takes her seat
Among the nations, and the ancient thrones
Shall feel her influence, and fear her power,
And veil their glories when her star ascends.

Livingston. I hold such confidence, and am assured.
Come life or death, I'll bear myself erect,
A man among free men. True, we do feel
The fury of relentless war that strives
To crush, not conquer; such as masters wage
Against their slaves in arms This cannot last.
A people never were subdued by force.
Even Xerxes' millions were but chaff when rose
A nation in the strength of home and freedom,
The might and majesty of human strength.
Let hearts be free, and hands will do their duty.

We must be firm, and meet each change unmoved.
Hayne. And thus I'd meet my own. I should not choose
T' endure a felon's doom. Yet 'tis but death.
And there are no inevitable ills
But we have strength to bear. My mind is firm
In confidence that I have done my duty,
And in a righteous cause: and I can trust
That this my sacrifice will not be vain.
Holmes. Vain, no. It kindles in our breasts anew
The patriotic fire. The foe will feel
Its burning vengeance! And this scene may be,
In distant years, remembered and rehearsed;
And it must rouse the hearts of men to feel
The slavish bonds of arbitrary power,
Cruel as death.
Hayne. And pray that this, my fate,
May hold the warning beacon forth to show
The rancorous war that brethren wage, when hate,
And rivalry have poisoned all their thoughts,
And changed their social intercourse to fears,
And jealousies, sad breathings of revenge.
The curse—it fell not till fraternal blood
Crimsoned and blighted our green earth and still
The strife of brethren is the deadliest curse
That earth endures. O, never may this land,
My own dear country, sink beneath that scourge.
Livingston. Fear not. The souls that liberty inspires,
With knowledge of just rights, and equal laws,
Are linked in unison with bonds as strong
As bind the universe in harmony.
Such are our leaders, men whose spirits pour
The deep resistless tide of thought along,
'Twill wear a channel in each breast, and bear
All selfish, shallow obstacles away.
Holmes. And then we'll raise, on Liberty's broad base,
A structure of wise government, and show,
In our new world, a glorious spectacle
Of social order. Freemen, equals all,
By reason swayed, self-governed, self-improved,
And the electric chain of public good
Twined round the private happiness of each,
And every heart thrilled by the patriot chord,
That sounds the glory of America.
Hayne. I shall be dust ere this. And yet my thoughts
Dwell on the picture with the joy of hope.
And wherefore? Is it not that here I trace
The progress of that mighty promise fraught
With tidings of great good! Our God has said
That he will reign on earth. And it is here
His empire will begin, and send its light
Through the dark labyrinths of human pride,
Showing oppression's hideousness; the chains
That lash old Europe to the bigot's car,
Keeping her nobles, slaves to sense and sin,
The veriest parasites on earth—till lords
Shall feel their titles are a bye-word, scoff,
Blotting man's dignity, and throw them by,
Like gawds, whose tinsel fashion has decayed,
And put on the true gold of worthiness;
And learn their duty from the public voice:
And yield their homage to the God of Heaven!
This time will come; but first the trial comes,
And faithful hearts must suffer or perform.
My task will soon be finished,—yours remains;
But while you mingle in these scenes of strife,
O, keep your feelings warm on mercy's side,
Even to our erring countrymen who join
The British standard—even to them show pity,
Remember, they are brothers. Is the hour come?

(*Enter Goaler and British soldiers.*)

Goaler. I wish it had not—but 'tis almost seven.
The officers and guard are waiting now.
Hayne. Well, it must be. I am ready. Edward, come.
Attend your father to his resting place,
And see my body laid in the still grave.
Its slumbers must be sweet after earth's strife.
Poor child, you need not go—you have not strength.
Edward. O, let me go, my father. I cannot leave you.
Hayne, (*to the soldiers.*) Lead on; but first unchain me. I would clasp
Once more the hands of friends, and feel assured
In the warm pressure of the heart's farewell.

[*The fetters of Hayne are taken off, and holding Edward's hand, conversing with his friends, he goes out, preceded and followed by soldiers.*]

SCENE II.

A street in the city, thronged with spectators, soldiers &c. A tree in the distance.

[*Enter Hayne with Edward, Holmes, Livingston, and other friends. Guards, Officers, &c.*]

Hayne. Here, then, we part, my son. Now be a man.
My life at yonder tree must end: but there
Will end life's sorrows, too. 'Tis a brief time
Since your dear mother died, (O, blessed be heaven
She died before this scene!) to-day I die.
But I have hope to live in heaven, and there
Our children soon will meet us. Yes, my son,
Though young, you soon may die.
Edward, (*weeping.*) Yes, father, soon
I'll follow you; I feel I cannot live.
Hayne. Kiss me; farewell—and blessings rest upon thee.
Friends, let me take your hands. My children——
Livingston & Holmes. Are ours.
Hayne. Thanks, and farewell. Yet I would say
A parting word for Ormond. He has been
Dear as a son to me. 'Tis strange he left me.
But say I loved him, and I trust he'll prove
To Julia a protector, and to mine—
Will he forget my children?
Livingston. Never, never!
Grosvenor is noble-hearted, he has been
Basely betrayed. He'll ne'er forget thee.
Hayne. Farewell, all:
When the heart speaks there's little room for words.
My soul to God, my body to the dust,—
And my last thought—my country. Edward, live
And serve thy God and Country.

[*They move forward and exit.*

SCENE III.

Another street in the city.

[*Enter Livingston and Holmes from opposite sides of the stage.*]

Holmes. How is Edward?
Livingston. Like one whose brain is burning,
And therefore parches up the fount of tears,
Which should rain down in grief, and so allay
The fever of despair. 'Tis horrible to see
His young heart tortured thus. And then to hear
His doleful accents when he names his father,
And with convulsive shuddering seems to feel
The cord, he saw press round his father's neck.
'Tis horrible!
Holmes. I fear he never will
Recover.
Livingston. Why should death by human means
Be thus appalling! Had Hayne died of fever,
Or any of the thousand accidents,
That daily sweep the race of men away;
We should have grieved, but not with agony;
Have mourned, but murmured not.
Holmes. Because to man
Was given no right to take his brother's life,
Save for a single crime, the crime of blood.
The human heart was fashioned to be kind,
And would be, were not passions, tiger-fanged,
Trained to the rapine of the world for *self.*
And yet, not this perversion of our powers,
Has e'er effaced the seal of mercy, set

In each man's soul to mark the worth of life,
(O, priceless value when employed for heaven!)
And warn him of the penalty incurred
By those who mar God's image. Even in war,
When justice and our country cry—to arms,
And the hot blood stirs with the trumpet's call,
'Tis not to *kill*, but *conquer* we go forth.
O, sophistry of passion! when will man
Learn his true happiness, and his true end—
And love his neighbour as he loves himself,
And live on earth as he would live in heaven.

Livingston. We have not learned it yet. Our spot of earth
Seems rife with angry passions, men as fierce
As demons roam around, and threaten death,
And we must arm, or yield each privilege
That renders life a blessing. We will resist.
Hast heard of Grosvenor?

Holmes. No. What of him?

Livingston. 'Tis told he has escaped. The vessel lay
Too far from shore for swimmers strength to buffet
The waves, while storm and darkness both combined
To veil the enterprise, yet check th' attempt.
No doubt he'd aid from the city. Rawdon raves,
And threatens him with chains, or death if taken.

Holmes. That will not be at present. He'll retire
To Marion's camp.

Livingston. And why should we not go?
There's nothing gained by timid policy.

[*Enter Balfour, with British officers and soldiers.*]

Balfour. Sieze on these rebels. Chain them; they are doomed
[*Soldiers seize on Livingston & Holmes.*
To banishment. Put them on board the vessel
Which sails to-morrow for St. Thomas. There
Let them arrange their plans of revolution,
And at their leisure plot in freedom's name
Against their sovereign. Bear them off.

Livingston. Yes,
Banish our persons; but do not presume
Such mandate can proscribe the cause of freedom.
In that high name I here defy your power.
Load me with irons, chain me in the deep
And pestilential prisons of your ships,
Which the infernal fiend of war suggested,
And none, save the infernals, or such men
As England, shame on that once generous land,
Has sent to crush our liberty, would dare
To place men in! But chain me there,
With the starved, tortured, dying sons of Freedom,
And I'll defy you still; and my last breath
Shall be a prayer for blessings on my country.
Our cause will triumph yet, and your name go
Down to posterity as a foul blot,
Libel on human nature. So should stand
The names of all, who, in whatever cause,
Put off the feelings of humanity.

Balfour. Ha! prophet, grant me immortality,
And I care not for terms your history bears,
In my own land this rebel lore will ne'er
Be read or heeded.

Holmes. Ay, hug such fancies—
Britain is not the world. But there will come;
Even in your island, retribution just
For all the crimes which ye, by Freedom blest
Above all other nations, yet have done
Against the rights of man. Repent ere wakes
The dreadful wrath of a misguided people,
(The mass of Britons are deceived, not cruel,)
Against those selfish, base, and heartless tyrants,
Who have disgraced the name of Englishmen,
By rapine, cruelty and avarice.
Such spirit as ye find in Ormond Grosvenor,
Who has despised you, fled you, and now stands
With hand and heart to aid the oppressed, will be
One day the pride of England's noblest sons;
And she has sons worthy of every praise.

Balfour Ha! ha! Grosvenor fled! Bear them off: ha! ha!
(*Soldiers lead out the prisoners.*

Grosvenor—ha! ha! I have good cause to laugh:
Why, who would think wise men could be such dupes?
These rebels, too, are shrewd: but then they ne'er
Have learned the world. 'Tis there. They'd never make
Diplomatists, nor statesmen. They're too honest.
Grosvenor escaped! And I planned his escape,
And now must fan the flame of Rawdon's ire,
And if he takes the rebel, have him hung
Upon the instant. Still I would prefer
That he should fall in battle. I will train
Some skilful marksmen for that purpose. If
He's taken, Stanley then may interfere,
And so gain Julia's thanks—these lead to smiles:
Love's altar oft is kindled by the ray
That beams from gratitude. It shall not be.
My plots, thus far, go swimmingly. Hayne's dead,
And Grosvenor bann'd, and Julia's mind impressed
With fears that Stanley is her brother's foe.
One effort more, and make her think me friend:
But that's the hardest. I have oft observed
That innocence seems as instinctive taught
To fear and fly the guilty. True, they do
At times neglect the warning, and so fall.
But Julia's guardian-angel will not sleep,
And can I not be good, and worthy of her,
When these stern scenes are o'er, in which I am
Thus forced, by fate, to act a treacherous part?
Out flattering fiend! I will not be the dupe
Of coward conscience, nor deceive myself.
Freely I act, and wickedly—I know it.
I see the turpitude and yet go on,
But some assert there's no hereafter. Well,
'Tis a most blessed doctrine—when we sin—
And heaven is sure to all who but repent.
I'll use the world as suits me now, and when
Its pleasures play me false—why, then I'll pray.
(*Exit Balfour.*

SCENE IV.

Time—night.

(*An apartment in Hayne's house. Books, furniture &c., strewed around in confusion. Servant busied among the broken articles. A low knocking is heard at the door.*)

Servant, (*affrightedly.*) Bless me! the red-coats are come again. They can't do any more mischief, that's comfort. Hark! (*a knock,*) that's not a British soldier's swaggering knock-thump, thump, rattle, rattle, like a drum-head. 'Tis a modest knock, any way, and must be a friend, or one who wants a friend. I'll speak. Who's there?

Grosvenor, (*without.*) A friend.

Servant. I thought so. Dont knock till I pull the bolts; there. Bless me! Master Grosvenor and Mister Sullivan—are you here? Why the king's officers have just been here searching for you,—Come in; come in—I'll find some place to hide you, I warrant.

[*Enter Grosvenor and Sullivan.*]

Grosvenor. Where is my sister, and the children? speak.

Servant. Safe with Madame Rutledge—but the British officers have gone there too, to search for you.

Sullivan. We shall then be seized, if we go thither.

Grosvenor. Let us depart at once for Marion's camp;
And when we've reached it trust for means to send
Communications to our friends—to Julia.

Servant. Miss Julia weeps very much about you both, and makes herself sick with trouble. Grief soon breaks young hearts. I wish my old, tough heart could bear all her sorrows. We have dreadful times.

Sullivan. We'll go. We'll see her; comfort her. Grosvenor—
Here, here, (*to the servant*) take this, you are an honest fellow;
Hast an old cloak?—Grosvenor, we must disguise you
Before we venture further in the city.

Grosvenor, (*sits down on a broken chair.*) Manage it as you will, my soul is sad.

Servant. You see old and broken things enough, Mister Sullivan; because the British soldiers have carried off, or destroyed all master's best things Look here! See Miss Julia's harp. I cried when they broke this, my young lady used to love it so. But the soldiers only laughed, and said, everything belonging to a traitor must be 'fiscated, or finished—and so they finished the harp. I don't see what good such finishings do the king.

Sullivan. But have you no disguise? No cloak, or coat?

Servant. I'll find something if I takes my own jacket.

[*Exit Servant.*

Grosvenor. The history of the world;—what is it, save
The history of wars and ravages?
And I've read these admiringly, and called
The chiefs of the ruffians, heroes!—Never more
Will pomp's bright glare around the warrior, dazzle.
Or turn my eyes from the dark train of woes
That follows his career Look around:—
Here have I spent my best and happiest hours,
Those blissful moments, when the cup of life
Seems crowned with flowers and passed around to friends
And not a lip partakes, but you can pledge
From the full heart with blessings. All was here,
And all is gone. And the red scourge of war
Has done it. (*starting up*) See there! and there! all ruins.
This was the home of Hayne; a better man,
True, kind and honourable, never lived:
And victim of war's vengeful wrath he died.
And now his children driven from this roof!
His little children that he loved so fondly.—
Merciful Power—forgive me, that I ever
Paused o'er the tales of war, and wished to bear
The name of conqueror! 'Tis a foul name—
Assassin—plunderer—would best become them.
Have they not murdered, ravaged here?

Sullivan. But we
Must war, or else bow down, and live as slaves.
And have we not a cause? good cause? We stand
On our own soil, for our own homes, to drive
The oppressor from our dwellings. God has blessed
As he inspired us with the strength to meet
Th' unequal contest. Should we not resist?

Grosvenor. Assuredly. The cause, the cause is all.
I meant not censure on a just resistance.
The freedom of mankind rests on this war;
And boldly should Americans press on.
I trust you will not deem me one of those
Who keep themselves aloof, and carefully,
Weigh chances of success, and stand on terms;
And talk of *conscience*, meaning *interest*.
I do despise such heartless hypocrites!
But Sullivan, I am a Briton born,
And though I love America, and choose
To enrol myself her son, can I forget
That England was my mother's land?—And she,
(Her smile I do remember, it was proud;)
Said that great men had borne the name of Briton,
And I must ne'er disgrace their memory.
I wish all Englishmen deserved such praise.

[*Re-enter servant with a woman's cloak.*]

Servant. See, here; this is big enough, I'll be bound. And this hood will cover his face, and not a soul that sees Master Grosvenor will find him out—He will look like a fat landlady.

Sullivan. Ah! this will do. Let me assist——

[*They arrange the cloak.*

Grosvenor. But why
For me all this solicitude? You are
Exposed to equal danger from informers.

Sullivan. By no means. I have mingled little here,
In the city's walks. I found this house contained
All that I prized to make me blest. And here
Has been my home. You'll give me credit, Ormond,
For constancy in friendship?

Grosvenor. Or in love.

Sullivan. In both, in both; well may I boast their truth;
I feel their kindly influence here; they have
Quickened my feeble pulse, and strung my nerves,
Till now I find the tide of health is strong
And I can wield my sword. I've ne'er been free,
Since on old Bunker's height I fought, till now:
Sickness lays heavy bonds upon the soul.

Grosvenor. You journeyed hither to regain your health,
And now you place your life in jeopardy.
'Tis strange that man who shrinks from death should brave it.

Sullivan. Why strange? the worth of life is weighed in death.
Who dies in a worthy cause has lived an age.
And yet I am not anxious to depart—
This is a pleasant world, for Julia's here.

Grosvenor. But a rude time for lovers. Come we'll go—
I'll look once more upon my sister's face,
And call her my own treasure ere I give her
Wholly away. And yet I know she loves you;
And so do I.—But still 'tis pain to think
That you will rob me of the chiefest place
In her affections. I have nought but her.

Sullivan. We shall both love you; make your happiness
Our dearest study. We shall——

Grosvenor. Oh! no more—
I know you'll *love* each other—and *like* me;
'Tis all I must expect.

[*Exit Grosvenor and Sullivan.*

Servant. (looking after them.) There they go; and two finer looking gentlemen are not to be found in this world, I'll be bound. What a pity if they should be killed, a dead man always looks so ugly;—especially if he is shot. The one I saw looked ugly—but then he was shot in a duel. To die for one's country is very different. And a patriot must look handsome any way. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Time—night.

An apartment in the house of Mrs. Rutledge—Mrs Rutledge and Calista supporting Julia.

Mrs. Rutledge. See! she revives; the drops, Calista, bathe
Her temples. There—Julia, my love, don't weep—
They dare not take you from my roof, my arms.
You are my own; my daughter: I'll protect you.

Calista, (aside.) O, would she were my sister!

Julia. (reviving.) Have they gone?

Mrs. Rutledge. Yes gone, forever gone; I hope,
That Balfour
Teased me impertinently with his offers
To render you assistance. And he vowed
You should be free to choose, and go, or not,
Just as you list.

Julia. I'll never leave my country.
Is not this mine? my birth-place, and my home?
Why will they talk to me of wealth and grandeur?
'Tis wealth enough to live in quietness,
With means to make those happy that I love.
And they are not ambitious;—at least I hope not.

Calista, (smilingly.) They? How many, Julia, are on your list?

Julia. My brother,—and—and—

Mrs. Rutledge. Sullivan; my dear,
You need not blush to hear him named. I know
True love is delicate, and fears to speak,
But it may listen to the darling theme.
You are worthy of each other. When that's said
What need of more?—save this—there's mutual love,
And then comes the bright dream of happiness.
I saw Hayne wedded—and such were his dreams.
My sister loved him;—when they stood together
Before the altar, never did I see

A comelier pair. Where are they now?
In the dust!

(*Edward rushes in: his eyes wildly glaring as at some distant object, and his whole frame convulsed and shuddering.*)

Edward. My father!
Julia, (*goes to him.*) Dear boy:—
O! Do not break my heart! Look here, I'm Julia.
Look on me. Put your arm around my neck.
Do you not love me, Edward?
Edward. My father!
(*The door is cautiously opened, by a servant.*)
Servant. Hist! hist!—here are some who must not be named.

(*Enter Grosvenor and Sullivan.*)

Julia. Brother, dear brother;——
Edward. My father!
Grosvenor, (*starting.*) Merciful God!
Dost thou mark this? and not strike down the guilty!
What crimes shall then be punished? Edward, Edward!
He heeds me not. His reason is o'erthrown.
The temple of his soul is violated;
Its altar's light put out—and what is life
When groped in such abyss of horror? Edward!
Edward. Oh! father! father!
Grosvenor. Heaven save me, as I keep
The vow that from my tortured heart is drawn—
Never, while I have strength to wield this sword,
Shall it be sheathed, while lives an enemy.
Blasting our soil with his polluted tread,
They have provoked, and they shall feel my vengeance.
Sullivan. But for our country;—only for our country.
Away with private wrongs. We'll not go forth
To fight for these—but for the rights of man.
Shout *freedom*! and the talismanic word
Will open all the treasures of the soul:
And war for these is just, and wise, and holy.
But cry *revenge*! and a dark host of passions.
Fell, as the fierce hyena, sweeps along,
And makes even victory a sound of terror;
For what is gained that we can turn to good?
Ormond. You reason—I feel—and there's the difference.
I have not the philosophy which trains
The soul to patience, and the heart to prayer.
My virtues move by impulse. Is't the fault
Of education, climate, or the blood,
Or the deep injuries? Ah, it is here.
No more; I am resolved; I'll dwell no more
On private wrongs. Julia, my dear sister,
(*embracing.*)
One kiss. I know we have your prayers, and these
Are pure as infancy. But shall we leave you?
Will not some danger?
Mrs. Rutledge. Do not fear for us.
Give to our country your whole mind and might.
Our weakness will be our protection here:
The British will not dare to war on women.
Go, go—I tremble lest some spy should learn
That you are here. O, go.
Edward. My father!
(*Exit Edward.*
Grosvenor. Shut from my eyes this spectacle! 'twill haunt me;
And cry for blood, hot blood! O, sister, soothe
With your soft voice, and gentle smile this sad one.
To calm the troubled heart is woman's office.
And this would angels do, were they on earth.
And what would be the work of devils? Why, war—
And that men do. But angels fought in heaven
For their own home—and so may christian men.
And we'll drive out these dragons, Sullivan!
(*Exit Grosvenor.*
Sullivan. Julia, farewell. I need not say how often
My thoughts will centre here. The soldier's life
Would be despair, did not the hope sustain him
That some kind heart is praying for his safety;
Prayer always is a shield: and some dear one
Waiting to give him welcome from his toils,
Julia, will you welcome me?
Julia, (*sinks in his arms.*) Why need you ask?
When you can read my soul? But, Sullivan,
One word: my brother—in the battle guard him.
I have but one—but one——
Sullivan. Fear not for him,
I'll make a rampart of my breast, or ere
Your brother perishes,
Julia. O, spare me, spare—
I cannot part with either: Sullivan!
Sullivan. Dearest, why death were almost welcome now,
If thus I should be mourned. But, Julia, love,
Think not I'll throw my life away when thus
'Tis rich in hopes. We shall return, and safe—
Now, love, retire, and—do not grieve—farewell,
Trask waits us with a guide to Marion's camp.
(*Sullivan leads Julia to the door—*
(*she goes out, then exit Sullivan.*
Mrs. Rutledge. Calista, I have fears, distressing fears.
I dared not whisper these to the young men.
For then they would have stayed, and if taken here
Their death was certain. But I fear that Julia
Will be forced from us by the British chief,
Under the plea that Stanley is her guardian,
Appointed by her grandsire, and upheld
By Rawdon's power—his arbitrary power.
So Balfour whispered.
Calista. He is a villain.
Mrs. Rutledge. But villains may speak truth. We must retire
To the country, and conceal us, if I learn
That there is danger to her. Sullivan
Would never pardon us should Julia suffer.
[*Exit Mrs. Rutledge.*
Calista, (*alone.*) O, happy Julia, to be thus beloved!
And Sullivan bade her farewell so fondly.
Had Ormond spoken to me one kind word,
One single farewell, I would treasure it!
They tell of lover's partings, and their grief—
I know a deeper sorrow. 'Tis to part
From the beloved, without a sign of grief.
I never would have loved him—never—if
He had not been in danger; till he had
Solicited my love. I only held him
Dear as a cousin. Ah, such loves are too dear!
But I must smother all these sympathies.
He does not think of me; and maidens fear,
And they should fear, to breathe a tender thought
That does not, like an echo, seem awakened
As the response, and not the suit of love,
But I may pray for his safety—and return.
(*Exit Calista.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

(*To be continued.*)

The wings of insects afford an immense variety of interesting and beautiful objects. Some are covered with scales, as in the butterfly tribe. Some are adorned with fringes of feathers, and the ribs or veins are also feathered, as in many of the gnat family, and even these scales and feathers are ribbed and fluted in a variety of ways. The earwig is not generally known to have wings, from their being folded up on the back into so small a compass. In size wings differ as much as in every other particular, some are so minute as to be scarcely perceptible, and others are several inches in length. The elytra, or wing-cases, of many insects, are beautifully transparent objects, such as those of the boat-fly, the grasshopper tribe, and many of the minute cicadæ, or frog-hoppers, &c.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

Love's legend was of sad and wandering strain—
Of mingled thoughtfulness and joy untold—
A heaven of happiness—a hell of pain—
With hopes too mighty for the heart to hold!
Of two, who, in their youth's unclouded morn;
Gaz'd, each enraptured, upon wond'rous eyes,
As on deep fountains—till delights were born,
As yet undreamt of, and a new surprise
Came with each deep pulsation, as it rose,
Distinct as music o'er the bosom's lost repose!

II.

Both were devoted. She was beautiful—
And the rich blood that cours'd her cheek and brow,
Each radiant as the flower she stooped to cull,
Mantled, as she gave back the whisper'd vow,
With a new glory! She had found a home!
An altar-place, where, dedicate, she bow'd
In virgin loveliness—no pictur'd dome,
No palace, with its pillow decked and proud,
Could promise the chaste slumber of that breast,
Where her young head was laid, in confidence and rest.

III.

Joy then took up the strain. How sweet the song
'Twas like a trancing harmony on ears
Tortur'd by Discord's tale of crime and wrong.
His was no history of frowns and fears—
His presence fill'd the spirit of a child,
Lighting to lovelier lustre as he grew!
His day swept on all musically wild,
Scatt'ring around new beauties as they flew—
Delight leapt ever round his path, and flung
Fresh flowers about the way where Wit and Laughter rung.

IV.

He made his home with Cheerfulness. His breath
When Winter clos'd the door, and heap'd the fire,
Sounded till midnight with the note of mirth,
Touch'd by the son, and echoed by the sire.
And when green Summer with its bloom was out,
He trode with music 'mid the bending corn,
Greeting brown Exercise with song and shout,
And panting up the hills with light of morn,
Far from the city, with its sickly shade,
Link'd hand in hand with Health, that bright enchanting maid!

V.

His days pass'd goldenly. Above—around—
That voice of song in ceaseless tone was heard
In one unrivall'd melody of sound,
And gushing as the note of some wild bird—
With buoyant step from cottage to the hall,
To greet bright brows he went, and beaming eyes,
Casting the magic of his mien on all—
Banding all life's delights—and scattering sighs—
Still pointing through Time's trial on to Heaven,
Where the bow'd heart should land, that earth ha wrung and riven?

Written for the Lady's Book.

A SERMON IN A GARDEN.

"Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart,
May I call ye sense or warning,
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?"—*Keble.*

"And what are you going to do with yourself this Sunday afternoon?" said a fair "church-going *belle*," who happened to be passing a week in summer, at the same pleasant villa with myself.

"Pardon me," said I, "I am going to church, as well as yourself, though not, I confess, to hear the same minister that you are;" and I took my hat and walked into the garden.

"I know not why it is," said I to myself, as I drew on my thread gloves, and took my way along the gravel walk, "that persons should box themselves up in chapels to contemplate virtue, or be cramped in pews to commune with Deity; he may be seen in the earth, and seen in the sky, and all creation's forms are frost-worked with his love. The Providence of God, as it seemeth to me, hath in nothing been more bounteous than in the rich provision which hath been made for nurturing our moral being by the food of moral wisdom. Upon all the shapes of earth, and all the shows of life, there is charactered a moral; instruction is wrapped like a garment around all the state of man, and blooms like a rose upon the front of Nature. Each of the thousand little dramas, that are daily rounded in the great scene of human life, folds up its grave conclusion; and Time is daily chisseling the couplets of wisdom on the adamant of the past, in ineffaceable events, so that experience hath become a great pyramid, carved all over with the hieroglyphicks of knowledge. Wisdom, too, is the spirit of the inanimate world; instruction is lapped in the perfumes of the flowers, and mingles its voice with the chantings of the brooks; it finds a pulpit on every hill, and makes a tent of every leaf.

"But there is this difference between the benefits of Nature and those of experience," continued I, taking a distinction where I had at first perceived but a resemblance. "Counsel must be wrung from the folds of observation, and struck from the close fist of History; we must wrestle with the angel of the past, ere he will impart his blessing: whereas it is freely exhaled by Nature, and floats like a summer odour around the gardens of all creation. Mingle but among the forms of nature, trees and flowers, and flowing streams, and your soul will partake of the purity and freshness wherewith she has invested all the subjects of her kingdom. For, as on the faces of the flowers, there glow no colours but those which they have seen in the heavens—the sapphire of the sky, the opal of the stars, the ruby of the orient clouds—so are all the thoughts which they suggest, and the

feelings which they inspire, tinged with the sanctity of heavenly light. The breath of the violet's eye is peace; the smile of the rose's cheek is innocence. There is great benefit in being conversant with pure and genial thoughts, as there is great bane in breathing the atmosphere of foul ones; by communion with generous and clean imaginations, the tone of the desires is insensibly purified, and the vigour of the virtuous affections, imperceptibly strengthened.

Wisdom is daily crying aloud in the business of the streets, and voicing the stillness of the forest with her teachings; yet where is this knowledge garnered, and where are these lessons recorded? They perish not, for the spirit of wisdom, as the spirit of life, is immortal. Where, too, are the forgotten thoughts of man—his evanished fancies? Have they become spirits? and are they now winged with a life of their own? will they greet us as we enter eternity? and will our future be coloured by their complexion?

"Doubtless," thought I, spreading out my pocket-handkerchief upon the grass, and seating myself upon it, "doubtless much of

'The gentle moral of the gale,
And wisdom written in the tulip's dye,'

lies in that splendid world of unthought ideas and unseen perceptions. But while upon the ear of our inner spirit there swells a symphony of thoughtful feelings, it may be permitted to our mind to spell out in stuttered syllables some fragments of that song.

When man for a moment stills the tossings of his heart, and curbs the sallyings of his restless temper to listen to the gentle music of fair flowers, their chorussed whisper is to be calm—be quiet? what a lesson of counsel, and what a suggestion of grace is that! Quiet is the element of wisdom. The calmest man is the wisest. For the mind is a coral-stone, around which thoughts cluster silently in stillness, but are scared away by tumult. Men in this time are spurring invention, and agitating all the waters of knowledge; whereas the effort of the truly philosophic mind still is to look at its subject in the calmest manner. Peace is the parent of patient thought—of passionless judgment; and if the calm suggestion of the flower could be uttered in the ear of the heated politician, the restless religionist, the enthusiast scholar, they would receive the holiest counsel that yet had visited their thinkings. It is not asked that in the dear air of stillness, keener thought should be exerted, or wider scope be given to the purpose; peace is itself a voice of wisdom, and quiet is a robed prophet from on high. Old fables tell that when descended deities, disguised in flesh, mingled in assemblies of men, they were still recognised by the unmoving eye-ball; and the legend shadows the essential calmness of divinity. In literature, and in philosophy, whether human or heavenly, mark where the star of peace is shining, and beneath its crest you will find cradled the kingliest knowledge, the whitest sanctity, the mightest power. In things mortal, and in things divine, the spirit of wisdom descendeth like a dove. Mistrust as well the strength as the honesty of the ever-acting; respect the counsel and revere the goodness of the quiet and the still. In the throng of them that have pretensions to be the spirit of God in the form of man, we see many a piercing eye, and many a jewelled hand, and many a sceptred arm; we see but one whose brow is aureoled with the light of peace.

"When I say that peace is a potent conservative of piety, yea, an inspiration of the moral perception, I say but what holy writings every where declare. It is a revelation to the heart—an illumination of the mind in things divine: 'Be still, and know that I am God,' said the spirit on high; 'The peace of God preserve thee in the knowledge and love of God,' says that ancient prayer, the prayer of christian benediction: indicating that that quiet is a sympathetic mirror of the truths of heaven, furnishing, what Archbishop Leighton has finely called, 'an inexpressible kind of evidence' of the reality of faith, an evidence that all may feel but none communicate. Against evil passions, habitual calmness is the best preservative, for, if the storm of excitement be once roused, even in the cause of virtue, none can tell whither it will blow. 'Commune with your own heart, in your chamber,' says the royal harper of Israel, 'and be still.'

"In action, as well as in thought, the man who has learned to pause, has learned the last and highest lesson which wisdom has to teach. In worldly things, I need not dwell upon the value of this counsel: but in that warfare, which on earth never ceases, it is equally precious. Christian man! thou hast often felt that in thy safest moods some strong temptation has come upon thee, and wrestled with thy spirit, and disquieted thee, and the vexation of spirit which it wrought has made thee reckless, and thou hast fallen. The struggle was momentary, although bitter; thou wast struck down by a blow. When thou art again assailed, remember my words. Pause, and the temptation will pass from thee; Be still for a moment, and that stillness will be thy salvation!

"The sin which assaults thee, seems to thee sweet, and thou thinkest that it will be always so, that to vanish it were hard, to live without it were a dreary prospect. But pause, and thy mood will change; thy appetites are corrupted by the proximity of evil thought; let it slip from thy mind, and the craving for it will fall with it. It is only in their first rankness, in their panting novelty, that sins have a force to paralyze the will and melt down the moral purpose; if thou canst make them wait two breathings at the door, they will fade and fall to earth. The first moment of attack is not the moment to put forth thy strength; thy vigour is then wracked by the keenness of temptation: but pause, and by that recuperation of vigour in repose, which is a law of both the physical and the moral life, thy energy will be augmented and concentered, and with one sally thou wilt disperse the foe.

"The contemplation of flowers opens to us other ends and objects of existence, than those that lie in the open view and worldly recognition of mankind, and teach the great lesson of contentment. In many a lonely vale and many a hidden nook, there flowers and fades a gem, whose beauty has drawn forth the choicest

wealth of heaven, and which to mortal seeming, was only framed to lie along the breast of love, or nod above the regal brow of beauty; yet where it waved, it wanes; no mortal eye hath ever sparkled o'er its splendour, and on earth no record lives of its exceeding fairness, Yet not in vain did it pass through the silent mystery of birth, nor can its placid smile be saddened by reproach of uselessness: such marvellous skill the All-wise would never waste, and if he formed, he first had fixed a purpose; yet in the world's valuables that flower had passed uninventoried. Hence, stranger, if the world shower her pearl and gold wide of thy dreary path, and if the voice of praise or sympathy come never nigh thee, nor conscious proof of usefulness console thy life, and thou thinkest that thy being is divorced from purpose, yet be not disquieted: fret not thy gentle fancy with such thought: thy breathing has its benefit. The lonely flower is telling thee that God is pleased with that which, in its appointed place, but buds, and blooms and dies; it lives to shew thee, that while the whirlwind executeth wrath, and the breeze conveyeth mercy, those 'also serve, who only stand and wait.' Possess thy soul in peace; ripple not the current of thy years by pining or regret, for he that fashioned thee in secret, 'curiously wrought thee in continuance,' sees a use in thy existence.

'Tis Nature's law that nothing shall exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and a pulse of good,
A life and soul to every mode of being
Inseparably linked!

The white feet of the moonlight gliding on the lonely Ararat—the music of the wind that sighs among the ice-cliffs of Arctic desolations—the desert spring that hath never moistened a mortal lip—all, all are useful in their great Creator's eye. In the orchestral harmony of being, they make up the full-channelled stream of praise;—they swell the columned incense that daily voyages from earth to heaven; they are a feature in the world-mirrored face of God. So, the contentment that sits and sings by its own grey hearth, and the armless, voiceless resignation, that rolls its coat of frieze about its limbs and smiles—they "bear His mild yoke," and bearing it, are blessed. Thou who sighest in obscurity, repress thy rising murmurs; sweeten the air with calm submission; and let the watery beams of Hope silver the stainless element of Peace.

From the enfeebling and pernicious distractions of externality we may in some measure be delivered by the soothing gentleness of thoughts a-field, and taught a quiet inwardness of feeling. An anxious and busy conscience finding that it has a work to do, looks out for earnest action, forgetting that the best "good work" it can perform is to preserve its own garment white, and to keep its vestments unspotted from the world—to calm down its own passions—to keep its own will resigned. I abhor and deprecate that restless rage of action, that incessant enterprize, that is abroad in the Christian world—that outwardness of interest, which never inquires if all is well about the heart; it is the opposite of "pure and undefiled religion;" it begins in folly and a feeble judgment, and it ends in vanity, presumption, and self-righteousness. It forgets those high and solemn duties which every man owes to that immortal being—his own soul. Doth not the prophet rebuke this pious frenzy when he saith,—"Thy strength is, to sit still;" and doth not the apostle disclaim these works when he saith,—"The fruit of the spirit is peace!" O, that the Christian

Would pause awhile from *action*, to be wise.

Nothing can better display to us the true value of our own state and nature than the thought of that world which is walled within a garden. When from the heated interests of life, its breathless anxieties, its leaden cares, we turn to this white-robed commonwealth of flowers, and behold how large a sphere there is, on the threshold of which all the concerns which we have weighed, sink into naught, the burthen of those cares is lightened, the sting of those anxieties is drawn. When we see how large a share of the love and the power of God, is hourly shed upon objects from which man is shut out, we see how small a space life fills in the broad eye that scans the universe.

The hourly fading of the brightest flowers shows us how valueless is their existence, and may teach us how small is the claim our merit gives us. Viewing all things from ourselves as a centre, we seem to occupy the foremost ground and highest platform of creation, and think that the arm of vengeance will be arrested from regard to our eminence, or, in truth, to our native excellence. Turn, thou that measurest with the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, and that thinkest thyself of consequence to him, turn to the lessons of the withered lily—the wisdom of the drooping rose. Sparkling beneath the morning sun, behold a city of delights where an angel might refresh his spirits, and a seraph make glad his inmost heart; where skill is lavished in unceasing fullness, and the all-odorous music-breath of beauty floats like a vapour round the forms of grace. If earthly thing, unaided, could win his love or gain a title to his sparing mercy, it were surely this—the only mundane thing that never sinned. But in the noontide gladness of their rarest grace—in the summer sweetness of their most enchanting loveliness—in a moment he blots out their being, and turns their beauty to darkness and decay. Let us learn then that if God hath no need of "his own gifts," neither hath he of "man's work." Between them and us it is but a difference of days and years.

While thus their present splendour bids us uncrest our pride, and plant the knee where stood the foot, so will their sometime meanness counsel us to caution how we use contempt. We daily meet with those in whom the inner and diviner life of man is no more developed than is the eye-let in the stone-dry bulb, or the yet ungreened bud upon the bush. Yet, reverence mortality wherever it moves, and let the foot of scorn come never near to hurt the meanest of the manly race. For as that bulb and bush, stone-dry, ungreened, e'en now fold up unseen within their rudeness the perfect flower which shall deck the air, so in the darkest, rudest, breast there lurks a soul—a thing, even now, God-like

and awful, but which, anon, will gem the long line of Christ's attendant train. The cold and clod-like savages that chill the earth—they are but angels in the wintry state. He that regrets a leafless plant may be scorning that which shall win him love from them he loves; he that had struck the goatherd of Admetus, had smitten the sun-god. As, then, the time-forgetting seedsman smells the orient blossom in the death-browned wood, and as in cottaged humbleness the prophetic eye of maternal love vails to the sceptre in her infant's grasp, so let the heart of faith respect a seraph in each mortal form. Contempt is a feeling that is rarely just, and never wise: however degraded an object may be, until thou hast thoroughly known all its history, and hast clearly seen its destiny, thou hast no right, as an honest man, to despise, and none then, as a philosopher. What thou wouldst scorn, has its place in some system: and he that understands the elevation of the statue, will never sneer at the lowliness of the pedestal.

"Such," I continued to myself, drawing up my feet as I felt the ground growing damp under my limbs, "into such, and a thousand other hints of virtue, might this scene be moralized. But there is in the mere atmosphere, that floats around these gentle urns of loveliness, a draught of virtuous power, for that atmosphere is a mild sadness.

"There is often found," says the sweet prophet of the moral muse, my master Wordsworth—

> "There is often found
> In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,
> A power, to virtue friendly."

"All joy and complacency tends to unnerve and enfeeble the spirit, and all saddening thoughts are wholesome, and have airs of virtue breathing about them. And when gay scenes pass before the eyes, and the heart is not interested, there is always raised a feeling of regret. In the gladness of beauty, the aged heart's second sight discerns a something mournful, and the brightest pageant, when the hopes are elsewhere, is a melancholy thing. The mere ambition of the scene excites these pensive thoughts, and when we add to the feeling with which we look on flowers, the remembrance of their evanescence, the consideration is full-fraught with that sorrow which leadeth to wisdom. As they fade momently, beneath our eyes, let the young and the lovely remember, that if one beauty decks their front, one destiny binds their lives."

The instincts of animals are their habits and practices resulting from their varied forms and natural powers. They fly, swim, crawl, run, &c, and eat and locate agreeably to their respective experienced convenience, and the young universally follow the habits of their parents, and education becomes their nature, generating peculiarities in each kind. They thus replenish the earth, promote its intense fertility, and become useful and necessary parts of a general circle of organic life.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The way is long," the father said,
While through the western wild he sped,
With eager searching eye;
"Cheer ye, my babes," the mother cried,
And drew them closer to her side,
As frown'd the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A log-rear'd cabin's roof they view'd,
And its low shelter blest;
On the rough floor their simple bed,
In haste and weariness they spread,
And laid them down to rest.

On leathern hinge the doors were hung,
Undeck'd with glass the windows swung,
The smoke-wreath stain'd the wall;
And here they found their only home,
Who once had ruled the spacious dome,
And paced the pictured hall.

But hearts with pure affections warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
Did in that cell abide;
And there the wife her husband cheered,
And there her little ones she reared,
And there, in hope, she died.

Still, the lone man his toil pursued,
While 'neath his roof so low and rude,
A gentle daughter rose,
As peering through some rifted rock,
And blooming on a broken stock,
The blushing sweet-briar grows.

With tireless hand the board she spread,
The Holy Book at evening read,
And when with serious air,
He saw her bend so sweetly mild,
To lull to sleep the moaning child,
He blessed her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footstep staid,
And down the woodman's axe he laid,
The fever-flame was high;
No more the forest feared his stroke,
He fell, as falls the rugged oak
Beneath the whirlwind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby, when the mother died,
How desolate she stands—
While gazing on his death-struck eye,
His kneeling sons with anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold?
In beauty's opening prime!—
That blessed daughter, meek of heart,
Who, for his sake, a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp, that groan—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,
The manly breast must heave no more,
The heart no longer pine.
Oh, Thou, who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm to them the promise blest,
"The fatherless are mine."

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR,

THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

[*Continued from page 32.*]

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Dimsdale had written for accommodations, and the ladies were met in the hall by a chambermaid, who immediately conducted them to their rooms. After they had taken off their bonnets and arranged their hair, they descended to the tea-table which had been set for their party at one end of the refectory—the general tea being over long before their arrival.

The gentlemen joined them; and conversation was proceeding very gaily, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Conroy, the sister of Mrs. Dimsdale. This lady, with her husband and daughters, had been already more than a fortnight at Rockaway—Mr. Conroy going backwards and forwards according as business required his presence in the city.

Althea, notwithstanding her acquaintance with the Dimsdale family, had hitherto seen but little of the Conroys, who lived in a distant part of the town and visited in a different circle—Though nearly related, and always on amicable terms, the habits and dispositions of the two families were so different that there was no great intimacy between them—the Dimsdales being plain, unpretending people, and the Conroys—but we will let them speak for themselves.

"I have but this moment heard of your arrival, sister Dimsdale—I left the company in the saloon, and came to you immediately"—said Mrs. Conroy, taking a seat near the table, and accepting an invitation to join them in their tea.

"How are the girls?"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Perfectly well"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"and so extremely delighted with Rockaway that there is no getting them away from it—which, however, is not to be wondered at—for to tell the truth they are excessively admired here—Between ourselves, the Miss Conroys are considered the belles of the place—Of course I would not say this to every one, but you know very well that my daughters have always been rather celebrated, though their styles are so different, and it must be confessed that the dignified softness of Abby Louisa, and the piquant vivacity of Phebe Maria are too strikingly contrasted not to produce effect. They have just returned from an evening walk on the beach with some others of the young people; and Abby Louisa, having been inadvertantly led by Mr. Draglington rather too near the surf, (quite into it, I believe,) has got her dress sadly splashed, and has gone up stairs to change it. And I left Phebe Maria in the saloon, so surrounded with beaux that I could not get at her to apprize her of your arrival. I know one ought not to tell these things of one's own daughters, but, suppress it as we may, maternal affection will peep out—and for my part, I cannot be otherwise than natural."

Politeness restrained the young gentlemen from exchanging looks at this assertion of one of the most artificial women they had ever met with, but who fortunately had not depth enough to be dangerous. Being the sister of his uncle's wife, to Lansing Mrs. Conroy was no stranger, but to Selfridge who had only seen her at Rockaway, she was both new and amusing. From Lansing he had heard the origin of the incongruous double names that distinguished her daughters. They were called Abigail and Phebe after two rich old aunts of Mrs. Conroy's, who considered herself their favorite niece, and who expected from them a large legacy for each of her daughters. Aunt Abby died when the children were eight and nine years old, leaving her whole fortune without reservation to her sister—Aunt Phebe soon after was married by a young spendthrift of twenty-two, on condition that she made over to him all her property.

These two successive disappointments were severely felt by Mrs. Conroy; and, justly incensed at having given her children old-fashioned names for nothing, she added to them the more genteel appellations of Louisa and Maria. Mr. Conroy was a man of business, and little else; allowing his wife sovereign sway over the family and all other concerns, except those of the counting house.

"This is our first visit to Rockaway since the erection of the new hotel"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"but with accommodations very inferior to the present we have formerly found it a pleasant place, and no doubt we shall enjoy it exceedingly."

"Of course you will"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"there is a great deal of genteel company here; and I have not seen better dressing at any watering place. We have now at Rockaway a large proportion of the people one meets in society, with, to be sure, some sprinkling of persons whom nobody knows—but that is the usual alloy to all places of public resort, as unfortunately in our republican country those that have money to pay their way, can gain admittance any where.—But I assure you our saloon has been extremely brilliant.—We have had three judges—one bishop—two ex-governors—five members of congress—one captain in the navy—two colonels in the army—fourteen lawyers—and merchants 'too tedious to mention.' And then there is the new English traveller."

"I did not know there was a new one"—remarked Mr. Dimsdale.

"Is it possible!—Why there has been nothing else talked of since the arrival of the last packet. But though you *do* live so out of the world (excuse my saying so) it is too strange that you should not have heard of Sir Tiddering Tattersall."

"That sounds like a thing of shreds and patches"—observed Althea, aside to Selfridge, who had taken care to sit next to her.

"Miss Vernon"—said Mrs. Conroy—overhearing her—"give me leave to inform you that Sir Tiddering Tattersall's clothes are always of regular make, and perfectly whole, and (whatever latitude he may indulge in among Americans) I have no doubt that in his own country he is always drest scrupulously according to the fashion, and that he has costumes for every possible occasion—as is the case with all English gentlemen—still more when they are noblemen."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Conroy"—said Lansing—"a baronet (if such is the rank of Sir Tiddering) is not exactly a nobleman—you forget that a baronetcy comes next to the peerage, but does not belong to it."

Mrs. Conroy did not forget, for she had never remembered—being extremely ill-versed in the grades of European title; a species of ignorance very common among my countrywomen, notwithstanding their fondness for novels of fashionable life.

"I do not know that he is a baronet"—resumed Mrs. Conroy—"he may be something of still higher rank—perhaps a knight—I am quite sure that knights have *Sir* before their names, for I have read of them when a girl.—He may be a Knight of the Garter."

"Very probably"—said Lansing—who thought that further argument might make "confusion worse confounded."

"That he is a man of consequence there can be no doubt"—pursued Mrs. Conroy.

"What is his business in America?" enquired Mr. Dimsdale.

"Do you suppose any body would be so rude as to ask him"—replied Mrs. Conroy.

"His ostensible business is to buy a trotting horse"—said Lansing—"his real one is probably to write a book."

"Sir Tiddering Tattersall write a book"—said Selfridge, contemptuously.

"Why not"—resumed Lansing—"no doubt he could write as good a one as the renowned Frederick Fitzgerald de Roos—and could equally enlighten his compatriots on the ever obscure subject of society and manners in America—a country which they always seem to look at through a blanket."

"Say rather a mist—or a veil"—observed Selfridge—"either of which would be quite as Shakspearian—certainly more elegant—and perhaps more just."

"No"—replied Lansing—"I will persist in my blanket—for homely as the image may be it is not too strong to express the opaqueness of the unaccountable something that seems always to interpose between their perceptions of America and the truth."

"It is a wilful obtuseness"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"none are so blind as those that will not see."

"I am very sure that Sir Tiddering Tattersall is no author"—said Mrs. Conroy—"for he has a valet, and he brought with him a cart-load of baggage, and never gets up till noon, and it is evident that money is no object to him He wanted a parlour to himself, and a dressing-room, but being unable to obtain them, and equally unable to conform to what he justly calls the barbarous hours of the hotel, he pays extra for having his dinner alone in his own chamber at eight o'clock."

"I suppose, then"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"he is now luxuriating in the enjoyment of his solitary meal."

"Exactly so"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"let me see (looking at her watch) he must be just now engaged in taking his wine."

"Quite likely"—said Lansing, as he rose from the table, which the party, having concluded their repast, were now quitting.

Between Lansing and Mrs. Conroy there had always been a sort of disinclination to like each other—and though she was the sister of his uncle's wife, neither of them ever acknowledged the least approach to any thing like auntship or nephewship. Still she was in the main very unwilling to quarrel with him, prudently judging that when a woman has daughters to marry, she should contrive to keep on good terms with all manner of men; as there is no telling what may happen, or which may eventually be found *le plus bon parti*.

A council was now held as to the most eligible mode of finishing the evening, which was already far advanced. It was debated whether the ladies should prepare for going into the saloon, or whether they should take a walk on the beach, the night being moonlight. To the surprise of Selfridge, Althea Vernon, though she had expressed an impatient desire for a near view of the ocean, was now evidently in favour of their *debut* in the drawing room. But Mrs. Conroy feeling some apprehension lest the beauty of Miss Vernon should eclipse that of her own daughters (notwithstanding their styles were so happily contrasted) adroitly assured the young ladies that they could not possibly appear in the saloon without making such an entire change in their dress as must occupy a very considerable time, and would over-fatigue them after a ride of twenty miles, and might cause them to look pale and haggard, "which you know"—said she—"is not at all desirable." Also, that their hair had been so blown about by the wind that it would not be presentable till after a fresh pinning up. She ended by counselling them to repair immediately to bed.

This last advice, however, (which was delivered in an under tone) our young ladies were by no means inclined to follow, and even Mrs. Dimsdale declared her disinclination to retire so early. So it was decided that the juveniles, as Mr. Dimsdale called them, should take a walk on the strand, while Mrs. Dimsdale (for whom it was only necessary to change her cap and collar) accompanied her husband and Mrs. Conroy into the saloon.

CHAPTER V.

When Althea and Julia had gone up stairs for their bonnets, and the two young gentlemen were promenading the portico while waiting for them—"I must confess"—said Selfridge—"that I was disappointed at Miss Vernon's being so unsentimental, or so unpoetical, or so unpictorial (I know not what to call it) as to evince a preference of the noise and glare of a crowded drawing-room to a walk on the margin of the Atlantic—and by moonlight too"—

"Now"—replied Lansing—"I think that preference perfectly natural to a very young and sprightly girl. Let me console you with the homely proverb that you must not expect to find old heads on young shoulders—an adage, I foresee, you will often have occasion to recollect in the course of your present *engouement*."

"But surely"—said Selfridge—"youth is the age for romance and poetry, and it is then that our feelings are most vividly awake to the beauties and sublimities of nature."

"There I disagree with you"—answered Lansing—"It is after our taste is somewhat formed and has had time to improve and refine, that our imaginations, generally speaking, are most susceptible of the picturesque and the imposing. Children are rarely struck with fine natural scenery, and to coarse and uncultivated minds (whether of the vulgar little or the vulgar great) it seldom affords much pleasure. I do not believe that a Swiss peasant is aware of the magnificence of his glorious Alps. To him they are only high mountains: dangerous, slippery, and difficult to cultivate. Do you think when the Italian that grinds his hand-organ through the streets of New York, looks back to the land of his birth, that he grieves for the marble promontories, and flowery glades, and myrtle thickets, and clear blue waves of his Mediterranean home? No—his regrets are for objects more closely connected with himself, or for enjoyments in which mind has but little association. Nay—have you not heard of persons who living within ten miles of Niagara never visited the stupendous cataract until they found it had become a place of public resort. And even now how many go thither that are satisfied with a mere cursory glance, and leave it without retaining one additional idea of its wonders."

"But what is all this with reference to Miss Vernon"—said Selfridge—"you cannot persuade me that hers is a light and frivolous mind, when there is so much intelligence in her looks."

"She looks as I believe she is"—replied Lansing—"that Miss Vernon is a girl of quick capacity, I have not the slightest doubt, nor also that she has sense, imagination and feeling.—There now—you need not grasp my hand so delightedly. But remember our conclusion on the general inconsistency of human nature, and do not be surprised if this beautiful star that has just risen on your horizon should occasionally diverge from her orbit, and recreate herself with an erratic excursion into the fields of air. Also, if you intend commencing lover in earnest, you must conquer this habit of considering things too deeply.—But here come the ladies—I suppose I must kindly and unprofitably take charge of good little Julia, who is not only my own cousin, but more than suspected of having exchanged rings and lockets with a certain naval officer now cruising in the Pacific.—The poor dear girl is ashamed to acknowledge the interest she takes in the ocean and its appurtenances."

The alertness of Selfridge in offering his arm to Althea left indeed no choice to his friend, who followed him with Miss Dimsdale. They had walked but three or four yards on leaving the portico, when the tufts of grass became "few and far between," till they were reduced to a solitary blade here and there, struggling with the deep and choaking sand, through which our little party proceeded; their feet sinking in at every step. But with the true American disposition to make light of petty inconveniences, they laughed gaily at the difficulty of their progress—though more than once the ladies stepped out of their shoes in lifting their feet. These sands, though now dry, were at high tide usually covered with water; and in a few minutes our little party reached a fine smooth beach sloping into the dark-rolling ocean.

It was one of those nights when

> "The moon is in her summer glow
> But hoarse and high the breezes blow."

She had climbed above a mass of dark vapours that curtained the east, and was touching with silver the edges of the flying clouds that were wafted across her face by the sea-wind as it swept over the heaving waves, ruffling their glittering heads into crests of foam.

"The art of man"—said Selfridge—"though it has drawn lightning from the clouds, and cut passages through mountains, levelled rocks, and converted forests into cities, can effect no change in the stern and unconquerable ocean. This surf, that throws its broad white ridge along the sandy beach, is roaring now as it has roared since the creation of the world; and so will it continue, warring against the shore in restless and unending strife till time is lost in eternity."

He then, while they paced the shadowy strand in the moonlight, described with graphic eloquence some of the ocean scenery that he had witnessed in his voyage to India—particularly a tremendous tempest in the latitude of the Mauritius. And to Althea's eager inquiries if they saw the island of Paul and Virginia, he replied that they had discerned one of its mountains looming dimly through mist and storm.

There was a silence—and as Selfridge glanced at the expressive countenance of Althea and saw the tear-drops trembling on "the fringed curtains of her eyes," he felt that her thoughts were dwelling on St. Pierre's beautiful and affecting story. The young lover could scarcely refrain from, at that moment, making her an offer of his hand and heart. "She is all truth and nature"—thought he—"full of fancy and feeling, and too artless to be capable of concealing her emotions, or even her foibles—if indeed she has any."

The pause was first broken by Althea, who did not pursue the subject of the storm, but said with brightening eyes—"I know not a more striking description of moonlight on the sea-beach than that of Oberon, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, when he is about to send Pack in search of the enchanted flower.—Has this charming scene never been transferred to canvas?"

"The immortal poet"—replied Selfridge—"has made it so beautiful and vivid that he has left nothing for the genius of the painter. Many of the best artists have shrunk from the task of illustrating the finest and most popular passages of Shakspeare—fearing their inability to paint up to the picture he has presented in a few magic touches to the mind's eye of his readers,

> "The man who life with nature's pencil drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new"—

may well dispense with assistance from the material pallet and canvas."

"To-night, however"—continued Selfridge, after a pause—"there are too many drifting clouds, and the wind is too high, and the water in too much agitation, to give me exactly the idea of the calm and lovely sea-side picture sketched by the fairy king."

Selfridge then began to repeat the lines in question, and at those that depict "Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all armed," Althea whose eyes were now involuntarily turned towards the wandering planet that shone down on her beautiful face, prompted him with a *naiveté* that he found bewitching. And at the words "a sudden aim he took," the lover could not refrain from slightly pressing the hand that rested on his arm. Whether she perceived it or not I leave to the sagacity of my lady readers.

"Young as she is, how correct is her taste—how lively her perceptions of grace and beauty"—thought Selfridge, as they turned their steps to the hotel—it being near ten o'clock. When they passed the windows, and saw by the light of the chandelier suspended from the ceiling, the gay groups that promenaded the saloon, or chatted on the sofas around it, Althea exclaimed—

"What a bright and animated scene! Among the company, there may be (according to Mrs. Conroy) *some* people whom nobody knows—but the general effect is certainly that of fashion and elegance;—I wish I had passed the evening in the saloon."

Selfridge felt again disappointed, and made no reply. "After all"—said he to Lansing, when they had conducted the young ladies to the staircase, and taken leave of them for the night—"I think I will profit by your advice, and know more of Miss Vernon before I carry my admiration of her too far."

"Then you have not yet proposed"—said Lansing.

"Nonsense"—replied Selfridge—"do you take me for the hero of a comedy, that falls in love at the first interview, offers himself at the second, and is married at the third."

"Let us finish the evening in the saloon"—said Lansing. "Will you go in with me?"

"No"—answered Selfridge—"I am not in the vein for fashion and elegance. I will walk in the portico awhile.—The air is cool and refreshing.

"Cool, indeed!" said Lansing—"with this brisk north-wester, which would have blown little Julia into the sea if I had not kept her steady. But I leave you to your meditations."

There would be too much sameness in saying that our heroine meditated also. We will only hint that she spent a remarkably long time in transferring some of the contents of her trunk to the shelves of the commode; and she must have been somewhat abstracted when on opening the embroidered handkerchief her perception of its beauties was rather less distinct than usual. In short, she "pottered and dawdled an immensity," and "put out things," and put them in again, till all was still throughout the hotel. Having extinguished her lamp, she sat down at the window to rest herself after her fatigue, and looked out at the strand and the ocean till

"The wan moon was setting behind the white wave."

It is not to be supposed that through the Venetian shutters Miss Vernon could identify the figure of the solitary gentleman, who, till a late hour, continued to perambulate the portico, or that she observed the grace of his attitude, when at times he folded his arms, and stood leaning musingly against one of the pillars.

CHAPTER VI.

The sun shone brightly through her shutters before Althea awoke, and she found it too late to put in practice her intention of calling up Julia to accompany her in a ramble on the beach to see the first rays of morning burnish the ocean. She had just completed her toilet when Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia tapped at her door, and the breakfast bell not having yet sounded, they all three repaired to the little front drawing-room that opens into the corridor or long passage at the head of the first staircase—

"And now, my dear Mrs. Dimsdale"—said Althea—"tell us what was seen, and said, and done, last evening in the saloon."

"I saw many well-drest, fashionable, and agreeable-looking people"—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—"and some few that were not so—and I met several of my friends from the city—Mr. Dimsdale, whose acquaintance among gentlemen is very extensive, was of course at no loss—I was introduced by my sister Conroy to several of her prime people, as she calls them, and she took opportunities of giving me their histories—And I heard much conversation through the room about a young lady from Boston, who is daily expected in our city, and it is said, intends immediately visiting Rockaway"—

"Miss De Vincy is it not"—said Julia—"Templeton Lansing was speaking of her last evening as we walked on the beach. He says every one is preparing for a great sensation on her arrival."

"Yes—Miss De Vincy"—replied Mrs. Dimsdale—"report has described her as a first-rate woman. Having come into possession of an immense fortune at the age of twenty-one, she went to Europe with some of her relations, and has just returned after an absence of four years. The ladies are all impatient to see the beautiful dresses she has brought from Paris, and the gentlemen are equally anxious to hear her play and sing, and to dance with her, and (those that can) to talk to her in French and Italian and Spanish. She is said to be highly accomplished, and to have in every respect a mind of superior order."

"With so many advantages"—said Althea—"she must indeed be a delightful woman—I hope, Julia, that Miss De Vincy will arrive before our departure, that we may have an opportunity of seeing her across the room, and hearing the sound of her voice at a distance, for I suppose that is the utmost we chits need expect."

"At least"—said Julia—"that privilege will be something—I think we shall find her like Ida of Athens, the beautiful and talented archondessa."

"My idea of Miss De Vincy"—said Alphea—"is that of Armida, the heroine of the Milesian Chief."

"And I"—said Lansing, who had just joined them—"have a presentiment that she resembles Portia in the Merchant of Venice, as played and looked by Fanny Kemble; and she can be compared to nothing more charming."

The breakfast bell now rung—and Mrs. Conroy came sweeping along the corridor with an immensely fat, coarse, over-drest woman leaning familiarly on her arm. She was followed by her two daughters in very *recherché* morning dresses; Phebe Maria gallanted by a foppish, ungenteel, pert-faced young man, and Abby Louisa escorted by Selfridge, whom the Conroys had chanced to meet on his way from his own apartment and to whom the all-seizing mother had consequently delegated the office of conducting her eldest hope to the refectory—Selfridge, whose countenance ways always too eloquent, looked annoyed as he bowed to Miss Vernon in passing. Lansing who guessed in a moment how, and by whom the arrangement had been made could not forbear smiling as he offered his arm to Althea, who smiled also at the triumphant glance and the slight wave of recognition that was bestowed on her by the soft and gentle Miss Conroy, whom with her sister she had met once or twice at Mrs. Dimsdale's.

"Do you know the old lady and the young gentleman that are with Mrs. Conroy and Miss Phebe Maria"—said Althea in a low voice to Lansing: Mr. Dimsdale with his wife and daughter being somewhat in advance.

"They arrived the day before yesterday"—replied Lansing—"Their name is Vandunder—They come from Schoppenburgh, one of the towns back of the Hudson (I forget on which side) where the father made a large fortune by keeping a store, and by marrying the only daughter of a very rich farmer who was or had been land-owner of the whole settlement—and also by giving nothing to any body out of his own family, and as little as possible to those in it. Old Vandunder died a year or two ago—since which his wife and son and daughter have all come out, and are now taking their pleasure at Rockaway. Mrs. Conroy, who always adds to her bow every string she can pick up, (whether a silken cord or a bit of twine,) is evidently desirous of promoting a match between one of her daughthers and the young patroon of Schoppenburgh, as she calls him—and she therefore subjects herself to the mortification of chaperoning the whole family. The life of a scheming mamma must be a perpetual martyrdom."

"Not more so than that of the daughters who are schemed for"—observed Althea.

During breakfast Lansing and Althea were tacitly amused with the uncomfortable look of Selfridge, whom Abby Louisa had contrived to detain at her side, and on whom she was lavishing her softest smiles and the most amiable attentions at table. Phebe Maria (who sat opposite to her sister) kept up what she considered a lively flirtation with the patroon of Schoppenburgh, who esteemed himself a wit, and at whose sallies the young lady had been instructed to laugh exceedingly. He was a foolish monkey-faced youth with immense fawn-coloured whiskers meeting under his chin, and long lank side locks from which the sea air had taken out all the curl. His dress was in the very extreme of what he believed to be the fashion; and he always followed each witticism with a twitch of his eye and a significant jerk of his head, as much as to say "Do you take."—His conversation was interlarded with scraps of French which he mis-pronounced, and of Latin which he misunderstood, and his English was incorrect and ungenteel.

"Allow me"—said he—"Miss Phebe Maria, to assist you to a piece of this here split crow"—(pointing to a broiled chicken)—"Do you walk or fly?"—(Phebe looked puzzled)—"I mean, which will you have a walker or a flyer?"—(Phebe now laughed)—"For my part I'm a great hand at flying—But there's no arguing about tastes—*Chackun a son gowt* you know—*Pardonnez moy* my talking French.—But really since it has been a *fashion to parley*, it comes so natural to me, and slips off my tongue with such *song froyd* that I am apt to be quite inconsiderate of them that don't speak it."

"Pray sir"—said Phebe, with some asperity—"what puts it into your head that I do not speak French—I can assure you I learned it seventeen quarters at Madame Gardefolle's, and and of course I *must* understand it."

"To be sure you must"—replied Vandunder—in a tone of conciliation—"It was only a small *jew de sprit* of mine."

"Are you talking French, Billy?"—said his mother, who sat next to him on the other side—"Madam I am"—replied Billy.

"That's right"—said his mother—"you know your French master ordered you to practize whenever you had a chance"—and then leaning over to Phebe, she continued—"I assure you, Miss, my son is a great languager. He's classical too, and can talk Latin—Billy say some Latin to Miss Phebe Maria."

"*Cui bono*"—said Billy, whose Latin was sometimes right by accident, but generally wrong by ignorance. And then he whispered to Phebe—"Between you and me and the post, the old lady's a small bit of a twaddle."

Phebe Maria's giggle was rather too audible—"What's the fun?"—said Mrs. Vandunder—"Some good joke, I suppose, of Billy's—young ladies, Billy's a great joker."

"My jokes always hit the right nail on the head, don't they mar'"—pursued the hopeful son.

"Most always"—said the unconscious old lady—Phebe Maria now laughed till her mother frowned.

In the meantime nothing but the habitual politeness of Selfridge could have enabled him to endure with patience the die-away looks, complimentary insinuations, and persecuting assiduities of Abby Louisa.—Therefore he was very glad when the repast, (which had seemed to him interminable) drew towards its close.

"Well"—observed Mrs. Vandunder—"if every body's had enough, I don't see no use in setting for nothing—so let's all get up, forthwith."

"*Risum teneatis*"—said Billy, pushing back his chair—and thinking he had made a most appropriate quotation he looked over to Lansing for applause, and found him already subscribing to the *real* meaning of the words.

As they quitted the table the patroon of Schoppenburg touched Lansing on the shoulder, and whispered to him familiarly—"I say, Lansing, introduce me to that there pretty girl which sat beside you—she's really the beauty of Rockaway—quite a *prima facie*—between you and me and the post, the Miss Conroys ain't fit to hold a candle to her."

Lansing looked at Althea, who having overheard the whisper, replied by a smile of assent, and the introduction took place, much to the discomfitnre of Mrs. Conroy, who now regarded our heroine as a decided rival to her daughters, and a thorn in their path to preferment.

After leaving the refectory, a large proportion of the company assembled in the saloon; the young people to promenade round, and the matrons to sit at the windows or on the sofas, some talking, and some saying nothing. The husbands and fathers sat about the piazza with the newspapers.

Abby Louisa was just directing a look of invitation to Selfridge, and preparing to engage him as her partner in the promenade, when Lansing kindly stepped forward, and relieved his friend by offering his own arm to the young lady, to whom no handsome man ever came amiss. Selfridge delighted with his escape, looked round in search of Althea, but was vexed and disappointed to find her already in the midst of the procession and leaning on the arm of Billy Vandunder, whose fooleries she was requiting with some of her brightest smiles.

"What a riddle is this girl!"—thought Selfridge—"I do not think I shall take a solitary walk in the portico to-night—she seems quite as well pleased to listen to the stupid nonsense of that ugly idiot as she was last evening with our moonlight ramble and poetical conversation."

He then invited Miss Dimsdale to make the tour of the saloon with him, but she replied that she would rather sit still and look on—Selfridge afraid that he might be drawn into a promenade with Phebe Maria (who was seated next to Julia) went out into the piazza, and having resolved on total indifference to Miss Vernon, he was persuaded to join some of the young men on a deep sea fishing excursion which they had planned the evening before—Lansing who had previously made arrangements to be of the same party, now looked at his watch, and then excusing himself to Abby Louisa, led her to a seat, and departed.

Althea, who was heartily tired of her beau, informed him that she was tired of promenading. The gentlemen (who were not very numerous, many of them having gone to the city early in the morning) began to disperse, and the ladies soon retired also, many of them to their forenoon *siestas*. Among these were Mrs. Conroy and her daughters, it being the judicious mother's opinion that nothing but filling up all the intervals with sleep could enable any real ladies to stand the wear and tear of a watering place without looking the worse for it.

"And I"—said Mrs. Vandunder, as they reached the corridor—"will go and look after Wilhelminar—you have not seen my daughter yet Mrs. Dimsdale—I named her Wilhelminar because her brother's name was Wilhelm—"

"Is there not some inconvenience in the similarity of the names"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! not the least—we call her Willy and him Billy—and nothing can be easier said—I'm a going to see if they've sent her up a good breakfast—for yesterday, she told me, they did not give her half enough of sassage, and quite too little butter."

"Does Miss Vandunder never come down to breakfast!"—asked Mrs. Dimsdale.

"Oh! never—she had to rise so early at Mrs. Shacklewell's boarding-school to practize her pyano in a cold parlour by candle-light, that ever since she won't get up till ten o'clock, and always has her breakfast in bed. And she likes plenty of good things, to make up for the five quarters of bad eating she had at Mrs. Shacklewell's—Them boarding schools is awful places—to be sure here at this hotel (which is a great shame) they charge for every meal that's eat away from the table. But, howsoever, it won't break full-handed people that's got above the world, and, to my thinking, all them that ain't, had better stay away from sea-shores and watering places."

She then entered her daughter's apartment, and was saluted with a whining half-crying voice which sounded to those outside like tones of childish complaint.

"Mrs. Vandunder and her family are not without their peculiarities"—said Mrs. Conroy to her sister, apologizingly—"But they all have most excellent hearts, and are highly respectable, and naturally very desirous of being in society—so in our republican country one should not be too fastidious, but remember what our grandfathers were—as Mr. Dimsdale justly says."

[*To be continued.*]

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

Suggested on reading her lines, "A Mournful Gift is Mine."

BY JAMES E. VAIL.

A glorious gift was thine, oh! bard—a glorious gift was thine,
To wake the soul with glowing song, and minstrelsy divine,
And richly, gladly from thy lyre, in many a heavenly tone,
Thou sent a strain of melody, with a power all thine own.

And beauteous, glorious were the themes which moved thy soul of song,
They were of happy hearts and homes, thy native hills among,
'Deserted halls,' 'deserted hearths,' which waken many a sigh,
Came from thy lyre in tuneful strains of richest melody!

And Rome's great triumphs thou hast sung, whose flag once streamed on high,
When armed legions proudly marched to Death or Victory!
While battles on the mighty sea, and conquests on the land,
Are penned in many a graceful verse, and with a master hand.

And woman's truth, and woman's worth, have echoed from thy lyre,
And glorious deeds, and virtuous acts, thy thrilling notes inspire,
Oh! a noble gift was thine, oh! bard—the meanest of the throng
That has a heart, will worship thee, thou gifted child of song!

And dreary, mournful was the hour, when from thy parent hearth,
Where all thy high and glowing thoughts, and minstrelsy had birth,
Death lured thee to his chambers dark—that place of night and gloom,
Hallow'd, thrice hallow'd be the spot where genius finds a tomb!

Written for the Lady's Book.

COMMENTARIES
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF BURNS.

NO. 1

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth lik Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle *man*;
It's no in books; it's no in lear
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy long;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrong."

We cannot make a more trite remark than that happiness is the object of all men. To this our systems of education are supposed to have reference. But they are defective in that, they are exclusively addressed to the intellect. The heart, the emotions, the passions, it would seem, are thought not to need attention. Morals in theory, and sometimes, to some extent, in practice, occupy a place in the scheme of education, but the careful cultivation of the various emotions that form a part of our nature is not deemed necessary. Yet it is on the condition of these, rather than on that of the intellect, that our happiness depends. If the intellect go wrong, it may be corrected, and move onward in its proper course with but little diminution of its power; but the heart that has wandered is seldom brought back, and never regains the freshness and fullness of strength which it possessed before. If the affections be nipped in the bud they seldom bloom again, and never with their original fragrance and beauty. The cultivation of the feelings, then, should form an important part of education in early life. As much time and effort, to say the least, should be spent in promoting their development as is spent in promoting the development of the intellect. Furthermore the need is greater because the business of the world tends to sharpen the intellect but to blunt the affections. Thus when we need their support most, they are not in a condition to afford it.

The Bible which is perfectly adapted to the nature of man (and this is one of the proofs of its divine original,) says, "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days
Had it not been for you!"

"O ye douse folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool,
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke."

There is no doubt that the young and ardent have too great a disposition to reject rules and disregard the dictates of age and experience. It is also true, that they are treated with a coldness and severity that tends to increase, rather than correct, the evil. There are two classes of prudent persons, so called. The one consists of those whose impulses have been controlled and made subject to reason, the other of those who never had an impulse to control—"grave, tideless blooded, calm and cool." The latter are a mischievous race. It is indeed said, that if they do no good, they do no harm—but not so. They chill many an ardent aspiration, and discourage spirits whose energies might have been directed aright. They are not mere cumberers of the ground; they cast a shade that withers many a plant that might have been the glory of the forest. The best way of dealing with this class is to avoid them altogether, just as we would avoid a half-made vehicle, or a half-dressed dinner.

"O *Nature!* a' thy shows and forms
To feeling pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the simmer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang dark night!"

There is an intimate connexion between a genuine taste for nature, and purity of moral character. That good morals are necessary to the possession of taste in general, and especially taste in the fine arts, is by no means true. Stubborn facts oppose the conclusion to which speculation would lead us on this point, many immoral men have possessed a fine literary taste. But I believe it is true, that a taste for *nature*, a susceptibility to the impression from the beautiful and sublime objects of nature, is found only in connexion with some degree of moral purity, and tends to promote it. Hence the more we diffuse such a taste the more useful we are to others; the more we cultivate in ourselves, the greater will be our advancement in moral purity.

A love of nature is always connected with *pensiveness*. No matter how gay and excited one may at times appear, yet if that person has a genuine taste for Nature's beauties, his heart will often be pensive, and it will thereby be softened and improved.

ADI.

A DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD,

(Late Miss Earle of Boston.)

It was a lovely September afternoon, when my friend and self stepped on board the elegant steamer, General Lincoln, which was to convey us to Hingham, a small and picturesque village on the coast of Massachusetts. We were glad to leave Boston, for, though summer had gone by, her warm breath and sunny smile still lingered in the air, and any one who has been so unfortunate as to pass that season in a city, can tell how the bland and balmy purity, which is such a blessing amid the woods and fields, is lost amid the harsh glare of a brick wall, and the crowd of a public street. We found the deck alive with children—the pupils of a free school, who, accompanied by their teachers, and a band of music, were going to pass a holiday, as a holy hour, in the country.

It was a glorious day—the clear, rich sun smiled at his own bright face in the waters. The children laughed and sung, and chased each other in their glee, as if their very hearts were just let out of school—and the wanton sea breeze, frolic as themselves, tossed their free wild curls into the golden light, and played with the roses on their dimpled cheeks, till the wavy hair grew brighter, and the warm face rosier still.

The rainbow gleamed in the foam like a girdle of gems by our side—the waves leaped up like living things, all redolent of light and joy—and many a gaily painted boat did we pass, and many a majestic ship, with its curved sails, changing from grey to gold as shade or shine prevailed. At length the band suddenly struck up a popular air. The broad white deck was cleared for the quadrille; the sets were quickly formed; and the children, smiling and blushing, bounded lightly through the mazes of the dance. Altogether it was quite delightful; and, impelled by the same feeling of admiration, we both drew our pencils from our pockets to commemorate the scene—my friend, by a drawing in his sketch-book; and I, by some verses in a blank page of a volume of Burns. As I raised my head to think of a simile for the sweet season of childhood, my eye was attracted by a fairy-like boat, with a single sail, dancing merrily over the waves, as if it possessed a human spirit to rejoice in the beauty of the day. The following lines, suggested by the sight, may not be inappropriate here:

How swift o'er the water it dashes!
The spray-jewels spring to its prow,
The sunny foam over it flashes,
And heaven looks soft on it now.

With its balmy breath wooingly pressing,
The zephyr has curved the light sail,
And the bark in that playful caressing,
Goes gracefully on with the gale.

A cloud o'er the far away billow,
So down-like and delicate rose,
So soft, it would seem a fit pillow
To cradle a seraph's repose.

Yet we know not what darkness and danger
It bears in that bosom of light,
The smile of the beautiful stranger
May change to a frown ere the night.

Ah! thus in Life's rapturous morning
We float with the breeze and the beam:
The shadows of destiny scorning,
We see but the sun-lighted stream.

The beautiful islands which are scattered over the harbour of Boston, render this sail one of the pleasantest in the world. There are two on which forts were erected in war-time, Fort Strong and Fort Independence. But the most interesting one of the present day is Thompson's Island, on which is an excellent asylum for indigent boys, called the Farm School. The island contains one hundred and sixty acres of land, all of which is in a high state of cultivation. Most of the work in the extensive gardens is performed between school-hours by the pupils, now numbering just one hundred. The younger boys have small garden lots assigned to them, which they are allowed to call their own, and in which they, of course, feel a lively interest. The school-house is erected on a prominent part of the island, and commands a rich and varied prospect.

Another object worthy of notice is a monument, called Nix's Mate, raised many years ago to commemorate the murder of a mate, perpetrated on the spot, by a captain of that name. It formerly occupied the centre of an island, which has since been washed away, and the restless waves now lash in vain the lone and lasting memorial of guilt. It is built of granite, and there is something grand in its desolate appearance, as it stands unmoved and stern, in sunshine and in storm, amid the ever-heaving sea.

Among the many objects of interest, along the shore of the main land, is seen the still unfinished monument on Bunker Hill, erected in memory of the unfortunate—I should say, the fortunate—men who fell there at the commencement of the revolutionary war. It has been many years in progress by subscription, and, as a sarcastic friend of mine lately observed, it is to go a few thousand dollars' worth higher this year. It is to be of solid granite, in the shape of a pyramid.

Hingham is of late becoming a fashionable resort from the city. It is the oldest town in New England, excepting Plymouth, which is within a few miles distance of it. Our purpose in going thither was to visit an invalid friend, who, with her mother and sisters, was boarding at a cottage in a lonely and romantic part of the village, called Rocky Nook. Our walk from the boat was delightful, through most luxuriant woods, whose foliage had been suddenly changed by the magic wreath and smile of autumn, till it glowed like a living rainbow. The house was situated on a gentle eminence, and, as we approached, a bright face vanished from the window, and the next moment my friend was flying down the hill to welcome us. How perfectly lovely she looked at that moment! Her white morning dress, simple and graceful as herself—her pale brown hair wreathed with wild flowers and drooping in long curls on her cheek—the tremulous glow of returning health—the fair

Madonna forehead, full of purity and intellect—every feature of that face so delicately beautiful—the whole contour of the small, elegant head, and curving throat so entirely classical; Raffaelle, could he have seen, would have made her his model, and given new grace to the canvass. Behind her, in swift pursuit, came her youngest sister—the pet of the family—a little rosy rogue, three years of age, with wild disordered curls, that absolutely gleamed with light, and looked like a net for sunbeams. She was a strange, bright child, at times so full of fun and frolic, and at others so thoughtful and demure.

"If all who are born must die," she said to her mother one day, "I wish God would *unborn* me, for I don't want to die."

At the door we were met by the rest of the family, and ushered into a small parlour, most tastefully adorned with natural flowers. After partaking of a delicious repast, consisting of new milk, eggs, bread and butter, pies, honey, and a cake made of Indian meal, called by the good housewives of New England, "Journey-cake," we adjourned for the evening to the spacious barn, where, by the brilliant moonlight, the children amused themselves with the swing; and the rest of the party with singing and conversation. Our number was soon increased by the arrival of some village friends. But the evening air grew cool, and we were about to return to the house, when some one proposed a dance.

"Ah, but we have no instrument," said another.

Hardly had she finished speaking, ere an inspiring waltz was heard from some invisible flute. It was surely in the air. Was Prospero alive? Had Ariel come again? And the low melodious laugh, which followed our exclamations of wonder, and which sounded directly over our heads, did not lessen the delusion. But the pleasant tune went on; and so enlivening were the notes that several sprang from their seats, and joined in the graceful dance, while others searched in vain for the enchanter. At last a slight rustle betrayed his hiding place. "The loft! the loft!" they cried.

There was a sudden rush towards the ladder leading to the hay-loft, and several gentlemen ascended. Then there was a playful struggle, renewed laughter, and they re-appeared at the head of the ladder, dragging forward our Ariel with his flute in his hand—a romantic youth, who loved solitude, and often sought it in the cool and quiet loft. At our request he continued his music, and a merry country dance ended the amusements of the day.

Early the next morning seats were arranged in the large hay-cart for a trip to Mantasket beach, about three miles distant, and seven miles in length. All the most romantic of the party, among whom was myself, were eager for a seat in this rather ricketty vehicle; the rest were contented with the more rational carry-all. I did not envy those in the latter, for they were not half so gay as we. A poet, a painter, a lawyer, and an editor, were our attendant beaux, and many a jeu-d'esprit, and many a lovely sentiment was ours, as jolt-ti-ti-jolt was rattled over the rough and rocky road; talking, laughing, and occasionally joining in the chorus of the beautiful airs which poured in sweet succession from the lips of a dark-eyed, rose-lipped girl, who seemed to sing because she could not help it, she was so happy. A glorious creature she was, all genius and enthusiasm, with a soul as full of fire as her eyes, and a voice so rich, and sweet, and wild! I never heard any sing with such pathos and expression. She was a wit withal. I will give a single instance of her quickness at repartee. She had long been tormented by the importunate attentions of a certain oddity, whose devotion was the more provoking, as she could never discover whether he was in jest or earnest. The youth affected great originality in his remarks, and once at a party, offering her his arm, he asked—

"Will you vibrate, Miss L.?"

"I have no objection."

"And to what favoured quarter of the apartment would your vibrations tend?"

"Wherever yours does not."

He was silent for a moment, but soon renewed the attack.

"Well, and how do you flourish now-a-days?"

"I leave all flourishes to you, Mr. W."

"You look fatigued."

"I am weary of this stupid world."

"Can you give me a definition of stupidity?"

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"Mr. W——."

There was a stare of surprise, and another pause.

"Miss L., will you favour me with a new idea?"

"I think I saw a primer on the table; suppose you should look there for one."

But to return to the hay-cart. Our poet was another original. He had a deal of sly humour, which no muscles but his own could resist: and his conversation was a constant flow of playful wit, or most exalted sentiment. In feature, he resembled a portrait I have seen of Dr. Johnson; and I believe under that demure and almost stupid expression he concealed nearly as much strength of thought and ready play of humour. I never could quite understand him. He was either the most sincere and simple and unsophisticated, or the most artful, of human beings; but of this I am quite sure, that he always acted according to his own notions of right and wrong, without caring for or paying any regard to the opinions of the world. Once when visiting the city of Charleston, in South Carolina, a lady invited him to sit in her pew the following Sunday. She went to church, expecting to meet him there; but prayers commenced, and he had not yet made his appearance. Happening, however, to turn her head, while kneeling with the rest of the congregation, she saw to her dismay her new acquaintance walking gravely up the aisle, with his great clumsy country-made shoes in his hand, and his large feet clothed in hose of coarse blue woolen yarn! Reader the lady did not scream! Was not her self-command worthy of an Indian chief? Another of our party contributed much to our gaiety, a younger sister of my friend, about seventeen years of age, whose childish artlessness was a constant source of amusement to her family. She always acted from impulse; but they were the prettiest impulses in the world: for she was a sweet affectionate creature, with a warm heart, a bright

face, and a voice like an Eolian harp. She loved a country life, and when allowed to visit Hingham, was always wild with joy. She used to say, she did hope Heaven was "all *country*." Her mind, which was naturally rich, would have been a paradise with proper cultivation; it was neglected, and the weeds half choaked the flowers; but with all its faults, it was still a garden of Eden to her lover, for he seemed to glory in it. She was full of a lovely and glowing enthusiasm, which no experience seemed likely to subdue. I remember once in attempting to describe a picture of a lake by moonlight, she at once conveyed an idea of its peculiar loveliness to my mind, by exclaiming: "Oh! it was so thrillingly beautiful, that as soon as I saw it I began to whisper!"

We were almost sorry when the beach appeared, our drive had been so pleasant. But we were soon quite as happily engaged in gathering shells and watching the distant sails. We here noticed a very beautiful phenomenon, which I have since been told is a common one. We saw the shadow of a ship inverted in the clouds. There was something so unearthly in the delicate softness of the outline, that you might have dreamed an angel, looking down from Heaven, had seen the winged wanderer of the sea, and, charmed with its majestic beauty, had drawn its likeness there. It reminded me of an idea, which, I think, I have heard a Swedenborgian express, that the things of earth will have their likeness in Heaven, only softer and purer and more beautiful. I have read somewhere of a man, who, standing on the summit of the Pic du Midi, saw a monstrous figure in the clouds imitating his movements, which proved to be his own shadow; and I thought how ludicrous at first must have seemed to him the sight of a giant returning his bow from the sky, as if the man in the moon had made his appearance in good earnest at last.

After a lunch, which we had brought with us and spread upon a large flat rock, taking our wine from the snow-white hollow shells with which the place abounds, we amused ourselves with scribbling on the beach, and many a sweet and many a silly verse did the restless waves erase. Two only of these impromptu effusions still linger in my memory. Some one had written the name of a favourite bard in the sand, and another, indignant at the sacrilege, inscribed the following beneath it:

What! write the Poet's name in sand!
A name that rings throughout our land;
Linked with bewildering music, such
As tremble to a seraph's touch!
See the next wave, in reckless play,
Will wash the hallowed word away.
Oh, rather let it live, impressed
In yonder granite's changeless breast.
Nay, even that to time must yield;
Where, then, may we that word engrave?
Oh! be our hearts its shrine, its shield!
'Twill there defy Oblivion's wave!

The other was composed on seeing a child at play with the waves:

They come! they come! the laughing waves;
And each thy pathway lightly laves,
And at thine eager feet flings down
His crown of foam—his dazzling crown!
But thou dost gaze in sad amaze,
And wonder where the gems have fled,
That seemed to wreathe with starry rays,
Before he came, his shining head.
Ah, thus the hours of after life,
To thee, are all with glory rife;
And thus thou'lt sigh, as now dismayed,
To see that treacherous glory fade.

We returned in time to see the sun set from the summit of Turkey Hill, a somewhat lofty eminence near the house, commanding a prospect of great beauty and variety. No language can describe the glowing splendour of the scene, as we reached the highest point of the hill. The rich woods—the calm and verdant vale—the winding, gleaming stream—the distant heights—the heaving sea—and, fairer than them all, the graceful drapery of the landscape, the gorgeous ever-changing clouds, paling gradually from the glowing gold and purple to the violet and rose! I never felt so much the want of words in describing scenery as when viewing one of those magnificent sunsets, which are, I believe, peculiar to New England.

In the evening we were invited to a ball at the hotel, where the beaux and belles of the village were all assembled before eight o'clock, and where on a floor, elastic as Hope, as my friend poetically observed, we tripped it merrily till midnight, and then walked home through the woods by the light of the full harvest-moon.

"Ah!" said Miss L., as we reached the door of the cottage, "it seems, sometimes, as if I could hear old Time himself sighing as he goes by to leave such scenes behind."

Written for the Lady's Book.

O, COME WITH ME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

1.

Oh! come with me to the stately halls,
Where fashion her airy votaries calls—
Thine eye would scorn such rural bowers,
Couldst thou gaze on luxury's glittering towers,
And thy hand would scatter the flowers we wear
To gather the gems that are glowing there.

2.

Away, if thou wilt, but not for me,
Those heartless scenes—I had rather be
The humblest of the maids who dwell
On the sun-bright slope, or the shady dell,
Than one who has made her cold, bright home
In marble hall, or ancestral dome.

1.

Oh! follow me, where the joyous throng,
To music's strains, are gliding along—
Let us there our useless garlands spread,
They will not fade 'neath so light a tread—
Time never will leave a print of care
On hearts so light, or brows so fair.

2

I may not go. The serpent leaves
Its track o'er the blossom that luxury weaves—
And thorns are rankling beneath the lig
That gilds like a glory, the brow of night—
The lamps are dim where those gay forms flit,
To yon lamp that nature's God has lit.

1.

And is it so? Does the secret thorn
Lurk 'mid the scenes that such gems adorn?
Does the heart immers'd in the joys of earth,
Though cover'd with smiles, feel an aching dearth?
Does the soul, that immortal cravings fill,
Still sigh when the notes of the banquet thrill?

2.

'Tis Nature speaks through those saddening tones—
Thy inmost spirit her triumph owns.
Then come to her altar—with incense come—
Bring the soul's pure vows, and the heart's young bloom.
They are God's own temples—the fields and bowers—
Their curtains, the skies—their garlands, the flowers.

1.

Adieu to the pomp and the splendour of Art—
Thou hast touched the living springs of the heart,
The rock is broken—the waters gleam,
The rays of truth on its pure waves beam,
The flower returns to its native wild—
Receive oh! Nature, thy erring child.

Florence, July 2d.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MURDERER'S FATE:

OR,

THE EFFECT OF CONSCIENCE.

A TALE.

Some few years since there resided in Walling Street, in the city of London, a gentleman named George Bell, a respectable wholesale merchant, who had in his employ two young men as clerks; the eldest, John Clark, was his nephew, the son of his sister, and the youngest, Charles Forbes, the son of a deceased friend. These young men had so far obtained the confidence and esteem of their worthy employer, that in order to reward them for their assiduity and attention to business, he took John Clark as his partner, and Charles Forbes as his senior or principal clerk, and for twelve months after this change had taken place, Mr. Bell had no reason whatever to be dissatisfied with the confidence he had thus placed in them. In the course of the succeeding year Mr. Bell began to entertain doubts as to the true character and integrity of his nephew, as his apparent inattention to business, repeated absence from the counting-house, as well as an evident alteration in dress, personal appearance, and manners, all conspired to convince Mr. Bell that his nephew had contracted habits of extravagance and dissipation. At the end of the second year of their partnership, Mr. Bell prepared himself for the worst; and on a final settlement of the co-partnership accounts, it was discovered that John Clark had misapplied considerable sums of money, received by him on account of the firm, and which he had not accounted for: this circumstance, serious enough of itself, coupled with absence and inattention, induced Mr. Bell to dissolve the partnership, and dismiss him at once from his confidence. Forbes, on the contrary, had so closely applied himself, and such were his business habits, that he became every day more valuable to his employer, so that on the dissolution of the co-partnership with his nephew, he made Forbes the offer of a share in his mercantile concern, which was thankfully received.

Clark from this time viewed Forbes with an extreme jealous eye, and on various occasions, where chance or business threw him in his way, and particularly when the former had been indulging himself with an extra glass of wine, would openly charge the latter with using unfair means to supplant him in his partnership, and to prejudice his uncle against him.

In the following summer after Mr. Bell had taken Forbes into partnership, the former proposed that the latter should leave London for a month, with a view of relieving his mind from the anxiety and pressure of business, and enjoy the country air, for the benefit of his health and spirits, having but a few months previous lost his mother. He accordingly left town in his chaise, and made his way to Abington, in Berkshire, intending to visit Oxford, Staffordshire, and several other places adjacent.

He arrived at Abington early in the morning, and on stopping at the head inn, was informed that the races commenced that day. He immediately proceeded thither, and had not been long on the ground, when, to his great surprise and regret, he observed John Clark, dressed in a fashionable manner, mounted on a fine blood horse, with his betting book in his hand, and appearing on very familiar terms with several gentlemen of rank and fortune, well known on the turf, and seeming to take great interest in making and taking bets of considerable amount on the approaching race.

Forbes considered in his own mind it would be far better he should forego the pleasure of the race-course, and at once leave a place in which, it was more than probable, he would come in collision with Clark, and immediately made up his mind to leave the race-ground. After indulging himself with a short ride to a neighbouring village, he made his way to the King's Arms Inn in time for dinner, congratulating himself, that by this plan, he should effectually escape the disagreeable presence of Clark.

He sat down to dinner in company with several gentlemen who had attended the races, and after dinner the wine passed rather freely, and Forbes not being a man that indulged to excess, felt that he had taken rather more than his usual quantity; but as it was race-time, he conceited that he might relax a trifle from his usual and accustomed habits.

About seven o'clock in the evening, to his no small surprise and extreme regret, Clark entered the room, and immediately recognized Forbes, and told him he had seen him on the race-course, but supposed that as he was now his uncle's partner, he was too proud to acknowledge him. From his manners and articulation, Forbes was satisfied that Clark had drank very freely before he entered the room, and became extremely alarmed for the consequences, well knowing his habits and disposition. He had fully made up

his mind to take no more wine; but Clark having met with two gentlemen he had known in London, proposed that they, and his old friend Forbes (as he was pleased to call him) should enjoy a bottle, and, if agreeable to all parties, they would play a hand at whist. Forbes endeavored to excuse himself by indisposition and fatigue, from travelling, but having learned from the waiter that Clark had taken up his abode at the same inn, and had already engaged his bed, he thought rather than cause any thing unpleasant, (as Clark appeared quarrelsome,) he would yield to his wishes, in opposition to his own better judgment, being determined before he rose in the morning, to take his departure and proceed on his journey, and thus escape any further intercourse with him. The wine was brought, as also the cards, and after taking a few glasses, they cut for partners, when Forbes and Mr. Clark were cut in.

They played several rubs pretty sociably; more wine was called for by Clark, and soon afterwards, at the request of Forbes, a change of partners took place, and it was proposed, and agreed, to play for a sovereign a point. The wine was freely circulated, and in the course of the evening, Clark displayed his pocket book, which contained a large roll of Bank of England notes, pulled out his purse, which appeared full of gold, and took out several large gold pieces, which he used as counters. They continued playing until a late hour, and after drinking sundry bottles of wine, Forbes felt himself almost overpowered with its effects, and declined playing any longer. He had lost but a small sum, but Clark lost many pounds, and on pulling out his purse, and emptying the contents on the table, and afterwards counting over his gold, he rose up and swore with an oath, that he had been robbed, and that Forbes was the thief. Poor Forbes, half intoxicated as he unfortunately was, and dreading the consequences, declared upon his honor he had done no such mean act, and offered to be searched, at which Clark rose up in a great passion, rang the bell, called in the landlord and waiters, and then publicly charged Forbes with the theft; the gentlemen who played with them, denied that any unfair means had been used, and they offered to be searched if required. Clark finding he could not succeed with this attempt to injure Forbes, then openly taxed him with being the sole cause of inducing his uncle to dissolve their partnership, in order to make room for himself; and as he continued to drink more wine, became extremely violent and abusive. Forbes, by the advice of the landlord and the gentlemen left the room, and having settled his bill at the bar, desiring to be called at day-light in the morning, retired to bed.

He was shown to his bed by the chamber-maid, which was through another bed room, and on asking who was to sleep in the one he had just passed, the servant informed him that Mr. Clark had engaged that room. He was not well pleased at this information, and was almost induced not to sleep so near one who had shown so unfriendly a disposition towards him; but as he observed a strong lock and key to the door, and from the state in which Clark appeared to be, from the quantity of wine drank, he concluded when once in bed, he would soon fall into a profound sleep, and that he should not be disturbed by him. Having made fast his door, he went to bed, but did not sleep very soundly, and in the course of two hours, he heard Clark come up stairs assisted by a waiter, and in a very short time from the noise which proceeded from his bed room, he satisfied himself, he was sound a sleep from the effect of the large potation of wine he had previously taken.

Forbes had a very disturbed and unpleasant night, and about two o'clock in the morning, he thought he heard groans and a noise in Clark's room, as though some one was struggling hard; but in a short time all appeared quite still, and he did not even hear the hard breathing which just before was so distinct. He became greatly agitated; the circumstance of Clark's displaying so much money before strangers; the charge of theft made by him; the prejudice and unfriendly feeling which had been shown towards him the preceding night; the proximity of their rooms, all struck him most forcibly that some important event would be the result, and as it was a fine moonlight morning, he determined upon opening his door and ascertaining at once if any thing had actually happened to him, and if he was alive or dead. He accordingly unlocked his door and approached Clark's bed, and having withdrawn the curtains, he saw poor Clark lying on his back covered over with the bed-clothes, but all appeared perfectly still, not even a breath was heard. He attempted to wake him, but to no effect; he therefore concluded he must have died in a fit of apoplexy, there not being sufficient light to perceive blood upon the bed-clothes, and as he was in the act of turning from the bed, some one gently opened the bed-room door, but on perceiving a person recede from the bed, towards the adjoining room, the stranger immediately retreated and closed the door. The reader can better conceive poor Forbes's feelings and state of mind under those circumstances than the author can attempt to describe, and he evidently foresaw the misery and trouble in which he was likely to be involved in consequence of his unfortunate meeting with one whom he thought he never again should see after he left him on the race-course in the morning.

He now began to consider the course he should adopt. At one time he thought of alarming the house, and state to the landlord all he had heard, and his apprehensions on the subject; then, again, the sudden and unexpected appearance of the stranger in Clark's room, who must have seen him in the act of retiring from the bed in which Clark slept—this latter circumstance alarmed him much; he, however, returned to his own bed, but did not close his eyes.

At a very early hour in the morning, one of the waiters rapped at his door and announced the hour. He immediately got up and dressed himself, and having put up his clothes, the servant again attended to take down his portmanteau, and his horse and chaise being quite ready he drove immediately out of the inn yard, and in the direction towards Oxford. Such was the state of his mind at the time he left the Inn, that his manners excited the observations, not only of the hostler but the waiter, both of whom asked him if he was not ill—to which he replied,

he really was; and he heard them say, as he turned from them, "that is the gentleman who was charged with theft last night."

No sooner had he left the Inn yard, than the waiter went up stairs, but soon returned with apparent alarm, and announced that the gentleman who slept in the adjoining room to the one who had just left, was dead and cold in his bed, with several wounds upon his person, and the bed clothes covered with blood. The alarm was immediately given; the landlord and several gentlemen got up, and went directly to Clark's room, where they found the unfortunate man, with six or eight deep wounds inflicted, as was supposed from the nature and depth of them, by one of the swords usually carried in canes, they being of a triangular shape, and from the manner in which the body appeared with several scratches and smaller wounds upon the arms. The victim must have struggled hard, and made considerable resistance with his murderer. The room was searched to see if any such instrument was to be found, but on looking into Forbes' room a small sword-stick, exactly corresponding with the nature and extent of the wounds inflicted, was found under the bed in the sheath, but covered with blood not then quite dry, and on looking upon the table, Clark's breast-pin, set with a valuable diamond, was found, stuck in the cloth. These circumstances, combined with his sudden departure, his suspicious behaviour on leaving, the statement made by the waiter, that on going to Clark's room just before his retiring to rest, to see if he wanted any thing, he saw a person retreat from Clark's bed, and enter the room occupied by Mr. Forbes, and as he appeared partly undressed, he supposed it must have been that gentleman.

The pocket book was found in Mr. Clark's coat pocket, containing a large roll of notes, and also the purse of gold, and it did not appear, as far as these gentlemen could form an opinion, that any portion of his money had been taken from him, and they concluded in their own minds, that beyond a shadow of doubt, Forbes must have been the murderer. Application was immediately made to the proper authorities, and several officers sent off in the direction taken by Forbes, and in a few hours, he was brought back in their custody, in a most wretched state of mind. He was examined before the Mayor, who forcibly advised him to employ an eminent attorney to counsel him under his unfortunate situation, and after a very attentive hearing, he was fully committed to jail, on a charge of wilful murder. As the judges were to enter the town the following week on their summer circuit, he would have to remain little more than one week before his fate would be known. His lawyer immediately wrote to Mr. Bell to request his immediate attendance upon the melancholy occasion, and he also wrote to his agent in London, to retain two of the most eminent counsel in that city, and no exertions or expense were spared for his defence on the approaching trial. Mr. Bell was greatly alarmed on receiving the letter, to find that his unfortunate nephew had been murdered, and the murderer his friend and partner. He could not believe it possible, but, however, lost no time in hastening to Abington.

After a long consultation with Forbes, in company with his attorney, in which he gave a detailed account of all that had taken place, from the time he saw the unfortunate Clark at the race-ground, to the time he left the inn, and although impressed as he was with an idea that Clark was dead, he concluded his death must have proceeded from a fit of apoplexy, and never for a moment supposed he had been murdered. He protested his innocence in such a firm and determined manner, that both Mr. Bell and his lawyer were satisfied he was not the perpetrator of so foul a crime; and that the act must have been committed by some person connected with the inn, who either had taken but a small portion of the money, or had been prevented by some circumstance from accomplishing the act of plunder.

The judges commenced the following week, and on the Friday, Forbes, attended by his friend Mr. Bell, and several gentlemen from London, appeared at the bar, together with his attorney and counsel, to conduct the defence. The Clerk of Arraigns having read over the indictment, and the prisoner being called on for his plea, he in a firm and manly tone of voice, plead not guilty. The case was opened by the prosecuting counsel, who took an extensive view of the whole proceedings, and with considerable talent, detailed the crime as one of the most foul cases of murder that ever came before a Court of Justice, and having dwelt at some length on all the various features, as connected with the commission of the crime, and that the whole would be supported by evidence so clear and unequivocal, that the Jury must, of necessity, find the prisoner guilty. All the leading facts having been fully established by several witnesses, the principal witness was the waiter, on whose testimony poor Forbes' life mainly depended. His name was Charles Rogers, he had not been long employed as a waiter at the inn, and had lived several years in London. He swore most positively as to the dispute between the deceased and the prisoner—his taking the former to bed—their sleeping in adjoining rooms—his going up stairs to the deceased's room, when he saw the prisoner return to his own; the agitated manner he appeared on the following morning, and his hurried departure from the inn—the finding of the sword-stick—and the breast-pin in the prisoner's room, which were left, no doubt, by mistake from the perturbed state of his mind. The counsel for the defence cross-examined this witness with the utmost severity, and on no trial did ever counsel display more talent and tact, than was shown on this occasion; but such was the determined nature of the witness's character, that he never contradicted himself, nor did the counsel for the prisoner discover the least discrepancy in his testimony, although he was before the Court several hours, and underwent a most rigid cross-examination. Upwards of a dozen witnesses, consisting of Mr. Bell and particular friends of the prisoner, who had known him from a boy, all testified as to his previous good character, his humane and benevolent disposition from childhood upwards, and their firm belief, notwithstanding the evidence that he was innocent. The Jury, after an able and impartial summoning up by the learned Judge, with suitable comments on various parts of the evidence, without retiring from

the box, gave in their verdict of guilty. Immediately after which the judges passed the awful sentence of the law, and left poor Forbes for execution on the following Monday.

The witness, Rogers, left the Court and Inn immediately on his discharge, and it was not known to what part of the country he removed. Forbes was accompanied to the prison by his friends, who were fully impressed with his innocence, and that he had unfortunately become the victim of a wretch, who, to save himself, had sworn away the life of an innocent man.

Mr. Bell and friends took their last and solemn leave of their unfortunate friend: the scene of parting would have melted into tears the most hardened villain that ever breathed, could he but have witnessed it. The jailor happened to be a man of humane feelings, and being satisfied in his own mind of the innocence of Forbes, from what passed at his trial, and from the conversation with him previous and subsequent to conviction, determined, whatever might be the consequences, he would, if possible, aid his escape from prison.

After Forbes had retired to rest in his cell the jailor unlocked the door, and calling him, stated his belief in his innocence, on which Forbes, in the most solemn manner, took his oath on the sacred volume, which he had been reading in order to prepare himself for the awful change, that he was innocent of the charge of murder, or any attempt whatever upon the life of the unfortunate Clark. The jailor then requested him to take off his own dress, and substitute that of a female. which he had provided for the occasion, and after giving him instructions to make towards the woods, and by all means avoid the high road, and proceed without delay to his friends, then in London, who, no doubt, would furnish him with the means of removing to a remote part of the country, by which he might ultimately escape. Poor Forbes, upon his knees, blessed his benefactor, and having dressed himself in female attire, took an affectionate farewell, was immediately led out of prison, and took his departure, according to the instructions given him. On the following morning the door of his cell appeared to have been forced open, and the prisoner gone, but no one knew how. or by what means he had effected his escape. The sheriff and other officers of justice were greatly alarmed, but no suspicion attached to the jailor, and after a useless search for upwards of a week, without success, all further pursuit was given up, and indeed it afforded much real satisfaction to many, to think the unfortunate man had escaped, as they believed him innocent.

Forbes made his way to London, and having purchased, at a village, a basket of apples, and some ballads, went directly to Mr. Bell's house, and knowing that he rose early in the morning, he placed himself near his window, and having seen him, made his way into the parlour, where he found him in the greatest distress; he immediately made himself known; Mr. Bell was rejoiced to see him, and before he could be seen by any of the domestics, he was conducted into a dark lumber room, at the top of the house, the door was locked, and Mr. Bell took the key. He now called in his old and faithful coachman, on whom he could depend, and told him to prepare for a long journey into the country, and to have every thing ready by seven at night, that he would have to drive a gentleman to a small village, near the sea-side, in the western part of England, and on starting he would give him full instructions, but was not to communicate his business, or where he was going, to any one as he valued his esteem. Mr. Bell, in the meantime, wrote a letter to an old widow lady, a Mrs. Walters, a particular friend of his, living on a small income, recommending the bearer as a lodger, one who would probably remain some time for the benefit of his health, and gave his name as Henry Talbot. Having visited his friend, and supplied him with sufficient cash, and instructions for his future mode of living and conduct, he prepared his portmanteau of clothes and linen, and every thing was now ready for his departure.

At the appointed time the faithful old servant, who had been apprized by his master of every particular, and who was extremely partial to Mr. Forbes, took up his passenger, and in a short time they were off the London stones, and on their way to the west of England, and on the third day arrived at the village of C——. Mr. Talbot (as the author must now call him) altered his personal appearance by shaving off his whiskers, and changed his mode of dress to a very plain suit, went out but little, kept no company, amused himself with drawing, and was quite proficient in the art of miniature painting, played the flute, of which he was a master, and with a select Library of choice books, he thus passed away his time. His opposite neighbour, a Mrs. Weldon, was the widow of a naval officer, of small independence, with an amiable and accomplished daughter, in her eighteenth year, of agreeable person, extremely handsome, proficient in music and singing, played the piano and harp charmingly, drew and painted with considerable taste, and (as Mrs. Walters his landlady informed him after they had become acquainted), both mother and daughter were extremely anxious to find out who Mr. Talbot was, and his profession, in fact all about him, as they wished to cultivate his friendship.

Not more than three months had elapsed, from the time that this communication was made to him, that Mrs. Weldon and her daughter were taking a walk in the evening of a very sultry day, and having entered a large meadow in which there were many head of cattle, they became alarmed by the sudden appearance of a furious Bull, who was making rapidly towards them. Owing to the fortunate appearance of Mr. Talbot the animal was diverted from his course; the ladies escaped unhurt, and Talbot with slight injury.

He accompanied them home, and having spent some time in their company, he was much pleased with Miss Charlotte Weldon's style of playing and singing, and really felt much pleasure in their society. He often visited them, and would frequently accompany Miss Weldon upon his flute, either at the piano or harp, praised her skill of drawing and painting, and gave her much information in these delightful accomplishments; in short, their attachment appeared reciprocal, and Mrs. Weldon felt delighted that her daughter had at last met with a gentleman, who, from

education and address, appeared in every respect calculated to make her happy.

Mr. Talbot felt a sincere attachment for Miss Weldon, and was perfectly aware from expressions which had fallen from the mother, that he need only declare his passion, and it would be reciprocated by her daughter; but poor Talbot knew his present situation, and nothing could induce him to offer himself as a lover, whilst he remained a convicted felon, although an innocent man.

Mrs. Weldon was a lady of humane feelings, and as no medical man resided within ten miles, she, from reading and knowledge on medicinal subjects, and experience in the healing art, generally attended upon all those who, from poverty, and other circumstances, sought her assistance.

About twelve months after they first became acquainted, she returned about four o'clock one afternoon, and found Talbot accompanying her daughter with his flute, when she informed him, she had been to see a male patient, whose case was one of the most extraordinary she had ever met with. The poor man was evidently laboring under some violent affection of the brain, and she feared he would baffle all her skill. She described him as a man about forty years of age, of rather forbidding features, who was married to a woman who supported him and herself by washing; but from what she had learned, the wife was fond of liquor, and of rather a loose character. The man constantly kept his bed, although he slept but little, took very little refreshment, except broth, and complained that his head was dreadfully affected, and that he could sleep but little at night, which gave him the appearance of being always in a state of stupor. She had preseribed for him, but she feared it would have but little or no effect, and she begged Mr. Talbot to step up and see him, and endeavor, if possible, to ascertain his previous course of life, and if his mind was not haunted from remorse of conscience. Having been informed that the man's name was John Collins, he bent his way immediately to his cottage, and having introduced himself into the bed-room, he took the poor man by the hand, and began talking to him. The patient, after looking him hard in the face for a few minutes, cried out, "Thank God he is alive," and immediately fainted, and fell back on his pillow. Talbot could not account for this extraordinary conduct—he had no recollection of the man's features or name, he called his wife, who came into the room, half intoxicated, and when he explained what had occurred, "Oh," says she, "that is nothing to what he play's off at times. Why," says she, "Sir, he will often get out of bed in the night, and walk up and down the room, calling out, 'oh, that poor young, innocent man, I hope he is safe, I must find him, I must save his life,' and then he will return to his bed, and say, 'well, it is no use.'"

He then asked her how long he had been married to her, she said about two years, and that nearly all that time he had never done a day's work, but that she had to maintain him. He soon came too, and when he looked up, said, "Oh, Sir, your presence has done me much good, I find myself much better, pray, when will you come again, come often, and read the Bible to me, and I should soon be well. This language coupled with what his wife told him, astonished him much, but the features of the man had so much altered from disease and confinement, that it never occurred to him, it was he who had been the principal witness on his trial. He left the cottage, promising to call again in a few days, and on his way home called on Mrs. Weldon, and mentioned to her the strange manner of her patient, and how astonished he seemed at seeing him—the expressions he had used—and his request to call again soon.

Mrs. Weldon agreed with Mr. Talbot, that the poor man labored under the effect of some heavy crime, which with the effect of conscience produced the malady, which rendered his existence miserable, and his life a state of wretchedness.

His visits were frequent, and he would often read portions of scripture to him; this seemed to afford him great relief, and he would stop him, and cry out, "Oh, Sir, could you always be with me, I should be happy, as your presence is such a relief to my troubled mind." He would sometimes ask him what it was that troubled him so much. His answers generally were, "Oh, Sir, that I cannot tell you at present, but I will that you may depend upon; but pray come every day, and I shall soon be well;" and from these visits he evidently appeared more cheerful, could eat a little, and occasionally sat up, and his spirits appeared much better. Talbot had taken cold, and had kept his room several days, and a week elapsed without seeing his patient, during which time the poor man relapsed into his former melancholy, and although Mrs. Weldon called, and talked to him, he repeatedly said no one could do him good, but that kind, good gentleman.

Mrs. Weldon and daughter having beeu absent for two days, shopping at the neighbouring town, returned on the Saturday afternoon, under sensations the most acute and distressing imaginable, with a newspaper containing a notice for the apprehension of Charles Forbes, for the wilful murder of Mr. John Clark, upwards of two years since, who had broken prison, and was supposed to be concealed in some small village, near the western coast of England, giving an exact description of his person, and offering a reward of £500 for his apprehension. Mr. Talbot on learning from his landlady, that Mrs. Weldon and her daughter had returned, went over to welcome them home; but the appearance of the mother and daughter was such as to convince him that some serious event had happened, as they appeared to have been crying; indeed, poor Charlotte the moment she saw Mr. Talbot, burst out into a flood of tears, and fainted in his arms, whilst she grasped in her hand the fatal newspaper, containing the reward for his apprehension. He immediately asked Mrs. Weldon the cause of such distress, who, with tears in her eyes, handed him the paper. His eye immediately caught the notice, being in large letters, read it, trembled, changed color, aud appeared dreadfully alarmed.

By this time poor Charlotte had so far recovered as to be able to sit in her chair. Mr. Talbut thus addressed Mrs. Weldon and her daughter. "I can easily conjecture the cause of this

sad, and to me distressing scene; in this paper, I observe a reward offered for the apprehension of a murderer, and from the description, which is so correctly given, neither you, nor any one else, can be mistaken; and," added he with strong emphasis, "my name is not Henry Talbot, but the miserable and unfortunate Charles Forbes, the convicted murderer of John Clark, but, thank Heaven, wretched as I am, and whatever I may appear in your opinion, I am no murderer! but as innocent of that foul charge, as yourself."

The doors being closed, he sat down and explained to Mrs. Welden and her daughter, all the particulars of the trial; his escape; and his object for coming to that part of the country. In short omitted nothing that would tend to remove an impression on their minds, that the house, which had been to them the refuge of the distressed, did not at that moment contain a murderer.

When he had finished, Mrs. Welden, as well as her daughter, expressed themselves satisfied of his innocence, but it was impossible under existing circumstances, he should remain there, or continue his visits, and urged his immediate removal from the place.

The following day being Sunday, and not having seen the sick man for several days, he called in the morning on his way to church, being determined to visit the House of God, and implore his divine aid and assistance in the cause of injured innocence. He was met at the door by the wife, who was quite inebriated; she asked him for money which he refused, and she made some rude observations, as he entered her husband's bed-room. The poor man on seeing him rose up, seized him by the hand, and declared to him he had been most miserable, since he last saw him, and was fearful he would not return, as his wife had told him he had left the village. After some time spent in his company, and a promise to see him in the afternoon, he took his leave and went to church. On leaving the cottage, the wife stopped him, and again asked him for money, which he refused, she told him she would soon do his business for him, as two men dressed like London Police officers had made enquries of her at the Ship Public House, for such a young spark as himself, and she had given them information where to find him, and had their money for doing it. This alarmed him much, but under all circumstances, he determined to go to church, and on entering his pew he observed two strangers who eyed him often, and from their dress and appearance, he was satisfied they were Bow Street officers, and in pursuit of him, On leaving the church, they followed him pretty close, and as he increased his pace, he found them close at his heels, and the next moment, one came on each side, and addressed him, by saying he was their prisoner. They allowed him to proceed to his lodgings, and on his way, they informed him of the nature of their business, and produced a warrant for his apprehension, as the convicted murderer of John Clark.

Poor Forbes now concludad he should soon end his days by a speedy and ignominious death, for a crime, of which he was innocent; and the officers having procured a post chaise and four, they allowed him to address a short note to Mrs. Welden, bidding her farewell, and assuring her she had not misplaced her confidence, the chaise drove off at full speed, on the road to Abington. Not long after it had left, the wife of the sick man entered his bed-room in a state of intoxication, having received five pounds for the information given to the officers, and in a tone of exultation, told her husband he had had a very pretty sort of gentleman to read the Scriptures to him, and to give him spiritual advice and consolation; but he would not trouble him any more, she had done his business for him clean enough, for she had caused him to be taken up for a murder he committed at Abington, in Berkshire, upwards of two years and a half ago, and if he had been properly dealt with he would have been hanged, but he contrived to get out of prison. During the time the wife was giving this account, the poor man appeared horror struck; his eyes rolled about with anger. He jumped out of bed, dressed himself as if nothing had been the matter with him, and told his wife that the gentleman she mentioned, was no murderer, but the man that murdered poor Clark was himself, and that he would save his life and give himself up to justice. He went immediately to the village constable, asked him to get a chaise to convey him to the nearest magistrate without delay, or the poor gentleman would be executed for a crime he had not committed. The constable thought the man insane, and refused to comply with his request; but after his repeated applications to be carried before a magistrate, and not being able to travel on foot, he procured a one horse chaise.

In the course of an hour they arrived at the house of a justice of the peace, who, after learning the wretched man's account, and from what he had previously read and heard, he committed his confession to writing, and sent off his servant to the sheriff of the county, to take charge of the unfortunate man, in order that he might be conveyed to Abington without the least delay. He stated in his written confession that after he had assisted Mr. Clark to his bed, he determined to murder him in the night, and to obtain possession of his money; and as Mr. Forbes slept in the adjoining room, and they had not parted good friends, he thought he could contrive to fix upon him the commission of the crime. That he committed the murder at the time Mr. Forbes heard the noise and groans in the adjoining room, and that he intended to have robbed Mr. Clark, but was prevented by seeing some one in the room, which caused him to return, and he was afraid to make the second attempt. That he conveyed the sword-stick under the bed, and put the breast pin on the table after Mr. Forbes had left the inn, and he then became so much alarmed that he was fearful to approach the corpse afterwards; and having signed his confession, the sheriff in a chaise and pair set off immediately for the town of Abington.

They travelled all night and the following day and night, and arrived in the town of Abington on the Tuesday morning about eight o'clock, when they observed the streets thronged with people, and on making inquiry as to the cause, was informed it was the execution of a murderer who had escaped from prison upwards of two

years ago. This information greatly alarmed the man in custody, who, from his previous debilitated state of body and mind, was almost dead, and had not the sheriff used proper remedies at the different Inns they stopped at on the road, he could not have borne the extreme fatigue.

The sheriff immediately made known to the crowd that he had in his custody the real murderer, and to send on the information, in order to stop, if possible, the execution; this had the desired effect, and in a short time the chaise was seen approaching the prison. On their arrival at the place of execution they observed Mr. Forbes already prepared to undergo the awful sentence of the law, but on the nearer approach of the chaise, all further preparation was suspended. The sheriff immediately alighted, and handed to the sheiiff of Berkshire the writen confession of John Collins, and with great difficulty assisted in removing him from the chaise. He begged to be brought into the presence of Forbes, and, on seeing him, he used all his strength in endeavoring to grasp his hand, and having uttered these words, "Thank God I have arrived in time to save him," fell backwards, and immediately expired. Mr. Forbes knew the man the moment he saw him, and then it struck him most forcibly, that his previous state of mind, his apparent pleasure at all times on seeing him, arose from a conscientious feeling, that as the real murderer, he ought to save him from a premature and ignominious death.

Mr. Forbes was taken back to prison, in order that the authorities might have sufficient time to inform themselves of the facts, as connected with the confession, and after two days, every thing being proved satisfactory, an order was obtained for reversal of the judgment against Mr. Forbes, and he was immediately discharged, receiving the congratulation of his friends and the public at large.

Mr. Bell having been sent for, was present at his release from prison, and they immediately proceeded to London. Forbes stated to Mr. Bell the various circumstances, that had thrown him into the company of Mrs. Welden and her amiable daughter, and the affectionate regard he entertained for the latter. Mr. Bell approved of his views, and he immediately wrote to the mother and daughter, informing them of the extraordinary event which had released him from so heavy and serious a charge, and that as he had now returned to his former occupation in life, and with sufficient means to make her daughter happy and comfortable, proposed in company with his friend, Mr. Bell, to visit them in a few days.

They left town the following week, and having arrived at the village of C——, were received by Mrs. Welden and her daughter with feelings of extreme delight, and in a few days, Mr. Forbes led to the church the amiable and accomplished Charlotte Welden, to whom he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Mr. Bell giving her away: and after spending a week, they returned to London, where they contrived to live happy and respected, by all who had the happiness of their friendship and society.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MISS MARY BOYLE.

With fevered brow she sought the freshening air,
And cast one wild though tearless glance on high;
Burst from her parted lips the uttered prayer,
Burst from her weary heart the heavy sigh.

A loud, an earnest, deep, convulsive prayer,
The hope of years concentered in a word,
She called on Heaven a sister's life to spare,
And God's bright mercy bid her prayer be heard!

Absorbed in agony, her head she raised
To that blue sky where worlds of brightness roll,
As on a planet's radiant orb she gazed,
Mysterious hope rekindled in her soul.

And, O! while joying in a sister's love.
In gentle fellowship they pass their days,
Still may the frequent glance she sends above
Ne'er fall unmoved upon that planet's rays!

Ah, fear it not—where'er her footsteps roam,
Though far the clime, and distant be the sod,
That star shall win her wandering spirit home,
And lift the incense of her praise to God.

Naples, 1834.

For the Lady's Book.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

LETTER FROM A HUSBAND TO A WIFE.

Mrs. Hale:

If the following letter, upon a deeply interesting subject, meets with your approbation, by inserting it upon the pages of your highly interesting and useful "Book," you will greatly oblige A Subscriber.

Lancaster, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1837.

M——, June 10, 1835.

Dear F——,

Having a few leisure hours from business to-day, I have taken my seat, in order to give you a few thoughts upon a subject important and highly interesting to us both, and one that should command our deepest solicitude, —the education and management of the little Julia.—I feel impressed with the importance and responsibility in which you and myself stand in relation to her, and have reflected somewhat at large upon the errors and misconceptions of duty on the part of parents generally, in the education and government of children.—I have resolved in my mind a few desultory thoughts upon the subject, which I have to-day committed to paper, intending to present them to your consideration, with the single request, that you will read them attentively; and if, in your future management of her for whose benefit they are intended, you shall discover any suggestions of importance, I hope the fact of their being communicated thus early, will be no just cause for their being forgotten or disregarded. The re-

mark of ADDISON, that "there is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice," however true in its general application, I am confident will not hold good as between you and myself.

It is an undeniable fact, that in the prosecution of business, or in the discharge of duty, either to ourselves or to others, nothing is more important, and yet nothing, perhaps, is less generally attended to by the great majority of mankind, than the adoption of a few simple and practical *rules* for the government of our conduct while in the transaction of such business, or in the discharge of such duty; and I *know* you will appreciate it rather as an act of kindness than dictation, if I suggest to you a few thoughts for your serious consideration in regard to this important and interesting subject.—From the hasty manner in which they have been drawn up, as well as from my inexperience in such matters, they are undoubtedly not what they should be; but such as they are, I am confident you will give them all the attention and consideration which they deserve.—I have arranged them under the following divisions:

I. In the first place then, my dear F——, let this solemn and important truth be strongly impressed upon your mind, that the moral destiny of the little JULIA, whether for good or for evil, is principally, if not exclusively placed in your own hands—that it belongs to *you*, in the high and responsible character of a mother, to train her budding intellect into a ripened and unblemished maturity—to mould her feelings and habits of thinking and acting into a strict conformity with the principles of virtue, and to elevate her moral sense above the frailties and frivolities, which, without intending to be sarcastic or cynical, I *must* say, characterise but too many of the sex.—Who can say what influence a mother's teaching may have upon the formation and development of character?—Who is there, who recollects any thing of a mother's habits and conduct in early life, but feels that he owes much of his ideas and moral perceptions to her influence and example?—I venture to say that no individual who has risen to distinction, whether in the annals of crime or of virtue, but can trace back the *cause* of such pre-eminence either to the indiscreet indulgence or moral precepts of maternal education.—This high moral responsibility now rests upon you,—one eminently calculated to call out the better feelings of our nature, in the endeavor to promote another's happiness and welfare.—In that, as yet, innocent and unconscious little creature, you have an exhibition of all the elements which go to constitute all that is vicious or all that is virtuous in human nature.—You have placed before you, in that dear little miniature of humanity that cherub-like epitome of all the passions and all the feelings of our common nature, an object, if not a source, both to itself and to ourselves of much good or much evil, in after life. God grant that she may be so reared and so instructed as to partake alone of the first, without a tincture of the latter.

II. There is, perhaps, no part of a mother's duty less understood, or, at least, less prudently practised, than that of correcting a child for any little misdemeanor that it may be guilty of. Upon such occasions, the conduct of some mothers resembles that of a fury more than a woman of sense and discretion. After threatening a child for its inattention to her commands, time after time, until it no longer believes her, all at once, upon some new exhibition of disobedience, she flies into an ungovernable passion, seizes the little delinquent, and belabors it most unmercifully with any thing she can lay her hands upon, using, all the while, the most vulgar and indecent language, by way of menace and intimidation. The consequence is, the child does not know what it is whipped for, or thinks it has been extremely abused for doing that which it has been so frequently permitted to do with impunity,—and thinking so, it strives most lustily to rival its mother's violence, by its own vociferous screaming. Then follow, by way of peace-offering and pacification on the part of the mother, the most endearing epithets of condolence, and any quantity of sugar plumbs, sweetmeats, &c. This is a great and grievous fault, and should be guarded against with the most assiduous care. In regard to the little JULIA, always endeavor to keep your temper cool and calm, but your purpose firm and determined, when chastising her for any misdemeanor she may have committed. Never allow yourself, upon such an occasion to get into a violent passion, or show any petulence of feeling. Children, however young in years, have more powers of discrimination, and observe the things around them with a more scrutinizing intelligence, than one half of the parents of the present day are aware of. If a child discovers its parents to be peevish and inconsistent in their conduct, it will either become disgusted and rise superior to the example set before it, or it will imitate and adopt their character and habits—the latter of which is by far the most usual exhibition of the human mind, in its earlier and more ductile manifestations of character. When you threaten her, therefore, do so seriously, and with a full determination of carrying it into execution, if she disobeys you; and when such chastisement is absolutely necessary, (and it should never be resorted to unless it is so) never let it appear to her that you are gratifying your own passions, rather than correcting her own misconduct; but impress her mind fully with the duty of obedience and the propriety of good behaviour.

III. In all your intercourse with her, although you should undoubtedly be affectionate and even playful in your daily treatment of her, never allow your manner to sink into the common badinage of the day, or the namby-pamby manifestations of maternal love, which we see every hour in the modern nursery, but always maintain a proper degree of elevated self-respect (the true dignity of the mother) and you never will be mortified in after life, by any want of respect on her part. How often do we see, even in grown up daughters, a degree of contumelious disregard and disrespect to paternal wishes and feelings, which is utterly unworthy of a civilized state of society, and subversive of that kind and considerate attention, that dutiful and affectionate acquiescence, so peculiarly due from a daughter to a mother! And yet, if we look into the cause of this state of things, we will find, nine times in ten, that

the fault is exclusively on the side of a mother, in her early indulgence and want of discretion. Far be it from my intention to advance a single idea that would tend to repudiate, or even diminish that state of confidential and unsophisticated interchange of thought and feeling, which should ever exist between the mother and the child; amid all the heartless selfishness and treachery which break the ties of other relations in life, *that* should be preserved holy and inviolate; but notwithstanding this proposition, I still think it possible for even a *mother* to be too familiar with her daughter.—Now, do not be startled at this declaration. I do not mean that a mother should be in the least reserved in any thing, however delicate, that has, or may have, the most remote bearing upon the happiness or welfare of her daughter; but I mean that there are many little weaknesses in a mother, (because all who are human have *some* weak points) which should be most scrupulously concealed from the observation of her child. For instance, how common is it for many mothers to entertain their daughters with the repetition of the lowest species of gossip, the veriest dregs of scandal, that ever emanated from the vile sinks of petty detraction. This is a degree of familiarity which should not exist between *any* persons of genteel pretensions, much less between a mother and her daughter; between whom, on the one side, there should exist the highest respect, and on the other, the deepest solicitude. From our child's imbibing this disgraceful habit through *your* example, dear F——, I have not the least apprehension, but if from her intercourse with her associates in society, she should ever evince a disposition of the kind, crush it in the bud at once; depict to her the disgraceful consequences of so vile a habit, and she will arm herself against its influence, and discountenance it for ever.

IV. Upon the subject of a child's dress, although my notions may appear trifling and frivolous, yet if you will look round among your juvenile associates, perhaps you may discover in their habits some reason in my views in this particular. There is no person more ready than myself to acknowledge the propriety, and even importance, of a proper attention and regard to personal appearance; because that attention is not more in accordance with what is due to a proper spirit of self-respect in ourselves, than it is a decorous manifestation of regard for the good opinion and respect of others; but in our attention to such appearance, we should endeavor to be genteel rather than showy; plain, rather than extravgant; more anxious to wear a diamond in the *heart*, than in the ears, or upon the fingers; and more ambitious of intellectual than of personal or mere physical superiority. To be sure, extravagance in female attire, is less reprehensible than in that of the male; because, in the intercourse of fashionable life, much more depends upon their personal appearance; but nothing can justify a foolish and improvident expenditure, such as we frequently see displayed by those who can but ill afford it. The passion for dress and ostentatious parade, I am confident from the little observation I have made, is sown at a very early age in the female mind; through the indiscreet lavishment of finery, and trinkets, and toys, which too many mothers mistake for an affectionate solicitude for the welfare and happiness of their offspring. A child from the age of three to ten years, should be dressed neatly and with correct taste—it should be early inducted into the habit of personal cleanliness, and incited by a just pride of personal appearance; but it should not be bedizzened out with laces, and feathers, and flounces, and furbelows, more like an infant circus-rider, than a child intended to be educated in a rational and proper manner. Such foolish decorations are indicative of any thing else than good sense in parents; but if it involved nothing more than their folly, it would be a subject of but trifling comparative importance.—Its effects, however, upon the character and disposition of children, cannot be other than pernicious; and being so, the practice should be discountenanced by all sensible and discreet mothers.

V. Never foster or encourage selfishness in a child, especially in a daughter.—Nothing is so beautiful an adornment of the female character, as a pure and disinterested benevolence.—It is that, more than all else, which marks the distinctive traits in the character of the two sexes; it is that peculiar and amiable sweetness of temper in the female constitution, which gives to woman's character all its loveliness and all its influence, and makes her, as she really is, when thus happily constituted, a "ministering angel" upon earth. It should be a mother's highest happiness to exhibit to society such a specimen of her moral culture; it should be her daily care to check any ebullition of passion, or any evidence of vicious propensity, calculated to mar the beauty of her workmanship. There is a native vanity and selfishness enough in the human heart, without giving aliment to its growth, or encouragement to its development.—The passions will cultivate and take care of themselves; the great object of education should be to give impulse and energy to the moral and intellectual faculties.—Without such artificial incitement, the passions will fructify and expand themselves with fearful power, and ultimately overcome those salutary and conservative checks of the moral constitution, without which man is but a rudderless vessel, completely at the mercy of the winds and waves of a tempestious life.—There is some, I may say, an imperious necessity for selfishness in the other sex, who have to struggle with a world that is full of it; but with a female, there is no such necessity, or at least not to the same extent, because the theatre of *her* influence and power is circumscribed within the limits of the domestic circle, where all the social and milder virtues should blend in a harmonious interchange of affection, and in a bland exercise of a pure and disinterested benevolence. There is no way better calculated to make a child selfish and overbearing in its disposition, than the manner in which many parents manage their servants in relation to their care of it. They are made to gratify every whim of the child, however capricious; minister to every desire, however improper; and submit to every indignity, however disgusting. Children indulged in this manner, become perfect little tyrants.

Sure of being sustained in their conduct, however exceptionable, by their parents, they exact the most exorbitant services, and manifest an insolence of manner, which so far from displeasing or alarming the parent, is frequently appreciated and commended as the most promising evidence of *spirit and talent*. Such a course of conduct is extremely improper, and should not be encouraged.

VI. Always endeavor to be clear, distinct and uniform, in your discriminations between right and wrong. The just appreciation of right, as distinct in its acquirement from precept, is not so much an intuitive faculty as some writers upon moral philosophy have intimated. The philosophy of LOCKE, whatever may be its errors in other respects, is certainly sound in regard to the inanition of the human mind in its original condition, unaffected by surrounding circumstances. The formation or creation of primary ideas of right and wrong in the infant minds, depends entirely upon the doctrine of induction. There is no such thing as *innate* principle in the philosophy of original intellection: the mind, like the body, is the creature, if not the result of circumstances; it is moulded according to the influences around it; different combinations of circumstances produce different combinations of mind. If this theory be true, how important is it to act with circumspection and prudence in the presence of children, who watch our conduct closely, and copy with equal facility, both our virtues and our vices. In your elucidations, therefore, of that which is right, as distinct from and superior to that which is wrong, always observe the strictest consistency of reasoning. Let no temptation, however inviting, seduce you from the most rigid adherence to this rule. Never call that right to-day which you have repudiated as wrong yesterday, and you will thus erect in her young mind a fixed standard of discrimination between right and wrong, that not all the sophistry and ingenuity of false reasoning during her subsequent life, can ever unsettle or disturb.

VII. Never practice deception, however innocent in its nature, either with the child herself, or with any one else in her presence. This is a very common, and a very pernicious fault with most of mothers. Nothing could be better calculated to destroy that confidence which every child should feel in its parent, than a deceitful and double-dealing spirit, exhibited in the daily conduct of such parent. The child that has observation enough to discover this trait in the character of its mother, will always doubt her most solemn statements, and be sceptical in its belief with regard to her professions generally. And although a child, under these circumstances, may *possibly* be obedient and dutiful, yet it never can feel that respect and veneration which a correct and consistent mother so naturally inspires in the breasts of her children.

VIII. "*Every man thinks his own geese swans*" is a maxim founded upon the universal principles of the human heart; and if it were changed into "*Every mother thinks her own children perfect*," it would answer quite as many illustrations in every day practice. This is an inveterate prejudice, but it is far from being a discreditable one, because it is an evidence of warmth of affection, though it certainly manifests any thing else than a sound and discriminating judgment. In any difficulties that may occur between your child and those of others, never allow your feelings to become excited before you have a true and impartial statement of all the facts connected with the matter in dispute. This is another great error in the conduct of a great majority of parents. They think their children, like the regal estate in the English government, *can do no wrong;* and consequently when any of these little infallibles get into a quarrel, or perhaps fight with those of their neighbors, the idea that *they* may be in the wrong, never once enters their minds; and upon these occasions, instead of each properly correcting their children, they seem to strive who can say the most low and vulgar things of each other; thus affording a fine example for their respective children to applaud and imitate. These ebullitions of a too common prejudice, which we frequently see taking place between mothers of even refined and elegant general manners, are not only ridiculous and discreditable in themselves, but they have a very injurious influence upon the dispositions of their children; inasmuch as they naturally induce them to believe that they have an indisputable *right* to infringe upon the immunities and privileges of others with impunity. A habit of thus sustaining children, whether they are right or wrong, will tend to destroy all ideas of social duty, and instil into their youthful minds a spirit of captious and ill-natured contention, which may follow them through life, and not only make their own situations unhappy, but all those with whom they may be connected.

IX. I recollect reading, a few days since, in some of the Magazines, Blackwood's I think, an admirable essay upon the subject of the style of language which mothers generally use in conversations with young children, and was forcibly struck with the truth and propriety of its criticism. I myself have been frequently astonished at hearing even sensible and well-informed mothers address their children in a style of affected endearment, more becoming a finical old maid's address to her favorite poodle, than of rational and intelligent creatures. For instance, what must be a child's idea of correct language, when its ears are eternally greeted with expressions like the following: "*Poor baby wants to tum to its muzzy*," "*tum Turley, and div muzzy a buff, dat's a dood tild*," &c. &c. These ridiculous corruptions of the "King's English," you may frequently hear mothers using to children who are two or three years old, an age when they should have learned to pronounce words with tolerable correctness and perspicuity.

X. There is a great deal of diversity of opinion among parents as to the kind of punishment a child should receive for doing that which is wrong; and there is quite as much diversity, also, in the different *degrees* of punishment adopted by them in relation to the misbehaviour of their children. Severe whipping is as repugnant to kind and correct feeling, as it is generally ineffectual in working a reformation in the little delinquent itself. Personal chastisement should be resorted to as seldom as possible; and then only from aboslute necessity. When, through some

improper dereliction of duty on the part of the child, the mother thinks it necessary to resort to the rod, it should be used with a full and clear explanation of what it is used for, without the addition of a single epithet, and with no more words than are necessary to the communication of such explanation. The mother, on such an occasion, should not allow herself to be betrayed into any violence of manner, but should preserve a cool and even temper. She should not afterwards, as too many do, use any arts of persuasion to hush up and pacify the child, but should make it take a seat quietly and submissively beside her; and when necessary to speak to it, do so in her ordinary tone of voice, and with her usual kindness of manner. The child will then *feel* that it has been in the fault, if for no other reason than the apparent justice of the punishment, as evinced and exhibited through the dignified and dispassionate deportment of the mother in administering it; and that child will love and respect its mother in proportion to the consciousness which it feels of having done wrong.

XI. The world, my dear F——, is a great mirror, in which we may see ourselves fully and faithfully delineated; so, that to understand the world in all its Protean shapes and aspects, we should also perfectly understand ourselves. In giving a daughter, however, an insight into the character of that world, in which she will have some day to enter and act her part in the great drama of life, too much care cannot be taken in presenting her with a true and faithful picture of all the lights and shadows of human character. That is, the picture should be drawn to life, without exaggeration, as well as without extenuation—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The natural gloom of the canvass should be relieved by the redeeming light which human virtue and human excellence can shed upon it—so, that, while she may not, with a full knowledge of all the world's corruption and wickedness, sink into the dark and sunless philosophy of the cynic, she may also not become, through her innocent unconsciousness of evil, a credulous enthusiast, in looking only at the sunshine of its existence. This representation she should have, in order that through the same means by which she would be prevented from herself becoming an adept in the wiles and deceit she would also be saved from falling a dupe to the snares and temptations of that world. Much of the diversity of character and conduct which we see exhibited in social life, results from a difference of instruction in regard to this subject —and if the dark and bright sides of the picture of human life were presented in their natural, stript of all their artificial, aspect, at the same time to the youthful mind, that mind would exercise the proper discrimination in their contemplation, and thus blend the two extremes into a correct and rational appreciation of truth, unexposed to the delusions, and unseduced by the temptations, of error. Upon her arriving, therefore, at that age in which children usually begin to take an interest in such matters, in your descriptions of the gaieties, amusements, and pleasures of fashionable life, which you may see fit to offer her as a stimulus to exertion on her part; in endeavoring to excel in those accomplishments which lend a charm to the intercourse of young society, do not neglect to warn her against the hypocrisy, the selfishnesss, and the treachery, which lurk beneath its sunny waters, in order that she may be armed against its assaults, and come out harmless from the fiery furnace of fashionable rivalry. But in thus giving her an insight into the nature and propensities of the *species*, you can do so without animadverting upon *individual* character—a course of conduct that would naturally tend to make her the most despicable of *all* creatures, a common retailer of gossip and scandal.

XII. Upon the subject of religious, as distinct from an abstract moral instruction, it would perhaps, be as incompetent as it is improper, and certainly out of place, for me to say much. It is a subject, indeed, upon which I have allowed myself to think and reflect very little; perhaps too little; but that it is one of great vital importance, philosophically considered, in all its bearings upon human feelings and human conduct; that it has done much to elevate the moral sense and restrain the vicious propensities of mankind in all ages and under all circumstances, there can be no reasonable doubt. In its effect, however, upon the mind, or rather upon our final destiny, it is a matter of comparative indifference as to our belief, whether professional religion, as expounded through its technical creeds, or the great ultimatum of humanity, death, will furnish the only infallible revelation of the sublime mysteries of a future existence. Mankind may fight, and theorize, and debate, upon this question for a thousand years to come, as they have already for more than a thousand years that are gone, and they will know as much as they now do, of its profound and unfathomable incomprehensibility. That is a point which human knowledge, however mighty in its grasp; however deep in its researches, can never comprehend. Whether as a system, religion is founded upon the principles of reason, as some philosophers, eminent for talents and mere abstract intellectual, unaccompanied by high moral power, have contended that it is not, or whether it is a great and inevitable truth, capable of the clearest demonstration, as learned doctors of the church of equal profundity of intellect and knowledge, have labored to prove, it is not now my province or wish to inquire. I acknowledge my insignificance in such acquirement, and my utter incapacity to thread the intricacies of so metaphysical a labyrnth. But whether the philosophy of that religion as now understood and adopted by the Christian world, be based upon the great principles of eternal truth, or owes its existence to the prolific invention of human ingenuity, there can be no doubt in the mind of any individual who understands human nature, that it is the source of all that is virtuous and elevated, in human conduct. To your own wishes, then, dear F——, I leave it, whether she shall be instructed in any of the peculiar tenets of professional religion; because that is a subject, either in regard to the little JULIA, or to yourself, upon which no interference of mine shall ever obtrude itself. I deem it of the utmost importance, however, that her mind

should be early imbued with the beautiful spirit of rational, unfettered piety, and the excellence of an enlightened moral instruction. If my views would have any weight in the formation of your determination in this particular, I would recommend that you be extremely careful not to warp her mind into bigotted or sectarian notions; that you discard the conflicting and ridiculous dogmas of the various creeds, and bring her up in that catholic spirit of benevolence, and that charitable appreciation of the feelings and motives of others, which is the true characteristic of a mind impressed with a just sense of the impartial and universal love of Deity.

I have now, my dear F——, presented you with a few hasty and desultory thoughts upon a number, of what I conceive to be, important points in female education. They are affectionately and kindly submitted to you, not in the spirit of command or dictation, but with anxious desire to aid you in the serious discharge of a duty, which but few in your situation seem perfectly to understand, and still fewer consistently and methodically practice. Adopt them as your own, if you think they are worthy of it—but reject them at once, if they do not coincide with your own ideas of what is due to so important a subject. From the limited means of observation which I have enjoyed, in consequence of the isolated condition from domestic affairs, which has marked the greater portion of my life, the opportunities of knowing much of the habits of children has been, of course, denied to me. My knowledge, therefore, of this subject, must necessarily be more theoretical than practical, in consequence of that fact. I do not, then, urge them upon your attention as containing infallible truths; they are presented to you in a spirit of deep and anxious solicitude, for the welfare and happiness of one dear to you and to myself, and I only ask of you to give them that serious consideration which the subject, not the author, so imperiously demands.

Affectionately and devotedly yours,

D—— P——.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE TREASURED HARP.

"All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself: it belonged to the little story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice."—*Sketch Book.*

Go, leave that harp!—twined round its strings
There's many a magic spell,
Leave that untouched,—the strain it brings
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain!—all else beside,
Go scatter to the wind!
The chords that won my home a bride
No other home shall find.

It hath a power,—though all unstrung
It ies neglected now,
And from her hands 'twill ne'er be wrung
Ti ll eath these limbs shall bow!

It hath no price,—since that sweet hour
She tuned it first, and played
Love's evening hymn within the bower
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,
And whispers of the calm moonlight
Are trembling from the wire;

Still on mine ear her young voice falls,—
Still floats that melody,—
On each loved haunt its music calls,—
Go! leave that harp and me!

Boston, Dec. 1837.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE THREE PICTURES.

BY LOUISE H. MEDINA.

"Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, yet can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed, but it returneth."

Shelley's Hellas.

"Look upon this picture, and on this."

Hamlet.

BRIGHT, beautiful, bewitching yet faulty, Florence Rivers, how in these days of perfectioned paragons and unerring monsters shall your biographer attempt to describe you? How shall the record of your too often misguided actions, be submitted to those critical eyes used to peruse the faultless, godlike, heroic and sublime sayings and doings of such models of propriety, as the world ne'er saw? How shall the pen which relates your folly, your sorrow, and suffering, invest you with the name of heroine, when almost every attribute of such a being is wanting—when you neither attetudinized like the statue which enchants the world—talked blank verse like the player queen in Hamlet—lived upon immaterial air like a cameleon, nor achieved wonders of goodness enough to call Socrates from the tomb of the mighty past, to behold the impersonation of his goddess—Virtue. Nothing of all this did you or could you do. Oh! fair and fascinating, but foolish Florence Rivers. Yet such as you were—yea, such as to this day you are, capricious as an April day, yet with all its sun shiny, showery beauty, impetuous as the rushing stream, yet bright and pure as its waters, such as you were and are—you are my heroine.

In the hall of your fathers, that spacious, low built flower-entwined southern mansion, which stands far away in fair Florida, there are three likenesses of you. I loved you ere I knew you by looking upon them. I loved you still more since I saw you five times more lovely, and fifty times more mischievous than even they bespeak you. There you are in the first large,

group, hiding in all the wild exuberance of bounding youth, behind the laburnam tree, tossing that nondescript, bright plumaged bird which you have perched in your hand, so lightly into air, as if you would send it winging to its native skies, and yourself follow after. With what a delighted glee you look back upon your baffled seekers! How arch, how mischevious is the smile that is lightening over your face! Every disordered ringlet which is wantoning over your young heaving breast has grace and wilfulness in its curls—every careless fold of your torn and disarranged dress bespeaks a wild recklessness of custom or control. You never gave sober, solemn sittings for this beautiful picture, fair Florence; a young artist who witnessed the hide and seek, and had that bending, buoyant form impressed all too forcibly upon his memory, painted the picture from recollection, and embodied the scene for ever.

The second is a full length portrait, and was taken by your own desire, as a lasting memento of your severest trial. It represents you arrayed in the robes of a Sultana, for a masked ball, the rich satin gorgeously embroidered with gold, seems to heave and swell beneath the proud panting of the breast it covers, and the tiara which binds the brow, expresses not more imperial command than the haughty eye and curling lip. No smile graces that mouth which seems made for the home of love, but in its place a bitter sneer seems to defy and scorn the world. The left hand holds a mask, the right extends a miniature, (just drawn from the bosom,) with a cold and proud gesture. Can this be the same bright, joyous hider in the garden? The features are the same, but their expression—how different! It is an unpleasant contemplation, turn we from it to the third. Why how is this? Who have we here? By the side of a couch, but indistinctly seen, kneels a Sister of Charity. Her hands are folded in anguish on her breast, and her raised countenance seems appealing to Heaven for mercy. What unutterable wo is there! How hopeless, yet how resigned is that face! Yet the loose, coarse dress and close cap cannot hide the matchless symmetry of form and feature, nor yet can that despairing expression utterly change the lineaments of Florence Rivers. It is herself. How graphic, how deeply interesting are all the pictures; how full of moral lesson, how descriptive of life's varied changes; how corrective to passion and pride!

PICTURE I.

All thoughts, all passions, all desires,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Coleridge.

Colonel Wilton Rivers, the grand father of Florence, might have had engraven on his tomb stone, that he was the friend and fellow soldier of George Washington, in synonimous terms that he was a just, brave and honorable man. An Englishman by birth, an aristocrat by blood, and a high tory by education; he was still, wonderful to relate, free from prejudice and pride; he served as a volunteer in the British service, under General Braddock, and fought side by side with his immortal friend through that disastrous campaign. Inspired by example, and elevated by his patriotism and piety, with Washington, also, he resigned the British service, and gave his arm to the cause of the cradled Goddess—American Liberty. He lived to see her in her full grown glory, spreading rich blessings over the favored land in which she had raised her noblest trophies—he lived to rejoice in a virtuous wife and affectionate children, then full of years and honors, he was laid down to his rest, near to where the ashes of his loved and honored friend had consecrated the spot to grateful recollection.

In the vast concourse of strangers who visited the new Republic, came distinguished foreigners, of the name of Meronville. Adéle, the daughter, was seen by Washington Rivers, the only son of the revolutionary hero, and no sooner seen than loved. He was young, *distingué* and wealthy. Mad'elle Adèle de Meronville thought he would be no despicable match. She threw on him the softest glance of those bright black eyes, and sighed, '*Ah! qu 'il a l'air noble!*' then very prettily blushed at remembering that the southerner spoke French. The heart of Washington became uneasy—it was dangerous ground.

"You gentlemens Americaine not at all feel de what you call love, *ou ne comprered pas iu, une grande passion, une affaire de coeur*—ah! I much wish"—

"What does Mad'elle de Meronville wish?" asked Rivers, as the perspiration began to drop off his nose; and if he had been sufficiently composed, he might have added, in the impassioned words of an English poet, Lord Littleton, when his mistress gazed at the moon, "Wish not for that, beloved, alas! I *cannot* give it thee."

"Only dat I not have no heart at all," responds the fair Adèle, pressing a small hand most sentimentally over the region, where, embedded in cambric and lace, her heart might be supposed to lie.

"And why—wherefore?" gasped out Rivers. The odds were ten to one on Adèle—the goal in view, and the favorite as fresh as at starting.

"Because, *parceque*—ah! Monsieur Rivers, me must not tell dat to you!—*Ah ciel!* what do I say! *Pour l'amour de Dieu*, let me go!"

The game was up, the race was won, the Adèle won the plate of matrimony, and the Washington Rivers was a loser indeed.

This trifling sketch of the mother of Florence has been given as an excuse for her foibles—brought up until sixteen years of age, by a frivolous coquette, even the sound principle and sterling sense of her father, could not wholly counteract the baneful influence on her mind, and amidst the rich seeds of many virtues, the tares of bad example and worse precept sprang up, to be consumed only by the purifying fires of adversity. We have said that Florence Rivers had little of a heroine about her, except one, however—her rare and marvellous beauty. Oh, glorious as the Creator's last and loveliest work was that bright face, where every God had seem-

ed to set his seal! Bright as the twin born stars were those dark eyes, in which as in the sleeping waters of the Isle of Founts, all heavenly things were glassed, and that pure, transparent cheek, Nature and Truth seemed to have chosen as a tablet to record their purest feelings on. In the unerring grace of every unstudied movement, in the rich music of every silver sound dwelt the charm, 'the might, the majesty of loveliness.' and the beholder would feel, as he gazed on Florence Rivers, that if Virtue were *not* throned on that fair brow, never did deceit dwell in such a gorgeous palace. A slight scene at the early age of twelve, will better describe her, than a volume of words.

"Look, my beautiful Florence, what your father has presented you, to go to the ball to-night," exclaimed Mrs. Rivers to her daughter, at the same time holding up a pair of pearl bracelets.

"Mon dieu! is not this a charming birth-day present?"

Florence was in raptures. She tried on the bracelets—she turned to the glass and blushed. Florence began to feel that she was beautiful.

"Where is Phœbe to dress me? That stupid girl is so slow! I am dying to see how my new white satin fits me. Phœbe—why I say Phœbe! Go some of the slaves to call her—how *dare* she keep me waiting so?"

A dozen of negroes of all sizes came out of their burrows at this command, and after a short lapse, the tardy Phœbe arrived to dress her young lady, and stand a no gentle reprimand for her dilatoriness. The girl, who was a white servant, made no reply, but exactly as the white satin dress, richly ornamented with blonde, was to be put on, Florence's eye fell on Phœbe's hands. She started back. "Why, you nasty, untidy girl, what on earth ails your hands? They are as black as a nigger's; are you not ashamed to handle my beautiful satin with those filthy paws? Go and scour them."

The girl colored deeply.

"They are not dirty, Miss Florence, they are only stained."

"That's false!" exclaimed the Southerner's daughter, "the very sight of them has made me sick. I would sooner stay at home forever, than be touched by such hands—pray leave me, and send Marston, my mother's maid, to help me."

In much emotion, and with tears in her eyes, Phœbe obeyed her young lady's rough command.

"Missee," said an old slave called Lucretia.

"Well," responded Florence, fretfully.

"Dar's not dirt, dat white gal's got a poor ole moder sick wid de rheumatize, she rub ole moder's legs wid doctor's stuff, and dar's what blacks her hands so."

Every drop of blood rushed in burning shame to the cheeks of Florence.

"Old and poor!" she said hesitatingly.

"Hay—ya, Missee, poor ole white woman, poor cretur!—no such fortin as to be a niggur slave, wid a good massa and plenty to eat."

"Where does she live, Lucretia?"

"Whar does she live?—oh, dar yonder, in dat ole miser'ble shanty.—Tank de stars, I'm ole niggur."

"Go and leave me now, Lucretia, go away."

The slave obeyed, and Florence wrung her hands in agony unutterable. "Shame—shame on me! what have I done? Insulted an affectionate daughter, trampled on an aching heart, oppressed the virtuous sufferer! And I have nothing, not one *sous*—not a picayune to give her! Oh! that these delicate hands of mine were black as hers, or as my own heart, to punish me!"

The carriage was at the door; Mrs. Rivers waiting, but Florence not to be found. There lay the satin dress, but its destined wearer was invisible. Enquiries were then made, messengers dispatched, and scoldings given, in the midst of which entered Florence, with red eyes and a flushed face. Mrs. Rivers opened fire.

"Florence! where in wonder's name have you been all this time?"

"Out, Madam."

"Out! and alone!" vociferated the unwise parent, taking no cue from the visible distress of her child. "Out, and alone! Where? I insist on knowing."

"Mother, let me be with you alone," murmured the agitated girl, who was now surrounded by all the household.

"No, Miss; *here*—explain to me *here* the meaning of all this. I want no private prevarications, let your account of yourself be public."

All the moral pride of Florence rose to her aid—her cheek flushed, and her downcast eyes were proudly raised. She advanced and took the hand of Phœbe, who was standing back, anxiously feeling for her dear young mistress.

"Publicly, then, be my shame confessed, and my apology made. Mother, I have this night behaved in a manner unworthy my father's child, unworthy the name of Christian. My fretful vanity insulted this worthy girl, and I have sacrificed my darling vice, the love of dress, as an expiation. Phœbe, I have given my pearl bracelets to your poor old mother; will you forgive my unfeeling insult?"

Mrs. Rivers actually gasped with passion, but before her folly could turn the generous flow of her daughter's genuine humility into stubborn wrath, Mr. Rivers fortunately made his appearance. He had heard all, and now took his daughter's hand,

"My child, you have done well; reparation was in your power, and you have made it. I will redeem the bracelets at the price of comfort to Phœbe's mother, and you shall not wear an ornament again until this day twelvemonth. Go, now, my Florence, and be light of heart; you are more dressed in your love and repentance, than if you were decked in the diamonds of Golconda."

With such different preceptors can it be wondered at that Florence, at the age of sixteen, was a mixture of generosity and caprice, principle and pride?

Among the distinguished visitors who thronged to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rivers of Florida, was Francis Wellesley, Lord de Vere. He was a younger son of one of England's noblest families, and had chosen the sea for his profession, where his own merit and his connection's interest, had speedily advanced him to the rank of Post Captain.

Many years constant service abroad had much impaired his health, and he had been attached

†

to the English embassy to America, as nominal Secretary of Legation, on leave of absence for two years, for the purpose of recruiting it. Very soon did Mr. Rivers discover in his quiet, reserved guest, one of the master spirits of the age; a man who, had he lived in stirring times, would have been a Brutus, a Leonidas, or a Buonaparte. Grave and calm almost to a fault, deep was the stream of intellect and resolve which flowed below the unruffled surface; in all posts of danger requiring rapid presence of mind, and indomitable fortitude, De Vere was the man selected to fill them: with him action so instantly followed words that it had become a proverb with his men,—"The Captain's word and blow, doubtful which comes first,"—and yet never had either fallen unjustly. Stern and cold in matters of duty, he was feared as a martinet on the quarter-deck. Generous and mild in private life, he was worshipped as an angel by those who knew his goodness: liberal to a fault—he was a miser only of human blood—yet even in that he was lavishly profuse with his own, and they who followed him to face danger, were sure he was the first man to brave it in its fiercest onset. Little, it would be thought, had such a man to attract the volatile Florence. But the mystery of the human heart no eye may read—the very contrast of their dispositions first moved her curiosity—the unbending politeness of his attentions piqued her pride—the profundity and power of his knowledge commanded her respect—the unpretending modesty of his demeanor, joined to the report of his chivalrous actions, won her admiration, and the manly dignity of his face and form, enchained her love. Yes, Florence—the flower of Florida—the sought—the courted—the wayward Florence, yielded to a stranger her heart's first love.

"Why then idolatry! Aye, that's the word
To speak the deepest, broadest, wildest passion
That ever woman's heart was swayed withal."

And was De Vere, the phlegmatic, cool, reasoning philosopher wholly unmoved by the beautiful Southerner. No: few men could be so, and certainly not De Vere; but he had early been the slave of passion—had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind, and bought at last, with the sacrifice of tranquillity and peace of mind the fatal necessity for controlling passion by reason. He was fascinated by the youthful beauty's brilliant manners, interested in her many excellent traits of temper, and not *altogether* unmoved by the tale which his knowledge of women, easily read in her crimsoning blush, her faltering speech, and starting tear, whenever he addressed her. Still she was a coquette—yes, and a most tyrannical and inconsistent one too; and De Vere turned from the contemplation of her heavenly face with a sigh. The struggle between philosophy and nature was soon to be resolved.

An invitation to pass some days at the villa of a wealthy New Orleans merchant, included Lord de Vere, and after a little hesitation he determined to accept it.

"I will see her surrounded with admirers, and overwhelmed with flattery. I will narrowly watch if this paltry homage supercedes her feelings for reason and me; if so, why then farewell at once, fair Florida, and this your sweetest daughter! Beautiful as thou art, and dear as thou would'st be, were thy mind equal to thy face, I would sooner trust my ship on the breakers, than my happiness in thy hands, oh, loveliest Florence!"

And the philosopher descended to the saloon, to await the appearance of Miss Rivers. She was already there, very simply dressed, and bending in exquisite grace over a harp, whose chords she was lightly touching.

"Ah, Lord de Vere, I am bidding farewell to my harp, I am sorry to leave my favorite harp even for a week."

"There will, probably, be other instruments at Mr. Trevanion's, Miss Rivers," remarked the unsympathizing philosopher,

"Yes, but not this *one*," she replied thoughtfully, "there may be hundreds handsomer to look on, and sweeter to hear, but none endeared to me by the associations of this."

Her eyes were cast down, De Vere felt sure that she alluded to duetts played on that harp with former lovers.

"She is taking a wrong course to make me speak," thought he, "besides, I detest manœuvering;" then aloud, "may I be permitted to ask Miss Rivers what those soft associations were connected with this harp?"

"It was my mother's."

The reply was but in four words, but the holy pathos of a child's affection, infused into them a deep melody that spoke to the very soul. De Vere had heard no favorable account of Mrs. Rivers—but she had loved her child, and dearly had that child returned her love. She was gone, and her daughter's heart remembered not her faults, but sacredly enshrined her good qualities—hourly to love and to regret them.

The hand of De Vere has clasped that of Florence.

"Florence," he said softly, "dear Florence."

Her heart heaved—the hand was softly stolen round her waist—she could not forbear her triumph, and sprang laughingly away, exclaiming,—

"*Madre de Dios*, pray do not become sentimental, for there's nothing in life I detest so much; and see, too, you have thrown my orange blossom from my girdle—the very blossom young Trevanion gave me, and I promised to wear it for his sake. You really are extremely amazing, *Monsieur Le Philosophe!*" And stooping to recover her flower, she pressed it to her lips, and went out of the room carolling gaily. He gazed after her.

"And you really are extremely fascinating, *ma belle Florence*: but you never will be Francis Wellesley's wife."

They both were wrong.

Above a week had passed away in the luxurious villa of Mr. Trevanion, and, as De Vere had rightly conjectured, Florence yielded herself wholly to the delights of coquetting with, and tyrannising over, a horde of flattering admirers. Indeed, so numerous were her vagaries, so inconstant her caprices, that daily was the noble heart of her real lover becoming weaned from his attachment—and deeply was her excellent father shocked to behold the alienation of what he so anxiously coveted for his wayward child

—a rational, manly husband. It was at this beautiful seat, called Versailles, from its resemblance to its far-famed namesake in points of scenery, and which, situated immediately on the river, afforded all the various amusements of boating, fishing, and watching the steamboats, that the incident occurred which occasioned the first picture. Florence had made capture of an extraordinary nondescript species of a bird, with which she would fool all day, and immoderately caress, to the extreme discomfiture of her suitors. Nothing gave her more delight than to run away with her chirruping pet, and Beatrice-like, hide, to hearken to the dispraise of herself, which, unlike the heroine of Shakspeare, gave her unmeasured amusement.

Amongst her suitors was one who, like young Edwin, bowed, but never talked of love. This was the talented young artist who beheld and pourtrayed her hide and seek; and her heartless encouragement of this poor youth completed the measure of De Vere's disgust.

One night, when he had retired earlier than usual, sickened with gaiety, angry with Florence, himself and all the world, and terribly oppressed by the intense heat, he was awakened from his restless couch by a strange rushing sound.

"It must be a steamer on the river," was his first thought; but the noise was too near, too loud for that.

He arose hastily, and threw on his clothes. Can it be a fog from the water which encircles the farthest wing of the house so densely? No, it deepens—and look! gracious heavens, it is followed by flame—the villa is on fire! Often and often had Wellesley stood upon a gun while smoke and flame had whirled and blazed around him, but never before had he felt the sickening fear which now appalled his heart, as he beheld that part of the villa where Florence slept, on fire. To drop from the balcony to the ground, to alarm the sleeping inmates—to rush wildly along to the burning wing, were but the actions of a minute—the slight door gave way to his tremendous rush, and in he burst, wildly calling on the name of Florence! And now as if in fierce derision of their festal fires and gala lights, the magnificent but terrible element rushed up in mighty tongues to the skies, blazing, crackling, rolling its volumed masses like a victorious foe, far and near, while its hot breath scorched the cheek of Wellesley, and seemed to woo him to his grave. A wail, a sound of wo, directed him; he rushed to the direction whence it proceeded, and beheld the father and daughter locked in each others arms.

"De Vere, thanks! oh merciful God!" exclaimed the agonized father. "De Vere, save—oh, save my child!" and he sank senseless on the ground.

"Florence! beloved, dearest Florence, come!"

"And leave my father! oh, noble, excellent De Vere, save but my father's life—think not of me; 'twas I, 'twas I that brought him here! Leave him not to perish thus dreadfully, as you would save me from madness and despair—save, oh, save my father!"

"I will, I will," exclaimed the agitated man, "but you are my first care! Delay not on your life; come—come!"

She dropped from his arms to his feet.

"Hear me, De Vere—hear me on the brink of a dread eternity! Hear the weak, the wayward Florence, call God to witness how she loves you! Aye, dearer than life to me you are; yet here I swear, if you make me guilty of parricide, in murdering my best, my noblest father, I never will see you more! No, my first, fondest friend, guardian, father, we will die together!"

In the commanding agony of majestic despair, she wound her arms around her father's body, and fixing on De Vere her flashing eyes, seemed to defy him to tear her thence.

"Bravest and noblest girl," he cried, "the God that made you as his most perfect work will not desert us now! Wrap yourself in this cloak, and follow, follow closely my beloved!"

He raised the senseless form of Mr. Rivers Florence, with a shriek of joy, assisted him; then pressing her white lips fervently to the brow of De Vere, she said,—

"In life or death I loved you only."

Blinded by the smoke, almost suffocated by the flame, De Vere felt nothing but that kiss,—yet, when reaching the outer door, who shall speak his unutterable agony to find that Florence had not followed them. She had probably fallen, her high wrought strength had given way, and even in death her dauntless courage had uttered no cry or groan. Phrenzied with passion, infuriated with despair, De Vere dashed down the form of the senseless father; with one wild plunge he threw off the hold of those about him, and rushed again into the burning building. All now was flame, the steps scorched, crackled, and gave way as his desperate step touched them; large flakes of fire hissed and shrivelled on his clothes and flesh, rafters rolled around him, yet with a strength mightier far than death, yea, stronger than Fate, and immutable as Heaven—the strength of *Love*—he rushed along, and reached the chamber. Already had the dancing, billowy flame invaded the room—already had it encircled the form of the death-like Florence, as with a halo of light—grasping and wrapping her in his ample cloak, De Vere cast but one glance behind him, then springing from the verandah, he leaped, with his precious burden, into the waves below, and at the same instant the roof fell in, and all was one crashing ruin!

A low convulsive murmur passed through the crowd, and seemed as the knell of the beautiful being, they believed to have perished, and her devoted lover; but it changed in a moment to a rapturous shout of joy, when the gallant sailor was seen buffetting the waters with one arm, while the other closely grasped his rescued treasure—another instant he has sprung on shore, and unscathed, except by fear, has laid the daughter in her parent's arms.

"May the God who delights in virtuous deeds reward you, my noble son," faltered the old man, "and bless you both together! Take her—she is yours—bless heaven, bless you, my children!"

A faint streak had come to the cheek of Florence, and light dawned in her eye; she placed her small cold hand in his, and drew it against her heart. It was a tacit assurance that for him that heart beat alone; he smiled, strove to speak, reeled, and fell senseless at her feet. For weeks

the life of the gallant Wellesley was in exceeding danger:

"Oh! then to die had been to die most happy,"

But fate had willed it otherwise.

PICTURE II.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
A something light as air—a look
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken."

Moore.

As we do not pique ourselves, like the celebrated Ariosto, on following one person exclusively through every hour of the time our story embraces, we shall shift the scene, and with an Asmodeus-like facility, transport ourself and readers to a small group assembled in an elegant boudoir in Broadway. This little party consists of three not uninteresting persons; each busily employed in their several occupations.

Reclining on a sofa, with a heavy volume in his hand, is stretched a gentleman, in whose frank and noble features few traces remain of the severe suffering he has endured; and who, but that he still rests his left arm in a sling, might be forgotten as the hero of that terrible night at Versailles. The book he holds is Gibbon's Rome; but he appears more interested in the rise and progress of his companion's work than in the Decline and fall of the Roman empire. Indeed, had the great historian himself viewed the object of contemplation, he might have pardoned the inattentive reader, for never yet did human eyes rest on a fairer face than that which graced the young lady of the group. She is in youth's loveliest season, and although her dress be that of a mourner's, her brilliant face, and gay employ, puts her sables to shame. Before her lies a satin dress, already blazing with all the gold of Ind, but to which she is adding a stomacher, and cestus of superb jewels, and so much is she occupied by her glittering paraphernalia that she heeds not how anxiously the student on the sofa is watching her. The third person is an old lady, who sits knitting a purse in the recess of the window, looking the very fac-simile of Pope's 'no character at all'—the person to play propriety without being *Madame de Trop*, one who sees nothing but what is glaring as the daylight, or hears aughtbut what is loud as thunder. The gentleman first broke the silence.

"You seem to be very busy with all that tinsel and foilstone, Florence; it would not require a great stretch of imaginatien to suppose you a young lady about to make her first appearance on any stage."

"Tinsel and foilstone," indignantly retorted the offended lady; "what sort of a judge are you, De Vere, if you can't tell the difference between gold bullion and precious stones, and their imitations only."

"Well, all is not gold that glitters, Florence, you know, and the garish semblance is too often mistaken for the solid reality; but may I ask to what purpose all that gorgeous paraphernalia is to be applied? I came here to read 'Prometheus' to you this morning, and I find you too deeply involved in the study of satin and gems to bestow any attention on Shelley. What are you about, I pray you?"

Florence blushed, and answered to that part of her betrothed husband's speech which could be most conveniently replied to.

"I am sure, De Vere, I am most anxious to hear Prometheus; so pray begin, and I will give you attention, for fine language and fine reading together is a treat for the gods."

A smile played over the features of the sailor at this *bon bon* to his vanity, and with a pleased expression he took up the volume.

"Wait one moment until I find the fringe—stay, Mrs. Montague, have you any more gold spangles? Don't you think Janson should have worked gold leaves between the diamond storks? The *seduisantes* should be brocaded to match the lappels. Oh! go on De Vere—I'm all attention."

Before the first magnificent speech of the Titan had progressed half way, Mrs. Montague sidled on tiptoe up to Florence with the spangles, and a low whispering issued, which subsided into dumb motion on the reader looking impatiently up; then Florence dropped one of her jewelled stems, and routed about in search of it, quite assured it was under De Vere, or covered by his book. He stopped good-humouredly, and assisted in the search; when the lost treasure was found, he proceeded uninterrupted towards the close of the celebrated, the unequalled curse, when at these sublime words—

"Let thy malignant spirit move
In darkness over those I love,
On me and mine I imprecate
The utmost torture of thy hate,"

an exclamation from Florence stopped him.

"'Tis very magnificent," he said, interpreting it into one of pleasure.

"Oh, it would be," replied the girl, eagerly, "it would be divine did not the setting of the rubies fray the satin. Oh, look Mrs. Montague! look, *bon mére*, the stomacher will fray the satin!"

Up started the *bon mére*, and eagerly did both examine the ruffed satin. Wellesley threw down the book with a scarcely audible 'Pish!' resolving that nothing should tempt him to unbind Prometheus again to women. Again did the splendid dress attract his eye, and his attention was now fully stirred. He repeated his enquiries concerning its use.

"'Tis for the *bal costumé* of the Princess Pulaski," replied Florence at length, affecting an unconcern she did not feel. De Vere looked very grave.

"My dearest love, surely your good nature has carried you too far," he said. "You are spending your time, and even lending your personal jewels to trick out, in meretricious splendour, some lady who chooses to risk her good name, by visiting a foreigner of such doubtful reputation as the Princess (so called) Pulaski."

"Some lady!" repeated Mrs. Montague, with a wondering stare, "why, Lord de Vere, Florence herself is going!"

"Certainly I am," said Florence haughtily—"I have never seen a *bal costumé*. And, as for

the Princess, all New York visits her, and why should not I?"

"And did all the world visit her, Florence Rivers cannot, must not, shall not?" said De Vere. "Nay, Florence, unbend that look of pride. I say again *shall not!* Are you not my betrothed wife? Is not your honour mine, your happiness my care? Am not I the rightful guardian of your spotless name, the friend, the protector named as your safeguard by a dying father? Shame! shame on you, Miss Rivers! Look on the sable garments which trap your person with a mockery of wo! remember the sad, the recent cause which has alone delayed our marriage, and then insult your father's memory, if you dare?"

Francis Wellesley had commanded two hundred men by a word—by a motion of his hand led them to risk life and death; through scenes of danger, horror and blood, he had never mistaken or quailed. But he knew not how to rule a woman, and that woman the proud, impassioned Florence Rivers. To be thus reproved, shamed and commanded—and before Mrs. Montague, a dependant! To be ruled thus imperatively, and by a lover! The blood rushed wanton through her frame, and her limbs shook with emotion; then rising with extreme pride, she said—

"Lord Wellesley De Vere will find I can at least *dare* to reject his impertinent and officious counsel, and cast from me with scorn the rude and unmanly counsellor. I thank you, Sir, for showing me the bane, since I bless Heaven, the antidote is still in my power. Lord Wellesley will understand that Miss Rivers would be alone!"

De Vere struggled with himself and attempted to take her hand.

"Forgive me, my dear Florence, if I have too rudely spoken. I am, you know, a plain blunt sailor, and little used to dress my words for ladies ears. My blood too warmly resented the idea of my Florence, my sweet, pure. unsullied lily, mingling in the reeking pollution of the haunts of fashion. Nay, a nearer and more jealous resentment spurns the idea, that these sables, which alone have kept me from my coveted joy, should be put off to grace a demirep's assembly. Come, lay aside these hateful trappings, and with them our only disagreement! Think of the matter of my words, and let their manner be forgotten!"

Florence gazed full and coldly on his face as she made answer. "Both are to me so indifferent, that I am quite willing to forget them. The dress I will assuredly lay aside, as certainly to resume it this day week for the Princess Pulaski's ball!"

As she spoke she slowly retired, bending to the last on him a look of mingled pride and defiance.

Mrs Montague opened a volley of common phrases, such as, "Dear me I'm very sorry." "Bless me, if I had known I would have never told you." "Good gracious, why I declare she's quite angry," &c. &c.—and followed Florence, leaving Wellesley in no enviable mood. He bit his lip, and walked the room murmuring to himself,—"Absurd! positive! obstinate," and such other superlatives as served to vent his spleen. Soon, however, it turned upon himself—"Blockhead that I was! Did I think I was hailing the masthead, or giving the order to board, that I must be so loud and rough? Surely she cannot mean to quarrel with me! Why did I not coax or reason her into giving up the accursed ball, instead of blustering like a land lubber, as I am? Hark! she is coming! Dear Florence!"

But no dear Florence appeared; only a servant to remove the unfortunate cause of dispute—the contested gala dress. De Vere sent a message entreating to see her. Miss Rivers was engaged. He wrote a few lines earnestly desiring the same—it was returned unopened. Miss Rivers had gone out. Thoroughly ruffled, the philosopher in love took his leave, heartily cursing foreign Princesses and *bals costumés*, women's caprices and his own roughness. In fact, from the time that Florence had been so nobly rescued by De Vere, her intense gratitude, kept alive still more anxiously by his severe sufferings, had given him little to complain of from the variations of her temper; then the rapidly succeeding death of her father had subdued her feelings and manners to a quietude by no means natural to them. In the first torrent of her grief, she had refused to fulfil her engagement with De Vere until a year had elapsed, and he, respecting her sorrow, had unwillingly acquiesced in the decision, but fearing the effect of such absorbing grief on her delicate frame, he had drawn her to New York, and provided a suitable establishment and chaperon to reside with. But half the stipulated probation had past, and the young heart of Florence had risen with a rebound, which, joined to her natural pride and coquetry, now threatened to disturb the hitherto uniform tenor of their loves. In truth, the belle of Florida was oftentimes inclined to demur at the coolness and reasonableness of her philosophic lover; no jealous doubts or trembling fears appeared to disturb his sober certainty of waking bliss; no raptures or extacies elevated the woman he loved into an angel before marriage, that he might have a reason for wishing her in Heaven soon after. There was a quiet command, an acknowledged sort of superiority about Wellesley, that piqued her pride. And now that he had absolutely offended her, she resolved to make him more humble and more grateful, for his unparalleled happiness in possessing her affections.

To bring a sensible man to folly is a difficult and unwise task. Few women who attempt it succeed, or if succeeding, still fewer know when to stop in their dangerous triumph.

Every day, and almost every hour, did De Vere attempt to see Florence, in vain; at last he wrote.

TO MISS RIVERS.

My beloved Florence,

Mine I still call you, although the strange inconsistency of your present conduct, leads me to fear you have only deceived yourself and me, in admitting that you loved me. Let, I beseech you, this unnatural estrangement cease. Far be it from me to debar you any pleasure; give me only a husband's right to protect you in the giddy whirlpool of fashion, and then mix freely with

that society which your youth and beauty is so well fitted to adorn. Believe me love, I *know* that the lady whom you wish to visit, is no proper companion for the daughter of my friend —for the wife of an honorable man. Dismiss this foolish resentment from your mind, and think, my Florence, how much easier it is to wound than heal an affectionate heart; how facile to yield to temper; how difficult to return to reason. I wait for you in the saloon, there let me again see the Florence Rivers I know and love.

FRANCIS WELLESLEY.

In a few minutes, an answer was returned, written in pencil below his name.

ANSWER.

As the person Lord De Vere wishes to see, must be either a child, a fool or a slave, I know of none such who answers to the name of

FLORENCE RIVERS.

The cloud began to deepen on the open brow of the sailor, and a stern aspect of thought, to supersede the light vexation, which had hitherto dwelt there. He did not write again in haste, but reflected long before he resumed the pen.

TO MISS RIVERS.

The intended wife of Wellesley De Vere *cannot* frequent the drawing room of the Princess Pulaski; let Florence Rivers pause, ere she takes a step that never can be recalled!

Now had Florence arrived at that painful pass where to yield was mortifying, to proceed fatal. A thousand times did her better feelings prompt her to throw the dress on the fire and rush down into the arms of De Vere, and, unhappily, as often did her pride withhold her purpose. As irresolute and unhappy she paced the room, her eye suddenly fell on a miniature of her father; to her excited imagination, the placid eye looked reproachfully upon her; she burst into tears; threw open the door, and in a moment was in the saloon below. He was not there! He had left her to reflect before she replied. Fatal mistake! to a being who ever acted from impulse! She sank listless and half angry upon a sopha.

"Little does he care for my answer! He does not love me! He is too cold, too calculating to love! Perhaps he respects his promise to my father and wishes to be honorably free of his engagement! I will not baulk him! He shall see that I have pride, have stoicism as well as he! I will go to the ball, I will *not* stay away for the fear of losing an indifferent lover. He shall see that I too can be stern, cold and philosophic."

Alas! when did ever passion reason rightly? Florence forgot for how long a time the cold stoic had besought her, and now only remembered that he threatened. In this ill-omened mood, a visitor entered, well calculated to cast oil on the troubled waters. This was Everard Trevanion, a fashionable and most unprincipled man, who had long loved Florence, and been repeatedly discarded by her father, from a conviction that no *roué* could make his darling daughter happy. Ill as he could reconcile to himself, this refusal, still less could he forgive the calm superiority of De Vere, and in several instances, where the profligate levity of his manners, had been rebuked by the contemptuous rebuff of the proud Englishman, a quarrel would have ensued had not cowardice, as usual, accompanied villainy. But these affronts, though unresented, rankled deeply, and the study of a safe revenge on De Vere, occupied much of Trevanion's thoughts.

"Fairest flower of Florida, do I find your leaves bedewed with tears? How? is it possible one so lovely, so loved, can know sorrow but by name?"

"You mistake me, Mr. Trevanion; pray let me go," said Florence, infinitely annoyed at this attack.

"Pray tell me first whether you are to be at the Princess' to night? Vain will prove all the festal lamps if your eyes are absent. What? will not your husband lover, your *Sultan master* permit it? God! Miss Rivers, can you—you so adorable, so superior to every other woman, stoop to an arrogance which none other would bear?"

"If your strange speech relates to Lord Wellesley, be assured, his opinion or his will, concerns me not."

A sardonic smile, curled the thin lip of Everard Trevanion—he bowed with a polite incredulity. The eyes of Florence flashed with impatience

"I shall be there to-night."

"You think so now," he answered, "but De Vere has publicly said, he will not permit your presence."

Florence colored scarlet—"His words then are as false, as his inteference is unjustifiable! Go I shall, and you shall give me your attendance there. My dress is that of a Sultana, Mrs. Montague's an Obi woman."

Still the wily villain appeared unconvinced, and affected to lament that her will would inevitably be controlled. Burning with indignation, piqued by Trevanion's implied reproach, carried away by the headlong reaction of feeling, she caught up a pen and wrote.

TO LORD DE VERE.

What the intended wife of Francis, Lord De Vere, may, or may not do, concerns me nothing. If he desires to see me this evening, at the Princess Pulaski's I will be found

His lordship's obedient servant,

FLORENCE RIVERS.

The fatal note was sealed—was sent—the die was thrown—the fiat had gone forth.

With this insane act departed all the energy of the wayward girl; in silence, she received all the compliments and raptures of Trevanion, and long after he had gone, she sat still as stone, bewildered and afraid to think on what she had done. The hours wore on, each seemed to strike upon the bare nerves, as they sounded the approaching time. No letter from De Vere—no message. Still she hoped—"He will not, cannot give me up! He will give way, will consent that I shall go, and then I will relinquish it also. Relinquish it! Gracious Heaven! what is there to give up? Is this pleasure? Is this triumph?"

The time for dressing arrived, and in agony unutterable, Florence beheld herself arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Sultana. Up to the

last moment, it is probable, she would not have gone, but just as she was dressed, her servant announced that Lord De Vere was below. Not the exile, when the threshold of home is kissed by his feet; not the reprieved criminal, when he has felt the fatal rope; not the released captive, when Heaven's breath bathes his brow—confest such deep, such soul felt rapture, as bounded in the heart of Florence with this welcome news. She prest her hands on her breast to still its inmate's throbs, and with her fears banishing all her regret, she schooled her brow and carriage, to a more than common pride.

"The victory is won! the triumph mine! How could I distrust the power of that beauty, before which so many have knelt as willing slaves? Be quiet bounding heart! Look scornful glistening eyes! never must De Vere imagine how deeply, how devotedly I love him."

She then received the finishing touches to her gorgeous dress, and taking up the mask, she slowly descended to the saloon, where De Vere awaited her.

He started visibly at her appearance, and, for a moment, emotion shook his manly frame to tremor; but soon mastering himself, he advanced to her calm, but cold, with a countenance composed, but very pale.

"I have waited on you for the last time, Miss Rivers, to resign the documents of a useless guardianship, and return the semblance of what, only through mistake, I loved. These features are fair, but t'was not their rare and regal beauty won my love, I believed that in them shone the light of truth, purity and tenderness; I was deceived! their sole attraction gone, take back the worthless lineaments; me they never more can pain or charm!"

He extended the letter of her father, appointing him her guardian, and a miniature of herself, with an unembarrassed and somewhat scornful air. Alas! for Florence Rivers! had he but been silent; had he evinced the smallest sorrow, she would have fallen at his feet and besought his pardon—but thus stoical—thus contemptuous! The demon of pride rose paramount in her heart—she drew his miniature, still warm, from its lovely nestling place, and haughtily presented it to him, saying—"Lord Wellesley De Vere has conferred on me the last obligation in his power. I thank him for returning the pledge of a mistaken child, who, believing gratitude to be love, was willing to sacrifice herself, however repugnantly, to its trammels."

"Enough! enough! Miss Rivers—it becomes not even the memory of attachment, to load it with taunt or invective—it has past forever! Yet if, as the friend of her father," the voice of De Vere became tremulous, and his manner less tranquil, "Miss Rivers would allow me to acquaint her of the great impropriety, if not worse, of the company to which she goes this evening."

"Be your advice brief then, as it is unasked," said Florence, extending her hand to the bell, "or I shall hardly hear it! Let Mrs. Montague and Mr. Trevanion know that I am ready," she said to the servant, who attended the bell. And then once more presenting the portrait, which he had not taken; her swelling attitude; malign smile and regal robes, presented the *second picture.*

"Take it, Lord De Vere, and when you next offer it tell but the lady, how much its features belie the character of its reality, and she will spurn it from her as now does Florence Rivers!"

It was over! she had renounced him, and was mingling in the motley crowd, supported by strong excitement to a flow of wild spirits. Soon came the scarce covert *double entendre*, the gross flattery, the rude gaze, which made her blush equally for herself and the company she was in. Close to her, Trevanion remained, assuming all the permitted airs of a favored lover, and even these she allowed, as a defence from the bolder presumption of strangers.

"Oh! take me hence! This is no place for me! *He* said—*he* knew it! Have I not one friend left to rescue me from this breathing pestilence?"

"Am I not your friend, your lover? Take my arm, cast this mantle round you—your carriage waits, this way Miss Rivers."

"And Mrs. Montague—where is she?"

"Already in the carriage. Come, the crowd thickens, lean on me—so—draw up fellows! Do you not see your lady? In—in dear Miss Rivers!"

Agitated to fainting, she was in the carriage and fast rolling on, before she found Mrs. Montague was not with her, but so earnest, so respectful were the attentions of Trevanion, that she merely exclaimed, "Home! home! oh! let let me be alone! Alone—ay, now and forever alone!"

Wrapt in mortal misery she heeded not the time, the distance, until, suddenly, she felt the wheels rolling on the smooth roads. She caught the check.

"They have mistaken—they are going wrong."

"No, it is through Hudson Street they are going, you know it is not paved! (It was not then.) I ordered them to do so, to save you from the jolting of the *pave*."

She sunk back satisfied, and roused not again from her lethargy, until the carriage stopped at a retired house, on the Harlæm road, there the strong lights flaring in, showed her that it was not her own carriage or servants. She would have screamed, but clasping her in his arms, in a moment the villain bore her in, and throwing to the doors, stood with folded arms and sardonic smile, contemplating his intended victim. At once all her pride and energy returned. She sprang up exclaiming—"Insolent! What may this outrage mean? Is it thus you woo a heart once refused, and now scorning you more than ever?"

"Fairest lady, no! In truth I woo no bride, yet do I love you, charming Florence, and never more shall prudent father or haughty lover come between us! Yet will we have no marriage trammels, gentle Florence, for—

"Love light as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Florence, with sparkling eyes, "touch me not! taint me not with a breath! I have youth, health and strength, I will resist your dastard brutality to death! Kill me you may, or ovepower me by blows, but

never shall your tainting touch dishonour the living Florence!"

One moment's rude struggle past, the next a strong arm sent Trevanion reeling to the ground, and a clasp—oh! how unlike the brutal force of his, supported her sinking frame. Her senses reeled, yet a voice that might have recalled her from the grave, distinctly, she heard to say—

"You are safe! your carriage waits you! Fear nothing, slight has been the magic that brought me here—gold revealed the damning plot, and the memory of friendship saved you! Come."

The weeping Mrs. Montague received Florence in the carriage, her deliverer sprang up outside; at her own door she was lifted out, insensible to all but one kiss pressed on her pallid brow, and the murmured words—"And now—happiness and home a long farewell!"

* * * * * * *

Six months after, this paragraph was copied from the Florence papers—

"Married on the sixteenth, in the great Cathedral of San Marco, Francis Wellesley Lord De Vere, to Salonie, youngest daughter of the Comte del Etruvia. The happy couple set off for the Palazzo of the British Ambassador, a near relation of the bridegroom."

And shortly after there was another announcement in the gazettes of New Orleans—

"Died, in the eighteenth year of her age, Florence, only daughter of the late Washington Rivers, of Trianon, Florida."

PICTURE III.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—*Scott*

"Good morning, to your excellency and the gazette! which is, I presume, fully as important a part of your ideality this morning as the very eyes which are so rivetted to it! I trust I do not disturb your studies, Lord Wellesley?"

"By no means, Lady Wellesley, pray come in," said he rising, as the beautiful lady held the door of the library, half hesitatingly, ajar, "pray come in, Salonie, I am not engaged."

"There! I have made the effort and am, actually, past the charmed threshhold! Madre di Dios, why I dont see much difference in a learned room and any other, but for the quantity of books! Pray, my good lord, what are all those old nasty volumes full of?"

"Words, words, Salonie—but was it to make enquiries concerning books you arose so unusually early, and ventured hither in search of me?"

"Not exactly!" replied the volatile lady, coloring and seating herself at the breakfast table, "but now I am here, I will taste your chocolate *a l'Anglaise*. Oh horrid! perfectly undrinkable, what frightful stuff! Mercy defend us! what invasion of the Huns is this?"

Merry voices now sounded without; the door opened and in bounded two beautiful children, accompanied by a Sister of Charity—the boy sprang to his father's side, and the lovely young girl was soon established on his knee, each eagerly recounting the exploits or interests of the morning's walk.

The fair brow of the mother clouded.

"Really, my lord, I had no idea you had such a propensity to dry nursing, or I should have before promoted you as pap and panada maker in general. Pray send away the brats while I am here, I do not often intrude."

"And they never *can*, at least to their father. These, Lady Wellesley, are my regular morning guests, and I cannot displace them even when so highly honored as this morning, by you."

"Oh very well, my lord! my business is easily told; I want *billets de banque*, that's all; for I have not a paoli left."

"Surely, Lady Wellesley, you jest! I supplied you, but a week ago, with money for six months expences. Where is it?"

"Gone—lost—gambled away at *ecarté*!"

"Come with me, dear children," said a low sweet voice of winning mildness, and the children ran to Sister Louise, who led them from the room.

"Salonie," said De Vere firmly, but gently, "if there be one vice more disgusting than another, in the iniquitous round permitted by fashion, it is that of gambling! A female gamester! All delicacy, all womanhood is lost in the sound! Moreover my fortune, large as it is, will not bear such unheard of extravagance, and for my children's sake, I will not injure it. Salonie, for reasons best known to myself, I have permitted you the most boundless freedom; here it must end however. The name of my wife must, at least, be protected from such a degradation as this!"

"I but do as others do!" said the lady, sullenly.

"Then I have been the more to blame to leave you amongst a circle so unprincipled," replied he.

"But I will not leave them!" exclaimed the beautiful spoilt creature, bursting into tears, "I will not be treated like a baby! I will not be ruled by a tyrant! I will go away—I will be separated."

Her string of sobbing invectives were broken by a sweet, solemn voice, which said—

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

De Vere appeared to feel the words, for he arose, and taking the hand of the pouting lady, he said—"Sister Louise is right, we are joined for life, and why make its path more weary by folly and discordance. Listen to me, Salonie, for I mean kindly, whatever debts you now owe, tell me, and I will cheerfully pay them, but from this moment, your word must be pledged to avoid gambling!"

Sullenly and ungraciously was this compromise accepted, and De Vere was left alone. He paced the room in agitation.

"Ay, fool that I was, I made the evil, and now I curse it. Pride and passion wrecked my early hopes, and then dazzled by the lustre of childish beauty, I married one who has neither pride, passion, principle or sense. Dazzled by beauty! Was I? Ah, no! it was my coward heart that longed to chain itself lest it should fly

again to its loved former bondage! Oh! Florence! Florence! What wert *thou*, and what a thing is this?"

"What has Lord De Vere tried to make it?" asked those strange deep tones of melody again, and De Vere saw the Sister of Charity standing by him.

"Has he not sworn to love, protect and guide? Has he done it? Shall the pilot who slumbers at the helm be held scatheless when the vessel runs among the breakers? Shall the man who marries a lovely child, and leaves her to her own foolish guidance, be held clear to man and God if she makes ruin of her peace?"

"Strange being, you say rightly, I have been to blame—I will rouse myself to more attention. Yet how can you, who never knew what passion was, (a low shuddering sigh from Sister Louise made him start), or if you did, relinquished it for the chilling rites of austere religion; how can you give counsel to a heart whose wild emotions you cannot comprehend?"

"There is ONE to whom all hearts are open," solemnly replied the Sister of Charity. "HE has given to one and all a rule of conduct. Stormy may be the passions, and dark the fears, but HE can bid the warring waves be still!"

Strange and mysterious were the stories told of that gentle being who had joined the Sisters of Charity, under the name of Sister Louise. Great sorrow, some said great guilt, had evidently been her lot, for no one ever heard her step sound joyous, or the low tones of her voice lose, for a moment, their solemn sadness. Young she was, but such glimpses of her face as her short veil displayed, was startling in its livid plainness; few saw her partake of earthly food, none ever looked upon her sleeping. Rich she was, and came highly recommended to the Superior, by whom she was allowed a greater liberty than common. She used it, however, but to stand by the bed of sickness, or soothe the hours of death. To Lord Wellesley's children she was very dear, they had become accustomed to her quiet pace, and were no longer frightened by her voice of strange and hollow sweetness. To them, the fearful features, covered by the nun's veil, spoke not of disease or deformity; they loved Sister Louise, who taught them, nursed them, watched and waited on them, with the zealous love of an affectionate mother. Nor was it to the children alone Sister Louise was valuable, to their giddy, thoughtless mother, she was a guarding spirit, now soothing away a causeless irritation, now warning against a covert evil, and even frequently supplying the wild extravagances of headlong ruin.

By De Vere she was seldom seen, and to him there was always something about her appalling. The mystery, which is natural to Italians, is repugnant to an Englishman; her unearthly voice; her noiseless step; the fearful glimpses of her corpse-like features, joined to the passionless manner of her speech, all combined to give the idea of a spirit, revisiting the earth to mourn its career of earthly sin.

Some weeks past since the last scene, and, in spite of the friendly offices of the Nun, conjugal harmony seemed farther off than ever between the ill-assorted couple.

Wrapt up in study and research, the greater part of De Vere's time was spent in the excavations of Herculaneum, and he soon wearied of offering repulsed attentions to his vain and frivolous wife. With his mind occupied by a buried city and a gone-by generation, he took too little notice of what was doing in that living world he breathed, but did not exist in.

Lady Wellesley, on the other hand, a mindless, soulless, heartless woman of beauty and fashion, was highly indignant that her sensible husband did not kneel to her charms of beauty above two months after their marriage; she looked in the glass and saw that the talisman was not broken, nor ever dreamed of strengthening its power by the charms of temper or of mind. The admiration of others, still was left her, and in this she indulged with all the freedom of an Italian; the love of dress and ornament too held a strong power over her weak mind, and to indulge to extreme in these, she commenced that finale of all ruin—play. She was sitting in her boudoir late one evening holding in her hand a magnificent bandeau, just handed her by her maid.

"How magnificent! What a size, and how pure their water! Oh, Babette, can I return them? How they would sparkle in my hair! What was that the poet said about my hair, the other night? 'Stars to gem the darkness of her hair,' and that was only an aigrette, and this is a bandeau! But then the price? Pay for them I never can, and if I accept them as a present from the Prince, the price will be—"

"That of virtue, lady!" answered a voice, and the Sister of Charity came forward and motioned, coldly, to Babette to leave the room.

"Ay, lady, look well on those bits of sparkling stone, their price is that of virtue, peace of mind, and hope, honor to a noble husband, fame to your spotless children! Put them from you, they are enwreathed with living fire, and will burn to madness the brain, blight the heart, and scorch the young life's blood! Put them away; they are the bribe of the seducer, the bait of the betrayer!"

"How, Louise, what mean you?" asked the lady.

"What I say, lady; those bits of glittering ore are the spells of the demon who would ensnare you. Once wear them, once taint with them your matron brow, and you are lost, body and soul! Do you hesitate? Are you angry that I should command you to be saved? Thus then hear me," and, in deep emotion, the Sister of Charity knelt at the feet of Lady Wellesley, "hear me! hear me! Once I was fair and beloved as thou art; for some damning toy, some glittering gaud like this, I cast love, hope, happiness, yea life itself away. To be as of the dead, to hold a vampire life, living upon memory alone, to be an unloved, solitary, wretched thing; this is the curse yon tawdry toy will work you! Have mercy on yourself! Have mercy upon me! Let me not have sinned and sorrowed in vain! Learn from my dreadful fate to shun the rock I split on! Cast from you the doom of death and live!"

Nothing could equal the passion with which the Sister of Charity uttered these words; tears indeed she shed not, but deep sobs convulsed her bosom, and she clung to the robe of the lady

as though pleading for her own life. All weak minds succumb to strong emotion, and Lady Wellesley irresolutely laid the gems from her.

"They are so beautiful!" she said with a sigh, "and, ah Ciel! I cannot, dare not offend him by returning them, for I already owe him a larger sum than I can pay, and you know Wellesley wont pay my play debts, so I *must* keep them!"

"No! no! no!" exclaimed Sister Louise, "it matters not what you owe, you shall pay it, I have the money, I will give it you!"

"You! Sister Louise?"

"Yes I have it! Little matters it who goes without, so *you* are saved! And, oh lady! for the love of God, for the sake of your own sweet beauty, for the honour of—of—your noble husband, for pity of your lovely children; see him no more! Promise, swear to me you will see the arch destroyer no more!"

Subdued, though not convinced, by the overpowering energy of her strange companion, Salonie gave the required promise, accompanied by hysterical tears and sobs; the Sister of Charity saw the casket returned, she rose slowly and staggered to a small apartment set apart for her, she entered, gazed fearfully around, secured the door, then removing from her face the enamel mask she wore, she gave free vent to tears and sighs. "She is saved! She is saved! I have not lived in vain!"

We pass now a period of some months, to come to a well remembered time when the malaria, which usually infests Rome and its vicinities yearly, burst out with a tremendous violence which resembled the plague in symptoms, and was almost as fatal in its effects. Thousands fled the infected city, none remained save those whose daily subsistence obliged them to face the ravages of pestilence, or those whom some all engrossing passion had made indifferent to its fury.

With the first alarm, the Sister of Charity had asked and obtained permission to take away the children to a distant convent of her order; situated far away, amidst fertile vallies and pleasant waters; something too she had muttered about Wellesley himself, but, in this case, her advice was disregarded. He smiled at fear.

"It is the dissipated and intemperate, that alone need fear: the pestilence will not attack a studious book-worm like myself. I could not now leave Rome without interrupting the course of study which I have followed so laboriously. But Lady Wellesley and the children will do well to leave the city."

Little persuasion was necessary to Salonie, to induce her to join a fashionable party, who contrived to carry with them, into the beautiful solitudes of nature, the noisy disturbances of fashion and folly; the less, perhaps, because Prince R——, her devoted *cavalier servente*, was to make one. She went, and De Vere was left alone in the almost deserted mansion.

Various circumstances combined to detain Sister Louise with the children, longer than she had at first anticipated; when she returned, disease was at its height, and terror aided the work of death. An universal panic prevailed; parents left their children, and husbands their wives; the young saved themselves by flight, and left the aged to die in their infirmity; all natural feeling or affection seemed suspended in the one great fear—that of death.

To the palazzo of Lord Wellesley, the Sister of Charity first went, but found its halls deserted. The magnificent saloon stood open, the rich furniture and massive plate lay a prey to the spoiler: not one of all the pampered train of menials, remained to guard their master's property in the hour of danger. Struck with unutterable fear, Sister Louise passed on to the private apartments of De Vere; in the outer antechamber a man lay stretched upon the floor as in deep slumber—it was the sleep of death. She recognised the favorite valet of De Vere, and with a throbbing heart entered the inner chamber.

Extended on the couch, drest as when he had first thrown himself down, lay the form of De Vere, apparently in the last stage of the terrible malady. With a suppressed shriek, the nun rushed to him and raised his head, life still beat in his breast, but so feebly that each throb seemed as if it would be the last. Accustomed to illness, and possessed of unquailing fortitude, she gave not way to terror or despair, but instantly set about ventilating the room, and adjusting the couch of the sufferer. As he felt the free air, he faintly opened his eyes and murmured 'water;' the nun had with her a medicine of rare efficacy in cases of the prevalent malady, and she found no difficulty in pouring some down his parched and burning throat; then with almost more than woman's courage, she resolved to leave him for a while to bring more regular assistance with her. What will not woman's love and faith achieve?

In the course of a few days De Vere was rescued from the brink of the grave by the persevering and undaunted attention of a poor Sister of Charity. She procured an old nun from her convent to assist her in nursing, and prevailed, by heavy bribes, on two men to remain in the house and take charge of all its valuables. All medicines and nourishment she administered to the patient herself, and night and day watched him with unwearying charity. Just as the disease had turned, and, although reduced to infantine weakness, the patient might be considered recovering, Sister Louise received a message which gave her visible uneasiness. For the first time she prepared to leave her charge, recommending him again and again to the care of the old nun, and entered a conveyance which was waiting to take her to the splendid mansion where Lady Wellesley was laughing away the hours, little knowing or caring of her husband's fate. At the moment the silly, unprincipled woman was listening to the flatteries of a man who, couched at her feet, was pouring sophistry into her ear, and polluting her matron purity by words of lawless love.

"Give yourself to me," he said, "my beautiful, my beloved; fly from a heartless, unloving husband to the arms of adoring love; give me but your assent, nay, but look on me with those dove-like eyes, and who then shall part us?"

"One who comes from her husband's bed of suffering, perhaps of death!" answered the Sister of Charity, sternly passing in between them.

"Infatuated, heartless woman, rise and come with me. Come, ere the violated duties of a

wife and mother be broken never more to reunite! Come, ere the soft tones of the seducer be echoed by the hissing scorn, the loud reproach of a whole world! Come, ere the fiat of guilt, of sin, and of sorrow, be irrevocably registered!"

"Vastly well preached, Mistress Nun," said the gentleman, "you have the exact tone of a death-bed homily; but be pleased to carry your prayers and your preaching elsewhere, here they are not needed."

"Silence, fool!" exclaimed the Nun, in a tone which, notwithstanding its hollowness was powerful in its scornful indignation; "silence man, lest I proclaim thee what I know thee, impostor, coward and villain! Ay, bully and bluster as you may, *I* know you, Everard Trevanion! False Prince, false heart, false every thing! He who would strike against a husband's right, a husband's curse stick to him! May the tears of the unconscious infants he deprives of a parent, blister his flesh and mildew his bones! May the infamy he drags down upon his victim fall ten-fold heavier on his own head and sink him down to hell! Coward! Cheat! Villain!—I know you, Everard Trevanion!"

As if a thunderbolt had fallen before the guilty pair came the burst of passion from the generally mild and placid Nun. Covered with confusion, the false Prince dared neither reply or deny—and his silly companion, astounded at his silence, suffered herself to be led from the room, unresistingly, and placed in the carriage by Sister Louise.

"Listen to me, oh vain and foolish woman! once more in your own despite are you saved, and your noble husband, if spared by death, shall never know that your wish has sinned. Be warned—beware! Now is the time, the only time that remains to you for redemption, refuse the mercy now offered to you and sink forever to infamy and ruin!"

Unmoved by the generosity of her strange companion—untouched by the danger of her husband—uncaring of aught but herself, and unthinking of any thing but flattery and pleasure, the unprincipled woman did again refuse the offered mercy. On the next day she was missing, and soon tidings came of her elopement with the pretended Prince R——. But retribution followed closely on her cold blooded guilt; in passing, in their flight, some infected village, the adulteress sickened with the malady, and alone, deserted in the first hour of danger by her destroyer—forsaken and wretched, the guilty woman breathed her last; one of the thousand victims to vanity and fashion.

And Sister Louise? Did she desert the post she had voluntarily assumed? Oh no! through the long watches of the night she knelt and prayed by her reviving patient, she gazed upon his face, already beginning to show the hues of life, and blest her God for all his mercies.

One night, when her charge slept more than usually sound and tranquil, she had removed the enamelled mask, which she always wore, and kneeling by the couch, her thoughts were, involuntarily, murmured aloud.

"Yes, I feel—I know that my sin is forgiven! In this great mercy of my God, I read the pardon of my early fault and folly! And oh merciful Father! who dost judge our erring hearts with love and piety, grant but that I may see him once more restored to peace and happiness, and then let me never behold him more!"

"Florence! Florence Rivers! My own—own Florence!" exclaimed De Vere, who was raised on his arm and gazing intently on her.

She uttered a wild scream—he repeated her name and faintly stretched his arms—she fell into them, and once more was Florence Rivers clasped to the heart of De Vere!

Few words are necessary to explain this, the third and last picture. After her parting with the man her heart idolized, Florence, tortured by remorse, and maddened with regret, fell into a long and dangerous illness, from which, in her impatient misery, she prayed never to recover. But Heaven was kinder to her than her wish, youth and strength of constitution, gradually conquered the disease, but as repeatedly she had been reported dead, there was little difficulty in humouring her wish, to be considered so by the world. She chose her retreat in a convent, at Charleston, where she would have taken the vows, but was legally unable until she should be of age, and here it was that she formed the romantic desire of hovering near, as a guiding guarding spirit, the happy wife of De Vere.

Her great command of money easily overcame all objections to her joining the community, and wearing the dress of a Sister of Charity, although not professed one of their order, the good Abbess received her as one performing a penance for sin, and never had reason to regret her compliance.

For three years then had Florence Rivers, the young, proud, beautiful Florence lived as the lowly, penitent nun, humbling her pride to menial services, and learning the small value of beauty at the bed of disease and death. Over the unfortunate wife of De Vere, she had watched and sorrowed as for a second self; with indescribable torture, she had beheld the effects of her own folly, in wrecking the happiness of De Vere; with repentant love, she had devoted her time to supply a mother's place to his neglected children, and never—never once, to the praise of her truth and purity be it spoken, never once, did she allow the man she loved, a chance of believing her still in life. Now her probation was past, she had found her peace in finding out its bane; she had received, in deep humility, a bitter lesson to pride and passion, she had repented in lowliness of spirit. The good deeds she had done, unhoping of reward, had returned in tenfold blessings on her own head, and, no longer the proud, vain, self-willed Florence Rivers, she gave her hand, in devout thankfulness, to him to whom her faith had been so deeply proved.

His dream of domestic bliss now fully realized, De Vere's indifference to sublunary matters vanished most miraculously: if he became less of a student, he grew more of a husband and father, happy in his home, blest in his love, restored to life and life's best blessings, he acknowledged, with gratitude, the merciful hand which from adversity had drawn the precious jewel of content, and lived each day more rapturously to bless and love the Sister of Charity. In danger

and disease she had, practically, fulfilled the poet's beautiful apostrophe of woman's devotion,

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!"

And now, in the fullness of love's reward, surrounded by the beautiful and the blest, she proved that a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband. Returned to fair Florida, the home of her fathers, dispensing around them the happiness they enjoy, long long may they tread the path brightened by love and hallowed by virtue.

"May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er them let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

SERENADE.

Awake love, wake, for the stars are bright,
And the mountain winds are still:
Awake while the spirit of the night,
Guards the valley, deep, and hill:
Silent is all, save the sound that comes,
Like the rush of a spirit's wing,
Audible now on the air that hums,
From every growing thing.
Wake from thy slumbers love,
Wake, while I sing;
Into the numbers, love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

Our song shall sweep o'er the silence deep,
And the strains on the ether swimming,
Shall swell o'er the vale, o'er the hill and the dale
Like a chorus of angels hymning.
The forest shades, and the scented glades,
Shall echo the notes as they pass,
And the sleeping hare shall spring from his lair,
And bound through the shining grass.
Wake from thy slumbers, love,
Wake while I sing;
Into the numbers love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

Wake, love, wake, for the maiden moon,
Is tripping above the lea;
Night's queen she comes, and her light will soon
Beam through the lattice on thee.
The dew-drops now in her silver sheen,
Are shining like diamonds bright,
They cluster thick, and the forest green,
Seems laden with stars to night.
Wake from thy slumbers, love,
Wake while I sing;
Into the numbers, love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

Away o'er flower, o'er brake and bower,
The music sweetly sweeping,
Will waken the fays on the spangled braes,
That now are so snugly sleeping,
Awake love, wake, ere the morning break,
For the stars are waning fast,
And the moon rolls on to another zone;
Wake, ere the night is past.
Wake in thy charms, love,
Wake while I sing,
Into my arms, love.
Thy sweet self fling.

J. N. Mc. J.

WHY WOMEN WERE MADE LOVELY.

I HAVE often thought that the only form in which despotism is endurable is when it is exercised by a beautiful woman. There is such a dignity in the pretended unconsciousness with which she wears her authority, yet so evident a relish in the exercise of her power! With what a condescending swan-like ease does she look down upon us inferior water-fowl! How serenely happy is her existence! She has no need for circumspection. Customs are cobwebs to her; and all the ordinary restraints of society only foils wherewith to set off her celestial superiority. Nature has taken care of her motions. *She* has no need to observe how her arms are placed, or whether her body has the bend graceful, or whether her eyes express *nonchalance*, or whether her toes turn out, or whether others' glances are searching out her conscious defects. So far from it—she is not even aware of the existence of such sensations of doubt—the torment of all those who are ill at ease on the score of their personal appearance. One can conceive an inexpressible felicity the portion of the possessor of such charms. I cannot think but that there must be a kind of instinctive pleasure in the use of those fine limbs—a consciousness of the fire or the soft languishment of those expressive eyes. Everything a really handsome woman does is so naturally graceful that one cannot help fancying there may be in them a capability for a kind of pleasure which ordinary mortals cannot enjoy, a pleasure arising from an intuitive harmony of motion. At all events we have imagined an ineffable spirituality of enjoyment in the existence of angels, intimately connected with their supposed perfection of form; and it will but be one step farther to suppose the same to belong to a lovely woman, who surely is in the next degree of being to the angels.

I have an hypothesis as to the motive which dictated the expenditure of so much of the divine art in fashioning the superlative loveliness of woman—in making her that pure typification she is, of all that is majestic, all that is soft and soothing, all that is bright, all that expresses the one universal voice of love, in the creation. To work out one's own hypothesis is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable offices in literature. The only thing in the actual world at all comparable to it in pleasant labour is the first fitting on a well made French glove. The gradual easing of the fit on the fingers—then the broad expanse of dazzling softness in the palm—and finally the full perfection of the delicate outline (especially if you have a hand to be proud of), all these typically express the progress of that labour of

love—the working out your own hypothesis. Hypothesis is the first born of philosophy, and, like all first-born, is still her favorite child.

It seems to me highly probable that the beauty of woman, and her fascinations, were ordained towards an end, compatible with our ideas of what will be the ultimate condition of man, but which is still very far from being attained. The province of woman in the human economy seems very analogous to that of the moon as contrasted with the sun—it is a regulating, refining power that she exercises, and, as the moonlight flings over the creation a hue of purity and spirituality, so does the influence of the peculiar mould in which the female mind is cast bring out, in an atmosphere of heavenly benignity, all those finer emotions in the heart of man which are lost in the glare of the high noon-tide of his being. But that woman is really designed to play a much more important part in the world than she heretofore has, appears to me to be the natural conclusion to be drawn from her past history. I also hope to show satisfactorily that it is to her beauty we are to look as the great feature which is to characterize her ultimate triumph. It is this that has been her power through all ages. Our religious records almost begin with a startling evidence of it, for all men seem to agree that, but for Eve's fascinations, Adam would never have been weak enough, or bold enough, (as the opinion may be), to commit that act which first sullied the purity of the human soul. The ancients paid ample tribute to the power of beauty. Its worship is the invigorating spirit of their mythology. The Venus of their creed—truly the only one of their pantheon to whom a consistent idolatry was paid—is the very ideal of beauty, and her irresistible power the typification of that which woman was to exercise on earth. Jupiter could not resist her—Mars was her slave—and even the wild deities of the woods and plains are reclaimed from the lustful savageness of their ideal nature by her, or by her fair shadows, the nymphs of the fountains or the groves. The middle ages, so barbarous in all things else, in the respect of women anticipated a far future time. When the ferocity of the feudal lord, or of the barbarian conqueror, could be restrained no other way, woman stood forth in all the winning dignity of her loveliness, and the victor became a slave. Thus was the consistency of nature preserved. While the man was in what may be called the preparatory state of his nature—while the thirst for glory, and the uncontrollable workings of manly strength, carried him on as by a flood, and left him no leisure nor any taste for the pursuits of the intellect—woman held her ascendancy by the power of her beauty, aided by the natural ingenuity which seems a happy device of nature for setting it off to the best advantage—a kaleidoscope kind of variability, presenting the same splendid materials in a thousand ever changing forms.

Thus it appears clear from the past, (and to this we may add the evidence of the present as regards many countries of the earth), that whatever may have been the state of man, whether he have been utterly brutish, or whether he have been martially disposed, or whether he have been as now, lost in voluptuous indulgence, the beauty and fascinations of woman have placed her in the ascendant. Now, the deduction I am about to draw from these premises will startle my fair readers, and, I trust, provoke the indignation of the males. My hypothesis is, that the scheme of the creation has been misunderstood as regards the relative position of the two sexes, and that although the superior strength of man has enabled him hitherto to maintain his self-created dignity of "lord of the creation," yet that the intent of nature always was that, ultimately, the other should be the predominant sex. Every thing that passes before our eyes helps us towards this conclusion. The reign of brute force is now over; and that of intellect and feeling is at hand. Woman, hitherto driven by the necessities of her situation to preserve her ascendancy by the power of her beauty only, can now enter the bloodless lists of mental conflict on fair terms of equality. What is the evident result?

The present age has already afforded irresistible proofs that the female mind is of a texture far finer than that of man, and that it is capable of producing, with the additional charm of a spiritual refinement in all the higher branches of thought, specimens of art worthy to bear away the palm from any male creation ever put forth. Very well. Then the conclusion is irresistible, that the time is not very far distant when male and female intellect will be generally on a par, and further, that in certain departments of mind the latter will shoot a-head. When, however, the omnipotent fascination of beauty is added to this intellectual equality, or superiority, what on earth is to prevent the fair from being the dominant sex? From that moment they must be. For the only ground of man's superiority heretofore—the rule of might as opposed to right—having been exploded by the improved sentiments arising out of intellectual cultivation, what has man left with which to compete with woman for the superiority? The result is as inevitable as the foundation is true. So, if there be any man on the face of the earth who would be disposed to murmur at such a rule, let him at once set himself to work to put a stop to that spirit of mental improvement which seems to actuate the age; for the necessary consequences of the subjection of that portion of man's nature in which he is allied to the brute—his physical strength—will be the immediate reversal of the position of the sexes, and the establishment of Woman on that throne which would seem to have been always her right, and to fill which she is so admirably fitted by the beauty with which nature has adorned her.

There are three celebrated coral fisheries in the Mediterranean, but corals are procured in many seas. The best is procured in submarine caverns. It is enlarged by the insects which generate it, like vegetables. It is ten years in attaining its full height of a foot. There are nine shades of red, and several of white coral. It grows in depths from 60 to 600 feet. In growing it preserves an exact perpendicular direction. In the South Seas the little animal raises the bases of islands of this hard material, carrying it nearly to the surface of the water, forming at first dangerous shoals, which ultimately become fertile islands.

I DON'T THINK I'M UGLY.

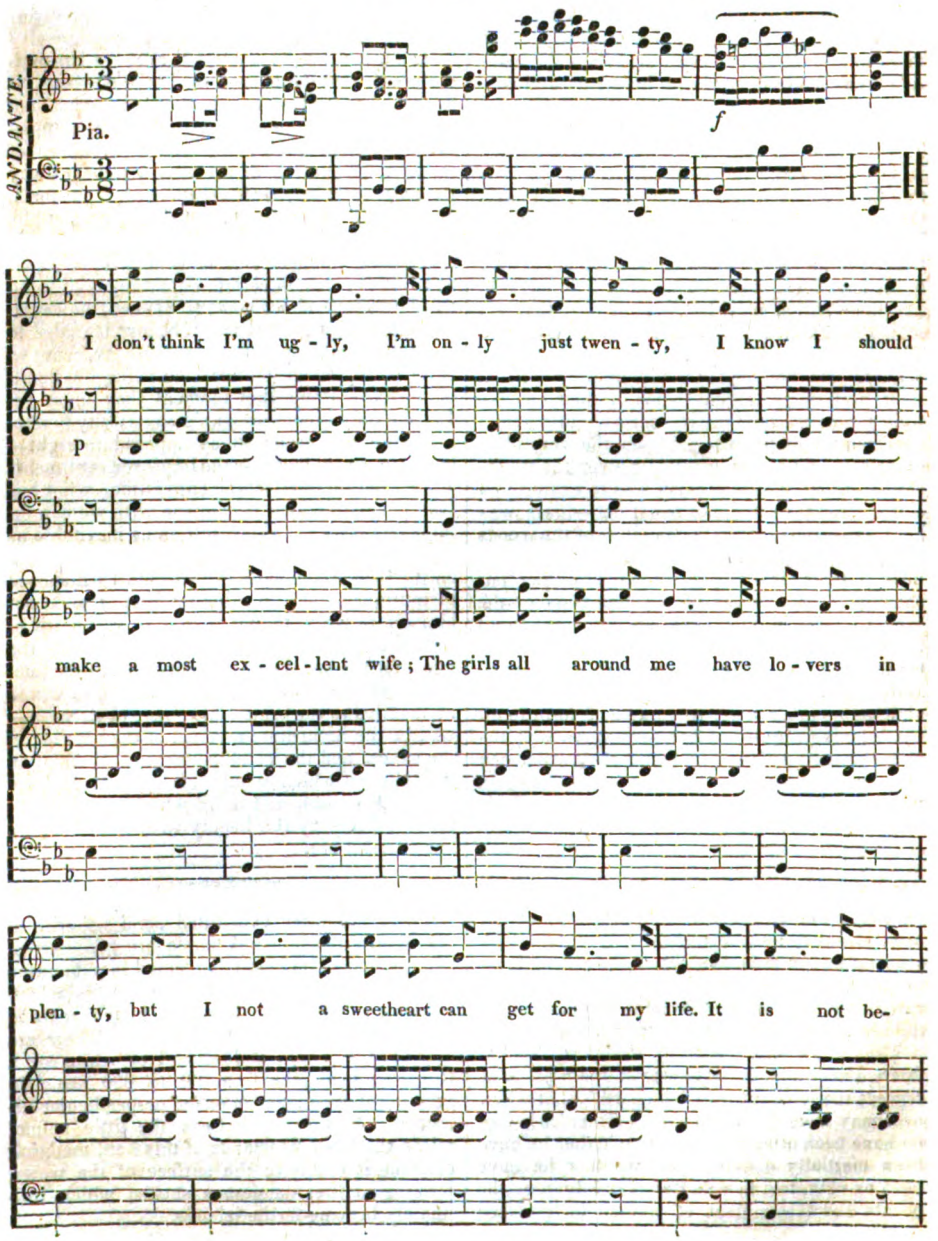
A BALLAD

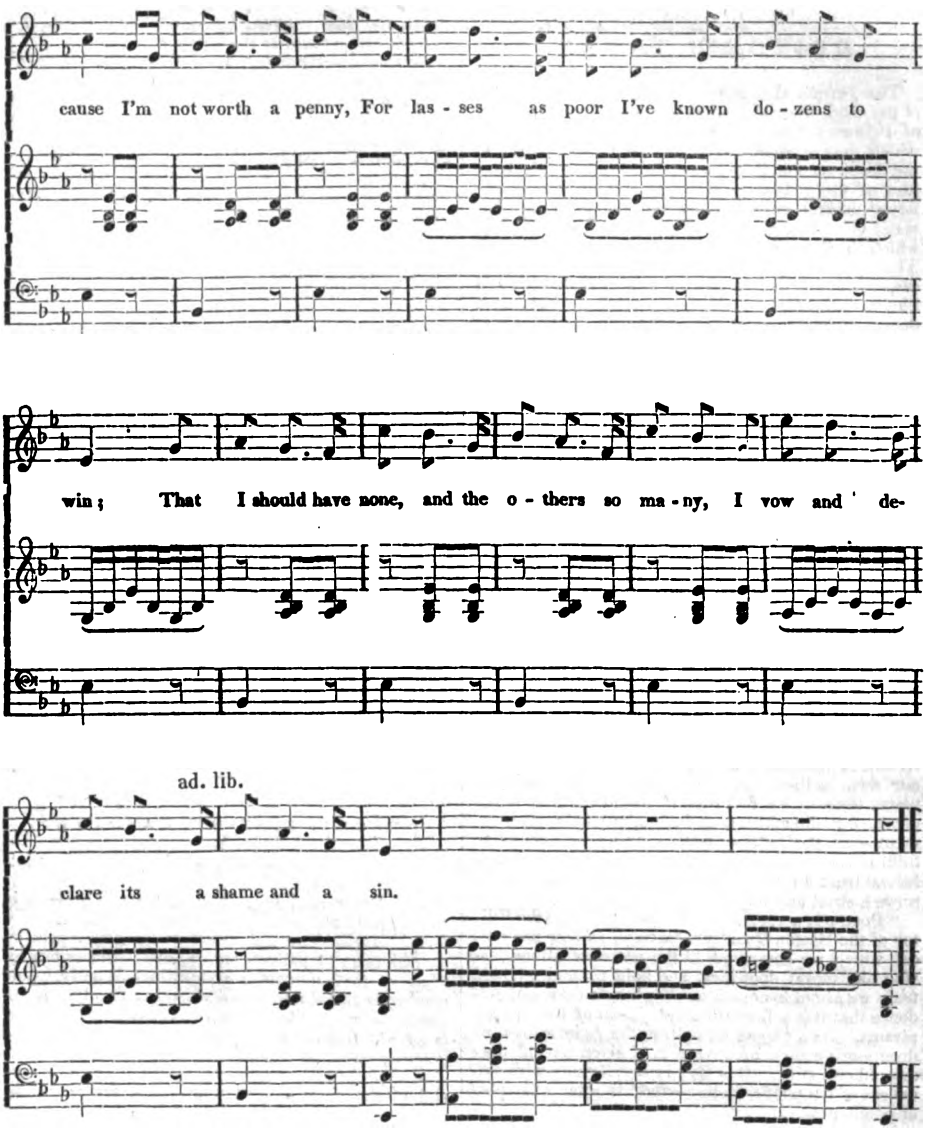
SUNG BY MRS. KEELEY,

IN THE MUSICAL FARCE OF THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

ARRANGED BY B. C. CROSS.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.





THE ART OF PRINTING.

Before the art of printing, books were of incredible price. From the 6th to the 13th century many bishops could not read, and kings were scarcely able to sign their names; and hence the use of seals and sealing. These were the ages in which superstition, witchcraft, and priestcraft obtained so universal an ascendency. From 500 to 1200 all learning was in the hands of the Arabs, Saracens, and Chinese. Copying was, in ancient Greece and Rome, a productive employment; but it afterwards fell into the hands of the monks, who copied chiefly theology. A good copy of the Bible, on vellum, employed two years; and the works of either of the Fathers still more. Jerome states, that he had ruined himself in buying a copy of the Works of Origen. Of course, copiers altered and vitiated, corrected the language, interpolated, &c., according to their honesty, taste, faith or party; and hence the endless controversies among critics and theologians about words, phrases, and paragraphs. It thus appeared that, at the Council of Nice, in 325, there were 200 varied versions of the adopted Evangelists, and 54 several Gospels preserved in various Christian communities, but so scarce that no Roman historian or writer appears ever to have seen them.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The *Feralia* also called *Feboua*, a festival in honor of the dead, was observed at Rome, on the 17th or 21st of February. It continued for eleven days, during which time presents were carried to the graves of the deceased, marriages were forbidden, and the temples of the gods were shut. It was universally believed that the manes of the departed came and hovered over their graves, and partook of the offerings which the hand of piety and affection had bestowed. Their punishments in the infernal regions were also suspended, and during that time they enjoyed rest and liberty. Hence is derived the name of February, during which the oblations were made.

It cannot but strike the most indifferent observer, what an immense influence is exerted by every age upon all succeeding it; controlling, in a great measure, their modes of thought, fashioning their manners and costumes, and modifying the forms of social intercourse. Who would have thought that Rome, though crumbling in ruins, after ages of supremacy would have handed down to distant times so many memorials of its former greatness? Who of us that does not know, that even in the names of our months, and the days of our weeks, the spirit of ancient Rome is breathing still?

It is thus that every age exerts its influence for "weal or wo" upon all subsequent time. And in no way does a nation make itself felt to remotest ages so surely, so deeply, as in its literature. This reflection should serve to elevate the aims of all who have any influence on the intellect of a people. Even those works which are chiefly intended for the amusement of a leisure hour, have an important bearing on the modes of thought and manners of society. This we feel when we examine those contributions which our friends so beautifully supply. Often, if we consulted our own inclinations, should we delight to give a place, because we feel that it would give so much pleasure to the authors, and stimulate their improvement—but the indispensable duty we are bound to fulfil towards our readers, that of furnishing an intellectual treat of the highest excellence, obliges us to observe a strict and important scrutiny.

"Poetry is a very substantial thing," says the Editor of the Boston Quarterly Review, (a new periodical which we commend to the notice of all readers who like moral doctrines, and bold reasoning), and truly we are of his opinion. We have substantial evidence that it is a favorite employment of literary aspirants. As a people we believe the Americans produce more poetry or rhyme in a given period than any other nation. Our Box is overflowing with evidences of the poetic feeling—and, in some examples of poetic power.

Here is a poem which, if we have room, will appear in the March number.—"The Origin of the Diamond"—and worthy to be set in the pages of the Lady's Book. The next article?

Secretary.—Is poetry also—entitled 'Fancy and the Rain-drop.'

Editor.—Hardly the season for such a theme. The scene of the poem is laid in Autumn. The effect of the description is always enhanced by a conformity to the appearances of Nature at the time our periodical is issued. We think a description of the flowers and foliage of June would be in bad taste for the January number. The poem, however, shall appear in its season.

Secretary.—Here is another.—'The Death of Wolf.'

Editor.—That poem has been on hand a long time. It is the production of a young writer—and has considerable merit. As Canada is now the theatre of revolution and warfare, a recurrence to the battle which gave to England possession of that country, may be interesting. Place it on file for publication.

Secretary.—Here is a long prose article—"Review of the Young Ladies' Friend."

Editor.—It is by one of our most valued correspondents, and shall appear; but it must be divided. We shall not have room in one number.

Secretary.—Here is a novelette—'The Sisters'—by Ellen Perry.

Editor.—A story we have not yet had opportunity of examining. The appearance of the article is very neat and lady-like. The writer has spared no pains to render it readable in MS. We commend the example to all who write for periodicals; many an article is rejected because it is so difficult to be decyphered.

Secretary.—Here is an essay on 'The Times.'

Editor.—In which the author ascribes all the calamities that the world endures to the extravaganee of the ladies. The derangement of the currency, and the war in Florida, the depression in the prices of cotton and the loss of the Home—all are owing to female extravagance. That there are faults of this sort we admit, but the writer has very much over-estimated their effect. All the money expended by the ladies of America in useless ornaments, does not equal a moiety of the sum wasted, and worse than wasted by the men, in the single luxury of Tobacco!

Editor.—What have we on hand for the next number?

Secretary.—"The Solitary Beauty," by our valued correspondent, Mrs. Hofland—"The Victim of Passion," a Tale of the East, by the author of "A Sermon in a Garden," in this Number—"The Murderer's Story," by Miss A. M. F. Buchanan.

Editor.—A most promising writer.

Secretary.—"Margaret Haines," by Mrs. Seba Smith—"A Writer's Rhapsody," by J. T. Pickering—"Cold on my Bosom," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz—A communication upon the subject of "Cotton," from a Lady in Tennessee—a contribution from Grenville Mellen—and a poetical article, "To My Sister," by R.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIGURE I.

The Dress is of pale fawn colour. The body is made nearly up to the throat, with a collar of a new form. Tight sleeves, finished at the lower part by several rows of pointed ruffles, and surmounted by a sleeve in the Spanish style, which is a large puff coming to the elbow, and divided in the length by small bands. The sleeve is ornamented with a fancy silk trimming; and a cord and tassel corresponding with the superb one that forms the belt. The cape is in the 'peasant fashion,' of the material of the dress, edged with a silk fringe. Bonnet of thick silk, of the colour of the dress; a round and close brim, with a drawn lining of yellow crape; the crown is trimmed with ribbon only.

FIGURE II.

Morning Dress.—Dress of Jaconet muslin. The body plain, and made to cross in front, (*see plate;*) sleeves without gathers at the shoulder, and perfectly tight all the way down, (being cut in this crossway from the material,) with the exception of a single puff exactly above the elbow; two frills, not very wide, from a heading to the puff; the sleeve is finished at the wrist by a lace ruffle. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a deep flounce; underneath the body is an inside kerchief of cambric quite high, and trimmed with a lace frill at the top.

The Camel in the East, is the most valuable servant of man. It eats little and drinks less; the milk makes cheese and butter; shoes and harness are made of his skin: and of his hair tents and clothing; while for burden, he is the ship of the desert, and his power exceeds that of the horse in travelling.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The plate, in this number, is not given to compliment a queen. Victoria we consider as the representative of the moral and intellectual influence of woman throughout the British empire. In this view, her accession to the throne is, and ought to be, a subject of deep interest to her sex in every quarter of the world.

The reign of female sovereigns has, in England, been signally happy for the cause of human improvement. Under Elizabeth, besides the general prosperity of the people, there was a pure morality of private character observed, and a taste for learning diffused through society, which we shall seek in vain to find under the kings which preceded or followed. Her own strong mind was imbued with the spirit of classical lore, and prepared to welcome that burst of intellectual glory with which the genius of a Spencer, a Shakespear, a Bacon—has brightened and beautified the English language. Would those great lights of poetry and philosophy, whose lustre still irradiates the civilized world, guiding upward and onward the march of thought and career of fancy—would they have burned with as pure a flame in the gross atmosphere of the brutal Henry, or of the sensual Charles?

All high poetic genius is, in its original element, an aspiration for the excellent and the beautiful; it seeks for these in all things; its divine mission is to discern whatever is lovely and good, and so to picture these to the common intellect as to exalt the hope and aim of humanity. The degradation of genius which has, not unfrequently, been effected by licentious and tyrannical men in their character of sovereigns, (*never by a woman,*) is one of the most fatal omens of the utter debasement of public morality and private virtue. Had Dryden lived in the reign of Elizabeth, or under the influence of the good queen Anne, how different, in all probability, would have been his literary career! The reign of the latter sovereign was resplendent with talent of the highest order. Then arose those giants of learning, whose names have made the seventeenth century famous in the history of mind.

That the moral influence of these two female sovereigns aided, in a very essential manner, the development and direction of the literary talent which adorned their respective reigns, we think no one who studies the annals of those times attentively will doubt. This right moral influence, which woman by her nature is formed to exercise on all within her sphere, is the power which a queen may make so effective in promoting the highest and best interests of virtue, learning, social happiness and national improvement. There was never a time when this moral power might be so gloriously employed as now. The empire of physical might has, in Christian Europe, nearly ceased—at least, if endured, it is not justified. The "reign of intellect and feeling" should be ushered in by a woman.

Victoria has come to the throne under many peculiar advantages. She is in the bloom and beauty of youth, when, as woman, she would be sovereign over men's affections. She brings to her high station all the intelligence which the most careful education could bestow, to fit her for her duties. She is watched over by maternal affection, and seemingly enshrined in the hearts of the whole British people.

With such signal advantages, we will not say from nature and fortune, but through the ordering of a wise Providence, she has also the inestimable privilege of living in an age when the moral power of right principles, of truth in its simplicity is, in a measure, understood—when woman is taking her true place, side by side, with man, his companion and helper in the work of civilization and Christian progress.

And here is an object worthy the ambition of a queen; that of promoting female education, and rendering her own sex capable of wielding, judiciously, the immense moral influence they are destined to possess.

We do not say, with Aimé-Martin, that "the only universal agent of civilization is our mothers;" but we do assert, that on maternal influence, more than on any other earthly cause, depends the character of the child; and that men will never be wise while women are ignorant.

An American lady, visiting Oxford, and beholding the princely manner in which the education of young men had been provided for—that there were accommodations and provisions for educating ten times the number who were actually enjoying the privileges of this noble institution, thus justly remarks: "What fountains of wealth have flowed into this place to build these *nineteen* massy colleges—their various chapels—libraries, and other appendages. Had some of this money been expended to afford judicious training to the mothers of the youth now upon the stage, it is probable that the colleges, though fewer, would have been better filled, and with more orderly and moral young men than many of the students are reported now to be."

To the cause of female education, as offering the best means of improving the moral condition of society, we hope that Queen Victoria will devote her most sedulous attention. Judging from the tone of the journals, public opinion in England is fast awakening to the importance of this subject; and the time for action has nearly arrived. Let the queen reflect on the injustice which the intellect of her own sex has suffered since the days of "Boadicea"—what thousands and millions of money have been lavished on the education of men, while not a single female seminary has been endowed and permanently established in the British empire, nor the education of women recognised as necessary by the English government, or provided for by the public, in any manner. What would the sons of old England have done to advance science and arts, learning and religion, had their mental improvement been as little cared for as that of her daughters has been? And yet, notwithstanding all this neglect, these soul-depressing disadvantages, female genius has already added an imperishable wreath to England's fame; and also contributed its full quota to aid in the moral enlightenment of the public mind. But how much greater would have been the advancement in knowledge and virtue, had female education been what it ought to be!

It is characteristic of female talent, that its exercise, almost without exception, has for its aim the promotion of goodness, of happiness, of purity.

Woman has seldom written from the promptings of ambition, to display her scholarship, establish a theory, or to mortify a rival. Nor has she written from the desire of pecuniary gain, from party excitement or private friendship. Philanthropy, patriotism, gratitude, sympathy, pure affection and humble devotion—these are her inspirers. Her offerings on the altar of public intelligence are given because she dares not withhold them. It is her duty. Her little flower of feeling or fancy may contain a healing virtue, more efficacious to society than the fruits gathered from the loftiest speculations of man's philosophy can ever afford. Thus she reasons—and she is right. Count the number of authors who, during the last sixty years, (since when the diffusion of knowledge among the people has only been attempted) and see how large a proportion of those, whose productions have contributed most to the improvement and enjoyment of the young, to domestic happiness, to the promotion of benevolence and humble piety, are women! Many of these have gone to their reward in that world where there is no distinction of sex, but all the good are as the angels in heaven.

To those eminent female writers who are still active in their intellectual and moral duties, the highest tokens of public regard are due.

Victoria, we are informed, discharges the office of queen with a grace and dignity which wins all hearts. She has prorogued and opened parliament, visited in state the city, and dined with the lord mayor. But to us, American women, the most interesting act she has performed is the unobtrusive one recognizing female talent. She has, we understand, pensioned, from her private purse, three eminent literary ladies, Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford. We hope the report is true, and that this benefaction is an earnest of the encouragement which she is intending to accord the genius of her own sex. By this means she will acquire a renown pure as virtue and imperishable as thought. Her reign will as far exceed in glory that of all other female sovereigns, as moral exceeds physical power.

Semiramis founded the most magnificent city the world ever saw: all that remains is a heap of rubbish.

Zenobia led her armies to battle and conquest, and for a time divided the sceptre of the earth with imperial Rome: the sands of the desert now sweep over the palaces of Palmyra.

Isabella of Castile, by her steady confidence in the character of Columbus, and her generous zeal in his favour, deserves to share with him in the glory of discovering a new world. But the event proved to be a fatal evil to her own country and kingdom.

There is no such thing as a glorious, enduring fame for woman that is not based on the moral and intellectual elevation of the human character.

Victoria has now the opportunity of securing such a wreath of bright honour for herself as no queen ever before enjoyed. Let her bear in mind that every added degree of respect to which she can entitle her sex will proportionally exalt her own character. May she prove, by her own pure example, that a *woman* is worthy to sway the sceptre of the greatest empire in the world.

EDITOR.

The following description of the personal appearance of the queen is extracted from R. Shelton M'Kenzie's correspondence with the New York Star.

The queen, as you know, was eighteen in May. She is an agreeable-looking young woman, with a blonde complexion (not a clear

blonde, but the sodden hue which people get who reside for some time in London.) Her eyes and hair are light. She wears her hair in the plainest manner, usually drawn behind the ears. In the back it is dressed *à la Grecq*. Her forehead is good—the skin tight on it, but not so tight as to give the glossy appearance of polished marble, which looks very ugly. The lips rather full, pouting and red. Her teeth are regular, and not particularly white, nor does she show them much when she speaks. Her nose is almost aquiline, and I would call it her best feature. She has rather high cheek bones, and her face, when looked at in front, appears too broad and flat to be handsome. In a word, she is an agreeable, good-humoured looking, but by no means a handsome young woman. She is apparently in good spirits, and laughs frequently.

The queen's neck is longer than the due proportion warrants. Her head sits well upon it. Her waist is small. Her hands and feet are small; the hands white and plump, with taper fingers, loaded with many neat rings.

Were you to see the queen on her throne, or on a chair, or on horseback, you would think that she was fully of the middle height, but when she rises you see that she is of the "dumpy" genus. The fact is she *sits* as if she were five feet five inches high, and she *stands* more than three inches less. This is owing to her legs being disproportionably short. This disproportion causes her to walk indifferently—waddling along in fact.

To carry off her want of height, she is fond, on state occasions, of having her train borne by two very little pages—youngsters of ten years old.—But as ill luck would have it, the Marchioness of Wellesley, Marchioness of Lansdowne, Countess of Mulgrave, Duchess of Sutherland, and other ladies about her person, are tall women, and the contrast makes the queen appear of lower stature than she really is.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from p. 63.

CHAPTER VII.

The day being unusually cool for the season, and the glare of the sunbeams veiled by a frequent succession of passing wind-clouds, Althea proposed to Julia that they should take a stroll on the beach. Julia gladly assented, saying, "As the gentlemen are all away, and the fashionable ladies retired to their rooms, we can enjoy our ramble free and unconstrained."

When they came out into the portico, equipped for their walk, they saw already on the beach, a number of children of all sizes, but with them only one lady, whom, on reaching the place, they found surrounded by a group of little girls, watching with much interest, the progress of the waves as they rolled in to the shore.

The lady was very plainly dressed: her face was concealed by a cottage bonnet and a green veil, and her figure by a large shawl. She seemed to enter *con amore* into the amusement of the children.

"Now," said she to the little girls, "let us each choose our own wave, and see which will make the finest burst of foam when it breaks. That little one in the middle is *my* pet." "And that very large one shall be mine," said one of the children. "And that other large one mine," said another, "I like every thing large." "There is a still higher wave coming for me," said a third, "and that mammoth one is my choice," exclaimed a fourth.

There were shouts of delight as the favourite billows rose higher and higher, till, bursting at their ridgy tops, the white foam poured like a minor cataract down their green, transparent sides.

"Ah!" said the lady, "my little wave, like many little people that rise from a small beginning, is steadily increasing in size and consequence. See, now, how it mounts above its companions; here it comes! What an immense burst of foam; like a young Niagara. And what a cloud of spray flies round, as it dashes against the shore, dilating itself far and wide into bubbles of froth."

"After all," said one of the little ones, clapping her hands exultingly, "my wave has left the greatest number of crabs behind it. See, how many it has thrown out on the sands!"

"Poor little black things," said another of the children, "there they are, all lying upon their backs, tumbled head over heels. I am sorry to see them sprawling, and struggling, and looking so frightened. I hope the next wave will wash them all back again into the sea."

"Let us poke them into the water with these bits of stick," said a third little girl, "the boys are coming this way with their baskets, which I dare say are nearly filled. We will not let them get these also."

In the mean time the lady had taken up a crab in her hand, and, after making to the children some remarks on its conformation, and inducing one of them to handle it, (though the timid little girl had at first declared that it seemed to her like a monstrous black spider) the animal was returned to its favourite element. The lady then assisted her young companions in searching for shells and sea-weed.

Althea and Julia passed on and found a number of boys dispersed about the beach, apparently the children of families staying at the Marine Hotel. Most of them were, very properly, arrayed in brown holland frocks, girt with broad leathern belts, and their large straw hats were secured by strings, tied under their chins. There were two or three in fine cloth tunics, braided and frogged, and elegant tasselled caps, which they carefully and uncomfortably held fast on their heads with both hands, amid the sarcastic jokes of their unconstrained and conveniently-dressed companions. Some of the boys were catching crabs, others were col-

lecting large mussel shells, and admiring the brightness of their rainbow colours: some were watching the low and rapid flight of the petrels dipping their pinions into the brine; while others were speculating round a piece of timber, thrown on shore by the waves. It was evidently the fragment of a wreck: some vestiges of cabin windows being yet apparent, draped with masses of tangled and dripping sea-weed. Of the letters painted on the stern, a few could yet be discerned; but so broken and defaced, and with such chasms between, that nothing intelligible could be made out of either name or place. The sight of this melancholy relic of what had once been a vessel, threw Julia into a fit of musing on the dangers to which her lover was exposed. Althea mused also, but it was on the vastness of the mighty Atlantic, and on the glories of the European world that lay beyond it.

After extending their ramble round the eastern point of the beach, the two friends turned their steps homeward, and found, as they came back, the same little party of young females. The lady, with her veil thrown aside, and her shawl hanging on her arm, was singing, like another Ariel, accompanied by several of the girls, who were dancing at the same time—

> Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then take hands:
> Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
> (The wild waves whist.)

All which directions were gaily obeyed by the young sea-nymphs.

"That charming song!" said Althea to Julia, "even in reading the words, 'the sound is an echo to the sense.' And then it has been so beautifully set, and the air is so sweetly appropriate. Often as I hear it, I wish indeed to be a sea-nymph, and to sing and dance to it for ever."

"Will you join us now," said the lady, "and 'foot it featly here and there,' among our imitation nereids!"

Julia, at first, timidly drew back, but in another moment followed the example of Althea, who had taken, at once, the offered hand of their invitress. Two lively girls received them with a curtsey and a kiss, and they danced with an animation and a vivid sense of enjoyment seldom known in the ball-rooms of the present day.

It was not till they all stopped to take breath, that Althea found herself at leisure to look at the lady, who did not herself join in the dance, but stood by singing the air delightfully, and now and then directing the movements of her young companions by a graceful gesture of her hand.

At this moment a shout from the boys, of "Ships, ships," drew all eyes towards the sea, and they beheld two gallant vessels, their sails set to a fair wind, and their heads directed towards Europe. They were two of the New York packets going to sea on their appointed day, one for France and one for England. The boys, of course, knew the names of both, and, far off as the vessels were, saluted them with three loud huzzas; a ceremony that boys never omit an opportunity of performing.

"Oh!" said Althea, "how I envy the passengers in those ships!"

"I do not," replied Julia, in a low voice, "for they have just had the pain of parting with their friends, and they know what sad hearts they have left behind them, and what a tedious time must elapse before those that they love can be apprized of their safety. Oh! that long, dreary, anxious two months, which must always intervene between a departure for Europe and the arrival in America of the first letters!"

"And now," said the lady, "I think we had best turn our steps homeward, or hotel-ward, rather. Our attention has been so much engaged that we have not observed the rapid progress of the tide, which is coming in so fast that in a few minutes our late dancing-ground will be a sheet of surf. I must assemble my little friends, for I see they are scattered all over the beach."

Then, calling by name to the pretty little girls, and a fine little boy, who all addressed her as "Cousin Milly," she desired them to collect their companions immediately, as the sands would soon be covered with water. Our heroine reminded her companion of the perilous situation of Sir Arthur and Isabella, when overtaken by the tide in their walk home from their visit to the Antiquary.

While the lady was marshalling her little regiment, Althea and Julia took their leave, and proceeded towards the hotel, regretting to each other that *bienséance* forbade them to presume farther upon an acquaintance so slight and accidental.

"I never in my life," said Althea, "felt so great a disposition to cultivate an intimacy with an entire stranger. I should like to do all in my power to render her situation tolerable."

"Why what do you suppose her situation to be?" asked Julia, smiling at the energetic imagination of her friend, which was always prone to create a romance, or a picture, or a drama, out of every thing.

"I fear," replied Althea, "this young lady is one of those unfortunate beings designated as poor relations; and, as such, sustains the united offices of companion, governess, and nursery-maid to those children that call her cousin."

"Still," observed Julia, "she does not look at all unhappy. On the contrary, she seems full of life and gaiety, and was very much at her ease with you and I."

"Glad, no doubt," said Althea, "to escape a little while from the bondage of toad-eating. (By the by, how I hate that vile word!) However, I am happy to see that they do not allow her to go about in the mean attire that generally falls to the lot of humble cousins."

"I should not suppose her to be *very* humble," pursued Julia, "but her dress, I think, *is* plain."

"True," resumed Althea, "yet her bonnet, though entirely without a bow, and having no more ribbon than that which crosses the front and forms the strings, is of very fine straw; her collar is of real cambric, edged with thread lace; her gown is cachemerine, of the best quality; and as to her tartan shawl, you know

every body has one now, for convenience; and the sea-air this morning may certainly be called bracing. I think it probable she has another shawl."

"No doubt she has," said Julia, "for warmer weather and greater occasions. Did you see this young lady at breakfast?"

"No," replied Althea, "though she might have been there, notwithstanding, at a distant part of the table. Or perhaps she breakfasted with the children in *their* eating-room, which you know, at this hotel, is separate from that of the grown persons. Poor thing! I pity her, and should like to seek her farther acquaintance; as I suppose nobody here will notice her at all. Or if they do, it will be with that air of condescending graciousness which is often more insupportable than downright insolence. I can just imagine her history.—How many such I have read!"

"If you had not," said Julia, smiling, "the case you had so readily made out for this stranger lady would never, perhaps, have entered your head."

"See," observed Althea, looking round, "she has brought all the children away from the beach, and some of them are playing about in the vicinity of the house, while others seem to be accompanying the lady and her young cousins on a land-ward ramble. She is, evidently, quite *au-fait* to the care of children, and knows well how to keep them amused, having, doubtless, served a long apprenticeship to the business."

CHAPTER VIII.

As our two young ladies approached the portico, they found lounging there, on several chairs, the patroon of Schoppenburgh, accompanied by a very ill-dressed man, in gray speckled cotton stockings, thick clumsy shoes, buckled on his ankles; checquered pantaloons, of surpassing coarseness; and the shortest possible frock coat, closely buttoned; a party-coloured handkerchief round his neck, with not an atom of shirt-collar visible above it, (a fashion which would give a look of vulgarity to even a complete gentleman, if such a one could be induced to adopt it) and a remarkably ugly white hat. Nearly his whole face was coated with a growth of coarse bristly hair, of a brindle colour; his whiskers, mustacheos and beard all uniting *en masse*. On seeing the ladies, he strolled to the far end of the piazza.

"Who is that disgusting man?" inquired Althea of Billy Vandunder, as he rose to offer some of his chairs to herself and Miss Dimsdale.

"*De gustibus* without any *disputandum*," replied Billy, "you may well say that. Between you and me and the post, I'm of your opinion, as far as looks goes. But that's the great Englishman, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, who has come over in something they call a *yatchet*, to buy a trotting horse; having seen our famous Tom Thumb that was taken to England. Him and I have had a great deal of talk about horses. He has told me all about the great race between Skim-milk and Pipkin; and of another, where Cat-lap came in just half a nose before Brown Stout. That was touch and go, wasn't it? Shan't I introduce you and Miss Julia? It's fashionable to know Sir Tiddering Tattersall—high *bonn ton* and *alley-male*. Didn't you see him spying at your faces with his double eye-glass, as you came up from the shore? He said you were nice girls; and you know, from an Englishman, that's a great deal. Now, really, Miss Vernon, I must introduce you if it's only to spite the Conroys. You'll see how their backs will be up. Never mind his dress. You know foreigners, when they come to America, are often *in forma pauperis*."

We will not investigate the motives of our heroine in allowing this introduction to take place; and Julia Dimsdale, as usual, timidly followed the lead of her friend.

"Chawming weather, madam," said Sir Tiddering, "though I suppose you Yankees consider it monstrous cool for the season."

"Allow me to put you right," said Vandunder, "these ladies ain't Yankees, sir, nor I ain't neither. We're all clear New York."

"Excuse me, Mr. Vandundrum," said Sir Tiddering, contemptuously, "the best informed people in England call all Americans Yankees."

"More shame for 'em," said the patroon. "Suppose we was to call all English Cockneys, would not that be *versy vicy*, and tit for tat?"

Sir Tiddering replied only with a supercilious stare, which, reminding poor Billy that his opponent was a man with a title, caused him to check his ebullition of sectional prejudice—a prejudice which, to our great misfortune, is cherished too strongly, and manifested too absurdly by much wiser Americans than the patroon of Schoppenburgh.

"You've a vast deal of saund here madam," said Sir Tiddering to Miss Vernon, who had been highly diverted with the recent controversy, "more saund than rocks. I understaund that this Rockaway place is in the state of Long Island."

Billy Vandunder half tittered at the word "state."

"No," replied Althea, "Long Island is not itself a state. It is part of the state of New York."

"I think I have heard of *Rhode* Island too," pursued Sir Tiddering, "or are Long Island and Rhode Island the same?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Billy, outright—but stopped short, recollecting himself.

"It can be of no importance," said the impenetrable Englishman, "whether the place is one or two. But pray, Mr. Vanblunder, in what state then *is* Rhode Island?"*

"In its own state," answered Billy, thinking he might now indulge in a laugh at his own wit, of which, however, the point was not likely to reach the Englishman.

"Your sea, madam," said Sir Tiddering, ad-

* In a splendid atlas, published a few years since in London and Edinburgh, the writer has seen a map of the United States, in which Indiana is located between Virginia and Kentucky; and *Franklinia*, a new state, (of whose existence we Americans are not yet aware) divides Tennessee from North Carolina. When a map of America is in preparation by British publishers, would it not be well for them to take an American map as a model?

dressing himself to Miss Vernon, "is quite on too large a scale; it struck me so all the time I was crossing it. And so are your rivers, and lakes, and all that sort of thing—monstrous tiresome, I assure you."

"Have you been up the Hudson yet," asked Althea.

"No, madam. I understaund that to be one of your show-rivers—something in the style of the Rhine. I did the Rhine one summer, and found it a monstrous bore. When we were nearing Ehrenbreitstein, and Drachenfels, and all that sort of thing, I made a point of going down into the cabin that I might not see the artists sketching, and hear the people raving. As to the Hudson and the Nawth River, I don't intend to do either of them, because they are in every body's mouth, and I hear so much boasting about their scenery. Now I've come to a free country, (as you call it) I'm determined not to tie myself up to any rule, but to do just as I please."

"What!" exclaimed Vandunder, "will you go back to England without seeing Catskill! I was up there once in a thunder-gust, and it was fine to see how the lightning operated upon the mountains."

"Catskill!" cried Sir Tiddering, "Ah! that's another place I've resolved not to see, for the same reason. I knew it was Catskill, or Fishkill, or Schuylkill or some such bawbarous name that so many of your people have been boring me with. I got enough of rocks and mountains and all that, when I was doing our own lakes. Nice things they were though, till I broke my Claude Lorraine glass, and then I left off looking at them. Saddle-back is sweet, and so is Helvellyn. I saw some queer looking men sitting about on the crags, and suppose they were the lake-poets; Southey and Wordsworth and all that sort of thing."

Althea caught herself softly repeating, from Scott's beautiful little poem,

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide,"—

The two young ladies (who had not availed themselves of the offered chairs) now took their leave, and the patroon of Schoppenburgh gallanted them into the hall, from whence they proceeded up stairs to rest awhile, previous to dressing for dinner.

"Those two worthies in the piazza," said Althea, "are both well mated and well contrasted. They are fit companions; though not alike in any thing but absurdity."

"But why," inquired Julia, "does Sir Tiddering Tattersall go about in that slovenly and unbecoming attire!"

"I know not," replied Althea, "except that (as he just notified us) it is his intention to do whatever he pleases. Probably he may not please to appear as a gentleman while in America, though obliged to do so in his own country. Or, like Cherubina's lover, Lord Altamont Montmorency, he may have made a vow to be vulgar for one year. But, seriously, I have heard of English people (women as well as men) who, during their visit to America, have indulged in a slovenliness of dress and manner that, in their own country, would have excluded them from respectable society; implying all the time that any thing was good enough for the Yankees."

Just then, Mrs. Conroy, in her wrapper, opened her door, which was near the head of the long passage, and, first looking up and down to see if any gentlemen were in view, she beckoned to the young ladies, and said *to* Julia, but *at* Althea—

"Julia Dimsdale, as your own aunt, and the sister of your mother, I consider it my duty to let you know, that I saw you from my window flirting with two gentlemen, openly, in the public portico of this hotel; which conduct is highly improper at an hour like this, when there can be no lady present to matronize you."

"Indeed, aunt Conroy," replied Julia, "I did not say a word to either of the gentlemen."

"But I did," said Althea, "I am the delinquent, and the only one, for Julia Dimsdale neither joined in the conversation, nor was willing to be introduced to Sir Tiddering. And allow me to say, madam, that both of them are gentlemen to whose acquaintance neither yourself nor the Miss Conroys seem to have had any objection. But if I have done wrong I am sincerely sorry."

"What is perfectly proper for the Miss Conroys," said their mother, "may be highly improper for Miss Vernon and Miss Dimsdale. But there is a fitness in things, a natural distinction, a knowledge of observances, a certain tact, without which there is a degree of impropriety—you understand me, Miss Vernon."

Miss Vernon did not, or would not understand her at all, and made no reply. The two young ladies then retired, in silence, to their respective apartments; poor Julia with tears in her eyes, and Althea with a glow on her cheek, and a half smile on her lip, trying to suppress a perverse inclination to flirt in reality with either or both of these delectable beaux, for the purpose of teazing Mrs. Conroy.

CHAPTER IX.

The company were all assembling in the saloon to await the summons of the dinner-bell, except Lansing, Selfridge, and the other gentlemen that had gone on the fishing excursion. Sir Tiddering Tattersall was there, whispering in a corner to Billy Vandunder, and putting up his double eye-glass at every body that entered. The patroon of Schoppenburgh did not take kindly to the incessant whispering of his companion (having sense enough to know that it was a violation of good manners) and was visibly annoyed at the sundry jogs, pokes, and treadings on toe with which it was seasoned; yet he could not resist his desire that every one should see how familiar he was with Sir Tiddering Tattersall. The Miss Conroys sat opposite; looking as if they thought it a pity two such delectable beaux should be wasted on each other. Several gentlemen, known to Mr. Dimsdale, (among them a handsome young French merchant) requested an introduction to the ladies of his party.

Mrs. Conroy, inwardly fretting and outwardly smiling, sat between Mrs. and Miss Vandun-

der; the latter being absurdly and profusely over-dressed, as is often the case with provincial belles. In truth, the real reason of her only appearing at dinner and in the evening, was because Miss Wilhelmina suffered so much when in full costume that she was glad to relieve herself by getting it off whenever she could; happy to indulge in the delights of a loose wrapper, and slip-shod feet.

"Who is that girl," said Sir Tiddering to Billy, "that has laced her body-clothes so tight she has to hold her mouth open to get her breath!"

"I see a great many girls with their mouths open," said Billy, "they're almost all talking."

"No," pursued Sir Tiddering, "this one is sitting as mute as a fish, and looks as if she was not up to talk. I mean she with the monstrous bunch of hair at the back of her head, sticking out like a horse-tail, now the dawmp has taken out all the curl."

"I see several with them horse-tails," said Billy.

"Pshaw—This one's hair is tied so tight that it has drawn her eye-brows up to a point, and stretched her eyes wide open as well as her mouth."

"All the ladies seem to have their eyes wide open," said Billy.

"Pho—I tell you this is quite a caricature of a woman. How queer she would look going through her paces. I should like to see her trot off, for she has forced her feet into a pair of slippers which pinch her so that her insteps are swelled out over them *à la pincushion*."

"That's nothing now for girls' feet," observed Billy.

"There, that's she, just opposite," proceeded Sir Tiddering, "she is just now reining in her head. She, with her sleeve-holes almost down at her elbows, skewering her arms to her sides like the wings of a trussed fowl. That girl in the party-coloured, large-figured dress that looks like curtain stuff."

"A good many of the ladies have big-figur'd dresses, that look like curtain stuff," remarked Billy, trying to put off the moment of acknowledgment.

"What a sap you are," said Sir Tiddering. "She, I tell you, with the queer-coloured cameo brooch, that looks as if it were made of bees-wax or yellow soap."

"Oh! that," replied Billy, "that's Miss Wilhelmina Vandunder of Schoppenburgh. Between you and me and the post, it's my own sister that you've been pulling to pieces all this time."

"Your sister, is it?" said Sir Tiddering "Whew! I'm in a pretty mess now, I suppose."

"No," said Billy, "I'll take it as a joke."

"Well then, introduce me, and I'll help you to quiz her."

"Quiz my sister!—What! not to her face—Well, that's rather of the ratherest. No, no, I can't go that."

"What a green-horn you are," proceeded Sir Tiddering, "I always found it capital fun to quiz my sisters. I have three or four, I believe, but I do not recollect seeing any of them these five years. I suppose they are somewhere. They seem to write now and then; but I've no time to read their letters."

"I don't believe you are in earnest," said Billy. "Have you got no family affection or brotherly love?"

"Pho—that's all gone by—If it were not, how could we exclusives get along? Did you know that I am an exclusive?"

"Exclusive of what?" said Billy.

"Why how mystified you look," laughed Sir Tiddering. "Exclusive of every thing I don't like, to be sure. But you Yankees make fools of your females. It is a monstrous bore when a man comes from England, to find himself obliged to make way and give up to them as you do; and to be expected to forego his own convenience for the benefit of every thing, high or low, old or young, that happens to wear a petticoat."

"We are all brought up to it here in America," replied Billy, "so it don't go the least hard with us; and to them that has had no bringing up it comes natural. Now as to my mother and sister, though I see their quiddities plain enough, (for I'm uncommon discerning) and laugh at them myself, sometimes, when I can't help it; yet, what I say is this, no man shall quiz them to their face while I am by. If a woman should laugh at them, they must take their own parts."

"Why, you're quite upon the high ropes," said Sir Tiddering.

"No I a'n't," said Billy, "I'm only excited. That's my mother setting beside Mrs. Conroy."

"Yes, I know her, the stout person in the great cap—they are nice foils to each other—for Mrs. C., with worrying and fretting to get husbands for her silly daughters, has worn herself to a skeleton."

"*Summum bonum*," said Billy, "that's true enough."

"Well, they're not sharp enough to catch me, I promise them," pursued Sir Tiddering.

"Nor me," said Billy.

"My mind's made up," continued Sir Tiddering, "not to marry under fifty thousand in England; and a Yankee woman will have to bid higher for me. What's the amount of the southern heiress that's expected here from Boston next week? Boston is it, or Amboy?"

"Amboy?" exclaimed Billy, laughing, "what puts Amboy into your head!"

"Why, I don't know," replied Sir Tiddering, "I am sure you have such a place, for in one of our best novels* there is an American, and a principal character too, that was a merchant in one of your cities called Amboy. I only read when I'm sick; but this Mr. Lewiston is a capital character—an American to the life. I think, if it's a place that's at all come-atable, I'll take a journey to Amboy."

"Do," said Billy, giggling, "it's very come-atable. I should like you to see Amboy."

"Well, as to this Boston heiress that they are all talking about—some rice-planter's daughter I suppose.—What is it you call her?"

"Miss De Vincy."

"Yes, Miss De Vincy. You have all sorts of names here in America; French, Dutch,

* Inheritance.

Italian, Scotch, Irish; and every one thinks it his duty to uphold some other nation beside his own. Now I suppose, for your part, you'd take it in dudgeon if I was to laugh at the Dutch."

"To be sure I would," said Billy, ruffling up. "You'd better not do that, if you don't wish to excite me. Dutch is honourable in Schoppenburgh, and all over the state of New York. Ask Lansing—he has Dutch blood in him."

"And another of your states is Dutch too, is it not?" said Sir Tiddering. "I think I have heard, but I forget which—Massachusetts or Michigan, or some such name."

"I suppose you mean Pennsylvania," replied Billy, "but you are mistaken there, for the Pennsylvania Dutch are nothing but Germans. In Philadelphia, it is fashionable to be Spanish; but I expect there'll be a change soon, for that fashion's lasted a good while."

The dinner bell now rung, and the company prepared to obey its summons. "*Omnium gatherum*," said Billy, surveying the crowd as he conducted his mother and sister to the dining-room.

"Will you not dine with us to-day, for once, Sir Tiddering?" said Abby Louisa Conroy, looking sweetly back from the arm of an indigent lawyerling.

"Quite impossible," replied Sir Tiddering. "To dine by broad day-light is too bawbarous. And I have ordered for my own table at seven, a consommé, a mauquereau, a blaunquette and bechamel, some rissoles, a tourte, and a timbaulle."

"Billy," said Mrs. Vandunder, aside to her son, as they were commencing their soup, "take an opportunity and try to get out of that there Englishman what them things is which he is going to make his dinner of to-night. They seem to have strange names."

"French, mar, French," said Billy.

"So I was thinking," resumed the old lady, "though I cannot well make out the difference between French and Latin. I have learnt some French dishes already, since I've been here, for I always read the bill of fares laid beside the plates. A gentleman was so kind as to explain to me that *navy dories* meant gilt turnips; though, after all, the gilding was nothing but a dab of yolk of egg—I could put it on myself, for that matter. *Collarets in champain* I found out of my own accord, for I'm pretty 'cute; and any body might see, with half an eye, that they were only chicken's necks. There was a good deal of thin gravy about them, but I doubt the champagne."

While the company were at dinner, Sir Tiddering amused himself with strolling about the piazza, whistling, and humming a tune, and looking in at the dining-room windows. So many of the gentlemen being absent, beaux were scarce at the table; and the Miss Conroys *en attendant mieux*, were glad to avail themselves of two gentlemen not at all in society. To poor Miss Vandunder, who seldom spoke, and had no talent for listening, the dinner was extremely tedious, as well as tantalizing, the Miss Conroys having cruelly told her that it was unfashionable for very young ladies to eat much, even if they were fresh from boarding-school.

Althea and Julia saw, at the other end of the table, a glimpse of the lady they had met on the beach. She was accompanied by a very plain-looking, middle-aged couple; and, as our heroine compassionately remarked, they were seated among the people that nobody knows.

"There is cousin Milly," said Althea softly. "I see, even at this distance, that she is in the same cachemine that she wore on the beach, with only the addition of a white muslin pelerine. Her hair is quite plain, and she has no ornament of any description about her. Poor thing! how she must feel in a place where every one is so much dressed."

"Still," said Julia, "I wish it were not the custom to dress so much at watering-places. It is very fatiguing, very troublesome, very inconvenient, and takes away nearly all the pleasure we should otherwise feel in escaping from the city during the warm weather."

"And yet," replied Althea, "it seems to me so very natural to wish always to look as well as we can."

In the afternoon Mr. Dimsdale and his little party went out in the carriage, to take a ride of a few miles round; during which they passed a vehicle containing cousin Milly and her companions, the plain-looking gentleman and lady, and the three children that had been with her on the beach; to which was added a fourth, a little fat thing, about three years old, whom Milly held on her lap. On returning to the hotel, Mr. Dimsdale, at Althea's desire, inquired at the bar, the name of this party; and was answered that they had arrived only on the preceding evening, and that the gentleman had put them down in the book simply as Mr. Edmunds and family, of Connecticut.

In the evening there was a beautiful sunset. The wind had subsided, the waves were gradually lessening in size and settling into a ripple. A few clouds yet hung in the west, painted with the richest shades of purple; but below them the horizon was one broad glow of golden red, amid which the setting sun poured a flood of radiance on the heaving ocean. The sea-birds were flying home to their nests, and the fishing-boats were all coming in; among them the one which had been chartered by the gentlemen for their day's amusement out on the deep sea. Mr. Dimsdale and his ladies (who were enjoying the sunset from the portico) saw them arrive; and Althea met Selfridge with a look of delight, which in an instant dispelled all thoughts of the patroon of Schoppenburgh, whom he now felt ashamed should have caused him a moment's uneasiness. They lingered in the portico till even the upper edge of the crimson and dilated sun had sunk behind the darkening water, and till the last curlew had winged its flight across the sands. And when our party met at the tea-table, and Selfridge found himself again beside Miss Vernon, his spirits rose with his happiness, and he felt quite "in the vein" to join Lansing in a lively account of their fishing excursion.

After tea Althea enjoyed the pleasure of the brilliant saloon which she had disconcerted her admirer by regretting the night before. She was full of animation, and looked beautifully; and Selfridge devoted to her his whole

attention. Lansing divided himself pretty equally among the most agreeable ladies in the room; and the patroon of Schoppenburgh had fallen again into the hands of Miss Phebe Maria; while Abby Louisa was obliged, for the present, to accept the civilities of one of the young men that was not in society, and that thought it an honour to be seen speaking to any member of the Conroy family. The young Frenchman introduced by her father, talked, in his own language, to Julia, who answered him timidly but in very good French.

Things were in this state, when our heroine observed at the other side of the room, sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, the young lady of the beach. "There is cousin Milly," said Althea, in a low voice, to Julia. "See, directly opposite, in the plain, close, white gown."

Selfridge, who had partly heard her, glanced across the room, and his countenance assumed a look of pleasure and surprise.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Vernon," said he; and he hastened immediately across the saloon, and paid his compliments to the young lady in question, who held out her hand and received him as if on terms of intimacy.

"I am glad," said Althea, again addressing Julia, "that Mr. Selfridge knows her. The poor girl must be so happy, amidst this crowd of strangers, to meet with an acquaintance. But see, she has risen and taken his arm. Perhaps he has kindly invited her to promenade with him. No, they are coming this way!"

She paused on their approach—In a few moments they stood before her, and Selfridge introduced Miss De Vincy, of Boston.

To be continued.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEUM,

Emblem of friendship, lovely flower,
(Meet gift from friendship's hand)
Like thee, when skies autumnal lower,
Her brightest charms expand.

Her friends, like thine, in Flora's bowers,
Long faded from the view,
Have fled, perchance, with summer hours,
As *bright* and *transient* too.

But o'er these scatter'd relics sere,
Thy perfum'd sweets are shed,
As friendship's sympathetic tear
Embalms the lovely dead.

Sweet flower—though verdant—fragrant—fair,
'Midst winter's cheerless gloom,
Death must, at length, those charms impair,
And give them to the tomb.

But friendship shall the blighting frost
Of death itself defy,
And *renovated beauty* boast,
In climes beyond the sky.

S. E. K.

Newton.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES,

ON VIEWING THE BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE, DEDICATED AS THE ASYLUM OF THE DEAF AND DUMB; HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

There! stand for ever—God will hold thee up,
While lesser things of earth shall pass away—
Such is the fate that mingles in the cup
Of human hopes and human destiny!
Sure heaven will bid thee stand, unscath'd by time—
Thou—consecrate to him, the Architect sublime!

II.

Holy retreat of the unspotted soul,
That cannot hear the world's loud tongue proclaim
Its tale of nothing o'er the madd'ning bowl,
Where pride and genius sink to guilt and shame—
Thou shalt survive, a glory to mankind,
When we shall make our graves, nor leave a name behind!

III.

There is no noisy mirth within thy halls,
Tho' the full flood of life is rolling there—
A thousand tongues—but still no echo falls—
A thousand prayers—but still no sound of prayer!
A thousand hearts there pour the votive song—
But silence wings the note—and wafts it heavenward on.

IV.

There is no sound of mourning in thy halls—
Tho' thousands there may lift the tearful eye—
But living stillness moves along thy walls,
Where ears are stagnant to eternity!
A breathing silence—where one feels alone,
As if all souls from this mortality had flown!

V.

God has seal'd up all lips—and made them still—
Has clos'd all ears—and bade them hear no more—
And now no discord wakes a warring will,
Or waves unholy break on Passion's shore!
Peace is the watchword on this hallow'd ground—
Religion speaks in silent eloquence around!

VI.

O God! thy dispensations none can tell—
No human heart can tell how dark may be
Thy visitations on us—for the spell
Of mortal knowledge centres all in thee—
Who art in thy far home—unknown and high—
Alone, and One, in thy unchanging majesty!

VII.

But these shall lift their speechless lips to thee—
And offer their hearts' incense at thy throne,
That they can grasp creation with the eye,
And see that man is thine—and heaven thine own!

VIII.

O! 'tis a glorious thing in man to raise
So proud an altar to his Maker's praise—
'Tis a high off'ring laid on reason's shrine,
And almost makes humanity divine!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SOLITARY BEAUTY.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Oh! what a noble mind was here o'erthrown!"—*Hamlet.*

It is generally thought that remarkable beauty has a tendency to increase the vanity inherent in human nature, (however limited its pretensions) and that few women possessed of it, in an extraordinary degree, will fail to seek the homage of admiration in the gay and busy scenes of life. The court belle and the village maiden; the young *debutante* and the handsome matron; however modest by nature, or correct in conduct, are believed to be willing to receive the incense of eyes which appear dazzled with the radiance of their own; and by no means averse to the whispered applause which very generally follows their appearance.

It is yet certain that the most perfectly beautiful woman I knew in early life (when beauty was a much rarer spectacle than it is at present) lived, and had long lived, in such absolute seclusion that, to have seen her face, to have heard her voice, was an event in a person's life; and, as the one little girl who was permitted to play with her little girl, (in consequence of my mother having been the godmother of her Selina,) I remember being frequently subjected to many questions, as to the features, person, and dress of Mrs. Hughson, who never entered any house but her own; never left it, save for a place of worship, which she drove to in a close carriage, wearing a close bonnet, and then seated herself in a corner pew, surrounded by curtains, which she never left till the congregation had dispersed.

Being persuaded fully, at that time, that the wide world contained nothing so beautiful, queen-like, graceful and endearing as this retired lady, who, as time advanced, became still more inaccessible, in consequence of ill health, I grew, in time, anxious to learn her early history, which was related by my grandmother, to whom she was much attached, and who had known her from her birth. In giving so much of it as had occurred at that period, she developed her character also; and since a very useful lesson arises out of it, and sincere piety can scarcely fail to be elicited by it, I venture to offer, as much as I recollect, to the readers of the Lady's Magazine.

In the first place, I must be allowed to depict, as well as I am able, the lonely being, whom neither time nor circumstance has dislodged from my memory; and whose constant courtesy and kindness made, of course, the greater impression on my mind, from being confined to myself during the season of infancy and girlhood.

Though very lively, and perhaps guilty of an inclination to romp, notwithstanding a strong tendency to the sentimental, I well remember, that I never entered the library which was Mrs. Hughson's usual sitting room, without being sensible that the exuberance of my spirits was suddenly tamed, and that I required the kind inquiries of her silvery toned voice to reassure me. She communicated an impression of sorrow, subdued, indeed, but still *sorrow;* yet I never saw her otherwise than calm; and her smile was heavenly. She was dressed, as I understood other people had been, at the period of her marriage, about a dozen years before; and this dress never was changed within my memory. Other persons had immense heads of hair, prodigiously frizzed out, with caps stuck on the top, from which hung ribbons and lappets. This mighty superstructure was balanced by a bell hoop below; laced aprons, puckered cuffs, beneath which were cambric sleeves surmounted with frills of edged cambric; and, altogether, every person claiming to be a gentlewoman, was one mass of flutter and furbelow.

Not so Mrs. Hughson; yet, even then, I thought her the finest lady, as well as the greatest beauty in the world. Her fair, and perfectly oval face, was surrounded by the most delicate lawn, or Mechlin lace, which trimmed a mob cap; and her shining auburn hair, parted at the forehead, and brought down on either side of the face, in the fashion now worn. She had always a black gauze bonnet on, which completely hid her face if she looked downward; and at all times shaded the upper part; and it was whispered, that even the old postman, James, had never half seen her. Be that as it may, I have. Her forehead was neither high nor low; her eye-brows formed a perfect arch, and were narrow, yet full. Her eye-lashes were beautiful, and she had the habit of suffering them almost to hide the most magnificently brilliant hazle orbs I have ever seen. Her nose was a model of beauty; and the form of her mouth and chin perfect. Her figure was excellent, so far as it went; but she was a little woman, with exquisitely lovely hands and arms, (arms were then seen constantly) and a foot that might have rivalled that of the Duchess of York. Nothing could exceed the fineness of her skin, the purity of her white neck, the delicate rosy tint of her soft, full cheek; nor do I remember this gift of nature changing, materially, during the period when I had the privilege of seeing it, which I apprehend must have been from about her twenty-seventh year till towards her fortieth.

A gray silk gown in summer; a black satin one in winter, with fine lawn linen, always delicately smooth; lace mittens; diamond rings and mourning ones; a small cross of the finest brilliants, with a massive watch, finished the costume of this interesting widow, who, possessed of a noble fortune, two fine boys and a daughter, as lovely as herself, a mind highly cultivated and an unsullied name, thus voluntarily shunned the world she was eminently calculated to adorn. It is time to look into the cause.

Mr. Hardwicke, a man of good, but reduced family, had been married many years, and had amassed a large fortune before he had the happiness of becoming a father. A fair girl was then born to him, which was welcomed as the immediate gift of heaven, for both himself and spouse were, not only religious persons, but a branch from the Cromwellian puritans. When this child was about four years old, another daughter entered on existence, and soon exhi-

bited that extraordinary beauty for which she was ever afterwards so remarkable.

Mr. Hardwicke had retired into the country two years before his first daughter (Milicent) was born, and found in the cultivation of his garden, and the improvement of his pretty dwelling, his chief amusement; to which might be added, his care of an invalid wife. No wonder the nurture and education of his daughters at once occupied his mind and completed his scheme of happiness. Looking down upon general accomplishments and pursuits, he sought not that his idolized children should share them; yet capable of estimating the value of knowledge, and fond of reading and music, he procured for them a good library, in distinction from the theological controversies best loved by himself, and procured a decayed gentleman of known abilities, to instruct them in singing and playing on the guitar and harpsichord.

Time passed—The flowers, thus "born to blush unseen," on the borders of the Derbyshire moors, though alike petite in person, and bashful in manner, expanded into early womanhood. The eldest was lively, energetic, and of evidently superior mind, despite the veil which timidity flung over her manners; but the youngest, with equal abilities, was apparently incapable of any mental exertion. She had been a perfect idol to her parents, who had almost exchanged their worship of the Creator for that of the creature he had conferred upon them; and Milicent, in the generosity and affection of her nature, had united with their blind indulgence in spoiling the beauty and darling of the family, to whose will and pleasure, from her very babyhood, every creature around her had been rendered subservient. Though the circle was narrow, since she saw none beyond it, the effect was conclusive.

That Selina must have been blessed by nature with the happiest disposition, we cannot doubt. That her religious and moral principles, had been deeply imbued and clearly defined, we must be certain, since even this mode of conduct had neither given haughtiness to her manners, nor acerbity to her temper. She was indeed wilful, and perhaps obstinate; but in her mildness and her affection, these errors were neither noticed by others nor suspected by herself. A single smile could make her peace for any error of which she had hitherto been guilty towards any one beneath the roof—beyond it, she was deemed a kind of beneficent angel, to the dependent, with whom alone she had intercourse.

Just at the time when Milicent came of age, the property of a nobleman, in their immediate neighbourhood, was placed on sale; and, for the convenience of purchasers, divided into two portions; one consisted of mills and farms, well tenanted; the other of a noble, though ancient dwelling, pleasure-grounds, and proper compliment of lands. Mr. Hardwicke had long enjoyed the idea of becoming the head of a family, and perhaps inducing a son-in-law to transmit his name to posterity; and he therefore hastened to transfer his property to a medium most calculated to effect that purpose, and render the means by which he had procured wealth forgotten.

The purchases being effected at about equal cost, he declared his intention in the business to be, that of endowing each of his daughters with an estate, giving the eldest her power of choice, as the only right of primogeniture; seeing that they were equally dear to him. To the surprise of all who viewed the localities, Milicent resigned the noble mansion for the more homely property; for, seeing she was young, pretty and clever, they concluded she would take the stately old hall and the beautiful grounds. They knew not that her sisterly love had, with unostentatious kindness, resigned that which Selina ardently desired.

The affair was much talked of, especially in the nearest market town, which was one of great commercial importance, and that where Mr. Hardwicke had gained the means of thus bestowing dowries of no common kind upon his daughters. It was understood that these interesting girls could be seen at their parish church; and there alone; and this was only three miles from the town in question. At the time of which I speak, young men—fashionable, handsome, agreeable young men, were not ashamed to go to church;* indeed, I have understood they would have been ashamed not to do it. The consequence was, that several went to the little chapel at E———, and one, a young merchant of known wealth and excellent character, moreover, a sightly man, of pleasant address, saw Milicent and soon professed himself her lover.

It may be remembered, that Rosamund, in Miss Edgeworth's novel of Patronage, was thus distinguished, previous to the beauty of Isabella awakening the same emotion. In the present case, such an effect was more likely to take place, from the difference in the age of the sisters; but increased acquaintance in the family only confirmed the predilection. Milicent felt grateful to the man who could give *her* the preference; and, forgetting that she too was pretty, she attached herself sincerely to him who had distinguished her; and after the lengthened acquaintance her father and the times required, she became the bride of Mr. Allingham, and prepared to do what Selina declared she was incapable of doing—leave the paternal mansion.

At this time it was so decidedly the custom to make grand weddings, that even our secluded family permitted the bridegroom to invite many guests. The most important was Mr. Hughson, a man of large estate, ancient family, great learning, elegant manners, and excellent character. He was the last of his family, and had spent much of his time in travelling; it was understood for the purpose of regaining his spirits, which were evidently depressed. His person was tall and graceful; his features alike intelligent, benevolent and handsome; and there was an air of superiority about him which, notwithstanding his evident aversion to distinction, evinced his right to consideration.

During the two years courtship of Milicent, Selina had become eighteen years old—her exquisitely moulded form had assumed woman-

* Is it otherwise in *these* days?—Ed.

hood; her blushing cheek had subsided into a character of decision as well as sensibility; yet still much of the trembling run-away-girl remained in her disposition. She thought much and she talked well; but it was only to her mother and sister: and the thoughts of appearing before strangers, at once excited her wishes and her fears, whilst all idea of losing Milicent awoke her sorrow. Her exquisite beauty, her perfect naivete, her changing feeling, and her unaffected gracefulness, made an impression on the astonished and poetically-minded Hughson, which might have been expected in a man of his character. An imaginative man, who loves for the first time, in his thirtieth year, if he allow passion to seize him at all, abandons himself to its fullest influence—the beauty was idolized now, more than she had ever been.

But whatever might be felt—approaches fifty years ago were made with caution—indeed, intense passion can never be unaccompanied by fear; and though Mr. Hughson had rather wandered through the world than lived in it, he could not fail to see, that this was a jewel the parents would be loth to part with, whilst it was equally evident that "more was meant than met the ear," when Selina protested against sharing her sister's fate. As might be expected, his feelings soon were evident to all, and ere long revealed to Allingham, who undertook to ensure the consent of the parents, on the supposition that they would not refuse an alliance so advantageous, more especially as the enraptured lover was willing to resign his own distant mansion and take up his abode in the hall, which would shortly be resigned to Selina as her dower.

But whilst Allingham was advocating to Mr. Hardwicke the cause of his friend, his wife, with equal sincerity, but far deeper solicitude, entered on the topic with her sister, to whom the state of her lover's heart, we may be assured, was well known, however silent his tongue had been. To the great surprise of the beauty, Milicent advised her, "by no means to admit his addresses, even if her father wished for their union."

"He is a good and amiable man, my love; moreover, a truly religious one; and from his age and wisdom may be supposed peculiarly suitable to be the guide and guardian of one so young and beautiful as you, especially as he is willing to live so near our parents: but I must tell you the *truth*—a most painful task I think it, though my husband holds it light."

"What can you mean, Milicent? Not that I care about it. I have no wish whatever to change my situation."

"I rejoice to hear you say so—my news will be the less painful."

"But what is your news?"

"I have been told that his family were afflicted with melancholy amounting to derangement; and that more than one have died by their own hands. That your rejection will be fatal to his happiness; that it may even drive him into this dreadful state, haunts my mind continually; but the possibility of your becoming the partner of one so afflicted, is far more terrible; therefore I was determined to warn you."

And at the same moment Selina determined not to be warned. Her admiration of Mr. Hughson was already excited; and to this she added profound pity, and all the more generous feelings of her nature arose to plead his cause, united (unconsciously perhaps) with a desire to prove that she would not submit to the influence of a sister, who had hitherto furthered her wishes, not thwarted them. So vehemently did she now protest against the possibility of such vague charges influencing her, that Milicent was induced to believe that she was really fondly attached to Mr. Hughson; and their conference ended by an extorted promise from her, not to interfere in an affair so delicate; and on which the happiness of two persons, tenderly attached, depended.

The health of Mrs. Hardwicke became so bad, that she earnestly desired the marriage of Selina to be concluded so soon as it was finally settled. The generosity of the bridegroom was commensurate with his happiness, which was such as entirely to remove even the fears of Mrs. Allingham; yet she could not forbear earnestly to advise her sister to leave no means untried for its perpetuation. "Mr. Hughson is too fond of books, too much given to thinking, and your retired dwelling is more calculated for the indulgence of solitude than is good for a man of his turn," said she.

"I love him for that," Selina said. "I have been brought up in retirement myself, and we shall suit each other."

"It will do very well as long as he continues to find his whole soul absorbed in you; but I am told a time comes when every man finds a want of men, in the way of society. Should it come soon, be prepared for it; go into the world with him, and the pride he will have in his wife's beauty will preserve the power of that beauty. At all events, induce him to hunt, shoot, cultivate—in short, do any thing but sit alone and muse."

They married, but none of these things were done. The husband absolutely adored his wife, and the wife (to the surprise of all those who supposed that freedom and fortune would inspire the young beauty with new desires and habits) was content with his devotion. The narrow circle of acquaintance with which they entered life, became still more contracted; and by the time an heir was born, few persons considered themselves authorized to offer personal congratulations.

During his lady's confinement, Mr. Hughson returned to those studies, and that habit of indulging in reverie, which his sister-in-law considered, *most justly*, to be injurious to a man of his sombre and nervous temperament. He became pale, languid, and abstracted; and although his pleasure, as a father, was evidently intense, it was frequently accompanied with agitation even to tears, and solicitude for Selina's health, and he sought to regain composure in seclusion; a seclusion he never afterwards abandoned.

The young mother in her child found a new world, and, unquestionably, the sweetest and most engrossing her heart had ever known, and which she was the less likely to abandon, because her husband praised her care; her pa-

rents approved them; and the whispers of the world, so far as they penetrated her solitude, extolled them.

A fair girl soon succeeded the boy; and the death of first one parent and then the other, exercised the feelings and proved the tenderness of Selina's heart. A third child soothed her sorrows by occupying her mind. Young and beautiful as she still was, she was now the busy mother of a family, which had followed each other so rapidly as to alarm her husband and dependents for her health. The tenderness of the former was unabated; but the latter had begun to think their master "*rather odd.*" He was, "for sure the best gentleman the sun shone on; he helped every body; but then, good Lord! how like a fool he gave away his money!"

Mrs. Hughson had become the mother of a fourth child, as lovely as those which had preceded it; and which were indeed, as their nurse termed it, "perfit pictors," before it became her lot to know, by any possibility, that money, or the want of it, had any thing to do with her happiness. When her monthly nurse was leaving her, her purse was minus, to her own surprise; but she considered it immaterial; and the first of these, now regular periods, when her husband visited her, she asked him to give her twenty pounds.

"I have only got ten in the house, my love. I know it from the circumstance of being obliged to refuse the bailiff who (poor silly man) wanted fifty to buy sheep."

Mrs. Hughson well knew the bailiff to be a clever and useful servant, who at that season frequently expended a hundred or two advantageously. She mused a moment, and then observed, "that it was awkward to want cash; it was true, the ten pounds would do for her *now*, but she should soon want more, as the children were almost without frocks, and her own income would be wanted for winter dresses, the parish schooling—various things."

"John Lord's children want both frocks and shoes—the half of them are barefoot at this moment."

"I will see after them when I go out," said the lady.

"I *have* seen after them," said Mr. Hughson. "I went yesterday, and there was nobody in the hut but the blind grandmother; so I put some money in her apron and then I stepped behind the door. Well, Selina, was it not a droll trick? When her son came in she said, 'Look, James, the 'Squire has been here, and given me four pence halfpenny.'"

"It was not very droll, surely, to give the poor soul so little."

"Little! I had given her nine guineas; the very last guineas I had; but she could not see them you know."

The folly, the madness of such conduct pierced the very heart of the unhappy Selina. A deathly paleness overspread her countenance, and her head sank on the back of the chair in which she sat. Much alarmed, her husband applied every possible restorative. On her recovery he left her, with an assurance that, much as he disliked leaving the house, he would the following morning himself go to the neighbouring bank and procure her all the money she could wish for.

"Certainly, my dear, you must get us a hundred pounds to put on with."

Selina's head pressed a sleepless pillow that night; but most unhappily, for all parties, the result of her cogitations ended in a determination to conceal her own fears, and that tendency she more than suspected in her excellent and much-to-be-pitied husband, from every human being. Nor was this resolution abated when, on his return, she was informed "that he had indeed received ninety-five guineas at the neighbouring town, all of which he had sown in the ditch by the roadside as he returned; having no doubt they would soon spring up and bear an abundant crop for the use of their dear little ones.

From this time Mrs. Hughson received money and paid it, so far as she was able to do so, without awakening the jealousy, or exciting the anger of one whose thick coming fancies varied frequently, and were all of a gentle, but melancholy nature, and benevolent in their tendency. It was found, that of late he had given away all the money he received, and of course was in debt; but this pecuniary derangement was soon settled—not so that of his mental and bodily health, which every day waxed worse; and the fear of revealing the state of the former, induced his anxious lady to waive procuring medical assistance for the latter.

After a time, seclusion in the library was exchanged for long, exhausting, solitary walks on the desolate moors which opened beyond his mansion; and to question him on his object, or watch him beyond his garden, was an offence resented with an acrimony hitherto unknown to his gentle spirit. After one of these absences, prolonged for two days and a night, he was found in a path leading homewards; worn out and speechless with fatigue; he was carried home, and breathed his last on his own bed, the only consolation which remained to his wretched widow, who now lamented over him as lost by her negligence and her misconception of his situation.

Unable to bear the scene, she removed into her sister's immediate neighbourhood, and the hall was let during her son's minority. She was devoted to her children; and all, save the youngest, who died the victim of the shock his mother had received, grew up singularly handsome, and possessing much of the ability for which their father had been distinguished. In due time they all returned to the hall, for the heir was not likely to marry for some years. He had a passion for chemistry, and sought to indulge in it in retirement; and his mother encouraged the love of solitude in which she had herself remained all the years of her widowhood.

Why pursue my sad tale?—Would that imagination, not memory, dictated. In about three years' time, this affectionate son and amiable gentleman, terminated his existence by his own hand; and, within a little time, his fondly attached brother followed his example, apparently from the effects of that grief and shame which completely overwhelmed him.

Terrible as these afflictions were, yet time

soothed the pain it could not cure; and in the tenderness and loneliness of her Selina, the sonless mother could not fail to find consolation, more especially as no symptom of that morbid affection, evidenced even from infancy in the boys, was apparent in her. With this treasure still in possession, she endeavoured to attain resignation, and hope the best; and year after year rolled by, and all was well.

Well with the mind, but not so with the beautiful frame which enclosed it; for seclusion from society rarely suits the young; more especially when they are the intelligent and the cultivated. Selina shrunk from every breeze as she had long from every stranger; and would probably have become, at thirty, a valetudinarian for life, if matters of business had not compelled her mother to receive visits from a stranger. This was an elegant and worthy bachelor, of superior attainments, and similar tastes with themselves; and having once ceased to fear his return, both ladies enjoyed his society; and, in the course of a few months, to the surprise of the few who knew them, Miss Hughson, the beauty, the peeress, the invalid, was married.

But the canker worm was in the rose. The delicacy which had been nurtured till it became disease, rendered her unequal to the duties of a mother; and after one year of happiness, the flower which had so long breathed its sweetness unseen, sunk into the tomb, leaving a sickly babe and an almost heart-broken husband.

From this stroke, Mrs. Hughson never, even partially, recovered. Her last ties to earth were broken, her last prop taken; and she sunk unresistingly, though slowly, to the tomb; for rarely does grief release its victim quickly, even when half a century has pressed upon it also. She lamented to her sister, when it was too late, that she had not mixed more with the world, and formed those friendships, or permitted herself to share in those amusements which might have ameliorated her early sufferings, and softened her present desolation; and earnestly desired to procure company for her son-in-law, as the only alleviation his case admitted.

A stranger to the improvements of medical science, in consequence of her seclusion, she did not advert to the possibility of help being afforded to her husband and her sons; but she well remembered, that anger with her sister, first prompted that decision which doomed her to a life of unceasing anxiety, exchanged only for the severest anguish.

Even to the last (I was told) her beauty was no farther impaired than by the loss of her colour and the abated lustre of her eyes; and that in death, her finely pencilled features were still lovely.

It is not often that a beautiful woman, married to an idolizing husband, and blessed with a good fortune, will be found blameable in consequence of her exclusive devotedness to her children, and perverse renunciation of all society; but that such errors may exist, this lonely, generous, and, in many respects, amiable person, is a proof. Her history, thus briefly touched upon, calls upon all the young and fair to examine into every particular connected with him whom they are about to marry; and, being married, to remember the importance of that vow which binds them to the duties of wedded friendship. It is the holiest and completest bond a Christian can engage to fulfil; and demands, not only the exercise of the affections, but the judgment; and, in some cases, though very seldom, the sacrifice of even praiseworthy partialities are *apparent* but not *actual* duties.

London, 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"COLD O'ER MY BOSOM," &c.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

AIR—"Since then I'm doom'd."

Cold o'er my bosom the tempest is sweeping,
Shelter me, love, from the pitiless air—
Chill are the night dews that round me are sweeping,
Oh! but more chill are the tears of despair.

Dark was the hour, when allur'd from thy dwelling,
'Wilder'd I roam'd from my haven of rest—
Near me, in wild wrath, the billows are swelling—
Shield me, love, shield me, once more in thy breast.

Sad is thy welcome—Oh! sad and upbraiding
Breathe forth the accents once melting with love—
Roses of joy—on thy cheek, they are fading—
Garlands of hope—they are rent from the grave.

Smile on the wanderer—languishing, fainting—
Weary and wan, at thy feet I recline—
Angels! the prayer of the doom'd thou art granting,
Take my last sigh, love, and blessing 'tis thine.—

Written for the Lady's Book.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

DURING a residence of some months in a village of one of our northern states, I had acquired a reputation for literary tastes, partly on account of my secluded habits, and partly because my room was decorated with a book-shelf, containing some of the light works of the day. I had chosen the situation for the promise of retirement it held out to me; not for the purpose of scientific research, or with the view of adding my mite to the already overflowing literature of the age; but simply because it suited my mood, at the time, to indulge in the "dolce farniente" of a country life. I chose my retreat far from the bustling hurry of our cities, where people seem to walk the streets for no other purpose save that of seeing in how short a time they can accomplish certain distances; and almost ready to knock down their best friend should he impede their progress.

Whilst the summer months lasted, I was left almost entirely to myself, though some little courtesies were even then proffered; not as the mere forms of politeness, but as the kindly offerings of the heart, and in pity to my apparently lonely situation. At first, I will confess, they annoyed me; but as the days of autumn grew shorter, and my walks were more circumscribed, I began to feel grateful for these attentions; and it was rather with a thrill of pleasure that I received an invitation to join a

reading circle, which was to meet weekly, at the houses of the different members.

Now it was strange that I, who had come thus far, expressly to get rid of the society of my fellow beings, should be so much pleased at the prospect of again associating with them; but the fact is, I had had time to get tired of myself, for, however delightful I might fancy my own company, the indulgence of four months had given me ample time to look with more complacency on that of others. How forcibly was I reminded of the story, in which the love of a prince and princess was punished by a fairy and genius, who had willed their affections should be otherwise bestowed, but were continually baffled by these obstinate young persons. At last they constructed a palace, which should contain no other human beings except the lovers. At first they were delighted; but soon the sameness of each other's society wearied them, and at last hatred so possessed them that they sought the most distant parts of their dwelling, to avoid each other. Who could imagine a better "place of vengeance?"

The mind requires a diversity of objects, and it can never fully appreciate its choicest blessings but when placed in comparison with what is less interesting.

But to return to my reading circle; the evening at length arrived for our first meeting; and with a palpitating heart, lest my own powers should be called into requisition, I joined the party assembled. A book of travels was produced; and then the question arose, as to who should commence the awful operation.

"Oh not me, for the world," exclaimed one young lady, pushing the offered book from her with a desperate motion, "I should be frightened to death at the sound of my own voice;" (but be it known, it would not have been an unusual sound to her) "do let some one else begin;" and, accordingly, another was requested to open the meeting.

"Dear me, no; I'm sure I can't; I should be so terrified. I should certainly lose my voice."

"Well, will you," addressing a young man, who literally shook as with an ague, when he found all eyes turned on him.

"I had rather not, I don't read well," he gasped out, and then shrunk behind his neighbour, to avoid being again called into notice.

All this time I had observed a consequential little man, who seemed to sit uneasy, and fidgeted about on his seat whenever a person was addressed. He could now bear it no longer, and, half indignant at being thus passed by, he seized the book and offered his services.

"Oh me," was the universal cry, "we did not ask you, because we knew no one would be willing to read after you—you read so beautifully."

At this my attention was roused, and I prepared myself to be much entertained, as I had always exceedingly enjoyed good reading, though it was seldom I had had an opportunity of being gratified.

He commenced, and, involuntarily, I started, for his stentorian voice was raised to its utmost pitch, and was sent back by the walls of the small room in which we were placed, sounding on the tympanum of the ear not unlike the hallooing through a speaking trumpet within whispering distance. I am sure my nerves have scarcely yet recovered from the shock. But this was not all they had to encounter; for the writer, being rather poetical, had interspersed various quotations throughout his book, which the reader gave out with wonderful effect; his voice, at one moment, seemed sunk to the lowest depths of which it was capable, and then would rise aloft very much like the roaring of the wind on a stormy winter night. It was an effort at declamation, that would have raised the hair upright on the heads of Forrest or Booth. He certainly did not stop to spell any of the long words; but Johnson would have been puzzled to have found a definition for some of these as he pronounced them. I now comprehended that, in the country, a good reader is one who can the fastest and the loudest mispronounce words of three or four syllables, calling them any thing but what can be understood, and which would even make the leaves of Walker open of themselves.

After my return home that night, my mind naturally cast a retrospective glance over the scenes of the past evening; and however ludicrous they appeared to me at the time, the ideas they suggested were quite to the contrary, and I fell into a train of thought which led me wandering from past ages, with all its chivalry, yet benighted ignorance, and through the gradual progress of education, until I at last arrived at our own bright era of the cultivation of intellect. In what other age has science attained so wonderful a degree of perfection? That in which, fifty years since, would have appeared like the effects of magic, and which in the good old days of Salem witchcraft, would have martyrized the inventor, is now regarded with admiration indeed, but not with wonder. Literature is marked with unprecedented variety; and though master spirits have lived in other times, we can boast of having been cotemporaries of their rivals.

If the bolder energies of man have thus progressed, woman has not been idle. The homely occupations of our maternal ancestors have given place to the development of intellect, and the bewitching charms of lighter accomplishments. What my cogitations have been, concerning this change—whether the world has been benefited by it, and whether the peculiar duties of woman have been better fulfilled by her endeavours to instruct the world, not only over her domestic scenes, but through a wide circle of friends, than when she lived secluded and unknown beyond the inmates of her own family, spinning and weaving, (not the threads of an eloquent discourse, or the mysteries of a romance, but the substantial garments of her husband and children,) it matters not that any should know save myself. The opinion of so humble an individual could have no weight on a question upon which so much has been written, and I therefore leave it for abler hands than mine, to discuss and settle it, if they can.

On the evening aforesaid, my thoughts wandered over a wide range of space; and I looked back to those heroes and their "lady-loves," whose history has formed the theme for bard and novelist; but who were ignorant, not only

of writing, but even of the letters of the alphabet. What should we say if, in these days, a hero was depicted with no other excellence than that derived from corporeal strength; yet who has not lingered over the prowess of Cœur de Lion, and felt his heart beat high even at the name of Du Guesclin? Perhaps the Troubadours formed an exception even in those early times, of the refinement produced by cultivation; but it is extremely doubtful, whether they numbered reading and writing amongst their accomplishments. Valour and reckless daring, mingled with an almost idolatrous veneration for woman, were the subjects of their lays. If their own class was sometimes commemorated in their songs, it was not until after the troubadour had sought for fame in the ranks of war, that he might win the lady of his heart; for the damsels of those days thought little of the power of intellect, compared with those personal feats which shine in story.

We can find, in every age, solitary examples of learning; but for many a day they were seldom found beyond the walls of the monastery, where literature lay buried. By degrees, however, men began to feel the want of something beyond the excitement produced by the battle field; and peaceful occupations became more respected. But although the higher classes began to appreciate the intellectual faculties, yet the cultivation of the nobler powers of the mind was limited to very few. Elizabeth of England, and Mary of Scotland, might challenge admiration, even in these days, for the various talents they possessed; and Mary united to a classic education the refinement and lighter accomplishments of a later age. Still, although herself so bright an example, many of the highest nobles of her court could not write their own names; and, with the exception of her four Marie's, few of the females of her kingdom understood much of the noble art of reading. That there were subtle controversies carried on in her rude country, all who have read her unhappy story know too well; but these were chiefly confined to the clergy, and perhaps displayed full as much party spirit as learning.

Slow, indeed, was the progress of education; and gradually was it diffused over all classes. It was reserved for our own age so to facilitate the means of improvement that, in our country, they are certainly placed within the reach of even the poorest person. Perhaps it is a fault, with us, that education is carried to the extreme; and youthful minds are toó apt to be overworked. This chain of thought would seem to have but little connexion with my evening's amusement; and yet I was insensibly led to it by that very amusement; for, with this acknowledged tasking of almost every power, it seemed strange to me that one faculty should be allowed to lie nearly dormant, from the want of proper cultivation to expand it; and whilst so many accomplishments are indiscriminately lavished on both sexes—while music and drawing are taught in almost every school, why is it that reading should be so much neglected? And, in reality, many a highly finished gentleman and lady might sympathise with the poor man who said, that reading had been neglected in his education. It is this which produces such general diffidence in reading aloud; and which makes almost every one, like my friends of the reading circle, willing to throw the task on any person they consider abler than themselves. If, in early life, this art was more inculcated, and a clear enunciation, with proper intonation, was more attended to, and young persons were taught to look upon it as an accomplishment, indispensable to the perfection of refinement, this distressing embarrassment would be no more felt by those who were called upon to read, than is experienced by the skilful musician when requested to sing. And fine reading is, in itself, music to a cultivated ear. Declamation is too often mistaken for it; and we sometimes hear the ranting of the stage carried into the private circle. I once knew a gentleman who thought to give greater effect to what otherwise would have been delightful, by such a series of gesticulations, that the gravest person could not suppress a smile. Beautiful reading needs none of these factitious aids; but by the simplest intonation of voice can carry the author's meaning to the inmost soul of the hearer; and whether pathetic or ludicrous, sublime or calmly beautiful, the feeling is duly impressed on all who listen.

Our orators, both of the pulpit and the bar, as well as those in the legislative councils of our country, might be benefited by early attention to this neglected art. Few appear to understand that the voice needs cultivation and practice in reading, almost as much as is necessary to produce a fine singer. These remarks can only be applied in a general sense, for no one can deny that we have splendid specimens in each department of oratory; but I do wish that the rising generation could be made to understand the graceful effect produced, even in common speaking, by the cultivation of the voice, the clearness of the enunciation, and a strict attention to the rules of pronunciation. If possessed of these, you have only to understand the meaning of an author, to render yourself a pleasant companion, especially in a long winter evening in the country.

In a woman, who is more particularly a fireside ornament, there can be no accomplishment more interesting. There are a thousand ways in which this talent can be called into requisition. The temperament of woman is essentially poetical; from no other lips do the productions of our sweetest bards sound so melodious; they should therefore cultivate the art of giving force and expression to each fine sentiment. In fulfilling their office of nurse, around the sick bed, in what way can they soothe the sufferings of their friends more kindly than by lulling them to forgetfulness of themselves by the magic of beautiful thoughts, beautifully uttered. This is, to be sure, an acquirement that cannot be displayed in general society; but does it not become hallowed by the reflection, that its influence can only be felt in the holy precincts of home!

After arousing myself from this revery, I determined to put the thoughts on paper, for the benefit of future reading circles, that they may not, like the ill-starred one with which I commenced, be utterly annihilated for the want of proper attention in the days of school-life. A.

For the Lady's Book.

TO MY SISTER.

With a Manuscript Volume of Poems.

"In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree;
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee."
Byron.

Dear sister, though the heartless world's applause
I covet not, and down life's stream would glide,
E'en as the bark that leaves no track behind,
Yet I would make thy fond and faithful breast
An urn in which love with its sweet perfumes
My memory may embalm, when the bruised reed,
That oft has borne the buffet of the storm,
At last is broken, and my fevered pulse
Shall throb no more with anguish.

On my locks
The untimely snows of age are cast, and lines
Are traced upon my features: yet my heart
Is grayer than my head, and furrowed o'er
With deeper wrinkles than deform my face.

The God that formed the soul, alone, can know
Its secret workings—its mysterious pains
Of impulse and of action, when the blood
Wrung from the spirit and the oil of life
In incense offered up to knowledge, make
The son of genius wearier than the hind,
Who when the toil of day is done, throws by
His spade and lieth down to pleasant rest.

And life to me has been a fevered dream
Of restless aspirations—wild desires,
Corroding cares, fears, phantasies; and hopes
That lured my youth, yet mocked my manhood's growth,
And now, when all the 'life of life' has fled,
Presentiment and melancholy fold
Their ebon wings above a heart, consumed
E'en like the Phenix in its own lone fires.

Yet still, amid the ruins of the past,
Dear sister, I have treasured up thy love,
E'en as a priceless pearl, and on these leaves,
That here enfold my miniature have traced
The features of my mind; while I essayed
My melancholy song, or tried to string
The silent harp of Judah,, that when low
My head is laid in ashes, and the chords
Are broken of the poet's lyre, my form
And mind, forgotten, else by all the world,
Distinct in all their features may remain
Within thy faithful memory enshrined.

E'en as the visit of the bird of spring
Has been thy presence; and thy gentle smile
And cheerful voice have wiled my mind from thought,
Recalled the faded rose upon my cheek,
And through my heart diffused the glow of joy;
But thou wilt go away, and I will miss
Thy smile at evening, and beside the hearth
Will see thy vacant chair; and o'er my brow
And melancholy cheek again will fall
The pensive shadows of a darkened soul.

And I will woo again the silent night,
When thou art gone, and weave the plaintive song,
Whose echoes soothe my melancholy mind.
And when life's dream is o'er, I joy to think
That I, who struck to humble notes on earth
The trembling string, 'mid patriarchs and kings,
And Israel's royal singer, shall essay
Heaven's highest theme, and sweep the golden lyre,
In ceaseless praise, to God and to the Lamb.

B.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MARGARET HAINES.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"And she must lay her conscious head,
Her husband's trusting heart beside."
Byron.

The scene of our story opens in one of the many beautiful harbors of Maine, and being the birth-place of our principal character, it will be proper to give a more explicit description of the locality than we otherwise should.

Upon each side of the Harbor appeared a Cape, stretching out into the sea, and protecting it from the heavy swell of the ocean—a small green Island, covered with low trees, which added much to its picturesque appearance, rose in front, and left a channel on either hand sufficiently deep for the largest vessels. Few harbors are more safe, beautiful or commodious than this, or would seem more to indicate the location for a great commercial city; and probably the want of a sufficiently rich, and well-cultivated back country has been the only barrier to its prosperity. Notwithstanding its great natural advantages, the harbour of —— presents nothing but an insignificant village, of perhaps twenty houses, to the innumerable vessels that yearly enter its noble anchorage, as a retreat from the terrible storms that sweep along our iron-bound coast.

At the commencement of our story it was less than even at present. A group of low, ill-built houses might be seen, to each of which was attached a small patch of ground, illy cultivated, containing a few potatoes, beets and onions, and one corner devoted to a few herbs, supposed to possess great medicinal virtues. Occasionally a lupin, four o'clock, or even lady's delight might be seen struggling to the light, showing that these beautiful creatures, that seem to shadow forth woman's destiny, even here assert their influence over her taste and affections, though under circumstances least calculated to call them forth.

We must enter the smallest of these houses, though by far the neatest and most tasteful in its appearance; for a few morning glories have been placed in a box under the window, and the half-closed blossoms, and abundant leaves, are clustering in rich luxuriance round the lattice. There are many other articles, such as one would hardly expect to find in a dwelling of so extremely humble an exterior; all showing the busy taste of woman, that will always make the 'desert to blossom as the rose.'

About the year 17— might be seen at almost all times when the weather was fine, a beautiful child, with large black eyes, and a profusion of dark hair, curling over her shoulders, gathering smooth shells, and rounded pebbles, along the shore of the fine harbour of ——. It was Margaret Haines, the orphan grandchild of a respectable widow, somewhat advanced in life, who occupied the neat little dwelling we have described. Mrs. Haines had been a woman of

great vigor of character, and strong original mental capacity; but age and sorrow for the loss of her husband and three sons, all of whom perished at sea, in following the hazardous career of the sailor, had impaired her powers; and being thus bereaved of all other natural objects of attachment, she concentrated her affections upon Margaret, the sole relic of her children. This deep attachment for her grandchild became, in some degree, elevated by the blending of a deep and ardent piety, that grew more fervent as the light of life waxed dim in the socket. Still Margaret was left almost entirely to the guidance of her own will. She was never weary of wandering about the sea-girt rocks, of watching the snowy gull poised upon the crested wave, the active hawk diving for his prey, and the proud, but treacherous eagle, from his lonely craig, watching the sports of his victims in the still air beneath him. Her naturally vigorous and enthusiastic character imbibed new strength from the circumstances of the locality in which her lot was cast, and strange and exalted emotions swelled the breast of the lone child, in her daily intercourse with the majesty of nature. The romantic stories, too, with which her aged parent nightly beguiled her ear, exerted their influence upon her character, and gave the coloring to her destiny; based as these stories too often were upon the workings of dark and fearful passions, the power of wealth and beauty, and the omnipotence of love.

She related legends of her "father-land," of high-born and beautiful ladies, of gallant knights, of border chivalry, and the fascinations and splendor of aristocratic life. Margaret listened to these stories, and loathed almost in childhood her lowly lot. As she grew older her little glass told all too faithfully the story of her beauty, and the rude expressions of admiration, that daily fell from the lips of the sailors, as they passed her on the sea shore, served more deeply to impress it upon her mind. One told her she moved as proudly as a ship under full sail—another likened her neck to the white breast of the sea-gull, and another pronounced her arm as round as a mackeral. However rude the comparison, a tribute to her beauty was always intended, and always understood. Thus Margaret soon grew too proud for vanity—and expected homage as a matter of course. Nature had given her a form that could never look vulgar in the coarsest garments, but with an instictive taste, she arranged them to an appearance of elegance. The gifts of the fishermen and sailors also served to augment her toilet till it became the envy of all her companions; all, but the gentle Hannah, afterwards the wife of young McKenny, whose humble and better constituted mind had early learned to detect the errors of her friend, and with all her lowliness of spirit, yet with the confidence of a virtuous mind, she had sometimes even dared to reprove them. Notwithstanding this she was the best beloved of all Margaret's associates.

Many a rare and splendid shell found its way to the rough mantel of her grandmother, and her little room was always neatly, and even tastefully arranged. Thus a passion for dress and a consciousness of beauty became strong characteristics of Margaret. She acquired a disinclination for the feminine employments that usually engrossed the attention of her companions. Though whatever passed through the small fingers of Margaret was perfect in its kind, yet she seldom made any such exertion, and her grandmother, from excessive tenderness, seldom exacted it.

She would shake out her abundant hair, and twine the long soft curls over her fingers, parting it over her noble brow, and let it fall in long wreaths below her slender waist, confined only at the back of the head by a clasp of silver. When her toilet was completed, she would seat herself on a low stool at the feet of the aged matron, and turn her brilliant eyes to the dim orbits of the dame, her arm resting upon her knee, and her splendid figure exhibiting a languor of repose, that the proudest belle might have envied. Then would she listen to the tale of some chivalrous knight, or haughty lord, who were willing to renounce land and title to win the love of some lowly lady, gifted with transcendant beauty; and Margaret would inwardly sigh, that none such were likely to woo her from her lowliness and obscurity. Though scarcely a youth in the vicinity had been refused a curl from the head of the beautiful Magaret, yet none had ever dared aspire to the love, or crave the hand of the proud girl. She treated all with a haughty courtesy, that could not be misunderstood. Thus passed away the first sixteen years of her life with nothing to disturb its monotony, except the workings of her own powerful imagination.

"I think there will be a storm," said the old lady, looking from the window, where Margaret stood watching the vessels as they successively doubled the capes, and curved gracefully across the harbour, to cast anchor under the lea of the shore, "the sand is flying thickly from the north-east, and the dark, tumbling waves are becoming white with foam."

An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of Margaret, and the old lady hastily adjusted her spectacles, and turned her head in that direction. The object of their attention was a light built schooner, with raking masts, and taper spars, that looked altogether too slender to support the press of canvass, under which she was moving gallantly before the wind, her painted waist gracefully cutting the water, and her pointed stern heaving up a mass of foam before her, or, as the sailors technically called it, "carrying a white bone in her mouth!"

She rounded the cape in gallant trim, and moving safely, but somewhat recklessly amongst the vessels that had already came to anchorage, approached the shore nearer than any had hitherto done, and coming round with a graceful sweep, cast anchor within a stone's throw of the cottage of Margaret.

The use of the spy-glass has created almost a new sense to the sailor; and it is probable the commander might have reconnoitered the pair of handsome eyes, that were surveying his vessel with so much curiosity. Be that as it may, a boat soon pulled for the shore, and a young man, in demi-nautical costume, was seen approaching the dwelling. His dress was of the favorite hue of the sailor—blue; buttoned snug to the throat, with a standing military collar, and the front laced with black braid. A slight, but not

ungraceful swing, and that peculiar air of assurance, that usually distinguishes his class, added to an erect and extremely well-proportioned figure of about the medium height, and a countenance of perhaps twenty-five years, set off by a pair of penetrating black eyes, and whiskers somewhat profuse of the same color, made up a personage not likely to pass unnoticed.

All this Margaret observed as he approached the dwelling, so that when his knock became audible, she hesitated to obey the summons. But recollecting the infirmities of her relative, she opened the door.

Whether the appearance of Margaret was altogether superior to what he anticipated, or whether he had no specified object in view, is left to conjecture; certain it is, that after his first courtly bow, he hesitated, stammered, and his confusion, perhaps, becoming contagious, the cheek and neck of the proud girl glowed crimson as she asked in a low tone if he would enter. The stranger obeyed, uttering something about a long voyage, and want of fresh provision. The sympathies of the old lady were instantly enlisted—she had always loved a sailor, partly from the peculiar circumstances of her life, but more from the loss of her three brave sons. Then the winning smile, and noble bearing of the stranger recalled the recollections of her youth, and restored the channels of almost obliterated memories. We need not say they had their effect on the imagination of Margaret.

The twilight darkened, and yet the stranger lingered—the simple meal was spread upon the table, and he stayed to partake it. Margaret had never looked more beautiful—her usually cold, haughty demeanor had given place to an evident desire to please—she became animated, and even slightly embarrassed as she encountered the admiring looks of the stranger.

During a pause in the conversation, the long, deep roar of the ocean, like the battling of a far off host, came in solemn grandeur on the ear. Margaret, as if awed at the majesty of the sound, raised her head, and said,—

"Hark! do you not hear the sound of the great deep, the voice of many waters? How sublime! how grand is that mysterious chiming of the far-off billows, lifting themselves in their strength as if in contempt at the puny fabrics of man's ambition!"

It is doubtful whether the stranger noted what she said, but he did see the glowing cheek, the animated eye; and the look Margaret encountered on bending her eye to his, fixed her destiny for ever.

The heavy drops of rain began to patter upon the window, and the wail of the wind as it swept by in fitful gusts, warned the stranger it was time to regain his bark ere the fury of the elements and darkness of the night should render it difficult to do so. But we most not stop for details.

The vessel of Raymond Barton remained in the harbor long after the storm had passed away, long after all others had departed. The dark, swarthy-looking sailors seemed to avoid all intercourse with the people on shore, and were constantly seen lounging idly about the rigging, smoking their cigars, listless and inactive.

In the meanwhile the handsome stranger with Margaret by his side, was seen wandering about the picturesque shore, or sailing amongst the gem-like islands that rose from the breast of the ocean. At length strange surmises began to be whispered round; the craft was pronounced a most suspicious looking affair—the stern looking sailors were decided to be exactly fit for dark and bloody deeds; some even began to talk of the propriety of procuring a search warrant.

Then, too, Margaret's wardrobe was replenished with some articles altogether too magnificent to be found on board a common merchantman.

How much the jealousy of the young men of the village, who might naturally be supposed to feel some degree of resentment at beholding the uncommon favour with which the the stranger was treated by the despotic girl, had to do with the reports now current, it is impossible to determine. Certain it is, she had more than once since the appearance of Raymond refused a curl from her head, of which she had formerly been so lavish, and this, too, when the suppliants were bound on a long voyage, and might never return.

Nothing could equal the indignation of Margaret on learning these reports. Yielding to the impulse of her excited feelings, she mentioned them to Raymond. It could not escape her penetration, though she scarcely noticed it at the time, that a shade of anxiety crossed his brow, which was instantly dispelled by an expression of determined daring that accorded better with the general expression of his countenance.

"The dastardly wretches!" he exclaimed, "why don't they come manfully and tell me what they think, and they should search my vessel from binnacle to hold. But I defy their malice, and will lie here till my vessel rots in the harbour, sooner than yield to their suspicions!"

This was too much in accordance with Margaret's own character to fail of its effects; what was her surprise then on looking from her window the next morning, to behold the waters sleeping tranquilly in the early light, and not a solitary mast or sail any where visible on the broad horizon. Whatever were her feelings, she had too much pride, too much native self-control to give them utterance.

If her grandparent even observed the growing paleness of her cheek, or even divined the cause, she never uttered aught concerning it. Indeed, her own growing infirmities made such unwearied demands upon the poor girl's time and strength, that they alone seemed sufficient to account for her altered appearance. Margaret was little likely to complain of any circumstance, that secured her from the prying eyes of her companions. She had no right to expect their sympathy, nor did she desire it. She chose to suffer proudly alone.

At length the sufferings of the aged drew to a close. Poor Margaret wept in solitude over the only earthly friend, who had invariably loved her and all the peculiarities of her character. In the excess of her sorrow she scarcely heeded the lapse of time that brought about the period when she should receive an answer to a letter, dictated by her aged parent, in which she desired an opulent relative to receive the friendless orphan into her family. Alas! Margaret had few accom-

plishments to recommend her, and the letter rather desired her friends to discharge this obligation to the fatherless, on the score of christian duty, more than any merits the poor girl might be supposed to possess.

The response was couched in words as cold as it is possible for language to assume. Even Margaret with all her ambition was shocked at the necessity of incurring so ungracious an obligation. We must pass over the particulars of her departure—All but Hannah, the affectionate, faithful Hannah, pronounced her a cold, heartless girl to leave the home of her childhood with so little regret. Perhaps, as Margaret was constituted she had enjoyed less than her companions supposed—and the circumstances of the last few months had cast a gloom over her whole existence. None knew that the disappearance of Raymond was unexpected to herself. She pronounced his name to no one, not even to Hannah; but the cruel reports respecting him worked like barbed arrows into her very being. It was averred that loud and violent words were heard from the schooner the night of her departure, and some declared they had heard the clashing of arms. Every day as the memories and imaginations of the relaters became more excited the stories became more marvellous.

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We must change the scene now to a splendid saloon in one of the most fashionable streets of New York. At one end of the room was a group of young people collected around a tall, radiant looking girl, who had just risen from the piano. It was Margaret Haines, dressed in some degree conformably to the prevailing mode, but still modified by her own exquisite taste.

At the other end sat an elderly lady and gentleman, who seemed to regard Margaret with uncommon interest.

"Who would have thought," said the lady, "when our poor old aunt desired us to receive her grandchild into our family, we should have received so transcendantly beautiful a creature. She will create a tremendous sensation when we bring her out. Why, when she wrote me, I pictured to myself a long, awkward girl, with red hair, and a freckled face, that we couldn't make any thing out of."

"I told you," said her husband, drily, "that her mother was very beautiful."

"Aye," returned the other complacently, "beautiful for a fisherman's wife, but that you know is very different, and not to be compared with the cultivated beauty of our cities."

A slight look of incredulity passed over the countenance of the gentleman, but he remained silent.

Whether Margaret retained her recollections of the stranger of —— harbour, subsequent events must determine. Certain it is, her wonderful beauty had acquired a more elevated cast, now that suffering had called new and deeper attributes of the mind into activity. The book of knowledge, too, was now opened to her in unstinted measure, and the naturally powerful and unexhausted mind of Margaret seemed to grasp intuitively at what others acquired by a laborious study. She became absorbed in her studies, and had her relative been less ambitious, less eager to launch her upon the whirlpool of fashion, Margaret Haines might have been a being to be loved and worshipped like some far off radiant star in the heavens, instead of becoming as she did, like a meteor, dazzling, indeed, but to go down in the darkness of everlasting night.

We must not dwell upon particulars—we must not tell of the "tremendous sensation" Margaret did create in the circles of fashion; we must not tell of the suitors that aspired to her hand, nor the wealth that was laid at her feet. It is doubtful whether Margaret would have ever blended her destiny with that of another, but for the solicitations of her friends. Often, after the excitement and triumphs of an evening, the proud beauty might be seen in the secrecy of her chamber, with drooping figure, and a countenance indicative of the deepest anguish, her eyes fixed upon a simple ring, that circled her finger. It had been the gift of Raymond. If left to herself Margaret would have felt the utter cruelty of giving her hand at the altar, while her heart remained filled with the image of another. But Ambition was undermining the small remains of principle, and Fashion was steadily moulding her to her own standard of selfishness and hypocrisy.

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A splendid Packet was on the eve of departure for Europe. A crowd of passengers of both sexes were collected upon the deck, watching with absorbed interest the setting sun and the light wind as it gently curled the wave that was about to waft them from the strand. A plain but elegant carriage drove upon the wharf, and a gentleman, apparently an invalid, handed a lady on board. She was closely veiled, but the step, the air, at once betrayed the superb beauty of New York. As she entered the cabin she was observed to start, attempt, ineffectually, to retreat, and then faint in the arms of her companion. It was Margaret, the wife of Mr. Canning—pale as marble, and apparently suffering from some horrible emotion. A general whisper was circulating at the strangeness of the incident.

"Try to compose yourself, Margaret," whispered her husband, tenderly, "you are attracting a great deal of observation."

She started, and opening her eyes she seemed for an instant transfixed by those of a dark-looking stranger, who had been attracted to the spot. Margaret's cheek was observed to assume an even more ashy paleness, but summoning that self-control, that always so remarkably distinguished her, she presented her hand to her husband, and retired to her apartment.

Many were the conjectures as to the cause of the incident; but as the feeble state of her husband's health demanded all her attention, and she seldom appeared in the room appointed for the general intercourse of the passengers, the wonder soon died away.

When the weather was fine she occasionally promenaded the deck, closely veiled, supporting the feeble steps of her husband, who failed with alarming rapidity. At these times she studiously avoided all intercourse with others, and barely raised her eyes, except to look out upon the glorious expanse of waters. Her devotion to her husband now became as much a theme of admiration as her beauty, and every heart sympathised

with the being so beautiful in person and lovely in character—all were ready to weep with her in the trial that so soon awaited her.

Alas! they could not see the heart. Were that laid bare in the human bosom, for every eye to behold, how many should we turn from with loathing and disgust whom we now regard with reverence or admiration.

Mr. Canning was a man splendidly endowed by nature, with a heart, too, of the most delicate sensibilities, and the warmest attachments. That he was first attracted to Margaret by her external beauty we need not deny, but his admiration ripened into the most ardent affection by what he supposed the graces of her mind and heart. A few months intercourse with his wife convinced him that she had deceived him in one cruel particular—that her heart had never been his own, notwithstanding her marriage vow. The murmured words of her slumbers convinced him that the idolized being, who rested upon his bosom, cherished a rival in her heart. Of her integrity, her delicacy and general propriety he could not doubt, but why had she concealed any circumstance so intimately concerning her peace from him! There was the error of Margaret, and most bitterly did she deplore it; she dreaded a moment's solitude with her husband, for then she felt as if his penetrating eye might fathom the secret of her thoughts. It is probable he might have too often *suspected* the current of her thoughts for his own quietude. Yet he never upbraided her, never even sought a confidence she seemed so anxiously to avoid. But the conviction that another occupied the heart of her who had promised at the altar to love but only him, was more than even his spirit, strong and exalted as it was, could support. He felt, and felt truly, it was a cruel hypocrisy; she had made the marriage vow an impious mockery. Margaret saw his saddened smile and sinking health, and felt that her secret was read by the one from whom, of all others, she would wish to conceal it.

There had been a calm of many days—the sails hung idly upon the masts—the creaking of spars, and rattling of shrouds had ceased, and the huge fabric lay motionless upon the waters, scarcely rising in the long swell, more than the breast of a babe in its quiet sleeping. Mr. Canning was evidently approaching the last bourne. He appeared to be sleeping, and Margaret, abandoning her usually selfish reflections, gave herself up to true heart-felt sorrow for the loss she was about to sustain. Her attendant, whom she had sent upon deck for the fresher air, returned, and silently placed a billet in her hand.

Margaret glanced at the incoherent scrawl and turned deadly pale—it read,

MARGARET,

Grant me one interview if you have any compassion upon the being who has always adored you. Believe me when I say, I can explain all.

RAYMOND.

She compressed her lips, and tore it piece by piece—then turning to the pale face of her husband, beheld his eyes sadly fixed upon her.

"Margaret, it is as I suspected; you have never loved me, and the object of your attachment is now on board."

Margaret gasped with horror—her husband tenderly stretched out his arms, and she concealed her tears and agony upon his bosom.

"Do not try to explain, Margaret, I can read all your pride, your ambition—but let that pass—you have tried to promote my happiness, and that, at least, is a virtue—but it was a cruel, cruel sin, my own wife, to conceal that horrible truth from me. May God Almighty forgive you as"—his voice ceased but with a strong effort he closed—"as entirely as I forgive you."

Margaret raised herself from his bosom, and he, whom she had so much wronged, the noble, the generous Canning, lay a corpse before her.

"That horrible dream is accomplished," she cried with the fixed look of despair—"my hypocrisy has sent one of the noblest of hearts down to the grave—I am the murderess of my husband—though guiltless in the eyes of man, before thy searching eye, O God! I feel that I am a vile, guilty murderess."

The remains of Canning were consigned to the deep; and for one brief period Margaret's better feelings seemed likely to prevail. She shed tears of sincere, remorseful sorrow for him whose noble affections she had so illy requited. Bitterly did she feel that he, who was most worthy of her love, was forever removed from it. True he had forgiven her—that was in accordance with the greatness of his character—but a withering conviction pressed upon her, that her sin in the eyes of Jehovah was never to be pardoned. She had made a mockery of one of his holiest of sacraments; she had crushed one of the noblest hearts he had ever created. Her tears were those of remorse rather than repentance. As the workings of her mind assumed a darker and more hopeless hue, the image of Raymond began to intrude itself into her reflections, and she dwelt more frequently upon traits more nearly assimilated to her own, than upon the manliness and virtues of Canning, whose image began even now to grow indistinct and visionary. At this crisis, as if to add the last grain that should preponderate to her ruin, came a letter from Raymond.

It was filled with the most extravagant protestations of attachment, there was a lame attempt to account for the suddenness of his departure from the harbour of ——, and ended by urgently begging an interview, as they were now approaching the shores of Europe and might never meet again.

The pride of Margaret served to retard, though it did not prevent her fall. She shrank from open intercourse with one, who seemed to have been a stranger to all, though she saw with pleasure his elegance of demeanor had installed him a general favorite. Unwilling, however, to abandon all hopes of a future meeting, she thought proper to address him in writing. As the latter is characteristic, and explains some things to which we have only referred, we shall give nearly the whole.

"That your Star has ruled my destiny, I dare not say for good, I will not deny. That I once loved you, and you urge the fact strongly in your letter before me, I will not attempt to conceal—

but that I should continue to do so, notwithstanding your treachery, must be imputed to the weakness of our natures—we cannot cease to love though it may have become our duty to do so—we do not always love those we ought to love, and, alas! we too often fix our affections upon those least worthy of them. Think not, Sir, to gain aught from this confession—I am no longer a child—no more to be duped: no, I can glory in feeling that to you, at least, I have been faithful, though treacherous to others—and more, I feel a strange gratification in knowing that, however lasting may have been an emotion, it is still to be conquered—to be torn up root and branch.

"You speak of my agitation on entering the vessel—a part you construe properly, but a part was the result of circumstances, now become too dreadful to be lightly touched upon.

Years ago, but after our first interview, I had a strange, horrible dream, that I could never forget. It was graven on my memory as with a pen of iron. Thrice did I awake, and thrice was that dreadful vision presented before me. I might, and ought to have been warned by it—but it is now too late!

"Methought I was in a sumptuous cabin, every article of which was painted upon my memory—that a noble looking man, my husband, was turning a last look of expiring, but patient agony, upon me—you were by my side—and I had murdered him from love to you.

"When I entered this vessel everything recalled that dreadful dream. All was the same—all has been accomplished—you are here—I have seen my husband expire, and his last look recalled with fearful distinctness the expression I saw in my dream, the same look of sorrowful forgiveness—and I—I feel in my heart as the murderess of my husband—I never told him the state of my heart, but he more than suspected it—he loved me almost to idolatry, and it was a withering reflection to know it was not returned. I had miscalculated my powers of concealment, and of endurance.

"'Neath the splendid robes of the bridegroom I might have seen his funeral shroud. In pronouncing the marriage vow I sealed his fate, and my own doom was pronounced. For I went there, in the presence of the majesty on high, with a falsehood upon my lips.

"Leave me to my fate, and the reflections that may, perhaps, prove salutary."

* * * * * * *

Here is a lapse of a few years—Margaret and Raymond had met, and their destinies were united. They had travelled through the principal cities of Europe, staying long in the gayest and most fashionable. Everywhere had the voice of adulation reached the ear of Margaret, till she became intoxicated with the voice of flattery and the whirl of pleasure. She more than suspected that he, whom she now dared to call husband, did not travel merely for the gratification of taste—his correspondence seemed to be extensive, and he secretly held intercourse with those whom she rarely if ever met in public. Did he in fact belong to that desperate class of men whom the youth of her native place more than suspected? and was he now opening a more extensive communication with men of a like character abroad, for the sake of greater facility in carrying on their depredations by means of foreign correspondence.

Margaret shuddered at the thought—but she recklessly closed her eyes to the conviction, till it was too palpably forced upon her.

She was again upon the waters. It was a noble barque, of almost fairy construction; so perfect was it in every part—so calculated for speed and safety. Raymond had said it was built expressly for the pleasure of his beautiful bride.

The vessel was steadying onward under a fresh breeze, the alert and well disciplined sailors active at their duty, and the clear notes of a pair of birds singing amongst the branches of some rare exotics, that decorated the cabin of Margaret, were almost as merry as in their native groves. Margaret, habited in a robe of crimson velvet, turned back from the snowy chest, and confined at the waist by a girdle, sparkling with diamonds, was reading, reclined at length upon the sofa. She flung the book aside, and presenting a jewelled finger, called a bird to alight upon it. Both came, and one perched upon her shoulder. As their full notes ceased, she became aware of loud, stern voices, apparently in high altercation upon the deck, where she knew her husband and the officers were engaged at their wine beneath an awning.

"I say," said a harsh voice, you've done nothing since your connection with her—we shall be clean run out."

Another, whom she knew to be the ferocious looking Michael Cox, said,—"Here have two craft, laden with gold, gone by, but my lady's nerves mus'nt be shocked at the clashing of steel and the sight of blood."

Then the loud, stern voice of her husband demanded silence; he spoke in a suppressed voice, and she could'nt distinguish a syllable. The reply of Hopkins, second in command, reached her with horrible distinctness.

"You'd better be rid of her, Raymond; she is far too nice for a Pirate's wife—make her walk the plank—many as fine a woman has done it before her."

Margaret stayed for no more—her determination was taken. Opening a cabinet she seized a pistol, and proceeded to the deck. For one brief moment she stood eyeing the fierce group before her, who were instantly silent at her approach; her high brow, pale with determined courage, her cheek flushed, and her eye kindling with the spirit of daring intrepidity that glowed in her bosom. Her eye quailed not, her hand shook not at the perils that surrounded her, for her nature was strung for the trial.

Raising the pistol, with her finger upon the lock, her lip curling with bitter scorn—"Where is the dastard that dares to speak of my destruction? Let him but name it again, and this shall be his answer,"—and the ball whizzed over the head of Hopkins.

A shout of approbation escaped from the lips of the crew.

"She is worthy to be a pirate's wife—she shall preside in our councils." Margaret waved her hand in token of silence.

"Talk of my walking the plank? I scorn the wretch that dare attempt it; he little knows the nerve there is in a woman's arm. You dare not,

no, you dare not pollute me with a touch of your finger. Woman, as I am, there is not one among ye that can match my courage, aye, or my vengeance either, if ye dare provoke it. I preside at your councils—never; I despise your craven blood-thirsty employment. But I will not live in the way of your booty," she added, with proud scorn.

"Raymond," she continued, her voice sinking to a gentler tone, "I know that what you order will be obeyed. As your wife I ask you to return to port, put me on shore, and I will find my way home, aye, to the home of my childhood," and the proud lip quivered with her woman's weakness.

A murmur arose.

"She will betray us," cried one more daring than the rest.

Raymond sprang to his feet, and a pistol flashed in the light; Margaret with silent majesty, waved her hand, and then placing it upon her heart, she looked solemnly upward—"Never! so help me God!"

"We believe her," shouted they on all sides.

"Will you do as I desire!" said Margaret, with a firm but saddened tone.

Raymond gave a few hurried commands to his crew, and, then followed the haughty steps of his wife to her apartment. No sooner had she reached her room than the revulsion of feeling became tremendous. A fearful gulf seemed to yawn at her feet, and she fainted.

But it is time we should bring the story of a being whose moral attributes were so vacillating, and unlovely to a close. We must return to the Harbor of ——.

In the cottage we have before described, which had now become the dwelling of Hannah, the former friend of Margaret Haines, lay a female of perhaps thirty, who had certainly once been possessed of remarkable beauty, and which appeared to have been marred, less by the operation of time, than the indulgence of strong passions. Indeed, as she lay stretched in the attitude of an invalid, one might be inclined to say,—

"Thou can'st not minister to a mind diseased,"

for it was pretty evident that it was less physical than mental suffering that agitated the lady. Her rich robes and delicate complexion contrasted strongly with the homeliness of everything about her. She was stretched on a low bed, covered with a blue and white kiverlid, as it was here called—made of cotton and wool, the blue being thrown up so as to represent a true-lover's-knot, a favorite pattern amongst the young girls, who usually weave these counterpanes. The coarse, but snow-white tow and linen sheet was turned down, and the folds of the ironing were plainly visible on these as well as the pillow cases of the same texture. Rich shawls, and costly garments were suspended about the apartment, and the fingers of the lady were covered with jewels. It was Margaret, returned to the home of her early days, a disappointed, an irritable, wretched woman. A deep and pervading anguish preyed upon her spirits, and dried up the fountains of life.

A deep groan escaped the lips of the sufferer, and she turned her head from the light—her attendant was instantly at her side, though a better observer would have perceived it less the expression of physical than mental suffering.

"Will you have any thing, Ma'rm? Where is your pain now?"

"Every where," responded the invalid, petulantly.

"Aye, aye, I know what that is," said the other, sinking heavily into her seat; "at the time I had the 'cute rumatis, I was just so; for five weeks it was——"

"Can't you stop that creature's prating?" said Margaret, to her old friend Hannah, who now entered the room—but poor Betsey had got fairly started on this all fruitful subject, and she went on in spite of the interruption. The invalid groaned with the excess of vexation.

"Aye, aye, that was the way with me, groan, groan, and I felt as if it was a deadly sin, for me, a christian woman, to make such ado; but I could not help it——"

"Don't, Betsey, now," said the young woman mildly, "Margaret would like to rest."

"Rest! I should'nt think such groanings, and startings and snappings seemed much like it. She's in an awful state of mind, Hannah Mc Kenney, and it is your duty, and my duty, to warn her faithfully, that her blood be found not on the skirts of our garments. Look at the trappings and gewgaws, the gold and the silver, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the bonnets and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings; the rings, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, the hoods and the veils—as set forth in the prophecy of Isaiah, and say, is not a curse denounced against these things? And how did she come by them, Hannah McKenny? how did she come by them? I am no believer in ghosts and dealings with the spirit of darkness, but a christian woman with my hand upon the Bible—but why——?"

"Don't Betsey," said Hannah entreatingly, "Margaret can't bear this now—wait till she is better."

"No, Hannah McKenny," cried the old woman, rising from her chair, "I must speak, or the very stones would cry out against her; how do you or I know but this sickness is unto death; and can we warn the stiffened corpse? You would cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, but I must lift up my voice, I must cry aloud, and spare not; perchance this backsliding daughter may hear and repent, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon her, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon her. But I say if these things came as they ought to come, why was it that last night, just before the crowing of the cock, when I sat with my Bible in my lap, engaged as a christian woman ought to be engaged, why was it, I say, that strange creepings of the flesh passed over me? I felt my grey hair rise, as it were, upon my head, and these dim eyes saw mysterious shadows upon the wall, aye, and moving about the room—strange voices seemed to come up from the sea, and the long, deep, heavy roar thereof, bore other sounds than the chafing of its own waters? Shrieks and wailings fell upon my ear—I heard the clashing

of arms, and the rattling of shrouds, when the vessels in the Harbor were anchored at too great a distance for a sound from them to be borne to mortal ear."

"Peace your raving," cried Margaret, unable longer to restrain herself, and eyeing both with a look of scorn, for Hannah, imbibing the superstitions of the highly wrought imagination of poor Betsey, had sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Are you, Hannah, such a weak fool as to heed the ravings of that miserable maniac?"

"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness," said Betsey, dropping the tone of enthusiasm she had before assumed, and speaking in a calm and solemn air —"I say, Margaret, that strange rumours respecting you have reached us years ago, and now that you have come amongst us, it may be to die, I warn you to repent, and confess your sins before it be too late." Then tying a handkerchief over her grey locks, she left the dwelling.

Margaret grew more composed after the departure of Betsey, her countenance assumed a gentle and even playful expression, and her voice a silvery tone.

"The old scarecrow fairly frightened you, Hannah, I had thought you were made of sterner stuff—had you seen as much of the world as I have, you would scarcely turn pale at the ravings of a crazy old dolt, like poor Betsey."

"We have never thought Betsey crazy; she is one of the kindest of nurses, except that she will talk a great deal of her own aches, but then she is one of the most devout christians in the parish, and our minister——"

"Hush your nonsense, Hannah," said the other playfully, "that minister of yours seems to be an oracle; I should like to see him, only, I suppose, he would feel bound to warn me much in the style of old Betsey."

"Would you like to see him?" said the other eagerly, "he is not at all like Betsey, but so humble, so meek and prayerful. I wish you would see him, it might help to cure you of your stern, proud ways. O, Margaret, when I see you so proud, and decked as you are, I can scarcely believe you are the same girl that used to wander with me around the white beach and rocky shores, your little bare feet twinkling in the light, and your curly hair dancing in the sunshine. O, Margaret. you are strangely altered."

A pang seemed to contract the face of Margaret, and she turned her head from her companion.

"Do you not sometimes wish you had staid at home, Margaret, and been content to live and die here?"

"Live and die here!" said the other, scornfully, her black eyes and rich complexion eloquent with emotion, "no, never! I have been in the glittering ball room, amongst the wealthy and beautiful, and hundreds have bowed to what they were pleased to call the supremacy of my beauty—I have moved with a proud step in the halls of nobles, and the palaces of kings, and the murmur of admiration has followed me on every side. I have trod the deck of as gallant a ship as ever sailed the ocean, and the eye of the most reckless and daring has quailed beneath my glance, I have held men entranced at the splendor of what they termed beauty, and awed by the power of mind. No, no; I was never made to lead this mushroom life, and I only wonder what strange fantasy it could have been that brought me back here."

While she uttered this with flashing eye, and in a deep, rich tone of voice, Hannah shrank back, awed by her terrible beauty. Strange and fearful thoughts crowded upon her mind, to which she dared not give utterance in the presence of the strange, radiant being before her.

"Margaret, had you spent your life here, you might not have found so many to call you beautiful, and O, Margaret, it is a sad, dangerous thing, but might you not have been more happy, more innocent." Then dropping her voice to a sweet, timid tone, she continued,—"May not what you call a fantasy that prompted you to return, have been, after all, the strivings of the spirit with you, urging you back to virtue, to innocence, and to God? Margaret, slight not the sacred voice—let me entreat you to forget your pride, your vanity, and listen only to the still, small voice of the Spirit, saying, 'return unto me, O, backsliding daughter, and I will have mercy upon thee.'"

"Really, Hannah," said Margaret, "I couldn't have believed you could preach so well—I have listened to that oracle of yours to some purpose."

Shocked at this heartless piece of sarcasm, Hannah burst into tears.

"I can pardon you, Margaret," she said, in a low voice, "but I tremble for you."

Margaret was moved. "It is so long, Hannah, since I have had a spirit like yours to deal with, that I hardly know how to treatit. But, seriously, Hannah, I know that you are right—my soul tells me so. But who is it makes our destiny? I never appointed mine, and why should I be accountable for it? Deeper and stronger feelings were given me than to you, Hannah, and if they have led me astray, I am not the aggressor, but the victim."

"O, no, no," said Hannah, earnestly, "you are all wrong. Margaret, I feel it, but I cannot reason with you. Much has been given you, and much may justly be required. O! Margaret go back with me—do you not see a placid looking matron bending over a bare-footed child, with curly hair, whose eyes are cold, and hands clasped, and do you not hear the murmur of those lips imploring the blessing of God upon its young head, asking for virtue, holiness, and that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

"You will drive me mad, Hannah—the prayer was never answered, and why should it not have been? I was guiltless then——"

"But as you grew in years, Margaret, you forgot to watch as well as pray—and your beauty has been a snare to you: and oh! Margaret, I fear at last you forgot to even pray when Raymond——"

Margaret recoiled as if from the sting of a serpent—"No more, Hannah," she said sternly, "I have already borne too much from you."

A dead silence ensued, and Hannah sat listlessly, parting the soft hair from the forehead of one of her children, who had entered the room, and Margaret had turned to the window,

apparently agitated by deep and painful emotions.

Little more is necessary to be said. Margaret lived many years, and at length died as she had lived—a proud, imperious, wretched woman, seeking sympathy with no one. She seemed chained to the spot of her nativity by some undefined hope, perhaps that of seeing Raymond once more; perhaps he might have promised to return—for she spent the greater part of her time in watching the vessels as they entered and left the harbour, and would often rise ere the dawn of day to scan those that might have come to anchor at night. But, whatever might have been her expectations, she died without their ever having been realized.

Portland, Me.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

PART I.

I.

By a haunted well,
In a lonesome dell,
Sat an earthly sprite complaining;
The earth was young,
And the moon, late hung
In the heavens, was slowly waning.

II.

"Oh! sister fair,
Sweet sprite of air,"
Thus told she her fancied sorrow:
"I long to roam
In thy ether home,
And thy light wing fain would borrow.

III.

"There are brilliant hours
In this world of ours,
A flower is our dewy bath;
On humming birds we
Ride merrily,
'Mid perfume seeking a path.

IV.

"In a nautilus thou
The blue deep shall plough,
With a sea-sprite gallant and gay;
The neries* all night
With their rosiest light,
Shall gladden thee on thy way!

V.

"I will clamber up
To an acorn's cup,
At the topmost branch of yon oak;
Be our trysting there,
Sister in air,"
And she gained the cup as she spoke.

VI.

"I have come to thee
In this broad oak tree,"
A sweet voice murmured low;
"Sweet sister mine,
This wish of thine
Hath ills you may not know:

VII.

"There are terrors dread
Around me spread,
Though I guard me from them well;
But to impart
My secret art
Is forbid by mighty spell!"

VIII.

"Give me thy wings!
Prate not of things
I deem as gossamer light;
In their rainbow hues,
I soon will lose
This brown dark earth to sight."

IX.

The air sprite sighed,
And nought replied
To her sister's rash demand;
But her gay wing doff'd,
And her robe so soft,
Placing them in her hand!

X.

Her wing which made
Of the violets shade,
The earth sprite scorn'd in pride,
And her mantle light
A sunbeam bright,
She careless threw aside.

XI.

Oh! fair to see,
In that giant tree,
Were those sprites in their changed array;
Their kiss was heard
As the chirp of a bird,
When they parted and flew away!

PART II.

I.

Over the earth
With spritely mirth,
Like a glow-worm the air sprite sped,
Then nestled her in
Through the wainscot thin,
Where a poet's couch was spread.

II.

While for a theme
To his soothing dream,
Bright scenes from afar she brought,
And the voice of fame
To that dreamer came,
From that glimpse he slumbering caught.

III

On such an eve
As genii weave
For their high banquetting,
She would dance along like a shooting star,
Only glowing brighter far
O'er the blossoms of flowery spring.*

* Nereis. These insects shine like glow-worms, but with a brighter splendour, so as at night to make the element appear as if on fire all around.

* A very curious phenomenon was observed in Sweden by M. Haggern, lecturer on Natural History. A flash of light darted repeatedly from marigolds and some other flowers. The most intense

IV.

Full many a night
Thus passed the sprite,
And many a smiling morrow;
Undimmed and gay,
From May to May,
With never a thought of sorrow.

V.

For when the year
Grew cold and drear,
And snow-drifts covered the ground,
She wrapped her close in that sunbeam warm,
And heeded not the gloomy storm,
Which howled and whistled round.

VI.

One morning fair
This sprite of air,
On a bubble to sea did float;
Her oar a shred
Of gay gold-thread,
Her awning shade a mote.

VII.

Blithely awhile,
In nature's smile,
She bask'd in her vessel frail,
But the bubble burst,
And the sprite immersed,
'Mid the folds of a nautilus sail.

VIII.

She freed her quick
From her prison thick,
And before its master stood,
While the timid flush
Of her mantling blush,
His noble soul subdued.

IX.

Earth is now old,
But ne'er has been told
A tale of more ardent love,
Than the nautilus king
To the sprite did sing,
Her tender soul to move.

X.

"Come thou with me,
Beneath the sea,
Where dwells our ocean queen;
On wild sea-flowers,
In pearl hung bowers,
'Mid caves of matchless sheen!

XI.

There glowing the light
Refracted bright,
Comes at noontide the ocean through:
And each glimmering star
From its eyry far,
Yields its tribute of beauty too.

XII.

"Have you e'er seen
An Indian screen,
With mother-of-pearl inlaid;
Such are the views
Of countless hues
In that home of the gay mermaid."

XIII.

As the harp of the winds when it low replies
To the passionate prayer which the zephyr sighs,
The air-sprite breathed assent.
One arm he placed
Round her tiny waist,
While one the wild sea-monsters chased,
As down through the deep they went.*

PART III.

I.

Through the arid fields,
Where no raindrop yields,
Its tribute fresh and pure;
Where the sun's fierce blaze
Has never a haze
Its scorching beams to obscure.

II.

Through these realms so wide
The earth sprite hied,
First rushing on buoyant wings:
But languidly
On her pinion free,
Anon was her journeying.

III.

Her pulse, (the vein of a passion flower,
By Flora strung in sportive hour;)
Throbbed faint and slow in the sultry sky:
The amber wreathed round her forehead proud,
Melted away like a sunset cloud,
To the tears in her pensive eye.

IV.

As when through Fancy's misty veil,
We view the fair scenes of a fairy tale,
And brilliant each object there appears,
Yet in Reality's full sun,
The glistening visions, one by one,
Will melt, alas, in tears.

V.

While faint and wan
Still travell'd on
The vainly sorrowing sprite;
Thus spake she—soft
As gales that waft
The spirit of delight.

VI.

"Would I were back on my own green earth,
Slumbering calm on the scented turf,
With the dew from some gentle Naiad's urn
Poured o'er my brow,
So fevered now--
Ah! would I could there return!

VII.

She saw afar,
Near the vesper star,

glass could detect no insect, and it was supposed to be produced by the falling of the pollen on the dry petals, as it was never seen in damp weather, and only in the months of July and August about sunset.

* The nautilus when a storm comes on, or when disturbed, draws in sufficient water to make it specifically heavier than that in which they float and sink to the bottom.—Vide, Encyclopediæ.

A peri* fair to view;
Whom a dive did chase,
For her ruby vase,
Brimming with crystal dew.

VIII.

Nearer they came!
And the breath of flame,
Of that dive was withering;
The startled sprite
Sought to shun his sight,
And urged her fainting wing.

IX.

In vain, in vain!
In his grasp she's ta'en,
And bound by an eye-lash strong,
While in the delay,
Far, far away,
The peri had sped along.

X.

The dive bore the sprite
Through the fields of light,
To the chain that upholds the sun,†
In each link of gold
Sat a demon old,
Who a beauteous peri had won.

XI.

With one sleepless eye,
Guarding wistfully,
Their captives sorrowful,
Who sadly wait,
Till the voice of fate
Calls them back to their ancient rule.

XII.

He hurried her on
Unto Hadez throne.
All around was terrific and dark,
Lighted but by the fire,
Which his vengeful ire
From his eyeball cast spark by spark.

XIII.

"I bring thee, oh! Night,
A rebel sprite,"
Thus the dive unto Hadez said:
"I the culprit found
From her broad realms bound,
In Regret's wide region strayed:"

XIV.

"Presumptuous sprite,
Thy daring flight,"
The demon scowling spoke,
"Merits thy doom
A living tomb
I sentence—and never revoke.

XV.

"Many a child,
Of ambition wild,
From thy race has been brought to me;
I have doomed them each
To be diamonds rich,
In the yellow sands of the sea!"

XVI.

A vivid flash
From beneath his lash,
Pass'd rapidly o'er the sprite.
It vanish'd apace,
And in her place
Shone a diamond dazzling bright.

XVII.

Her mantle late a lucid cloud,
Congealed into a tomb and shroud,
Round her aerial form:
Those drooping wings of Iris-hue,
Confined, yet fluttering shone through,
Varying with colors warm.

XVIII.

"I bind thee with fell
And hateful spell,"
The demon said—"now heed it well;
Envy, ambition, and perjured love,
Its loathsome, venomous power shall prove.

XIX.

"As the bird is lured from his course on high
By the fatal charm in the serpent's eye;
The lover who meets thy baleful gaze,
Shall waver and change with its flickering rays;
The eye that *dwells* on thy lustre gay,
Remorse shall fade with tears away:
The silent music of beauty's smile,
Discordant will glow by thy subtle guile:
And the anguish and crime which thy race will give birth,
Shall be darker and fiercer than aught on earth.

XX.

"But if ever a young and faithful heart,
From love can scorn thy witching art;
And when the sun in refulgence bright,
Rays thee in flashes of living light,
Will spurn thee afar on the sea like a leaf,
Lest the one beloved might have cause for grief—
By the pure devotion of that high deed,
Thou would from my spell be forever freed,
For nothing on earth can so powerful be
As warm, true-hearted constancy!"

The next day's sun
That rose upon,
Dark Gani's* turbid wave,
Saw the earth-sprite
A diamond bright,
Where crafty mullets† bathe.

* The Persian Magii teach that there are two principles governing the universe, one of good and one of evil. That good existed from the beginning, but that evil was created. That these two principles are at constant war with each other, success fluctuating from side to side; which arrangement of things will continue for some thousands of years; when Yezend, the spirit of light and good, to whom belongs the peris will finally conquer, and exterminate Hadez, the spirit of evil and darkness, with his subjects, the dives.

When a dive takes a peri prisoner, he immures her in a cage, which he hangs in the highest trees and lofty places.

Young heroes are according to the annals of these wars, sometimes chosen from among the princes of the east, by the peris, as champions, and meet with most marvellous adventures in the service.

† According to Anaxagoras the sun was anciently supposed to be hung by a chain in the heavens.

* Gani, a diamond stream in the kingdom of Golconda.

† The mullets are proverbial among fishermen for their treachery, whole nets full have often been known to make their escape.

Written for the Lady's Book.

COTTON.

BY A LADY OF TENNESSEE.

Of this invaluable plant, to the cultivation of which so much attention is paid by the people of the southern and south-western States, little is known either in the eastern States, England, or in any other place, except where it enters the market for manufacturing consumption.

The cotton seed is planted about the end of March or beginning of April. After the old stalks have been pulled up and burnt, the ground is prepared much in the same way as for the reception of grain. When planting time begins, the slaves repair to the fields, some with great hamper baskets filled with seed, which they throw in heaps for the use of the droppers, (those who put in the seed) some with ploughs and horses, and others with the coverers. Three hands work to a ridge, the foremost one guides the plough and opens the ridge, the next drops, whilst the third (close in the rear), lightly encloses the seed with a small instrument, called a coverer.

It is now allowed to remain until it appears above ground, when it requires continued tending with the hoe, to keep up the ridges and to destroy the weeds, which would very easily choke it and prevent it from growing.

The stalk grows up straight from the ground, producing first two leaves opposite, small at first and very rough, but they expand until quite large. As the plant grows it continues to bear leaves opposite, but different in shape to the former ones, these being large but crenated, with the under side white and downy, the upper very green and smooth; it continues growing and branching, reaching from three to ten feet in height, (but this entirely depends on the soil and climate) until the end of June when the blossoms appear; these are about the size and shape of the Althea flower, but of a much coarser and tougher texture. Each flower grows on a small short stem issuing from the main stalk, and not from the petals; they open in the morning quite white, but, curious as it may seem, they assume a reddish hue during the night, preserve their new beauty the following day, and on the third contort, and soon wither from the stem, leaving the young bolls distinctly visible where they fell. These, with favorable weather, soon grow of the size, and nearly of the color, of an English walnut when half ripe, but the exterior is smoother, of a brighter green, and has quite a gloss; and there are indentures all around them from the base to the apex. As they come to maturity they blacken and gradually burst between each one of them, exposing to view, in every compartment, the cotton as white as snow and soft like down. Each division of *lock* encloses five or six seeds. When ripe each boll is picked of the cotton, and left on the stem. The same plant has to be picked many times as all the bolls do not come to perfection at once, and a field apparently cleared of the crop on an evening, on the morrow will appear as though a shower of snow had fallen during the night; and in this manner crop picking, which commences in autumn, often lasts till the time of putting in the next year's seed.

The seeds are separated from the down, which is then baled for exportation by means of a machine called a *gin*. Some of these are worked by horse power, others by steam; these seeds contain a quantity of oily matter, which is valuable for burning in lamps: they are considered very nutritious food for cows and swine. The luxuriance of the cotton varies materially according to the soil and climate, even in the same State. Much greater crops are raised in some parts than others. Tennessee, for instance, may be said to have at least three distinct sections of soil. That part east of the Cumberland mountains, is generally barren and unyielding, and not at all calculated for planting; in the centre of the State moderate returns are made in a good season to the planter, for the care and toil of the year past, whilst in the extreme west, (called the western district, including the whole state west of the Tennessee river), the soil is well adapted to the growth of this plant, producing fine crops.

Cotton, like most other things of southern growth, is extremely tender and easily destroyed. It thrives best in a rich, soft, alluvial soil, and requires a hot sun to ripen under; a draught parches it to death, and heavy rains will wash it away; but its greatest enemy is frost, which has the power to injure it when bursting in the boll; a cold night or two will destroy the work of a year, and the disappointed planter frustrated in all his plans and hopes for the coming year, may sit down quietly and calculate his losses and creditors accounts.

South Carolina and Georgia were the great cotton states; now Mississippi and Alabama carry the day, the soil is rich, and most of it new: a great part of it never having echoed to any foot-fall but the red man's. Various tribes still hold possession of both these states, but, doubtless, they like the rest of their unfortunate brethern, will soon be either exterminated or forcibly ejected, and driven over the frontier, there to seek hunting grounds amongst the mountains, by their insatiate and ruthless foe—the white man, whose only law in this, as in similar cases, is that "might makes right."

It is possible that Texas and the southern part of Arkansas will, at some future period, as cotton countries, entirely supersede every other ever known. Tracts already appropiated are said to produce two thousand pounds of seed cotton* to the acre, and require planting but once in three years; the crops of two intervening years growing from the fallen seed.

No person can be arrested in a fair except for debts contractedthere, or promised there to be paid. This is ancient law, opposed to the turpitude of modern legislation, and the villainy of legal practice unrestrained by benevolent legislation.

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* Four pounds of seed cotton are equal to one pound of cotton.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS.

On a very sudden and affecting Death.

Oh, what a victory was here,
Dread tyrant! o'er the mortal part;
Long shall affection's bitter tear
Deplore the triumph of thy dart.

O'er yon pale form a husband bows;
Around, her lovely children grieve;
The church who heard with joy her vows,
The poor she may no more relieve!

And was there then no meaner breast!
Wherein the shaft might entrance found!
Where fewer claims of Nature prest,
Where fewer hearts would feel the wound?

Alas! that bosom now is cold,
So warm, so pure, so good, so kind!
Alas! that thou should'st be so bold,
O, Death! or man should be so blind!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VICTIMS OF PASSION;

A TALE OF THE EAST.

"These shall the Passions wound and tear,
The vultures of the mind."—*Gray.*

"Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years,
With cares and fcares."—*Lord Bacon.*

The celebration of the august and imposing rite of admission to the priesthood of the ancient and venerable order of Seva, had drawn together a crowd of persons from various parts of the southern district of India, to witness the scene in the great temple of the God, in the river-island of Iswara. The ceremony was now over, and the multitude had dispersed. One person still lingered near the altar; it was he who had just assumed the vows of a priest.

Godari was the younger son of a powerful and distinguished officer of the state. If abundant wealth, worldly honor, and high mental endowments could have secured the happiness of their possessor, there had been few whose blessedness had equalled his; but it was the misfortune of Godari to be born with that morbidness of feeling and susceptibility of passion which are the bane of comfort in every condition of existence. The temper of his spirit was moody and intense; he could look on nothing with moderate and healthful impressions: but every emotion which swelled his bosom was splendid ecstacy or bitter grief. The whole chord of his moral sensations was attuned to a key so much higher than that of the persons around him, that the daily intercourse of life caused between them and him an endless jar and discord. The necessary inferiority and unavoidable restraints of childhood, had distressed him with a kind of torture; the playful taunts and sprightly sarcasms of his equals, which others forgot as soon as formed, sank into his mind with a rankling bitterness. So vivid was his own consciousness that he never could escape from it, or view the world in any other relation than as his single friend or enemy; every thing and every person seemed to be always interested in him. He was dowered with all the sensibility, and some of the power of a poet; and the painful instincts of a lofty spirit he had suffered from his youth with a troubled mind. From the high-seasoned banquet of Apician miseries which a temper, fastidious in torments, daily prepared from the occurrences of common life, there was the fascinating refuge of the world of fancy; and thus, feeding on the dream-food of luscious visions, was the appetite of his mind still more diseased.

In addition to the sufficient curse of an oversensitive heart, it happened, unfortunately, that the elder brother of Godari was a person of a nature and disposition the very opposite of his own. Cold, callous, and unfeeling, he took a savage pleasure in tyrannizing over the tenderness of his brother; he hourly vexed his soul with deep and aching insults, and stung him into madness by cruel irritation. The very presence of so uncongenial a spirit, stirred up by a species of magnetic influence a dark strife of struggling passions. His father, also, though kindly natured, was of the world, worldly; he had breathed the petrifying air of a court until his temper had become stern, hard, and inflexible. His son found in his forceful spirit nothing cognate to his gentle wishings. His father put down all romantic and dreamy sentiments as false and noxious; and ardent minds, when they despise or condemn a passion or a principle, often forget to allow for its existence. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising if Godari looked back upon his past life as a dark and distressful memory of woe.

If the overthrow of personal quiet and happiness were the mere result of such exquisite susceptibility as we refer to, light would be the curse of such a portion compared with the whole evil actually wrought. The reaction of such suffering upon the moral frame is the darkest part of all. The sad history of such persons may be briefly written: their sensibility makes them miserable, and their misery makes them wicked. Their life is a truceless war against inward anguish; where others are free to debate principles, or decide on conduct in reference to honor, or justice, or duty, they are absorbed by the consideration of the effect upon the feelings. They dwell ceaselessly on self; for what indeed is genius, in any of its forms, but intense mental selfishness? They desire not to love but to be loved. This racking of the peace of the heart wastes away the moral being, and crushes down the spiritual integrity; the inevitable engrossment of private ends and motives saps the vigor of that virtue whose source and support is self-oblivion. From such intolerable depression the victim of susceptibility takes refuge in an opposite frightful ruthlessness and malignity. The native hunger after sympathy creates a craving in the heart which, if it be not satisfied with love, will deaden its pangs with the narcotic stimulants of abhorrence and fiendish detestation. Thus did the young Godari, a being made for purity and peace, often resile from the softness of human feelings to the ferocious stern-

ness of demoniac hate; and, by the fretting of intemperate kindliness, transformed in feeling "from a slave to an enslaver," he coped in fancy with the actual world, and sitting in his lonely chamber, meditated schemes of power with the tortuous cunning of Satanic malevolence. Soon flinging from himself in imagination all restraints of piety, he sprang suddenly into the endless void of atheism, and felt for a time a high relief from the smothered vehemence of natural feeling. But soon did this idle oscillation of benumbed feeling—this "waste of passion unemployed"—this *life in death*—of lonely and unanswered aspiration—become more grievous than the restraints of truth. He found that the *idea* of an empty universe—an idea that cannot be grasped or grappled with—despotizes over the mind with tyranny far more crushing than that of the thunder-armed God of heaven. He felt that unbounded vacancy annihilates the finite spirit. The suffering of this state of existence drove him back to belief. He became deeply religious, and felt in that sheltering thought, a deep and perfect peace. Passion died away within him; the simple purity of boyhood new-garmented his soul. He found in the calm ardour and exhaustless interest of celestial love a sufficient object for all his aspirations. He had felt, when he thought of mingling in the action of the busy world, that there was no object on earth large enough to fill the wants of his wish; he had felt that all must be embraced or all would be lost: and that impossible striving after universality had made him wretched. Now, the single thought of God was enough to satisfy his wildest hopes.

Religion assures peace to its followers, not by gratifying the passions, but by changing the nature. He who, with dispositions and feelings unaltered, hopes to find in piety a refuge from the griefs and sorrows of the world, will be mistaken. That devotion which is sustained by the natural ardors of the heart, is delusion. Holiness comforts mankind, not by satisfying existent wants or soothing existent griefs, but by withdrawing the sting of irritation from accustomed sources of sorrow, and teaching us to find new pleasure in new feelings. Godari felt happy in cherishing holy thoughts, yet was not the frame of his desires transformed. Such faith might flourish in the calmness of solitude, but there was danger that it might give way in the trials of temptation. Sometimes even in the quietude of his lonely thoughts, his passions rose and overmastered his control, and he relapsed into the wild and intoxicating freedom of defiance. But he soon returned to saner counsels, and felt joyous again in the peacefulness of prayer. The time now drew nigh in which it was necessary for Godari to make choice of some profession; for the ancient laws of that country forbade any to live in idleness. The thought of any worldly enterprise was intolerable to him; he believed that he could not succeed in any profession of that sort, and that the highest success would be ineffably paltry. He therefore chose the priesthood, and after many debates with his father, and many sneers from his brother, it was finally decided that that should be adopted. Let it not be thought that Godari was insincere; he cordially believed all the dogmas of his creed, and earnestly clave to the sentiments which they inspired as the only consolation in life. Still were his wishes but half purged, and his heart but half-illuminated. He looked upon religion rather as a refuge than as a mission; he adhered to it rather for the present happiness which it afforded than by the compulsion of a strong sense of duty. His profession was rather the choice of a refined selfishness than the results of a thorough sacrifice. In fact, the young man had not fully realized what he had undertaken; and it is the misfortune of those who, like himself, are cursed with the possession of imagination, never fairly to realize anything in life. They see nothing through the colourless light of actual life; but a roseate mist of delusion spreads itself around them, and becomes the atmosphere of their minds. To such men there is nothing agreeable in looking within, and dwelling amid the agitation of an unsatisfied heart; therefore, all their thoughts are outward and restless; they exist out of themselves in the creations of the visionary faculty. Fancy, like a coral-working insect, builds up a rich and summer dome around them, which then becomes their being. They are bent to fill up a picture or a story which imagination sketches; they think only of opinion, and never attain the consciousness of their true state until some great calamity—some striking of the great clock of life—suddenly crushes down the net-work tracery of fancy.

The ceremony of his entrance on the priesthood was, as we have said, completed; and none remained in the temple, except the young devotee. There was a gloom and weight upon his spirit which he could neither conquer nor account for; it was not that instinctive foreboding of ill which we sometimes feel, but merely a dullness and ungeniality of feeling. Perhaps it was the natural effect of the fatiguing pomp which he had just passed through: perhaps it was an uneasy feeling produced by the want of sympathy from his family in the course which he had adopted; perhaps it was a shade cast upon the glass of his spirit by the breath of some passing dream—for so small a thing as a forgotten vision of the night has power to colour the substance of our being. It was to overcome, if possible, this "stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief," that Godari remained by the deserted altar. He endeavored to compose his thoughts by pious recollections, and to drive away the dark shadow from his heart.

He presently rose and turned to a room joining the main temple, and separated from it by a hanging curtain. As he approached it he thought he saw the figure of some one standing upon the other side. He withdrew the folds a little without noise, and felt breathed upon his face, a soft, warm and delicious air, "so sweet that the sense ached at it." He paused a moment to inhale the ambrosial smell, and then moving the curtain, beheld the loveliest woman he had ever seen, standing and looking attentively upon a picture hung upon the wall above the curtain. Her countenance was all-roseate with the bloom of splendid intelligence: her complexion was as freshly soft and brightly pure as the dewy tints of a new-born flower; her features were gently proud with the high-born grace of purity and fine recession of a queenly innocence; and with a swan-like majesty,

The mantling spirit of reserve
Fashion'd her neck into a goodly curve.

Her startled glance fell upon the intruder, and then fluctuated with a painful timidness. It was a dove-like eye that seemed a sphered soul; you might have loved and worshipped it apart from its possessor. In the breast of young Godari the bright conflagration of love was kindled in a moment.

It would be difficult to determine which party was the most embarrassed. They both stood bowing towards one another for some time, blushing deeply, and looking on the ground. At length the lady spoke.

"My brother left me here," she said with an agitated voice, "while he has gone to see if we could be permitted to look at the curiosities of the temple." And what a voice! There was a spirit in the sound; the gushing tones seemed angels uttered into immortality: there was a breathing life upon the words that pierced and played upon the hearer's heart.

"Certainly," said Godari, "on any day that the rooms shall be open, they will be infinitely honoured by your presence. To-day, however, they are closed, and no exception of persons is made. Yet to you, I am sure, that even now they will be open. To you I am sure that neither that nor anything else will be denied."

"O, no," said the strange lady, "I cannot think of opposing any of the usual laws. It is not a matter of any consequence," and she was moving away.

"Will you suffer me to bring you word," said Godari, "of the time when the rooms are open?"

The lady bowed.

"And will you promise to come?" said Godari, taking hold of her hand, and looking in her eyes with a supplicating impression, which it was impossible to resist. The lady smiled with an embarrassed air, and looked sideways at him.

"Promise me," continued the lover with the most persuasive accent.

"I will," said the other, half unwillingly, and making her escape at the same time from the room.

Like the dazzling blaze of sunlight, through a cloudy day, making an unconsuming flame of all the air, was the infinite illumination of the passion that blazed forth in the darkling mind of young Godari. In the experience of the spirit, unity is not completeness; individual consciousness is never wholly realized until it embraces with the being of another. As, in bodily feeling, sensation is our only evidence of the existence of the senses, so does the wierd brightness of the soul lie hid in sluggish apathy, until the reaction of another heart hath shot life into its torpid frame; then, roused by the wave-like pulsing of its strength, it rears its giant limbs, and swells its towering crest. Ere sympathy has sprung upon the heart, the spirit seems struggling into being; when first "the mirror of an answering mind" reflects the warmth of the appreciation on the desponding thoughts, then the soul flashes into splendid life. Feeling, indeed might suggest, and those utterances of revealed truth which teach that by fellowship and unity the light of the divine life is cherished, might support the notion that the immortal soul is not a self-breathing essence, incorporate in the frame, but is the mystic union of two lives—an all-hued Iris binding hope to hope.

By love, those aspirations which have been dull and dumb, are quickened by a glorious energy; our darkling ends and aims are tipped by the sunlight of a splendid purpose. Those longings after good which, when the heart would have rayed them toward distant objects, were turned and deadened in itself, are winged with a sweeping, endless flight. Love is a real bliss, with the unreal wideness of a shapeless hope; it is a victory before the war; the lustre of a triumph, unsoiled by the dust of the race. Thenceforth, joy is not an occasional and confined emotion; it is the *state* of the heart; it lies at the source, and mingles with the first fountain of the thoughts, and like a tinted crystal sphering a star-like fire, colours each springing beam of light. The lover breathes an exhaustless air of bliss—floats on an ebbless tide of joy. For all delights, his thoughts are all-sufficient to themselves; and, deep-enriched in sheltering peace, hope resting on the breast of memory, carols its floating chaunt of joy.

As well might a man, by slow-kindling and successive bonfires, attempt to stutter forth the startling glare, whereby the lightning with its one swift flash displays the skies, as a narrator to convey by slow particulars, and cold details of action and impression, the flood-like force of instant love, whereon the soul is floated far from all its moorings. Godari felt as if a fiery minister of life had whirled through his thoughts with the speed of a vollenge, and lighted the dull grief of his heart into a blaze of gladness. He was panting with the agitation of this exciting interview. Whether accident had hitherto prevented his meeting with one whose presence was fitted to disturb his soul with the might of quivering feelings, or whether his proud and jealous temper had felt a lonely joy in turning softness into scorn, certainly never till now had masterless love possessed his being. The sullen cloud that had eclipsed his days rolled away into the distance of long-forgotten years. When the first tumultuous ecstacy had passed, and his calmer mind began to hover about the edges of the one imaged THOUGHT that possessed his memory, that recollection seemed to him a secret treasure which he might visit to refresh his heart and think of with delight in all his troubles, an ever-blooming and still-budding bliss to which his pained soul might turn and sigh away its grief.

Godari had taken the precaution of sending an attendant after the lady to ascertain where she resided, and had resolved on visiting her on the following day. The night was passed by him in tasting the sweetest thing the mental sense can ever know—a lover's fragrant fancies and nectared hopes. Independent on the keen pleasure of these delightful thoughts, the rich relief from the agonizing pressure of the morbid terrors which had weighed upon his being, which was afforded by the absorption of sensibility in an inward subject had been sufficient blessing. The tyranny of externality no longer crushed his freedom; he breathed a regular and unchecked breath. Rid of the spectatored thraldom of his

former slavery, his fancy gamboled in its covert lawns. His scheming heart—for the poet's heart will still be scheming—shaped goodliest scenes of happiness, and incidents of pleasure; he framed a thousand histories of wedded joy, all to be told of his future life. Roaming through all the dizzy worlds of dreamery, companioned by her loveliness, her presence made the blest more blissful. Leaving the young dreamer to his thoughts of pleasantness, let us turn for a while to another scene.

The summer shadows were beginning to length en through the ancient forest which was skirted by the deep and rapid river Caveri, when the young king Goroyen rode through the wood to enjoy the freshness of the rising breezes. This monarch, while yet a boy, had been called to assume the throne of the southern district of India; and was in the habit of compensating himself for the annoying absorptions of business in the morning, by long and solitary rides through the royal forest in the afternoon. It was on the same day that Godari had taken his vows, that the king, after being present at the ceremony, and having returned to his palace to dine, mounted his horse and set out on his usual excursion. The father of Goroyen, who was a man of solitary and meditative disposition, had built a lodge in the heart of the forest and furnished it with the utmost luxury and elegance, as a place of retreat and privacy from the business and bustle of his court. The rooms were arranged every morning by a confidential servant from the palace, but no attendant resided at the house and no one was entrusted by the king with the key. Goroyen visited this place almost every afternoon, and its silence and solitude rendered it a delightful spot for reading or for thought.

The king was riding leisurely along, within sight of this lodge, when he was startled by a wild cry of terror and distress, issuing from beyond a thicket of underwood which concealed the view. The cry was followed by a loud crashing of limbs and rustling of leaves, and the king spurring his horse quickly around the obstructing bushes, beheld with consternation, a young and delicate woman flying with breathless rapidity, and closely pursued by a terrible wild boar. The lady in a few moments sank to the earth, in horror and affright, and the ferocious animal was about to spring upon her, when Goroyen threw himself from his horse, and drawing his sword with inconceivable swiftness, confronted the monster in the full rush of his violence. The boar, suddenly jerking his tusks sideways, inflicted a wound upon Goroyen, and brought him to his knee; then, drawing back, lowered his front and dashed with all his vehemence at his bending foe. Goroyen planted himself firmly upon one knee, threw out his other foot and fixed it against a root, then supporting one end of his sword against his breast with one hand, and directing the blade with the other, was prepared to receive the assailant on the point of his weapon. The animal made one spring; the steel met and clove the centre of his skull: in a moment, he lay dead upon the body of the king.

Goroyen was stunned by the violence with which the enormous creature had leaped upon him; but, soon recovering, extricated himself from the lifeless load that rested upon him, and turned towards the lady whose safety had urged him to this contest, and who still lay where she had fallen, pale and insensible. The first conviction of Goroyen was that she was dead.

Without a moment's delay he raised her lifeless form in his arms, carried her to the lodge which was close at hand, and laid her upon a rich velvet sofa in one of its rooms. He resorted at once to all the modes of restoration which he could think of; he called her, shook her, begged her to come to life; then threw water in her face, and loosened her dress behind, that her returning breath might not be obstructed. Finding that none of these appliances were effectual, he knelt down and looked intently in her face; partly fascinated by her wonderous and peculiar beauty, and partly to see if no signs of vitality were discoverable in her countenance. He then threw himself beside her on the sofa, and clasped her to his bosom in the hope that the warmth of his person might quicken the coldness of her frame. In a little while she heaved a deep sigh, and presently after opened her eyes, and closed them again; she then drew a long and difficult breath, folded Goroyen to her bosom, and muttered—"My brother."

The king, delighted with her restoration, imprinted eager kisses on her cheek. The lady again opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him.

"It is not my brother," said she, but without any surprize or agitation.

"It is one who loves you," replied the other, "with more than a brother's love."

"Are we quite safe?" she asked, gazing intently in the air.

"Entirely."

"Oh, what a horrid scene! a few minutes after you left me, I was hastening home, when a horrid animal sprang out of a thicket, and ran directly towards me. I thought I should have died with terror. I tried to run, but I felt so weak that I could scarcely move. The animal was just upon me, when you, my brother, appeared. Oh! oh! what I felt when I saw you," and she burst into a flood of burning tears.

Goroyen rose from the couch, and kneeling on one knee, watched her blind emotion, without interrupting the natural course of her feelings. He was deeply touched, as well by her beauty as by the interesting exhibition of uncontrollable disturbance. As the violence of her sobs abated, and she grew more composed, he took her hand in his with kindness, and said in an affectionate tone,—

"Well, the danger is now passed; you are entirely safe now."

The lady started, and fixed her eyes in astonishment upon the speaker. The indulgence of her excited feelings in tears had calmed her agitation and recalled her wandering thoughts to the reality of her position. She raised herself up on the sofa and looking wildly round upon the gorgeous furniture of the apartment, exclaimed, "where am I? Who are you? What place is this?" Then looking down to where her falling dress had exposed the exquisite fairness of her bosom, she raised her hand hurriedly to conceal her breast, and blushed like scarlet.

Goroyen was enchanted by the graceful con-

fusion and maiden delicacy of the lovely girl; and pressing her hand gently to his lips, said in a tone of profound respect, "Be assured, madam, that nothing but the eye of the purest and sincerest love has looked upon those charms." The lady blushed more deeply than before.

Goroyen was silent. The stranger, after struggling with her embarrassment, and essaying in vain several times to speak, said in a broken voice, looking upon the ground, "I—I thought it was my brother. I am indebted, to you, I suppose, for my life. How shall I display my gratitude and—and regard?" Then fearing that she had said what she ought not to have done, she hung her head and trembled with perplexity.

"Chiefly," replied the royal wooer, "by assuring me that you are not hurt in the least."

"I am not hurt at all; but—but, cannot I go home?"

"At any moment that you please; yet I shall be most honoured and delighted if you will remain. Listen to me. This place is sacred from all intrusion. Your presence will give me pleasure. If you will stay here a little while, I pledge to you my stainless honour, that nothing shall occur that can possibly embarrass or offend you, and that I will obey your directions in every thing. And, that you may feel yourself protected, put this little dagger in your belt."

As she was extending her hand to receive the weapon, her eye fell upon a little stream of blood creeping slowly along the carpet. She started up, exclaiming with alarm, "You are wounded."

"Not the least; the merest scratch," said Goroyen, who, in the warmth of interest, had forgotten his wound.

But in attempting to raise himself from his knee, the necessary strain upon the sinews of his limb, caused him such acute suffering that he cried out, in spite of himself. Forgetful of his boast, he was fain to crawl to the sofa and stretch himself upon it, with a countenance expressive of extreme pain.

"Does it give you much pain?" said his companion with solicitude.

"Not much, my love," said Goroyen in a kindly tone, at the same time frowning with anguish.

"I will dress it for you," said she.

"My darling!" said Goroyen, in an incredulous tone, "what should you know about dressing wounds? You had better let it alone."

"No, indeed, I can dress it very well. Will you not let me?"

"You may try it, if you like. But you will kill me I am sure."

The lovely chirurgeon began her operations. The congealing blood had caused the dress of the king to be stuck to the flesh, and the removal of it inflicted severe pangs upon the patient. "Oweh! my sweetest!" was the exclamation which the first motion elicited: "Booh! my dearest cherub!" marked the second: "Bah! you loveliest dear!" was roared at the third.

At length the operation was completed. "Do you find yourself better?" asked the successful surgeon.

"Much," replied the king, "and shall be still better if you will do one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Kiss me," said the modest patient.

There was something so frank yet so delicate about the countenance of Goroyen, that he inspired confidence and ease in all who came near him. Though the lineaments of his face could not have disclosed his rank, they would have told you at once that he was a thorough gentleman. The lovely lady seemed to understand in a moment the playful refinement, and unpresuming familiarity of his manner; she only pouted with her pretty lips, and said "I shan't."

"By the by," said she, "I wonder whereabouts we are. Do you know?" And she looked with curiosity about the room. She then walked to the window and looked out. "Good gracious! this is the king's lodge. There is no other building in the forest. I tell you what, the king often rides at this hour, and if he comes and finds us here he will be terribly angry. What shall we do? We had better get out as soon as possible. How in the name of goodness did you get in?"

"There is the key," said Goroyen.

"There are but two persons who ever have that key," said she, looking at him with a certain queerness; "the king and his private servant."

"Might it never occur to you, you perverse little angel! that I was the private servant of the king?"

She paused a moment, and looking keenly at him. "No, no," said she, shaking her head, "you have not the appearance of a servant."

"Then," said Goroyen, smiling kindly towards her, "I must be—"

He stopped and looked enquiringly at her. "The king!" she exclaimed with surprise and awe. An Indian monarch is looked upon as belonging to a superior order of mortals. The colour fled from the lady's cheek, and she bowed with the deepest reverence.

"Nay, nay, my darling!" said Goroyen, "do not tremble at having conquered a king. By my faith, I must renounce my rank, if it deprives me of the privilege of your affections. Come to me," said he. "I told you that you would be an unskilful surgeon; for while you cured one wound, you inflicted a deeper. That wound," he continued, pressing her to his bosom, "only yourself can heal."

Leaving the lovers in the solitude of sacred feeling, let us return to the history of young Godari. The servant whom he had sent after the lady whom he had met so suddenly, and whom the reader has doubtless discovered to be the same whom the king had rescued in the forest, returned with the intelligence that her name was Chatrya—that she resided a little beyond the termination of the forest, and that she belonged to the ancient and honourable tribe of the Samides, the descendants of an old dynasty of kings who had been dethroned ages before by the founder of the present reigning family, and had since lived in entire seclusion, within a separate district, totally disconnected with every other family in the kingdom. Besides the interest of such pure and illustrious blood, there floated around the history and position of this tribe, or family, an air of romance, which far-

ther enfettered the fancy of Godari and made him still more anxious to meet her again.

Two or three days elapsed before the engagements of his office allowed him leisure to leave the temple long enough to visit her. At length, an unoccupied afternoon occurred, and mounting his horse, and obtaining a very precise direction from his servant, he set out towards her residence. In front of the house, above the door, was a little terrace of flowers, upon which a large window opened from the second story. As Godari drew near he recognized the form of Chatrya stooping down to examine one of the flowers. She raised her head and saw him, and instantly retreated within the window. The heart of Godari beat with strange and painful quickness. He almost repented of his enterprize, and actually slackened his pace considerably, to protract the period of meeting. He pictured to himself so vividly the first encounter with the lady, that the scene, with all its pleasing terrors, seemed present before him. "Function was swallowed in surmise, and nothing was, but what was not." He found himself bowing several times in his saddle, in nervous and involuntary rehearsal of the opening act.

He at length gained the porch, and asked if Chatrya was at home. The enquiry was a mere matter of form; without thinking about an answer he was about to enter, when the servant replied that she was not. Godari was thunderstruck. He had seen her himself at the window: and he stood for a moment balancing in his mind between the fact and reply, in confused surprize, and then turned from the door.

A man does not feel while he fancies. The young priest had nearly finished his homeward journey, before his senses had so far pierced the thick mists of imagination as to receive from beyond them, the impressions of disappointment. Still he did not feel aggrieved or vexed; hopes, such as he had scaffolded about his being, were not to be dashed down by so slight a repulse. He imputed the denial to some mistake or accident, and looked forward to his next visit as assuredly successful. That second visit he made a few days after, and met with the same cold refusal. This time, he was stung and irritated. He was convinced that Chatrya must be resolved not to meet him again, for certainly, she might either have appeared or offered some explanation. He rode home in a savage humour, and felt mad and desperate all the evening. From these annoyances of "reality's dark dream" he took refuge in airy visions of success: he imagined himself in her company, happy and beloved, and thus his equanimity was soon restored. Pleasing fancies soon renewed pleasing hopes. He began to think that he had been hasty in his conclusion of failure. It was very probable that Chatrya was really absent from home, at the time of his last visit, and that the case in fact stood where his first repulse had placed it. Dropping that from the consideration, there was no reason whatever to despond or be surprized. He might almost return to the full satisfaction of his first fresh hope. He determined, however, for the sake of bringing matters to a point, that when he called again, he would make an appointment for bringing her to look at the temple, according to her promise, which, till now he had almost forgotten, was the avowed object and pretext of his visits.

Accordingly, after some days, he again took his way through the forest, which afforded the only approach from the temple to the residence of Chatrya. After riding a little way, he fell in with the king. By the established law no one was allowed to pass through that wood except the king, and though the prohibition was not penally enforced, yet as it was known that the king loved to be there alone, all who went through it took care to keep as much as possible out of his way; Godari therefore felt a little awkward in intruding upon him. The priesthood, however, constituted a high elevation in rank, and the family of Godari was so much connected with the court, that there had always existed as much familiarity between himself and the king as was practicable between a subject and his sovereign; these considerations and the affable bearing of the monarch soon set him at ease and they rode on together in familiar conversation. After a little while the king turned to him and said, that he had an appointment at his lodge at that hour which would render it necessary for him to leave his companion; and smiling with a peculiar expression, rode off through a narrow path and left Godari alone. The latter suspected the nature of the engagement, but his own thoughts were too much interested in a similar manner to suffer him to blame the conduct of the king.

A brisk canter soon brought him to the brow of a hill from which there issued a fine spring of water. He stopped his horse to let him drink, and in the silence of the breezeless air, he presently heard a sound of motion among the leaves and branches at a little distance which he at first imputed to a playful squirrel. In a moment, however, he heard the low humming of a sweet human voice, that floated, flake-like, on the yellow air, and seemed the vocal incense of a happy heart. He raised his eyes, and at the bottom of the hill saw his own Chatrya. With one hand she was swinging her bonnet by its string and carrying in the other a choice bunch of flowers. The first impulse of Godari's gladness to spring forward and embrace her, was arrested by a feeling of wonder at her presence in this place, and curiosity to discover the object of her walk. A vague feeling of suspicion, too shadowy to be combatted, and too dark to be forgotten, crept over his mind. He stood motionless till she was out of sight, and then dismounting walked quickly in the direction which she had taken, until he again came up with her. He followed her till they came within view of the royal lodge. The heart of Godari sank within him, and a sense of inexpressible mortification came upon him, as he saw that her steps were directed towards it. She tripped gaily along, as soon as she saw the house, and running up the steps, the door opened to her as to one expected.

Godari leaned against a tree, breathless with dismay. His frame grew rigid with the force of unutterable feelings. Scarcely master of his actions, he walked towards the lodge, and observing a window in one end, accessible by a little effort he climbed noiselessly up, and looked within. In the midst of a room, furnished as became the secret place of royal luxury, on a couch of rich-

est crimson, he saw Goroyen and Chatrya lying in the tenderest embraces of love. He looked for one moment; and in that moment the curdling coldness of a demon's temper crept over his spirit and froze his soul to adamant. It was one of those instants that are epochs in the calendar of the soul, transforming it thenceafter ever. Godari sprang to the ground, another creature. In Chatrya had been "garnered up" his happiest memories, his purest thoughts, his holiest hopes. In her had been hooded all his spiritual being; she was the inner world of loveliness wherein his gentler feelings were sheltered and expanded; her memory was the air his virtues breathed; she was his youthful heart; his stainless mind; she was the flower upon his stalk of life. She was

> ——————"to his soul
> Its soul; was to his fancy its bound world
> In which it lived, and moved; all else beyond
> Darkness. annihilation."

When her idea had been fixed in his thought, it related back through all his life, and absorbed into itself all that was good in all his musings or experience; with her, these perished. As when the autumnal blast whirls through a yellow tree, and what it found a rich and leaf-clad plant, is left a dry and wintry trunk, was the awful desolation wrought in the breast of Godari. He felt no regret or pain: stern and destructive violence of mind devoured all softness. He cursed himself for having been the bubble of a weak and womanish feeling, and the dupe of what now seemed the most trivial passion in the world. Till this moment he had been a boy, begirt with boyhood's self-forming atmosphere of tenderness: but now he waved and whistled down the wind all gentleness of thought, and thrilled with unblenching manhood's steel-nerved force.

Godari felt that he had staked his destiny upon a single cast, and that had gone against him. Henceforth his portion was such selfish gain as, by the onward might of abandoned fury, he could work out for himself. He rode home calm and composed; one might almost say, happy. Feeling in him was crushed and swept away; and feeling is, to a man of sensibility, a source of far more misery than joy, All that system of perception and impression, of which the beating heart is the centre and support, was paralyzed; and his whole consciousness resolved itself into a cold, impassable and scheming intellect. His former susceptibility from opinion, and his relations to others, was gone. His feelings had been wrenched into utter numbness.

Days passed on and the young priest grew sterner and more relentless; for the sources of moral vitality were dried up within him. Religion perished with the softness of his heart; for when impressibility is gone, belief is a dream: we acknowledge and deride or defy. The only passion which burned within him was ambition; and that attached to him, rather from the mental pleasure which intrigue afforded, than from the prospect of grateful desire which success held forth.

To detach the king from Chatrya, revenge as well as restlessness suggested; to marry the king to his own sister, was a purpose following close upon. The first of these objects he saw an easy manner of accomplishing. To the sect of Seva, of which Godari was a priest, it was usual for the king and nobles of the country to be at some time admitted; for the order was honourable, and held forth high promise of favour in a world to come. This was the religion professed by the ancestral family of Goroyen, who had vanquished and exiled the race of Samide kings; and in the oath taken by the king at his admission, there was inserted a promise never to speak to, or sit or eat with any of the tribe of the Samides. It was not usual for the lay members, of this sect, to take the vows till late in life, for they imposed a greater strictness of life, and austerity of conduct than was usually agreeable to the eagerness of youth; some solicitation and management on the part of Godari was therefore necessary, to prevail upon the king to be initiated into this sect. His consent, however, was at length obtained, and he yielded to the wishes of his friend, profoundly ignorant of the existence of the prohibitory clause, which we have spoken of, in the oath.

A day was accordingly appointed for the ceremony to take place, and at the appointed time there assembled in the temple all that the country held of distinguished, beautiful and great. By the private order of the king, a favourable place for viewing the scene was reserved for Chatrya, who, being informed of all the proceedings by Goroyen, looked forward to the event with great curiosity and interest, When she occupied her seat on the anticipated day, her heart beat high with gentle pride and gratified desire: she cherished the delightful thought that she was the sole object of all the affections of that envied personage, upon whom so many admiring eyes in that bright company were fixed. By the identifying doubleness of love, appropriating to herself the silent tribute of regard which was visibly offered to the youthful monarch, she felt, as one mingling unseen among the crowd may feel, the unknown author of an act which all the crowd applauds. Goroyen, meanwhile, went through the successive ceremonies with grace and dignity, and at length arrived at the solemn oath. The high-priest recited the successive clauses, and Goroyen pronounced them after him. When he came to that part in which it was necessary to renounce all connexion and communication with the Samides, the king started with surprize and embarrassment. To repeat those words with that sincerity with which he was performing the entire service, was utterly inconsistent with that relation to Chatrya, which nothing would induce him to renounce; to mar the order of the solemn ceremonies, and break up the assembly by refusing to continue his part, was not to be thought of. His brain grew dizzy with the perplexity; the clearness of his thoughts was confused by the influence of the observant multitude, and the holy and venerable countenance of the officiating hierarch; his head swam round with overpowering disturbance, and he insensibly pronounced the words that divorced him for ever from Chatrya.

The disorder and agitation of mind with which Goroyen sought his chamber, when the services were over, cannot be easily described. Bred

in the strictest integrity of principle, he could not tolerate the idea of violating so sacred an oath; yet, on the other hand, honour and affection, and every impulse of piety, duty and desire, forbade him to desert one upon whom his love would soon entail the cares and sorrows of a mother. He paced his room in distraction of thought, and distress of heart, during the remainder of the day, and meeting with no suggestion that afforded him light or consolation, finally resolved on sending for his friend Godari, to obtain the benefit of his counsel in this difficulty.

Godari listened to his disclosures with gratifying interest: sympathized with him in his distress: pitied his unfortunate position: and pondered profoundly upon the best course to pursue. He showed him that this was a case in which inclination and duty were opposed to one another, and pointed out to him the necessity which always existed of disregarding one's own feelings whenever they were at variance with the dictates of duty. To this principle the well-regulated mind of Goroyen cordially assented; but between the obligation of his oath, and that of his connexion with Chatrya there arose apparently a conflict of equivalent duties. Godari went on to say that as far as the king himself was concerned, the paramount force of his vow was manifest; and that as respected Chatrya, every obligation was performed if by any means her happiness was secured. If, therefore, the king would provide for her all those things which would promote her comfort and enjoyment, he might fairly consider himself as absolved from the duty which rested upon him. This seemed to clear the difficulty very well, and Goroyen was delighted with this satisfactory exposition of the case. His own sufferings occasioned by the separation from the only person whom he loved he threw totally out of view, resolving to cling to the right at all possible events and hazards. He gave directions to Godari to assign the lodge as the residence and property of Chatrya, determining himself never to visit it again; and he placed in his hands a liberal sum of money for her use. Satisfied by his own judgment, and the assurance of the priest that he had performed his duty, he determined to conquer the feeling of attachment which had held him to Chatrya, and as a mean of succeeding more fully in this, to fix them, if possible, on some other object. This state of inclination was exactly that which was required for the effecting of Godari's ambitious intentions. While the affections of the king were hovering, as it were, at large, doubtful upon what to alight, and willing to adopt any object that should present itself, Godari directed one of his creatures to represent delicately to Goroyen that the sister of the former cherished an ardent but concealed attachment for him. Such a representation, when made to a man of kind nature, will almost invariably accomplish its purpose; with one of Goroyen's refined sense of honor, and especially at a time when he was peculiarly susceptible, it was certain of success.

Goroyen was deeply touched by the statement which was made to him, and lost no time in presenting himself to the lady, and offering his hand. The wish to forget Chatrya in the ardour of another pursuit, united with the attractions of the person herself; and in a short period the approaching nuptials of the king were publicly announced.

Let us turn now to the gentle victim of these priestly machinations. Chatrya, with her eyes intently fixed upon the king, sat listening to the oath which he was repeating. The fatal words of separation from herself fell upon her ear without, at first, producing any surprize or emotion. She concluded that she had not heard the words aright, or that something would presently follow to explain or qualify them. She had seen Goroyen the very evening before, and his manner at that time suggested nothing less than an intention of parting from her. As the oath, however, concluded without anything which could relieve her alarm, her heart gradually sank within her; a heaviness crept over her feelings which she could not dissipate. The mere imagination of being alienated from her lover, her only support and comfort, made her sick in spirit. She sank into a dreary reverie, till the heartless noise of the dispersing assembly aroused her to her lonely fears; she had nothing else to do but make her way home, and wait until some intelligence could reach her from the king. A cheerless walk was it for poor Chatrya to reach her home; the gladness of her soul was dead within her; for her, "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower," was gone: the desolate hue of her own thoughts, seemed spread over the landscape, and everything, once bright and genial, seemed now frieze-clothed in dismal gloom. She reached her father's house, and there lingered out the heavy, hungry hours, till the time arrived at which she had been accustomed to meet Goroyen at his lodge. She then set out with something of hope but none of dread, to take that path she had so often trod in gaiety and joy; one who had seen her hasty step would not have thought "how ill was about her heart." She gained the lodge, but it was closed and silent. While she was standing upon the steps in the deep disquietude of her heavy disappointment, she heard a sound of footsteps on the adjoining path, and her bosom heaved with anxious expectation; but a carelessly whistled song which presently smote upon her ears, showed that it was only a passing ploughman. How that whistling jarred upon her feelings! She walked down from the door, and paused in front of the lodge. As she looked up at the building she was sure she saw Goroyen peeping at her from behind one of the curtains. She threw out her hand with delight, and called to him that she saw him plainly enough; but the object did not move, and upon changing her position she perceived that she had been deceived by the shadow cast by one of the trees. The iron of cruel anguish entered into her soul. She walked around the lodge, and into the road which was near it, feeling as if she should fall to the earth. She listened to the dropping of twigs among the leaves, till she seemed as solitary as if she were standing in a desert. Occasionally a dog ran contentedly along, engaging attention as he passed by, and then leaving her more hopelessly alone. But to the griefs and the joys of life Time is alike relentless: and the "cloud of night" descended drearily around her path, "as if she had not sought a lover." She resolved to wait just so many minutes longer, and then, if Goroyen did not appear, to retrace

her steps as she had come. The time was nearly past when a flash of hope was again kindled in her breast. She distinctly heard the tread of a rapid horseman in the forest; she was sure it was the king, and was almost resolved to go home before he came, in order to punish him for his neglect. The sound grew louder and louder, and not a doubt remained in her heart. She walked back to the door of the lodge, sighing for very excess of joy, and picturing the pleasure that soon awaited her. Tracing, in fancy, the scene of their first meeting, she forgot for awhile to observe that the sound of footsteps was no longer audible. Surprised, at length, at the long delay, she paused her breath in sudden alarm to listen for the noise—but nothing was to be heard. She ran back to the road, and "e'en with the very scrutiny of her soul," she listened for his coming. She heard in a moment the faint sound of a horse's hoofs upon the hill which wound along the edge of the forest. It was manifest that the horseman had passed round the wood. She heaved one long and burdened breath, and sank into deep and utter despair. A stone seemed to lie upon her heart. She tried to weep, but could not. Sorrow rested on her spirit with the hopeless weight of guilt.

On the following day Chatrya again came to the lodge, and again returned home, but on the third her strength was not sufficient to bear her from her door. She was soon seized with a violent, malignant fever; she became delirious, and her ravings disclosed the dishonorable connexion with Goroyen. Chastity, among the Samides, was the first of virtues; no pardon was granted, or allowance made for any who erred. The father of Chatrya, a stern and proud hearted man, renounced his daughter at once; the moment that she was sufficiently recovered to walk, he gave her a purse of gold, and turned her from his house. Destroyed in character, ruined in health, broken in spirit, without anything to vary the dull desolation of unpitied desertion, except the stings of regret, and the pangs of conscience, Chatrya went forth from the house of her childhood. Incapable of judging of her course, she wandered on till she reached a cottage, inhabited by a woman, who bore the reputation of a sorceress. She tottered into the house, and sank upon the floor. The hag, who perceived her condition, poured forth a torrent of abusive and irritating language, which wrung Chatrya to the very soul. The old woman was, however, pacified by the sight of gold, and consented to receive the unhappy girl as a lodger. Before long she gave birth to a child, and the companionship of the little creature relieved her sorrows. From him she might hope for sympathy and kindness: she would have something to love, and some one she might care for.

She was one night pressing her infant to her bosom, and shaping some faint plans of future comfort, when her child was seized with one of those sudden difficulties of breathing, which so often assail their tender lives. The mother rose to procure something from another part of the room, and when she again laid her hand upon her child, it no longer breathed. In the silent solitude of midnight she stood a childless woman.

For Chatrya there remained no farther hope; she was stripped of the last promise of consolation; her health forbade her to leave her bed: and she was doomed to lie daily exposed to the taunts of the harsh woman who attended her, and to the goadings of her own tortured mind. Shall it be wondered that her temper gave way, or that her spirit became harsh and malignant? "Distress," says the wise Duke of Newcastle, "sours the mind of even the best of men." There seemed to remain nothing for her but "to curse God and die." From the weary load of despair her only relief was—hate.

Meanwhile, to her road of suffering and shame, Godari had been running his parallel courses of villainy and deceit. He had converted the lodge to his own use, and put the money of the king in his pocket. Farther than to desert her, he cared not to persecute her; leaving it to the ban-dogs of Poverty and Infamy to hunt her down the precipice of woe. Well knowing that to one of her condition, life was agony and circumstance was grief, he dismissed his revengeful thoughts toward her from his memory, and thought no more about her. But his malignant spirit towards the king was not yet exhausted, nor was his ambition yet sufficiently gratified. By the laws of the country none but males were allowed to ascend the throne, and on failure of the blood relations of the reigning king, his male connexions by marriage succeeded. No male relations of Goroyen survived; and it was manifest to Godari that if the queen were now dead without issue, he would himself be the heir presumptive of the throne. To place upon his brow the envied coronet of sovereignty, it was only necessary that the king and queen should cease to live. Accordingly, this remorseless friend and brother resolved speedily to destroy both of them. An accident, ere long, presented a means which promised success.

The king was one day riding alone some distance from the city, when he met a woman in the road, whose miserable appearance so much affected him that he stopped to make some enquiries as to her condition. She was sallow and wrinkled, though apparently not with age; her hair was floating carelessly in the wind; and her tattered garments barely protected her from the cold. Goroyen addressed some questions to her, and his penetrating eye discovered, as he looked more closely at her, that this abject person was no other than the object of his former love—Chatrya.

Shocked at such a result of misery to others from his own conduct, he demanded if she had not received the benefits of the provision which he had directed Godari to make for her, and learned with inexpressible indignation that the malignant priest had intercepted his intended kindness, and left the object of it to perish in desertion. Goroyen explained to Chatrya all the circumstances of the case—spoke to her with kindness and regard—a language that had long ceased to greet her ears—declared to her that his love had never failed, and assured her nothing should hereafter be wanting that should contribute to her happiness.

"It is too late," said Chatrya. "There remains no happiness, and but little time, for me on earth. It is a comfort for me to know that you did not purposely turn me over to neglect and

want. The things of earth no longer interest me, but I will not die until that cold and selfish priest has tasted the dregs of the cup of vengeance."

When Goroyen reached the palace, he sent for Godari.

"I have seen Chatrya," said he, pale with excessive rage. "What have you to say?"

"Simply to enquire," said Godari, coldly, "whether she was as miserable as she deserves to be?"

"You admit, then, the villainy which stands charged against you?" said Goroyen, gasping for breath.

"And only regret," said Godari, "that part of the suffering it produced did not light upon her accursed lover."

"Leave me," roared the king.

The instant that the king had mentioned his having seen Chatrya, Godari knew that he had him in his power. He might defy his vengeance, for an easy calculation of time assured him that he could destroy the king sooner than the king could punish him. The mode which he proposed was briefly this: In the river of Cavery, near to the temple in which he officiated, there was a fall of water above sixty feet in height. On one side of the cascade there rose a huge lip of rock, about eighty feet above the upper bed of the stream. It happened that Godari, in rambling recently among the rocks that stood piled around this eminence, had clambered up to the very summit of the ridge. On the top of the great rock he discovered a crevice or niche, which was open towards the direction in which the stream was flowing, but hidden for a long distance by higher projections, from any observer on the shores. He was standing in this niche and looking down upon the horrid chasm of waters below, when he observed that a little platform of stone, which had been carved out ages before by a superstitionist, upon the lowest level of the water, was directly below a huge piece of rock that lay loose upon the top of the eminence where he stood, and so singularly balanced that a very slight motion would suffice to cast it down. This platform had been used for a long time as a standing-place for persons who were required to bathe their heads in the falling waters of the sacred river Cavery, in expiation of certain crimes, as required by the sect of Seva. The strictness of the order had been so much relaxed of late, that an instance of this sort of purification had not occurred for many years; but Godari as he examined the place could not help remarking, with the fertile invention of a scheming villain, that if any one were standing on that platform, the precipitation of this great stone upon their heads, would be a mode of destroying them, as beautiful as it would be safe and efficacious. Of this "gained knowledge" he now determined to make use for the removal of the King.

As soon, therefore, as he went from his presence, he hastened to the archives of the temple, and took down a volume of the institutes of the religion of Seva. He turned over the leaves until he found a blank space upon one of the places large enough to contain a couple of written sentences. Imitating with admirable skill the chirography, in which the rest of the book was written, he inserted a paragraph to this effect among the rules of the order: That if any King, after taking the oath to abstain from holding any verbal communication with a Samide, should by accident or design hold any conversation with one, he should the moment the fault was discovered, burn incense in the temple for two days, and then, together with his queen, perform the usual ablution on the platform on the Caveri, before transacting any other business. As soon as Godari had finished the writing he took the book, and proceeded to the room of the high priest, and laid the passage before him. He informed him that the king had been holding communication with a woman of the forbidden race: and calling his attention to the peculiarly strong language of the injunction in question, suggested to him the propriety of now putting it in force.

The venerable priest, with a placid smile, read the sentence alluded to by Godari, and applauding the learning of his young friend for discovering a passage in the sacred institutes which he confessed had escaped him, he directed the usual deputation to wait upon the king with an order to appear at the temple. This direction Godari obeyed, with the substitution of sending for going; and having done all that was requisite, retired to his chamber to make his reflections.

"A most fortunate thing, this of the king's meeting with Chatrya!" said he to himself when he was alone. "In the first place it enables me to disappoint both of them in their plan of taking vengeance upon me. In the second place, it gives me a much earlier chance than I should otherwise have had, of sweeping the throne and placing myself upon it. This deputation will soon reach the palace, and from its arrival, all business there is suspended. The only precaution I have to take is to keep clear of all the services of this occasion."

Goroyen gave a respectful reception to the officers, and consented at once to the course which was proposed. He laid aside the intention of proceeding against Godari, until the ceremony was over, and went at once to the temple to commence the burning of incense.

The crisis was now approaching. The third day of the ceremonies, the day appointed for the purification of the king and queen on the platform in the river, had arrived. Before the earliest dawn, Godari had risen and gained the rock which was to be the scene of his operations. He ascertained that the stone, which he was to cast down, would alight directly upon the platform, and that even after it had fallen he would be entirely invisible from all those spots that would probably be occupied by spectators. There was no danger of his being interrupted or discovered, for the elevation in which he was hidden was usually called "The inaccessible;" and as it was directly above the place where the king and queen were to stand, no one would think of occupying it on this occasion. The niche or step on which he stood was pretty narrow, and hung directly over the deepest part of the stream, at a height of an hundred and forty feet. As he supported himself against the sides of the rocks which rose around him, he could just discern, under the bubbled surface of the pool beneath, the sharp top of a yellow rock.

Godari counted the hours in his perilous situation, until the time appointed for the ceremony arrived. At an early period in the day numbers began to collect along the contiguous shores; he heard their movements and their voices. At length a shout from the multitude announced the coming of the royal couple. Godari, by leaning over a little, saw them pass directly under his feet, and gain the platform, where they were again hidden from his view. The time had arrived for the execution of his scheme. He raised his hand to push the huge stone, which was to accomplish his object, when he felt his hair griped by a steel-like hand, that scraped his skull as it gathered his hair in its grasp.

His blood ran cold within him. To bend back his neck sufficiently to see the person who had seized him was impossible, with the certainty of his being precipitated from the ledge. He stood, therefore, motionless.

"It is Chatrya," said a shrill voice above him; and the arm which held him was drawn forward, so as to compel him to look into the abyss beneath. The mind of Godari tottered as he gazed, and his breast seemed to collapse with horror. At that moment the multitude perceived the woman, and all eyes were directed towards her.

"Let the king and the queen leave the platform, and go upon the shore," cried Chatrya; and she was instantly obeyed.

"The priest Godari placed himself here," she continued in a loud voice, while the deepest silence reigned over the crowd, "for the purpose of throwing this rock upon the king," and as she spoke she touched the stone, and it thundered down, and swept the platform away in an instant.

A deeper silence ensued among the multitude—the silence of horror and expectation. It was broken by the voice from the summit of the rock.

"Upon the neglectful lover and the perfidious priest, Chatrya is alike avenged."

Clenching the hair of her victim more firmly in her grasp, she sprang from the rock, and in a moment the ruined pair were buried beneath the waves.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

No sister's kind and gentle tone
Now wakes my heart's responsive start;
With trembling hand to clasp mine own,
Or twine like ivy round my heart.

In youth two cherub beings joy'd
To claim as sisters all my care—
Bright happiness too soon alloy'd,
They died and left me to despair.

Long years have waned since those bright hours,
When Fancy wove her glittering thread,
And Hope entwined her fairest flowers—
Alas! now faded, sear and dead.

Not lengthen'd years nor parents' smiles,
With brothers generous—noble—blest,
Nor wife nor children's potent wiles,
Can e'er efface them from my breast.

An aching void is in my heart—
Of love a shattered, broken chain—
A harp untouched by human art,
Or touched, all silent must remain.

Oh! cherish well, ye favour'd ones,
A sister's pure and holy love,
Uncheck'd by slight or wrong, its tones
Were fitting for the realms above.

A. McM.

ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

No. XV.—*Continued from page* 14.

TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

In the lottery of life, lest dame Fortune beguile,
This great truth we should ever premise,
That although the bright goddess may simper and smile,
She has always—two blanks to a prize.

If a husband you'd take, miss—or you, sir, a wife,
From this maxim divert not your eyes;
For of one and the other, I'll venture my life,
There are more than two blanks to a prize!

If in law you're entangled, why then, silly man,
As a friend give me leave to advise;
Slip your neck from the collar, as fast as you can,
There are fifty—two blanks to a prize!

And if for preferment, you're striving at court,
Or by merit expect you shall rise;
Then your chance is not worth, sir, three-fourths of a groat,
There are ninety—two blanks to a prize!

THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea,
Collin was in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possessed,
His loved—his new made bride,
With head reclined upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet in happy state,
A favorite dog was laid,
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour played.

Clarinda's hand he gently pressed,
And stole a pleasing kiss;
She blush'd, and modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Collin with honest heart elate,
Prayed to benignant Jove,
That it might be allow'd his fate,
Just so to live and love.

"Be this my sum of joys" he cried,
"And if no more be given,
Continue this my fire-side,
I'll praise indulgent heaven."

THE ROSE.

The rose had been washed, lately washed in a shower,
That Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd;
And shaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground!

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking the heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less;
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile:
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps, with a smile."

HOW COLD IT IS.

Now the blustering Boreas blows,
See all the waters round are froze;
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,
All day a mur'mring cry maintain,
The trembling forest hears their moan,
And sadly mingles groan with groan;
How dismal all from east to west!
Heaven defend the poor distressed!
Such is the tale,
On hill and vale;
Each traveller may behold it is;
While low and high,
Are heard to cry,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now slumb'ring Sloth that cannot bear
The question of the searching air,
Lifts up her unkempt head and tries,
But cannot from her bondage rise,
The whilst the housewife briskly throws
Around her wheel, and sweetly shews
The healthful cheek industry brings,
Which is not in the gift of kings.
To her long life,
Devoid of strife,
And justly, too, unfolded is,
The while the Sloth
To stir is loth,
And trembling cries, how cold it is!

Now lisps sir Popling, tender weed!
All shiv'ring like a shaken reed!
How keen the air attacks my back!
John, place some list upon that crack;
Go, sand-bag all the sashes round,
And see there's not an air-hole found—
Ah! bless me: now I feel a breath,
Good lack! 'tis like the chill of death.
Indulgence pale,
Tells this sad tale,
Till he in furs enfolded is,
Still, still complains,
For all his pains,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now the poor newsman from the town,
Explores his path along the down,
His frozen fingers sadly blows,
And still he seeks, and still it snows,
Go, take his paper, Richard go,
And give a dram to make him glow:
This was the cry,
Humanity,
More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal,
When newsmen feel,
All clad in snow, how cold it is.

Humanity, delightful tale!
While we feel the winter gale,
May the cit in ermin'd coat,
Incline the ear to sorrows note;
And where with mis'ry's weight oppress'd,
A fellow sits a shiv'ring guest,
Full ample let his bounty flow,
To soothe the bosom chill'd by woe.
In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is,
O may he give
The means to live,
To those who know how cold it is.

Perhaps some warrior blind and lam'd,
Some tar for independence maim'd—
Consider these, for thee they bore
The loss of limb, and suffer'd more:
O pass them not! or if you do,
I'll sigh to think they fought for you.
Go pity all, but 'bove the rest,
The soldier or the tar distress'd:
Thro' winter's reign,
Relieve their pain,
For what they've done sure bold it is:
Their wants supply,
Whene'er they cry.
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

And now ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Pursue the counsel of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend:
While Winter deals his frost around,
Go face the air, and beat the ground;
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies.
On hill and dale,
Though sharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is;
The blood shall glow,
And sweetly flow,
And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WANDERER'S STORY.

BY A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Oh! smile not at the poor old tunes,
You hear my father play;
He means them not to reach the ears
Of ladies great and gay:
He never touch'd a string before,
He tried it on the street,
When not another way was left
To earn us bread to eat.

You see his eyes have lost their sight—
Yet many a happy day
He's had, e'en since the light of heaven
Was pass'd from him away.
He had my mother's love and care,
Who now has gone to God—
Oh! never o'er the paths of life
A holier being trod!

He had a home—no lovelier one
E'er faced the summer wind—
With fragrant clover fields in front,
And old oak woods behind,
And gardens rich with flowers, whence oft
Would come the sound of bees,
And lull me from my play to sleep
Beneath the loaded trees.

And porches, heaped with vines, which threw
A shadow cool and deep,
And 'midst whose quivering leaves I watch'd
Coy broods of nestlings peep.
There many a basket white we wove,
To fill and sell with flowers,
And none from spring till fall were bought
So eagerly as ours.

And then we had our birth-day walks
Along the rattling brook,
Through which I waded when our trees
Their treasures in it shook;
My mother led my father's steps
Along its low, green side,
To where the willows hung, as if
Its sparkling whirls to hide.

There she would sing us sweet old hymns,
To send our thoughts to dwell
Upon the Spirit that, in love,
Moved e'en through that lone dell;
And she would read about the world,
With its strange, tedious ways,
And, gently sadden'd, pause and talk
Of scenes of better days.

"Our better days!" she then would smile;—
"Are not the present best?
"Oh! if our lives be long, I ask
"No days than these more blest!"
And I, as happy as a babe,
When smiling in a dream;
Meanwhile my water-lily boats
Would pilot down the stream.

She died—and I prayed, too, to die;—
How can a child be won,
Whose sinful heart is well nigh broke,
To say,—"Thy will be done!"
But by her dust, who, through long years,
Had been to him as light,
My father bow'd him still to God,
And own'd his chast'ning right.

Oh! dreary, dreary grew our home!
The garden pales fell down,
The springs were choked with moss and leaves,
The flowers with weeds o'ergrown;
Our fires sent forth no cheerful blaze,
Our books were all unread,
Our whitewash'd walls were dark and dim,
At last we scarce had bread!

And but a twelvemonth passed, when came
Another stroke of doom,—
We two, so friendless and so weak,
Were bidden from our home;
And soon a throng of coarse, rude men,
Who laugh'd, and drank, and swore,
Were, little mindful of our pain,
All crowding round the door.

They sold the chair my mother loved,
With richest damask spread,—
A relic of her father's house,—
She was a lady bred;—
And next, my little curtain'd bed,
So soft, and warm, and white,
By which she heard my evening hymn,
And kiss'd me for good night.

They sold our caskets that were wrought
On islands far away,
And fill'd with coral, red and white,
And shells and feathers gay.
We prized them dearly;—they were gifts
My brother sent to me,
Not long before the fearful storm
When he was drown'd at sea.

They hardly left one household thing,
That in the cot was found;
They sold the very grain, that yet
Scarce peep'd above the ground;
The honey bees that we had kept
Upon the flowers to feed,
E'en they, poor, harmless things were made
To suffer for our need.

The crowd pass'd off, and, oh! we were—
How desolate! how lone!
It was November, yet the fire
Died on the cold hearth-stone.
I shook with fear, and closely clung
Around my father's feet,
And wish'd I had been wrapp'd within
My mother's winding-sheet.

They who have seen their childhood's home
Thus wreck'd, my grief may know—
'Twas well my father could not see,
Else he had sunk with wo:
Piteous it was to see the tears
Fall from his sightless eyes,
Yet still he sigh'd—"God's will is right,—
He is both good and wise!"

'Tis sad to have to hurry by
The sights and noises sweet
Of fields and woods to seek for food
Along the dusty street;
And yet more sad to those who've known
But love since they were born,
To find, at every weary step,
Cold words, and looks of scorn!

I'm growing weaker ev'ry day,
And have been almost wild,
To think what will my father do,
When he has lost his child.
I us'd to hope for woman's years,
To make his burden light;
That ne'er may be, but let me feel
Thy will, O God! is right!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE JOURNEY OF A NIGHT.

The wind whistled through the casement; the sleet rattled on my window, and the fire seemed to glow with increased intensity in the grate, while I sat, "Solitaire," discussing a bottle of old Rhenish, and musing on the follies and frailties of human nature. While I was yet deeply absorbed in meditation, and lost to all external things, a tall, commanding figure stood before me, and, with an austere manner, bade me follow him. At once, without being sensible how I arrived there, I found myself travelling a smooth, grassy path, accompanied by companions apparently my own age; and many of them I recognized as being intimate friends; others were total strangers. We travelled on joyously, taking or receiving little notice of our strange guide, yet following him with an irresistible, and almost unconscious impulse. Presently I discovered—what had not before attracted my notice—that we were ascending a hill; but neither of us took the trouble to inquire where we were going, or the object of our journey. We continued to ascend; and, as we did so, the ground became more uneven and the steep more rugged. Nothing daunted, we toiled till near the summit of the hill; when, on raising my eyes, I saw a high and impenetrable wall, beyond which nothing was visible, save the deep blue sky, which relieved the outline of the massy wall, and the bright green sward from which it rose. Our guide briefly remarked of the enclosure, that "it was a garden, and that from the top of the wall we should be enabled to overlook it." We followed in silence, and were conducted up a flight of steps which led us to a prospect too brilliant for description. It was impossible to calculate the extent of the garden; but, as far as the eye could reach, the most brilliant and beautiful flowers that can be imagined or conceived, met our view. The ground was laid out in parterres of every shape and variety; and nothing could exceed the splendour of the *tout-ensemble*. At equal distances, throughout the garden, we observed wide alleys, leading to the opposite extremity, till lost in the distance; and on either side, each variety of flowers the garden afforded. Our sombre guide permitted us to enjoy the scene for a time, without interruption, when he addressed us as follows:

"Of the alleys you see before you, you have a choice. You are permitted, from this place, to select one; and, after your selection is once made, you have no liberty to change it. From the variety before you, you have power to pluck one flower, and *but one*.—Proceed!"

We immediately took our respective walks, and for a time I was entirely absorbed in the flowers which adorned my path. Presently it occurred to me to look around on my fellow travellers. Some were deeply engaged examining the flowers; others passed on as if they saw them not; some were wrangling for the same flower, and others had already chosen one, and, entranced in its beauties, seemed dead to all around them. A word from our guide recalled me to my senses, and I again proceeded on my way.

As the butterfly leaps from flower to flower, so was my singular journey. Now I stopped to inhale the delightful fragrance of one, now to admire the gorgeous colouring of another, and anon a graceful, drooping, but perfect floweret would catch my eye, and its very loneliness and retirement made it more beautiful in my estimation. But the fear that I might, after making a selection, pine for one more perfect than I had yet seen, often deterred me from plucking those which my heart and reason told me were most worthy my acceptance. Thus I proceeded, rapt in my occupation, till I began to perceive that the flowers were less beautiful and fragrant: they were faded, and their leaves falling. Alas! I discovered too late that I had passed the garden, and lost for ever the chance of obtaining my flower.

My companions soon joined me, and then I perceived that others had procrastinated as well as myself, till the day of grace was passed. This was a momentary relief; for I hoped their society and sympathy would be some compensation. But I soon perceived that I had "counted without my host;" for their disappointment made them morose and sour, and those who were more provident (though rather disposed to laugh at us) were much the most companionable.

When we were all collected, our guide again called our attention to himself. His eye passed over the group, till it rested on those of us who were destitute. "Did I not tell thee," he asked, "that thou mightest pluck one of the flowers which thou hast just returned from viewing!" Faintly we answered in the affirmative. "And is it my fault that ye did not!" he continued. All exclaimed, "No!" A bitter smile gathered on his withered features as he said, "My name is *Fate*—see that you lay not your carelessness and perverseness to my charge. Know ye, sons of men, that those flowers were placed there for your benefit. They have qualities calculated to restore the weary, cheer the sad, and there is a balm in their fragrance that exhilarates and restores the wayworn, lightens the burden it cannot entirely remove, and is a comfort even in the pangs of death. If in the fatigues and exertions you will hereafter be obliged to undergo, you see the others comforted through the same means you refused or neglected to furnish yourselves with, censure yourselves, not Fate!"

Now indeed came the "tug of war." Over hills, rocks, valleys, precipices, and torrents we toiled on unceasingly, and one difficulty was scarcely surmounted ere another presented itself; and it was no small provocation to the flowerless ones, to see their companions cheered and strengthened, and to bear their jeers and scoffs with which they good-humouredly complimented us.

Disconsolate and sullen, I was in the act of swinging myself off a huge rock, when my foothold gave way, and I was precipitated—I knew not where.

* * * * * * *

When I came to myself, I found that I was in my own room and in bed. I had a racking

pain in my head, and on raising my hand, found it bruised and bandaged. On looking around, I saw the empty bottle and glass on my table, and began to have a faint recollection of the evening before.

Ere I recovered, I had ample time to digest my *dream*, and consider my present condition. The first of my journey was youth—the up-hill of life. The garden, the field of matrimony. The flowers, *ladies;* and the alleys, the different walks in life. And we poor luckless wights without the flowers, *old bachelors!!* I must take the hint—almost thirty!

* * * * * * *

My valet-de-chambre says, on entering the room late in the evening, he found me lying on the floor, and, from my position and appearance, had evidently been trying the strength of my head against the grate. So much for the Rhenish.

E. S. R.

A BALL-ROOM SCENE.

FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "LADY ANABETTA."

THE card-room, though not full, contained, as one might say, the chief portion of the manhood of the assembly. Here waited, with commendable patience, papas who had brought daughters; uncles, nieces; elder brothers, very much younger sisters—the middle ages exemplified—and the contiguity of several important noblemen's and gentlemen's seats caused a variation in the different modes of fading and declining of the human species here extant. Here were gentlemen from London, and gentlemen from the country; the former neater and more particular in their attire than probably they were some ten years previously—bearing the attributes of gentlemanly nicety even in their decline and fall. Their gray hair carefully turned, and diverted with dexterous attention over any bald portion which might make the organ of veneration too conspicuous—brushed up to a nicety, yet resting, some chiefly on the merits of a leg or a foot, figure or manner—these being less evanescent qualities than youthfulness of countenance—these gentlemen, from late hours, London air and habits, and frequent out-dinings, fell into the sear and yellow leaf, pale and sodden, a tooth or two minus, and a good deal of address requisite in trimming up whiskers, if whiskers still there were, to set off hollow cheeks.

Then, beside them, in unfeeling contrast, stood the proper fox-hunter, dragged out to the ball after dinner, half asleep; but no matter that. Fine features here bloated out, until all the fine proportions of the once handsome Sir George this, or Mr. that, were lost in the coarse outline now visible; the face getting redder and redder as the hair grew whiter. But to hasten back to the ball-room.

"Dear me!" cried Lady Juliana peeping in, after flirting, in her own happy way, with some half dozen of admirers suitable to her age, for about ten minutes—"dear me, there is Miss De Grey dancing; but not with her cousin. What a pretty creature she is!"

Major De Grey moved up as fast as he could to the door. A tinge of red coloured his pale face as he looked.

"Ah, I see," said he sighingly, "she has found a partner." And he sat down again, with his back to the door, as if he could not look again. After a while, however, he rose, and walked quietly into the other room. The dance had ceased, and Florence was walking to and fro, as others did, leaning on the arm of Sir Cecil Fancourt. Her eyes were bent on the ground. On him the unhappy father dared scarcely look. "She *will* have it so," he said within himself, mournfully, and then went about to seek for Mr. De Grey.

The Major passed through files of pink and white dresses, escaping narrowly the dangers of white satin toes. Once his course, even his sorrowful course, was stopped by a Spanish dance, in which the two foreign sisters moved conspicuous. Eugenie, splendidly attired, looking animated, yet stately; but Adeline dancing with evident languor, and an air almost of petish vexation upon her beautiful sullen face.

Near them sat Mr. De Grey, looking sternly and stedfastly at them both. His eyes almost flashed fire, and he jumped up hastily as his relative came near to him; for Gerald had been an observer of all that had passed since Major De Grey had consigned Florence into his charge. He had witnessed the unexpected and somewhat hurried recognition of his cousin by Sir Cecil Fancourt,—had marked the deep blushing reception of him by Florence,—the happiness of meeting not unmingled with resentment,—the implied reconciliation, with scarcely one word of explanation,—and, with a reluctance for which he could at the moment scarcely account, Mr. De Grey had yielded up his cousin, at her peremptory request, to dance with the gay young baronet. But as Mr. De Grey sat down, with the intention of quietly observing all that was passing before him, and as he followed Florence with his eyes, a sudden recollection darted across him. Surely he had seen Sir Cecil Fancourt before!—yes, it was he!—it was the young gentleman whom he had but a few days since encountered near the wood, and whose deeply enamoured glance, directed towards his lovely companion, now recurred to him: and his blood boiled within him, to speak in vulgar phrase, as he rose, and looked after the confiding Florence, leaning fondly on the arm of one who, as Mr. De Grey conjectured, had had some love passages with another.

He was leaning against a pillar, gazing at the young couple, when a set was formed near him, and a gentleman, with whom he was slightly acquainted, whispered to him—

"Do look at these Mademoiselles de l'Amand—they are the finest women here."

"Yes," returned Mr. De Grey, his brow darkening. "That is certainly the lady!" he muttered to himself; "the villain! shall I expose him!"

Meantime Florence conceived herself to be happy—perfectly happy. Sir Cecil was so overjoyed to see her, poor man! A word or two of explanation on his part, as they hastily rushed into the nearest quadrille set, was quite

enough to satisfy her. He knew he must not call at the Park, although he had been loitering about the neighbourhood on purpose. And then—how little hope had he had of seeing her at a ball! And besides, his being condemned to dance with a young French lady, by Lady Juliana Jekyll, had prevented his observing her.

"But now," said Florence, eagerly, thinking she would overwhelm him with happiness, "I hope all restrictions may be at an end. You will not believe me that I have told my father all—yes, all!"

"Indeed!" replied Sir Cecil, colouring, "was that an act of prudence!"—and a shade of gravity settled for a moment on his animated countenance, as he and his partner, mingling in the dance, were separated for a few minutes.

"Yes," resumed Florence, rejoining him, "I could not bear the duplicity of meeting you without telling papa.—I fear I have done very wrong in keeping our engagement secret from my parents; and I would rather it were broken off altogether than kept any longer from them."

"Certainly!—that is, I mean—but you will not, to please any parents, think of giving me up?" said Sir Cecil, the folly of relinquishing an heiress rushing into his mind, and displacing certain other sentiments which had intruded there. "I trust you will be firm to me, Florence, as you have hitherto been—and think and act for yourself?"

"Yes," answered Florence, vehemently, her spirit aroused by the wily hint of opposition to her wishes thrown out:—"but there will be little need of all that firmness, unless, indeed, mamma opposes, which I don't think she will, —or my cousin Gerald, for he has such influence."

"The gentleman whom I saw with you?" asked Sir Cecil, looking round.

"Oh, yes!—and a stern, formidable, noble creature.—You will hear what he has done for us," she whispered, as the mazes of the dance again brought them together.—"I am to live at the Park all my life: it is to be mine for my lifetime, supposing I marry as my cousin approves. Mine—that is, yours—yours, dear Cecil."

Sir Cecil, from selfishness, a spendthrift, and from nature a libertine, was also from necessity becoming avaricious; and the enjoyment of Grinstead Hall, with its appurtenances, its consequence, and style, was grateful to his worldly spirit: the attractions of Adeline de l'Amand, with which his imagination, for heart he had none, had been heated, were fading rapidly away.

He pressed the hand of Florence as he held it in the dance.—"I am, indeed, the most fortunate of men," he said, with heartfelt sincerity—"that is to say," he added, correcting himself, "I should be fortunate any how with you—with Florence!" he continued, as he drew her gently to a seat, "under any circumstances;—but I know now that I shall not have to ask you to endure privations for *me*—that I shall not be the cause of your comforts in life being diminished. That is a great happiness to me."

What capital diplomatists men are in love matters, and how eager is simple, vain woman to believe them all that is disinterested and high-minded, because they can scatter a little gold-dust upon the surface of that hollow mine of selfishness within their bosoms. For women, acute, and well-judging in other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them: a moral mist rises before their understandings; they become credulous as bigots; and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit, by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seems not only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers, and marry an apprentice at thirty," is next to a proverb. Well-seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex, the result of many friendly confidings in these matters, I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen on such points, than of six-and-thirty; and whilst it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen, and the folly of young girls, the moralist who wishes well to womankind, should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty—the extreme rashness of forty—the next to madness of forty-five.

No wonder, however, in spite of her youth, which in this case we have proved by previous reasoning to be an advantage, no wonder if Florence, flattered and caressed from her infancy by all around her, and scarcely admonished that she was human by any one but "cousin Gerald," was betrayed by her vanity into believing all that Sir Cecil said—in considering him as the most devoted, and most fascinating of men. An opinion in which Mrs. Jeffries fully confirmed her, as she undressed her, when going to bed.

The blind make up for defect of sight, by the accuracy and sensibility of their touch, and by habits of association between the touch, memory, and judgment. Stanley the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and the blind discriminate sounds at a distance with infinitely greater precision than persons who depend on their visual organs. Miss Chambers, a schoolmistress at Nottingham, could discern that two boys were playing in a distant part of the room instead of studying their books, though a person who saw them, and made no use of his ears, could not perceive that they made the smallest noise: and in this way she kept a most orderly school: so Professor Sanderson could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and presently discriminate their sexes by the mere rustling of their clothes. Stanley, and other blind persons, played at cards by delicately pricking them with a pin. A French lady could dance in figure dances, sew tambour, and thread her needle. When a sense is wanted, the other senses are cultivated with care.

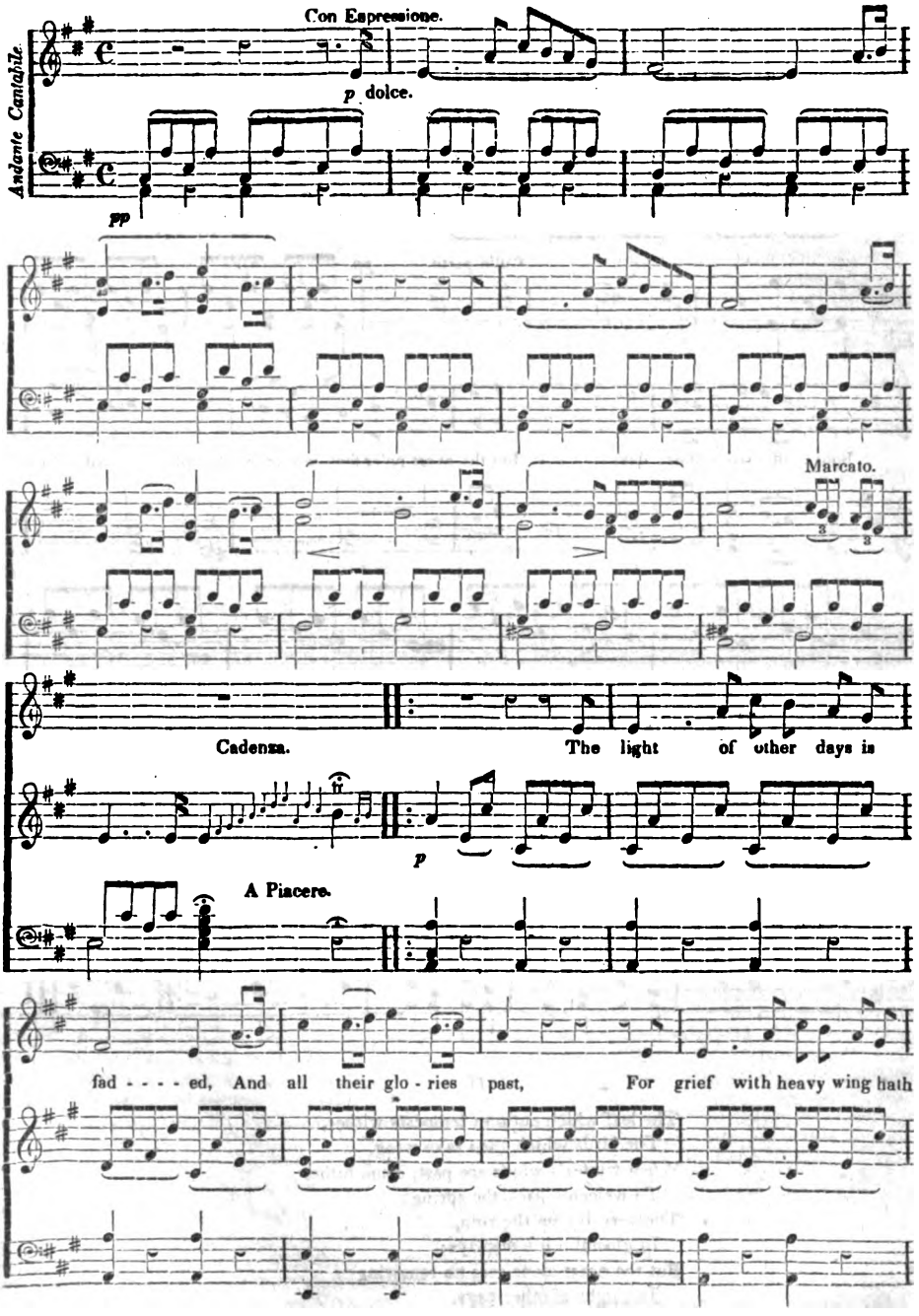
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

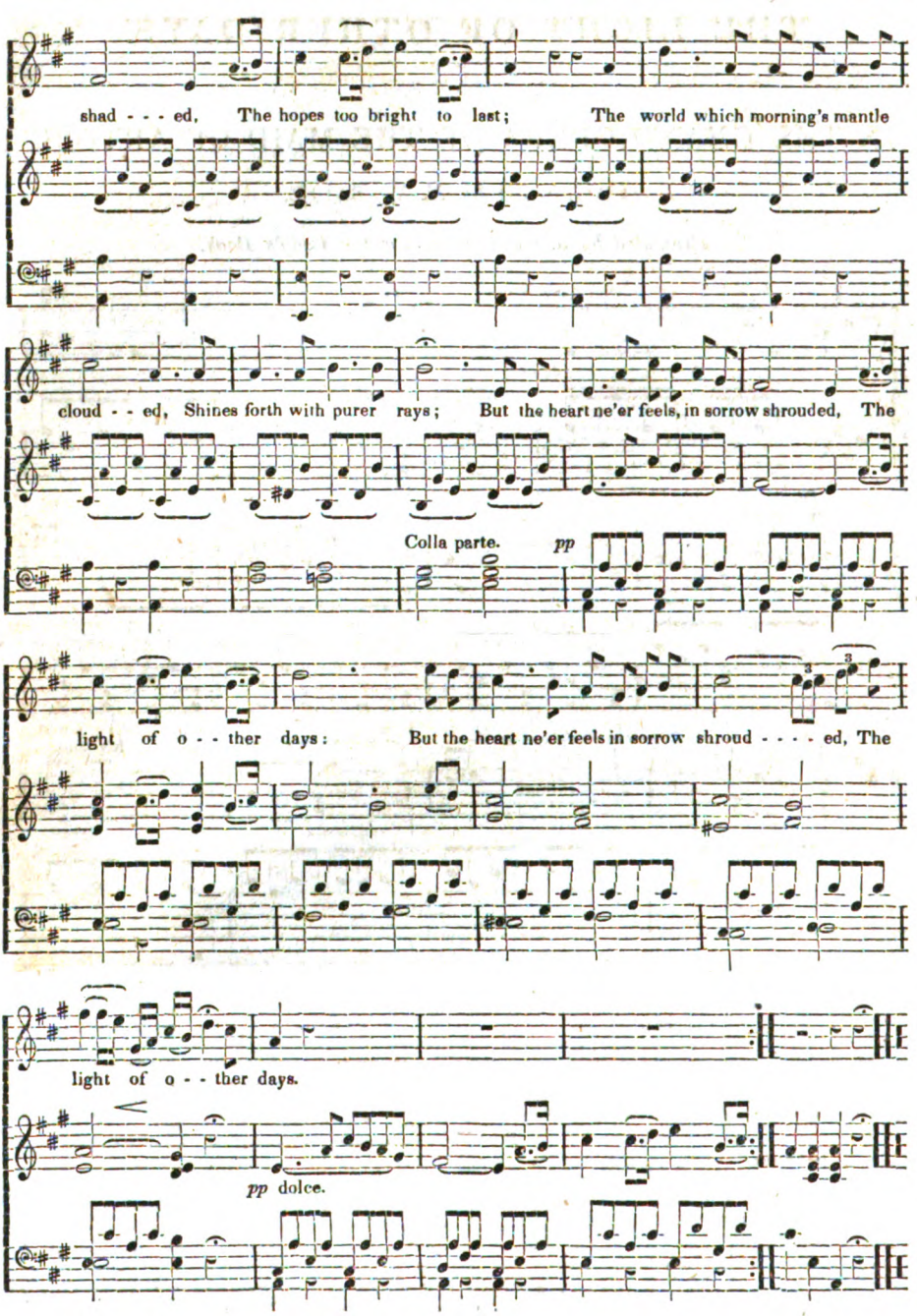
A BALLAD

IN THE GRAND OPERA OF THE MAID OF ARTOIS.

COMPOSED BY M. W. BALFE.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.





II.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloomful life displays:
But the heart alone sees no renewing
The light of other days.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I.

Know ye the earth on which ye tread,
Is a pleasant garden, merrily spread
With fruits of the best, with earliest flowers,
Dimpled with dells and deck'd with bowers—
That the saint, nigh to faint, may rest him there,
And the heart may part with its griefs in prayer,
And taste those draughts of the ravishing love
That flows in bosoms of the blest above?

II.

Know ye the earth so pleasant to-day
Will pass with its fruits and flowers away?
That its best and earliest show in their bloom
The blight of death and decay of the tomb—
And the light so bright to the dazzled eye,
Which gleams and streams on its morning sky,
Will fade as the cloud that twilight sees
Melt from the heavens with evening's breeze—
And the peace which the pilgrim sought to know,
He learns, in his sorrow, is not below?

III.

Know ye there remaineth a Heavenly Rest
For the weary one, and the care-opprest?
That ye need not seek it on earth abroad,
'Tis barren of bliss for the sons of God—
That the saint will faint in its path of care,
And sigh and die, who rests him there;
That above, in bowers
Where the deathless flowers
Of holiness bloom,
No blight of the tomb
Can come—where sparkling rivers of bliss
Murmur on, as the margins of beauty they kiss?

PEACE TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

Peace to our absent friends—within this hall
Of proud festivity and sparkling mirth,
Does not each heart some former hour recall,
And linger fondly on some distant hearth?
Yes, tender memories rest our smiles beneath,
And silently the listening throng attends,
While to my trembling lute I softly breathe
These simple words—peace to our absent friends.

II.

The present rarely satisfies the heart,
'Tis all too bright, too burning in its blaze,
But thought supplies the want—before us start
Scenes of the past, and forms of other days:
Veiled in an indistinct and shadowy light,
Some radiance with their darkest trial blends,
And 'midst companions gifted, gay, and bright,
We gently sigh—peace to our absent friends.

III.

Oh! is our tenderness by theirs repaid,
And do they pine lost moments to regain,
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain?
Yes, doubt it not—though cold and severed long,
Pride to the power of time and distance bends,
Forgotten is the slight—repaired the wrong,—
The heart still sighs—peace to our absent friends.

IV.

And if we feel a fellowship so blest
In the dear communings of earthly love,
How fondly the believing heart must rest
On the bright time when friends shall meet above!
Say, have I saddened ye, gay, thoughtless crowd?
Yes, Nature's voice the force of art transcends,
And ever can I melt the cold and proud
By this soft spell—peace to our absent friends!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

As this month is under the tutelary care of Minerva, according to ancient fable, the goddess of wisdom and the liberal arts, no apology will be needed for urging upon our readers the incalculable advantages resulting from a systematic course of study. One of the pernicious results of the defective system of female education, prevalent among us, is the entire indifference, not to say disgust, at the idea of study, which it leaves on the mind, after it has once been emancipated from the thraldom of school-discipline. The school-girl, having been forced, as is often the case, through a long course of studies, in a very short period, (merely because the teacher of a private institution must promise wonders of intellectual progress, in order to gain reputation for his system, and patrons for his support) is not imbued with the love of learning, but rather the pride of display. She leaves school at an early age, usually by the time she is sixteen, the very period of her life when the mind begins to assume its character, and to reap, in the rapid development of its powers, the fruits of its previous labour and discipline. At such a period of her intellectual progress, the young miss doffs her school habits; and, throwing away her books, emerges at once, from the dull obscurity of the teacher's little world, to the dazzling scenes of fashionable life. Now the giddy round of frivolous pleasures; now the endless paraphernalia of dress, that, chameleon-like, changes its form and hue at the touch of Fashion's magic wand, forbid even memory from recurring to the days of serious study; till the mind, enervated by frivolity, loses the power of abstraction, and sickens at the very mention of *original thought*. In aid of such debilitating influences upon the mind, the indiscriminate and exclusive reading of the fashionable novel, comes in to finish the work.

Such is a brief sketch of what is deemed a polite education for the female sex. And to women, thus trained, the moulding of the minds of the young is necessarily committed. No wonder that the progress of human improvement is slow!

To supply the defects and advance the good inherent in the popular systems of education, there is one essential advantage now in the power of every person. It is *reading; a systematic course of reading*. This is too much neglected by young ladies, upon their retirement from school. We counsel them, each and all, to begin forthwith. For a good and suitable selection of books, we refer them to a catalogue, furnished by Rev. Charles H. Alden, Principal of the Philadelphia High School for "Young Ladies." With a few exceptions, and a few additions, that list (we will, if we have room,

give it a place next month) will be sufficient to furnish the mind with subjects for thought and conversation—for instruction and amusement. The novel-devouring miss may not find all her favourites in the list. We are not prejudiced against works of fiction. But with regard to novels, as well as every other species of writing, judgment and good taste, and discretion, are requisite to make a selection. To pass an indiscriminate and sweeping sentence against all novels, savours more of bigotry than good sense. The imagination needs to be awakened and properly cultivated; and the heart may be impressed with right feelings, and pure and elevated hopes and aims, by the instruction conveyed through the fascinating medium of the novel.

We must learn to distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing; and not argue from one to the other. Poetry has been oftentimes made the pander of vice, and breathed a noxious spirit. But *because of such perversion* of this noblest form of genius, no one thinks of denouncing poetry. Let such writers as the author of "The Linwoods," "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor man," &c., persevere in her holy work of teaching patriotism, justice, and all the sublime and ennobling virtues of humanity, and there will not be so much foundation, in future, for the cavils of the bigoted, or the sneers of the cold and worldly. Let the novelist and the poet, the historian and the essayist consecrate their several gifts to the advancement of the cause of Christian principles and high moral excellence; and literature, in all the diversified forms which it may assume, will claim kindred to the holy office of religion, that of ennobling and purifying the human soul.

And now let us see what we have on hand to make our "Book" that perfect vehicle of instruction and entertainment which it ought to be. But first, we must apologize to our readers for the delay of the two last acts of "Ormond Grosvenor." We could not prepare the MS. in time for this number; it will appear in our next.

We have on hand a "Dramatic Sketch," founded on the story of "Esther," the favoured queen of that great king who reigned from "Judea even unto Ethiopia." A Poem, from an American writer, well known to fame, now travelling in Europe; also an article on "Cornology," from an accomplished lady writer; and sundry other excellent contributions, in prose and verse. The April number will not fail in interest.

Among the variety of periodicals, with which our "table" is covered, are several numbers of a French monthly, published in Paris, under the title of "La Ruche,"—a work designed for the young, and edited by two eminent literary ladies, Madame Belloc and Adelaide Mongolfier. The work is handsomely got up, and the contents are of a high order of literature, in the departments of education and morals. We are reminded by it, of a letter from Mademoiselle Mongolfier, addressed to our countrywoman, Mrs. Phelps, the well-known author of a number of excellent works; among which "The Female Student" holds a high rank. We have been kindly allowed to make a few extracts from the letter in question, which, with pleasure, we shall lay before our readers, premising that these ladies, (Belloc and Mongolfier,) with Madame Guizot, in France, and De Saussure, in Switzerland, are united with the Edgeworths, Somervilles and Marcets, in England; and a constellation of intellectual and noble minded women in America, in efforts to raise and dignify their sex. Mmes. Belloc, and Mongolfier have been successively known to the public as writers in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, authors of "*Buonaparte et la Grecs*," a series of works of education, the "*Corbeille de l'Année*," &c.

After reading the works of foreign travellers in America, of the ignorance and intemperance of our women, and that there are but one or two in the country who can have any pretensions to literature, it is, at least, something to our wounded pride to find that by one of the first French writers of the age, American women are held in high estimation. We also heartily concur with the distinguished French lady, in her sentiments upon the *duties* of *women*, as being of paramount importance to their rights; inasmuch as it is better to *suffer wrong* than to do wrong. And it should also be observed, that enlightened women, so far from pleading for any *rights* which would tend to dissolve social ties, (as is done by some of their *soi-disans* apostles) only ask for light and knowledge that they may be able to fulfil their duties, as wives, mothers and members of society. But we will proceed to the letter.

"I avail myself, my dear madam, of this opportunity of acknowledging the reception of your works, for which the only adequate thanks are, the assurance that both Madame Belloc and myself derive from them strength and assistance in the task which we have undertaken of enlightening the young. Thanks to you, my dear madam, thanks to your well beloved sister, we feel emboldened in our attempts to undertake, in our country, the high mission which you both fulfil so nobly in yours. We have not attempted to popularize in our France your excellent works from which we have derived so much advantage. We dare not yet translate them, because *they go directly to the point*; to enlighten the intellect, to elevate the soul. Some of the expressions in the introduction to your natural philosophy appear as if actually addressed to our young girls, for most of them wish to be, and their parents wish them to be '*weak minded and superficial*.' We are trying to elevate the little bees of the hive (*la petite abeilles de la Ruche*) to better thoughts.

"But I have much need, my dear madam, often to refresh myself at the fountain of your faith, and that of Mrs. Willard; to encourage myself with your hopes of the future—even for this side of life, of an improved future. In this you have acquired the right to believe by your arduous, courageous and successful efforts.

"It is in *educating the women of your country that its future is prepared; it is by this that a land will be purified, where the men are too much absorbed by material interests.* The intellectual life of America seems to have passed into the souls of the women. It is remarkable that M. De Toqueville, in his late work on your country, should not have noticed this, but have passed in silence the women of America, and their education.

"You ask me if there has, of late, appeared any work on the '*Duties of Women;*'—alas, my dear madam, in our bold attempts for the perfection of society, there has been most unfortunately an exclusive regard to the 'Rights of Women.' The ridiculous and disgusting ideas advanced by the *soi-disans apostles* of women, have prejudiced their holy cause. I am anxious that you should complete your work on this subject. For myself, I feel a deep conviction that the more strongly our duties are enforced—the more definitely and rigorously they are marked out,—the closer we shall adhere to them, and the better our rights will be understood and acknowledged. But ideas of a very different kind prevail in the miserable and ephemeral writings which have of late appeared on the "'Rights of Women.'"

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ORMOND GROSVENOR.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. HALE.

Continued from page 53.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Marion's Camp. A rude scene in the interior of the country, rocks, woods, &c.*

[*Enter Trask and Simmons.*]

Trask. And so General Marion has permitted that British officer to spy out the nakedness of your camp, and learn that you dine on potatoes?

Simmons. He could not do otherwise, unless he had refused to treat concerning the prisoners. To be sure, he need not have invited him to dinner, but hospitality is the religion of a Carolinian; he always welcomes his guests to the best; and potatoes were all our General had to offer.

Trask. Well, now in New England, we manage differently. We do things handsomely, or not at all.

Simmons. That is to say, gratify your own pride, rather than entertain your friends for their happiness.

Trask. Not so, sir. It is to gratify our friends, by the observance of that respect to which we consider them entitled, and we rather omit the feast than the respect. Now, with regard to this British officer, had he visited our encampment at the north, every thing would have been put in the best possible order, the soldiers drilled to look decently, or sent out of sight; and the lack of a dinner politely excused as not being in season.

Simmons. That's what I call hypocrisy; and never yet was a Carolinian a hypocrite. We speak as we think, and appear what we are on all occasions.

Trask. And that's what I call fool-hardiness. Do you think, sir, that when the brave old patriot, General Putnam, kept post at Princeton, and had not so many men fit for duty as he had miles of frontier to guard, that he would have been wise had he permitted the British at Brunswick to learn his strength, or I should say, his weakness? I say, that stratagems are necessary and wise.

Simmons. In war, I grant they may be permitted; but in peace, or on parole, every thing should be undisguised and aboveboard. This managing system is characteristic of Yankees, as I have observed.

Trask. And disliked, I suppose. Well, we all have our faults; not that I mean to call your hospitality a fault. I have been in your state about, let me see, eighteen months, and in all my letters to my uncle, Bartholomew Trask, Esquire, I have mentioned your hospitality with praise.

Simmons. And our courage—what did you say of that?

Trask. I have commended it warmly in my letters.

Simmons. And our patriotism?

Trask. I have named it respectfully in my letters.

Simmons. Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Trask? You know I can't write.

Trask. I know no such thing, Mr. Simmons. And allow me to say, it is such misapprehensions on both sides which makes all, or nearly all the hard feelings between us. Come, now let us see in what points we can agree, you representing the south and I the north. We both love liberty and our country.

Simmons. Yes.

Trask. We hate kings and oppressors.

Simmons. Yes, yes.

Trask. We wish to make America the first, and best, and mightiest nation in the world.

Simmons. Yes, that we do, and we will yet accomplish our wishes.

Trask. We believe the Bible, and worship God, and uphold freedom of conscience in all men.

Simmons. Yes, yes—we all hold to religious liberty.

Trask. And to sum up the whole matter in a few words, we are all republicans and Christians. We all uphold the freedom and independence of America, and the authority of congress—in these things we agree.

Simmons. There is one other point, Mr. Trask, in which we agree. We both like to have our own way.

Trask. Ay, that's the rub I was coming to. That is the agreement which makes all our disagreement. Now, it is the opinion of my old uncle, and he is a very shrewd man, uncle Bartholomew is, that this war is permitted by an over-ruling and wise Providence, not only to make America free, but as all the states must unite to carry it on, we shall become, in a good measure, one people; and thus we shall remain for ever. All our perils will be shared together, and our glories must be enjoyed together. We shall have but *one* Washington.

Simmons. True, very true. And your old Massachusetts has done bravely.

Trask. And so has South Carolina. And like brothers, shoulder to shoulder, we will go on through this war, and then like brothers, hand in hand, will we proceed in the march of improvement.

[*Enter Kinlock.*]

Kinlock. That is a noble sentiment; it would sound well for a toast at a patriotic dinner.

Trask. I am glad you think so, Mr. Kinlock. I am proud of your good opinion, and I have always flattered myself that I had a talent for preparing toasts. But when do we march?

Kinlock. Whenever a chance of annoying the enemy offers. Our General never waits for ceremony nor preparation. Every soldier must hold himself equipped to ride at a half-hour's warning. You recollect what the song says, "Ready—all ready,"—that is the motto of our troop.

Trask. An excellent song it is too. What if we sing it now to pass the time. This idle kind of life is apt to make me stupid as a Turk. Nothing so surely gives an active man the horrors, as too much leisure.

Kinlock. I am thinking that you will not complain of idleness much longer. I saw the General just now, as I came along; he was standing thus, in his best military position, his hand on the hilt of his sword, and his face wearing one of those stern looks he puts on, when he shouts, "Forward boys! Charge!" He was planning some attack, I presume.

Simmons. Well, I shall rejoice to be in the saddle once more. I'm "ready, all ready."

Trask. You sing that song capitally, in my opinion, Mr. Simmons. Come, now begin, sing the first part, and Kinlock and I will follow.

SONG.

I.

Simmons.—Arm, arm for the battle—Invasion has come,
His shadow has darkened our soil—
Trask & K.—We're ready—all ready! our sword shall strike home,
Ere the robber has gathered his spoil.

II.

Simmons.—Arm, arm for the battle—'tis liberty calls,
The tyrants are leagued as her foe—
T. & K.—We're ready—all ready! our hearts are her walls,
Which tyrants will never o'erthrow.

III.

Simmons.—Arm, arm for the battle—our children and wives
Are shrinking with terrors oppressed—
T. & K.—We're ready—all ready! and pledged are our lives,
That these dear ones in safety shall rest.

IV.

Simmons.—Arm, arm for the battle!—and cowards may fly,—
The foe, like a torrent sweeps on—
T. & K.—We're ready—all ready! we'll shout ere we die
Hurrah! for the battle is won.

[*Enter a Countryman.*]

Simmons. Hollo! there—stand! Your business?

Countryman. I bring tidings to General Marion. A party of British and tories are intending to surprise him to-morrow morning.

Kinlock. Ha! ha! ha!—Why Marion will surprise them to-night. There 'll be work for us, and we must look to our arms and horses. Come along, man, and I'll show you the General. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Same scene continued.*

[*Enter Marion, Grosvenor, Sullivan, Trask, Simmons, Kinlock, and other riflemen, all armed.*]

Marion. Friends,—fellow-soldiers, we again have heard
The threats of our proud enemies—they come,
Boasting to sweep us, like the chaff, away.
Shall we yield? Shall we lie down like dogs beneath
The keeper's lash? Then shall we well deserve
The ruin, the disgrace that must ensue.
Ne'er dream submission can appease our foes;
We shall be conquered rebels, and they 'll fear
The spirit of liberty may rouse again:
And therefore will they bind us with strong chains,
New cords, green withes, like those that Samson bound;
And we, alas! shall have been shorn and weak,
On folly's lap, if we yield up our freedom.
'Tis only *this* makes man invincible.
Why, they will call us bondmen, parcel out
Our lands to those who plunder us, and set
The murderers of our brethren as our judges.
Tarleton, or Rawdon will be governor!
And will ye bow to these? Yes, ye must bow;
An army will at their nod, and spies
Will watch your steps, steal to your social hearth,
As the old Serpent to the ear of Eve,
And tempt you to the utterance of sad thoughts;
Note the unwary speech and call it treason.
A word, a look will be arraigned, and thus,
Beneath the sway of tyranny's suspicion,
Our best and worthiest citizens will fall.
And those who 'scape the fury of the storm,
Upraised to tear the roots of freedom's tree
Quite from the soil where our forefathers set
The holy plant—how nurtured with their blood,
Dew'd by their tears and sheltered by their arms,
Ye know full well—but those who 'scape the storm,
Will live down-trodden as the veriest slave
That toils on Barbary's coast. And all the land,
Our lovely native land, where peace should dwell,
Will sigh and groan by reason of oppression.
O, never shall my eyes behold this scene!
My strength, heart, life, I give these to my country,
When she sinks I will die! And now, my friends,
Will ye when chains are clanking in your ears,
And in your hands your trusty swords are grasped,
Bear the reproach—"It was our cowardice,
Which left this land, this glorious land to perish."

Soldiers (all speak). Never! no, never! We'll conquer, or we'll die!

Marion. Then, brave friends, draw your swords, and before God
We'll form the emblem of our holy Union.
Point with your blades to heaven, the throne of Him
Who made man free. Now, swear you never will,

Howe'er beset by danger, pressed with want,
Or tempted by fair promises or gold,
Relinquish your resistance, till the foe
Is driven from out our borders, and, with peace,
Freedom and independence are achieved.
Soldiers (*all speak*). We swear!
Marion (*after a pause*). 'Tis registered on high;
And be the wretch who violates his oath,
Accursed from off the earth.
Soldiers. Amen! Amen!
Marion. And now, my friends, retire and seek repose;
The space is brief—we knock at Tarleton's tent,
And wake him to the strife, ere morning dawns
To light him on his path to seize our post.
In one short hour be ready for the signal.
Simmons. Good! We'll see how the British like surprises. [*Exit soldiers.*
Marion (*to Grosvenor and Sullivan*). For you, young friends, who at this hour of peril,
Have brought the freeman's offering, true hearts
And trusty swords to the service of your country,
I thank you—can I more? from my full heart.
Sullivan. We have not yet deserved such thanks; to share them,
Seems as an earnest of our future deeds.
Might these accord with our desires, we'd pledge
Freedom to every slave on earth.
Marion (*taking their hands*).—O! 'tis a joy, beyond the power of words,
To mark the generous spirit, bursting forth,
Of men, of brothers banded for their rights.
We have an aim, the glorious aim to found
A free republic, where, beneath the sway
Of mild and equal laws, framed by themselves,
Our people may dwell, and own no lord but God.
Oh! what a consummation will be gained,
When democratic principles shall be
Embodied in a government of laws;
And justice hold the scale 'tween man and man.
Then individual enterprise shall tend
To general prosperity; where all
Reap as they sow, each feels the stimulus
That elevates the mind to its full growth.
A government, on freedom's basis built,
Has, in all ages, been the theme of song,
And the desire of all the wise and good.
For this the Grecian patriots fought, for this
The noblest Roman died. Shall I go on?
Name Tell, and Hampden, and our Washington?
The hero, whom high heaven raised up to show
How war with righteousness might be allied,
The conqueror with the Christian? And how man
In blessing others finds his highest fame.
In the grand army of the excellent,
Who spurn oppression, you are now enrolled.
Grosvenor. Our banners bear proud names. Would we might be
Worthy the cause in which we gladly join.
Marion. Yes, in this cause we will move on with joy
To the battle and the charge, like honoured champions,
For human rights, for country, and for God.
Sullivan. And for the Union, that with gentle ties
Fraternal binds our destinies in one,
And gives me here a right to share your toils,
For this my thanks is given.
Marion. Ay, 'tis a thought
To kindle up the soul with patriot fire;
It stamps "Invincible!" upon the name
"American!"—In union is our strength,
And life, and future triumphs—and proud rank.
This blessed Union foils the British power,
Bears up 'gainst every adverse stroke of fate;
Our pleasant cities, yea, our state may lie
Despoiled and crushed beneath the oppressor's heel,
But while our brethren of the distant north,
Shout to our cry, and buckle on their swords,
We know the cause of freedom must prevail;
And we are nerved to dare the deadliest strife,
And, harder still, to wrestle with ourselves,
Subdue our appetites and curb our rage
For private wrongs, and to the public weal
Bend every thought and purpose, hope and prayer.
But I must leave you now, the soldier's cares
Allows to friendly converse little time
When duty summons to the field.—Our troop
Must be in motion soon. [*Exit Marion.*
Sullivan. We are companions, Grosvenor, with a hero.
The splendid visions of my youthful world,
When o'er the classic page I paused, and pictured
The heroes poets have described, would fade;
I never could embody their proud virtues,
That scorned all common things and useful toils
And all the mass of humble human life
As quite beneath their notice, with our times;
—These prudent, plodding, penny-saving times;
And oft I sighed and said—"'tis all ideal!"
But now we feel and breathe the atmosphere
Of godlike thoughts—and how they lift the mind
Up from the grovelling world of *self*, and show
The bright, broad universe of generous love,
Which man has the capacity to grasp!
I almost feel as I could be a hero.
Grosvenor. And thus all men should feel. All may be heroes.
"The man who rules his spirit," saith the Voice
Which cannot err—"is greater than the man
Who takes a city"—Hence it surely follows,
If each might have dominion of himself,
And each should govern wisely, and thus show
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,
And all the princely soul in private virtues—
Why each will be a prince, a hero—greater,
He will be man in likeness of his Maker.
—'Tis wonderful that one will drudge to gain
A little portion of this dirty world,
And so neglect the rich domain that lies
In his own bosom, where the light from heaven
Alone is shed.—*God never shines on earth.*
Sullivan. Yes, by light reflected from his goodness;
We see him in his works.
Grosvenor. Not when we make
These minister alone to earthly passions.
Oh! I have meditated much on this—
How man shall gain and keep the high perfection
His nature would permit? I feel this truth—
He must know and rule himself, and worship God.
And marvel not that one so young should turn
Such lessons in his mind; for I have been
Hurled from my sphere, and left to gather light,
To guide my course, from other suns than those
Which shine on earth's high places. But 'tis found,
In the deep vale, by dark hills circumscribed,
The stars of heaven shed down their purest rays,
And the lone eye may read, upon that page,
Wisdom, which vaunted tomes will ne'er supply.
And thus, in lowly life, musing, I learned
The proudest rank was that which all may reach
Who follow reason's voice, and the true light
That Bethlehem's star diffused. Love God and man,
Seek truth, and do the right, and keep your heart
Warm in the faith, that universal good
Demands an universal brotherhood—
Thus have I found my station. Not a *lord*—
But a *free man*—a peer with royalty;
For none who takes his station 'neath a man,
And owns a *subject's* name, can be my peer.

Sullivan. And have you then renounced the rank that birth,
By arbitrary rules of man's device,
Bestows? The title? The estate?
Grosvenor. All, all.
Sullivan. Then are you free—and ardent, as the faith
That led the Pilgrim Fathers o'er the sea,
To found an empire for the great in soul
Who need no ribbon their desert to prove,
Shall be your welcome to your birth-right here,
A patriot struggling for the rights of man.
Grosvenor. Thank you—'tis well. The more I meditate,
The more I glory in the part I choose,
And in the name I choose—AMERICAN.
Didst ever ponder, Sullivan, on this—
The principles for which we wage our war
Are in conformity with inward truth.
And every man, who dares to breathe his thoughts,
And is not sold the slave of sense and sin,
Or bribed by high estate to spurn the right,
Why, he feels with us, wishes us God speed!
And those who join us are AMERICANS?
Sullivan. Such thoughts have floated o'er my mind, like dreams,
But, pr'ythee, let me hear your argument,
'Tis pleasant listening, when the reasons urged
Agree with sentiments we love.
Grosvenor. 'Tis thus:
From France we have the good De la Fayette,
American is he in heart and soul—
That soul in honour's purest model framed,
And worth an universe of truckling minds
That only move as moved by precedent.
Oh! his integrity will be a crown
Of glory, such as monarch never wore—
And there's Pulaski, generous Poland's son,
He is a true American, for here
He finds the brothers of his mind; de Kalb,
And the brave Prussian, they are freemen both,
And for America they wield their swords
As sons, not hirelings.—O, when the mind-wrought steel,
They're tempering in our freedom's glowing flame,
Shall be applied to the bolts that shackle down
The sons of Europe; when the prison-house,
Where millions, in their blindness, grind for lords,
Is heaving with their struggles,—shall we sit
Like dullards in a dream, with staring eye,
And yet see nothing?—No—we'll stand up, and shout
And cheer them to their work, and pour our light
Full on the deep, dark holds of tyranny.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
Sullivan. Ha! we must now away, our battles win,
Then I'll be freedom's knight and lend my aid
To her cause where'er a sign of hope appears.
How blest it were to see her stand and float
O'er France and Poland. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A rude scene in the country—woods, rocks.—Sounds of battle—guns firing—the rush of horsemen, shouts of riflemen. Enter British soldiers and tories, flying over the stage, crying Marion! Marion! pursued by the riflemen.*

[*Enter Marion, Grosvenor, Sullivan, Simmons, Trask, Kinlock, and other soldiers, with drawn swords.*]

Marion (*shouting*). Quarter! give quarter! spare the prostrate foe.
Remember mercy is the brave man's test,
And proves his courage was not cruelty.
We'll show the enemy that we are kind
In victory's hour, as terrible in battle.
But where is Tarleton? Fled?
Simmons. Fast as his steed—
I know him well—can fly. I saw him sweep
Down the ravine that joins the southern road.
Kinlock. You saw him, and sent no messenger
To check his speed?
Simmons. My rifle was discharged.
Kinlock. I would have thrown my rifle at his head,
Ere he escaped unchallenged.
Marion. 'Tis a turn,
A sharp one too, in fortune's slippery road—
He planned to lead the attack, and leads the flight;
But not from cowardice, for he is bold,
A thorough English soldier, and I know
It pains him more to fly, defeated thus,
Than death, by victory crowned, would e'er inflict.
But who is here?
(*Enter riflemen, bearing Murray, wounded and bloody.*)
Soldier. One who requests to speak,
A moment with our General. The man's a Briton,
But sorely wounded and must surely die.
Marion. What wouldst thou tell?
Murray. My words are for the ear
Of one whom I have heard is with you—'Tis
Young Grosvenor, heir of Rochdale, I would see.
Grosvenor. Speak then to me.—I am Grosvenor.
Murray. Oh, heavens!
How like his father! Yes, yes, you are he.
Death, spare thy victim yet a little space—
Till I can speak, can tell———
Grosvenor. I wait your words.
Murray (*starting convulsively*). That Balfour is a villain.
Sullivan. No news to us.
Murray. But do you know he plots to take the life
Of Grosvenor?—He has hired a dozen men,
And paid them largely, to kill him, only *him.*
Marion. How know you this? 'Tis a vile charge to bring
Against a soldier, though an enemy.
Murray (*to a soldier*). Raise me a little—there—I breathe more easy.
Strengthen me, heaven, to make a full confession,
As I do hope for pardon—Grosvenor, list—
Your father and myself were boys together;
Together in each youthful sport we joined,
And side by side to school and church repaired;
And when the dreams of early manhood came,
Bright as a summer morning were our hopes,
And these were shared together—we were friends,
Not such as pleasure joins in frolic mood,
Not such as interest binds in one pursuit,
But heart, soul, mind, companionship was ours—
And the proud glories of the world's career,
Which we resolved to win—how lightly youth
Dreams glory may be won—we planned to share.
Alas! how little knew we of the world,
And how its high-raised hopes like bubbles burst,
Its honours like a meteor flash and fade,
Its pleasures, like the lights o'er grave-yard damp,
Lure to the haunts of death,——
Grosvenor. You named my father.
Murray. Ay.—You his history know?
Grosvenor. Too well, too well!
Murray. I count his lot a blessed one, he gained
The flower he sought, the fairest ever bloomed,
And died without a shadow on his name;
While I—Oh! heaven!
Grosvenor (*impatiently*). To what tends all this preface?
Murray. To my confusion; sunken as I am,
And near the grave—yet shame is hard to bear.

But I was steeped in poverty, reduced
To that worst state of human wretchedness,
Dependence on the casual aid, obtained
By false pretences from some former friend,
Who spurned me while he gave it—ere I sunk
To be that thing abhorred of gods and men,
The humble tool of a successful villain,
Of Balfour.—Yes, I acted as his agent,
And hired the murderers to take your life;
The son of my sworn brother, my best friend!
—I've had my retribution——

Grosvenor. Must you die?
Perchance the wound has reached no mortal part;
Cheer up—all needful 'tendance shall be given.
And for your crime—all that concerns myself
Is freely pardoned—for my father's sake.

Murray. There spake his noble heart. But, oh! beware.
Go not abroad—the assassins lurk around—
A price is on your head!—a thousand pounds.
Thank heaven, no British soldier could be bribed
To kill, save in fair fight.—The secret blow,
If it be struck, will reach you by the hand
Of some vile tory—And remember this—
He who from cowardice or selfish lust,
Deserts his country in her hour of need,
And leagues his unblest arms with her oppressors,
Has lost the soul, the dignity of man—
And fiends may hail him, brother.

Grosvenor. But wherefore
Should Balfour seek my life? I know him not,
What would he gain? He is not Rochdale's kin.

Murray. You have a sister—Oh! I am dying—dying!

Grosvenor. Not yet—not yet—speak! what of Julia?

Sullivan (*supporting Murray*). He cannot, Grosvenor—life is ebbing fast;
How pale he looks. Death is a fearful change.

Murray (*reviving*). You have a sister would be Rochdale's heir
If you were dead. Balfour would marry her.

Sullivan (*starting up, lets Murray fall*). Wed Julia! horrible villain! where is he?
The murderer! Speak—where, where is Balfour?

Grosvenor. Peace, Sullivan—he cannot. He is dying.

Sullivan. He must not, shall not die, until he answers;
Where's Balfour?

Murray. Gone with the troops and Stanley,
To force the lady Julia back to Charleston;
And thence to London soon. How, know you not
She fled the city?—Oh—this—pang! [*Dies.*

Sullivan. Where did she fly? Grosvenor—is he dead?
Where's Julia—Grosvenor, can you not tell where?

Marion. Be calm, my friend, we will examine others;
Some of the prisoners must know the place
If British troops have marched. Come, come with me. [*Exit all but Grosvenor.*

Grosvenor (*regarding the dead body*). There lies a lump of clay; and where's the soul
That should have made it man? 'Twas bartered for
A lump of gold. Which, in the sight of God,
Is meaner dust? Were there some casuist here,
Deep learned in subtleties, I'd try this question—
If a man sell his soul for dust—some do—
His body being dust by nature's law,
Does it follow, when life's vital current fails,
That the whole man will be resolved to dust?
And, like the brute, go downward to decay?
If this be so, there's some that walk with men,
And proudly too, who 'll have as little chance,
As have the soulless brutes to enter heaven.
But what heeds he of heaven whose god is wealth?
In the pure glories of eternity,
What will the worshipper of Mammon find
To make his happiness?—There 'll be no gold;
No profit; no exchange; no money coined:
How many here count wealth by other tale
Than gold or money's worth? Will it pass in heaven?
It might be well to place some treasure there.
What fools are selfish men! What blinded dupes!
They starve the kindly virtues in their hearts,
Which would have made them blessed, to leave their heirs,
Their thankless heirs, the means of pampering vice.
Ah! 'tis a wretched world. [*Re-enter Sullivan.*

Sullivan. Come, Grosvenor, come.
I know where Julia is, and ere the sun
Peers over yonder tree, we 'll reach the place.
Come, haste.

Grosvenor. Go we alone?

Sullivan. With Marion.
The British are in force, the prisoners say,
And Marion's men are eager for the combat.
Twill be a fierce one.

Grosvenor. Balfour will be there?

Sullivan. To steal my Julia, yes—his life shall pay
The forfeit of his crimes.

Grosvenor. And some may fall,
Whose days have passed in bitterness for crimes
That others have committed. But, my friend,
Hear me one word, when Julia is your own,
And new pursuits the craving heart demands,
Seek not for the distinguishment of wealth;
A specious sin that comes in guise of prudence,
Lulling the mind, like opium sleep, in dreams
Of wondrous beauty and surpassing joys,
But, like that fatal drug destroys the strength
Of moral life, and sinks the soul to death.

Sullivan. Fear not for me—I have no dreams beyond
A competence and her I love to share it.

Grosvenor. The lover's vision—pray heaven it may not fade—
'Twill never come but once; so wise men say.
But who are wise? The worldly?—Or the grave?
"He that succeeds," the multitude exclaims.
Well, there is One above who knows the heart,
And heeds not bribes of gold. I'll trust in Him.
Lead on—for Julia now. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A country seat, surrounded by gardens and pleasure grounds.*

[*Enter Calista.*]

Calista. No tidings yet, and here so far away
From every trace of *him!* At home in the city,
I could indulge my fond regard for Ormond,
And deem it the remembrance of fair scenes
Which he had shared. In every walk I met him,
With every flower some thought of his was twined
Which made its preciousness. What beauty lives
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!
What trifles make love's wealth! A faded flower,
A tress of hair,—a seal—a common book,
With the dear name inscribed,—or, holier yet,
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge,
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,
How highly prized!—The miser o'er his gold,
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap,
And counting for the thousandth time the sum,
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth
Which the true lover knows, when he regards,

With trusting faith, the simplest pledge that speaks
Of mutual love.—Such treasures are not mine.
Oh! my poor foolish heart, why did I yield it,
When Hope, fond woman's angel, had not held
Her sceptre out to bid my fancies live?
For me there's naught but sorrow.
[*Enter Julia, with a boquet of roses in her hand.*]
Julia. In tears, Calista—why this grief? Hast heard?
Calista. Nothing, dear Julia, not a word from *them*—
From Sullivan or Grosvenor, but sad thoughts
In this drear, lonely place, pressed on my heart.
Julia. Secluded 'tis, and thence your mother chose it,
A safe abiding place in danger's hour.
But sure to me it is not drear or lonely.
The gardens bloom with beauty, and the birds
Fill every grove with songs of happiness.
I've listened, till my heart has caught the tone
Of their sweet gratitude and buoyant joy;
We shall be happy yet.
Calista. For you the flowers
Bloom ever.
Julia. I do seek them in my walks.
Look here—what lovely roses! I will form
A wreath like that which Sullivan admired,
When first we danced together—Shall I twine
A wreath for you?
Calista. Not with the rose—it is
The flower of love.
Julia. What then? You would not wear
The willow?—Pardon me, Calista, friend—
That my light mood has wrung a tear from thee.
Yet why shouldst thou be sad? Thou hast no brother
Exposed to war's stern perils.
Calista. All are my brothers
Who suffer or who dare in Freedom's cause.
Julia. But my poor heart feels yet another pang
Deeper than kindred wakens. Dear Calista,
Thou must not call me foolish in my fondness,
Though to thy mind love's sorrows are a dream
Which, in the suffering scenes of real life,
Should scarce be named. But, ah! thou dost not know
What trembling terrors haunt me, when I think
Of *him*—I love! Oft at the midnight hour,
When thou, on thy soft pillow art at rest,
My thoughts, like frightened birds, are hurrying on
O'er every scene of danger and dismay.
And tears and prayers consume the weary hours
Till morning dawns—But with the blessed light
New hopes, like flowerets opening with the day,
Spring in my bosom with a radiant joy
That makes my spirit gay in grief's despite.
These sudden alternations thou art spared—
But, hadst thou ever loved——
Calista. Hold, Julia, hold—
Such moving arguments are not required
To wake my sympathy with those who love.
But, hark! what sounds approach?
Julia (*drums heard*). The sounds of war.
It is, it is the enemy! Oh, where
Shall be our refuge now! What arm shall save?
Calista. The holy arm that shields the trusting soul.
Our God can succour us, and He alone;
My sorrows only to his ear I trust—
Dark were poor woman's lot without her God!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Same scene continued.*

[*Enter Col. Balfour, British officer and soldiers, and tories, in martial array.*]
Balfour. Halt! halt!—Our march is ended, and no trace
Of foes appear;—like deer before the hunter
They fly to covert in the pathless woods,
And find their only safety in concealment.
There let them skulk, base slaves, would they preserve
Their forfeit lives from loyal British swords;
The lion-hearted Tarleton in pursuit
Is now engaged—and that arch-traitor Marion,
Will find, what he deserves, the fate of Haman.
So perish all our foes.
Officer. Your orders, Colonel.
Balfour. Draw off the men and let them rest awhile:
I tarry at yon house till Stanley comes.
Here (*to a soldier*), this packet to the lady of the mansion,
See thou deliver straight.—(*Exit soldiers, tories, &c.*) She will not dare
Refuse admission to me—I will try
Ere Stanley comes, to win the confidence
Of these same gentle damsels. Ladies hearts
Are won with ease when soldiers, to the siege,
Bring the artillery of flattering oaths—
And I can swear and flatter with the bravest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in Mrs. Rutledge's house.*

Balfour (*alone*). If I were only certain of his death!
I think it cannot be they all have failed.
They were well appointed, furnished, and well paid.
He must be dead;—there's nothing more to do,
But win fair Julia's love. The old lord must
[*Enter Mrs. Rutledge.*]
Approve me for her husband.—Honoured lady,
Pardon for thus disturbing your retreat.
Mrs. Rutledge. It is the chance of war, and I will hope,
Your sense of honour, always sacred held
By knights in arms, that you will not impose,
On ladies, stern captivity.
Balfour. You judge
Fairly and justly of me. Would I were
At liberty to prove more courteously,
The deep respect I feel; but duties press,
And I may seem neglectful, yet I trust
You'll not impute it thus.
Mrs. Rutledge. I trust you will
Give orders we continue undisturbed.
Balfour. I shall so, madam.—But one condition is
Imposed on me, and by Sir Robert Stanley.
Mrs. Rutledge. What would he have? he is to me unknown.
And at this juncture strangers are a dread—
In grief we welcome none, save those who bring
Familiar faces or good tidings, he
Can neither have for us.
Balfour. He comes from Rochdale.
He comes, by him the appointed guardian
Of Lady Julia, ('tis her title, madam,
And proud I am to speak it,) your fair friend;
She will be under his escort to London.
Mrs. Rutledge. If she consents; not otherwise! Would he
Lay any bonds upon the gentle girl?
Balfour. He ought, madam—The gentle girl lays bonds,
And heavy ones, on all who look on her.
Mrs. Rutledge. If you mean bonds of love, she is bound already.
Balfour. Not wedded? not betrothed? Julia is not?
Mrs. Rutledge. Betrothed she is; and with her brother's voice;
Nor do I think the offer of a throne
Would change her love, or cause her to forego
Her vows to Sullivan.

Balfour (*aside*). Ha! Sullivan.
Would I had known this sooner—then I might—
My bravoes! (*aloud*)—But, madam, she must have
Her grandsire's approbation. You would ne'er
Advise this match without his knowledge, surely?
Mrs. Rutledge. Why, sir, the contract's settled.
But she comes,
Let her decide. If she asks my advice
I shall say, marry Sullivan.

[*Enter Julia and Calista.*]

Balfour. Fair ladies, let me hope that my request,
For your attendance was not deemed too bold.
I have a message from Sir Robert Stanley
To you, fair Julia; he requests you will
Be ready to attend him: it is arranged
That shortly you depart with him, for London.
Julia. I thank you for the care; the message is
A needless one.—I stay with Mrs. Rutledge.
Balfour. Can there be aught in this rude land to please
The Lady Julia? What is here worth loving?
Julia. My friends.
Balfour. In England you have fortune.
Julia. The good I have not prized is nothing won;
A lack I ne'er have mourned is nothing lost.
Wealth has its value—but, my friends are priceless,
I'll therefore keep my friends (*going*).
Balfour. But Lady, stay.
Stanley has orders to remove you.
Julia. He will not.
Balfour. I would it were so, Lady, I pity you,—
But that is all I can. His orders are
Peremptory, and from your grandsire. See,
He comes to execute them now.

[*Enter Stanley.*]

Stanley. Fair Julia, are you ready? All's prepared.
Julia. I am prepared to stay. 'Twere vain to waste
Your time and eloquence in picturing forth.
The charms of greatness, and the joys that wait
To bless me in the world of fashion. There
Is not my world. Here, here are all my wishes,
Thoughts, recollections, hopes. I was born here.
The heart has but one country; mine is here—
I may not leave it.
Balfour (*aside to Stanley*). Be firm, and tell her
You may not trifle longer; she must go.
'Tis likely she would rather seem to yield,
Like many others of her silly sex,
In contests for domestic regency,
With tears and chidings, rather than soft smiles.
Weak reasoners they, who think this will enhance
The merit of submission. Let them learn,
That when we wrangle for a right, and gain it,
We thank our own good strength, not those who braved it.
'Twere best, perhaps, they learn not this, they might,
Did they but know the potency of mildness,
Contrive to rule the world. We should not strive
'Gainst silken fetters, though we burst steel bands.
Stanley (*to Julia*). I do regret most deeply, that my duty
To the authority, with which I am
Invested by your grandsire, must constrain me
To insist on this—that you repair with me
To London; and I pledge my honour, if,
When there, you are unwilling to remain,
You shall be furnished to return, and left
To your free choice.
Julia. I make my choice to stay,
'Tis mockery to my heart to think I'll change.
Stanley. And yet, I hope it, Lady.—But you'll go—
All 'tendance, homage—would I might say—love,
Will wait on you, preventing every wish.
You have here no ties——
Julia. All, all—my brother——
Balfour. I grieve to give you sorrow; but it were
A sin to suffer such illusion when
I know its fallacy. Your brother—is dead.
[*all start.*
Calista (*shrieks*). Oh, Grosvenor dead!
Julia. No, no,—they tell me this
To fright me. No!
Stanley. Not I. 'Tis news to me.
Balfour. But true. He is dead; killed in a skirmish—
And Marion's rebel band are all cut up.
(*Aside*) I hope so. I have paid, and prayed for it too—
And sure I have the right to prophesy,
Curst be the fates if I prove false in this.
Julia. Must I bear this?—O, heaven! why do I live?
My brother dead? (*starting*) Is he—Sullivan?
He was with Marion—and he is killed.
[*sinks on a sofa.*
Calista (*clasping Julia, and weeping*). Let me weep too. I can weep with you, Julia.

[*A noise within, shouts, firing, uproar; British soldiers rush over the stage, crying, Marion! Marion! pursued by Grosvenor and Sullivan with drawn swords. Balfour draws his sword.*]

Grosvenor (*to Balfour*). Coward, assassin—turn your sword this way.
I would not strike you down without a strife.
'T would seem too like your own foul treachery.
Balfour. Ha! Grosvenor—Now ye powers of death assist me,
I'll pay the price, be it my soul, I care not,
So I may kill this rebel——
Grosvenor. Heaven strengthen *me*,
They need make no conditions for your soul—
They 'll have it for asking.
[*Grosvenor and Balfour fight, and exit fighting.* (*Sullivan supports Julia.*)
Stanley. I have no sword.—I came not here to fight.
Sullivan. You are safe without a sword. With one, perchance,
We had not met thus peaceably.

[*Re-enter Grosvenor.*]

Grosvenor. He's fled—Balfour has 'scaped me. Fled! I thought
To strike him down, but he has shunned the blow;—
Will it, when I am old, grieve me to say,—
I did not kill him? Then, why should it now?
It is the blood of man, though shed in battle;—
And victory is but a name for—murder.
Heaven forgive us! We are erring creatures.
[*Shouts within. Guns fired. Trask rushes in breathless and bloody.*]
Trask. To the rescue! to the rescue! The British have rallied. [*Exit Trask.*
Grosvenor. Balfour again!—I'll meet him.
[*Exit Grosvenor.*
Sullivan (*to the ladies*). Must I leave you unprotected? Stanley, here,
You look brave, and I think noble—take my sword—
I trust these to your care.
Stanley. I'll keep them with my life.
[*Sullivan seizes a gun, which had been dropped by a fugitive, and exit.*

Mrs. Rutledge (*sitting down and clasping her hands*). They say we have no courage—women are weak.
Which is the harder effort? to sit here,
Listening to sounds of fearful desolation,
Perchance the groans of friends, of dying friends;
Or to rush wildly 'midst the strife, with hope
That we may succour those we love—at least
Be with them when they fall.—Heaven help them now!
Calista, Julia, do not weep—not yet—
Tears are not needed. We 'll pray. We 'll pray.
[*Mrs. R., Calista, and Julia, kneel.*
Stanley (*aside*). If, while men fight, the women pray against us,
Our cause must fail.

[*Re-enter Trask, shouting.*]

Trask. Hurrah! hurrah! for the battle is won.
We've beaten them again. I think they 'll now
Be quiet for a time—at least to-day.
Mrs. Rutledge (*ladies rise*). Our friends?—are they safe?
Trask. All safe.—Stay, no—
Grosvenor is wounded.
Calista. Where? where is he?
Did you say badly wounded?
Trask. Not badly;
At least I hope not; he was shot—I think
It must be one of Balfour's troop of villains.

[*Re-enter Grosvenor, supported by Sullivan and Marion. They support him to a couch.*]

Julia (*clasping and kissing his hand*). Ormond! how pale! must you die now, my brother!
Now, when the victory's won?
Marion. War's triumphs oft are bathed in our best blood.
Julia. Dreadful triumphs!—Ormond, can you speak?
O, speak one word, my brother!
Grosvenor (*faintly*). I was praying.
I must die, Julia—Do not grieve, for this
Life has been short, but early sorrows made me
Old ere my time: would they had made me wise.
Come, Sullivan, thy hand, and let me give
My sister to thy care and tenderness.
I know thou'lt love her well, but trust her too;
Make her thy friend, as well as wife—she is
Worthy to be thy soul's companion, she
Will have no other friend.
Sullivan. And while I live
She shall no other need.
Julia (*embracing her brother*). Oh, Ormond! Ormond!
Grosvenor (*weeps*). Julia, I did not think to weep again,
Save for my sins. I would die calm. Do not,
My sister, sorrow thus. You are not alone.
Where Sullivan resides will be thy home.—
A pleasant home thou soon wilt think it, Julia.
It is our land, though weary seem the way,
Yet friends, the same in speech and heart are there—
The friends of Sullivan—they will be thine.
And thou wilt love them, and be happy, Julia.
And sometimes, when the summer days are bright,
And thy thoughts wander to thy early home—
What heart but will go there—where childhood passed?
Then think—there's flowers—upon my grave.
Sullivan (*supporting Julia*). O, spare us, brother—why can we not save thee?
Grosvenor. 'Tis vain. Stanley, you've deemed me rebel,
An enemy; but now we bear no malice.
Stanley. None, none—I trust you will not judge my heart
By Balfour's measure. I came not here to war
Against your liberties. I would have joyed
To call you—brother.
Grosvenor. Such may yet be called,
The name of Englishman in this free land.
The nations yet may meet as equals, allies—
America will be a generous friend;
When the day ('twill come) of her proud strength arrives,—
Then be these scenes of blood forgotten? No—
But mentioned with a softened tone, a sigh,
The sign that all's forgiven.
Stanley (*offering his hand*). Yes—by both—
And be the motto in that happy hour—
"Friendship in marble—enmity in dust."
Grosvenor. Farewell.—And to my grandsire I would send
Forgiveness. I do pity him. He is old:
And has no loved one's arm on which to lean.
But those who throw their summer flowers away,
Must never, when the dreary winter comes,
Dream they can gather up the broken plants,
And make them bloom again. O, no—they cannot.
(*Grosvenor lies silent some minutes.*)
My sister, one more kiss. Ah, Edward—where?
(*starting.*)
Sullivan. Edward is happy now. He is in heaven.
Grosvenor. Shall I not join him soon? I think I shall.
Sister, one last embrace. The chill of death
Is stealing over me; and love is all
The worth of the universe. What now were gold?
Or title?—But affection still seems precious.
And thine, I well may prize it. I have none
But thine.
[*Calista rushes to Grosvenor, and throws her arms around him.*]
Calista. Ormond! I have loved thee!
Grosvenor. Calista!—Dear Calista!—This is death!—(*he attempts to speak again, but sinks and dies.*) [EXEUNT.

[The following poem, sent us by a literary friend, well known as an American writer, which we take the liberty of publishing, deserves some little explanation, otherwise the reader might not fully appreciate its merits. Calling one evening on an American family, residing in London, the author found his friend and wife out, and the parlour in possession of their little daughter, a child of two years old—whose prattled welcome so pleased the visiter, that, while waiting for her parents, he wrote the poem.]—ED.

GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE ELLEN.

Good night, little Ellen!—you've been very good
To enliven my stupor as long as you could;
You've prattled, and looked very pretty, your eyes
Raining showers the while of "bewildered surprise"
And gratuitous wisdom:—I think you polite
As any young lady I know of: good night!

I wish thee good night, little Ellen,—and more:
Ah! long is the way which thou yet must pass o'er.
I wish that thy dreams may be ever as sweet
As they will be this evening. I wish thy wee feet
As softly may fall in the path they shall tread
By the light of the future as now to thy bed.

Good night, little Ellen! I wish that the rest
Of a conscience as sunny as this in thy breast,
May be found; and the bloom of a virtue as meek
Look gay in thy glance and be bright on thy cheek;
And, oh! if through life *some* love, with the charm
Of a mother's, a father's, might save thee from harm!

Good night, little Ellen! I know there's an eye
Will watch o'er thy journey when danger is nigh!
God keep thee from sin and from sorrow; and when
Thou shalt think in those days, of the days that have
been,
Think kindly of *me*, little Ellen, and light
Be thy step o'er mine ashes:—I wish thee good night.

B. B. T.

London, Nov. 1837.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"WILL you buy my flowers?" said a sweet voice to Mrs. Audly, as she stepped from her carriage, and was about entering one of the most fashionable mansions in the most populous of our southern cities. Mrs. Audly stopped, and regarded with an eye of wonder, a child of surpassing beauty—who held forth a bunch of moss roses. She was struck with surprise to see one so fragile and delicate, thus engaged in selling in the public street.

"Do you sell your roses, in order to support yourself, little girl?" she asked in a tone of kindness.

"No, ma'am;" she replied, dropping a curtsy—"but my mother is sick, and I walked from the cross roads, to sell all the roses that was on my own bush: will you buy them, lady?" and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Audly was much interested by the innocence and artless simplicity of the child; and after a few more inquiries, determined to go herself and see the sick woman, who the child said was a stranger in B—. She was one whose purse was always open to the calls of charity, and taking the little girl into the carriage, she ordered her coachman to drive to the cross roads, about two miles from the city. They stopped before a low humble-looking house; and the lady entering, saw extended upon the bed, and apparently dying, a female upon whose countenance, wasted as it was, there yet lingered the remains of great beauty. Mrs. Audly spoke to her in tones of compassion, but she only lifted to her the glazed and closing eye. It was evident she was fast sinking to her rest. A decent looking woman came forward, and from her the lady learned that the stranger's name was Lorton; that she had come there sick, and as she was poor, she had boarded her and her child—and until the last three weeks, had regularly received her pay; and as she wanted some comforts, she had given Inez the child, leave to sell the roses.—"Mrs. Lorton, I guess, has seen better days," said the woman, in conclusion, "but what I shall do with the child when she is gone, I don't know, though she is so good and sweet-tempered."

Mrs. Audly sent her servant to procure the necessary comforts for the night, and leaving some money with the woman, returned home with the promise of visiting them the next day.

The windows of Mrs. Audly's mansion opened upon a piazza, and she sat alone musing on the past. Time had been, when the voice of childhood sent its thrill through the mother's heart, and the sound of mirth and gladness resounded through her now silent dwelling; but one by one, the bright and beautiful beings who clustered around her hearth and board, had gone down in their innocence to the tomb—only one remained—a son in a distant land. The lady sat in sadness. Her husband entered, and seeing the melancholy that rested on her brow, began relating something amusing that had occurred during the day. She still appeared abstracted, and upon his tenderly inquiring the cause, she related to him the incidents of the morning.—"That child reminds me of my departed ones," said she, and a tear fell upon the hand her husband held. "Robert, I know that you seldom deny a request of mine; but still it is an important one I am about making. This poor child, in all her beauty and sweetness, seems as if sent to supply the places of the dead: why may I not adopt her as my own? Our home will not appear so lonely."

Mr. Audly gladly consented to any thing that could cheer the solitude of his wife, or while her from the melancholy that was undermining her health; and they concerted together to take the little Inez, as soon as Mrs. Lorton was dead.

The next day, when Mrs. Audly arrived at the cottage, she found that Mrs. Lorton had died in the night, without giving any sign of consciousness, or discovering who she was. There was a miniature of her,—taken when young, and set with pearls, very rich, in her trunk—the only vestige of better days. And after the last sad duties were performed, the little Inez returned with her protectress to her new home. Many an hour did her endearing affection render happy, which would otherwise have been filled with sorrowful remembrances, and Mrs. Audly, in watching each day some new charm of mind or person unfold to view, was doubly repaid for her charity to the orphan. The child possessed great sweetness of temper, united to great powers of mind, and the best masters were procured for her by her kind friends. In music, she particularly excelled, and the sound of her sweet voice, pouring out some gay or sad strain, soothed and cheered their hearts, and made life almost seem again bright to them. She was very dear to them both, and few could see the interesting orphan, without loving her. Her life was one of sunshine, though sometimes the thought of her mother, would cause a shade to steal over her sunny face, and cloud her brow. Inez Lorton was fifteen, and had been passing the evening with some young friend. When she returned in the evening, she threw herself into Mrs. Audly's arms and wept bitterly. The memories of her childhood had become dim, and she had always called, and of late years, deemed that lady to be her parent.

"My child! my Inez!" said she, "what means these tears? What has thus caused you sorrow, my bright one?"

"Oh! I am not your child," exclaimed the sobbing girl; "to-night, in the dance, Miss Laurence refused to notice me, because, she said, I was not so good as herself, for I lived on charity." And a fresh burst of tears followed this explanation.

Mrs. Audly was much shocked, but she gently and kindly related to Inez, all the circumstances of her mother's illness, and her own adoption of her into her family. She told her, that birth and fortune would weigh little with the wise and good, in comparison with the purity and goodness of her child, and in conclusion, added, "My Inez, in the world's paths, you will have to bear much that is unpleasant; but I have taught you to look above for support and guidance; and think, my love, of Him, who on earth was so despised of men, and learn a lesson of submission. Go on steadily in the path of duty, and convert scorn into respect and love. Bear every trial with patience, and when wounded by the shaft of ill-nature, remember, that to the shelter of the parent wing you can fly for safety and comfort."

Three years had gone by, and the name of Inez Audly was the theme of many a tongue. Very loving and winning was she, as she moved in her beauty through the wreathing dance, and her adopted parents gazed upon her with a look of pride; but dearer, far dearer to their hearts, was she in the quiet of their own home. There was yet some chords in life's harp unbroken, and her smile was the gleam of brightness in their dwelling. And as she cheered their loneliness, or knelt morning and evening for their blessing, they felt the twining tie grow still stronger.

"A party at Rose Laurence's! How delightful," exclaimed Catherine Morris, as she was walking one evening with Inez. "Shall you not go, dear?"

"I do not visit Miss Laurence," replied Inez; and a slight flush passed over her face.

"Well, that is strange—I thought you used to know her once."

"So I did; but I have not visited her for nearly three years. They say her brother has returned. Have you seen him, Kate?"

"No; but I hear wonders of him. I have taken a strange fancy into my head, that destiny will yet weave a spell, to give both your lives a different shadowing. Fate plays strange tricks sometimes. So bind up your bonny brown hair, and don your best attire; try to win this doughty knight. I really believe I should cry for joy, to see him leading you a gay measure; if it were only to vex his proud sister. For you, whom I deem the very acme of goodness and perfection, I should think even Ernest Laurence might, with all his intellectual gifts, wear the chains of matrimony gracefully."

Inez interrupted her, "Catherine, wild as are your day dreams, you are capable of feeling deeply. To you, I always speak openly—I never shall marry. The blush of shame shall never stain the cheek of any one, however I may sacrifice my own peace, to know that the object of his affection was once an obscure *flower girl*—even now, subsisting upon charity.—No! I must wander forth through life's paths, with a sense of loneliness ever pressing upon my heart. Without one kindred tie to bind me to earth. And yet I am not ungrateful; for there are some who love me well." Then, wiping away the tear that dimmed her eye, she added more gaily; "But, Kate, you can try your own sweet powers, and I will surely lead one gay measure at *your* bridal. I must run home now. So good bye."

In the height of youth and beauty, Rose Laurence moved with stately step, through the brilliantly lighted apartments of her father's luxurious mansion. But yet there was something of pride in the curl of her lip—of scorn in the glance of her black eye. Many a one was drawn within the magic circle she collected around her; but two stood apart—two whose bearing seemed to say, that their place should have been by the side of one so beautiful. Ernest Laurence, and his friend Audly, were talking over all the scenes of earlier days, and heeded not when those silvery accents fell soft upon the ear.

"But, Audly, I hoped to see your mother here to-night. I was always good friends with her, though I so often led you into hair-breadth escapes—why did she not come?"

The brow of Constant Audly slightly contracted as he answered: "She visits but seldom; but you know she will give you a warm welcome to the little breakfast room, where she sees all who are dear to her without ceremony."

"I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege; but Rose is motioning us to come to her. Does she not look beautiful to-night, my queen-like sister? Come, Constant, you my friend, must wear her colours."

"Never!" muttered Constant Audly, as he followed his friend.

Inez Audly was bending over a drawing that she was copying for Mrs. Morris, when the door of the small breakfast-room, in which she was seated, suddenly opened. Inez raised her head, and Mrs. Audly approached, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced as Ernest Laurence—one of Constant's dearest friends. "My Inez," said she, as he stood evidently struck with the beauty of the blushing girl; "will you not receive him as such?"

Inez remembered the words of her friend, and her salutation was tinctured with more coldness than was usual to her. He was one who had carried the charm of childhood into his mature years; and foreign travel, temptations, and new associations had not destroyed it; and he now, with his own open winning manner, sat down by Mrs. Audly, and recalled the scenes of his boyhood, with all the freshness of early affection. Constant now came in, and Inez gathering up her drawing materials, retired from the room.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" asked Ernest, of his friend, as soon as she left the room. "Such a vision of loveliness I have seldom met with."

"She is my adopted sister, and I claim for her the respect due, as if she was bound to us by the kindred tie. Inez is no common cha-

racter, and some day, I will give you her story."

It was Mrs. Audly's birth-day, and the first for many years that Constant had passed at home. Since the death of her children, she had never opened her doors to the gay world, but now she felt that for his sake, she would sacrifice every selfish feeling, and celebrate it. Inez was too beautiful, she said, to remain buried in obscurity, and there were many who would gladly hail the return of her son to his own home.

Inez sat alone in her room; a rich dress was spread out on the bed, and many an ornament and jewel laid upon her dressing table, and yet she heeded not the passing hours. Her head was bent down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

"Inez! sweet Inez! why this cloud upon your brow to-night? Tell me, dear, when mirth and revelry reign triumphant, why this tearful eye? this burning cheek? Come, my sweet friend, don your festal robe, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair."

"Oh! Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will throng these halls to-night. I wish mamma would excuse my appearing;" and again she rested her head upon her hand.

"He heard the gay din from the castle hall,
But was not in mood for the festival,"

exclaimed Catherine, in a lively tone. "A truce to these sombre fancies;" and half by ridicule, half by caresses, she roused Inez from her despondency. "There, sweet one," she exclaimed, as she assisted at her toilet, "do I not play tire-woman to perfection. The *tout ensemble* is exquisite; only this pale cheek shames that white wreath.—Come."

Never had Inez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the meed of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from himself, that the protegée of Mrs. Audly, was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes! Ernest loved—not with the love of man, that is as the meteor's gleam; but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the inmost recesses of the devoted heart; but she

"Coldly passed him by."

"Do you never dance, Miss Audly?" asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

"To be sure she does," replied Constant. And meeting her glance—"Nay, my dear Inez, that frown becomes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join yon gay circle."

Inez could not, without infringing every rule of *etiquette*, refuse, and an *exposé* of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly; therefore, she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Laurence, (who, as a child of one that was dear to Mrs. Audly, had been invited to the *fete*), upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow, upon which intellect had set its signet; and a light in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within, now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was so pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favour, and

"His voice had that low and lute-like sound,
Whose echo within the heart is found."

"Is not Inez Audly lovely?" asked Kate Morris, as she and Rose were standing together. "Methinks, my friend Ernest owns the syren's spell." Kate spoke playfully, but not without a little maliciousness. She was delighted to mortify her proud companion.

"Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, and dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to yon low born girl. *You* think of a bonny bridal, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will mar it." And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catherine stood as if spell-bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. "Oh! she cannot hate Inez," was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

"And who does hate one so good and faultless?" asked Mrs. Audly who overheard her. Catherine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

"God shield her!" cried Mrs. Audly, "from the shaft of wo. 'Tis a bitter hatred Miss Laurence bears. She may yet be humbled."

The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room; and gazing out upon it, with an eye of abstraction, was Inez Audly. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he won from her the confession, that that love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, for ever. "I will shame no man," said she proudly; "and, Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land, and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wayward." And Ernest went from her presence, to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

And months rolled on, and Inez's voice was silent in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon her white brow, and the rose-tint on her cheek had long

faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

It was midnight, and alone in her chamber, sat Rose Laurence. The moonlight was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern clime, stole gently in. A step startled her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely muffled, stood before her. Rose started back, in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwonted hour. Catherine was pale as death. An exclamation of alarm, burst involuntarily from her companion. "Nay, Rose Laurence, heed *me* not My cheek may be pale; but the cheek of one more gentle and good, is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast—one sweet flower, crushed to earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to yon chamber," pointing to a window in Mrs. Audly's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed, "Come, and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely."

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catherine, who had caught up a shawl, and thrown over her, and awed in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs. Audly's grounds, and through them to the house. They entered by a side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded smothered sounds.

Rose Laurence shrunk back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence, and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms. Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe her, was Inez Audly. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy, terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, once so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs. Audly, worn out with watching, slumbered on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Inez caught a view of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl: then she sung snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly:

"It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady? love one, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it." Then clasping her pale hands, she would entreat Rose not to tear him from her; and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door slowly opened, and another was added to the group around that bed. Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered, "Stir not—her life is at stake." Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

The sobs of Inez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear, can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catherine, upon whose bosom Inez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Inez woke from that slumber. The physician held a cordial to her lips, and again she closed her eyes, but a smile was on her face. He held her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, said softly, "She will live!" And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fullness of their hearts in prayer.

Soft was the song of the summer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that half shaded Inez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow upon which her head rested, and he bent over her couch, with a look of anxious love. There was gathered round her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid. She smiled as Ernest held up his watch, and whispered fondly, "You must talk no longer, dearest; here comes Rose." And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips, and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes—Rose Laurence, on her bended knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, then did she bless the hour, when he had chosen as his bride, the once poor *flower girl*. Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing love and devotion of the noble heart of Constant Audly, to whom she had been many years wedded.

Such is the force of education, and so much are men what the habits of infancy make them, that in spite of the conceits of the English, when Florida was ceded to England by a treaty with Spain in 1769, the whole of the Spanish population left the province and towns, except one in a single town, and another one in the woods. The same feeling was exemplified by some inhabitants of Nova Zembla, who, on being brought to Denmark, and clothed and fed with every luxury of civilization, so pined for their return to their own inhospitable desert, that some of them died before they could be sent back. Something like this strong principle doubtless governs birds and animals in their return to their native haunts.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE REVOLT OF THE GLADIATORS.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

NEARLY hidden, in his diminutiveness, by the rubbish of his art, which, through half a century had been accumulating around him, casts and blocks of marble, with statues, (some mutilated almost to shapelessness by accident, others bearing upon them the hopeless deformity of a bungler's chisel; and among them not a few which in our day would literally be worth their weight in gold,) stood the sculptor Piso of Capua, who, in the increasing taste of the Romans for the fine arts, had not been allowed to remain without wealth and distinction in his own good city. Now, as he had been for months before, he was toiling at a work which, could he have moulded it to the perfection of the model before him, might have transmitted his name to time, along with those of the illustrious Greeks, whose glory it had been one of the chief foibles of his life to envy, rather than to emulate. That model was a young Thessalian slave. So unchangeably he kept his beautifully graceful attitude, that but for the glow of life on his skin, he might have been passed at a glance, as a figure of one of the marble groups by which he was surrounded. Yet the expression of his eye, and the varying play of his features were proof that his immobility was more the effect of abstraction of mind, than of regard to the requisitions of his master.

"Thy heel—raise thy heel a little," said the sculptor, leaving a streak of plaster across his sallow forehead, as he drew his hand over it in the fidgety excitement which kept progress with his work. "Pho! thinkest thou a god would crumple his toes thus?—an thou had extended thy chest, and held thy chin at the proper angle,—so,—I might have made an Apollo of thee, or at least a Mercury; but with that obstinate twist of the neck thou wilt scarcely be an Endymion. However, skill—a master's skill—may do much. It shall not leave unfinished one hair's breadth; no swollen fingers; no scraggy shoulders, as in that Praxiteles!—Bah! Thou must straighten one thing, knave," continued he, pausing to rest his arm, and for the first time during the day's labour, examining the countenance of his study. "Thou must correct that villanous curl of the lip. Nay, I mean not thou shouldst make it worse by that smile,"—as the youth, at last, seemed conscious of his drivelling—"the most pliant candidate that ever won a white robe, would not squander his purse for a marble with a distorted mouth! That 'minds me of Marcus Crassus; a dignitary, a senator of Rome,—to higgle for a statue—to offer me for yon glorious Bacchus, two slaves!—two wretches, made to toil a while, and then to rot,—for a work of my hands,—one for which I would have been almost deified at Athens,—one that would have gained me the love of Pericles! Alas! Rome has no Pericles; and how is she to know whether she has a Phidias!"—

The concluding sigh of the artist was broken by the entrance of a man whose majesty of countenance and bearing made his servile garb sit strangely upon him.

"Ha! my Hercules!" exclaimed Piso, as he advanced, "art through with thy trial? Thou wouldst not let that long-sided slave of old Publius beat thee, I warrant me,—Stadium, as young Appius calls him,—a witty jibe! Thou hast had Appius to see thee and examine! and Turnus, and Ladon! keen youths all; they would want to fix their bets for the grand shows;"—

"Here is a purse," interrupted the gladiator coldly, reaching out a small leathern bag.

"A purse!" ejaculated the sculptor, dropping a trowel, as he hastily rubbed his hands over his toga and stretched them out to receive it, "a purse for a mere set-to—and one well lined!—we have rare youths in Capua! One, two, three; there can scarcely be less than four sestertia. Per Plutus! thou art a treasure, my Spartacus! thou hast already won me more than triple thy price. It will half pay for the Medusa's head; nay, it shall be a gift for my Arria's wedding wardrobe; thou art a treasure, my Thracian! yet I bethink me of the golden goose, told about by the crooked Phrygian. I would not have the games injure thee! I would not have thee strive too hard, remember! Thou may'st come down from the stand, Glycon;—a knee rounded and four toes finished, and four sestertia—a brave morning's work, per Hercle!" Thus mumbling, the old man thrust the purse among the folds of his robe, and tottered off, doubtless, to deposit it in a place of more secure keeping.

"Thou hast had no slight play,—thou and the Macedonian," remarked the young Greek, coming forward as his master left the apartment; "Spar., as it was, I see thou hast blood on thy tunic."

"Ay, we fought like dogs, or rather like what we are—slaves," returned Spartacus, slowly withdrawing his eye, which had followed the receding form of the sculptor with an expression inclined to, though scarcely marked enough for contempt; "a noble thing it is to gash and gore the flesh of a fellow-being against whom we have no grudge; and to bear his blood about on our garments, or send it to soak the dust of the arena, for the pastime of a crew of puny barbarians, any of whose carcasses might be crushed easily as this lump of clay! By the gods! each time they come crowding about me, to measure my body and debate upon its strength, as if it were that of a draught beast; I long the more impatiently for the day when they shall feel in earnest the power which they have nourished for their sport!"

The youth replied but by a sigh, which indeed seemed scarcely called forth by the words of his companion.

"As proud a thing as it is," continued the elder slave in increased bitterness, "for a free-born Greek, the last of a line who devoted themselves to the death in seeking to save their own land of glory from the ruffian rule of these same barbarians, to stand for hours, smoothing his face and mincing his gestures to look the Adonis for one of them, too pitiful for scorn!"

Again the youth sighed, and without seem-

ing to heed the sarcasm, gloomily replied, "We are slaves!"

"We are slaves!" repeated Spartacus emphatically; "the slaves of our own cowardice or indolence, but only through them the slaves of the Romans. In what are they now our superiors, but in the riches which our toils have won them? Weak and vicious as they have grown, must we grow still more weak and more vicious to keep ourselves at the established distance below them? What slave among us would not feel himself degraded by the avarice, the sloth, and the cruelty which they cherish! But it is vain to talk to thee, now, Glycon," continued he reproachfully, as he marked the still but partial attention of his companion;—"the chains are tightening round thy mind closer than the bonds of thy body! Thou art no more the Greek boy, whose thrilling songs once stirred up even the dull minds of born minions to thoughts of freedom; who strengthened in me, whilst in the feebleness of thy early years thou didst cling to me for refuge against them who would have silenced thee, my first hopes of redemption. I have watched thee lay down the lyre, for the lute; the songs of freedom, for the tales of Arcadia!—hast thou indeed, forgotten thy own land,—thy own name,—thy own wrongs!"

"Alas! no!" replied Glycon, at last excited by the altered looks and tones of Spartacus.

"Why then is the change!—it is not assumed to cast off the rough friend who from thy first day of bondage, watched and served thee as a father!"

"No! no!" reiterated the youth; and while his face flushed, and his eye fell, he pointed significantly to a large curtain that dropped its folds at a distance before them.

"Thou dost not dare to love!—thou—a slave!" exclaimed the gladiator, assuming his former tone. "Thou acknowledgest, then, the jest not idle, that thou wouldst fain take up the distaff in a maiden's chamber! To be reviled of thy own choice because the lips are red which shall taunt thee!—to be buffeted, because the hand is fair which shall smite thee. And then to be transferred into the power of a coarser tyrant with other bridal trappings,—that of Appius Pulcher, perhaps; the most ruffianly debauchee in all Capua; to be his cup-bearer, for thy white skin and graceful limbs; to hold the wine to his lips when he can hold it no longer, and then to bear off his bloated trunk from his revels of drunkenness! Thou wilt be gaining honours worthy of thy blood!"

"Nay, Spartacus, I will not listen to this,"—began the youth in anger.

"Nay! what is then thy hope?"

"Hope! Alas! I have no hope!"

"I could give thee a hope worthy of a man," said Spartacus, as he walked away; "but thou art not now fit to receive it. I pity thee, poor youth!"

We will suppose the curtain removed that so effectually assisted the young Greek in his revelations, and present ourselves in the sanctum which it concealed—the principal apartment of Arria, Piso's young and fair daughter. Even at that early day, the rooms of a woman of wealth and fashion (for ere then fashion had had its birth and its arbitresses) were decorated with all the excess of taste and expense that is squandered on the boudoir of an élégante of our times. Vanity, and an almost childish love for his daughter, not unfrequently overcame the notorious avarice of the old sculptor, from which, and his access to all that was rare and costly in the arts, she dwelt amidst such a display as surrounded few of the equally rich and more lofty of the dames of Capua. The wing of the mansion which she occupied had been designed and erected for her sole use by her father, and, from the contrast of its elaborate Greek architecture with the ordinary plainness of the main building, was smiled upon as a lasting reproach to the vaunted taste of the projector. Within its precincts, however, this was unnoticed. The floor was tessellated with the chastest mosaic; statues, widely different, from their delicacy, to the bold and unwieldly specimens in the artist's studio, were ranged around; paintings, equally precious, garnished the walls; images of ivory, exquisitely wrought; vases of porphyry and alabaster; lamps, glittering in costly settings; caskets, enriched with medals and cameos; curtains and cushions, heavy with the golden embroidery of the east, and flowers, relieving, by the beautiful freshness of nature, the almost too lavish profusion of art, filled up every nook and corner, where, for ornament or use, they could be disposed.

The nicest ingenuity could not have produced a more striking effect through the agency of contrast, than that accidentally created in the appearance of the mistress of this little *museum*. Not a jewel, not a flower, nor even a ribbon, was added to the slight and simple white robe that hung in loose folds around her. Seated by a tiny fountain, that bubbled and sparkled in the centre of the room, and listlessly catching its cool drops on her hand, she looked, in her child-like beauty, an object meant to prevent, by breathing loveliness, a satiety of the inanimate magnificence around her. At a little distance from her, immersed in a full tide of waiting-maid eloquence, were three or four damsels, amply supplying the coup d'œil, as far as the inferior style of their garments would allow, with the personal finery which she disdained to exhibit.

"Canst thou not fancy, Leda," said one of them, "how lovely our Arria will look in the matron's *stola*!—it will add so gracefully to her height;—yet we must have a care that the fringe and borders hang not so low as to hide the embroidery of her sandals. Perhaps,"—appealing to her mistress;—"perhaps it would please Arria that we finish first this lavender and purple robe,—she may wish it for the shows at Rome?"

"I care not," she coldly replied.

"Nay," remarked Leda, "I know not why that should be preferred; the pearl-coloured *togatæ*, with violet trimmings, would look far more delicate for a bride."

"What would not look lovely that she might deign to wear?" was the return;—an implied compliment which then may have had some force, though, by the use of every hand-maid

through every successive century, it has long been lost.

"Our mistress has not yet examined the bridal veil, which Piso delivered into *my* care;"—said the eldest of the group, with an air expressive of the importance of the trust;—"it will cover her from head to foot, and never came there a finer gauze out of Asia, nor a hue of richer saffron; and the gloss,—nothing but that of her own golden hair can match it!"

"Thou hast well called it golden, Claudia; I know many a lady, even in Rome, who would give a sestertia of gold for every thread of it, to call it her own. It almost makes me yawn, to think of the tedious hours I used to spend, whilst I belonged to that most noble and most ugly dame, the wife of the edile Publius, smoothing and dying her locks, which, with all my skill, never looked better than the painted fleeces of the sheep at my master's villa. Save me from the bonds of a mistress, who lacks the gifts of Venus!"

"Thou wilt, surely, see the grand shows, fair Arria!" interrupted another, coming at once to a point, which was of no little interest to them, it being then not an usual thing for servants to share the public amusements of their superiors;—"the men say that the new consuls have supplied the circus munificently. Beasts there are to be without number, and, at least two hundred pairs of gladiators. Two wagon loads of them passed through the city, but yesterday, from Neapolis,—stout fellows, every one, as firm built as my master's statues. All the Capuan athletes, too, are training, and first on the betting tables, is our Spartacus. He must win, for young Appius, who never loses, bets on him."

A slight frown, on the fair brow of Arria, was her notice of the significant smiles that curled the lips of her maidens at the name of Appius. This, however, under existing circumstances, might easily be attributed to maidenly policy, and the damsel went on.

"In truth, the young noble may well bet with safety, for, it is said, he has had the experience of throwing almost every gladiator in the ring;—a bold, tall youth he is! I remember well the procession of the *equites* at which he appeared;—scarcely one of the band wore the olive chaplet and toga of scarlet with a better grace, or sat his steed more gallantly!"

"Thou forgettest," interrupted Arria pettishly; her cheek blushing as she rose from her reclining posture; "thou forgettest that, ere the month was out, the *censor* seized that same steed, because his master had disgraced his noble order, by conduct unworthy of a knight of Rome."

The maidens glanced at each other, in silent astonishment, for a moment, when one of them recovered tact to reply by alluding to the piccadilloes committed, not only by heroes, but by demigods, without detracting from their glory.

"Tush! Leda," answered Arria, irreverently, "thy Greek fancies are small comfort!"

"I know I but spoil them, though I used to think differently," returned the girl laughing, and seeking to change a subject which, unaccountably, appeared so little agreeable to her mistress. "I mean before I heard them touched by our graceful Glycon. Poor youth! it is well his service is so light. I have too much Greek blood in me to think him in his proper place, because, as they hint, his father chanced to lead a revolt."

An affected exclamation of horror broke from her companions; but the maiden carelessly went on:

"I leave it to our mistress if he does not every thing too nobly for a slave! I warrant me, her smile would have been none of the coldest, had his touching lay of Diana and the Carian been sung by the lips of—I mean, of a patrician!"

The blush, which had been gradually spreading over the face of Arria, now reached its deepest glow; and with a tremor of voice, which her handmaids fortunately attributed to a mistaken cause, she commanded them to be silent.

As she spoke, a tap was heard at the side of the curtain, and the Greek girl, with a look of pleasure, exclaimed, "It is his hour, by the dial; will it please Arria that we admit him!"

It was the young Thessalian. The waiting-women coquettishly shaded their simpers with their veils; and the cheek of Arria grew white one moment, and then more brightly pink, as she waited his approach.

"You are ever punctual, Glycon," said she, in tones which made his heart thrill, so unlike were they to those of one who feels herself condescending.

"As a slave should be, noble Arria;—as one ever would be whose duty was his chief pleasure;" answered the youth, fixing his eyes a moment on the softly beautiful countenance of his mistress, and then casting them to the ground.

"Thou hast promised to teach me that sweetest of Ionian songs, Glycon. I will try it now," said Arria, and reaching out her hand for the lyre which he bore gracefully on his arm, she essayed a passage, but with such discord, that the maidens, though too discreet to criticise, glanced at each other, and Glycon was obliged to fix her fingers on the strings.

Not to us of modern times has it been left to originate those tender episodes in the intercourse of teacher and pupil, whose romance reaches us in so many a touching story, whose reality, alas! dooms so many a gentle demoiselle to the sorrows of a darkened chamber, a bread-and-water regimen and a scolding mamma! The fingers of Glycon and Arria told a tale eloquently, and abashed, alarmed and yet joyful, the maiden dropped the instrument, and bent her head till her bright locks concealed her confusion; and the astonished and enraptured lyrist, fearful lest his ecstasy should be observed through the eyes, which he dared not raise to the "loadstars" of his mistress, fixed them on the chords, and, almost unconsciously, trilled through a song, so exquisitely melodious that, for once, the prying circle around him forgot the minstrel in his strain.

"Our vases afford not such a wreath as Apollo ordains to his sons; let this be a substitute," said Arria, endeavouring to compose her voice, whilst she fastened together the ends of a branch of myrtle which lay beside her. Glycon

touched, with his lips, the hand which had passed caressingly over his curls, as she playfully fixed the chaplet on his brow;—a presumption that not a little startled the serving-women, all etiquette prohibiting more than a kiss on the hem of a garment; but before they found words for reprehension, the lover had withdrawn.

Wrapped in his new and bewildering joy, the young Thessalian was standing in his master's studio, unconscious of the presence of an observer,—a young man, whose robes were those of a Roman of rank, yet who bore in his manner an air that proved him of as much acquaintance with the heroes of the arena, as with their masters. Glycon started as the loud and rude voice of the visiter accosted him in a coarse jest, and he recognised Appius Pulcher, the betrothed of his own Arria.

"Ho! knave, art practising a new study for my most revered father-in-law, that thou deignest not to notice my words? Come hither, my Narcissus; I would see whether thy limbs are of such make as thy master boasts of them."

As he finished his sentence, more insulting in manner than in import, the young patrician advanced, and, with a rod which he carried, attempted to raise the garment from the person of the Greek, who hardly restrained an impulse to snatch it from his hand.

"What, knave! dost frown at me!" exclaimed Appius; and recovering his weapon, he left the mark of a blow on the shoulder of his rival.

The appearance of Appius, so inopportune, from his consciousness of the relation that now stood between them, had sufficiently irritated the feelings of Glycon; but when, in addition, he received an indignity which, slave as he was, had never before been offered him, the caution which usually marked his demeanour was overcome. With a fierce spring he closed around his insulter, and hurled him violently on the floor, amidst the fragments of Piso's treasured chef d'ouvre, which his movement had thrown from its pedestal. Not yet satisfied, he had his arm raised to take farther advantage of his victory, when it was arrested by the strong grasp of Spartacus. In vain he struggled to free himself; and ere a moment he felt himself hurried, as if in the arms of a Titan, from the room.

"Art thou mad, boy!" demanded the gladiator, barring the door of the closet in which he had deposited his burden; "knowest thou what will follow this rash folly!"

"I care not if it be death!" replied the enraged youth, attempting to force the door, against which the immovable form of the gladiator was planted.

"Thou may'st as well say so, for all the choice thou wilt have of thy fate," returned the gladiator coolly; "yet ere old Piso crucify thee,—nothing less will satisfy him for the loss of his statue,—it is well that thou wilt be seasoned to punishment, through the mercy of Appius Pulcher, by means of the lash!"

"The lash! by Até! they shall all perish first!" exclaimed Glycon, his voice half choked with passion, while the veins of his forehead swelled almost to bursting, and his lips grew white as marble.

Spartacus read the countenance of his companion for a moment, and then seized his hand with a look of exultation, dropping his assumed tone of calmness as he said, "Glycon, my Greek, thou art what I have always deemed thee! Thou shalt not be sacrificed! Hark!"—

A tramp of steps had interrupted him, accompanied with cries indicating the search of Glycon. It passed, and the gladiator, after softly unbarring the door, and a careful glance around, signed to the youth to follow him, and passed into the outer hall or *atrium*, in safety. The growl of a dog for a moment arrested them. "Down! down! old Castor! thou art over ready;" said a voice from the entrance, and Spartacus hurried on.

The voice was that of a slave who, according to the custom, kept watch, armed and chained, at the door. For a score of years this had been his post. The gladiator whispered a word to him, and led his companion into the street.

Night was falling, yet, not to risk detection, Glycon and his protector followed the most retired byways of the city. When they emerged from them, it was at the gate of a building, then a place of no little resort to the gentlemen loungers of Capua,—the school of the most accomplished *lanista* of the day. Several bevies of young gallants were thronging out, full of the self-complacency of newly assumed patronage, and unskilfully mouthing the uncouth technicalities of latest vogue among the heroes of the arena. Spartacus concealed with his stately form the slighter one of his charge, as they stepped aside for the crowd to pass. Amongst them, gravely forming their own speculations, yet not entirely inattentive to the opinions of their neighbours, walked several citizens, more dignified in years and habits, yet who, as owners of the different champions, deemed it not beneath them to judge, in person, of the value of their property. Last of all appeared a personage who, whatever might have been his bearing in the ring, displayed his well formed figure to little advantage, in the conceited swagger which he assumed on the street. This was the renowned instructer himself.

"Ah! my man of muscle!" he exclaimed on seeing Spartacus, giving him, at the same time, in the manner of a modern fighter for far higher stake, a condescending punch with his fist; "how unfortunate that thou art too late! thou hast lost some attitude that would have graced the Olympics! Crixtus, however, can give you an imitation,—rather a lame one, though;—still he can give you an idea;"—and the admired of all admirers left his pupil in possession of the entrance.

The apartment into which the door, or rather gate, directly opened, was rudely finished, yet of form and extent well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. It was roofed, but without flooring. The walls were hung with the various weapons employed in the games, and, among them, and suspended from the rafters, were torches and lamps, whose light served to give greater effect to the peculiarities of form and countenances of the athletes, who remained to practise in greater freedom after the spectators had retired.

Natives of every clime that had been enslaved by Rome,—Syrians, Greeks, Gauls, Illyrians and Africans,—each bore in his physiognomy some characteristic evidence of his birth; yet, in their movements, all betrayed that they had been subjected to the same course of systematic training. The beautiful and imposing attitudes which, in these days, we are pleased to call classic, were there exhibited in perfection. Erect or inclining, with limbs nerved or at rest, thrusting or dropping a weapon, their studied grace of movement or position was never lost. A strange sight it was,—men, among them, coolly and carefully practising the postures in which to sink when they felt their antagonists' weapons cutting towards their hearts.

Spartacus led the young Greek forward through the different groups, until they reached the farthest end of the arena, where, amidst a ring formed by a large portion of the assemblage, were engaged two of the most famous agonistæ of Italy, one of them a Roman, the other a Gaul. The latter evidently now stood fairest in the game, exhibiting strength and dexterity which every moment called forth the delighted plaudits of his companions.

"Crixtus against a whole circus!" they shouted, as his discomfited competitor arose slowly from the ground; "we will back him as the champion of Capua!—Capua against Rome!"

The victor, elated at the disinterested applause of his compeers, turned triumphantly to Spartacus, exclaiming, with a vanity which none of them thought it unmanly to display—"We have had a noble trial, my Thracian!—What sayest thou!—though I think thou wast not here from the beginning!"

"Yet I saw enough to make me grieve that so much skill to fight with men, is doomed to be lost in the *bestiaria!*"

"*Bestiaria!* thou wouldst not taunt me, Spartacus!" returned the Gaul, his eyes flashing, whilst the others gathered around, calling for an explanation.

"I mean no jest," answered Spartacus; "ye have surely heard that Crixtus is sold by old Murio to fight the beasts at Rome!—it is truth, by the fates!"

There was a moment's silence of astonishment, broken, at last, by a fierce ejaculation of "Furiæ" from Crixtus.

"The pride of our *lanista!*" cried one.

"The champion of Capua!" was the exclamation of another.

"The champion of GAUL!" fiercely, in one voice, burst from his compatriots, who formed almost half of the assemblage; and the others joined them in their asseverations; "We will aid him in resistance!"

It has not been left to us to remark, how slight a breath can rouse an already disaffected body into a fury. A flush of emotion passed over the countenance of Spartacus, as he saw that the crisis was at hand, which he had been long anxiously though cautiously striving to hasten. He commanded himself, however, to calmness, whilst he repeated—

"Resistance! ye are slaves;—forget ye the consequences of resistance!"

"We are slaves, and *therefore* we will resist!" replied a voice,—that of Œnomaus, a Thracian.

Spartacus paused a moment, and then, again raising his tones above the murmurs that filled the house, he demanded in tones that accorded with their feelings;—"Say you we will *all* resist, my comrades!"

"All! all!" was reiterated around the throng, with an eagerness that showed their satisfaction at the approval of him, who had always commanded them by the superiority of his intellect.

"Then," said Spartacus, "thus united, let us oppose not only this one act of avaricious cruelty, but the tyranny which has held us all for years, many of us for life, in the most abject thraldom! The sons of nations, once free as Rome, of men more free than the Romans, because exempt from their vices; not only we, but thousands,—amply sufficient in number to annihilate their power, debased and enervated as they are. Have we degenerated in mind and body, that we should still groan in their chains? We wonder that it has been so long thus! There was an impulse needed to arouse us;—we feel it in ourselves;—let us extend it to our fellow-sufferers, and we will be slaves no more, no longer things of scorn, but spirits of terror!"

The gladiator paused to note the effect of his words. He was satisfied, and went on, swaying his hearers by such bold and passionate eloquence, as can only be poured forth by one keenly perceptive of wrong, and sensible of enduring it. Enough has been transmitted to us to judge of the means which this extraordinary man used to work upon those whose aid he sought in his unparalleled undertaking; of his strong allusions to their individual and united sufferings; his appeals to their natural feelings, and his startling invectives against the luxury, the cruelty and the impiety of their oppressors;—and history tells us also of his success,—so great as to be almost incredible.

Astonished, encouraged and elevated, the injured and fearless band around him listened to his first harangue as if it had been an oracle of their religion, and kindled with sentiments, not such as incite a mob, but such as awaken a revolution, they grasped each other's hands, and swore to follow Spartacus to the death.

"Strange!" "Miraculous!" "Amazing!" were ejaculations constantly on the lips of Arria's waiting-women, at the unaccountable change that had grown upon their mistress. Her approaching marriage, which, indeed, she had never seemed to anticipate with as much satisfaction as they deemed becoming, she now appeared to avoid as a subject of dread. In vain her costly and beautiful paraphernalia, constantly receiving new additions from the fondness of her father; in vain the sumptuous presents of Appius were paraded before her. If they admired the liberality of Appius, she alluded to his profligacy; if they spoke of his strength and boldness, she hinted at his coarseness; if they praised the manliness of his person, she curled her lip, and, fixing her eyes on vacancy, seemed to contemplate a form of still greater beauty. The bloom was fading from her cheek and the brightness from her eye; and, at length, the old

sculptor himself grew alarmed; and, much as he shrunk from an idea of losing an alliance which was to connect him with an order above his own, he talked of consulting the auspices anew.

A second cause of uneasiness to Piso was the loss of his slave. From his youth, his grace and accomplishments, Glycon was a piece of property of no mean value; and, besides, the statue could not be completed without him. The sculptor sought him in every nook in the city, in which it was likely he had found refuge; and, at the demands of Appius, had the scourge ready, to be exercised the moment of his recovery; but when he remembered that lacerated limbs would be no furtherance of his work, he concluded, to the deep joy of his daughter, that, to go on with his labour, he would spare the lash, endanger his favour with the young patrician, and even forgive the demolition of the Bacchus.

At that time all Capua was ringing with accounts of the preparations in progress at Rome for the celebration of games, to surpass, in magnificence and duration, any that had yet been exhibited for the gratification of the public. Intelligence had also been received, that one of the newly-elected consuls would shortly visit the city, on official duty, and would then, in person, make choice, from among the gladiators, of such as should be qualified to serve with credit, before the efficient *censors* that would be congregated on the occasion. This dignitary was an old patron of Piso, at whose solicitations, backed by those of the prætor Clodius Pulcher, he had consented to rest at the sculptor's villa, near Capua, and partake of such an entertainment as his humble efforts could provide.

A grand feast, indeed, was prepared. The guests who had been selected by Appius, as the son of the prætor and future son-in-law of the host, were the richest and noblest of the city. Clodius himself was first in attendance, with every insignia of his official dignity, to receive his superior; and, to furnish an agreeable surprise, the most eminent gladiators of Capua had been engaged to display their powers at the close of the fete.

The board had long been laid in the hall of the villa; the host's own hand had arranged on it the two or three *lares*, which barely saved him from a rank with the *ignobiles*; and the guests, whose appetites had been saved all the day, through the prospect of the rich cheer with which it was the vanity of Piso to regale those whom he wished to propitiate, began to grow impatient for the appearance of the magnate, whose arrival was to be the signal for the repast; when a courier announced that the visit had been postponed. Disappointment, however, destroyed not the zest of the fare, and sunset passed, a time unusually late for a Roman supper, leaving the *convives* still at the table, lamenting that there was no longer light enough for the intended show, when Appius was called to receive a visiter,—"a youth of Greece, of the family of Leontina."

"Leontina!" exclaimed Piso, "then, pray thee, noble Appius, receive him with thy best courtesy; he is likely the son of Phyllias Leontina, with whom I held *hospitium* for fifty odd years; they say he was executed for disaffection, poor man!—he had the finest Apelles in all Greece."

Appius hastened to the gate. A youth in the garb of a Greek, stood in the light which streamed through the colonnade of the banqueting room. A second glance proved it to be Glycon.

"Ha! slave! rebel!" cried Appius, seizing the garment of the youth, who as quickly disengaged himself, saying, in forced calmness,—

"I came not hither for farther insult,—a Greek can never forgive such as thou hast already offered me:—I seek vengeance, and on this spot it shall be yielded!"

"Villain! wouldst thou attempt murder?" returned Appius, as he beheld a *stilus* glittering in the hand of his rival.

"Not so," answered Glycon, throwing aside his weapon; "if thou wilt, we may strive with strength of body alone."

"Appius Pulcher twines not his limbs with those of a rebel slave!" haughtily said the patrician.

An instant and he was grappled in the hold of the Greek. Superior as he was in size and strength to this foe, he had been unprepared, and felt himself swayed back and forth in his grasp as if he had been a child. At length he disengaged a dagger from the folds of his robe. Quick as thought, a hand held out to Glycon the weapon which he had cast on the ground, and, in the second, the patrician recognized Spartacus. He now apprehended peril, and shouted an alarm.

Torches flashed through every opening in the mansion, and the revellers, with their attendants, came thronging out. Still the Thessalian relaxed not his hold; and as the foremost of the guests gained their side, he evaded a powerful thrust and buried his weapon in the throat of his adversary, who writhed from his arms and sunk to the ground.

A tumultuous shout of "Traitor! murderer!" burst from the assembled crowd. They gathered about the youth, attempting to secure him, when, from the covert of every tree and shrub in view, started forth the brawny form of the gladiator. Appalling they looked, with their broad limbs and glaring eyes, in the changeful torch-light. For a moment the revellers were struck with terror, to find themselves thus surrounded; but another discovered their opponents to be unarmed, save with the short knives which they were allowed to wear in their girdles, and which they now clutched in their hands. This restored them.

"Rebels," cried the prætor, "how dare you thus appear in array against your masters?—surrender! As an officer of Rome, I command you!" and drawing his sword, which he wore with his robes of state, he thrust it towards Spartacus who was advancing to receive him.

"Retire!" shouted the gladiator chief; "we ask not your blood!—we but sought to witness one act of justice!—ye are in our power; but we offer to spare you!—retire!"

The arms which had been brought from the city for the games, were now produced and distributed among the Capuans. They were, how-

ever, of little service. The gladiators, daily used to such warfare, turned them easily aside. The moon arose, and showed to the bewildered revellers the number of their foes, and also that the domestic slaves had thrown aside their festal badges, and were fighting against them with yet more passion than the gladiators. Once more the voice of Spartacus bade them to retire or prepare to meet the full consequences of their opposition; and, many of them wounded, and none recovered from the effects of their sudden alarm, they retreated to the house.

"Art thou now satisfied!" asked Spartacus, as he gained the side of Glycon, when their adversaries had retired.

"I am," energetically replied the Greek, "my shame is buried in the wounds of yon profligate tyrant, and now I *feel* free!"

"Then be thy revenge an omen of our success!" returned the gladiator, and placing himself at the head of his party, he commanded them to advance towards their appointed route.

They proceeded for a short distance in silence, when the voices of two of the slaves who had followed them drew the attention of Spartacus. He turned and beheld in the arms of one of them a vase of great value, filled with table utensils of silver, and in the hand of the other a gold drinking-cup.

"How!" he exclaimed sternly, "what mean these baubles!"

"Booty!" replied one of them, laughing familiarly.

"Contemptible thieves!" cried he angrily; "think ye that *our* aim is robbery!—ye are too base to comprehend it!—ye are fit only to be slaves! Glycon and Crixtus, ye are now my chief associates; lead back these knaves to their masters to receive the meed due to them! Let it not be deemed that we would stoop to this!"

Each leading one of the trembling rogues by an arm, the Greek and his companion strode rapidly with them towards the mansion. They had entered the lawn when a noise, as of suppressed voices, attracted their notice, and in front of them, crouching beneath a group of trees, were the women of Arria, with their mistress insensible in the midst.

They shrieked as the gigantic figure of Crixtus appeared before them.

"Fear not," said Glycon gently, and was passing, when the form of Arria met his eye; and resigning his charge to Crixtus, who fortunately was strong enough to execute it, though he felt not a little perplexed at the desertion; he darted forward and caught her in his arms.

"Ye fates! have I aided in doing this!" he exclaimed; "Arria! Arria! my own! thou art safe!" and clasping her closely in his mixed emotions, he stopped not till he had reached the entrance of the house.

Far different from what it had been a few hours before was now the appearance of the banqueting-room. The lights were dying, the viands were overturned and soaking in the streams of wine that flooded the board; the guests had vanished,—hurried off by the prætor to Capua to arouse a force for the pursuit of the insurgents; and old Piso, who could not follow without his daughter, sat cowering among the ruins of the feast, calling upon the gods and for Arria, when Glycon presented himself with her, and laid her down on one of the couches that surrounded the table.

"Arria! my darling!" blubbered the old man joyfully; "they have not then captured thee!" but ere he had time to approach her, his treasures were deposited before him, and he added, in almost equal joy,—"and my crystal! and my plate!—gods! I thank ye that the renegades have still some honesty!—what!—by Apollo!—Glycon!—stop! stop! I say I'll not lash thee! I can't spare thee yet!—gone,—and what will become of my marble! Ho! Glycon!—the runaway has the legs of a god!"

Incited as much by private feelings as by a sense of public duty, Clodius Pulcher lost no time in preparing to subdue the reckless band that had so openly defied his authority. This he determined to do with one blow; and ordering out a chosen force of ten thousand men, he led them towards Vesuvius, among whose steeps the insurgents had entrenched themselves to receive him, after having armed themselves from the spoil of a small body of military whom they had met accidentally and overcome.

Vain would have been an attempt of a regular force to surprise a band commanding such a position as Spartacus had selected. The prætor was aware of this, and secure of victory from his numbers, and an assurance that the rebels could not descend from their fastnesses, without being betrayed by the noise of the loose stones that would be displaced by their steps, he arranged his camp at the base of the mountain, prepared to suspend an attack till the horde should be driven, by hunger, into the plain.

For two days the Romans maintained their position without disturbance, and the night of the second they set their watch, vaunting of the manœuvre by which the banditti, for so at first was deemed the company of Spartacus, were held in their power. But the boldness and ingenuity of the gladiator chief soon broke upon their repose. At midnight the peal of a sentinel's trumpet aroused them, and they awoke to find the enemy ready to grapple them in their tents. They had descended from the precipices above by means of ropes twisted of vines, which were yet swinging over their heads.

A terrible slaughter ensued. The troops of Clodius were inferior to none among the legions of Rome; but relying on their numbers, and lacking the incentives of booty and fame, their efforts were not such as could prevail against men who knew that on the present moment depended, not only their own destinies, but those of the myriads whom they had sworn to redress. The darkness too, and their confined position, allowed no scope for the tactics to which they had been accustomed; and when it was too late, in the grasp of that tremendous bodily power which formed the sublimity of the arena, they felt themselves as naught. When morning dawned, two-thirds of the military were found destroyed, and the remainder dispersed.

During the engagement Glycon, whose whole soul was now given up to the cause, was astonished to hear the voice of Appius Pulcher, whose death he had rejoiced in as certain. In

an instant he was before him; and mutually inflamed by hatred, and thirsting for revenge, they contested with a fury that naught but death might stay. With equal advantages, their struggle was long; but at last, as the shout of the prætor reached them, ordering a retreat, the patrician sunk under a mortal blow.

Not one of the two hundred insurgents had fallen.

"The gods are on our side," said Spartacus; "they have given us an earnest of their protection!—never, while we pursue our cause, may we disgrace their favour!"

Animated by the spirit that filled their leader, the men again gathered around him, and hailed him as their general, solemnly vowing to submit to his discipline, and to endeavour to awe their enemies as much by honour and magnanimity as to intimidate them by boldness.

From that day the name of Spartacus passed like a charmed word around Italy, arousing the timid to hope and the bold to action. Men of his own profession were the first to seek his standard. Not the born slaves of the Romans, but captives taken in their conquests, they retained the strongest feelings of injury against its oppressors; and with their vigour, their intrepidity and their numbers, for the annals tell us that the insurgent force in one month amounted at least to ten thousand, they soon struck terror into the heart of every domestic tyrant within hearing of their efforts. In vain the *quæstors* of the neighbouring provinces marched against them. All were overpowered, and the rebels furnished, by their defeat, with every equipment necessary to the support of hostilities.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Spartacus in his course, which for two years was a succession of victories the most brilliant,—the most astonishing. He became not, as might have been expected, newly freed as he was from a degrading bondage, an adventurous desperado, but proved himself at once a hero, possessing all the coolness, the tact and the foresight, as well as the bravery, which are essential to the formation of a skilful and successful commander. The rude multitudes which had collected around him, his forces having soon been swelled to the number of forty thousand by a constant influx of inferior slaves, he distributed into all the divisions of a regular army; and placing them under the command of his seventy original companions, as assistants on whom he could rely, he led them through a course of the most strict and careful discipline. His prudence set aside the probabilities of natural jealousies. To the representatives of each several nation, he gave a leader from among themselves. The strongest bands, in point of number, were Thracians and Gauls. The first of these selected Œnomaus as their head; the latter, Crixtus. The Germans also were led by one from their own ranks. Thus each party, governed by their own interests and feelings, struggled as for themselves, propitiating the others as allies, whose assistance was necessary to success, and looking up to Spartacus as a guiding power, without whose superintendence all must be swept into ruins. Thus supporting and supported, full of confidence in their individual strength and the justice of their cause, the rulers and legions of Rome at last trembled before them, and, in their councils, bestowed upon their chief the title of the second Hannibal.

We bring our readers to that crisis when the insurgent force, having accumulated to an hundred thousand able combatants, had routed two armies, each under the command of a consul, in little more than as many hours. Flushed with such unexampled success, united with the triumph that immediately followed it, over the army of Arrius, composed of at least seventy thousand chosen troops, they solicited the consent of their general to marching against Rome itself. After deliberation it was granted, when an unexpected summons changed their plans.

The fame of Spartacus had reached Sicily, whose inhabitants were writhing under the tyranny of the infamous Verres, and who, encouraged by the success of their fellow-sufferers in Italy, delayed a stroke for their freedom only through the want of one of abilities to lead them on. To Spartacus they applied. A new prospect now opened to the gladiator general. Once landed on the island, a successful insurrection, with the aid of his well-tried legions, would be but the work of a day; and that accomplished, he might defy the power of Rome; form a new government, and carry into effect the schemes of liberty with which he had started into opposition. Earnestly encouraged by his assistants to accept the proposal, he hastened into Brutium, on whose coasts he expected to find means of passage from the pirates that infested them.

The Romans foresaw the consequences of the reported movement of the gladiators, and were justly alarmed. A force of two hundred thousand were speedily equipped, and under the command of Crassus, then one of the most prominent men of the republic, were marched after the rebel army into the peninsula. The unparalleled skill and prowess by which their adversaries had routed so many powerful armies, had awakened, even in the hardened soldiery of Rome, a degree of dread, the effects of which their commander knew not how to counteract but by the revival of a law of brutal cruelty. This was, that every man who displayed not such spirit as would honour the standard under which he fought, should be beaten to death in the presence of the hosts; and not less than four thousand, it is estimated, suffered the horrible penalty.

Locri was the port at which a rendezvous was to be held with the pirates, to treat for the transportation of the insurgents across the strait, and to Glycon the business was entrusted. Since the death of Œnomaus, who had fallen in battle, he stood highest in the confidence of his general, for Crixtus had forfeited favour by an act of insubordination which had caused the only defeat that any portion of the army had yet sustained. Several days the Thessalian anxiously awaited the expected allies, and was at last convinced of their treachery.

Alarmed and disconcerted, he gave orders for the immediate return of his party to the camp, where they were delayed by the arrival of a vessel from Greece, whose company policy required them to secure. Absorbed as he was in

his disappointment, and in conjectures of its consequences on his commander, he carelessly watched the landing of the prisoners, when he was startled by a weak, cracked voice, crying querulously—

"Thou shalt have five—six—seven sestertia, if thou wilt but save my Phidias! Ugh! Ugh! —if it should have fallen into the hands of a Mummius!"

Glycon glanced hastily around, and beheld the old sculptor of Capua, and knew the nymph-like figure that clung, closely veiled, to his garments, to be none other than his daughter.

The old man's phrenzy for his art was still strong within him, and he was now returning from Greece, whither he had again been to indulge it.

But it was of Arria alone that Glycon thought. Did she still cherish her early dream!—would she not rather shrink from it, and loathe him as an instigator of a cause which the prejudices of her station taught her to regard with horror? What would he not give to whisper his name in her ear, and watch her countenance whilst she heard it! Yet by such an attempt he might destroy the wild hope which, amidst all his scenes of violence, he had still treasured; and he dared not to risk it. He, however, sought the side of the maiden, and concealing his features with his helmet, murmured an assurance of safety; but he was disappointed of hearing her voice. She replied but by an inclination of the head, and trembling, clung yet more closely to her father, whilst her lover walked dreamingly behind her.

The dejection of his followers, however, ere long restored Glycon to a sense of his duty, and renewed his perplexity as to the movement of the army, now that their grand hope was defeated. Yet, while he hastened to Spartacus, how was he to dispose of the precious charge which had fallen so unexpectedly into his hands! He could not take her to the camp, for though his guardianship might there preserve her for a time, an engagement with the prætor he looked upon as a step to which his party must resort. The villages of the peninsula were all in the interests of the insurgents, yet if by the chances of war, which, in spite of himself, intruded upon his thoughts, they should fall into the power of the enemy, to what horrors would be exposed an unprotected female secreted among them, in the revolution that would follow! Still, however, as his duty was not far distant, he might hope to watch over her; and he chose the latter alternative. He, therefore, without hinting at a recognition, placed his prisoners under a guard of soldiers, in one of the hamlets, and soon reached the camp.

When Glycon re-appeared in the presence of Spartacus, it was to learn a new cause for deliberation. The time in which the armies had been lying each awaiting the movement of the other, had been employed by the Romans in the execution of a project which might well confound a mind of less power than that of the rebel chief. By a ditch of immense depth and width, extending from sea to sea, they had cut the insurgents off from land. Their situation was now desperate;—on one side of them a vast army, in watch to prevent their passing the barrier; and on all the others, the sea, in which the naval force of their enemy might daily be expected. His men began to despair; but now, as in every other emergency, the genius of their general displayed itself.

After a cautious examination of every part of the line, a small portion of it was discovered yet unfinished. Towards this Spartacus led, by night, the greater number of his force, leaving the remainder to harass their opponents, and draw their attention from the point towards which their designs tended. In a few hours, by filling the trench with wood and earth, and even the corses of those of the enemy who had been at hand to oppose their progress, the main body formed themselves a passage, and crossed it without detection.

Glycon had been left in command of the skirmishers, whom by small parties he despatched after their companions; and at last, having seen the entire success of the stratagem, he had leisure to plan for the safety of the object whose image had been present to his mind, even amidst the arduous exertions of the night. The village in which he had placed her, was not far from the route to the pass of the trench; and well he knew that upon it the fury of the Romans would first fall for abetting the escape. Ordering a score of cavalry with him, he directed the prisoners to be brought from their hold; and placing the terrified Arria before him, he mounted her father and the others, and as noiselessly as those who had gone before, they passed the entrenchment. When morning dawned, without having uttered a word by which they might know their protector, he left them safe upon the road to Capua, and hastened to his post amidst his forces, who once more ascendant, fixed themselves again in the north of Lucania.

The frustration of their designs upon Sicily was the first great disappointment that had, as yet, arisen in the triumphant course of the insurgent host. Invariable success had seemed to place failure out of their destiny, and for this it was felt the more keenly. The despondency which they had entertained, on finding themselves in their late perilous situation, soon settled into dissatisfaction towards their leader, and this still rankled in the minds of some after the cause had been removed by his bold and successful decision. Crixtus, however, was the only general who came to open revolt. In the distinction and license of his station he had grown arrogant and dissolute; and on receiving a contradiction of his wishes from his leader, he led off his Gauls, to the number of thirty thousand, a signal loss to the remaining force; and attacking Crassus with them, was utterly routed.

Spartacus now felt that the moment for a decisive struggle had arrived. The whole power of Rome was concentrating against him. In addition to the armies already out, Pompey, whose return from Spain was daily looked for, was expected to join his forces to those of Crassus; and his judgment warned him of the doubts of success against such a combination. He knew, too, that idleness would but afford time for dissensions in his own ranks, whilst an

early victory might smother all that already had arisen. Crassus also, for private reasons, was anxious for an immediate engagement; and in sight of Pæstum it was, that, in the words of the poet—

——"A slave withstood a world in arms."

It is painful to dwell upon the final close of this hero's career. We will pass it over briefly.

Notwithstanding their great superiority in point of number, the army of Spartacus had gained a decided advantage, when their commander, who fought on foot to prove his readiness to share the dangers of the meanest of his band, received a wound which brought him to the ground. Still his voice was raised to cheer his men, and supported on one knee, he long defended himself against the throng that pressed around him; but at last he sunk under their efforts, and his followers felt that their strength had departed. But there was no thought of submission. Well they knew their fate should they fall alive into the hands of their foes. Without hope, save that of avenging their general, and selling their own lives dearly, they fought until thirty thousands lay dead, and as many wounded, on the field.

A deep gloom was upon the villa of Piso, for its aged master had been gathered to his urn, and his daughter had shut herself within its walls to brood over her lonely orphanage, when loudly, as if it had been the fall of an Alexander, the destruction of the slave general was bruited through Italy.

A horrible proof of their victory had been designed to keep alive the exultation of the ferocious legions on their return to Rome, whither Crassus was hastening to receive an ovation which, in splendour, was to be scarcely inferior to a triumph. The survivors of the insurgent army, six thousand in number, were sentenced to the fearful doom of the cross, and, in their long agony, lined the way of the conquerors from Capua to Rome.

The rejoicings of the whole land awakened no sympathy in the heart of the desolate mourner. With the first stroke of the extraordinary episode which was now receiving its barbarous termination were connected the dearest passages of her memory; and as the trumpets of the victors played past her gates, she could but close her ears and weep. She dreamed not what that hour was to bring forth!

Whilst the din of the procession still clanged around her, a woman rushed, pale with horror, into her presence, shuddering.—"I have seen him! I have seen him!—it is his blood that stains my garments!—it trickled from the limbs of Glycon. O Arria! as I passed beneath that terrible cross!"

That night, when quiet had again returned, the body of the unfortunate Greek, stiff and gory, but still alive, was stealthily loosed from its place of torture, and consigned to the care of Arria.

We have almost done. Ere many weeks had passed, a stately vessel sailed from the bay of Pæstum, for Greece, freighted with wealth untold; and on the deck, watching, but far from sadly, the receding shores, sat the sculptor's daughter, and reclining at her feet, not in humility, but to gaze playfully and fondly in her face, was the model of the studio, the still gentle and graceful Thessalian.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE friendship's soft hand is entwining
Its garlands round memory's bower;
And oh! may the links it is binding,
Be cherish'd through many an hour.

Here fancy's bright pictures are glowing
In all the attractions of art;
And love's fairy fingers are throwing
Their magical cords round the heart.

Here the goddess of hope is bedecking
The future with visions of joy;
And piety's hand is directing
To that world where no trials annoy.

Then take the bright garlands they're wreathing,
And bind them for aye round thy heart;
They will cherish its noblest feelings,
And bid each ruder passion depart.

When the rose on thy cheek shall be faded,
And time shall have furrow'd thy brow;
When sorrow's cold hand shall have shaded
The pleasures which dazzle thee now;

When friends whom thy heart fondly cherished,
Who shared in its joy and its gloom,
Like the hopes of that heart shall have perish'd,
And left thee to weep o'er the tomb!—

Then turn in that cold cheerless hour,
And linger round memory's shrine;
Thou shalt find each soft trembling flower
Has surviv'd all the ravage of time.

AUGUSTA.

ADIEU.

Adieu!—and can this simple word
Blot out remembrance from the soul,
When thy sweet voice no more is heard,
And ocean's waves between us roll?
No, here, on friendship's altar bright,
Shall memory beam in living light!

When life's dull eve shall wane in gloom
And time's fast falling sands run low—
When death points sternly to the tomb
And worldly scenes no longer glow;
Then, even here, shall memory bring
Her pure and holy offering.

Adieu!—and may life's wave roll on
Unruffled by the storm of wo—
Till death press his cold seal upon
Life's fairest impress here below;
Then may we meet in courts above
And know again that God is love.

J. E. D.

Written for the Lady's Book.

REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

MRS. HALE.—I enclose for your Lady's Book, the following article, which I believe calculated to subserve its peculiar objects. A part of it has already appeared in the second number of the New York Review, with an introductory paragraph, and here and there a passage not belonging to it; and I am desirous that it should be published entire, and in its original form.

Yours, truly,

E. B. S.

Who can look with indifference upon young ladies, just emerging from school? What an interesting position do they occupy! Just relinquishing the guidance of others, and learning to depend upon themselves; just renouncing the whole routine of pursuits and employments in which their life has hitherto passed, and choosing for themselves their future course; just passing the confines that separate girlhood from womanhood. Turning their backs, almost without being aware of it, upon the beautiful perspective of life's early scenes—full of bright and sweet illusions hitherto undispelled, and hastening unconsciously into the midst of its most grave and momentous realities!

Hitherto, perchance, they have pursued their way in all the freedom of nature—unshackled and unimpeded—light of heart and free of limb—but soon a burden is to rest upon their shoulders, which they must bear, until they lay it down with their life—a burden of duties and cares—mayhap of sorrows, too.

Could their future career be followed by prophetic eye, how many would be seen, in its very outset, suddenly returning to the earth who gave them—how many who content themselves with gathering the flowers that grow in their path, or chasing the butterflies that hover around it: never caring for any thing of more importance than their own childish amusements and gratifications—how many whose look, perpetually fixed upon what is of the earth—earthly—is never lifted to heaven;—how many swerving from the strait and narrow way—how many, whom an ill-starred union dooms to perpetual weariness and sorrow of heart—how many, who instead of sharing the burden of another themselves, constitute its heaviest portion—how many who illustrate in their daily life the fable of Prometheus and the vulture, draining the very life-blood of those who have selected them for bosom friends—how many who, appointed by heaven the guides of others, either throw off the duty altogether, or lead them as blind leaders of the blind, to perdition—who withhold the fostering hand—the kindly look of encouragement, the tender devotion—the wise and faithful guidance necessary to lure them on in wisdom's pleasant ways—how many who, exclusively engrossed by caring only to give them a fair outside for the admiration of their fellow-travellers—the attractions or asperities of their own paths, take no heed even of their nearest fellow pilgrims.

Happily there is another side to the picture. There are bands of noble fellow-workers with God—there are those who toil and reap as they go sowing broadcast the seeds of rich blessing, and look for a crown of glory at the end of their course. There are bright spirits who diffuse around them almost celestial influence—who mete out to the objects of their love and care, a portion of good which is as the manna in the wilderness to the hungering Israelite—who go from strength to strength, nobly achieving life's highest desires—whose ministration is to the heart and spirit of man in things holy—who fulfil the glorious mission of their sex, in the unremitted, unwearying exercise of all gentle, beneficent, cheering, soothing, purifying, and exalting influences.

The destiny of women! How much it embraces—how little it is studied and understood! How few young ladies there are comparatively, who pause upon the threshold of accountable active life, and contemplate the momentous issues that depend upon their choice of a part in its drama, and on the manner in which they perform it—how many who survey only the outside of life, nor dream of its "deep things," its hallowed mysteries!

At the interesting period we have spoken of, the author of the book whose name stands at the head of this article, appears before young ladies as their guide and "friend." They are ignorant of the world, and are just entering it as responsible beings. The illimitable and uncertain future is before them. She comes to point out to them their duties, establish their principles, and form their manners. This is one of the highest offices that a human being can assume. She is a labourer in the cause of human improvement, and is, therefore, entitled to our respect. But we may be permitted to examine, whether the means she proposes, be well adapted to the end; whether her "words" are always "fitly spoken;" whether she has in all things, the wisdom necessary to a successful discharge of the office she has assumed.

We, who stand in relation to the young, as the past to the future, are witnesses to them of the realities of life; and it is our first duty to weigh carefully, whatever we pretend to disclose to them as undoubted truths. It is our purpose to examine the book before us—to commend those things in it, and they are many, which are worthy of all praise—to point out some errors of taste, and some sentiments which seem to us to have sprung from a partial, and, perhaps, unfortunate experience, and a prejudiced mind—sentiments, the adoption of which would, in our opinion, be unfavourable to the formation of a first rate character.

The book opens with the soliloquy of a young lady upon leaving school, in which she congratulates herself, that henceforth, she is to be her own mistress, and shall have nothing to do, but seek her amusement in the best way she can. This is followed by some very good remarks, in regard to the mistaken notions girls are apt to entertain upon the subject of education. The great business of early education, is to form habits of industry, to train the mind to find pleasure in intellectual effort, and to inspire a love of knowledge for its own sake.

If you have attended school merely because

it was expected of you; if you have learnt your lessons well for the sake of ranking high among your school-fellows; if you have regarded your studies as daily tasks to be performed until a certain period, when you will be released from them, you are still *uneducated;* what you have toiled to commit to memory, will soon be forgotten; and your intellectual powers, in consequence of never having been called into action, will dwindle away, till it will be matter of wonder to yourselves, how you ever performed your school tasks.

There is certainly no novelty in the idea—it has often been enforced, that education is only begun at schools; that unless what is acquired there, is considered simply as a small stock of knowledge to begin with, which should be constantly communicating, it will be as unprofitable as money buried in the earth;—and yet, to this day, I believe, the majority of young ladies imagine, not only that their education is finished when they leave school, but that the principal business of life is accomplished; and that, having done their task, nothing remains for them, but to rest from their labours, and enjoy, in the best way they can, the play-day they have earned. The consequence is, that their minds being occupied with nothing more important than their amusements, the fashion and material of their garments, some nice shade or strict rule of etiquette—the proper folding of a note, the best way of making themselves conspicuous and attractive at a party, or in public—discussing about beaux, and the ordinary gossip of society, dwindle, as our author says—dwindle to a mere point, and frivolity comes to be considered as an essential characteristic of the sex.

The following passage in Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy, is so appropriate, that I cannot forbear quoting it. "There is a class of intellectual habits, by which the mind, long unaccustomed to have the attentions steadily directed to any important object, become frivolous and absent, or lost amid its own waking dreams. A mind in this condition, becomes incapable of following a train of reasoning, and even of offering facts with accuracy, and tracing their relations. Hence, nothing is more opposed to the cultivation of intellectual character, and when such a person attempts to reason, or to follow out a course of investigation, he falls into slight and partial views, unsound deductions, and frivolous arguments. This state of the mind, therefore, ought to be carefully guarded against, in the young, as when it is once established, it can be removed only by a long and laborious effort, and after a certain period of life is probably irremediable."

The world is full of analogies to illustrate the effect upon the mind of a disuse of its powers. A person long confined in a sitting posture, loses the power of walking, and his limbs diminish in strength and size; and it is well ascertained from the effect of different occupations upon the human frame, that, in proportion to the demand made upon any set of muscles, is the increase of their capacity and volume. Every living principle in nature, depends for its continuance and well-being, upon a constant supply of nutriment, and is it not, in the true sense of the word, *brutal*, while we attend so much to the recruiting of our bodies, to have no care for our minds! Young ladies may find an illustration of that which prevents all enlargement, all fine development of the intellectual powers, in the foot of a Chinese lady—they may learn a lesson of deep meaning from the unconscious plant in their window, *which always seeks the light.*

Our limits will not permit us to follow our author in detail, through the different portions of her book. It embraces every topic connected with the well-being and well-doing of those for whom it is designed; their manners and habits; their duties, and their pleasures; their health; their occupations, and their deportment in public and private; and there is not a single chapter in the book, that does not contain valuable hints and suggestions.

We shall be obliged to confine our notice to topics, the treatment of which particularly pleases or displeases us; remarking, generally, in the meanwhile, that in regard to many of them, there is a minuteness of detail, the necessity of which, if indeed it exists, is a disgrace to the mothers and daughters of our land. The author has a way, too, of laying down the most trite and common-place maxims; the most obvious rules of propriety, on subjects connected with the conduct of young ladies; that presupposes a degree of ignorance, and an absence of all refinement in our community, to which we would fain hope we need not plead guilty.

One cannot help reflecting, in reading such a book, what a cumbrous piece of mechanism, built up of rules and maxims, injunctions and exhortations, advice and remonstrances, is necessary for the regulation of one's life; in the place of a few simple living principles in the mind, which, if early instilled, and habitually cultivated, would be far more effectual for that purpose. There is a large proportion of the book before us, for which no *well-principled*, and *well* educated young lady, has the least occasion.

Will not such an one use, diligently, all means of self-improvement? Will she not appreciate the value of time, and turn it to the best account? Will she not discharge in a spirit of fidelity, her duties in every relation, and in all the intercourse of life? Will she not be discriminating in her friendships; and will she not, at all times, and under all circumstances, be governed by a sense of right and propriety?

From a chapter upon the improvement of time, we quote the following very good observations. "How are young persons to be convinced of the value of time, when to them a year seems almost endless, and a pleasure that is deferred for a month, seems too far off for happy anticipation?" (This by the by, can be true only of *very young* persons' minds). "A year appears very long to the young, because it bears so large a proportion to the whole period they have lived; as we advance, the proportion becomes less and less; till, in old age a year seems no longer than a minute did in childhood. Abundant as time seems to the young, we constantly hear them excuse themselves for some duty omitted, by saying, they had not time to do it, which should convince

them, they have no more of this precious gift than they require; and that there is more defect in their management of it, or they would not sometimes be wishing to accelerate the flight of a *day*, and at other times, omit a duty for want of an *hour* in which to perform it.

"There are a few plain questions which, if honestly answered, might serve to convince any young lady, that however long a year may seem to her in prospect, the proper use of each day would make it appear short. Let her ask herself, if her own clothes are in complete order; if there are no buttons and strings off, no gloves or stockings that need to be mended, none of those numberless stitches to be set, which every young woman should do for herself; and the necessity for which is of perpetual recurrence. Let her consider whether there are not many books that she has been advised to read, but which she has not yet found time to begin; whether she has no letters to answer, accounts to settle, papers to arrange, commissions to execute for absent friends; visits to make; kind offices to perform,—which have all been deferred for *want of time;* and then let her judge, whether the days and weeks are too long for the duties which ought to be performed in them, and whether her use of the days that are gone, is the best possible." All this is good, and we fear, not inapplicable to a large proportion of young ladies; yet, if so, what a lamentably low state of education, and of morals too, does it imply.

There are some very good remarks upon the importance of a systematic appropriation of time; but we think the author is not sufficiently explicit in regard to the necessity of a regular course of intellectual pursuits; of self-improvement, and their superior claim to that of all others. If a young lady be so situated, that her time is *necessarily* devoted to household occupations, or to the use of her needle in her own service, or that of others; or to the discharge of any imperative duties, of what nature soever, she must find her pleasure, and her improvement, too, for there may be both, in their proper fulfilment. But, if she have the command of her time as much as many young ladies, and goes on from one day to another, without any definite object of usefulness and importance; or if, having but a little time at her own private disposal, she expends it on the adornment of her person, or upon any manner of trifles whatever, she lives in gross neglect of some of her highest duties.

The mere *embroidery of muslin*, is a snare to many young ladies, who make it almost their vocation. I have heard the young ladies of a whole city spoken of as addicted to it; as giving to it all their leisure; and many a country girl, too, whose temptations are less for bestowing more care upon the outer than inner man, fall into the same way. Sewing, even in its important branches, is a terrible consumer of the time of women; and demands the exercise of economy, as well as other departments of business. To illustrate the turning of little odds and ends of time to account, a case is mentioned, in the book before us, of a family in which all the collars and wristbands were stitched at odd moments. Yet, this same stitching should not consume even the odd minutes; it is a mere waste of time and eyesight, answering no useful purpose whatever. All sewing should be done neatly, as every thing should be well done that is worthy of being done at all; but there should be no unnecessary expenditure upon it, of labour or time; life is too short, and its objects too important.

Too much can hardly be said to impress upon young minds the value of time, or direct them in its use; and they are indebted to our author for some excellent hints upon the subject. It is the next most valuable talent to mind, and he who is entrusted with it, should make it "other ten."

To be continued.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PRAYING INDIANS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

We have seen an account of a company of Indians, who never had the advantages of religious instruction, who were in the constant practice of praying to the Creator of the world. The practice was first begun by an Indian woman, whose child was miraculously saved from death, when in great danger, by some extraordinary interposition of Providence. On finding her child safe, she involuntarily fell upon her knees in prayer to some unknown being, which she could not comprehend. She continued the practice, and was joined by a large number of her tribe.

I.

"He must not die, he must not die,"
The Indian mother cried—
And strained her infant's sickly limbs
Close to her beating side—
"O! lonely will my cabin be,
If I must part, my child, from thee."

II.

"Thy father, when he went to hunt,
Looked on thee in his pride;
And better loved, I know, for thee,
His simple forest bride—
O! when the grass shall press thy breast,
Who, who shall soothe his pride to rest?"

III.

"I could not see the green earth spread
Upon thy little breast,
The shadows of the dark, old woods
Lie on thee, in thy rest,
And know thy little feet no more
Would sound upon our cabin floor."

IV.

She pressed him closer to her heart,
And then, she knew not why,
Or what strange power she there invoked,
She upward turned her eye,
And poured a mother's heart in prayer,
To Him, whose love she worshipped there.

V.

Mysterious Wisdom! that hast thus,
Within the mother's mind
Impressed a knowledge of thyself,
With that strong love combined—
That when *that* fount of love is stirred,
The "still small voice" of God is heard.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from p. 105.

CHAPTER X.

THE surprise of our heroine put her quite into a flutter, from which she had scarcely time to recover, while Selfridge was extending the introduction to the Dimsdale family, and to Lansing, who just then came up. At once, Althea began to discover in Miss De Vincy, beauty and elegance that she had not perceived in Cousin Milly: though somewhat surprised at an heiress and a belle, appearing in a large company, at evening, in so simple a guise. But she soon discovered that, though a close gown, it was of real linen cambric, edged with fine lace; and that the gold brooch which fastened the collar, was of exquisite workmanship, such as would not have disgraced Benvenuto Cellini.—The dark glossy hair of Miss De Vincy, was as usual, without ornament, being simply fastened at the back of her head with a plain tortoise-shell comb, and parted on a high and expanded forehead that denoted a mind of no common order. Her eyes, of that deep blue which at night looks nearly black, beamed with intellect; and her lips had a sweetness of expression which at once invited confidence. Her figure, owing nothing to art but much to nature, possessed that indescribable grace, which is never seen when the motions of the human form are fettered by conventional restraints and conventional manners. On being introduced to our heroine and her party, Miss De Vincy glided at once into conversation with a frankness and simplicity which put every one perfectly at their ease; and to which her clear and musical voice gave an additional charm.

With regard to the friends whom Miss De Vincy had accompanied to Rockaway,—Mrs. Edmunds was her second cousin by the mother's side, and at an early age had married a gentleman who was then a tutor in a private family. They soon after removed into Connecticut, where Mr. Edmunds took a select school, which had made the fortune of its former principal. But Mr. Edmunds conducted it on a plan too liberal to be profitable; and he gave such close attention to its duties, and to the employment of his pen as an additional source of income, that he eventually impaired his health. On her return from Europe, Miss De Vincy hearing of their situation, made a visit to her relations in Connecticut, and it being vacation time in the school, she prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds to accompany her with all their children, on a little tour into the state of New York: insisting that they should consider themselves, during this excursion, as her guests. And they had been too much accustomed to the generosity of their wealthy young cousin, to wound her kind feelings by persisting in the scruples they at first advanced, with regard to accepting her proposal. Among Miss De Vincy's numerous sources of happiness, not the least was her delight in doing good to those less abundantly supplied with the gifts of fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds being amiable and intelligent people, she took pleasure in presenting them to all who were capable of appreciating them as they deserved; she was fond of children, and every thing promised well for all the members of her little party.—Their first intention was to pass a week in the city of New York, but finding it very warm there, and the best hotels and boarding-houses being crowded to excess, they concluded to proceed at once to the sea-shore. There had been no wilful concealment of her name on the part of Miss De Vincy, but as she always travelled without any display of wealth or consequence, it frequently happened that her identity was not recognized till revealed by accident.

Having finished this explanatory digression, we will return to the saloon at the Rockaway hotel.

In a few minutes after her presentation to the Dimsdale party, the name of Miss De Vincy had ran through the room—and numerous were the applications for an introduction to her. Althea Vernon felt that Selfridge could not have paid her a higher compliment, than in presenting her to the acquaintance of this young lady; whom, as she afterwards learnt, he had known from childhood, but did not see when he visited Boston on his return from India, as she was then on her homeward passage across the Atlantic.

On finding that her new friend was likely to be engrossed by strangers during the remainder of the evening, Althea accepted Selfridge's invitation to promenade with him. "Tell me," said she—after they had passed a group where Miss De Vincy was the centre of attraction—"how is it that your fair townswoman makes so favourable an impression, without the least effort at what is termed affability, and without any attempt at saying agreeable things to all that are introduced to her?"

"Camilla De Vincy,"—replied Selfridge—"is always perfectly natural; and being at ease herself, she makes every one else so. With good sense, good taste, and good feeling (and the union of these three qualifications forms the basis of that which is generally called tact,) there is no safer course than the *laissez aller*. Mrs. Jordan, one of the most popular actresses that graced the high and palmy days of the British theatre, on being asked by what process of study she always succeeded in delighting her audience, replied that she constantly acted without rule, and without any previous preparation, except that of learning the words of her part. But that, when once on the stage, she gave herself up to chance: trusting for tones, and looks, and gestures, to whatever feelings or impulses might accompany her as she went along—and she found that the audience always went with her.—This is the *laissez aller* of genius—and it was thus that the immortal author of Marmion and Waverley, gave to the world his most glorious inspirations."

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Conroy, on finding that Miss De Vincy had been at Rockaway twenty-four hours without her knowing it, was, as the sailors say, taken all a-back. She was also perplexed between her desire of getting introduced to the heiress, and the dislike she felt already towards a woman in whom she saw a most formidable rival to her daughters—she was also mortified to find the symptoms of a growing intimacy between this "observed of all observers," and Althea Vernon. At length the thought struck her, that it would be most politic to pretend to those about her, that she already knew Miss De Vincy.

"Dear me"—said Mrs. Vandunder—"what a fuss they're all making about this young lady from Boston.—Only see—every body's introducing every body to her. Who but she, indeed!—Mrs. Conroy, you know one may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. —Suppose we were to go up, and get somebody to introduce us."

"Oh! mar!" exclaimed Wilhelmina—"not to that great young lady."

"Why, who's afraid!"—pursued Mrs. Vandunder—"People as has property enough to set them above the world, need not be afraid of nobody. She has plenty, and we have plenty —so we'll just suit."

"Very true"—said Mrs. Conroy—"no doubt you'll suit exactly.—But still one would not wish to show too much eagerness. Besides, it is understood in society, that all persons of our class, that is, all persons in a certain style, are necessarily acquainted with each other, and must have met in the natural course of things, no matter to what part of the Union they belong. For instance, it follows that I am certainly no stranger to Miss De Vincy."

The Miss Conroys turned round, and opened their eyes at this assertion of their mother; though not altogether unaccustomed to her practice of falsifying facts according to her purpose.

"Well then"—said Mrs. Vandunder, rising —"take me and Wilhelmina up to her now, and introduce us."

"No"—replied Mrs. Conroy—unblushingly —"I have so much to say to Miss De Vincy, after her long absence in Europe, that I would rather defer any conversation with her till the general rush is over—to-morrow will be time enough—besides, allow me just to hint, that there may be something a little undignified in ladies of a certain age making advances to a young girl."

"And she in a plain white coat-dress too"—spoke Wilhelmina, glancing first at her own finery, and then at her mother's.

Phebe Maria now found much difficulty in engaging the attention of the patroon of Schoppenburgh, who, since he had heard the name of Miss De Vincy, seemed all uneasiness to run away from *her*, and procure an introduction to the heiress.—She, therefore, complained wofully of the heat of the room, and proposed a walk in the piazza. Before Vandunder could reply, she had placed her arm within his, and was almost forcibly drawing him away with her.—"I am led like a lamb to slaughter"—said Billy, turning his head to whisper Sir Tiddering, whom they passed as he entered the saloon, after having "finished his feed," as he called it. On getting within the door, Sir Tiddering soon discovered that Miss De Vincy was there in person: and recollecting that she had been in England, and might be aware of the *real* customs of genteel society in that ill-represented country, he felt some reluctance to be seen by her in his present costume. With the intention of changing his dress to something better suited to evening, he instituted a search for his valet, who, however, could not, or would not be found—and Sir Tiddering not perceiving any possibility of dressing without him, was obliged to give up his design, and betake himself to his usual resource, the portico. Mrs. Conroy saw him from the window, near which she was sitting, and whispered to Abby Louisa; and the mother and daughter contrived to steal out, and give the slip to Mrs. Vandunder and Wilhelmina, who, when they discovered the desertion, were highly indignant.

"If they haven't gone and left us, without saying why or wherefore!"—said Mrs. Vandunder—looking out of the window—"And there, they're making up to the Englishman—and I see plain enough they're trying to get him to walk with Abby Louisar—and he won't. I've often heard that Englishmen won't do nothing but what's agreeable to themselves—that's not the way with our people, for you see Billy is walking with Phebe Mariar. However, she's fashionable, and that's a great deal.—Let's go out, and join them—there's no use in our setting here for nothing."

"Every thing I have on hurts me so"—said poor Wilhelmina—"that I'd a great deal rather go up to my room, and get out of my misery."

"Nonsense!"—replied her unrelenting mother—"Would you mope away your whole life in your room. I should like to know what chance you'd have then. As to the tightness of your things, you must bear it till you get used to it. People needn't expect to be fashionable, without all sorts of suffering. No—no, when every body's marrying all round, I'm not a going to let you live and die an old maid, after all the money that's been spent upon you. It shall never be said that my daughter couldn't get a husband as well as other girls. I was married to your poor father before I was fifteen."

So saying, she drew Wilhelmina after her, and they went out into the piazza, where Mrs. Vandunder accosted Mrs. Conroy, with—"I've a crow to pick with you, Mrs. Conroy—why did you give us the slip!"

Mrs. Conroy could not say why—and remained silent, thinking of an answer. Sir Tiddering then whispered to Abby Louisa—"I'll walk with you to-morrow, if you'll introduce me now to this Dutch girl. I want to trot her." The introduction was given, and Sir Tiddering immediately held out his arm to Wilhelmina, saying—"Well, let's start, as you Yankees say"—

"Start where!"—asked Wilhelmina, looking frightened.

"Oh! only on a jaunt, up and down the

piazza. See if we can't outwalk my friend Billy, and his partner."

Wilhelmina hesitated—but her mother whispered—"Go—it's an honour to be noticed by this Sir Tiddering Tattering, or whatever his name is—be very polite, and see if you can't outdo the Conroys—when you speak to him, mind you say, 'my lord.'"—

The poor girl obeyed—and Sir Tiddering, much diverted, mischievously kept her going up and down the piazza in double quick time, mystifying her all the while with the jargon of the race-course and the horse-market.

"Well,"—said Mrs. Vandunder, whose good humour was now restored—"After setting so long in that there drawing-room, I should have no objection to a little walk myself.—What do you say, Mrs. Conroy—suppose we beau each other, and we can take Miss Abby Louisar between us; as no more gentlemen seem to be forthcoming."

From this arrangement, Abby Louisa drew back, with a look of disgust; and Mrs. Conroy, seeing that not much was to be effected this evening, concluded to withdraw her forces for the present—and reminding the young ladies, that there was to be a grand ball at the hotel on the following night, which would keep them up very late, she advised that they should all retire—a proposition to which neither of the gentlemen offered any objection.

"What did Sir Tattering say to you, Wilhelmina?"—asked Mrs. Vandunder—eagerly following her daughter to her room. "I don't know"—replied the poor girl, trying to force off her shoes—"My feet hurt me so when he made me go so fast, and my corsets put me out of breath—I could not understand what he was talking about. He mentioned a Crow-catcher, and a Sky-scraper, and Whalebone, and Snap—and then there was something about White Stockings, and a Wash-ball.—Sometimes it seemed to me, that all these things were horses."

When Althea Vernon retired to her room, she was so much delighted with the events of the evening, that feeling no inclination to sleep, she sat down and wrote a long letter to her mother, and had filled her paper to the utmost, without saying half enough of Miss De Vincy. Along the margin of the last page, she managed to get in these lines—"I forgot to say, that I was introduced to Miss De Vincy by a Mr. Selfridge."

Early next morning, Mr. Dimsdale, Selfridge, Lansing, and most of the other gentlemen, went up to the city, purposing to return towards evening, in time for the ball. Mrs. Conroy went also, to get some additional articles of decoration for her daughters. She was accompanied for a similar purpose by Mrs. Vandunder—Billy escorting them. When about to set off, they found that Sir Tiddering Tattersall was going: and Mrs. Conroy now regretted that she had not arranged for her daughters to be of the party.

Miss De Vincy, Althea, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, with the children, took an early walk on the beach, the day promising to be very warm as it advanced. It was a soft, calm morning, such as Collins delights in painting, and renders so delightful when painted, to the lovers both of nature and art. The tide was low, and the surf was playing lightly along the sands. The smooth, but undulating surface of the ever-heaving ocean, coloured with prismatic hues of purple and green and gold, lay glittering and dimpling in the sun-light, which shone through the mist that its beams were slowly dispelling, while the far-off boats of the fishermen seemed sleeping on the mirrored water. Althea was charmed with the morning sea-view; and still more charmed with her accomplished companion, who told her many interesting things, connected with the shores of the classic Mediterranean, and the romantic Adriatic.

"I, too"—said Miss De Vincy—"have stood at Venice, on the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and have felt with Byron, that 'the beings of the mind are not of clay'—and that, to all whose native accents are English, the sea-born city has indeed 'a spell beyond her name in story.' To us, the Rialto is not merely a lofty bridge, spanning with its arch the grand canal; it is the place where the Venetian merchant reviled and scoffed at the ill-used and unforgiving Jew; it is the midnight rendezvous of Pierre and Jaffier, when they met to 'talk of precious mischief.' To us, the council-hall of the ducal palace, is the room in which the Moor Othello, in presence of 'the reverend, grave and potent signiors,' made his eloquent defence for winning the heart and hand of 'the daughter of a senator of Venice.' We, who are versed in the enchanting delineations of Mrs. Radcliffe, can float in the gondola with Emily St. Aubert, on the moonlight waters of the lagune, and listen to the charm of 'music on Venetian seas.' And more—the genius of Byron himself, has added new links to the electric chain, which draws us in fancy and feeling, to the city of the senate and the doges. He has conducted us into the gloomy prison, which the young Foscari preferred to the dreariness of perpetual exile; and he has startled us with the sound of St. Mark's bell, when its toll was the death-stroke of the deposed and heart-broken father. He has led us to the foot of the Giant's Stairs, and showed us at their summit, the ill-fated Marino Faliero, addressing his executioner in the thrilling words,

> Slave, do thine office;
> Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
> Have struck those tyrants!—Strike—and but once.

"Oh! noble, indeed, is the literature of England—and fortunate for America, is our identity of language."

CHAPTER XII.

Most of the ladies devoted the greatest part of the day, to making their final preparations for the ball—for we all know, that whatever may be our previous state of readiness, there are always "more last words," when the ball-day has actually come. Among the young girls, who had even the least acquaintance with each other, there was great visiting from room to room, to consult about the arrangement of

flowers, bows, and lace. All the beds were covered with pretty things, and the floors with snips of ribbon, tulle, and satin. The piazza was vacant, and there was no promenading in the saloon after breakfast, for two good reasons—first, that there were no gentlemen, and, secondly, that the ladies were anxious to get to their rooms as soon as possible.

Miss De Vincy, alone, seemed in no way affected by the ball—but having spent all the morning in amusing the children, she passed the afternoon in reading a new book. There was much speculation among the other ladies, as to the probable costume in which the Boston belle would appear that evening. Some one having remarked, that she would, most probably, on this occasion, lay aside her usual simplicity of attire: it was soon rumoured, that she would *certainly* do so, and that the ladies would now have an opportunity of seeing one of the very elegant dresses, that she *must* have brought from Paris. A few who had already begun to call her eccentric, opined that she would appear in some strange dishabille, and voted, that if she did so, it should be considered an affront to the company. By the time evening came, one party had heard from unquestionable authority (that notorious fib-teller), of Miss De Vincy's positive intention to exhibit herself in a dress of entire blond, over a rose-coloured satin—some said a gold colour. The other party had equally good grounds for asserting, that she designed, with all the insolence of an heiress, to appear among them in a dark chintz.

The Miss Conroys, in compliance with their mother's parting words, came to the dinner-table attired with unusual plainness, that their ball-dresses might be the more striking from the contrast. They had, in reality, been very busy all the morning; but they found occasion to say at dinner, that they never took any concern about their dresses till it was time to put them on; as of course, ladies in a certain style, always had their habiliments so completely prepared by the persons they employed for these affairs, as to leave nothing for themselves to do, or to think of.

A French *coiffeur*, who had come down from the city in a handsome gig, for the purpose of dressing the ladies' hair, commenced operations early in the afternoon, that he might get through all in due time. Therefore, when the fatigue of preparation was over, there was no chance of repose for those who had been under his hands, as they were obliged to sit up stiff, and take care of their heads.

Our heroine, who did not avail herself of the skill of Mr. Pussedu, had soon arranged every thing that she intended wearing, and sat down to enjoy a novel, borrowed from Miss De Vincy.—She was interrupted by a knock at her door, and supposing it Julia, desired her to come in, when the person that entered, proved to be Miss Abby Louisa Conroy.—Althea placed a chair for her visiter, and Miss Conroy said, with a formal and patronising voice and manner—"I hope I do not interrupt your studies, Miss Vernon, but mamma, who takes great interest in young ladies that are so unfortunate as not to have a chaperon of acknowledged taste—excuse me—but my aunt Dimsdale, though a very amiable woman, and moving in a highly respectable circle, is not, (as you know) in the most *recherché* society. I do not intend to disparage aunt Dimsdale, but I question whether she is so fortunate as to be acquainted with a single member, of what is generally termed, the aristocracy)—mamma, I say, desired that one of us, (my sister or myself) should look in upon you in the course of the afternoon, and offer you the advantage of our experience, in regard to your ball-costume for this evening, the company at Rockaway being unusually genteel just now. May I presume to venture a few hints?"

Althea bowed assentingly.

"In the first place"—proceeded Abby Louisa—"I would recommend perfect simplicity. What do you think of wearing? Is that your dress on the bed?"—and she rose to examine it—"White crape, with a white silk underdress—ribbon white satin.—Excuse me—but white crape is really very trying—and white silk underneath, makes it still more so. Have you not a new figured chaly?"

"I have"—replied Althea—showing her one—"But I do not like it."

"Why not.—They are very much worn—and the colours of this are rather handsome."

Althea did not like to own that she had heard Selfridge say, he could not distinguish between a flowered chaly and a flowered calico—the effect, to his eyes, being just the same. "I think"—said she—"this chaly (with its long sleeves, too,) is rather *en demi-toilette* for a ball-dress"—"You are quite mistaken"—retorted Abby Louisa—"it is fine enough for any purpose, and sufficiently fashionable.—Let me advise—the chaly and nothing else—no lace or any thing of that sort about the neck or wrists, which I see are finished with a double cording of green silk. Just put on this chaly dress, and add nothing to it. Plain and neat—plain and neat—that should always be the motto of very young girls."

"I think so, too"—said Althea—"but this many-coloured chaly coming against my neck and hands, without any thing white to relieve it, will, I am sure, have a very bad effect—particularly as a ball-dress."

"How you harp upon a ball-dress"—resumed Abby Louisa—"I am perfectly sure, that this chaly, just as it is, will suit your style exactly; even on this occasion. I also advise that you should comb all the hair back from your forehead, unite it with your hind hair, and form the whole into a round plat or knot, at the top of your head. Your style of face will look best with all your hair turned off from it.—And put no ornament, whatever, on your head. Perfect simplicity suits you best. Be plain and neat in every thing."

"Really"—said Althea—"with all my hair stroked back from my forehead, and knotted at the top of my head, I shall look like Afong Moy—or rather like a damsel from Otaheite."

"No matter—to very young people, it is the most becoming style.—Also, let me counsel you to wear black shoes, instead of those white satin ones."

Althea knew, that with white silk stockings,

black shoes were very unbecoming to a lady's feet when dancing—"I have no objection"—said she—"to plain attire in its place; and I hope I am always neat—but if we do not dress a little more than usual at a ball, when shall we!"

"There is no necessity for any extra dressing, even at a ball"—replied Abby Louisa.—"A lady is a lady always—it is only advisable to have some one costly thing about you, to distinguish you from the vulgar—for instance, a handsome embroidered handkerchief—a very handsome one.—However, no lady is without that, at any time."

This she said mischievously, having observed, with her sister, that Althea's handkerchiefs were simply of plain cambric, and doubting if she had any others. Our heroine was now touched on one of her weak points—and she coloured consciously. Just then, Phebe Maria came to the door, to announce to Miss Conroy that Mr. Pussedu was waiting—"I don't want Mr. Pussedu"—said Abby Louisa, peevishly—"Why, you certainly engaged him to dress your hair"—replied Phebe—"and he says, your turn comes next to Miss Digglesworth's, whom he has just finished."—"Pho"—said Abby—"What nonsense,—but I will go and speak to him myself."—She then withdrew, and her sister took her place in Althea's room.

Phebe Maria Conroy was one of those impertinent people, who profess to speak their minds plainly—and this she always did, as far as comported with what she conceived her interest. Softness or dignity being out of the question with her, she had concluded to be *piquant*, and even called herself *brusque:* but her *brusquerie* was only exercised on those she was not afraid of. "La—Althea"—said she—seating, or rather throwing herself on the side of the bed—"Is this your ball-dress? Pure, bridal white! Are you married, my dear!—It must be to somebody we have never seen nor heard of."

"This *is* the dress I intend wearing"—said Althea, coldly.

"For mercy's sake, give it up!"—exclaimed Phebe Maria—"or add something to it. This is to be quite a dress-ball, and any affectation of simplicity of costume, will be quite out of place to-night. Besides, I am certain that full-dress is becoming to you, and that the more you are adorned the better you look. Or, if you *must* wear this white crape, I dare say I can assist you in borrowing a blue satin boddice, or a pink one, and some flowers of various colours, to festoon the skirt.—Have you no coloured ribbon for rosettes for the sleeves; rosettes are soon made.—And how are you going to wear your hair?"

"Very much as usual, except the addition of some white roses"—replied Althea.

"Impossible!—what, with only a plat and a few curls behind, and those short ringlets on your temples. You have not half enough of hair about your face. Mr. Pussedu has brought with him, boxes full of braids, and plats, and curls, and flowers, and feathers, and all that sort of thing, as Sir Tiddering says. You must positively have Pussedu, and let him put your head *comme il faut*, and make him add as many decorations to it as possible.—I advise that you shall have some of your hind hair brought forward, so as to get enough for very long thick plats, to hang over your cheeks quite down to your neck, each plat terminating in a ringlet; and let the plats be interspersed with ribbon and flowers."

Althea was not slow in perceiving, that the drift of both sisters was to induce her to dress herself as unbecomingly as possible. But she saw that to argue the point would be useless—and she simply said—"I believe I shall wear what I originally intended."

"You are very obstinate"—remarked Phebe Maria—"But, one thing more I must advise, as a friend—which is, that you appear with a handsome handkerchief.—Do you know, that I have heard remarks made on the plainness of your *mouchoirs*, and from persons whom you would hardly suspect. Every one now, that can possibly afford it, makes a great point of elegant handkerchiefs. Have you noticed ours?—We have none that cost less than thirty or forty dollars." "I have observed"—replied Althea—"that your handkerchiefs are very beautiful."

"To be sure they are"—resumed Phebe—"A costly handkerchief is now one of the distinguishing marks of a woman of fashion. *Parvenues* can seldom bring their minds to give much for pocket-handkerchiefs, but prefer laying out their money in things that make a great show—mamma is going to bring us some from town, that will cost fifty dollars a-piece; and we shall have them for this evening."

After some more idle talk tinctured with impertinence, Phebe Maria withdrew to take her turn with Mr. Pussedu.

Towards evening, there was great arriving from the city, not only of the ladies and young men that had gone up in the morning, but of fathers and husbands that staid chiefly in town on account of their business. The corridors were alive with figures, flitting from room to room, and the saloon was nearly empty. Few ladies appeared at the tea-table, but the Dimsdale party, and Miss De Vincy, and her friends, were there as usual. Selfridge seemed as overjoyed to meet Althea again, as if he had been away from her a month, instead of a day; and Lansing kept up an animated conversation with Miss De Viney. After tea, however, there was a general separation of the gentlemen and ladies, till the hour of the ball should arrive.

Our heroine had never felt so desirous of looking well as on this evening, and she was a quarter of an hour in trying to arrange to the best advantage, two white roses, that were the only decorations of her beautiful hair. After she was dressed, and while waiting for Mrs. Dimsdale (who, having superintended the toilets of her two young ladies, was now completing her own,) Althea sat down by the window, to look out at the sea. But she had just now so little of her usual perception of its beauties, that she knew not whether the broad light that glittered on its waters, was caused by the setting sun or the rising moon. The truth is, her thoughts were divided between Selfridge, and the embroidered handkerchief, which she now regretted extremely was not her own.

Our readers must remember, that Althea Vernon was young and very imaginative. She had felt more sensibly than they deserved, the sneers of the Miss Conroys. "They talked"—thought she—"of the fifty dollar handkerchiefs, that their mother was to bring them this evening. How would they be mortified if, after all their insolence, they were to see me with one that cost eighty. I wish it were mine." Having cast a look of something nearly allied to contempt at the plain cambric one that lay yet unfolded on the bed, she took out the elegant handkerchief of Miss Fitzgerald, and stood with it on a chair before the glass, to see the effect when added to her ball-dress. It looked more desirable than ever; and she tried it in various graceful positions, while all her fancy for this expensive trifle returned upon her in full force. Twice, before she heard them, the Dimsdales had tapped at her door to let her know that they were ready. Her thoughts were just then on Selfridge—she started, and hastily joining the friends that were waiting for her, in her hurry forgot to take her own handkerchief, and to lay down the embroidered one, which she found in her hand as she descended the stairs. Her first impulse, was to carry it back to her room—and her next thought that, after all, as no one need know it, her carrying Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, for one evening, could neither injure that lady nor herself.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LET ME LIVE TILL I AM OLD.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I.

Let me live till I am old!
Death, though still in manhood's prime,
I would meet, as meets the bold,
Yet I fain would "'bide my time."
What are threescore years and ten?
Scarcely span enough to kiss
Tears from off Life's blessings—then
Let me gather all Life's bliss.
'Tis a little leaf, at best,
Which for ever I may spell
Of Life's doings, ill or well,—
When among the stars I rest
(Measured by its sands of gold)
When eternal day I tell.
Let me live till I am old!

II.

No! Religion quickly cries;
Life hath thorns as well as roses.
Death the earlier glimpse discloses,
Unto him that early dies,
Of the peaceful paradise,
Where sufficeth thought to dwell
(Pausing 'mid that thunder song)
On the path, or brief or long—
Trod with joy, in sorrow trod,
Meeting pleasure or the rod;
'Tis the same. In heaven 'tis well
If on earth we walked with God.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

When the peeping flowers of spring were wreathing,
And the soft air was burdened with perfume,
Life's last sad music on her lip was breathing,
And she was lightly gathered to the tomb.

AMELIA.

LIFE! what is it? But a Phaeton rushing through the air, only to leave the chariot empty—a bubble, which gaily dances a moment upon the stream, and sinks to nothingness—a flower, that gives its sweetness to the breeze, and fades and dies—a beautiful star, which lends its radiance to our path, and falls like the ancient Pleiad, to dim its beams in the dust. It steals upon us like the dreams of the blessed, and floats away upon its visioned pinions to the voiceless grave!

* * * * * * *

It was in a crowded hall, that I first beheld Emma Melbourne. Amid the pomp and pageantry of a gay festival, she was the merriest that thrilled to the soft notes of the light viol, and the mellow flute. Amid the beauteous forms that moved down the dance, hers was the loveliest. She was in her spring-time. A beautiful rose, just expanding into loveliness. Her form was so fragile and delicate, that she seemed the heavenly creation of a dream. Her pale pure countenance—her laughing, unclouded eye—her playful lip—her rose-tinted cheek, seemed an angel's who had wandered from Paradise, to this dim earth

"To fashion dreams of heaven!"

Wherever she moved, all was joy and gladness. The proud and gifted crowded around but to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or bask in the sunshine of her enchanting smile. Her life was a gentle rivulet, murmuring on in sweetness—alas! that a shadow might darken its calm waters!

* * * * * * *

It was a beautiful night. The heavens were cloudless, and rested upon their eternal pillars as placid and motionless as the dreamless sleep of childhood. The moon had just risen like a lovely bride in blushes from her couch—and was casting her beams of silvery light upon the dim valleys and mountains of the earth. The stars—the blazonry of the bannered sky, glittered in their far depths. A heavenly melody floated upon the breeze, as if from the chords of the wind-harp of heaven, touched by angel fingers. The air was fragrant with sweetest perfumery—the wind as soft as that which swept Arion's magic to the Atlantic isle. It was, indeed, a moment consecrated to gentle feelings. Its holy influence attuned the heart to pure and generous emotions. Dreams, blessed dreams, rush upon us like an Alpine torrent. Fairy visions rise before us—though they have no habitation, who does not sigh when they pass away. Remembrances of happier days, come over us with gentlest sway. Ethereal feet stir the fallen leaves. Spiritual visitants wing around us. The shades of departed ones, flit by us and whisper in the silence, of former joys whose starry plumes are dimmed—of for-

mer days around which there hovers the mists and dews of time.

It was on such a night as this, that I wandered forth with Emma, the beautiful girl I had met a year since, in the hall of revelry and festivity. Alas! what a change had taken place in that little time—alas! for that love-lit eye, that mantling cheek, and those dreamy lips! The dimmed lustre of her eye—the fading loveliness of her cheek—the perfect whiteness of her high forehead, and her aerial frame, betrayed a dread secret. There was a "worm i' the bud," eating out the freshness of the lovely flower. Consumption's hectic spot, told a fearful tale on that fair cheek. Oh! it is a fearful sight to behold the young and lovely, sinking into the tomb at such a time. When the earth is clad in bright verdure, and every rill and mountain stream, rushing along in gladness. When the peace, the bliss, the purity of home has just dawned upon the sight, and lent their magical delights to existence. When the morning twilight of being has scarce faded, and the sun just risen in its chariot of light. When amidst all these the young and beautiful spirits, who lent a lustre to the scenes of our youth, are taken from among us, and yield their life to the fountain from whence it sprung—*dust to dust*—there is no heart that does not feel the solitude, and know that it cannot be repeopled—in the silence of its chambers there will arise a prayer for the lovely departed. There will ascend to the altar of heaven, a "*requiescat in pace.*"

Such were my reveries, as we rambled along in silence and thoughtfulness. Emma broke the silence, and as the musical strains of her voice floated around me so like an element, I almost thought that she was an enskyed being.

"Can it be, that ere long my heart will cease its throbbings and its pulsations. Oh! for a mightier voice to recall the stern fiat of colossal death. I would linger yet awhile upon the shore of yon glassy rivulet, and the grass covered earth; but hope brightens not the falling sands of my life. A few more weary days, and I shall have looked my last upon this wilderness of flowers—the summer vale and the untrod forests—the bright dream-like heavens, and the cerulean-tinted water; and all these youth-inspiring scenes. Memory will have ceased, and hope have winged its way to shadowless despair. The sunshine of my life is passing. My existence, which gives forth its sad subduing music now, is hurrying to its eternal home." She clung closer to my bosom, and pressed my hand as she ceased, and the tones of her sweet voice died into an echo.

* * * * * * *

The moon had sank to its pillow, and the silvery stars had drawn away their beams, as though the brightness they had showered upon the earth had exhausted their eternal fountains. It was morning. The light of day had broke forth upon the darkness of night, and dispersed the mists, until they floated upon the sky like islands of gold upon a sapphire sea—sweeping away the undried tears that night had shed. The bright dewy morning, glory-wreathed its gay flower in festoons around the casement of the chamber. Beautiful butterflies flit by—the bee sips the sweets of many flowers—the air is filled with myriads of birds, delighting the ear with melody. All *without* was joy and happiness—*within*, sadness and weeping. A fairy form lies on that curtained bed. Why that unearthly-tinted, yet sunken cheek? that flashing eye? Disease darkly revels there. That hollow cheek will ere long be white as Parian marble. The tremulous flashes of that burning eye be dimmed. The last bright gleam had shone, ere darkness threw its pall over the senses. The torch was lit that flashed upon the funeral pyre.

"This is a beautiful world," she faintly murmured; "but its beauty decreases as I approach the confines of another. I feel my existence ebbing—I am dying—the spirits of another world linger around me, and beckon me on—they whisper, and it is a whisper of love: it is time to die." As she spoke, the perfumed air swept through the lattice, fragrant with the scent of the flowers over which it passed. A ray of the golden sun broke into the room, and as I looked forth, I thought that the monarch of day had suddenly paused in his course, aware of the solemnity of the hour. Her lips moved, and as I leaned over her to catch the dying sound, I heard a low and indistinct "farewell," as her eye was turned to heaven, and her heart ceased its vibrations. Away, away she wings her upward flight, and passes the clouds of sorrow and death. The beautiful, the frail, the loved, the lost is now a bright star, moving in the pathway of the sky. In the morning of her days, swept from the earth. Many overgushing hearts have wept at her departure. Many a bosom heaved its first sigh over her early doom.

She is not dead—though her enchanting form and beauteous face no longer brighten their favourite haunts, she yet lives where the tempests frown not, where the skies are never clouded. Her heaven-strung harp yields its music in the choir of seraphs, around the Eternal's throne. Her holy spirit yet breathes its unquenched fire in loving hearts. *She yet lives.* 'Tis Death has died—by the withering redound of his own fiat. Yet he will again rise, Phœnix-like, from his unholy sepulchre, and again wield his mighty sceptre. Many youthful beings will yet feel his giant arm, embittering their streams of life. Many beautiful creatures will yet be wafted to the unknown world, like exhalations from the bosom of the earth, ere he lays him down in his gloomy caverns to sleep the never ending sleep!

Human life is not the end of all our thousand hopes and aspirations. There is a solemn and mysterious voice in spring's fading flowers, and summer's passing dirge, in the blighted leaf and blasted tree, in the virgin snow and wintry wind, in the crested waves of ocean and the dread artillery of heaven,—that heralds man's immortality. Our present life is but a dark leaf in the interminable book of existence. Standing on the verge of time, our visions cannot penetrate the long vista of eternity, to whose untravelled shores our spirits are floating.—Life hath its second spring, in a clime where the seasons change not. The light of life is but quenched for a moment, to be relit

and burn for ever. The fragrance of transplanted flowers, will be renewed under bright and purer skies. 'Tis there that the parted spirit that cast a sunlight on our pathway here, will join us. Her angel form methinks now hovers around me. I feel that I am in the presence of the lost—it is a glorious vision, though unseen. Her breath fans my burning cheek—her soft voice floats on the passing breeze. Her lyre's deep-toned music thrills upon my mortal ears from the far heavens, with its eternal melody. 'Tis in a summer land that she will wend with us for ever. Her spirit hath fled upon angel pinions, and

Like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

ELIA.

Louisville.

SLEEP, THE WANT OF SLEEP, WITH THEIR CONTINGENCIES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Scared by the hideous spirit of unrest."—*Montgomery.*

PERHAPS there is not a single point on which mankind, in all the diversities of situation, age, climate, government, habit, and health, would more generally agree, than that of acknowledging the benefit derived from sleep. Not only do the uneducated and poor ejaculate with Sancho, "a blessing on him who invented sleep, for it covers a man all over like a mantle," but the high-born and the intellectual, the imaginative, studious, heroic, enterprising, and philanthropic, continually court the comfort it bestows, the courage it inspires, and the renewed vitality it imparts, alike to the outward and inner man. To be partially bereft of sleep (although it is a species of temporary death) is felt alike by every temperament as a sensible loss of life, which clogs the wheels of thought, weighs down the spirit of adventure, increases the burden of toil, and at once destroys physical and mental energy—the best affections of nature, and the proudest flights of fancy, sink before its influence—no lady must expect the homage of the eye from a lover who has been jolting all night in a carriage; nor will any wise man ask a wit to dinner, whom he knows to have been afflicted with the tooth-ache the day previous.

Not only have physicians made the troubles of sleeplessness their especial care, in consequence of the sufferings they daily witness amongst the diseased, the afflicted, and the inert; but poets, as being themselves more especial martyrs to the privation, have expatiated in their purest strains on the deficiency they mourned, or eulogised in their brightest lays the refreshment they invoked. I know no passages in our best bards finer than Shakspeare's soliloquy in praise of sleep, notwithstanding the reproach of

"Oh! thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile?"

for never was human conception more sweetly embodied than in the opening apostrophe,

"Sleep! gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

But indeed the whole speech is so full of truth and beauty, comes home so closely to the feelings and the memories of persons of all descriptions, that I could not forbear to transcribe it all, if I did not know that every reader remembers it as well as myself. Thus, too, the Night Thoughts of Doctor Young present us lines on sleep, absolutely, ineffably, imprinted on our recollection: how much soever we may have given our minds to later and younger poets, more gay and attractive, for the wants and wishes of our common nature, when combined with poetic influences, never cease to hold our hearts as by a spell, and he who sang of

"Kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

will never cease to hold our hearts by one fibre at least. Thomson, too, who sang so well "the Castle of Indolence," may be said to render himself Laureate of Sleep, more especially when we recall the miseries of a lover, as depicted in the Seasons, to mind, and remember that the very greatest of that wretched being's inflictions was the loss of sleep, for alas!

"All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds: till the gray morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch."

And well does it become, not only the poet, but the studious man of every description, for he is also in general either a nervous, dyspeptic, or bilious patient, to lament the loss of that most blessed faculty, whereby he might every morning enjoy the delight of a resurrection to the existence for which he pines—an existence, relieved from the ennui, the tremors, the sense of insufficiency for all the higher enjoyments, and useful exertions, which never fails to paralyse the efforts of a sleepless man.

No native strength of mind, no habit of endurance—neither acquired knowledge, nor genius, though heaven's own gift, will enable any man, for any length of time, to enjoy life, and use it to God's glory and the benefit of his fellow creatures, who is not able at a certain hour to lay his head on his pillow, and "in the pleasant land of dreaminess" lose that feverish sense of pain or pleasure which ambition, love, or the iron hand of necessity, has imposed upon him.

To those who can sleep on the hardest bed, after the most fatiguing toil, and have frequently experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping their wearied eyes open during the last hours of their diurnal duties, it may appear a sad waste of pity, to bestow it on the rich man, or any man who stretches his limbs, precisely at the hour he chooses, upon a good bed, with clean cool sheets, and every other of those "appliances and means" which may act as an incentive to the state which nature demands. A man situated among bawling watchmen, slow dragging carts, rattling cabs, night rows, and morning market people—city clocks and chimes, the screaming of young children, the quarrels of their elders, the terrors awakened by fire engines, the thousand sounds which

scare "the drowsy car of night" in London, however little they may affect himself, can yet conceive them to be disagreeable. But how a man who lives out of town, hears not a sound from the Great Babel, has no debts to pay, no ships to expect, and whose "bed-room is a little paradise," how *he* should get up with the sensations of one who had been dragged through a horse-pond—his limbs weary, his eyes half closed, his appetite a nonentity, and his very power of speech confined to yawning, monosyllables or irritated sentences, is utterly beyond his comprehension, and considered more a fault than a misfortune.

Just by way of quickening his sympathies, I beg to lay his head for one hour (only *one*, mind) on the pillow where one of the sleepless has lain probably for *eight*, and to suppose it possible that his position conveys a portion of the sensations experienced by the late owner, who we will suppose to be an artist, of course a *thinking* man, yet not one of those subject to the severer labours of the class: let us listen to his low-murmured soliloquy.

"To-night I shall surely sleep. I will think of nothing. Heigh-ho! if I could get the mists on the mountains in the back-ground of my picture right, it would be all I could desire—yet how far short of what is possible in art!—but I will not reflect too much now. My head aches; I am determined to sleep.

"One, two, three, four—pshaw! there is no getting drowsy—this pillow is—no it is not hard, but soft—I abhor a soft pillow, one gets so warm with it—the mist must be silvery tinted, yet opaque, shrouding the tops of the hills, yet fleecy as the lightest snow, and throwing round an uncertain fairy light—my greens are not right yet—there is no end to the variety in nature, and a painter must find them all, 'or be for ever naught,' as somebody says. Salvator was better off among the banditti than I am in London, for he had no lodgings to pay for; mine are going on all the time I am here, just as if —well, well, I am chained to the oar. I suppose Turner was poor once. I am very feverish, I will take a turn in my room. No, I shall take cold again, and the cough, and the hectic, and all that will be returning. I must lie still —*still!* I was not made for *still life;* what could the critic in Blackwood's mean by praising those partridges! These sheets cling to one's limbs, heating and teasing like the garment of Patroclus. I am dreadfully feverish. I have turned fifty times in the last half hour; I wonder people will say going to bed will get one to sleep, it makes me wide awake."

In truth, as with the artist, so with many other persons, he had given himself a task above his powers, for who can describe (however frequently they may have felt them) the multitudinous thoughts that arise in the mind of an imaginative, reflective, and studious man when he lays his head on his pillow, and ought, after a long day of struggle and thinking, to be able to banish them? The most familiar, and the most distant things; the most harassing, and the most inviting, combine to banish sleep from his pillow, and to produce that fever on the nerves, that irritation of the spirits, which forbids repose. Thousands are never so wide awake, as when they ought to be fast asleep; their faculties seem expanded, their ideas enriched, their powers strengthened, up to a certain period; when languor which is not stupor, dulness distinct from sleepiness, succeeds, and we are sensible of the loss of that vitality we should have replenished, and of an accumulation of little miseries which grow into great inflictions.

Fair reader, such meditations as these, which are free from all guilty recollections, and unmixed with bodily pains in the strict meaning of the word, will as effectually murder sleep—"the *gentle* sleep," as Macbeth calls it—as he, the conscious regicide did; and they are felt and pursued night after night by tens of thousands of the young, the virtuous, the struggling, the most endowed spirits amongst us. How have our mighty movements in mechanics, in literature, in politics, in the arts which adorn life, in the ethics which ennoble it, robbed the best and the wisest, and even the young and ardent, of that precious cordial which restores the waste of life and recruits its jaded powers, in a manner for which no substitute can ever be found, leaving them, like Othello, beyond the help of "poppy or mandragora!" Montgomery, himself a victim, terms this disturber of existence "the hideous spirit of *unrest;*" and truly it does affect one like a malignant intelligence, capable of mixing thorns with every rose-leaf; giving the cool place the heat you shrink from, the warm place that cold you shudder to encounter; making the bed-clothes too heavy or too light for your comfort; presenting images it is desirable to forget; recalling losses it is agony to remember; and rendering even that train of thought it is your duty to pursue, injurious in its mal-appropos intrusion.

Some weeks ago I saw, in the advertising columns of The Lady's Magazine, announcement made of an hypnologist, or discoverer of a new system for procuring sound and refreshing sleep. The word was new, but the disorder it offers to cure but too well known; and I could not fail to meditate upon this, as an offer to assist poor human nature in a point where it was the weakest, and where the subjects were of the most interesting character. Moreover, although the poet I have already quoted says of sleep—

> "She, like the world, her ready visit pays
> Where Fortune smiles; the wretched she forsakes;
> Swift on her downy pinions flies from wo,
> To light on lids unsullied with a tear"—

I was perfectly aware that the great body of the sleepless are not those thus bereaved or afflicted; for the very act of weeping, in many instances, by a merciful disposition of nature, produces sleep. We all know that convicts commonly sleep the night before their execution; it is on record that both the decapitated kings of France and England did; yet we know their affections as husbands and fathers were peculiarly vivid, and that many circumstances might press upon their spirits most acutely the melancholy fate assigned them. No! sleeplessness is the result rather of anxiety than sorrow; of a morbid imagination, and faculties so wound up by the thoughts and occupations of

the day, that, like a watch, they must run out their time. Thoughts, pulses, nerves, memories, are all set a going, and will have their day of action, unless some medium can be found amongst themselves by which they may be soothed or stupefied into tranquillity, thereby suffering nature and night to resume their empire.

Believing this possible in all sane subjects, devoid of the more irritating causes, such as rheumatism, gout, &c., I embraced with pleasure an opportunity of being introduced to Mr. Gardner, the hypnologist, who was evidently sufficiently an invalid to account for his having studied the subject from personal necessity; and whose conversation showed so much suavity, good sense, and close observation, as to inspire considerable confidence in his powers. As every person who suffers from this cause has endeavoured, by some little trickery, some frequently-repeated charm, to cheat himself into temporary oblivion, and for the most part found those endeavours futile; so do they become incredulous as to the recipes of others for the same purpose: but there is a certain indescribable something in this gentleman which wins attention and induces reliance; and I am fully persuaded there are few who converse with him, who will not "seriously incline to what he shall unfold."*

If hypnology can be reduced to system, and produce such physical results as the disordered state of our minds and frames require in so important a function as sleep (sound, healthy, restorative sleep,) surely the blessing should be not only anxiously secured, but liberally rewarded. We are told that when a member of the house of commons moved for a bill to make watchmen sleep in the day, Lord Chatham rose and eagerly desired "that he might be included in the order, since the gout allowed him no sleep either day or night." From such visitations as his lordship's, no rational person can hope to be relieved by sleep; but *unquestionably* many of the minor ills "which flesh is heir to" might be meliorated, and even obliterated, by that repose which both man and beast require, and in every healthy state of being obtain; and the world has perhaps never seen a philanthropist who benefited his fellow-creatures on so large a scale as him who should bestow a boon so important. It will be evident, that by the same rule, his reward must come from the *many*, not the *few*; for, in order to test its efficacy, numbers must be trusted, and the honesty and honour of a multitude, comparatively speaking, be relied on. In many cases it will be rendered inefficacious, from the deficient intellect or the perverse temper of the patient; and he who despises a secret, will feel little remorse in betraying it. A mechanical discovery can be brought before the world and challenge examination; its qualities and causes are alike tangible; but the unseen, unheard mental operation by which thought is controlled, fancy quelled, solicitude calmed, and the busy mind laid at rest, admits no such mode of examination, yet may not the less be of incalculable value and importance.

In a country so highly civilized and abundantly populous as ours, where ingenuity is continually on the rack to invent and vary the luxuries or enhance the comforts of life, numbers must always be found whose busy brains subject them to that loss of sleep whereby health is deranged and poverty introduced, despite of industry and ability. It is for *these*, rather than the "silken sons of luxury and sloth," who share the evil with them (although from far different causes,) public attention ought to be drawn to this novel experiment, and public reward be offered to its inventor, when sufficient proof can be brought forward as to its effects on a considerable number of the suffering. I have understood many medical gentlemen of celebrity have conversed with the hypnologist, and desire to make trial of his method; but their situation is one of difficulty, for they cannot try the means without divulging the secret. Numbers would gladly pay for their own relief, but few are inclined to pay for the relief which they feel all mankind should possess, and no individual called upon to procure. The conclusion, therefore, comes round to the place whence it merged,—the government must assist the governed; and as Dr. Jenner was very properly recompensed for driving far from us the most hateful of all diseases, so must this gentleman be rewarded for inviting, or restoring to the many who want it, the blessing of sleep.*

As no part of her majesty's subjects are more likely to suffer from the want of sleep than her senators and lawyers, I really trust they will give due consideration to a subject in which they can truly sympathise with the afflicted of every grade; and in the mean time I would earnestly recommend every individual, subject to an evil so distressing (and which generally advances with advancing life), to inquire for himself, as he may thereby help both himself and others, since his testimony will aid that "multitude of witnesses evidently called for." Let him not turn "a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, who charmeth wisely," because the plan offered to his attention may not in one or two nights destroy the habit of years; or rashly conclude that physical causes do not combine to subject him to mental wanderings. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and both body and mind combine to produce those errors in the system which forbid us to sleep; and render the slight uneasy slumber into which we finally sink, the medium of harassing dreams. Temperance and exercise, attention to the physician—ay, and reverence to the Physician of souls also, is required of him who seeks the benefits offered by the hypnologist; for there is no mental wandering, or bodily restlessness, which is not soothed and relieved by faith and hope in Him "who is about our

* We do most cordially join in this just compliment, although we are wholly unacquainted with the system of the hypnologist.—*Ed.*

* We are most willing to form one of an honorary board to test the truth or fallacy of this great novelty, for the public benefit, provided that a suitable reward be appropriated for the discoverer of the system, in case of its being found efficacious. We have been assured by Mr. Gardner that he is most anxious for such an ordeal.—*Ed.*

bed and our pillow," and has promised to his obedient children, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me."

It is not the less certain that Christians, in the purest, highest sense of the word, are amongst the greatest sufferers, because they are frequently the profoundest thinkers: let me not therefore be mistaken; wherever physical help is required, the means appointed must be resorted to; but he is most likely to obtain it, who unites to the vigilance it is his duty to exert in seeking the means of health, *submission* and *patience* whilst he is regaining it, and GRATITUDE for its restoration.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CONCHOLOGY.

BY MRS. S. SMITH.

MY DEAR LADY EDITOR.—I should apologize for the oddness of the subject I have chosen, possibly somewhat foreign to the objects of your "Book," did I not feel, that what has interested one female mind, will probably afford interest to others.

When a little woman, of perhaps six years, I one day discovered a streak of shining matter upon a rock; and with the curiosity of that wonder-searching age, I followed its zigzag direction, till it terminated in a little clump of moss, and there, curled up in its thin shell I found his snailship, on a bed a fairy might have envied. I forgot the disgust his slime had occasioned, and stood long admiring his delicate house; and, possibly thinking how, like many a modern belle, he carried all his wealth upon his back. But, from that time, the meanest shell began to speak a language and a beauty to my senses, equal, almost, to the flowers that every where cluster in our pathway, wooing us to love them, and to adore their Creator.

I have often wondered that ladies, especially the young, do not study more this elegant science. The materials are on every side. You need not covet the rare and the beautiful, such as taste, but oftener pride, bedecks her mantle, bedaubed with varnish, instead of being left with the glorious polish spread over them by the hand of their Maker—to the lover of science, all are interesting; even the humble oyster, and the clownish clam.

I have said the materials are on every side; you have only to raise that little tuft of moss, to strip off that decaying bark, to turn up the leaves from that damp corner, and ten to one, you will find a variety of the *helix* there. Follow the windings of some humble stream; range the verge of the quiet lake, or the shores of the vast ocean, where the mysterious music of the great deep comes solemnly upon the ear, and you will find upon every side, specimens of this delightful science. Here, at our very feet, as we walk along the sea-shore, is a variety of the *nerita*, thrown up by the restless waves. It cannot vie in colour or polish with its sisters of summer waters, but it has a firm, vigorous appearance, like every thing that has found an abiding place in our stern New England. See how coolly the inhabitant is lodged in his snug domicil! but he is proof against intrusion; for as we attempt to take a peep within, see how jealously he draws in his horny operculum, and effectually closes the door against us. This house is his castle, and he has a right to do so, though one might desire a little more courtesy.

You have friends familiar with the perils of a sailor; and they delight to bring the pearly treasures of a foreign shore, to the objects of their affection. Perhaps, their intercourse with nature, in her wild and terrific majesty, may have served to refine and exalt the taste of the sailor, and given him an instructive sentiment, that these delicate and superbly finished creations, are appropriate offerings to woman. They have brought you, it may be, the spiral argonanta, which Mrs. Child has elegantly appropriated as the pearly bark of the indolent fairy—the splendid nautilus, with its many chambers, its walls of pearl and gates of crystal, almost enough to tempt one to covet the burial of those, who rest in the bosom of the deep: where the sea-fan waves over them, and the coral grove is calm as the sunny dell, and the sea-shell vies in loveliness with the flowers that deck the graves of those who are consigned dust to dust. There is the Venus, with its pretty lunette; the Strombus, blushing like a woman's cheek; and the Tellina, reminding you of the rosy fingers of Aurora.

What is that pretty spotted shell, which that little child is holding to his ear, to list to the sweet melody it makes in memory of its ocean cave? It is a Cyprea. How light and graceful! Had not the nautilus superior claims, one might pronounce this the identical shell, that conveyed the goddess of beauty to her island home. The inhabitant, too, judging from the colour of his shell, must have been esteemed a beauty in his day. How elegantly he has dissolved its interior, that the weight of his dwelling need not be an incumbrance. A fine hint this, to those housewives, who are fond of crowding their houses with superfluous furniture, and then are ready to sink under the labour of superintending it.

I must close this article, of course, not intended to be scientific, but to draw the attention of your readers to this interesting subject. That when they look upon the desolate dwelling of some long perished inhabitant, it may not be with a vague emotion of wonder at its surpassing beauty, but with holy admiration, and humble praise to Him, who has showered loveliness on every side of us—made our pilgrimage on earth through an Eden of splendour, and every part of his wonderful creation teem with beauty and happiness. S.

Portland, Maine.

The grand climacteric in human life varied between sixty and seventy; and was an astrological period, which depended on the revolutions of Jupiter and Saturn, five of one and two of the other making the climacteric age. By the English law, infancy in males extends to twenty-one, and in females to twenty; but the ancients reckoned the period of adolescence to twenty-five.

THE CHAMBER OF THE PALE LADY.

EVERY old mansion of any size or repute, that stands away from cities, and has the good-luck to outlast a few generations, is sure to have its legends. They gather and grow about the original truth, like ivy about ruins, till they have completely hidden the substance that supports them. Some of these relics of past ages have their haunted chambers; others have their warning spirits to announce the approaching death of the lord of the mansion; and not a few retain the dim lustre of chivalrous daring and warlike achievement. My father's hall had its chamber of the Pale Lady, a name given to a particular room from the presence of a certain portrait painted on a pannel of the oaken wainscot. The lady in question was of a very small figure, and, though beautiful, had a complexion of singular paleness, while there was a startling wildness about her large black eyes, —at least, all those said so, who saw the portrait after having heard her story. For myself, I perfectly well remember that she had inspired me, when a boy, with so much awe, that I never ventured into the room occupied by her portrait, except in broad daylight, and then I always took good care to have a companion. Even now, when time has destroyed all other youthful fancies, mercilessly banning and banishing the spirits, black, white, and gray, that once delighted while they terrified me, I feel a sort of lingering veneration for the Pale Lady, and find a pleasure—childish, perhaps, but still a pleasure—in gazing at the old picture when the moon shines full upon it. Then is the hour for such a tale; shorn of those circumstances of time and place, which have made it so striking to my imagination, I fear its shadows will become as substantial, and as little apt to awe, as the ghost of Banquo upon the modern stage, represented, as he always is, by some portly feeder, who seems sent on to vouch for the good living of folks in the other world. But, not to draw out the grace much longer than the meal, thus runs the legend.

Queen Mary had been on the throne of England almost a twelvemonth, and had already begun that career of blood, which has given an odious celebrity to her name. Thus encouraged by the royal example, the zeal of the Catholics grew hotter and hotter every day at the fires they had kindled for the spiritual benefit of their Protestant brethren, till at last there was little safety for the heretic in their neighbourhood. Much, however, in the more distant counties depended upon the characters of the leading individuals professing the predominant faith; if they chanced to be tolerant, there was comparative impunity for the Protestant, who, if he did not make too intrusive a display of his principles, might then hope to pass unnoticed. Luckily for the neighbourhood of Ivy Hall, Sir Hugh Trevor, though in other respects a good Catholic, was of this better class of spirits, so that the faggot had not yet been kindled within the circle of his influence. But to no one, not even to the father confessor of the family, did this tolerant disposition give so much displeasure, as to his own lady mother; so deadly was her hatred of the heretics, that had she loved her son a grain less than she actually did, it was an even chance she had used her influence with Bonner, to warm his zeal by the help of the stake and the faggot. As it was, Dame Margaret contented herself with attributing his lukewarmness to the bad example of an early friend, a certain Sir Robert Lonsdale, who had latterly abandoned his faith for the uncourtly and dangerous creed of the reformers. On him, therefore, who was many years older than Sir Hugh, she poured down all her wrath, and he in a great measure served as a sort of conductor to carry off its lightnings from the head of the near offender.

Such was the state of affairs at Ivy Hall, when one night, just as the mother and son were about to leave the supper-table for their respective bed rooms, a loud and hasty ringing was heard at the great gate-bell.

"Sancte Maria!" exclaimed the old lady, crossing herself in much trepidation, and sinking back again into the arm-chair, from which she had just risen. "What unhallowed thing is abroad at this hour!"

"There is no occasion for any alarm," said Sir Hugh. "If the visiter be a friend, he is welcome, late as the hour is; if an enemy, we are strong enough, I hope, to protect ourselves."

"Against such an enemy the arm of the flesh is all too weak," replied Dame Margaret, her head shaking as much from her fear as from the effects of a slight blow of palsy.

Again the bell rang, and yet more violently than at first, its shrill clamours seeming to be blown about the house by the wind as it howled in fierce and fitful eddies.

"A plague upon the coward knaves!" exclaimed Sir Hugh. "Tall fellows, and stout are they in the broad day; but at night, a shadow would start the best of them. Not one, I'll be sworn for it, will leave the hall-fire, unless I drive him from the ingle-corner."

"They believe in a devil," solemnly observed Dame Margaret, in whom even her extreme terror could not for a single instant tame the fierceness of her bigotry.

Sir Hugh made no reply, but seizing a candle, hurried out to inquire into the cause of this nocturnal visit, while the old lady, left alone with her terrors, mumbled prayer upon prayer, and invoked all the saints in the calendar to her assistance. Perhaps, the good folks listened to so fervent a votary, for it was not long before her fears were silenced by the return of her son, who half supported, half carried, into the room a beautiful little female, about sixteen years of age, apparently exhausted by the fatigues of a long journey. At the first glance, Dame Margaret was much scandalized in seeing such service rendered by the Lord of Ivy Hall, and the inheriter of so many broad acres, to one, apparently so humble, for the maiden wore the garb of a wandering minstrel, and carried a lute suspended at her back by a plain, green ribbon. Nor was this feeling much diminished, when in a few hurried words, Sir Hugh committed the damsel to her own immediate care, begging, and it might be al-

most said commanding, that she should receive every attention her situation required.

"She is noble, I hope," said the old lady, "or at least of such gentle blood as may warrant the service of your mother."

A faint smile passed over the pale features of the stranger, and Sir Hugh answered hastily, if not harshly,—"The daughter of a friend—of a near and dear friend."

"And her name!" asked Dame Margaret.

"To-morrow, mother," replied Sir Hugh,—"to morrow you shall know all—all, at least, that is beseeming for you to know."

There was something in the tone of this qualified promise, that awed the querist into an unwilling silence. Never before had she seen her son in so uncompromising a mood, and the very novelty of the occurrence vouched for the occasion being of no ordinary a nature.

But days elapsed after this eventful night, and still there appeared no signs of the promised to-morrow; the utmost amount of information that her pertinacity could extract, was only this—the stranger's name was Emmeline. To add to her discomfort, as the character of the little damsel unfolded itself, which it did not fail to do in a very short time, she saw reason to fear that an *esprit follet* had taken up its residence in her orthodox domicil. The Pale Lady, as she now began to be called from the extreme fairness of her complexion, was no less capricious in her movements than Will-o'-the Wisp himself, and took the same delight in leading those, who followed her, into trouble. Hence, it was no wonder if the servants, who were often the subjects of these pranks, became convinced that they had got a fairy, or some elementary spirit, for an inmate—a conviction which, when the first sentiment of fear had worn off, did not make the stranger less welcome to them. She became to their fancy a sort of household spirit, a freakish elf, such as Robin Goodfellow had been to the cotters of yet earlier times, full of humorous pranks indeed, but friendly in temper, and never mischievously disposed, except when provoked by the ill-will or thwartings of her mortal companions. When once the little maiden grew conscious of this belief in her supernatural nature, she seemed rather to delight in it, than to wish to conceal her fairy origin; the milk was often found churned, and the hearth swept, without the help of human hands, or at least of those hands whose proper occupation it would have been, and a silver sixpence would occasionally be dropped into the shoe of the careful housemaid. Then too her dress, however it might vary in the fashion of its shape, was invariably green, the traditional colour of the fairies. But the most decided proof, and there were more than one who could swear to it, was that her figure threw no shadow in the sunlight, and received no reflection from any mirror. This strange tale, which she did not fail to encourage, at last reached the ears of Dame Margaret, who, with mingled feelings of horror and curiosity, determined to put the truth of it to the test. For this purpose she summoned the Pale Lady to a meeting in her private chamber, where stood the only mirror in the house, looking-glass not being so common a thing in those days, as it has since grown to be with us. But to no mandate of the kind, could the little damsel be brought to lend an ear, word it as the messengers would, either in the way of threat, or of gentle invitation. She was, it seemed, in one of her most dogged moods, or else suspected the cause of the summons, and had no mind to submit herself to the ordeal.

"My lady begs you will come directly," said the abigail, repeating her unnoticed message for the third time.

Emmeline gave no reply, but opened her large black eyes to their utmost extent, and stared at the embassadress in a way that made her feel any thing but comfortable.

"Heaven bless us!" muttered the alarmed abigail, "I have often heard of the Evil Eye, and, if ever there was such a thing, it is upon me now. I wish I were safely out of the room—Miss Emmeline!"—this was in a louder key—"Miss Emmeline, will it please you to come! my mistress loves contradiction as little as any lady in Christendom."

Hereat the elfin damsel burst into a long, unearthly laugh, that with every moment grew wilder and wilder, till it well nigh reached a shriek. There was no standing this. The soubrette uttered as loud a scream as her lungs would admit of, and fairly fled, banging the door to, as a sort of barrier between herself and the laughing goblin.

It may be easily imagined, with what feelings Dame Margaret received this account. There was something of fear, and more of irritation, mingled with excited curiosity, in her voice as she despatched a second message by Annette, her favourite maid, who was specially employed about her own person. This renewed summons was full of authority, and dignified resentment, proportioned to the confidential character of the person bearing it.—"Tell the young woman," she said, "that Dame Margaret Trevor, the lady of this mansion, requires the immediate presence of her nameless guest. If she have no respect for the hostess, who affords her an unwilling asylum, she at least owes the duty of youth to my gray hairs."

Annette had no great fancy for this mission, which, as it implied offence to the object of it, might not be altogether without peril to herself. But there was no choice, and besides she had naturally more courage, though not less superstition, than her companions. Down, therefore, she went, when, if she found nothing to try her boldness of spirit, she saw quite enough to astonish her, with all her previous experience of the little damsel's vagaries. Was the Pale Lady sad for the past, or doubtful of the future? neither the one nor the other; she was dancing away as if the spirit of some frantic marabout had possessed her, at every bound almost touching the ceiling, and whirling round like the little motes that dance in the sunbeams. Nothing, that Annette could say, availed to stop her even for a moment; and when, as a last resource, she seized the hand of the emphatic dancer, so far from being able to stay her flight, she was herself borne along in the same giddy round, much after the manner of a straw caught up and tossed about by a

whirlwind. In the midst of all this hurly-burly, entered Dame Margaret, whose impatience could no longer endure the delay opposed to her curiosity. Her presence gave a new turn to the scene. A stranger would have fancied that he saw a merry school-girl detected in some forbidden game of romps by the unexpected appearance of her mistress, so suddenly did the Pale Lady break off the dance, and so motionless did she stand, after having dropped a profound curtsy to Dame Margaret. In the meanwhile, the unlucky Annette, released from the supporting hold of her companion, plumped down at once upon the floor, where she sat with her clothes carefully drawn over her feet, the very image of comical despair.

"What is the meaning of these witch's Saturnalia!" said the old lady, her angry glances wandering from the one to the other of the delinquents. "Are we all mad, I ask!"

"It is the full of the moon," replied the little damsel, with malicious gravity; "yet I would fain hope for the best. You feel not giddier than you are wont, dear lady!"

"I sent to request your presence," said Dame Margaret, not perceiving, or not choosing to notice the lurking malice of this tender inquiry. "Perhaps, now that the dancing mood is over, you will be pleased to follow me to my chamber, where we may have some private conference on matters that touch your repute as a Christian maiden."

"It is too late," said the Pale Lady, laughing.

"Too late!" exclaimed the elder dame.

"Too late," repeated the Pale Lady—and then sang, or rather chanted, with a look of peculiar archness,—

> The word has been spoken,
> The magical token!
> And the mirror is broken.
> Hoo! har, har!—hoo!

The repetition of this familiar witch-burden sounded on the orthodox ears of Lady Margaret, little better than actual blasphemy. She was perfectly confounded, and, before she could find either breath or sense to reply, in rushed the abigail who had been left in the chamber of the mirror, wringing her hands and exclaiming in a voice of terror, "Oh, my lady! my lady!—it's not my fault—pray be not angry with me—it's not my fault."

"What is not your fault!" said Dame Margaret. "Speak out plainly, child—or has the madness seized you too, who used to be so reasonable!"

"The mirror, my lady!—the mirror! it is broken—dashed into a thousand pieces, and not a piece so large as a silver groat."

"How strange!" exclaimed the little damsel in a tone of earnestness, by no means usual with her. "I did but play upon you, when I hinted that the glass was broken, and, lo you now!—Cassandra herself could not have prophesied to better purpose. Rightly says the proverb, many a true word is spoken in jest."

There was something in the glance of her eye, strangely at variance with her words, and with the tone in which they were uttered. It jarred most unpleasantly on the nerves of Dame Margaret. And now it would have been naturally supposed that the old lady, bigoted and fearful as she was, would have taken measures without delay, for ridding the house of so ambiguous a being. And such, indeed, for a while seemed to be her purpose. The servants were ordered to quit the room, and, as their curiosity still kept them listeners at the door, they could hear her voice loud in anger, though the thick oak would not allow them to distinguish the precise import of every word. Then, as usual, came the sound of the lute, the little damsel's weapon of defence against all assaults, and which by half the household, was supposed to be a talisman, no less powerful in charming men's ears than the Syren's voice of old. In a very few minutes, its melody had so effectually lulled the storm, that, on peeping through the keyhole, they saw her seated on a low stool, her head in the lap of Dame Margaret, who looked down upon her with a smile of unwonted benevolence, while the withered hands played tremblingly with her dark ringlets, and smoothed their cluster from a brow and temples that shone more dazzlingly white than ever.

"Now the saints defend us!" exclaimed the peeping abigail; "if ever fairy danced by moonlight, there's one hid in the body of that lute this blessed moment."

"I ever said so," replied the other.

And away they both hurried, partly in the fear lest a longer stay might betray them as listeners, and not less, it may be presumed, from a liberal spirit of communication, that could not remain satisfied till the rest of the household were as well acquainted with the whole story as themselves.

It will be asked, what has become of Sir Hugh, while Ivy Hall was thus being turned topsy turvy, by the frolics of his nameless protégé. At first he had treated her as a child, seeming to take no little delight in her wild pranks; but it was soon evident that the child had grown a woman to his imagination, and in his altered manners towards her, a shrewd spectator might have inferred, that the Hall was likely ere long, to have a new mistress. This passion, as sudden as it was vehement, was attributed to the magic influence of the lute, though it seemed that Sir Hugh had been equally able to captivate the Pale Lady, without any such advantage. She loved him with no less ardour; and, what might not have been so easily anticipated, made little scruple of showing it after her own wayward fashion, teazing and pleasing him in about an equal measure. Often it would happen, that she exceeded even the endurance of a lover, and his wrath would settle down into a sullen mood, that looked a determined rupture. On such occasions, she always had recourse to her lute which never failed to do its work, the shadows flying from his brow, like mists before the sun, when it breaks out from the clouds of April.

It will hardly be supposed, that so keen-sighted a personage as Dame Margaret was all this time ignorant of a love-affair, passing thus immediately under her eyes. How, indeed, should she be, when one of the parties at least, took so little pains to conceal it? But her

wrath smouldered quietly enough among the embers while there was a chance that it might end, like half the affairs of this kind, in vapour, for she was too prudent to provoke a different catastrophe by unseasonable opposition. "Say nothing,"—thus would she argue it in her own mind,—"say nothing, and this little spark will go out of itself, when a puff of breath from me would kindle it into a flame. I must be silent!" Silent she was accordingly, refraining from words good or evil, though, as might be expected, such an excess of discretion cost her much heart-burning, till one day Sir Hugh gave her notice in due form, that it was his intention to marry the little damsel; then, indeed, she made herself ample amends for all her past forbearance, and poured forth such a storm of wrath on the devoted head of Sir Hugh, that might well have excused him, had he deviated from his purpose. But all in vain. It is so easy to maintain a resolution, when it happens to be in perfect consonance with our own desires. Women, however, do not so lightly give up any scheme it may once please them to take into their heads, even when it does not come recommended, as in the present instance, by the semblance at least of sound policy. Finding her son inflexible, to a degree that baffled all her powers of persuasion, she could only attribute an obstinacy so unusual with him, to the influence of magical practices. It was clear that the Pale Lady had cast a spell over him, and where could the secret source of the charm be better sought for than in the lute, the potency of which had been made apparent to every one of the household! To destroy the instrument then, was to take the fang from the adder, and accordingly it was in her own mind, doomed to destruction with the first opportunity. When this would offer itself, was another question, for the lute was the little maiden's constant companion, at home and abroad, on foot and on horseback, nor was she ever observed to put it from her, except on one particular occasion, that recurred but once a month. This was on the full of the moon, when she never failed to find some pretence for walking alone in the neighbouring forest. At such times it was always remarked that she grew sadder and sadder as the day declined; her eyes would fill with tears, and she would gaze on Sir Hugh, when she thought herself unnoticed, with the anxious looks of one who was about to part from a near and dear friend for ever. The motives for these nightly wanderings, none could discover, though there was no want of curiosity on the part of the inmates of Ivy Hall, who, to do them justice, had to the utmost extent of their courage, exerted themselves to learn the secret. One or two of the boldest went so far, more than once, as to visit her supposed haunts on the following morning, when they found, or said they found, the print of feet, exactly corresponding to hers, in a certain plananguare, or round as it is sometimes called, a relic from the times of the Druids; here, they had no doubt, she had been to meet the queen of the fairies, and obtain leave of absence for another month, to dwell amongst the human mortals. In confirmation of this opinion, they remarked the wild joy she always evinced on her return, and the liberality with which she scattered silver,—fairy silver no doubt,—amongst the servants. But the more popular belief was, that she went thither to worship the moon, from whom she received her power; and a cromlech, standing in an open part of the forest, was pointed out as the altar whereon she laid her monthly oblations. These offerings were supposed to be of an innocent nature, from the fashion of the altar; it consisted, according to the usual form of such monuments, of an upright stone, and a second mass placed on it horizontally, the latter having a cross rudely cut into it; and hence it was inferred that sylph, or fairy, or whatever else the little maiden might be, she could not belong to the evil spirits, since she was so familiar with the holy symbol.

The moon had now come to the full for the twelfth time, since the eventful night that opened our tale, when Dame Margaret finally set about breaking the spell, as she deemed it, which had enthralled her son. By a coincidence, not perhaps very wonderful, seeing that kindred wits will jump together, Annette, the waiting maid already mentioned, had her own plans of discovery reserved for this same evening. Having been more than once baffled by her fears, when attempting to follow the Pale Lady into the forest, she magnanimously resolved, while yet the daylight lasted, to take up a secret position near the cromlech, thus flinging herself at once upon the peril that she was afraid to meet coolly.

It was a close autumnal evening, and the thick sultry air hung heavily on the leaves and flowers, that seemed to droop despondingly beneath its weight, the gnats and water-flies swarmed upon the still face of the pools, and there was uneasiness as well as listlessness in the motions of the cattle. At times a pale flash of lightning would show itself far off in the horizon, and the thunder would mutter at distant intervals, but not a drop of rain fell, and not a blade of grass stirred. It would seem that even the Pale Lady, goblin or fairy as she was supposed to be, yet felt the influence of the hour, for, as she threaded the dingles and green alleys of the forest, there was none of the usual wild gaiety, either in her subdued step or saddened features. The smile, that so seldom left her lips, was now absent; her wonted song was hushed, her looks expressed extreme anxiety, and ever and anon she would stop and lean against a broad-trunked oak, evidently not from weariness, but from reluctance to meet some dreaded object, to which she was of necessity advancing. But linger as she might, she at length reached the open glade, in the middle of which stood the cromlech, with a flood of yellow light poured down upon it, as if the Druid stone had some secret power of attraction, that drew the moonbeams to itself, while the sward about it lay in shadow. The heart of the fairy-wanderer, if fairy she was, beat fast as she neared the rugged pile, and her colourless cheek was tinted with that passing flush which hope lends when struggling for the mastery with fear. Again she paused, apparently to muster up resolution for the fatal task, and then slowly resumed her onward

march towards the cromlech. Annette, who saw every thing from her hiding-place behind a clump of trees, always vowed, in telling the tale, that she neither ran nor walked, but skimmed over the grass that waved beneath her feet, as if it had been swept by the passing wind—"It was a strange sight," she would say, "to see the grass rippling in one narrow stripe, just like the sea when a squall walks over it, darkening and agitating its surface, while all beyond the immediate influence of the fitful breeze remains unruffled."

No sooner had the Pale Lady reached the cromlech, than she became sensible of a branch of misletoe lying on the horizontal, or upper stone. If not a subject of surprise, it was evidently unwelcome to her, for in the moment of perceiving it, she uttered a faint scream, and sank against the monument, trembling and exhausted, like one who has received a sudden shock. With reluctant hand, after a brief pause, she took up the branch, her tears dropping fast upon it, hesitated a while, then broke the stem in two, and flung it from her as if it had been a serpent to sting and poison. It would seem that the storm, which had been so long gathering, had reserved itself to this particular moment; a loud peal of thunder, rolling from one end of the heavens to the other, gave the signal, when down it came in all its fury, the rain pouring, the blast howling, and the lightning wrapping the earth for many seconds together in one continued blaze. Then followed a longer, sharper crash, like the groan of convulsed nature, and in the next instant, a thunder-bolt flew hurtling through the air, and shivered the cromlech into a thousand pieces. Annette stopped to see no more. With a speed proportioned to her terror, she ran back to Ivy Hall, dashed by the astonished household, and hurried into the presence of her mistress for protection. But Dame Margaret had in the mean time, met with her own proper causes of alarm, and to all appearance was as much in need of comfort as her terrified dependent. She stood gazing on the broken lute, her usually pale face yet paler from the workings of fear, her eyes dilated, and her aged limbs shaking in every joint. The ejaculations of Annette, neither low nor few, failed for a time to withdraw her attention from the ruins of the supposed talisman, and, when she did become sensible of the handmaiden's presence, it was only to give way to those feelings which had hitherto held her speechless.

"Dreadful!" was her first exclamation; "surely it was the going out of the fiend himself! Beata Maria, ora pro nobis—ora pro nobis!"—And she crossed herself repeatedly and fervently.

"Now, all the saints be good unto us!" re-echoed Annette, her own previous terror visibly augmented by the fears of her mistress, though she was unable to guess the precise cause of them.—"The saints be good unto us!"

"They *have* been," cried Dame Margaret; "they *have* been. But reach me a chair; this shock has rudely shaken my old limbs, and I can stand no longer. The holy Virgin—blessed be her name!—was with me, or I must have died on the spot. Awful times, Annette—awful times. The world grows worse as it grows older, and heaven alone knows what it all will end in; but whatever it may be, thank God I shall not live to see it. I shall be safe in that home where the wicked cease to trouble."

"In the name of all that's terrible, what has happened?" exclaimed Annette.

"What indeed, girl! Oh, it was an awful moment when I dashed the accursed lute to pieces, and, with uplifted cross and counted beads, abjured him to fly—him, the unholy one, who had so long housed within it. Wot you, child, who it was that lent the strings their melody, witching all ears and hearts, that we none of us were the masters of our own will? —Apollyon, child—Apollyon! Ah! it is a wonder that my brain and sight still hold, and that my tongue can tell it to you."

Dame Margaret placed her hands to her forehead, as if she thought to still the inward pain by their pressure. The sympathizing Annette, forgetting at the moment her own immediate cause of terror in anxiety for her mistress, burst into tears.

"My dear lady!" she cried; "my dear lady, you are ill. Let me go for help. Shall I call the servants?—shall I call Sir Hugh?"

"Heed it not, my good Annette. It is a passing pang only, and, with the blessing of the saints, will soon be over.—Mother of heaven! what now?"

This last exclamation was provoked by the loud yell of many voices from the rooms below, announcing some general cause of terror.

"Run, girl," continued the old lady; "learn what new mischance has happened to excite this fearful outcry."

But Annette had no occasion to leave the room to gain this knowledge. A single glance through the window, which opened on the fields between the house and the Severn, was sufficient to show the cause of the uproar.

"Merciful powers!" she said, or rather shrieked. "See! see!—how the sparkles fly from his hoofs! how the flames stream from the creature's red nostrils!"

"Who? What!" exclaimed the old lady.

"How they fly!—and the lightning flies after them, flash upon flash—it's aimed at them—only at them—and passes over the trees without scorching a single leaf."

"Who? What?" reiterated Dame Margaret in the very agony of fear. "Speak out, girl; tell me all—tell me at once, for I feel my senses are fast leaving me."

"Apollyon! the great fiend!—he rides off with the Pale Lady—there's not a speck of white on the black horse that carries them."

With that irresistible impulse, which often compels our attention to objects of dread or loathing, Dame Margaret tottered forward to the window, and beheld the Pale Lady flying, or carried off, her clothes drenched with rain, and her loose hair streaming to the tempest. The speed of the coal-black horse outstripped the wind, and the rider who bestrode him, appeared in the uncertain light to be of colossal stature. Their course lay for a few seconds along the banks of the Severn, but suddenly, amidst the renewed rattling of thunder, and the howling of wind, one long continued flash

of the broadest and reddest lightning blazed about them, and in the next moment, the horse was seen with his riders in the midst of the boiling waters. Then came a loud shriek of agony from the maiden, followed by a yell so fierce and unearthly, that both the watchers instinctively closed their eyes in terror. It was an instant—only an instant—and, when they again looked out, nothing was visible on the river, but the white foam of the angry billows.

Such is the accredited tradition of the Pale Lady, as I received it from the old servants of the family, and as it had been handed down to them from father to son, through many generations. I must not, however, conceal the fact of there having been another version of the story, less allied to the marvellous, yet, perhaps, not a whit more real. According to this gloss, Sir Robert Lonsdale was the midnight visiter, who, being compelled to fly from England, by the tyranny of Queen Mary, could find no better way of disposing of his daughter, than by entrusting her to the care of his young friend, Sir Hugh Trevor. That this gentleman professed the Roman Catholic faith, was rather an advantage than otherwise, inasmuch as it insured the sanctity of the asylum, while his well-known spirit of toleration gave promise of his being a warm and efficient protector. The little damsel, thus unceremoniously introduced into Ivy Hall, was of a lively, if not a wayward, temper, and from the habits of a spoiled childhood, as well as from natural inclination, apt to indulge in whatever might happen to be the caprice of the moment. With such a disposition, the general belief of the household in her supernatural qualities, delighted her beyond measure, as affording ample scope for the enacting of those wild pranks, in which she ever found too much gratification. As to her lute and song, there was indeed a magic in them, but it was the natural magic belonging to matchless skill, and a voice of such extraordinary sweetness, as rarely to have been equalled. Her monthly visits to the cromlech were, if this version might be believed, the result of a previous compact with her father, who, when he had taken the requisite order abroad for her commodious abode there, was to signify his return, by depositing a branch of misletoe on the Druid stone. The circumstance of the black horse plunging into the Severn, in which both steed and riders were lost, might be sufficiently accounted for, by supposing that the sudden fury of the storm had startled the animal from his course, and urged him towards the Severn, which was at the time rendered as wild as any sea, by a sudden hygre, or eagre, a name given in that country to designate the meeting of the sea-tide with the fresh-water current.

Those, who like this explanation, may adopt it. For my part, I stick to my old nurse's legend, and am ready to die upon it, that the Pale Lady was either a sylph, or a fairy.

The common definition of man is false; he is not a reasoning animal. The best you can predicate of him is, that he is an animal capable of reasoning.—*Warburton.*

THE TOUCHY LADY.

One of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabout, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail: —the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given a colour to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation; she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing-masters; then one music-mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, trades-people, relations and friends, ever since; so that although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes,) decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower-bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad: she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there she will not suspect! Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue-stockingism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite or popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read Hajji Baba," said I to her one day last winter, "Hajji Baba the Persian?"—"Really, ma'am, I am no orientalist."—"Hajji Baba, the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe Miss R.,"

rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snip-snaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading, are no resource in her desperate case. There we are shipwrecked on the rocks of taste. A difference there is fatal. She takes to those delicious books as personal property, and spreads over them the prickly shield of her protection in the same spirit with which she appropriates her husband and her children; is huffy if you prefer Guy Mannering to the Antiquary, and quite jealous if you presume to praise Jeanie Deans; thus cutting you off from the most approved topic of discussion amongst civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say! The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunder-storm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humour for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousands of common Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of elegance or dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of the order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female relatives, foredoomed their sister's soul to cross, actually went so far as to call her Nanny! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation, it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their future residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew, in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and by a fortunate mistake, she had taken it into her head that B. in the present case stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by an increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil, but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her full in the face; and certainly but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened. Her fate has been even worse than then appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben., the wife of a Ben Morley, junior, esq. (for the present uncle was also godfather and namesake) the future mother of a Ben Morley the third.—Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing, when compared with that short word.

Next after her visiters, her correspondents are to be pitied; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hotpressed and gilt edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "dear madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes, but he is as unlike her as possible; a good-humoured tattling creature, with a perpetual festivity of temper and a propensity to motion and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a schoolboy in the holidays, which felicitous personage he resembles bodily in his round ruddy handsome face, his dancing black eyes, curling hair, and light active figure, the youngest man that ever saw forty. His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and courses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and woodcocks, wood-pigeons and flappers, he contrives pretty tolerably to shoot all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, assizes, and quarter sessions; drives stage coaches, patronises plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife or for her, and affronts her twenty times an hour, simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion, to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse, and to break with her outright.

R.

GENTLE LADY, SWEETLY SLEEP.

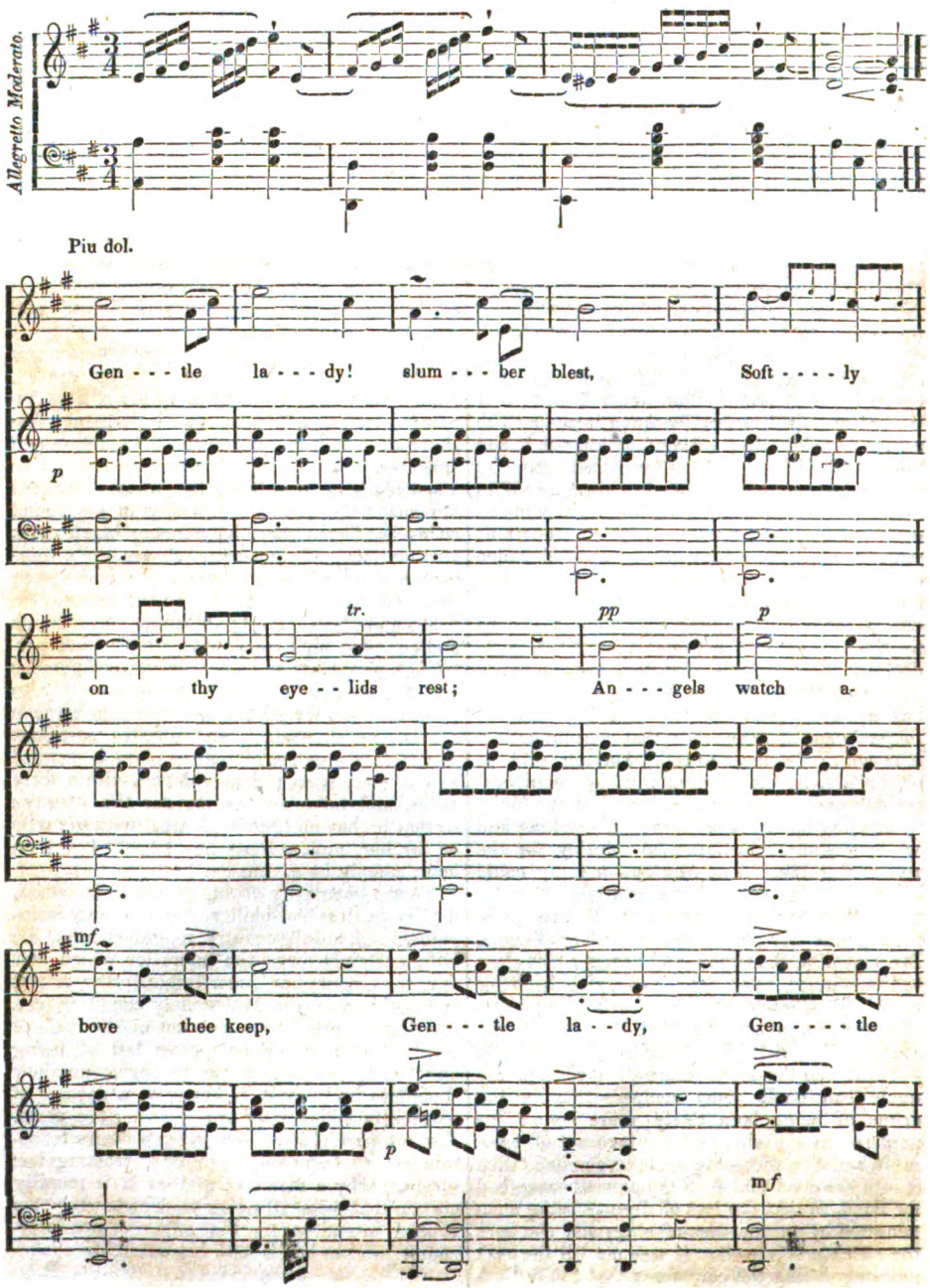
A SERENADE,

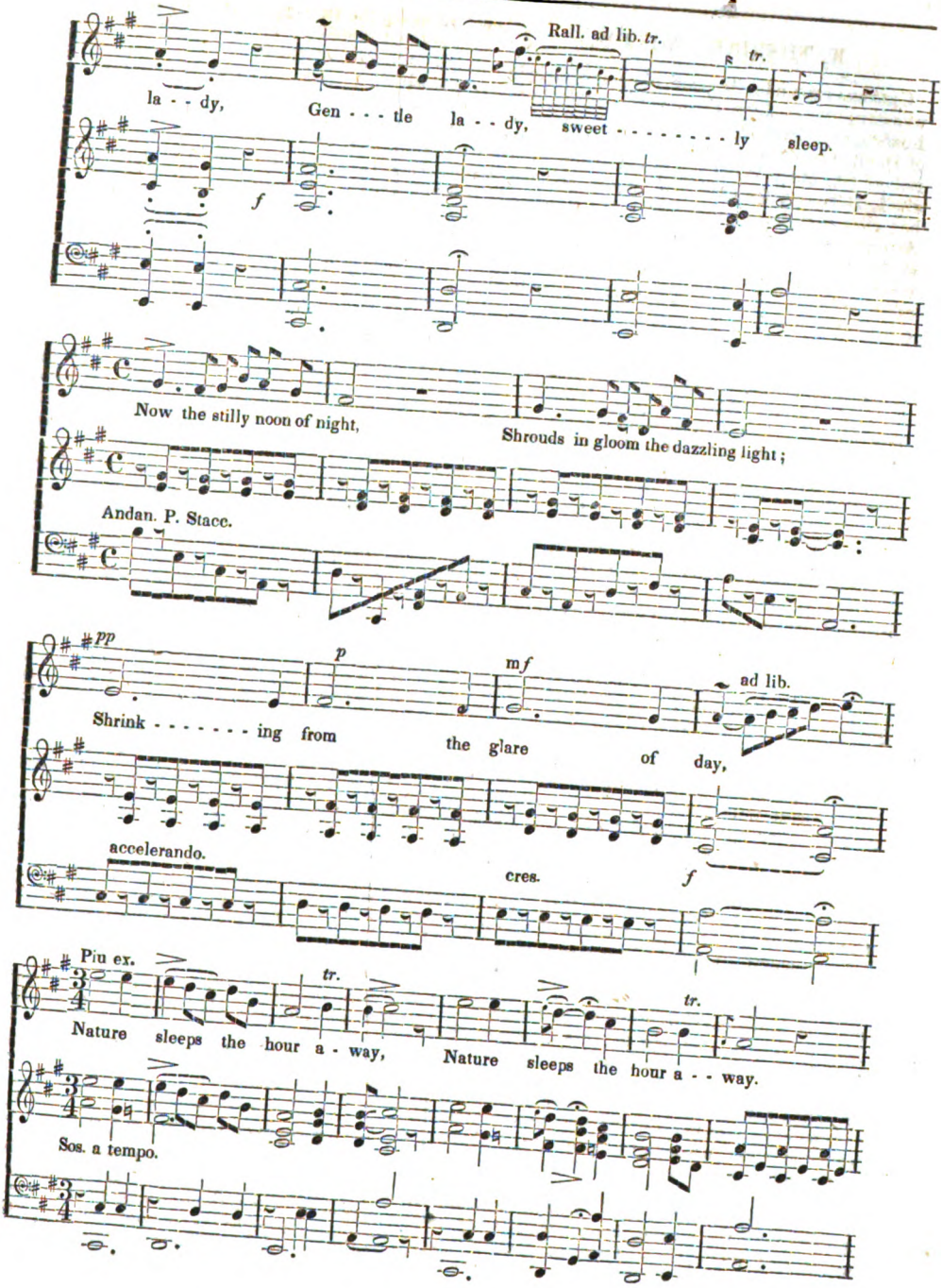
RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED TO MADAM CARADORI ALLEN.

BY J. C. BECKELL.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn, for the Lady's Book.





II.

Hush'd the heat-fly's evening note,
Ceas'd the cricket's merry note,
And the night-bird, 'neath his wing,
Soft his head is pillowing;
All the world is slumb'ring:
Gentle Lady! slumber thou—
Sleep! and on earth's final even
Holy angel wake in Heaven!

KATHERINE PHILLIPS,

CELEBRATED under the poetical name of Orinda, was daughter of John Fowler, of Backlenburg, London, merchant, and of Katherine, daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, M.D., was born in the parish of St. Mary Wool church, London, January 1, 1631. A female relation, Mrs. Blackett, had charge of her infancy and early childhood. At eight years of age she was placed in a school at Hackney, under the care of Mr. Salmon, where her improvements were singular and rapid. She displayed an early taste for poetical composition, and a devotional turn of mind somewhat enthusiastic, originating probably in the sensibility of temper inseparable from genius, and in the spirit and manners of the times. She had perused the Bible throughout before she was four years of age, and had committed to memory many passages and chapters. At ten years of age she would repeat, with scarce any omissions, entire sermons of which she was a frequent hearer. She also began early to exercise her fancy in poetical composition. She acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, and applied herself successfully to the Latin, with the assistance of an ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. She was educated in the principles of the Presbyterian dissenters, but became afterwards a proselyte to the established church, and the royalist party.

In the year 1647, she gave her hand to James Phillips, Esq. of the priory of Cardigan. The fortune of Mr. Phillips being encumbered and embarrassed, Mrs. Phillips, by her economy, prudence, and excellent management, added to her interest with Sir Charles Cotterell, whose friendship for her rendered him zealous in the cause of her husband, nearly extricated him in the course of a few years, from the difficulties in which he had been involved.

During her retirement at Cardigan, she cultivated poetry as an amusement to beguile her solitary hours. Copies of her poems being dispersed among her friends, they were collected, and published anonymously, in 8vo. 1633, without the knowledge or consent of the author. Mrs. Phillips's vexation at this circumstance (which she appears acutely to feel, and sensibly laments in a letter to Sir Charles Cotterell) occasioned her a severe fit of illness.

The charms of her conversation, her modesty, sweetness and unassuming manners, rendered her the delight of her acquaintance, while her genius and talents procured for her the friendship of men, distinguished for their merit, their talents, and their rank, among whom may be mentioned the earls of Ormond, Orrery, and Roscommon. The affairs of Mr. Phillips having rendered the presence of his wife necessary in Ireland, she accompanied thither the viscountess Dungannon, and was received with distinction and esteem. During her residence in that kingdom, she was induced, by the importunity of the before mentioned noblemen, to translate into English, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted with applause on the Irish stage in 1663, also in 1664, when it was printed and given to the public, and a prologue added by Lord Roscommon.

Mrs. Phillips also translated from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Horace; to which a fifth act was added by Sir John Denham; and which was represented by persons of rank at court, with a prologue spoken by the duke of Monmouth.

In Ireland Mrs. Phillips renewed a former friendship with Dr. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Downe, and Connor, who some time previously had published and inscribed to her "A Discourse of the Nature, Office, and Measure of Friendship, with rules of conducting it, in a letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips." In this production, many high compliments are paid to the sex, to their capacity of friendship, and the more elevated virtues, exemplified by allusions to the celebrated characters of antiquity.

Mrs. Phillips left Ireland in 1663, and in London she was unfortunately seized with the small-pox, which proving fatal, she expired June 22d, 1664, in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

Her poems and translations were, after her decease, collected and published in one volume, folio, in 1667, and entitled "Poems, by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda; to which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey, and Horace, Tragedies; with several other translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithowe." A second edition was printed in 1678, in the preface to which, the reader is told, "that Mrs. Phillips wrote familiar letters with facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; which, if collected, with the excellent discourses written by her on various subjects, would make a volume much larger than her poems."

An anonymous writer, thus speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "I have been looking into the writings of Mrs. Phillips, and have been wonderfully pleased with her solid and masculine thoughts, in no feminine style. Her refined and rational ideas of friendship, a subject she delights in, show a soul above the common level of mankind, and raise my desire of practising what is thus nobly described. Though I know nothing of Mrs. Phillips, but what I have learned from her poems, I am persuaded she was not less discreet, good-humoured, modest, constant, and virtuous, than ingenious."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE are certain words that never lose their power to charm—in age as well as in youth, in sickness or in health, to the sorrowful or the gay, these words always breathe of hope and enjoyment. One of these magical words, is *spring*,—the season that nature has consecrated to hope and happiness. May the expectations of enjoyment it awakens in the hearts of our readers, be realized; as the bland sunshine diffuses its happy influence over the face of the vegetable world, calling forth new beauties with each succeeding day, so may the energy that hope, the *spring* of the human mind imparts, awaken every heart to renewed exertions for perfection.

In our last number, we recommended the adoption of a systematic course of reading. We would now, with the indulgence of our friends, continue the subject, and commend to their serious atten-

tion a habit which, if pursued in concurrence, would result in incalculable good, we mean that of *original composition.*

In truth, excessive reading alone would soon choke the seeds of original thought, and reduce the individual to a mere tame and servile repeater of other's ideas;—a book-worm!

It is in this way, that the over-burdened intellect, a stranger to deep and long continued reflection, becomes at length really incapable of self-exertion, and slavishly follows the *ipsi dixits* of its self-imposed masters. Now, this we believe to be the true reason of the proverbially imitative style of American writers.—Independent, self-originated thought, the fruit of great intellectual toil and discipline, the free, natural expression of our own hearts, is treated too much like contraband goods, as yet, among us. We have looked to Europe, for the productions of mind, as well as for the fabrics of its looms—and England has been the workshop of the United States, in an intellectual and moral, as well as a physical sense. We do hope for better days. The spring-time of our country's intellect is opening. We trust, that the productions of American genius, will not always be constrained to take a voyage across the Atlantic, in order to be *endorsed* by British taste, and commended by British Reviews, before they can find currency in the land of their nativity.

But, to return to our subject. *Composition* may be divided into two kinds, *mental* and *written*. *Mental composition* is of essential importance to the vigour and health of the mind, and possesses this advantage over the other, by the facility with which it can be pursued at any time and place, without the requisite paraphernalia of written composition. In reading any work, it greatly conduces to the development of the judgment, to make frequent pauses, and trace out the inference, and the particular bearing and tendency of detached portions of it; and upon its completion, to consider the general scope, its moral tone, the correctness of the sentiments advanced, and the character of the style. Thus, whilst the mind is adding to its stores of knowledge, and the heart is receiving good impressions, these various faculties and affections would be called into vigorous action, and the judgment strengthened and matured, would guide rightly the heart in its decisions.

Written composition owes its neglect, in a great measure, to the artificial manner in which it is taught in our schools. There is a radical defect in this particular, and we commend the subject to the particular attention of the "American Institute of Instruction,"—perhaps, in the plenitude of their wisdom and experience, they may suggest a method to make *theme* day a pleasant recurrence to pupils.

It is easy, however, to overcome this antipathy of our school days, against so useful an accomplishment, and even to acquire a love for, and proficiency in it. One of the surest means of doing this, is to practise letter-writing. A correspondence with an intelligent and virtuous friend of her own sex, is one of the safest, as well as the best methods of disciplining the mind of a young lady. Let the individual, who wishes to have the exercise of writing become easy and pleasant, select from the circle of her friends a few correspondents. To these, she must communicate her thoughts and feelings, with the unrestrained, natural tone which she would judge graceful and pleasing in familiar but polished conversation. Letter-writing should be the conversation of friends at a distance, whose only method of communication is this. A stiff and artificial arrangement of language, which too often characterizes the epistolary intercourse between *friends*, is a sure sign that the heart is little interested in the topics discussed—that the main effort is made to show off the writer's learning, not to communicate pleasure to the reader of the letter. This show of wisdom, is most apparent in weak, or at least, ill-furnished minds. One of this class may have considerable wealth of intellect, yet not be able to furnish current coin to represent his capital.

Another form of written composition, is what may be briefly termed, "Sketching." Upon reading any work, the taking a slight sketch of the subjects treated of, would be attended with considerable profit, in the deeper impression it would make on the memory. We by no means recommend the practice of "taking notes" upon every book read. The memory does not discharge its rightful office, when all our knowledge is locked up securely in a note book.—What we would urge, is the keeping of a *common-place book*, to sketch down one's views, opinions, and sentiments, upon every subject or topic, which may have interested the mind in the perusal of a work. The common-place book, is not designed to serve as an *external* memory to the writer, but rather as a treasury of original thoughts.

Mental and written composition, in connexion with a systematic course of reading, we deem to be of the highest moment to every woman, as well as man, who would aspire to the possession of a well cultivated mind.

But we must not entirely overlook the theme which poets have consecrated to this season.—Love, tender, true and happy love, seems the natural association with spring. We have readers, we doubt not, who *say*, if they do not think, that the "Lady's Book," is too much filled with love stories, and the romance of sentiment. But, in real life, is there a single history in which these fancies have not occupied a prominent place in the heart of each actor who has reached maturity? We deprecate the influence of excited sensibility on the female character, as much as can the most rigid reader of moral treatises. But we do not think, that a well regulated mind is obtained by a prohibition of the pure, disinterested exhibition of the tender feelings of our nature. And we trust, that many a virtuous sentiment has been confirmed, and many sacred duties enforced by the interesting stories and poems, which, like spring flowers, we strew in the pathway of our young friends. And here we will subjoin, what we consider, a bud of rare beauty.—Its author is one of our contributors —the same who wrote "The Treasured Harp," in the February number. It has been published, but deserves to be placed in the treasury of bright thoughts and pure fancies, which our publication affords.

TO ALEXINE, IN HER FIRST YEAR.

'Tis said, my little promised one,
The fashion is with men,
To toast quite young their lady loves,
And billet doux to pen.
But don't you think it very queer,
That I should make such speed
To sit me down to write these rhymes
For one who cannot read?

And yet,—and yet it may not be
A matter of surprise,
For many stranger things befall
Young ladies with black eyes.
Perchance that yours may scan this line,
On some far distant day,
When they are glistening in their prime,
And I am turning gray.

And will those playful orbs, so bright,
Smile on me then as now,
And will you come so willingly,
When years have decked that brow?
And when your pulse is beating quick,
And mine is failing fast,
And when this cheek has lost the glow
Of youth, which cannot last—

Say, sweet one, will you come and sing
As now you seem to do,
Some stirring song, or plaintive note
Of love so kind and true?
Alas! alas! I fear the set
Of childhood's radiant star,
Will leave me bowing in the sphere,
Where nice *old* ladies are!

Yes, false one! that keen archer's hand
Your cousin's form will bend,
And you'll "obey, and honour" him,—
But only "as a friend."
You'll come to him for sage advice,
Just at that time in life,
When you are thinking to become
Another's blooming wife.

Ah! at the wedding, I shall be
One of the drollest sights,—
A prime old fashioned gentleman,
In spectacles and tights!
Well, be it so,—and if my days
Are gladdened by your smile,
Your doting, gray-haired kinsman will
Be happy all the while.

"*History of the United States.*" By George Bancroft. Boston: Charles Bowen.—The study of history, especially that of our own country, is of the first importance in the education of young ladies. We rejoice that there is a work in progress, which promises to be of such inestimable value, as this truly American history. The two first volumes only, are published yet; its excellence is already established, above every work of the kind, which has yet appeared.—The author is true to the great principles of civil and religious freedom, which planted the American colonies in this new world, and which have been the basis of all the achievements, improvements, and prosperity which our countrymen have enjoyed, or effected. —The style is perfect of its kind—concise, polished, perspicuous, and elegant. We hope it will be read by every lady in the land.—No American mother should consider her education competent to the instruction of her children, unless she understands the history of her own country. And, thanks to Mr. Bancroft, here is a work, which will teach American principles, as well as facts—will encourage virtue, as well as communicate knowledge.

"*Leila; or, the Siege of Grenada,*"—is the last new novel, from the all-attempting mind of Bulwer. It is a work of much merit as a historical novel—and there are some exquisite touches of genius in the female characters—but as a whole, it is not equal to some of his earlier productions—"Rienzi," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," have a higher moral and deeper interest.

"*The Love of the Past*"—is the title of a Poem, by Otway Curry. It purports to have been delivered before the "Union Literary Society of Hanover College—Indiana." Judging from the poem, the audience must have been very exalted in their literary aspirations,—if they understood and relished all the flights of fancy, and the sublimities of language which it contains. We regret to find this fault of turgidness and bombast, pervading a production, which in its plan offers a glorious field for genius. The writer has relied on words, rather than ideas, to elevate his poem. It is not, however, an uncommon fault. Many young poets mistake in this matter. They appear to think, that simplicity of language, is incompatible with poetic elevation of style. To such, we would earnestly recommend the study of Burns and Wordsworth, and our own Bryant and Halleck. Mr. Curry has deep poetic feeling, and he evidently loves the muse—if he cultivates his powers judiciously, he will produce something far superior in literary merit to this poem. We give one extract, as a fair sample of the style.

Their joy was in the silent night to pore
On that unwritten tome of wondrous lore
Which speaks of the appalling earthquake-spasm,
Preluded by the thunder-summons hoarse,
The fearful voice of the volcanic chasm,
Wrought by the fiery force
Of the outbursting lightning, in its path
Of storm, and gloom, and wrath:—
Which speaks of life, of reason, and the goal,
The final haven of the undying soul—
The mansion of the all pervading Power
That flings the sunshine and the sprinkling shower
On the green fields of earth; which ever fills
The welling fountains of the gulfed main,
And lifts on high the undecaying hills
With pillars planted on the massive plain;
Which weaves the curtains of the ancient night
And gilds the effulgent star-fires when they flee,—
Whose pencilings grand have spread the morning light,—
And overstrown with gold the broad and brimming sea.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Figure 1.—Dress pink satin, ornamented at bottom with a very deep white blonde flounce, headed by a guirlande of light flowers worked in floss silks upon the dress (see plate). Plain corsage, with a plain tucker of blonde round the bosom, the tucker does not meet in front, but is shown in the engraving to be attached by a small gold cord and tassels, to which it forms a pretty finish, to the front of the corsage, and takes off from its plainness. The sleeves are short. Over the shoulders is a small mantelet. It is composed of satin, and lined and trimmed with ermine; the mantelet is pointed at back as well as in front, and has a small pointed cape; half-dress cap of blonde, prettily ornamented, as shown in the plate, with flowers. This half cap consists of a ribbon which forms the head-piece, and two standing borders; the one nearest the face is narrow, the other wide; a full blown rose is placed at each temple; the back hair is full dressed, the front in ringlets. We recommend this style of coiffure to our fair readers, as one of the most becoming that has appeared for a long time. White kid gloves, with gold bracelets outside. White satin shoes.

Figure 2.—Dress of rich brocaded satin, with a deep flounce of black *rézille*, with fringes at bottom, low corsage, and long sleeves. Large square shawl of the finest white Cashmere, with a rich border all round, embroidered in coloured floss silks. A silk fringe goes round the outside of the shawl—hat of satin, with a wreath of roses under the front. The crown of the hat is not very high, the front large, *evasée*, and square at the ears. Hair in bands with the ends curled. Pale yellow gloves, satin brodequins to match the dress.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1838.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

[We insert the following letter, in the hope that some of our readers will be inclined to reply. The subject is interesting and important, in many respects, and "Cœlebs" has stated his case with so much apparent candour, and real good sense, that we think he deserves a hearing in the "Lady's Book."—Ed.]

To Mrs. Sarah J. Hale and Miss E. Leslie.

Ladies,—I have not been a constant reader of your very elegant periodical; which I have to regret, but hope to make amends in future. I lately saw, in the last October number of the "Lady's Book," an article by Mr. M'Kenzie, reflecting in the most severe terms upon all advertisements for wives, or for husbands. Mr. M. does not leave a single loop-hole out of which the guilty can escape; he drives them to the wall, and then hews them to pieces. He does not admit that there can be such a combination of circumstances as could, in any event, justify or excuse the act of a gentleman's advertising for a wife, or a lady advertising for a husband. I do not know but that he is perfectly correct; still I can imagine, to say the least, very extenuating circumstances.

I have for a long time thought that the obstacles in the way of forming matrimonial engagements are much more serious and insurmountable here than are generally supposed. The remark not only applies to this country, but also to every part of Great Britain. "In France, they do these things differently"—there it is never difficult to procure an introduction, with the view to a matrimonial engagement—and it is perfectly *comme il faut* to avow the object, and even to employ a person to call on the friends of the lady, or her parents, and make the proposal. In this country, nothing of that kind is permitted; and although a gentleman may live for years next door to the residence of a lady, yet he cannot be allowed to make any approaches to her, unless acquainted with her friends, or introduced altogether, as it were, by accident; nor is the lady, how much soever she may desire it, ever allowed to make the least advances. Now I am disposed to think that there may be a fault in all this, and that in every country, there should exist some honourable medium of communication.

This state of things with us, bears very severely upon the higher classes of unmarried ladies, and the same class of gentlemen: now if a lady does not meet a gentleman in her immediate set, or clique of society, with whom she is pleased, and this must be reciprocal, why, she must fold up her hands and remain for ever single, how much soever she may desire the happiness of matrimonial life. It is this which fills our large cities, in all the upper classes of society, with old maids. This same state of things, operates with the greatest severity upon the fate and fortunes of great numbers of gentlemen, whose education, habits, and tastes, would fit them to adorn any station in society. Accident, or the caprices of fashion, or a want of acquaintances, or the means of making them, very frequently, yes, in thousands of instances, compel such gentlemen, either to form unsuitable and unhappy alliances, or remain for ever single. This is true, not only with regard to numbers who do not boast of great wealth, but also with the richest individuals in the community. All of your readers must recollect the happy termination of a proposal made at a wedding party in South Carolina, that each lady should write on a piece of paper, the name of any gentleman present, whom she would consent to have; and vice versa, the gentleman should also write the name of the lady whom he should fancy. These sealed papers, given to the president, and parties reciprocal through him received the pleasant intelligence:—nine marriages resulted from this plan, in a party of fourteen couple, and many of the gentlemen afterwards declared, that they should not have had the courage to address the ladies, unless through this happy suggestion.

In the middling and less aspiring, and less fashionable classes of society, nearly all persons marry, but the moment we begin to ascend the scale of society, and approach the opulent or ambitious, we find numbers who never marry. How often it is, that a young lady, a minor or ward, possessed of property, is completely sur-

rounded by interested keepers, who prevent all approaches to her, as assiduously and completely, as if she were enclosed in the walls of a harem. I will not dwell on this unpleasant part of the subject, but will only remark, that nine-tenths of runaway matches, arise from this imprisoned condition of the lady. I have known several unhappy instances of this sort, which could not have taken place, had there been a little more latitude permitted in the conventional rules of society. But the ladies may relate their own sad tales;—my especial business is with the gentlemen; and to prevent all mistakes or misrepresentation, I will tell my own tale as an exemplification of my previous remarks. I am a bachelor, about thirty-two years of age, possessed of a respectable fortune, amounting to some thousands of dollars annual income. My religious habits from very early life, have led me to avoid the gay circles of society; and on the other hand, my abhorrence of cant, and ultra religion, have prevented me from very close connexion with religious circles of society, who at the best, have very limited correspondence, or social relation with each other; the consequence is, that I am entirely out of society; have many male acquaintances, and but very few female—have a great attachment for ladies; and am a very ardent admirer of the female character. My education is rather of a high order. I have long desired to enter in the matrimonial state, but begin to fear that such will never be my lot; and I will tell you the kind of lady I would prefer:—the lady I would wish to be between twenty and thirty years of age, rather handsome than decidedly ugly; and above, rather than greatly below the middling height; and possessed of a respectable fortune. Now these three conditions I consider as bagatelles, compared with the following, which are, a first rate, and accomplished education, pure piety, and of respectable family. These are my wishes, and this is my ambition; yet I cannot gratify it—I find it to me, impossible. I am not alone—I have two intimate friends, who are situated like myself, possessing education, talents, personal respectability, and wealth, and yet find it impossible, in the circle of their acquaintance, to meet with ladies of such character and qualifications, as they would select for matrimonial partners. Now, I would ask the question, if gentlemen, under these circumstances, who greatly desire matrimony, cannot be excused if they were to take, what among us are considered extraordinary measures, even to an advertisement in the public papers? I should like to hear your opinion upon these subjects, or that of some of your fair correspondents. I have heard much opprobrium cast upon bachelors for being so, and yet in an extensive acquaintance, both in this country and in Europe, I never heard a bachelor express himself satisfied with celibacy, but rather regret, and often with the keenest sensibility, that a kind Providence should have ordained them to a single life; and if by any hint, or remark, or suggestion, you can put me and my friends in the way of reaching the goal of our earthly hopes, we should ever owe you a debt of the deepest gratitude. Respectfully yours,

CELEBS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VILLAGE MURDER.

CHAPTER I.

LATE in the month of October, 18—, a small sloop was ploughing her solitary way, near a cove, or inlet, in one of our eastern states. The setting sun lit up the western horizon, with those splendid hues, that to the common eye promise fair weather; the dark waves, with their white gauzy crests, were rising in regular succession, and as the little vessel burst rapidly through them, a long wake of foam and bubbles marked, for a moment, her path over the ocean. Three men stood together on her forecastle, engaged in an earnest consultation, which was carried on in tones too depressed to be heard abaft the mast. Though the weather was mild, two of them were wrapped in great coats, with large silk handkerchiefs round their throats; the third was enveloped in a full plaid cloak. The latter shortly left his companions, and walking aft, to the lonely mariner at the helm, said,

"I say, skipper, if it's the same thing to you, these here gentlemen and I, want to be set ashore in yonder little cove; what do you say to it? ha!"

The skipper raised himself from the tiller over which he was leaning, cast a look at the binnacle—the sails and the sky, and then answered in a drawling tone,

"Why, I say it's out of the question; you see there's only I, and another man and the boy aboard, that is as belongs to her—and she's going right afore the wind; so how I could set you ashore, I don't see. Its totally impossible!"

"Where there's a will, there's a way!" said he with the cloak; "Burnham's Cove has as good anchorage as any along the coast—in good weather; and with this fine little clipper, you could run near enough to 'the Squaw's Table,' for us to jump ashore!"

Where is the hunter who does not listen with pleasure, to the praises of his dog and rifle? Where is the seaman who is insensible to encomiums on the craft he commands? A gratified smile twisted the cordage of the sailor's countenance, as he replied—

"Why, yes; the little 'Betsy' answers her helm as well as e'er a sea-boat in the states, and will go as nigh a rock, without striking! But," continued he with an air of surprise, "you seem to know a sight about the coast, here away, seeing you said you was a furriner!"

"That's nothing to the purpose!" said the man, with a laugh; "I know something of the coast, and know a tight sea-boat, and a good skipper, when I see them. But say quick, before it's too late; you shall have the full passage money, as if you took us to Eastport, and a dollar over, for getting us ashore."

The skipper shifted his quid, threw a habitual glance round the horizon, and then shouted down the companion-way:

"Tom! I say, Tom! Turn out in a jiffy! Jack! you son of a sculpin—tumble up! I say,

sir, I like to be *obleeging;* so if Tom thinks 'twill do, we'll try to land you. As to the fare, it wouldn't cost me no more to speak on, to take you to Newport; and a dollar is leetle enough for the trouble; I aint sartain Tom will agree to get the canoe down for that."

"Well, well! we won't dispute," said one of the other men, who had approached; "I'll give another dollar, rather than not get ashore."

By this time, Tom, a stout fellow, and Jack, a gawky lad, were on deck, and the skipper jamming the tiller into the hands of Jack, with the admonition of—

"Keep her steady, you son of a turnip, and get your eyes open, d'ye hear!" marched forward to consult with his crew, which consisted of Tom. In a minute, he shouted, "All's right!" and he and Tom ran from side to side of the deck, casting off one rope, and belaying another, with twice the bustle necessary, just to prove how hardly they earned their two dollars. In a short time, her course was altered, her mainsail hauled down, and she was standing in for the shore, under her jib. The three passengers had resumed their station on the forecastle, and their conversation.

"Well," said he in the cloak, "it will be a pretty business, if the hole you tell on, has been found out."

"No danger," muttered the shorter and most ferocious-looking of the three; "I tell you, nobody but I knows on it; 'twas nothing at first but a fox hole, and I, and another boy, worked days and weeks at it, to dig it out, and get it big enough. I tell you, no one would find it."

"You and *another* boy!" said the other; "cold comfort. How do you know he hasn't blabbed?"

"'Cause dead men tell no tales;" returned the short fellow, sullenly.

"Ah! he is dead, is he?" said he with the cloak. "Did he die *suddenly?*"

"What is that to you?" exclaimed the shorter, with a fierce scowl. "You want to get your fingers on my windpipe, do you? Well! he threatened to peach, and I cut him down with my axe; are you satisfied? I was tried for it, and acquitted; and what good does it do you now?"

"No great," said the tall one; "only it must be a blessed country for us. I would give something to know your secret."

"You may know it for a chew of tobacco," said he, grinning; "jest change your name, to that of some rich old feller that thinks great snuff of hisself, and afore a namesake of hisen should be scragged, he'll come down with the blunt like clam-shells. In this here free country, you may doctor who you like, and get clear, if you can but *plank the Spanish!*"

"Ay, true," replied the one who had hitherto not spoken. "I remember hearing in New York, about Robinson, and"——

"Shut up," said the tall one, as Jack approached them, and said the canoe was ready, and the skipper wanted to see them in the cuddy.

The passengers and their bundles were soon stowed in the bottom of the canoe, which, sculled by the powerful Tom, danced lightly over the waves, in the direction of the cove before mentioned. In a few minutes, they were landed on the beach, where they stood watching till the canoe was lashed to the davits, the sails hoisted, and "the Betsy" dashing through the foam like a sea-gull, was lost in the distance; then, turning from the cove, the ruffians sought their place of concealment.

CHAPTER II.

In an open space of about half an acre, on a bluff or head-land, formed by the junction of the cave with the ocean, stood an old dilapidated house, consisting of one large room on the ground, and an outshot; it had been built before the memory of that universal referee, "the oldest inhabitant;" but built compactly of hewn logs, it yet resisted the assaults of time and weather, while later constructed, but more fragile habitations, had crumbled into ruin. It was surrounded by huge rocks, that raised their rifted and fantastic heads, as if in mockery of man's labour, bidding defiance to the ploughshare and the harrow. Among them grew thickly the towering pine and the gloomy hemlock, interspersed with ancient oaks, beneath whose spreading branches the dark Indian had pursued his game, and the red papoose performed his mimic war dances. The woodland or forest, of which this was an extremity, extended several miles, forming a boundary between two extensive townships.

On the second night from that on which our tale commences, this isolated dwelling was blazing with many a light, and sounds of mirth and jollity resounded from its interior. A rustic ball was in progress, and the young men and maidens of the neighbouring village, were enjoying it with that heart-felt glee, which results from dancing for one's own amusement—not for the applause or criticism of the spectators. What was wanted in grace, refinement, and elegance of attire, was compensated by activity, good humour, and natural beauty; though their steps were such as Vestris and Celeste never dreamed of, they kept to the music and answered the purpose; and if some ambitious youth leaped from the floor and clapped his feet together, it was a harmless vanity, occasioning neither envy nor ridicule. Round the house was a shoal of boys, as yet too young to be admitted as sharers in the festivity, staring in at the windows with admiring eyes, and longing for the time, when they too could court the girls and exhibit their agility.

It was past one, and though the dance had continued with little intermission since eight o'clock in the evening, neither the fiddler nor the dancers exhibited signs of weariness. At times, the young men retired into the outshot for refreshments, and trays of cakes, biscuits and cheese, accompanied by wine and lemonade, were handed round to the young women. On these occasions the fiddler was not forgotten; he was a gay old man, whose popular manners, good-humoured jokes, and a peculiar knack of timing the tune to the dancing, so as "to make both ends meet," bade defiance to competition,

and rendered him the musician *par excellence* of all the surrounding villages.

After one of these refreshing suspensions, a tall, strong, but awkward-looking fellow, who seemed to think that hilarity consisted in making a noise, and had accordingly treated the company in the course of the evening to divers whoops, yells, and obstreperous cachinnations, seized the hand of a girl near him, and leading her out, insisted on dancing a single jig, calling at the same time for the celebrated tune, "Thump the Devil." There was some murmuring in the room, and the musician, looking about him dubiously, exclaimed—

"I've no objection for my own part, but you know the rule Bob, and may be the rest won't like it."

"Let them that don't like it lump it," cried Bob, who had evidently imbibed a considerable quantity of the "good creature," "here I stand —my name's Rusho. I say play, 'Thump the Devil,' and play it up till the fiddle talks again, put some spunk in it, and let me see who says, no!"

No farther opposition was offered, an innate sense of propriety suggesting to the young men, that the place was not a proper scene for brawling, though some looked as if they intended to settle the matter, at a more convenient opportunity. The fiddler struck up a strange uncouth melody, after every few bars of which, a peculiar touch of the strings, produced sounds closely resembling the name of the tune, to which the dancers' feet responded in as peculiar a step. While Bob, or Rusho, as he was often called, and his laughing partner, footed it away in a style that elicited the admiration of their companions; a young man, round whose clear blue eye and handsome, though sunburned countenance, the rich brown hair clustered in natural curls, and whose dress—half sailor, half landsman, was well calculated to set off his muscular, but finely-formed person, approached a girl, who from her superior beauty and sprightliness, was the belle of the evening, took her hand, and said,

"Will you permit me the pleasure of attending you home this evening? Your brother is going with Betsy Blair, so I suppose my company will be better than none!"

The village beauty tossed her head, and withdrew her hand with a pretty air of disdain, exclaiming—

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Langton! My brother may go home with whom he pleases; I don't think there's any danger of my going *alone*."

"Come, don't be affronted," said the young mate of the good ship Neptune, "I only meant you did not care much for my company; I had no thought of offending you."

"Oh! I'm not offended, Mr. Langton, only —as you say, I don't care much for your company, and—besides, Mr. Blake has engaged to attend me home."

"What! Sam Blake! *Sleepy* Sam!" cried the young man, while a smile of derision curled his handsome lip: "You are not in earnest? Why, he will go to sleep against a stump or the fence, before you get half way home, and leave you in the lurch."

"What's that you say, sir?" cried Blake, a tall, slim, conceited looking fellow, dressed like a third-rate dandy, who had approached unperceived; "I should like to hear you say that again, sir!"

"Certainly, if it will give you any satisfaction," said Langton, measuring him with an air of cool contempt; "I say, that you will go to sleep before you get half way home, and leave her by herself. Why, I've seen you fall asleep eating your dinner! At school, it always took two boys to keep you awake, by pinching, shaking, and pulling your hair; and at meeting, you know, they have given you a seat in the far corner, that your snoring mayn't disturb the preaching. And, 'tis said, that your sister Martha keeps a string tied to your finger, and pulls it to wake you when customers come into your shop."

Enraged by these assertions, for which there was too much foundation, and unable to parry raillery by repartee, sleepy Sam burst into a towering passion, exclaiming,

"'Tis all a confounded infernal lie, and whoever says so, deserves to be horsewhipped."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when Langton, whose temper was already excited, sprang forward, and seizing him by the collar, would have settled the matter in a very summary method; but others rushed between them and separated the combatants. The screams of the girls had attracted the attention of Rusho, who was just executing one of his singular saltations, and springing from the dance, he clasped both his brawny arms round the young sailor, crying,

"Whoop! Whose fighting without me! Why, Frank Langton! I'm ashamed of ye! What good would it do you now, to knock such a skunk as he is into a cocked hat?"

Frank was too angry to think of Balaam's ass, but he answered,

"You are right, Rusho; it won't do *here*, but;" and his eyes lit up with that deep full glare that speaks in man, courage and deadly determination; "he has called me a liar, and in the presence of Anna Thomson, and if he does not retract it before another night, I will break every bone in his body."

Then disengaging himself from the arms of Bob, left the room, and Rusho went to look up his partner. He found her seated quietly, and the fiddler preparing to put up his violin, and calmly replying to the remonstrances of some of the company.

"It is your own fault, gentlemen; you know I never play that tune but once in an evening, and never play any thing afterwards; if I did, I should be sure some evil would befall me. You may laugh; but if you knew as much about it as I do, you'd think it no laughing matter. Its no use," continued he, as the young men pressed round him, offering five, ten, even twenty dollars, if he would play a little longer, "for twenty—no, nor for a hundred dollars."

At that moment, Rusho burst through the circle, exclaiming—

"Come, Mr. Brown, finish the jig for Mary and I; we hadn't half done; I only stepped off, to keep some of the boys from kicking up a shindy; jest *finish* the tune, that's all."

"Yes, yes," cried many voices, "just *finish* the jig; playing the same tune won't be breaking your rule, just *finish* the tune."

Over-persuaded, but with great and evident reluctance, Brown drew out his violin, and recommenced the out-of-the-way music he had been playing, while a dozen couples sprang upon the floor to have the last dance; but the musician had lost his energy and spirit; the tune, as Rusho said, "sounded like a dead march," and one by one the couples sat down, till the floor was vacant, and Brown gladly restored his violin to its green bag. All were now preparing for home; while the young men retired to the outshot, to settle their bill, the young women were selecting their bonnets, shawls and cloaks, from the pile brought in by Mrs. Wheeler, the mistress, and sole inhabitant of the house. She was a tall, gaunt woman, whose bending form, toothless mouth, and wrinkled brow, might have claimed the reverence due to age, had not her leering look, and the malicious expression of her blear eyes, told that the indulgement of evil passions had anticipated the work of time. She was celebrated as a fortune-teller, and many a credulous maiden stole to her house, to hear expounded by words or coffee-grounds the decrees of fate. Habitually ill-tempered, she received the gifts of the girls, and the charity of her wealthier neighbours, with sullen indifference, as if she felt herself injured that they gave no more. When she smiled, it was for some sinister purpose, or at the misfortunes and misery of others.

The young men returned to the room, and one of them advancing to the fiddler, presented him with some bank notes and silver, his pay for the evening. The old man counted it, and dropping the silver into his pocket, took out a large old black pocket book, in which he proceeded to deposite the notes.

"Well done, neighbour Brown! You have fiddled to some purpose!" said the young man smiling, and pointing to a respectable bundle of bills already in the pocket book.

"Why, I havn't seen so much money, I don't know when," said Sleepy Sam; "I guess there's a matter of five or six hundred dollars."

"Well! you are a good hand at guessing, it aint far off on it," said Brown; "but it don't belong to me; no such good luck! its my brother's money, that I am carrying to Boston, to buy goods."

"When are you going?" said sleepy Sam.

"Bright and early in the morning: I calculate to get to Green's bridge, in time to catch the stage," answered Mr. Brown.

He turned as he spoke, and was in the act of depositing his well-worn pocket book in his coat pocket, when he caught the glance of a man, who was intently watching his motions through the window. He started with undefined terror; though little more than the eyes had been visible, he felt assured that their ferocious expression was not unknown to him; though he could not at the time recall to whom they appertained. He endeavoured to get another view of the person, but so soon as he had found himself discovered, he disappeared in the surrounding obscurity. For the first time in his life, Mr. Brown felt dismayed at the prospect of passing the woods alone at night; but two of the young men present belonged to the same village with himself, and he was too well acquainted with their habits, to expect their company on the present occasion.

"Well! if any body does attempt to rob me," said he to himself, "they shall find they have an old bird to deal with. I'll let 'em see I know a trick or two;" and contriving unperceived, to abstract the bank notes from their receptacle, he slid his hand into the green baize bag that contained his "bread-winner," and pushed them through one of the slits, into the hollow of the fiddle. Then buttoning his coat, he prepared to depart, when he was intercepted by the haggard form of Mrs. Wheeler, who, seizing his arm, with what she intended for a gracious grin, exclaimed—

"Why, Johnny Brown! hain't you got a word for an old friend, I hain't had a chance to change a word with you the whole night. Sit down, sit down, man, and talk a bit."

"No, thank ye, not to-night," cried Brown, still making for the door, for he was now left alone with the hostess; "I haven't a moment to spare."

"Well, well; I've seen the day, Johnny, you wouldn't want so much axing; but I won't keep ye long, jist let's take a glass of something for old time's sake. What 'ill ye have? The boys has left plenty o' spirits and wine."

"Nothing at all, ma'am, thank ye," still making his way to the door, said the fiddler. "Another time, can't stop now"——

"Oh, well; if you can't you can't; but take a drop afore you go," said the woman.

"No, thank ye, not a drop," said the fiddler; and freeing himself from her grasp, he hastened to overtake the lingerers of the party.

A yet darker scowl settled on the brow of Susan Wheeler, as the man passed from her threshold; her long skinny finger was raised with a threatening gesture, and the worst passions of human nature engendered the curses that came thronging to her lip, as she watched his progress. At a hissing sound behind her, she looked round, and on seeing a man's head thrust into the back window, she instantly fastened the door at which she stood, dropped over the front windows two tattered cloths that did duty for curtains, she hobbled back, and thus greeted the intruder.

"Hush, you limb of Satan; do you want to dance upon nothing, that you are so venturesome? It's a wonder, somebody didn't know you to-night, poking round the house like a fool, as you are."

"Keep your tongue quiet, mother Twiddle Twaddle," said the fellow; "all them boys was spawned a leetle too late to remember me; but you missed your blow, old woman; you could not come Paddy over old catgut."

"No, confound him," cried the degraded creature, "I've known the time when he'd a bin glad to stay; but it is not too late yet," she continued in a whisper, while a gleam of demoniac pleasure glanced from her sunken eye. "He'll have to go through the woods *alone*. If I was as young and as strong as *you*, them are bills should be in another man's pocket afore morning."

"Alone! are you sure of that?" said the villain, eagerly; "Sartain sure," returned she, "there was nobody here as belongs to his parish, but Rusho and Sleepy Sam, and Sleepy Sam is gone sparking to Anna Thomson; and if Rusho can get a girl to set up wi' him, he'll not start till daylight; I know 'em."

"Its worth trying," said the fellow; "give us a drink, mother, and I'll be off."

The old woman went to the outshot, and quickly returned with a tumbler, filled with a dark liquid, which she presented to the ruffian.

"Here's as good brandy as ever was tipped over tongue," cried she; "but don't drink too deep jest now, honey—sich a job wants a cool head and a steady hand, my boy."

The fellow turned the liquor down his throat, and left the window; he made but a few steps, before he hesitated, turned once again, and advancing to the old woman, seized her arm, and said, in a low distinct tone,

"Hark ye, old witch. No squeaking or peaching on your part; if I do dance upon nothing, I don't dance without a partner; I ha'n't forgot old White, the peddler, and have a pretty good guess where his bones are."

"Hush, hush!" said the crone, looking nervously around her; "what's the use of talking of sich things, or rippin up old stories now? And what would I peach for, I ax you? Didn't I always take your part, even when you was in the stone-jug, for murdering young"——

"Shut your mouth," cried the ruffian, fiercely; "and hark ye, if the coast is clear to-morrow, hang a cloth out of the winder."

Meantime, the young people with whom was the devoted fiddler, passed on with many a joke and laugh, till beyond the belt of thickets that surrounded the old woman's unholy habitation, when they began to drop off, by two's and three's, towards their respective homes. When they arrived at the path that branched off through the woods to the adjoining town, and it became necessary for Brown to leave them, he felt such a dark weight on his spirit, such a dread of going alone, that he called out to Rusho,

"Come, Bob, you had better go home with me; you will feel much better in the morning, than if you sit up all night."

"Not I, indeed," cried Bob, laughing; "I guess I've got a pretty particular engagement."

"Well, well," said Brown, unwilling to give up his point; "you will go with me, I know, Sam Blake; Miss Anna don't want you particularly to-night; and you can come any time."

Sleepy Sam thought it necessary to make a speech on the occasion, declaring that,

"No gentleman, that was a gentleman, would think of such a thing, as leaving a young lady that he was waiting on; he should be very happy to *obleege* Mr. Brown in any thing in reason; that this was clearly unpossible, as any gentleman"——

"Avast heaving," cried a sturdy fellow, who came up, with a girl hanging on his arm; "what's the use of paying out so much slack rope? Can't you say, 'no,' at once? See here, neighbour, if you are raly afeard to go alone, why, though I'm perticularly ingaged myself, I won't be the feller to see you go!"

Oh, false shame, false shame! how much mischief hast thou caused! Brown could not bear to confess he was afraid; for the moment, perhaps, he fancied that he was not so, and saying, "Oh, no! he only liked good company;" he bade them good night, received their gay adieus in reply, and proceeded on his solitary path. On what trifling causes depend our lives and welfare! How impossible is it for us to examine the chain of which our every action is a link! Had any one prophesied to Anna Thomson, that her coquetry that evening would cost a man's life, she would have shuddered with dismay; yet, so it was, for had she accepted as she originally intended, the proffered attendance of Francis Langton, Sam Blake would have accompanied the musician through the wood; or had she even then, as she felt much inclined, requested Sam to leave her and go with Brown, his life might have been spared. But pride and pique interfered; she recollected the words of Langton, that she would be "left in the lurch," and wished besides, to execute a plan she had been forming to teaze Sleepy Sam, and make her peace with Frank, whom she really loved.

Brown had got rather more than half way through the wood, and began to think his fears were groundless, when he heard a rustling in the bushes, and instinctively dropping his violin, took to his heels. A man sprang into the road—pursued him, and a single blow brought him to the ground.

"Your money," said the ruffian, in a gruff tone, brandishing a knife that flashed in the moonbeam.

In silence he drew the silver from his vest, and presented it to the robber, who received it, but said,

"Your pocket book—shell out!"

With an inward chuckle, at his precaution, that even his terror could not prevent, he drew out his pocket book, and presented it to the highwayman; a slight noise at that moment, caused the fellow to raise his head, the moon streamed brightly on his face, and the old man knew him.

"Gorham Parker!" cried he, "is it possible!"

"That's your last word," said the footpad, drawing the knife across his throat. He then dragged the bleeding body a little way through the bushes, and throwing it down, made off with his booty.

CHAPTER III.

All was quiet in the village; the houses of the long, irregular street, threw their dark shadows, without a moving figure to vary the outline. The dogs, tired of baying the moon, lay sleeping, only by an occasional growl testifying their vigilance. At the extremity of the village stood a good house, surrounded by outhouses, haystacks, barns, and all the comforts and appurtenances of a substantial farmer. It was the house of Mr. Thomson, the father of Anna, who had just entered, accompanied by "Sleepy Sam." He had insisted on entering, "to have

a little chat;" and Anna, who had resolved to wreck on his innocent head the disappointment caused by her own coquetry, willingly consented.

They were soon seated on an old-fashioned settee, and after a little affected reluctance, Anna was persuaded to seat herself on the knees of Sleepy Sam. Instead of the usual conversation on such occasions, Anna asked if he was fond of music, and Sam, though he scarcely knew one tune from another, anxious to please and appear polite, expressed great admiration for the science, and for her singing in particular.

"Well," said the mischievous girl, "I am glad to hear you say that, and I will sing you a song I think you will admire. If I sing in a low voice, nobody will be disturbed."

She then commenced a monotonous, interminable ballad, of great repute in the nursery, as it seldom failed to hush to slumber the crossest urchin. Sam yielded to its somniferous quality, and Anna soon found her melody, accompanied by certain nasal sounds, that proclaimed the success of the experiment. Gently rising from his lap, she prepared to complete preparations for covering the poor fellow with ridicule. In one corner of the kitchen stood an old churn; expelled from the dairy by its shattered condition, it was now a receptacle for whatever odds and ends the "help" wished to put out of her way. It at present contained a quantity of potatoes, to which Anna added an old cow-bell, some broken crockery, and a number of tin cups. Then lifting it on the knees of Sam, she clasped his arms about it, and softly retired to her chamber. How long Sam slept, cannot be ascertained, but he was awakened by a rough voice, calling,

"Who's there? Who's snoring so that nobody else can sleep? Who's there, I say?"

Sam felt that he had been asleep; but Anna, as he thought, was still on his lap; and determined to repair, by the warmth of his courtship, the solecism of which he had been guilty, he clasped his fair one with ardour to his bosom. Alas! for the poor churn! Unused to such violent salutations, it could not withstand them; its hoops and staves gave way, and the potatoes, tin cups, bell, and crockery, poured on the floor with an appalling clatter. Sam sat in silent consternation, till a door opened, and the burly farmer, with a light in one hand and a cudgel in the other, entered the room. Sam sank upon the settee and looked round for Anna; she was not to be seen, but in her stead was her father brandishing his cudgel. Well was it for Sam, that he made no attempt to escape; had he manifested such an intention, the worthy farmer would have knocked him down; but seeing him set perfectly bewildered, he contented himself with demanding his business.

"You rascal, who are you? What are you doing here?" Then holding the candle to his face, he exclaimed, "Why Sam Blake! What in nature now brought you here! Hey?"

Others of the family had now assembled, among whom was Anna. She explained matters to the great amusement of her auditors, who declared, that "a churn was just as good for Sleepy Sam to court, as any thing else."

"Darn my buttons," cried Sam, as, escaping from the ironical compliments of his tormentors, he rushed out of the house, "if ever I speak to her again, I hope I may be shot."

With a fearless step, he now plunged into the road or track passing through the forest, nor gave a thought to the dangerous vicinity of the haunted cellar that lay within its precincts. Sam was essentially a coward, and though he attempted to conceal his infirmity by bravado, every body knew that he religiously believed in ghosts and goblins, and dreaded the power of witchcraft. At another time, nothing would have tempted him to venture alone through the woods; but now one passion had, like Aaron's rod, swallowed all others, and he could think of nothing but the trick played him by the faithless Anna—dreaded nothing so much as the taunts of his companions. While considering and reconsidering in what manner to tell the story to his own advantage, he struck his foot against something that precipitated him forward upon his face. After picking himself up, and stopping the blood that was gushing from his nose, he sought the object over which he had stumbled, and to his great surprise, recognized the violin of the unfortunate fiddler.

"Why, he must have been proper slewed, to a dropped his fiddle," cried Sam; "howsever I'll take care of it, and may be he'll help me out of this tarnation scrape to pay for it."

It was gray dawn when Sam arrived at the tavern where he boarded, and entered through a back window, left unfastened for his accommodation. It was so near morning, that he thought it hardly worth the trouble of undressing, and depositing the violin in his chest, he threw himself on the bed, and soon lost all remembrances of his trouble in a sound sleep. He was awakened by the red-headed lad, who combined in his own shambling person the offices of waiter, ostler, and boots, at the sign of the Ploughshare, and to whose particular charge was entrusted the task of getting Sam up in time for breakfast. He now stood staring with great round eyes, pallid face, and open mouth, till, as if struck by a sudden thought, he ran out of the room, and bounded down stairs into the street. On approaching the dressing glass, Blake became aware of the cause of his consternation; the blood from his nasal organ, was frightfully smeared over his face and hands, nor had the bosom of his shirt, his vest and pantaloons, been defrauded of their full share.

"The great fool!" muttered Sam, "now he will go and blab it to every body, and folks will get it, that I got a licking as well as the bag."

He had shifted his clothes, and performed the necessary ablutions, when the door was thrown open, and Nathaniel White, the constable, accompanied by three or four men entered, and told him that he was their prisoner.

"A prisoner! what for?" cried poor Sam, in utter consternation.

"I should not think there was much need of asking," cried White, pointing to the bloody clothes that lay over a chair.

"Well," cried Blake, "it's the first time ever I heard of a fellow being took up, 'cause his nose bled."

"Oh, gammon," said White, "that ere won't do, my hearty. You must go with us afore Squire Talburt, and I guess he'll make you sing another song."

"Sing a song," growled Sam, his thoughts reverting to his disgrace; "I wish the devil had all songs and singers and fiddlers into the bargain."

The officer and his assistants looked at each other, and shook their heads significantly.

"We must search," said the constable.

To Sam's amazement, the men commenced a minute examination of the apartment; the closet, the bed and the bureau were searched, apparently without affording any information. When they attempted to lift the lid of the chest and found it locked; the officer turned to Sam, and demanded the key. Sam was not in the best temper, many things had happened to irritate him; like many other weak-minded men, he was excessively finical, and had been hugely annoyed by the clumsy and careless manner in which the contents of his drawers had been tumbled about by White, he answered roughly,

"The key of my chest; not I, indeed. There's nothing there as belongs to you, I calculate."

"We'll see that," said the constable; and before Sam was aware, he closed with him, and with the help of his companions, succeeded in taking the key from his pocket, and opened the chest. The whole of the landlord's family had now assembled, headed by the red-headed boy, who stood with his teeth chattering, his form absolutely shivering with excitement, and his features expressing the most intense interest. A groan burst from the spectators, as the constable lifted the violin in its green bag, splashed with blood.

"Well, what does that signify?" cried Sam, "I didn't steal it; I found it last night, as I come home. If your a making all this fuss about that are old fiddle, you might find something better to do. If Brown loses it agin, he may pick it up hisself for me."

"Are you not aware," said White, looking him in the eye, "that Brown is dead—murdered!"

"Dead! murdered!" cried Sam, "your joking, ain't you? It can't be."

"I guess you will find it no joke, before you have done with it, Mr. Blake; come with us," said the officer, taking him by the arm and leading him off.

* * * * *

Early as was the hour, the office of Mr. Talburt, justice of the peace in the village of ——, was crowded almost to suffocation, each pushing and struggling to obtain a view of Sam, as if they had not seen him every day, for the last twenty years.

"Samuel Blake," said Mr. Talburt, "this is a dreadful affair; I am sorry to see you implicated, and hope you will be able to clear yourself from all suspicion."

"Thank ye, sir; the same to you," answered poor Sam, with such a vacant look and lack lustre eye, that it was thought he did not comprehend what had been said.

"Mr. Blake," resumed Squire Talburt, "where did you part from Mr. Brown?"

The question had to be reiterated, before Blake could collect his scattered senses to answer it. He gave a tolerable distinct account of what passed at bidding good night, and of his finding the violin; but when questioned where he had passed the time intervening, between the breaking up of the ball, and the time he discovered the violin, he demurred: it was with some trouble that he was prevailed on to confess that he was at the house of Mr. Thomson.

Nathan Cooper stated, that he went with White to apprehend the prisoner, in consequence of information given by Peter Bond, waiter at the tavern, and found the clothes he had worn the night before, covered with blood; that the violin of the deceased was discovered locked in a chest belonging to prisoner, who had refused to give the key, but that no traces of Brown's pocket book or money were discovered.—Robert Bailey was next called, and our acquaintance "Rusho," drew up his lengthy form before the table. He corroborated Sam's statement, as to where they passed the evening, and took leave of Brown, and with whom Sam walked home; and farther stated, that he saw the fiddle in the hand of Brown, when he bade them good night. He said, that he had himself gone home with a young woman, named Sally Burley, with whom he sat chatting till nearly daylight; on his return, he was followed by his dog, as usual; when about half way through the wood, Boatswain began snuffing and running about, till he got through some bushes, and set up such a howl as convinced him something uncommon was the matter, as Bose was a very knowing animal; he went to the dog and found a man lying on his back, murdered. That it was not light enough to see who it was, and he did not touch him, as he saw he was stone dead, for his head was cut almost off. That leaving his dog to keep guard, he ran as fast as he could home, where he got the coroner and some men to go with him, and returned to the body, which they found to be that of poor Brown. That they put the body in a wagon, and brought it home, but could find nothing of his fiddle or his pocket book. That he remembered hearing Charles Watson say, that Brown had a good deal of money in his pocket book, so he told the boy that was sent for Brown's brother, to go for Watson too. That he never suspected Sam Blake, and didn't think he did it now; did not think Sam had courage to fight a wood chuck, much more a man.

At that moment, Charles Watson made his appearance, and on being examined stated, that he had paid Brown ten dollars that evening, partly in notes, partly in silver, and saw him have a quantity of bank notes, five or six hundred dollars, as Sam Blake guessed, and Brown had allowed it was thereabouts. That he thought Brown seemed rather skeery, but did not think of there being any danger, or would have gone with him. Went himself home to his father's, in company with his brother, with whom he slept. Had come over in consequence of a boy coming after him, who told of Brown's murder. Did not know of any ill-will between deceased and Sam Blake; always thought they were very good friends. Could not think what Sam wanted with the

fiddle, as he did not know one note from another. Could not swear to the bag or violin, as one fiddle looked just like another, as far as he knew; but Rusho played the violin himself, and would be likely to know.

Robert Bailey, on being again examined, said, he thought he should know the violin, and on its being taken from its case, instantly declared it was Brown's, and remarked, if they would look near the bridge, they would find the first letters of his name; he scratched them once with his penknife.

Mr. Horry, a young lawyer who acted as clerk on the occasion, looked at the instrument, and declared that the letters R. B. were there, in the spot indicated by the witness. He passed the violin to the justice, who, while examining the letters, saw some paper inside the instrument, and inserting a pen, drew forth some bank notes. An involuntary hum now spread through the closely crowded room, and around the door, as the crime seemed brought home to the prisoner.

The low buzz of horror, among the spectators, rose by degrees to a burst of execration. Alas, for human nature! No one seemed to seek for remembrances of good, on the part of the prisoner; but all looked back into the cabinet of memory, for every little instance of acquisitiveness or bad temper he had ever exhibited, to bring them forward as collateral securities for his present guilt.

The brother of the deceased now made his appearance, and identified the notes as those he had entrusted to the poor musician. Sam's frenzied declarations of innocence were unavailing; the magistrate declared that he could neither dismiss nor admit him to bail, and after allowing a short consultation between him and Mr. Horry, who became his legal adviser, he was sent under the care of a couple of officers to the nearest jail.

Some few of the inhabitants, among whom was our friend Rusho, shook their heads and said, "Time would show!" but, as no suspicion could be cast on any other person, their doubts were little attended to.

During the day, groups of people from the neighbouring villages, gratified their taste for the horrible by visiting the scene of murder; some went merely to gaze on the pool of coagulated blood, others to seek for farther traces of the deed, and evidences of the criminal.

Many, principally women, filled the house of the widow, who, astounded and stupefied by her sudden bereavement, could not realize that he who had left her the preceding evening in health and spirits, lay now a mangled corpse in the room beneath her; for, from natural feelings of delicacy, she had hitherto been prevented from seeing the body.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, a new commotion aroused the inhabitants of the village; a messenger rode up to the door of Mr. Talburt, and without alighting, delivered to "the justice," a letter and message, which elicited from that worthy functionary, the words, "God bless me, how very remarkable!" before he retired to peruse his letter. Half a dozen busy hands grasped the bridle, and twice as many voices called on the rider for the news.

"Can't stop a minute. I am in a dreadful hurry," cried the messenger, stopping nevertheless, "all the blood-murderers as did poor Brown, are laid by the heels in *our* parish, and Squire Weston, *our* justice, wants Squire Talburt to come over and help hang them. And I'm a going now for lawyer Snelling."

"Then, Sam Blake didn't kill him arter all!" cried several voices. "Didn't I tell you, I didn't believe it?" said more than one of those who the day before were loudest in denunciations of "the villain," as they then termed him. But such is the world. "Well, I can't just say about that," cried the messenger; "I heard Deacon Jones telling our boss all about it, while I was saddling the hoss, and he said there was a tarnal gang on 'em."

The news spread with the rapidity such news always spreads, and the inhabitants of the village, almost *en massé*, proceeded to the next parish, to witness the committal of this gang of thieves; amounting, it was generally said, to *forty*, that seeming to be the legitimate number.

As the office of Squire Weston was much too small to accommodate the concourse of people expected to be present, the church was thrown open, and arranged for the examination, and even the women thronged into the galleries to witness so exciting, and to them, so novel a spectacle.

The magistrates and lawyers, accompanied by one or two clergymen, with some difficulty pressed through the crowd to the seats prepared for them; after them, the prisoners, under the care of a dozen special constables, were placed at the temporary bar. They were the three men we have mentioned before, as passengers in the schooner Betsy, and one woman—no other than her called Mother Wheeler. The miserable woman, after one wild gaze round the crowded house, feeling her forlorn and degraded situation, sank upon her knees, and concealed her face on the table before her. The shorter and sturdier ruffian, whose face and clothes bore marks of recent contest, glared upon the assembly with the fierce and sullen scowl of a savage bull, as if defying and deriding the looks of horror and recognition he met from every quarter. The second was sunken—immersed in the apathy of brutal intoxication, his rayless eye now wandering over the people, then fixed in drunken stolidity on his companions in crime. The cadaverous countenance of the tall villain, was constantly changing its expression; one instant, with lip compressed and rigid muscle, he seemed to dare scrutiny; then his light peering eyes darted anxious and inquiring glances at every body near him, and his thin bloodless lip seemed opening to address his judges, when a glance from the younger and master-spirit of the gang, would make him shrink into himself and press nearer to the officers, as if for protection against the unarmed and bound bloodhound beside him.

The younger ruffian was identified by many, as a native of the village. After committing, even while a boy, crimes at which humanity

shudders, the young desperado left the parish, probably in search of a more extended field of action, and had not since been heard of. His two companions were totally unknown, and to every question, maintained a dogged silence. Mrs. Wheeler was then called upon, two officers took her by the arms and raised her upon her feet; she had been weeping, and now resting both hands upon the table for support, she exclaimed—

"If you will promise to save my life, I will tell all I"—— know, she probably intended to say; but a low hissing sound was heard, and she suddenly ceased.

"Go on," said the clerk; but she drew back and looked around in evident perplexity; at last, turning away from her companions in guilt, she fixed her eyes on the floor, and remained silent. They waited for her to speak, but the humour of confessing had departed. When questioned, she answered peevishly.

"What's my name! as if all of you did not know. I'm an innocent woman, and folks has no right to blame me, 'cause a couple of lodgers is found in my house. They were benighted, and I was glad to earn a couple of shillings by setting up and letting them sleep in my bed. I'll take my Bible oath I never seed the men afore in my life."

"Mrs. Wheeler—was Anna Thomson at your house last evening?" said one of the court.

The old woman made no answer, but burst into tears. "We cannot promise you safety," said Mr. Weston; "but your only chance for it, is confessing all you know of this black business. Anna Thomson is safe, and ready to give her testimony."

Mother Wheeler appeared overwhelmed by terror, and once more seemed ready to confess, when a low barking like that of a dog, sounded as if beneath her feet, followed by another hiss.

"Order in the court," cried the magistrates; "turn out those who disturb it."

The officers looked in vain for the delinquents; but Mrs. Wheeler sank down in an hysteric fit, and the constables were obliged to remove her from the court-house.

It consists neither with my limits nor inclination to record the details of a justices' court, so I shall endeavour to abridge the evidence, and give it in my own manner.

Frank Langton had for years loved Anna Thomson, and fancied his affections had been reciprocated; but the preference she had this evening shown *Sleepy Sam*, provoked and irritated him. In bargains concerning a few dollars, or a bit of land, we feel it necessary to have witnesses and writings; but where the hopes and affections of a young heart, the happiness of a lifetime, are at stake, words and looks are regarded as accredited security. A squeeze of the hand is equal to a promissory note, and an embrace is worth half a dozen sealed bonds.

Although no promise had passed, Frank regarded Anna as engaged to him, and but waited for the promotion promised him by his "owners," to ask her consent to an immediate marriage. Anna was far from being insensible to the merits of the bold, handsome young sailor, and exulted in her conquest, while his general character and good expectations found favour in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson. What motive had influenced the conduct of Anna on the evening of the ball, I feel at a loss to decide. Perhaps, she thought him less attentive than of yore, and wished to pique him; perhaps, she wished to receive an explicit proposal, and desired to awaken his jealousy, or perhaps, it was a little portion of vanity, that chose to let her lover see that others, as well as himself, worshipped at her shrine. It was no joke, however, to Frank; when he saw her led out by the young storekeeper, as Sam liked to be called, he felt in no mood to join the rest of the company; but leaping fences and breaking through underwood, he gained a position that commanded a view of the door of Mr. Thomson's house, and watched the return of his fickle mistress.

"I will not judge precipitately," thought he, "I will have proof; if she does not let Sam go in, I won't break with her. She may be a little offended that I did not go to the house to attend her; and so I should, only for business; but we'll see."

And he did see his beloved followed into the house by his despised rival, and the door close after them. In country towns, in New England, courtship is generally carried on after the rest of the family have retired to bed, partly to economize time, and partly from a rustic bashfulness in the lovers, which wishes to shun observation. Frank at first resolved to wait till his enemy came out, and whip him in the sight of his mistress. But, though Sam came not, reflection did, and reminded him how much ridicule he would incur by watching around the house, while another was courting his Anna inside. He determined that Anna's name should not be mixed up in the quarrel, but to rest it wholly on the insult offered him at the dance.

His proper course would now have been, to go home and seek Sam on the morrow; but when did a jealous man, or a man in a passion listen to reason? He persuaded himself that he was acting with great propriety in going into the woodland, and waiting there till Sam went home, and then and there giving him what he called, "a downright thrashing." By the time that he had gained the part of the road where he had intended to waylay his rival, more noble feelings had gained the ascendency, and he determined to demand an apology, which if Sam refused, he would cowhide him openly. With these intentions, he turned to make his way home, but feeling that, should he meet Sam, a word, a look, would bring on the quarrel he wished to leave to a more public opportunity, he left the road to thread his path through the woodland. When at some distance from the road, fatigued as much by his contending emotions, as by his previous exertions, he threw himself upon the ground at the foot of a tree, and giving way to his wounded affection, the hardy sailor wept bitterly. He had remained in this situation but a few minutes, when he was roused by a crashing among the undergrowth, and a man holding a naked blade, from which the dark blood was

dripping, rushed across the little amphitheatre, and disappeared on the side opposite. Frank's heart leaped with emotion; his first impulse was to attempt to seize him, and shout for assistance; but in general he was a coolheaded fellow, and instant reflection told him it was madness to attack a man armed as he had seen, with a drawn weapon, while he had nothing but his hands with which to contend.

That he had committed a crime, he did not doubt, and speedily resolved to follow him, unseen if possible, and discover who he was. With the light and stealthy step of a savage, he followed the rude path into which the man had struck, and shortly emerging from the woodland, saw before him the person whom he sought. There was an interval of meadow or rather pasture, between the forest and the precipitous bank of a small river, that discharged itself into the small cove, mentioned in the early part of our story; and the fugitive, after standing for a moment on the brink, disappeared. Frank bounded over the space in a moment, and falling on his face, drew himself forward till he had a view of the narrow path below, while concealed from discovery by a few bayberry bushes that fringed the edge of the bank. He saw the man whom he had pursued, walking along the margin of the stream, till he arrived at a ledge of rock, some fifteen or sixteen feet in height, and extending for a few yards along the bank. It was thickly clothed with briars, wild grape vine, and running ivy, and had been for time out of mind, regarded as a nursery for snakes and other noxious animals. The ruffian began to climb, till about midway; he pulled the ivy apart, when a faint light glimmering among the dark leaves, betrayed the existence of a cave, or recess, into which the man entered, and all again was dark. Frank instantly hurried to a part of the bank adjoining the ledge, where again ensconcing himself among some tall weeds, he peered over the edge, to discover something more of the place where the stranger had so suddenly concealed himself.

While revolving what course was most proper to pursue, the ivy was again divided, and three men crawled in succession out of the cavity, and grasping the strong grape vine, ascended with low, but fearful oaths to the top of the ledge, and hurried to the wood. Frank waited till they were out of sight, when springing from his concealment, and trusting to a strong arm and a bold heart, he *de*scended at the spot where they had *as*cended, till he caught a faint, a very faint glimmer of light, and cautiously extending his hand, pulled apart the branches. He saw before him a small cavern, the entrance to which was but just large enough to creep into, but rising to six or seven feet in the interior. A candle was burning in it, but no person was to be seen, and Frank, urged by curiosity, entered and examined the cave. It appeared to have been partly formed by nature, but probably enlarged by art. In one part a rock had been dug around, but either from want of means or skill, it was not removed, but reaching nearly to the top, presented the appearance of a rude shelf. In one corner, dry leaves and branches of hemlock, covered with a cloak, showed the lair of the inhabitants. On a board propped by pieces of rock, which answered either for seat or table, stood a bottle, now doing duty as a candlestick, a tin cup, and an open pocket book. Frank took it up to see if it would throw any light on the history or occupants of this mysterious cave, in the immediate vicinity of a populous neighbourhood, yet, as he believed, totally unsuspected by the villagers.

As he turned over the papers, he let the pocket book fall from his hands, a deadly sickness came over him, for he knew it to be the property of poor Brown, and saw it wet with the blood of its unhappy owner.

Before he could recover himself sufficiently to leave the cave, he heard with consternation the voices of the villains at the foot of the ledge. To escape was impossible; he glanced wildly round the miserable hole for some weapon, to defend, or rather to sell his life dearly, but none was to be seen. He heard the rustle of the branches, and the suppressed oaths of his enemies became distinct. At that moment of despair, his eye fell on the dark shelf or cavity near the roof of the cavern, and without hesitation he sprang up the rock and saw with joy, that unless the light was raised, he might be concealed—at least for the present. It was, indeed, but a frail hope; yet he had naught else to cling to, and perhaps they might again leave the cave, and afford him an opportunity to escape. He had scarcely rolled himself into the shadow, when a tall ruffian entered the hole, and was quickly followed by another, who threw himself on the bed of leaves, while his comrade seated himself on the rude bench before mentioned, and exclaimed with an oath,

"You ain't fit to be trusted with a pair of old shoes. You went out last, and ought to 'a pulled the blanket down; instead o' that, you left it all up, so as any body might 'a seen the light."

"What are you growling at?" said the other. "Between Gorham and you, a feller might as well live in the fire. Here I'd jest got asleep, and was routed out to go and help rob a dead man—and got nothin arter all. We was to get the world and all of plunder, and gets nothin but an old book and some dirty papers. Great cry and little wool. And there ain't a drop of whiskey left in the bottle to comfort a feller, and you're afeard to light a fire. All together, it's a poor consarn."

The tall fellow paid no regard to his mutterings, but taking up the pocket book, examined it with the utmost care, opening every paper, and searching each compartment. Whatever he sought, he was unsuccessful, and threw it from him with a horrible execration.

His companion had by this time, maundered himself to sleep; but instead of following his example, the tall fellow drew from his pocket a pipe, and commenced smoking. Soon after, a third ruffian made his appearance, after a low preparatory whistle; and Frank's blood curdled with horror, as he recognized one, who, though older than himself, he well remembered as the object of his youthful abhorrence—the murderer—Gorham Parker! Frank possessed his full share of animal courage, combined with

strength and activity; but the prospect of being killed like a caged rat, with no one to applaud his fortitude or soothe his last moments, brought a pang to his bosom, and a dimness to his eyes—severe, though transient.

It was a bitter moment, yet still hoping they might go out, without discovering him, he collected himself to give attention to what was passing.

Parker was replying to some observation of his companion, and said,

"The old woman swears he had his fiddle with him when he left the house, and I think so too; he must have given that and his money to some of them to keep for him; that's it, confound him. We must keep snug—the old woman will go down to-morrow, and hear what is said."

After a volley of oaths, and conversation suitable for such beings, they prepared to go to sleep; but to Frank's consternation, Parker, taking a great coat, threw himself down across the narrow passage leading to the open air, while the taller man whom he called "Hill," lay down upon the branches of hemlock, in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to descend without disturbing him. His only chance of safety consisted in keeping himself quiet; and bitterly did he lament his precipitation in putting himself into the trap, till he had secured the means of retreat.

In this situation, it is needless to say sleep was out of the question; it was with the utmost caution he sometimes ventured to relieve his cramped limbs, by a slight change of posture. He knew that night must be nearly over, and looked eagerly for daylight, trusting that for a few minutes at least, the ruffians would leave their den. He looked in vain, for, as at last he remembered, he was in a place where daylight came not, with those who sought their prey with the wolf and owl.

The sleep of the fellow called Sullivan, alone was sound, that of the others was troubled; they constantly started, or muttered, in that uneasy slumber that is instantly broken. Oh, how miserably passed the hours to Frank! Cramped in an uneasy position, tormented by thirst, his head throbbing almost to bursting, and his heart swelling with agony.

At last, Hill arose and woke his comrades; but they made no preparations to leave the cavern; on the contrary, one of them descended and brought in some water from the river, while another produced a handkerchief, containing some provision, which served for a morning meal. After which, they passed the time in playing with a dirty pack of cards, and in talking over various scenes of villany, among which the transactions of the past night were not forgotten. Parker described the terror of poor Brown, when he sprang upon him, and, with brutal ribaldry, mimicked the voice and actions of his victim, on recognizing him. Sullivan alternately swore for the want of whiskey, peeped out of the cavern and slept. Their play was interrupted by the calls of hunger and thirst; Sullivan having searched in vain for a mouthful more, and desperate for the want of whiskey, now swore that he would go out himself and find mother Wheeler, unless they would otherwise supply him.

"Well, Parker," cried Hill, "it's no use argufying with Sullivan, more than with a pig; so you'd better go yourself, and see if the old woman has got any eatables, as well as lush, and find what she's heard. It's near upon dark I take it, and I feels rather peckish myself. I'd go and welcome, only the old fool don't know me, and might be shy."

After some muttering, Parker departed, and the last ray of hope seemed fading for ever from poor Frank's bosom. To live much longer in that situation was impossible. He felt no hunger, though he had ate nothing since the day before, but his throat and lips were parching for water, and respiration was impeded both by the foul air, and the constant smoke from the wretches' pipes. But one faint hope remained; if they obtained drink, they might incapacitate themselves to resist him.

* * * * * * *

"Hark!" cried Hill, "there is Parker's signal for help. What's in the wind now?"

He put his head out of the mouth of the cave to reconnoitre, and again the peculiar whistle rose shrill on the air.

"Here's a go!" cried he; "there's Parker and a woman! what does he bring her here for? Why, she's gagged and her hands tied behind her. Get out, Sullivan, and see what he wants."

"Go yourself," said Sullivan, doggedly; "every thing is put on my shoulders. I 'spose mother Fury, or whatever her name is, was going to tell the truth, so he's brought her here to settle her."

Hill was by this time out of the cavern; a faint stifled shriek and a scuffle was heard, when Parker reappeared, dragging in with the aid of Hill, not Mrs. Wheeler, but—Anna Thomson! She was indeed gagged, and her hands bound behind her. Frank's blood boiled in every artery; he was gathering himself for a spring, when, in raising his body, he caught sight of a pair of pistols and a dirk, that lay in a cleft of the rock, at some distance from him, and which his former position had prevented him from seeing. He well knew that to be successful, he must be prudent, as well as daring, and seize the most favourable minute for his attack. He listened breathlessly to the information that Parker was detailing to his companions; he heard of the commitment of Sam Blake, at which the villains rejoiced, as turning all suspicion from them; at the same time that they lamented the loss of the money, and cursed the precautions of the murdered man.

"But how came you by this gal?" drawled Sullivan, "and what's to be done with her?"

"Curse her," thundered Parker, "she came into mother Wheeler's, to have her fortune told, and overheard the old woman and I talking. She knows *too much*: so I brought her here to—prevent her ever betraying us."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," cried Sullivan: "I don't kear for a man a single cent; but a little gal! No; I tell you, I'll have nothing to do with it—I'll sooner cut and run."

"None of your squeamishness," yelled Parker. "Do you think we are going to be hanged, jist

to please you? I swear, you shall have a hand in it—ay, and do the job—or I'll do for you."

"There are two folks to be axed about that," retorted Sullivan, putting his hands in his bosom.

"Hush!" cried Hill, seizing Parker, and drawing him to a part of the hole near the hiding place of Frank. "What's the use of bullying? Humour him, he's useful, and is content with what share we choose to give him. He's cross for whiskey; did you bring any?"

"No; I had enough to do to bring the gal," cried the reckless bravo; "but I'll tell you, you and he go up to mother Wheeler's; you can sleep there and be down by daylight; and the old woman is as true as steel."

"Well; I don't care if I do," said Hill, after a moment's consideration. "Have *all* clear against we get back. Come, Sullivan, Parker has forgotten the lush; let you and I go up to the old woman's and have a little fun, and a snooze between the blankets; besides, a good fire and plenty of grub: faith we'll make a night on it; we shall only spoil sport by staying here; why, she is an old sweetheart of his, and he will find a way to make her hold her tongue without our assistance. Come, man—who's afeard."

"Here's with you," said Sullivan, unable to resist so many temptations. "If that's all, I don't mind." And without casting another look at the half-fainting girl, he left the den with Hill.

Parker arranged the vines and ivy, dropped the blanket to hide every glimmer of light, and then turning to Anna, stood gazing at her for a minute with the glare of a demon. He then took hold of her, and as she struggled to free herself from his grasp, exclaimed—

"Be still, fool! I ain't going to hurt you; that is, if you'll hold your tongue. Now, lookee; I want to ax you a few questions, and then, may be, I'll let you off; but I tell you, no squalling ain't of no use here, any how; for nobody can hear you, if you squall your soul out. Answer what I ax, and it shall be all the better for you."

"Oh, sir!" cried the half-frantic girl, as he took the gag from her mouth; "let me go, and I promise you, I'll never tell any body that I saw you, or a word about it; I won't, indeed. For God's sake have mercy on me."

"Well, well; p'r'aps I may," said the villain; "but then, may be folks knowed you was a coming to mother Wheeler's, and would see you a going home. Did any body know you was a coming to see her?"

"Oh, no!" cried the innocent girl, "nobody—not a living person knew it."

"So much the better, my dear," cried the ruffian, laughing hoarsely; "then nobody will know where to look for you. So you shall jest pass the night with me, and in the morning we'll talk about it."

Anna shrieked and implored in vain; the wretch, who was evidently excited by liquor, had a horrid pleasure in witnessing her agony. He seized her in his arms, and attempted to kiss her, and drew her towards the lair of boughs and leaves, in the far end of the cavern. Frank, who had with difficulty restrained himself till the other ruffians quitted the cave, now dropped suddenly to the floor, with the intention of making himself master of the arms he had discovered, before Parker could free himself from Anna. He miscalculated his strength; for a minute his cramped limbs refused to support him, and Parker, who, at the sound of his fall had turned and threw Anna from him with such violence as to stun her, rushed toward his enfeebled enemy. The imminence of the danger restored his circulation and strength; he leaped from the ground, and met his foe in a fair grapple.

It was a struggle for life or death; neither shouted—neither spoke; but exerting every muscle, and concentrating every energy, they grasped each other like two wild bears. In size and strength they were about equal, but the hours of misery lately passed, had impaired the activity of Frank. After a short and furious struggle, he felt his fierce antagonist forcing him eagerly to a particular part of the cave—saw his bloodshot eye glancing eagerly upward, and it struck him that he was endeavouring to gain possession of the arms concealed in the cleft. In desperation, he shouted to Anna, who, paralyzed by terror, was watching the conflict with pallid lip and glazed eye—

"Anna! Anna! for God's sake—for your own and—my sake, get the pistols and dirk above our heads out of the way! Quick—or he will kill me."

Like a statue put in motion by the wand of an enchanter, at her lover's voice Anna sprang at once to life and the exertion of every power. She understood—she comprehended the danger—and climbing up the ledge, she seized the arms and ran to the entrance of the cavern. Muttered curses and redoubled exertions on the part of the robber, that at last bore Frank to the ground, called forth in Anna those latent energies that sleep in woman's breast, till dragged into existence by tremendous peril; she trembled for the life of her lover and for her own. From her childhood, Anna had been used to play with the pistols of her uncle, who had amused himself by teaching her to fire them. The click of the pistol was heard—and rushing franticly forward, she placed the muzzle against his shoulder and pressed the trigger. The villain's arm fell powerless by his side, and Frank recovering his advantage, hurled him to the ground. As a last resource, to alarm his companions if perchance they should be within hearing, Parker made the cave resound with his shouts.

"My brave Anna—my dear Anna! do not give way now," cried Langton, to the almost fainting maiden; "give me yonder handkerchief and the line your hands were bound with."

Anna exerted herself to comply, and the murderer was soon securely gagged and bound.

"Come, my Anna," cried Frank, "linger not a moment; let me place you in safety and get a party to secure these villains."

He assisted her to mount the precipice, and a short time brought them to her father's door, but before they reached it, an explanation had taken place, and Anna was the promised bride of Langton.

It is hardly necessary to say, that half the parish turned out at the summons of Frank, and the three men and their wretched accomplice were secured, and after their examination, were committed to stand their trial, Parker as the actual assassin, and the others as accessories both before and after the fact. It was however ordered by Providence, that they should not be tried by an earthly tribunal. In consequence of a promise of being recommended to mercy, Hill became state's evidence, and made a full confession; on which Parker, in desperation, hung himself with a handkerchief, to one of the bars of the window. Sullivan died of a brain fever, brought on by drinking to excess of liquor smuggled into the jail by some ruffian as depraved as himself.

The old woman either became, or affected to be, insane, and was confined in a room with two other maniacs, where she was found one morning strangled; whether by her own hands, or those of her companions, never was known. Hill contrived to escape before trial, and is perhaps yet prowling through the country.

Should any of my readers feel any interest in the rest of our *dramatis personæ*, let them go to the village, and they will see a shop on the right of the sign of the ploughshare, with the name of Samuel Blake, in great yellow letters on a blue ground, over the door. They will find the worthy Samuel willing to give them all possible information; he will tell them that Capt. Langton is wedded to Anna, and has a rising family; that our friend Rusho still shouts, laughs, and sings, in single blessedness. How he himself, after being imprisoned for committing murder just because his nose bled, has come to the honour of marrying the squire's sister! To be sure she is older than he is, but then she owns property, and is twice as big as Anna Thomson.

MOI MEME.

THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

"Solvitur acris Hyems."—*Horace.*

As a nation from slumber,
Awakes in its might,
When tyrants encumber
Her pathway of light,
She groans with the aching
Of trammels accurst,—
In that hour of her waking
Those fetters are burst.

In warmth and in gladness
Shines Freedom's bright sun,
The dim clouds of sadness
His brilliancy shun;
The long pent emotion
Despises command,
With the tumult of ocean,
It sweeps o'er the land.

Long-pressed by the rigour
Of edict and chain,
Her strength and her vigour
Are rallied again;
She shakes the oppressor
In scorn from her breast,
Thenceforth the possessor
Of freedom and rest.

So nature awaking,
Feels torpor depart,
Indignantly shaking
The chill from her heart;
The sun hath excited
A long dormant heat,
She hath risen delighted,
His glory to greet.

All Nature hath risen
Bright, lovely and strong,
And broken the prison
Which held her too long;
In her strength she hath riven
The ice-tyrant's shield,
And nobly hath driven
His pow'rs from the field.

The crown of his glory
From Winter hath past;—
His streaming locks hoary,
Which waved in the blast,
Grow dim on the mountain,
And fade from the plain,
No longer the fountain
Reflects them again.

His white, regal vesture
Is spotted and torn,
His ice-crystalled cesture
No longer is borne.
His throne on the glacier
Hath melted away,
His gems and his treasure
Have sunk to decay;

And forest and river
And valley and height,
Again shall deliver
Their beauties to sight,
Unbrowned by the shedding
Of dark leaves that fall,
Unscreened by the spreading
Of Winter's white pall.

The wild rose shall flourish
Again where it grew,
The desert shall nourish
Its denizens too.
The birds, pleasure driven,
Again on the wing,
Shall tell to the Heaven
Their joy as they sing.

The impulse obeying,
Which rules over all,
Shall send, proudly neighing,
The steed from the stall,
The herd from the stable,
The flock from the fold,
On Nature's rich table
Their banquet to hold.

The glad insect nation,
Though least to the view,
A mighty creation,
Their life shall renew,
To ether ascending
From darkness and gloom,
Like freed spirits rending
The sleep of the tomb.

Blest season of promise,
As ever before,
What Winter took from us
Thy breath shall restore;—
And oh! may each blessing
That comes with thee, ever
Find mortals expressing
Their thanks to the Giver.

Dorchester, Mass.

WIVES.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Of the different relationships Woman is called upon by nature to bear, both towards her own and the opposite sex, perhaps there is none in which she stands so prominent as that of a Wife. As a *daughter* she sustains an interesting character, and beautiful is it to behold her fulfilling the filial duties with reverence and love. As a *sister* many of the most pleasing and gentle traits may be developed. As a *mother* she is placed in a situation of the utmost importance, and where new and delightful feelings are awakened into existence. But it is as a *Wife* she is most regarded by the world, and for that character all the energies of her nature appear to be brought into action.

At her creation the duties of a wife were the first she was called upon to fulfil, and eloquent is the description our master-poet has given of her in that relationship—where Scripture is silent, he, as with a sunbeam, has portrayed her in all the holiness of pristine purity, and even after her fall touchingly beautiful is the representation of her penitence, and willingness to bear the whole weight of her offended Maker's ire.

In the situation of Wife all the great and ennobling virtues, as well as all the gentle and tender affections which pertain to the female character, may be exhibited. The first and most prominent is her faithfulness; many are the instances history and biography record, but there are many whom none but a circumscribed few are acquainted with, where unostentatious but unconquerable devotion to its object meet alone the reward it seeks. Woman is generally esteemed timid and retiring, and as such she lays the greatest claim upon man; as such in the ordinary affairs of life she is in her most attractive character, but there *are* situations where she puts on the noble courage of the lion instead of the gentleness of the lamb, and it is usually brought into exercise by the strength of her affection as a *Wife*. Frequently is she seen to bear with surprising magnanimity the distresses and difficulties which may overwhelm her partner in them. Frequently is she known to stem the rough torrent of adversity for his sake, when all the world beside may have forsaken him. Yea, in the midst of his deepest despair, she is to be seen whispering peace and consolation, and shedding a halo around the dark chaos of his soul.

But the milder and passive virtues are more commonly exhibited, and for these every hour in the day must give scope. The variety of little disappointments and vexations, which of necessity occur, (to man more especially, from his greater intercourse with the world,) not unusually renders the temper somewhat irritable, but it is the duty and pleasure of the amiable and affectionate wife to endeavour to soften this irritability by sweetness and forbearance, by showing *her* willingness to promote his happiness however the world may frown—*her* tenderness and affection unchanged however other friends may desert—she will by self-denial seek to advance his pleasure, by candour dispel all doubts that might darken his confidence, and by generosity of thought and word and deed, prove her every interest is swallowed up in his.

By many my picture of Woman's devotedness may be deemed too highly coloured, but *I have seen her*, in the character of wife, all that I have described; I have seen her trying to smile away the distresses of him to whom her heart and life was devoted, and when that has failed, I have seen her answer only by a tear, a silent, eloquent tear, not *intended* as a reproof, but which has effected what all her smiles may have failed to accomplish; I have seen her by the exercise of moral courage bearing all the sterner duties, and shaking off the retiring timidity of her nature, to supply his want of power; I have seen her denying herself all the luxuries, comforts, nay, almost necessaries of life, to promote his pleasure and well-being; I have seen her beside his couch in the hour of sickness, enduring fatigue with uncomplaining patience. Yea, all this and far more I have seen wrought from the pure essence of Woman's love.

In the breast of that woman where vanity is the leading characteristic (and unhappily the modern system of female education too often fosters this disgusting evil) the virtues such as we have described, cannot be expected to dwell. She who, either as a maiden or wife, pants for admiration, and to gain it will wound the feelings or ruin the peace of another, is altogether incapable of the generous sentiment which alone deserves the name of love. Avarice is a still more odious inhabitant: the bosom of her who cherishes it must be totally devoid of those soft affections we usually look for in our sex; and she reaps the reward she merits when she sacrifices her principles and feelings by a union of interest; the gold she has so dearly purchased fails to procure the happiness she seeks, and her heart becomes a chaos of evil passions and disappointed hopes.

How delightful is it to witness an aged couple who have weathered life's storms hand in hand, and smiled on each other amid them, even as in its sunshine—whose pleasure in each other's society does not decrease because time has furrowed their brows and divested them of the strength and beauty of youth; to such a pair the past affords a fund of exquisite joy, as it presents through memory's glass their early loves, and if religion opens to their view the prospect of reunion after death in a world where separation is not known, sweet and easy must be their departure, and no cause have they to regret that life's day is on its decline.

The mixed and fanciful diet of man is considered as the cause of numerous diseases, from which animals are exempt. Many diseases have abated with changes of national diet, and others are virulent in particular countries, arising from peculiarities. The Hindoos are considered the freest from disease of any part of the human race. The labourers on the African coast, who go from tribe to tribe to perform the manual labour, and whose strength is wonderful, live entirely on plain rice.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A VISION.

"Dream'st thou of Heaven? What dreams are thine?"
HEMANS.

I.

I stood by the side of a newly made grave
One eve when no brightness the firmament gave,
With a spirit as sad as the night wind which swept
Through the long reedy grass, where my cherished one slept.

II.

I heard the lone owl in his distant retreat,
And the river's wild waves 'gainst their barriers beat,
And the willows their tresses sigh sadly o'erhead;
But my heart had gone down to the home of the dead.

III.

I thought of that beautiful being whose love
Had been bright to my soul as the sunbeams above:
Of the spirit-light quenched in the merciless tomb,
And the whispers of faith died away in the gloom.

IV.

When lo! a soft halo encircled me round,
The winds and the waves ceased their murmuring sound,
And that face from whose beauty no gazer could flee,
In its newly-clad radiance was shining on me.

V.

She spoke, and her voice was so thrillingly sweet,
That I fell, like the prophet of old, at her feet,
But she bade me look up from the perishing clay,
And the mists of death's valley were taken away.

VI.

I saw the far land of our loveliest dreams,
The flowers that ne'er wither, the ever pure streams;
The mansions of glory prepared for the blest;
Where the way-worn of earth are for ever at rest.

VII.

I bathed in the fountain which cleanseth from sin,
'Till the life-drops were glowing my spirit within;
And I tasted the fruit of that beautiful tree
Whose blossoms are faith, and my pinions were free.

VIII.

Loved forms gathered round me, loved voices were near;
The low and the sweet which in childhood we hear,
And warmly past scenes did to memory throng,
When they welcomed me home with the jubilee song.

IX.

And away through their midst came the Saviour of men.
And my heart he engraved with his love-writing pen,
And he gave me the crown which the Cherubim wore,
And he whispered, "Go forth, thou art mortal no more."

X.

I arose, and the bliss which were death upon earth,
In the shadowless depths of my spirit had birth;
And the wealth of that knowledge no flesh may divine,
When the books were unsealed in its brightness was mine.

XI.

'Twas a dream, 'twas a dream—but its memory hath power,
To win me away from "the things of an hour."
Ah! I think upon death as I thought not of yore,
And I long for his voice at mortality's door.

J. H. S.

Towanda, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CHILDREN'S WISHES.

CHARLES.

I WOULD I were a star,
In the firmament to shine;
Or, perhaps, the gentle moon,
With its light so pure and fine.

MARY.

I would I were the little brook,
Gurgling along with glee;
Or e'en the gentle river,
So clear, so pure, and free.

CHARLES.

I would I were the south wind,
I'd flirt with all the flowers;
Kissing those I loved the best,
While dancing through the bowers.

MARY.

I would I were a violet,
The sweetest of all flowers;
Fanned gently by the breezes,
And watered by the showers.

CHARLES.

I would I were a ship,
On the stormy winds to ride;
And when the sea was calm,
With gentle force to glide.

P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FRIENDSHIP'S ALTAR.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

I.

On me would you bestow a name,
Then Friendship's Altar, let me be;
A shrine to which each heart may bring
Affection's gift, sincere and free.

II.

Memorials of esteem and love,
The treasured offerings I will keep,
Long after those who placed them there
Have sunk in Death's oblivious sleep.

III.

As one by one, dear friends depart,
And scarcely leave a trace behind,
But such as faithful mem'ry writes
Upon the tablets of the mind;

IV.

How will the eye of love delight,
Upon my sacred page to seek
The cherished character of those,
Whom yet it cannot cease to weep!

V.

If then you would a name bestow,
Sweet Friendship's Altar let me be;
A shrine to which each heart may bring
Affection's gift, sincere and free.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SISTER'S REVENGE.

BY MISS M. MILES.

It was a night of storms, but Mrs. Osmond, the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of P———, prepared herself to abide its pitiless beating. The tea hour was just over, and her son, whose talents had already rendered him conspicuous, entered the apartment which contained all the appurtenances of luxury. He hastily drew near her—

"My dear mother! this is kind, indeed, but you will surely have the carriage—'tis too stormy for you to venture from home."

"No, Henly, poor Cato has been far from well to-day, and I will not call him out. You know it is but a step to Mrs. Delville's, and with the aid of your strong arm I shall succeed very well in my attempt. Have you heard how Therese is to-day?"

"I stopped as I came up," replied her son. "She was very low; Florence told me that she needed no assistance to-night; but, dear mother, I fear for *her*. Her manner was so strange—I wish they were with us. How could her uncle leave her in that boarding house so destitute of all the comforts of a home?" and a dark flush rose to his forehead.

"Well, well, my son," said the mother, soothingly, "I will not leave the sweet orphans 'till something better offers—come!"

Hour after hour passed by, and Florence Lancy sat by her dying sister's side. She heeded not the storm that was raging without, as her eye was fixed upon the changing countenance before her. Oh! those who have stood by the deathbed of the loved, alone can tell the bursting agony of such a moment. To feel they must go from us for ever, and the smile that has come as a gleam of gladness over our path, be quenched in death—that there must ever be one void place in our home, and a weary longing for the music of a voice whose melody is hushed. Such hours of anguish come as chasteners, to wean us from earth's ties. Deeper grew the shadows upon that young pale face, and Florence bent over the slumberer. She opened her eyes and a faint smile lit up her wasted countenance.

"Sister! dear sister!" she murmured in inexpressibly sweet and thrilling accents, "I am fast sinking to my rest—I thank you, dearest, for all your love to your wayward Therese. Do not mourn that I am early called away. Earth would have been but a weary place for the stricken heart; but, Florence, I would that I could have once more seen *him*," and a faint flush tinged her pallid cheek, as she buried her face in her pale hands.

Florence sprung to her feet, and her dark eye flashed wildly as she cried, "Name him not, Therese, if you would have me keep my senses. Cold-hearted villain as he is, how can your heart even to the last so cling to him?" Then seeing the effect her vehemence had caused upon the sufferer, she became instantly calm, and bent above her with the fondest soothings.

"You will forgive, as I do, dearest," whispered the dying girl, looking into her face with an expression of mingled resignation and fear. "I have long since ceased to think of him with anger, and have prayed long and earnestly for his happiness. Promise me to *forgive*"—

But ere Florence could make that promise, Mrs. Osmond entered, and but an hour had passed by, when the pure and gentle Therese was released from earthly suffering. The two sweet orphans had been left to the guardianship of an uncle, by Mr. Lancy, their father, a gentleman of fortune and respectability. He was totally unfit for the charge, although as regarded their pecuniary affairs, he was strictly honourable. He placed them at a fashionable boarding house in P———, unmindful of their need of a protector, and then set off upon a tour of the Western States. Therese, a few months after, left P——— to visit a friend in a neighbouring city, and whilst there, fell into the society of Liston Howard, a man of most fascinating exterior, and insinuating manners. He knelt in homage at the shrine of her youthful loveliness, and cast around her heart many a spell of power, until he made it all his own, and then triumphing in this offering to his vanity, he coldly forsook her. She had

> "Pour'd her heart's rich treasures forth,
> But was unrepaid for their priceless worth,"

and she sunk beneath the blow—but never until earth and its visions were fast fading away, did she breathe his name to her fond devoted sister. Florence Lancy's character was cast in a different mould from her meek and gentle sister's, and deeply feeling the want of all the kindly influences of home, she became cold and haughty, and although her nature was peculiarly affectionate and her feelings warm, yet was there something about her that repulsed the approaches of mere worldly friends. It was the day of Therese Lancy's funeral, and Florence knelt beside the bed upon which was extended her motionless form, weeping in all the bitterness of a desolate heart. She was now to take a last look of the sweet, pale face upon which still lingered the spirit's smile. It was a moment of agony—

> "Oh, not an hour like this,
> For bitterness, has earth,"

and she felt that she must go forth into a cold world without one kindred tie around which her young affection might cling. There is something sacred and hallowed in the strong link of sisterly love. The unclouded days in which they share together the same childish spirits, the confidence in which they turn to each other when the cares and sorrows of after life leave a sad signet on the brow, serve but to make the silver chain still brighter as years pass on. Florence heeded not the time that passed, and a step in that silent chamber roused her. Henly Osmond, with a countenance pale and mournful, drew near, and gazing down a moment upon the calm and peaceful face of the dead, cast his arm round her waist, and raised her from her kneeling posture.

"Florence! my own Florence! let me lead you hence, this is too trying for you, love."

"*Your* Florence!" she exclaimed wildly—"away! I know you all too well, you can smile

with the lip, and teach the voice affection's music, and the heart be *cold, cold.* Oh! man! how will you crush the sweet hopes you kindle. Look! Henly Osmond, on that beautiful slumberer. Would you deem man's perfidy had broken *her* heart?" "'Tis even so," she added, more wildly, "and never, never, sweet sister, till I take revenge for your injuries, will I rest satisfied!"

"Florence! Florence!" exclaimed her lover, for such he was, in great alarm, "come with me, dearest, and rest a while—my mother is here."

"Henly Osmond, I tell you here, at this dread hour, that I never *can* be yours—never, never!" and with a fresh burst of grief, she was about to throw herself upon the bed, when Henly forcibly prevented her, and removed her from the room in an insensible state.

The uncle of Florence returned a day or two after these sad scenes, and she soon left P——. No expression of sorrow passed her lips, but her cheek was colourless as marble, and her brow strangely contracted for one so young and fair. There was a tear indeed in her eye as she received Mrs. Osmond's affectionate farewell, and she almost gasped for breath, so strong was her emotion, when she charged her with a letter for Henly, who was not at home. Little did the kind lady dream of the misery its contents would entail upon her noble-minded son.

Henly Osmond read that epistle in the solitude of his own apartment, and from that hour he went forth to his daily duties a changed man. She told him her sister's sad story, and in conclusion, said—

"I have told you, Henly, that I have only one aim in life to accomplish, and to do that, I must give you up. The sacrifice is made! Henly! in this parting hour, I may tell you how dear your love has been to the orphan; sweet visions of happiness with you, have mingled with my daily dreams, and oft when my spirit has been chilled by the coldness and indifference of the world, I have turned to you in the devotion of my lone spirit, and felt life was not all dark. But love may never again shed its sweet influence upon my path; and now, my noble-minded Henly, farewell! May you seek some happier bride to make the sunshine of your splendid home."

A year had passed away. Liston Howard had heard of the death of his victim, but it interrupted not his career of pleasure, and so heartless was his vanity, that he scarcely gave her memory one sigh, and now was assiduously attentive to a young and beautiful southerner.

A gay party was assembled at Mrs. Fortescue's—the sister of Howard, and Miss Pinckney was there. She stood apart, in seemingly abstracted mood, until the entrance of Liston; then her dark eye lighted up, and a radiant smile broke over a face, whose expression was "somewhat too cold." He was soon at her side pouring upon her willing ear the honeyed words of flattery. Friends looked on with significant smiles, but, though all knew well his character, there was none to warn that artless and lovely girl. But Liston Howard was not *now* trifling. She had bowed his proud spirit as it never had been bowed before, and he was now really and sincerely in earnest in his devotion. He loved her with all the feeling of which his selfish heart was capable. Few knew aught of her parentage or fortune; but her dress was always in a style of costly magnificence, and her white hand was gemmed with many a jewel of rare value. She had come to ——— some months back, with one of its proudest inhabitants, and was the chosen friend of that gentleman's daughter.

Miss Pinckney and her friend joined not the merry dancers, but sat apart with Liston Howard. Agnes Grey, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the gay scene; and Ellen's cheek wearing a bright tint as she listened to the admiration of Howard. Suddenly Agnes bent over her friend and whispered a few words in a low tone. The bright flush faded, and taking her arm, she made good her retreat from the room by the side-door.

"What caprice is this?" muttered Liston, as some of his gay associates approached and began rallying upon his desertion.

In the ante-room, Ellen Pinckney lay half fainting on a sofa, and Agnes hanging over her in great perplexity.

"Command yourself, dearest, can you not?" she exclaimed, as she applied restoratives. "Try for one moment, whilst I seek papa," and she glided hastily from the room.

Ellen tried to rouse herself, and thinking her friend had re-entered, said, faintly, "I am better, now, Agnes—come, let us go home."

An exclamation of joy! and some one knelt at her side—"My own one, and will you make life to me a way of weariness? I have sought you 'midst garish crowds, and now will you give all your young affections to yon worldling? He cannot love as I love. Tell me I may yet hope, and I will go forth and wait through long, long years, till you again call me to your side."

Deep and unutterable emotion was depicted upon the face of the young girl, and for a moment she suffered her hand to remain in his passionate grasp. A sudden resolution seemed to nerve her soul, and she said, calmly, "When I met Mr. Gray and his daughter, I thought I was dying—and they watched over me with tried disinterested friendship—I have told them all my wayward destiny—Liston Howard has sought my love, and only in the presence of those friends will I give either an answer. Come to me then on Tuesday evening, and now leave me."

The young man was about to reply, but an impatient wave of the hand obliged him to withdraw.

Agnes and Ellen sat alone in the solitude of their chamber, at the still midnight hour—"And you will give this party, dearest," said the latter. "Thank you, I have learned to think differently of the world since I have been under the influence of your gentle teaching. Many of my wild fancies have passed away, and I think my estimate of human nature has been somewhat wrong. I will not cast away my own happiness—but 'tis but just he should be made to feel."

It was the twilight hour, and the moonbeams stole gently in through the half-closed curtains of the parlour in which Miss Pinckney sat alone.

There was no light in the room, and tears fell fast from her dark eye upon a picture over which she was bending. The senseless ivory was covered with her passionate kisses, and murmured words of strong affection broke from her lip. An opening door caused her to start up, and hastily concealing it in the folds of her dress, she wiped all traces of emotion from her countenance. Mr Gray entered, and giving her a letter, said, "from Liston Howard, my dear."

Ellen Pinckney retreated to her own room, and an indescribable expression passed over her face as she perused the epistle she held in her hand. She threw it from her, and paced the room with a proud step—"Yes, it must be so! Retribution is but just!" and hastily penning a line, she gave it to a servant.

All was brilliant and light in the spacious drawing-rooms of Mr. Gray. The beautiful heiress was simply dressed, and her only ornament a single diamond that sparkled upon the outside of her glove. Liston Howard was there, and the noble-looking stranger, both with anxious and perplexed countenances. She stood apart, her dark eye flashing brilliantly, and a deep flush on her cheek. Both the rivals approached to claim her hand for the dance. The circle round her dispersed, and she lightly said, "He to whom I give my hand for the dance, I give it to for life." Liston Howard pressed forward, but waving him aside, with a proud gesture, she gave her hand to the other, and joined the waltzers. Words cannot describe the rage and disappointment painted upon the handsome features of Howard; but his hour of mortification was not yet over. He sought her as soon as the dance was concluded, as she stood surrounded by a chosen few—those too whose suffrages he most coveted, and, carried away by passion, demanded an explanation!

She drew her figure to its full height—"Liston Howard, in this very place, in the bosom of this family, you threw your serpent wiles round a young heart till you made it all your own. She went down to the grave with a blighted spirit, the victim of your heartless vanity—and here, in this public assembly, I denounce you as the cold-blooded destroyer of the peace of one too good and beautiful and pure, to have been loved by such a being as you. To do this, I have smiled when my heart has seemed breaking." Her voice slightly faltered, but she recovered herself, and holding up her hand, added, "With this ring I have betrothed myself to one more noble and good. Away! the sister of Therese Lancy would not stoop to love such a one as you—but she has worn concealment long to fulfil the vow she made by that sister's death bed." And whilst the conscience-stricken Howard rushed, humbly, from the room, Florence turned with a smile of softened feeling, to the noble and gifted Osmond, who had sought her long, and who, with all others, deemed that the retribution was just, and that he who deliberately wins woman's love to cast it from him as a worthless thing, deserves his punishment.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Man's love is of his life a thing apart;—
'Tis woman's whole existence." Win her heart
By giving her your own; not abstract, cold,
But warmly, fully, truly; let her hold,
And feel she holds an influence o'er your will,
Mild, gentle, kind, but a true influence still.
Think not the ardent lover may not claim
A husband's place, when he has won the name;
If once she loves you, she her place will know,
And high as she has risen, will stoop as low;
And your's will be the undisturbed control,
The homage of her whole devoted soul.
A lot is hers to smooth the path of life,
To guard the walks of home from foreign strife,
To bid her own deep love its scenes pervade,
And make it lovely as it should be made.
Alike in blight or bloom, in pain or health,
On *one* to pour her spirit's treasured wealth,
For him her place in social life to fill,
And bend her own to his superior will.
And think not woman may to this be won
By a light word or deed of kindness done,
By social converse on revolving spheres,
Or the past wisdom of a thousand years,
By maxims wise in logical precision,
Or the bright phantoms of a student's vision.
Prove how profoundly you have thought and read,
If you would win the approval of the *head*.
But that strong citadel, the heart, is known
To yield its keys to Love's white hand alone.

FIDELIA.

Massachusetts.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ON THE BAPTISM OF MY LITTLE FREDERICK.

I.

Creator of the Universe!
With heart-felt praise I sing,
While to thine holy altar, Lord,
My sacrifice I bring.

II.

It is not treasures from the mine,
Nor pearls from 'neath the sea,—
A *dearer* gift I offer here—
My *only child* to Thee!

III.

Oh guide him thro' life's devious way,
Where'er his wanderings be;
And gently prompt him to *that* path
That opens, Lord, on Thee.

IV.

God of the widow! Let thine arm
Encircle his young head,
And o'er his earthly pilgrimage
Thine hallowed blessing shed.

V.

And when his task on earth is done,
When death shall hover near—
Oh, smooth his couch—Oh, be thou nigh,
And calm his every fear!

VI.

In gratitude and love, I bring
The gift *Thou* gavest me,
And on thine altar consecrate
My child—my *all* to Thee!

A. M. T.

Written for the Lady's Book.

PERFECTION.

Henry Ulld was twenty-five; his bankers and his friends authorized him to believe himself rich. Miss Louisa Roberts and Miss Mary Lewis, and a dozen other ladies of his acquaintance, pronounced him handsome, a truth which his looking-glass unequivocally confirmed; he was uncommonly-well educated, and his temper, character, and manners, unexceptionable.

A young man of such eligibilities could not but be conscious that many a fair girl was ready, on due solicitation, to become *Mrs.* Ulld; but Henry had never yet quite asked a lady's hand —he had never yet quite given away his heart. I say *quite*, for such an event had on one or two occasions approached indefinitely near, and as his danger on these occasions had been imminent, and his escape narrow—he was becoming proportionally cautious, and even slightly discouraged, when he reflected, as he occasionally did, on the possibility that he might always be a bachelor in rooms at the Albion, instead of a happy husband in an elegant home of his own.

Boston, Feb. 5, 183–.

Dear Ives—You have often called me the most fastidious fellow breathing, and prophesied that I shall in a lonely old age repent my niceness. I remember too your assertion, that the perfection I seek is no where to be found, save in the pages of the novelist, or the brain of a romantic boy like your humble correspondent. I don't believe it, John. My ideas of the lovely in female character, are not extravagant; women yet live, my friend, who have minds as well as hearts; who can think, reason, and act, as well as feel. While I cherish the memory of my angel mother, I shall preserve the belief that the accomplished are not of necessity frivolous, the beautiful, vain, or the delicate and refined, selfish and useless. More, I feel that I shall yet meet some such lovely and pure-minded being who will be more than the realization of all my dreams; whose person shall be the incarnation of spiritual beauty, whose conversation the utterance of the harmony within —all whose thoughts shall be wrought out in bold and beautiful action.

Such anticipations as these make me feel wofully humble, for I should seem to myself very imperfect in presence of such a woman. Would she, *could* she look up to me, and love me, as man wishes to be loved, reverentially, devotedly?

Tell me, Ives, where and when I can find her, and I will risk every thing else; you know

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all."

You banter me about Miss Drake. You need not—I am cured. That pretty face smileth for me no more. Last evening the last spark of—'twas never love—of preference, went out. We were at a party of which my charmer was certainly the brightest star; I had never seen her look so well; had never, I thought, discovered so much mind in her face or manner; and I was beginning to muse on the possibility of Lucy Drake becoming, at some future time, Lucy ———. Are you laughing at me, John?

Another circumstance had prejudiced me in her favour. I had been talking during the evening with her sister, Mrs. B——. We spoke of Lucy. I remarked that I thought her looking unusually pretty.

"Lucy always looks well, I think," was the reply; "it seems to me no face could be prettier than hers, both in motion and in repose. Perhaps a sister ought not to say so, Mr. Ulld; but in my opinion her looks are perfect."

"Highly accomplished too, for one so young; only eighteen next month, I think."

"Oh!" said Mrs. B. with great animation, clasping her hands together in the energy with which she spoke, "how I shall rejoice when my sister is of age; no words can tell how I have longed for that time." She stopped, blushed, nor could I extract another word from her. Fancying I knew what this meant, with a light heart, I bent my steps towards a sofa, on which Miss Drake and a tall spiteful friend of hers were sitting. "I'll induce Lucy to give you up, Miss Sallows," was my mental ejaculation as I drew near. Lucy did not perceive my approach, and I leaned against a pillar, waiting till she should look up. As I stood, I was partly concealed by an organ from which Professor W—— was drawing forth such sounds, such a deluge of harmony, as must have engrossed my whole attention, had I not heard my own name in a voice I was just then disposed to think sweeter than "the music of the spheres."

"No! he has not yet proposed, but I am confident he will shortly; he is very attentive to me, and I saw him talking to Mary a little while ago; I think they were talking of me, for I caught them looking this way. I don't observe them any where just now; there is such a crowd, and the Professor is *so* noisy. Do you know whose was the piece he played last?"

"No! I was not listening. Do you suppose Mr. ——, I wont mention names, has any idea that you are, as we say, setting your cap for him? Excuse me, my dear, he is rich enough to be worth catching, and you are not the only one who acts on the principle, though I must own yours are the most delicate traps in the world."

"I wonder men can't ever see traps. I dare say a certain gentleman thinks that his declaration, when he makes it, will overwhelm me with sweet surprise, as if I had played and sung and danced so much without knowing what I was about. To say the least, my penetration equals his—the fastidious fool."

They both laughed. I must confess that I had too much at stake to leave my position, and I soon heard Miss Sallows offer to accompany her companion in a walk the next day; and Lucy said,

"Let us go to Faxon's, I wish to look at some silks he has. I am buying every thing I see that is pretty. I am of age you know, next month, and then the property will be divided between Mary and myself; meanwhile I take as large a share as possible."

"Is every thing you possess to be divided equally?"

"You mean Henry Ulld, I suppose," said Lucy, laughing; "just think of an inventory enumerating all his virtues. No, I shall claim him as personal property; not that I care about him either, but I like to show Mary what I can do; she says he will not offer, and to triumph over her, I mean to make him. I tell you, Jane Sallows, I am sick and tired of her notions of mental dignity and all that, and there is nothing I would not do to prevent those baby-philosophers of hers from having what their whole hearts are wrapped up in, books and learning. I have done a good deal at it. You know my wants were always to be supplied first, after which, Mary was to have the rest of our income, and you may be assured I have made my wants pretty extensive."

And this sister of whom the cold-hearted, selfish girl spoke, was the widowed mother of three sons, living with difficulty on a small income. I now saw the full meaning of the words which had fallen from Mrs. B——. My imagination had misled me. I had fancied a guardian, stern and unyielding, by whose authority the generous Lucy was prevented from rendering her sister the assistance which her heart prompted her to give. I had approached the sofa with a glow of pleasure, saying to myself, "If I should marry Lucy, how it would gratify her to relinquish her own property in favour of her sister's children: my fortune is sufficient for the reasonable wants of both, and she shall have that pleasure." I turned away from my half-involuntary listening, with disgust, and yet with a sense of escape from danger.

That evening, when wrapping Miss Lucy's cloak around her, I told her that I regretted being unable to attend her home, assuring her that I could not see well enough by moonlight to avoid traps, if such there should be; adding, that, in the division of beaux, I had fallen to the share of her sister; I wished her good bargains at Faxon's, and was turning away with a bow, when she, becoming very pale, though with eyes flashing fury, screamed, rather than said, "tell me, how much did you hear?"

"All! and I am sorry for you, sorry for myself," added I.

I am certainly, my dear Ives, more to be congratulated than pitied; yet I feel willing to leave the city a little while—perhaps I shall make my uncle a visit. Your by no means broken-hearted friend,

HENRY ULLD.

Late one afternoon, as Henry was sitting in musing mood, with his eyes fixed on the fire, or on nothing, he was suddenly started by a touch on the shoulder, and a hearty laugh from his uncle, who averred that he had been standing some minutes by his side. Henry sprang up, and shook the old gentleman's hand, while he gazed in his face with unfeigned surprise.

"Captain Ulld in Boston! why, I thought you safe by your own fireside at Stockbourne."

"Give me a cigar, Harry—poke your fire, while I ring the bell and order supper. Are you glad to see me, boy?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly, but surprised; I can't imagine what has brought you to town; nothing unpleasant has occurred, I hope."

"Ralph," said the old man, turning to his nephew's servant, whom the bell had summoned, "do you get every thing good to eat into this room in twenty minutes; and Henry, not a word of business till supper is over; oysters, Ralph, and wine enough; this sofa a trifle nearer the warm corner of the fire, Henry."

"Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I came in town on some business for my poor niece, and being here, it was most natural to come and take supper with you. Now tell me, how are you getting on in health, wealth, and learning?"

"Well as usual, sir."

"Never sick, heh?"

"No sir."

"Live within your income?"

"Yes sir."

"Plenty of books, I see; good boy, good boy. Are you married?"

"No sir," said the young man, laughing, "I am no nearer being married than when I saw you last summer."

"Why, what ails you, Harry? won't any body have you? or won't you have any body?"

"I suppose there may be somebody who would be good enough to take me if I asked her—as for myself, I would be glad enough to marry any body."

"That's a lie," said the uncle, dryly, then, after a pause—"when I saw you last, you were dangling after Miss Manton of Manton Place."

"Not dangling, sir," said the nephew, rather haughtily.

"Well, well, not dangling, but courting, making love to, or whatever fine name you give it. Is it all off?"

"It was never on, sir," said Henry, laughing, his good humour returning. "Miss Manton would not suit me at all, and it is by no means certain, that she would marry me if I were to ask her."

"There you lie again," politely rejoined the captain. "You are morally sure she would have you to-night. Go ask her and see; I'll wait here for you."

"Excuse me, uncle, I shall never ask her."

"Is she not handsome?"

"Very."

"Rich?"

"An heiress."

"Accomplished?"

"Yes sir. But if I must own the truth, as I always do to you, my dear uncle, Miss Manton is not sufficiently graceful; she does not walk well; she is deficient in ease and self-possession; her movements want that firmness combined with elasticity, which makes a woman move as though half earthly, half spiritual; that"——

"Half fool!" pettishly interrupted his uncle. "So because the poor young lady does not glide over the ground, as if she were already a ghost, you can't fancy her. You are a precious youth; last year I remember you were almost in love with Miss Stevens, but you saw her one day eating luncheon, and forthwith the poor girl was thought of no more. Such a nonsensical notion might do for my Lord Byron, or some

other mad poet, but in the nephew of an honest Yankee sailor, the world looks for more sense. Then," continued he, more earnestly, as he saw his nephew about to speak, "there was my old friend Jim Lewis's youngest girl, as neat a young woman as ever wore bonnet; but she unfortunately appeared in a black dress with white stockings, and you turned your nose up at her. You are a predestined old bachelor. I see it."

"Uncle, why did you never marry?"

"I never had time, sir. Had I been dozing away my life on shore, I should, sir; but always at sea, always in a storm, when could I have dangled after the girls! or as you would phrase it, when should I have been blessed with the opportunity to pay my addresses to one of the softer part of creation!"

"But," said Henry, laughing, "did you never meet any lady who would for your sake have dispensed with a long and tedious courtship, and married you out of hand!"

"I never asked one of 'em, boy. I thought of it once; Susan Lee, that was, Mrs. Jim Lewis, that is, did please me wonderfully; but I went a long voyage, and when I came home, and had made up my mind on the matter, what should I see when I landed, but Jim, looking spruce as a Sunday shirt, and bowing like a Frenchman. I asked him what in the name of the Turks had got into him; and then it came out, that he was married, and to Susan, so I wished him joy, went home to dinner with him, and have never courted a girl since. You see 'twas all Jim's fault, not mine. I never acted as you do. You'll be a crabbed old fellow yet, without any nephews and nieces to love as I have. Did you ever see your cousin?"

"No sir."

"A good girl, though unfortunate, poor thing. I suppose you won't come down this spring as usual, since a woman will be in your way, though Mary is quiet enough—wants no attention—best pleased to stay by herself; hates men, especially young ones, most of all, city coxcombs like yourself. But it is late. Good night, my lad. I go back to-morrow. Why don't you shake hands? are you angry that I called you coxcomb?"

"Not at all, sir; so far from it that I was thinking if you would defer your departure another day, I would ride down with you and spend a week or two."

"Glad to have you go, Harry; don't want to press you into the service, but if you volunteer a visit, take you with pleasure."

Arrangements were made, and they separated.

Our hero was just now a little out of humour with woman-kind, and many were the resolves he made, that his cousin's residence at his uncle's should not at all interfere with his pursuits. He would neither walk with her, ride with her, nor talk to her, but pursue his own peculiar amusements, without the slightest reference to her presence in the house. He soon found that his lofty resolutions and mighty, were quite needless; he might shoot, read, or ride all day at his pleasure, without any danger of interference from his cousin, whom he never saw, and whose name he heard only when some guest inquired concerning her health.

Every morning he went out with his gun, and always when he returned at dinner time, saw the same party at table; his uncle, Capt. Hicks, a comrade of his uncle, a young man who was employed in painting a sea-piece, and himself, were the gentlemen. The only lady was Mrs. Stover, a widowed relative of Capt. Ulld, who had always kept his house. Miss Jones never appeared. In answer to his once or twice ventured inquiry, he had learned that the young lady was not well enough to leave her room.

At length, one rainy evening, when Capt. Ulld rose to make his usual visit to his niece, Henry remarked that he should be glad when his cousin was able to come down, as he was becoming anxious to see her before he returned to Boston.

"Poor thing," said his uncle, with a sigh and a shake of the head, "I don't know when she will come down stairs. Do you know, Harry, any thing about wooden legs, where they are to be obtained and how I shall order one!"

"A wooden leg, sir!" exclaimed Henry, starting up. But his uncle was already leaving the room; opening the door again, however, he said, "Perhaps, as Mary is a little better, she may be willing to see you in her own sitting room, but don't be disappointed if she refuses."

Henry promised, and as the permission was granted, kept his word; how it would have been if the servant had said "Capt. Ulld's compliments, and Miss Jones is not well enough to see company," will never be known; for the message was, "please to walk up stairs;" and he gladly obeyed. Whatever had been the young man's preconceived notions of his cousin's appearance, they evidently met with a forcible expulsion, for on entering the room, he stopped short in mute surprise.

"Don't stand there like a land-lubber, come in and shut the door. Mary, this is your cousin, a fellow who, I hope and believe, is better than he seems. You are not afraid of a sick girl, are you, Harry? why don't you come nearer?"

Henry's constantly recurring thought, as he looked at the beautiful being before him, was, "a wooden leg!" and he felt that he could be willing to be sick and suffering, if she might but walk out free and happy on the beautiful earth, now rejoicing in the smiles of an early spring. His first glance had only revealed to him a face, pale indeed, but lovelier than any he had ever before seen; but presently his fastidious taste was shocked by the lady's dress. She was lying on a sofa, and she wore a blue cotton gown, and a large shawl. Had she been in white, but dark cotton! and then only one leg! Poor Henry, with an effort, and in the benevolent wish to amuse the invalid, sat down and began to talk. He succeeded so well in entertaining—himself, at least, that his uncle had at last to take him out by force.

Capt. Ulld did not ask him how he liked his cousin, and in answer to his warmly expressed admiration of her face and conversation, only said, "Poor Moll, yes she is rather a pretty girl."

"Moll, Moll Jones." Henry began to whistle.

"Don't whistle, Harry; it is not polite, and you don't choose the best tunes."

"Uncle, why do you always say *poor* Mary Jones! You don't call me poor Henry Ulld, do you!"

"Isn't she poor, isn't she sick, isn't she friendless! no, not quite, while I live—but without other relations than this weather-beaten old uncle. Poor Moll!" said he, with another sigh and shake of the head, as he left the room; while his nephew sat down to a new review. It is uncertain whether he derived much benefit from its perusal, for at the close of an article the leaves of which he had turned over most faithfully, he exclaimed, "Such a taste in dress! an old blue cotton gown! and such a name! I am sorry for my cousin."

And Henry was sorry for her the next time he saw her, and the next, till by and bye, it would have been difficult to tell whether pity or admiration were predominant. One evening as he was sitting by her, conversing earnestly, the shawl which was thrown over one end of the sofa, fell off, and discovered a foot and ankle. Henry stooped to replace the shawl, and in doing so, descried another foot, like the other, covered with a silken stocking, but without the shoe. Surprised beyond measure, he incautiously exclaimed, "Two feet! cousin Mary, have you two feet?" then overwhelmed with confusion, he entreated pardon, while his uncle, who was present, gave way to a burst of uncontrollable laughter.

"Yes," said Mary, quietly, but looking surprised.

"Uncle, I declare I'll expose you; I don't deserve to bear all the blame, though I fear my awkwardness is unpardonable."

Henry told his story, and was forgiven; when Capt. Ulld had wiped his eyes, and told Mary to forgive him too, he informed his nephew that the young lady had been thrown from a chaise and had badly sprained her ankle; which was now, however, so nearly recovered, that she hoped to be down stairs in a few days. He owned that he only told the story about the wooden leg for sport, and that he had been sufficiently amused to afford telling the truth, for a month to come.

When Henry thought over in his own room, the events of the day, and called to mind, as he now did regularly, his cousin's words and looks, he found such great pleasure in the knowledge that Mary was not a cripple, as to startle him with the question, "Why am I so very glad?" He knew that it was impossible it should be more than a benevolent wish for the happiness of one so nearly related to him, and in herself so estimable. Can I, do I, shall I love my cousin? Oh, no! True, she will not have a wooden leg, but there are thousands of women besides, who are not lame; I need not love her on that account. Then the thought of Mary's uniform sweetness and patience came over him, and the stories he had heard of her kindness to the poor in the neighbourhood, and his heart almost whispered him, it was going. He could not settle the point to his satisfaction, and he wisely applied himself to sleep.

The physician had given permission—Mary was down stairs; she had even been out for a drive once or twice; and Henry found his visit so agreeable, that it was with pain he remembered that the time for which he had invited himself, was expired. To his hints of a longer stay, his uncle paid no attention, and he was really obliged at last to offer to prolong his visit, before he received the wished-for invitation. It was then, however, given in the rough sailor's most cordial manner.

Stockbourne, April 11th, 183–.

If you could but see her, my dear Ives, you would not consider my description exaggerated. It is not her beauty, though that is exquisite, but the more I am with her, the more I feel her superiority of character; her manners, too, are perfect—so gentle, so self-possessed, so courteous, so frank. But I won't rave. I am unhappy. Till to-day, I thought, I hoped, that I possessed some portion of her esteem, but I have lost it by my own lightness and folly.

Mary rides very well, and this morning, my uncle being engaged, we went out together. It was a delightful morning, the air was fresh without being chilly; every thing was redolent of spring; and as we rode along the quiet lanes, among the budding trees, my heart beat lightly. The most lovely, and I must add, the best-loved being was at my side—the rose of health again blooming in her cheeks—an animated, glorious, happy woman.

After a silence of some minutes, Mary said, with one of her own peculiar, winning looks, "Cousin, may I speak to you freely of what I have been thinking?"

I begged her to do so, and she talked to me earnestly about the uselessness of my present mode of life. She exhibited me to myself, with my trifling pursuits, my busy idleness and listless inactivity, till I turned from the picture, ashamed and desponding; but then she drew an outline of what I might be—a blessing to the world while my Maker permits me to live, and leaving an honoured name behind me, and an influence felt long after I shall have passed away.

These are some of her words, "They say that you are rich, you need not therefore to spend time and strength, as most men must, in acquiring an independence. The possession of wealth gives you time and influence. God has given you talent and energy. Oh, my cousin, is there not a fourfold cord binding you to diligence? Pardon me, cousin Harry, am I offending you?"

"No! no! Mary," said I; "thank you for condescending to advise me. I have not been without serious thought on the subject. I am resolved to do more and be more than I am. I feel arising within me the ambition to be useful."

"My remarks then are quite unnecessary, I pray you forget that I made them." She would say no more on this subject, and we talked of other things till we reached home. You don't know, my dear Ives, how many thoughts and plans I have, in all which the image of Mary ever comes; my respect for her is increased by the very conversation which has shown me how low must be her opinion of me. And yet does it not seem as if she took some interest in my improvement? Pshaw! you don't know.

Now hear what more I have to pour into your

attentive (I trust it is attentive) ear. The first evening Mary went out, was to the Greens'. Of course I escorted her. Oh! Ives, I am mad with the fear of loving her; not that she seems to care about any one else, but I am conscious I do not deserve her. Who does? She is angry with me, and justly—I dared to flatter her. I shall never do it again. A painful blush, a look of regret, were my sole answers. The blush was for herself, that she should be considered a fit altar on which to offer such unworthy sacrifice; the regret, I believe and hope, was that I, whom she had asserted to be capable of better things, should have stooped to be guilty of an act so mean. She knew how highly I prize accomplishments in women; she had heard me expatiate on the fascination which the true love of music, or of painting, lends to a young and beautiful girl; and yet I told her with a smiling look and bow, such as might be given to one of the common triflers of every day, that it was to me delightful to see one young lady who neither drew, sang, nor played. She must have known, with all her sex's quickness of perception, that I was uttering a lie; that I would have given much, had she been able to do either. She looked at me for a moment, with the clear, steady look which so abashes the guilty, and makes his spirit bow down in shame, before its majesty. I could only say, "Mary, Mary, forgive me!" before I was called from her side, to fulfil an engagement to dance. Before the dance was over, my uncle came for her, and she went home. What then to me were the motions of Terpsichore herself? How I longed to throw myself at her feet, and tell her she was dearer, unutterably dearer to me with no accomplishments save those of her own lofty thoughts, than any of the doubly educated young ladies in the universe. I am resolved what to do. I will tell my uncle my feelings, and then with his consent, speak to Mary; if she can learn to love me, I shall be the happiest man in the world; if not, what will become of me? Good night, Ives. I shall talk to my uncle to-morrow. HENRY ULLD.

Henry put his resolution in practice—found his uncle—avowed his attachment to Mary, and begged to know if there was any hope; or at least, if there was any reason why he should consider his cousin's affections engaged.

The old man looked at him with eyes moist with emotion. Presently, however, they regained their mischievous twinkle, and he said, gravely, "Want to marry your cousin? I thought you did not like her name."

"Her name, sir? *Mary* is the sweetest name that mortals wear, and the other name is of no consequence; Mary Ulld sounds well, does it not?"

"And then you meant to have a rich wife. I shall leave Mary something, to be sure, but the bulk of my property goes to you, Harry, when I die, which can't now be long."

"Heaven grant it may be very long, my dear uncle. I have more than enough. Mary is, I think, moderate in her desires, and if she will have me, I intend living in the country near you."

"God bless you, Harry, for that," said the old man, affectionately, then resuming his natural manner, "I thought your wife must draw, dance, and sing, like"——

"Oh, uncle, uncle, can't you forget what a fool I used to be? I am wiser now—and if Mary—you do not discourage me from trying my fate!"

"Go find her, she is in the garden; the old man's blessing go with you."

The confessions of that hallowed hour, who shall record? Unheard should be young love's first breathings. Unwitnessed the first holy kiss. Suffice it that when that youthful couple sought their uncle, it was to ask his sanction to their plighted faith.

* * * * * * *

The distance between Boston and Stockbourne was long to the impatient Henry, as he returned after a fortnight's absence. The milestones seemed to multiply as he flew by them, and the hills were never hills so steep. At length a turn in the road brought the house in sight. To his infinite surprise, it was brilliantly lighted, and on a nearer approach, he saw that it was full of company. "Why need they have asked all these people, when I was coming home? I shall not see Mary now, except in this crowd. How I hate parties." He entered the house by a side door, and hastily arranging his dress, descended to the drawing-room. A bright, sweet smile welcomed him, such a smile as made his heart throb with delight. "It is my uncle's birth-day," said Mary, in a low tone. Henry saw that she understood his feelings, and he no longer hated parties—so much.

When he had found Capt. Ulld, and was offering his congratulations, the sound of a pianoforte in the next room, made him exclaim, "Music in your house, uncle! where I never before heard an instrument, except my own flute!" After a simple prelude, a voice of great richness began singing. Henry, ever powerfully affected by music, could scarcely restrain his tears, as the sounds now died away in soft murmuring cadences, now gushed forth in a full stream of melody. "What a glorious voice! My Mary, I wish you could sing," said he to himself—but his heart immediately smote him for wishing Mary other than she was, and he felt that he would not exchange one of her low, gentle *spoken* words, for all the music in the world. Anxious to share with Mary the pleasure he derived from the exquisite performance to which all were attentively listening, he with some difficulty made his way through the crowd about the door. The performer was just leaving the instrument—it was Mary! She sought his look, timidly, and yet half smiled at his extreme surprise.

To reach her the sooner, he turned and was passing through a little study appropriated to his cousin's use, when he heard his uncle say, "Henry, will you look at this portfolio of drawings, by my niece, Miss Jones?" The old man laughed heartily at his nephew's mingled wonder and delight—then, before he had half examined their beauties, snatched the portfolio from his hand and pushed him through the opposite door. Fresh disappointments awaited him. He at last gained Mary's side, but before he

could speak to her, Young Green came up, asked her hand to dance, and led her away. She looked back with an arch smile at Henry, who answered her with uplifted hands and eyes, and rushed into the garden to compose himself.

All were gone; the last carriage had driven away, and Henry could at last speak.

"Mary, dearest, I hardly feel that you are the same in this splendid dress. Say, are you indeed my cousin?"

"The same, sir; do you like white less than blue?"

"It was you whom I heard singing, and I saw your drawing—and you danced with Young Green. You are a mystery to me. Are you my own Mary?"

"I hope so," said the young lady, blushing, "unless—unless,—is my cousin sorry that I am what is called accomplished?"

"Sorry? O, no! but why did I not find it out before?"

"I saw that you had taken up the idea that I had never learned any of these trifles, and I knew no reason for undeceiving you; and, besides, my uncle"——

"Yes, Harry, I wanted to see if my nephew's mind was so small that it could be pleased only with playthings. I tried you, and you have come out right. You are fit for something, I see, and you have rejoiced your old uncle's heart," rubbing his hard hand across his eyes. "Music and drawing are very good things in their place, but not the chief virtues of a wife, heh! Harry?"

"One question more, Mary; why did you for three weeks after I saw you, wear only that blue gown?"

"Because her uncle had locked up all the girl's other clothes," said the old man; "when I saw that your heart was gone, I gave 'em back to her. I meant you should not fall in love with fine clothes, you see. And now, Harry, you have taken Mary, believing her to be poor, I must tell you that her fortune is more than double yours; and if you are not happy with beauty, wealth, and accomplishments, I do hope you will be hanged, Harry."

Henry's last words that night were, O! Mary, I believe you are *perfect*.

S. S. J.

P. S. The blue gown is now only worn on the anniversary of the day when Mr. Ulld first saw his wife. It is still quite unfaded and will last some years longer. S. S. J.

THE perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; almost instinct. By a glance she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question. A philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right; but he gets to the head of the stair-case, if I may so say, by slow degrees, mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the stair-case as well as he; but whether she flew there is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct she is scarcely ever deceived, and she is generally lost when she begins to reason.—*Sherlock.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Continued from page 175.

CHAPTER XIII.

SELFRIDGE was waiting to offer our heroine his arm to the ball-room; Lansing gave his to his cousin Julia; and ten or twelve gentlemen were all in readiness to present themselves, for that purpose, to Miss De Vincy. They were not aware that she was there already; having gone in quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, among the earliest of the company. On their entrance, she made a sign to the Dimsdale party, who immediately joined hers. Miss De Vincy was neither arrayed in blond lace nor in dark chintz. She wore a black silk dress, so superior in quality and in make that the ladies pronounced it at once to be of genuine Paris origin. A tucker of the finest mechlin was drawn round her beautiful neck; and the sleeves, which were short and full, terminated in a similar trimming. Her hair, simply and gracefully arranged, had no other ornament than a pearl comb. The Conroys, as usual, were attired in high fashion; every thing on them being very expensive, and of the latest mode.

Mrs. Vandunder was habited in a fawnish-coloured silk, with green and red sprigs; and a lace pelerine, with furbelows on the shoulders that stood out like wings. On her head was a thing of blond and wire, peaked up at the top, and looking very much like a fool's-cap, with lappets "particularly long and wide," descending from the lofty crown and hanging far down her back; a broad full border flaring round her broad full face; and the whole bedecked with a profusion of straw-coloured ribbons and yellow flowers, which neither matched nor contrasted the colour of her gown. She wore such a profusion of heavy jewellery that no one could believe the gold and gems to be real; each arm, for instance, being encircled with three different sorts of bracelets.

Wilhelmina Vandunder shone forth in a flowered satin of a full blue colour, decorated with various elaborate arabesques of what the dressmakers call piping, and flounced with blond on skirt, sleeves, and corsage. Her mother had been present at the building of Wilhelmina's *coiffure*, and had outraged the taste and jeopardized the reputation of Mr. Pussedu by compelling him to load the superstructure of curls and braids with a profusion of flowers, marabout feathers, and gold cable; not to mention the ribbons that festooned her heavy ear-locks, which were divided into innumerable plats, so small as to resemble hairs of marvellous coarseness. But the crowning misery of poor Wilhelmina was a pair of silk stockings embroidered with gold thread, which Mrs. Vandunder had brought her from the city, and which scratched so intolerably her unfortunate feet as to add greatly to their usual sufferings. In her hand she car-

ried a corresponding handkerchief sprigged and bordered with gold *à la Turque*, being one from a case that had been opened in New York for the first time on that very day.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall entered the ball-room at a late hour, in a new evening dress which he had brought from London. It was a very tight black coat, with sleeves far above his wrists, about which appeared an abundance of ruffles; extremely light and short black pantaloons; speckled silk stockings; pumps with amazingly long toes, and the shortest possible crimson waistcoat, having three chains disposed about it. His hands were cased in flesh-coloured kid gloves; he carried an opera hat and a cane; and to all the hair of his head and face the curling-tongs had given a turn upwards, which made him look like quite another sort of animal. He directly levelled his eye-glass at the female Vandunders, and observing their superabundance of trinkets, said to the young men near him—"Smoke Birmingham."

The ball resembled all other balls at watering places. It was highly enjoyed by the young ladies who had plenty of partners, and not much by those that failed in these valuable acquisitions. The gentlemen found so many charms in the conversation of Miss De Vincy that they almost forgot to invite her to dance; and to her it was a matter of no moment whether she danced or not. Lansing had the honour of being her first partner, and she went through the cotillion, as she did every thing else, with an easy elegance alike remote from the elaborate performance of a professed Terpsichorean, and the affected *nonchalance* which is now assumed by many of our young ladies when they assemble for the ostensible purpose of engaging in a lively and graceful exercise.

The gentle prettiness of Julia Dimsdale brought her many partners. Althea looked beautifully in her white crape and white roses, and entered into the amusement of the evening with so much grace and animation, that Selfridge, more enamoured than ever, would gladly have danced every set with her. But there were so many other aspirants to her hand that his chance of obtaining it occurred far less frequently than he desired.

A set having been recently finished, the gentlemen who wished to dance the next went in quest of partners, and those that did not collected in groups to talk their own talk, or to discuss the ladies. And many unadmired damsels that had hitherto been allowed to sit still, were now taking the opportunity of crossing the room, in hopes that a change of position might produce a change of luck.

"*Sauve qui peut!*"—said Sir Tiddering—"Here come the Conroys,"—as these young ladies approached, preceded by their father and mother; Mr. Conroy, for the purpose of being present at the ball, having accompanied his wife on her return from the city. The young men made a general movement of retreat, and some who were acquainted with these ladies, confusedly turned their backs, as if to avoid being seen by them. Sir Tiddering, however, turned his face: impudently surveying them through his lorgnette: while the Miss Conroys reddened as they passed, and their eyes gleamed resentfully. "*Fieri facias!*"—said Billy Vandunder—"how angry they look!—I suppose as I happen to be hand in glove with Phebe, I am expected to do the genteel, and dance with her *selon les riggles.*"

Just then Mrs. Vandunder came panting along, with Wilhelmina leaning heavily on her arm. "Oh? there you are, Billy"—said the old lady to her son. "Han't you seen nothing of the Conroys—they've got off from us again, and we've quite lost them."

"*Tant mewoks*"—observed Billy.

"Me and Wilhelmina have been a hunting them all about"—pursued Mrs. Vandunder—"and I'm so out of breath, and so hot I'm all but melted: being none of Pharaoh's lean kind. I wonder if it's fashionable to be always giving people the slip. I've been looking round for them with all my eyes, and han't the least notion where they've took themselves."

"*Ignis fatuus*"—muttered Billy.

"Billy, go look"—proceeded his mother—"we'll stay here by Sir Tattering Tidderson till you find the Conroys; and then you can come and take us to them."

"Between you and me and the post you all deserve to be shut up with a *letter de catchit*"—murmured Billy, as he departed on the search.

Some of the young men began to walk off; while others remained, enticed to stay by a wink and a back-handed twitch from Sir Tiddering, accompanied with a significant glance towards the old lady and her daughter. "Don't you daunce?"—said he to Miss Vandunder. Wilhelmina looked fearfully at her mother, who quickly answered for her—"To be sure she does. Her dancing-master's bills cost me a matter of a hundred dollars. And pray, sir, (for one question's as good as another) why don't you dance yourself, if I may be so bold?"

Oh! I only ausked for information"—replied Sir Tiddering. "For my part I never daunce but at Almack's."

"I don't know what you mean by dancing at almanacks"—retorted Mrs. Vandunder, warmly—"but I should like to ask what's the use of people that are young or youngish, going to balls if they do nothing but stand about or set still all the time!"

"Very true, madam"—replied Sir Tiddering with mock gravity; "it's vaustly foolish in them."

"To be sure"—proceeded the old lady—"for what I can see, there's very little fun in most of the dancing that's done now-a-days. We all know that it's as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion; and for them that has the means, it's their bounden duty to show what they are. I would not wish it mentioned again, (as coming from me,) but there's a great deal in fashion that's pretty hard to swallow; (here Wilhelmina sighed audibly;) and a great deal that don't seem to have no earthly sense nor meaning."

"Unquestionably madam"—said Sir Tiddering, sententiously—"your opinions are perfectly sound. 'Tis really quite refreshing to hear some improving conversation."

"All changes is not for the better"—continued Mrs. Vandunder—"there's my Billy now—he used to clap his hands, and hop away like

all the world, and swing his partner, and bounce up high and knock his feet together two or three times before he came down again. But now he hardly lifts them from the floor; but goes sawing about, and sideling through the figure, giving the tip of his finger to the ladies, and looking all the time as grave as a judge."

"Exactly so"—said Sir Tiddering—"you are quite strong, madam, on the subject of dauncing. I cannot say that I am at all partial to that sawing and sideling."

"However,"—resumed Mrs. Vandunder—"any sort's better than none; for it brings people together, and gets them acquainted. Of course it can't be expected that young ladies should dance when they an't asked; as every body knows they can't ask themselves."

"Doubtless they cannot"—said Sir Tiddering—"there is much point in the remark."

"And I must say"—she continued—"that it's rather hard for a young lady that's gone to the expense of as high a priced frock and trimmings as any in the room, and had her hair dressed by a Frenchman in a horse and gig, to be passed by and overlooked by Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"Who are those gentlemen you speak of?"—asked Sir Tiddering—"I beg your pardon, madam—but if you will give me their sirnames, I shall certainly call them to account for their want of gallantry. Now that I am in America I have serious thoughts of doing as Rome does, and deferring to the ladies."

"Better late than never"—remarked Mrs. Vandunder—"if asking them to dance is what you mean. It's a pretty heavy job to edicate and dress and bring out a girl; and when it's done, it's reasonable to expect that something should come of it; especially when there's a full pocket into the bargain. To be sure, people that has plenty and oceans of plenty need not begrudge nothing; as Billy often tells me: but still nobody likes to pay too dear for their whistle."

"Certainly madam"—said Sir Tiddering—"whistles should never be costly—I do not recollect having given more than sixpence for any of mine: but the price may have risen since I was a boy. What did you say was the young lady's fortune—the lady to whom, I presume, you are alluding?"

The young men behind, almost started at his effrontery.

"Why a clear hundred thousand"—answered the old lady, sharply—"there's no use in mincing the matter."

"Not the least"—said Sir Tiddering, wiping his glasses with his handkerchief—"I seldom mince—dollars or pounds did you say?"

"Why, dollars to be sure!—Who talks of pounds here in our country—they're as old as the old war, and older too."

Sir Tiddering having taken a stedfast survey of Wilhelmina through his lorgnette, muttered to himself—"No matter—I am not at Almack's"—and then stiffly held out his little finger.

"It will give me monstrous pleasure"—said he—"to walk the next dance with you."

The face of Mrs. Vandunder now shone with delight: but Wilhelmina looked piteously towards her mother, who frowned and motioned her into compliance.—"Sir, you are very polite"—said the old lady—smiling and curtsying to Sir Tiddering—"I have heard that English people when they come to America are apt to leave their manners behind them—but seeing's believing—and I must say that your behaviour is remarkable genteel."

"You are also strong, madam, on the subject of gentility"—remarked Sir Tiddering.

"Yes sir"—replied Mrs. Vandunder—"it's a thing that behooves every one to study that has wherewithal to support it. There now—the fiddles is tuning, and it's time to take your places."

"I wish my servant was at hand"—said Sir Tiddering—"that I might send him to secure those said places. But I suppose I must go myself—it's monstrous tiresome!"—So saying, he lounged off, followed by several of the young men, who having stifled all audible laughter during his dialogue with Mrs. Vandunder, were now eager to indulge in it as soon as they were at a convenient distance.

"Sir Tiddering"—said one of them—"you are a bold man, to undertake she of the head in face of the whole company."

"She of the feet, and she of the frock also"—said another—"her titles are manifold."

"She of the hundred thousand dollars"—said Sir Tiddering—"that's the title to set all others at naught."

In the meantime Mrs. Vandunder and her daughter had seated themselves near the place in which Sir Tiddering had left them; the old lady sagely observing "that it was as cheap sitting as standing." "Well"—she exclaimed—her face redolent of over-satisfaction—"luck's come at last."

"What luck?"—said Wilhelmina.

"What luck!—why, an't you going to dance with an English nobleman, who has chose you before a whole room-full. Only think—I've been a talking face to face with him, just as naturally as if he was no better than one of our own people; and I never once remembered to call him "your lordship."

"I'm sure *I* won't attempt any such thing"—said Wilhelmina—"for if I did I should only say it wrong. I always find the less I talk the better."

"There"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder—"I see the Conroys over yonder. And I declare if there an't Billy leading out Phebe Mariar to take a place in a cotillion, instead of coming back to tell us when he found them. I wonder how that girl has come round Billy so as to get him to dance with her. I do believe there's nobody in the known world that's a match for the cunning of them there Conroys. However, I'll go and set with Mrs. Conroy while you're dancing. How angry she'll be when she sees what a partner you've got!"

"Oh! dear"—cried Wilhelmina—shrinking back—"here's the Englishman coming for me!"

"Don't look like a frightened fool"—said Mrs. Vandunder; pulling her forward.—"What signifies all the money I lay out on your dress, if I'm always to be made ashamed of your behaviour. I wish I had sent you to school to Mrs. Mantrap. *Her* scholars all hold up their heads and walk with an air; and an't afraid of

nobody nor nothing, and talk to all sorts of gentlemen, and dress fashionable without complaining: and they marry off fast and early; many of them even before they are done their schooling."

Sir Tiddering Tattersall now came up, and announced that he had obtained places for himself and the young lady. Mrs. Vandunder, with many curtsies and compliments, consigned her daughter to him for the cotillion; and poor Wilhelmina, after an angry whisper from her mother, set her face to an extraordinary smile, and essayed something of a tripping step as she walked off beside her partner. Mrs. Vandunder looked after them delightedly; and then, highly elated, made the best of her way to Mrs. Conroy, whom she saluted with the discovery —"How much the English improve on acquaintance!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Miss Conroys were so totally eclipsed by numerous other young ladies, their superiors in beauty and attraction, that (after Lansing had gone through the ceremony with each of them) they seemed to have little chance of dancing, except with young men that were not eligible. At length the patroon of Schoppenburgh strolled up: not, however, to say that his mother had sent him in quest of them, but merely to utter the common-place remarks that are usually parroted by the "ingenuous youth" that frequent ball-rooms. "A very brilliant assemblage here to-night—a great deal of beauty and fashion—some very interesting young ladies, &c. &c. "Yes, very"—replied Phebe Maria—"and an unusual number of *distingué* young men."

"I believe"—said Mrs. Conroy, glancing significantly at her daughter—"you have sent off a dozen of them in despair at having begged in vain the honour of your hand."

"Why, doesn't she want to dance?"—exclaimed Billy.

"Oh! yes"—replied Mrs. Conroy, determined on a desperate effort—"but you know she could not break her engagement with you."

Amazed and perplexed, Billy Vandunder looked rather more foolish than usual. He had not the slightest recollection of this engagement, (it would have been strange if he had,) but he could not be so ungallant as to disclaim it; and he twisted his finger in his watch-guard, stedfastly gazed on his breast-pin, and passed his hand over his face as if to convince himself of his own identity by ascertaining if his whiskers, &c. were still there. The Miss Conroys were too much accustomed to receiving their cues from their mother, not to catch them in a moment, and Phebe Maria rose directly and gave her hand to the patroon, suggesting to him the expediency of securing places as soon as possible, before all those in the most select cotillions should be taken.

"*Toujours prett*"—said Billy, trying to recover himself and submit with a good grace. "I'm always proud to be at the beck of the ladies"—and he led her off, stepping daintily by her side, and strenuously endeavouring to look pleased with his partner; who, he consoled himself with the reflection, "was certainly very genteel."

To Althea Vernon the ball, so far, was delightful. Selfridge danced with her every alternate set; and her intervening partners were always such as could be classed among the pleasantest men in the room. She was at this time engaged to a young gentleman from the south; and Selfridge was hovering near, unwilling to quit her till the cotillion began. Feeling kindly disposed towards even the Conroys, she said to him—"Do go and dance with Miss Abby Louisa. She cannot find it pleasant to sit still: and however fastidious she may be with regard to partners, I am sure you will have no difficulty in persuading her to join the set that is now forming."

Selfridge, indifferent with whom he danced when Althea was not his partner, and happy to comply with any request of hers, almost kissed his hand to her when saying "*Au revoir*," and repaired to the place where Miss Conroy was sitting with her mother; Mrs. Vandunder however quitted them to take a seat in the vicinity of Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. When Selfridge made his request, the countenance of the young lady denoted immediate compliance; but before she had time to speak, her mother said—"Now do, Abby Louisa, allow Mr. Selfridge to prevail on you to break your resolution of dancing no more this evening. The gentlemen are all astonished and mortified at your obduracy, though by no means unaccustomed to it. One would not, of course, dance every set, like a child at a practising; but still it is well, when we are at these places, to sanction them by a slight participation. My daughters, Mr. Selfridge, are extremely delicate, and very liable to be overcome by the fatigue of dancing; beside which, balls are so little of novelties to them that (in mixed companies especially) they can rarely be persuaded to take any other part than that of mere spectators. In our own select circle, where we have only the mazurka, the Spanish dances, and other elegant things, it is quite different. Abby Louisa, I believe I must exert my parental influence in desiring you to waive your determination of remaining quiet this evening. Consider—it is Mr. Selfridge that solicits your hand."

Abby Louisa deigned to comply, and Selfridge, duly sensible of the exception in his favour, was going to lead her to a cotillion then forming near them; but another couple suddenly stepped up and took the only unoccupied places. He then left her, to ascertain whether there were no vacancies to be found at the other end of the room.

"Abby Louisa"—said Mrs. Conroy—"have you noticed Althea Vernon's new handkerchief?" "Yes"—replied Abby—"who could help noticing it? Hitherto she has carried none but a plain cambric, and to-night she is sporting the most elegant one in the room. That handkerchief could not have cost less than seventy or eighty dollars. I wish, mamma, you had gone a little farther, and bought such for Phebe and I, instead of the fifty dollar ones you brought us this evening. I hate to be outdone by Althea Vernon."

"Such handkerchiefs as that are entirely too costly"—said Mrs. Conroy—"they are even beyond *our* mark. I cannot imagine how her mother happened to get it for her."

"Or how they could afford it"—said Abby.

"They could not afford it"—resumed Mrs. Conroy—"but here comes Selfridge, who seems to be decidedly in love with her. Mark me now, and have all your wits about you, and we may turn this handkerchief to account."

"I do not believe"—said Abby—"he has found any space unoccupied."

"So much the better"—observed her mother.

"Better"—exclaimed Abby—"I know not what can be worse. It is no trifle to be disappointed in dancing with a man so handsome, and so perfectly genteel, and so every way *comme il faut*. There now—the music has commenced."

"Certainly"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"it is very desirable that you should dance with Mr. Selfridge, and that he should be seen with you as much as possible. But don't you perceive that your chance is now double. He, of course, after the disappointment of obtaining places for this set, considers himself engaged to you for the next; and now as Althea and Miss De Vincy, and all the other ladies that he is acquainted with, are dancing, we can engage him in conversation, and detain him with us all the time. But here comes your father. We must introduce them."

Mr. Conroy, who had been confabulating with some mercantile friends from the city, now joined his wife and daughter; and Mrs. Conroy having informed him in a low voice who and what Selfridge was, the introduction took place as soon as that young gentleman came back to them. He had been unsuccessful in his search for unoccupied places; and though disappointed at being cut off from all hope of dancing the succeeding set with Althea, he, of course, took care to show no indication of annoyance at the necessity of attaching himself in the interim to the Conroy family.

"This is quite a gay scene"—observed Mr. Conroy—"a large assortment of handsome females."

"The proportion of lovely faces and symmetrical forms to be found in every assemblage of our countrywomen is always great"—observed Selfridge—"and to me who have recently returned from China where ladies are not to be seen, the *coup d'œil* of this room is peculiarly striking. When I look on the beauty and elegance that surrounds me, I am more ready than ever to exclaim

"Who would not fight for such a land!"

"If you mean elegance of dress"—said Mr. Conroy—"I think there is rather too much, considering that the husbands and fathers have all to work hard to procure it; and even when doing a great business are often at their wit's end for money to meet their engagements. Our women have become quite too extravagant. Even their pocket handkerchiefs cost forty or fifty dollars."

"Well,"—said Mrs. Conroy—"when families live in a certain style, and are able to afford it, that much *may* be given for a very handsome one. But farther than fifty no lady should allow herself to go. Certainly, seventy or eighty dollars is entirely too great a sum for a pocket handkerchief."

"I did not suppose there were any at that price"—remarked Selfridge.

"Truly"—observed Mr. Conroy—"it is enough to make the young men look about them before they think of getting married. A man should have already made his fortune (and a large one too) before he ventures on a lady that carries an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief."

"I think so too"—said Selfridge—"for in such a woman there must be something wrong. In Europe, where there is a real aristocracy, with immense wealth to support it, and with hereditary habits of lavish expenditure, these extravagant fashions may be tolerated, but I should judge very unfavourably of any American young lady who showed an extraordinary eagerness to adopt them."

The mother and daughter exchanged looks.

"But how would you know?"—said Mr. Conroy—"Gentlemen, unless they happen to deal in the article, are seldom very close observers of ladies' pocket handkerchiefs."

"I should not know at all"—replied Selfridge.

"Well then—I will enlighten you on the subject"—said Mrs. Conroy—"Whenever you see a cambric handkerchief so fine and thin as to be nearly transparent, embroidered all over with the most delicate needle-work, and trimmed all round with rich lace quilled on as full as possible, you may conclude it does not cost less than eighty dollars."

"For instance"—said Abby Louisa, boldly—"like that of Miss Althea Vernon. You can see it now—she is dancing in the cotillion with Sir Tiddering and his super-elegant partner. What a pity that all its beauties are not visible at a distance. Now Wilhelmina's handkerchief, with its gold sprigs, glitters finely. But Miss Vernon's must be scanned closely to be duly understood."

Selfridge changed colour.

"What! the daughter of Mrs. Vernon, Frank Vernon's widow!"—exclaimed Mr. Conroy—"I happen to know pretty accurately what their income is. How in the name of absurdity can they afford eighty dollars for a pocket handkerchief?"

"Oh! I don't know"—replied his wife—"one ought not to say all that one thinks; but the affording of people keeps me in a constant state of wonder. Formerly there was some distinction. But now rich or not rich, fashion or no fashion, every one dresses at equal cost."

"So much the worse"—said Mr. Conroy, with whom the extravagance of women was a favourite subject, and one on which he could speak feelingly. "In nine cases out of ten, the poor husband finds the comforts he has a right to expect in his own home sacrificed to his wife's passion for finery. I should not like to be domesticated in a house where the women had eighty dollar handkerchiefs, unless there was wealth enough to supply every thing in equal proportion; a thing not to be expected in our country."

"Perhaps"—said Abby Louisa, trying to speak amiably—"this poor girl is so unfortunate as to have a weak mother, who has brought her

up in habits of extravagance beyond their means."

"Nothing more likely"—observed Mr. Conroy—"and weak mothers are apt to have weak daughters."

"I do not think Miss Vernon weak"—said Selfridge.—"She is very young; and of course inexperienced; but to me she appears replete with intelligence and sensibility; and I believe, when circumstances require it, she will not be found deficient in a due proportion of energy."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Conroy, "I see how the land lies. Well, well—if this young lady has stolen your heart, I have not another word to say."

"My acquaintance with her," said Selfridge, colouring highly, "is of very recent date. It is but a few days since I first had the pleasure of meeting Miss Vernon."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Conroy, "as I suppose you have not as yet propounded the grand question, let an experienced man advise you to put it off a while. You are too young to have made your fortune already, and you will not be likely to do so if you encumber yourself just now with a wife that sports eighty dollar handkerchiefs."

"I do not believe Miss Vernon could have got such a one for eighty," observed Mrs. Conroy *par parenthese*. "It was more likely ninety dollars or a hundred."

"It is a hard thing," pursued Mr. Conroy, "for a young man to get along with an extravagant wife. When clear of the world, the case is not so bad. And even then the husband must keep a tight hand sometimes."

"Miss Vernon may not have been brought up in any extravagance but that of finery," said Mrs. Conroy. "We know not how close may have been the economy which she and her mother may have practised in their housekeeping."

"How should we?" remarked Abby Louisa, "They were not at all in our circle."

Selfridge, extremely disconcerted, felt much inclined to walk away, and Mrs. Conroy and her daughter perceiving that the venom had taken effect, exchanged looks of congratulation.

CHAPTER XV.

Abby Louisa, in consequence of a whispered hint from her mother, began to complain of the fatigue of sitting, and said, "Mr. Selfridge, suppose we walk round and look at the dancers. I think there is space enough for us to get along without much difficulty."

Selfridge, though he now regarded the Conroys with something nearly resembling disgust, had not at this time sufficient self-possession to devise any excuse for declining the proposal; and silently offering her his arm, he conducted her round the room. Elated at exhibiting herself with a gentleman so very eligible, Abby Louisa prated with unusual fluency, and with an affectation of great sweetness; but Selfridge, too *distrait* to hear the half she said, answered slightly and at random. Having made the circuit, she stopped with him close to the cotillion in which Althea was dancing gaily with her southern gentleman, and Miss De Vincy with Lansing; while the Englishman and Wilhelmina made a third couple, and Julia Dimsdale with the handsome Frenchman, a fourth.

Sir Tiddering, who had much the air of quizzing his partner, was walking the figure at prodigious strides. Wilhelmina tried in vain to slide about without actually dancing, but accustomed to the steps she had learnt at school, forgot herself continually, and jumped out in a way that added to her confusion; particularly when she could not but perceive the significant looks that he endeavoured to exchange with the gentlemen of the cotillion, but of which they very properly took no notice. The roughness of the gold embroidery on her stockings, was almost intolerable to her feet and ankles. The heat and the flurry kept her face in a constant perspiration, and she injudiciously wiped it with her gold-sprigged handkerchief, till it was scarred with scratches. Selfridge, now fully awake to the subject, looked with surprise at this new instance of handkerchief-folly in having one worked with gold. Althea looked too; and in regarding Miss Vandunder's, "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream," and extraordinary handkerchiefs began to seem vulgar to her. She had also observed that Miss De Vincy's was of plain cambric, simply bordered with a handsome edging.

"Is not Miss Vernon's *mouchoir* magnificent?" whispered Abby Louisa to Selfridge, as they stood by the cotillion. He looked at it, and looked with regret, while Althea thought he was admiring it. "Miss Vernon"—said Abby—"may I ask the loan of your handkerchief for a moment? I left mine with mamma, and something has gotten into my eye."

Althea lent it to her; and Miss Conroy, after wiping nothing out of her eye, began to show the handkerchief to Selfridge; descanting to him, at full length, on its beauties and its consequent costliness. Its beauties he regarded coldly, and its costliness gave him a sensation of sorrow. He felt himself disappointed in Althea, and he feared she was not the woman with whom he could pass his life happily.

Our heroine now bethought herself of Miss Fitzgerald's name in the centre of the handkerchief, and her fears were excited almost to agony lest it should be perceived by Selfridge and Abby Louisa. She watched the direction of their eyes with an intensity that made her forget when her turn came to dance, till Lansing reminded her. She looked up to see if there was any chandelier or lamp in their immediate vicinity. There was not; and she could only hope that the light in this part of the room was not sufficiently strong to enable them to decipher the letters, which were so minute as to be but barely perceptible at any time. She would have been much relieved had she known that the name did really escape their observation.

As soon as the figure of the dance brought her near Abby Louisa and allowed her to stop for a few minutes, she said to her in a tremulous voice—"Miss Conroy, I will thank you for that handkerchief." "Presently"—said Abby Louisa—"I want first to show it to mamma"—adding in an under tone—"You need not be afraid; it is perfectly safe in my hands. I am accustomed to these things."

Poor Althea, knowing the close scrutiny it was likely to undergo from the sharp eyes of Mrs. Conroy, was so disconcerted that she now forgot the figure, and disordered the cotillion; and this, of course, added greatly to her confusion. Her face changed alternately from red to pale, her hands shook, and her whole appearance denoted the utmost agitation. Selfridge looked at her a moment with wonder and compassion, and then averted his eyes lest she should be aware that he was observing her.

Miss De Vincy saw that something was wrong; and guessed, though with some surprise, that it was connected with the handkerchief; she had also overheard the rude speech of Abby Louisa—"My dear"—said she to Althea—"the heat has overcome you. Let me give you a few drops from my essence bottle. I always have a small one about me." Then adroitly taking the handkerchief from Abby Louisa's hand, and pouring a little essence on one corner, she presented it to Althea, who could have exclaimed, "For this relief much thanks"—glad indeed to find it once more in her own hands.

"Come, Mr. Selfridge"—said Abby Louisa—"let us go and join mamma. I am tired, and if I walk about any more, you will find me a very languid partner in the cotillion."

Selfridge, who was just coming to a determination that he would *not* ask the hand of Althea for the next set, being now reminded that he was engaged to dance it with Miss Conroy, almost started as she brought it to his recollection. He felt that for him the pleasure of the evening was over; he could think only of Althea, and of her with perplexity and pain. He longed to escape from the ball-room, from the Conroys, and above all, from Abby Louisa. That young lady, after he deposited her beside her mother, took care to detain him, though she saw his uneasiness, till her father came up and addressed to Selfridge a long discourse, the subject of which was to prove that New York was the greatest city in the world, and her merchants the greatest men in the world; and that in no other spot on the face of the globe was mercantile business either properly understood or properly transacted.

In the meantime the set then on the floor was finished, and the gentlemen were conducting the ladies in search of resting places. Mrs. Vandunder, after she had grown tired of watching her daughter and Sir Tiddering, had taken the first vacant seat she found, and got into conversation with a full-dressed old lady from the northern frontier, who amazed her with accounts of the enviable cheapness of articles of British manufacture that were smuggled over from the Canada side.

When the set was over, she rose eagerly and proceeded half across the room to meet Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. "What have you done to my daughter's face!"—exclaimed Mrs. Vandunder. "Nothing, I protest"—replied Sir Tiddering—"I have not meddled with it, upon my honour. 'Tis only somewhat tattooed with that rather excruciating handkerchief which the young lady made the slight mistake of supposing might be useful as well as ornamental. And now, Miss Wilhelmina, since this respectable person is at hand, I'll resign you to her charge; for I ordered a gaulantine and a saulmi in my room, with a bottle of Sauterne; and they must be ready by this time." So saying, he strolled off, stopping with the young men near the door to ridicule his late partner.

"How I hate that fellow"—said Wilhelmina—throwing herself into a seat—"I am all but certain he has had the impudence to be making fun of me the whole time I was dancing with him."

"Oh! that is just your notion"—replied the mother, sitting down and fanning herself. "It was only his English way. To be sure I did not much like his calling me a respectable person; but we shall understand him by and by. What did he mean by a Gallatin and a Sammy in his room? We must not expect noblemen to be like other people. I hear that when he marries, his wife will be named *Lady*, and not *Mrs.* Only think of being Lady Tattering Tidderson."

"I won't be any such thing"—said Wilhelmina—"for I fairly abominate him, and I'm out of all patience with every thing. You talk of my face! If you were only to see my feet! These horrid stockings have rubbed and scratched them till I'm sure the blood's come. I'm suffering from head to foot, and I'll not bear it another minute, ball or no ball. I'd rather live in the wild woods and be a squaw in a blanket, than go through all this for the sake of being dressed fashionable. And after all, I don't believe I'm fashionable at last. I'll go directly to my own room, and take off all my torments, and have something good to eat—that I will."

"Mercy on the child!"—exclaimed Mrs Vandunder—rather alarmed at this outbreak—"how's she's worked herself up.—Well, well, go to your room, and I'll be with you presently, and see that you are comfortable. Look, here comes Billy—he shall take you up stairs. There now, don't whine."

When the set concluded, and the gentlemen led the ladies to their seats, Miss De Vincy said to Althea—"Now we will not dance the next. The room is warm and you look tired.—Come and sit by me, and let us have a little quiet chat till we are cool enough to venture into the open air of the piazza, and then we will gaze on the ocean-view by moonlight."

"And contrast its awful sublimity"—said Althea—"with the giddy noise and frivolous glitter of the ball-room."

"And yet"—observed Miss De Vincy—"ball-rooms, sometimes, are very pleasant places."

"Sometimes," replied Althea,—"but I begin to think that they have nothing to offer which can improve the heart, the mind, or even the taste."

"You are too young and too sprightly," said Miss De Vincy, "to forswear balls already. Dancing is a delightful and inspiriting exercise; and in the intervals there may be much pleasant and animated conversation. Then there is certainly something very picturesque in the *coup d' œil* of a spacious and lofty room, tastefully decorated, brilliantly lighted, and filled with people who are handsomely dressed and gaily participating in a graceful and exhilar-

ating amusement. I have had much pleasure at balls."

"So have I," said Althea, sighing. The truth was, she had not yet recovered the annoyance caused by the handkerchief. She felt uneasy and dispirited, and had a presentiment that worse was yet to come, particularly when she perceived that the Conroys had changed their seats, and were now in her immediate neighbourhood on the other side of Miss De Vincy, with whom, however, Mrs. Conroy did not claim the boasted acquaintance. Althea began now to think of proposing to her companion an immediate removal to the piazza, that she might, on leaving the room, take an opportunity of running to her own apartment and depositing there the handkerchief, which she now regarded as nothing but a source of alarm and vexation. But before she could put this design into practice, Lansing came up and asked her hand for the next set, and Selfridge, who accompanied him, entered into conversation with Miss De Vincy. Althea, to whom nothing in the world now seemed so desirable as getting rid of Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, hastily replied to Lansing in the negative, and then watched for a pause in her companion's conversation, that she might propose leaving the room. Just then, Abby Louisa Conroy, who seemed to be her evil genius, leaned across and said to her, "Miss Vernon, will you allow me to ask the cost of that elegant handkerchief?" "I believe—I think it was eighty dollars," answered Althea, confusedly. "Strange affectation," thought Selfridge. "Does she wish to infer that to her the sum was a trifle not worthy of accurate remembrance?"

"May I inquire where you purchased it?" persisted Miss Conroy. "I bought it at Stuart's," replied Althea, colouring violently, "at least it was bought there." "A present, perhaps?" said her insolent persecutor. "It was not a present," said Althea, in a faltering voice.

Selfridge, surprised and grieved, turned hastily away; and Miss De Vincy compassionating the embarrassment and agitation of our poor heroine, and convinced that it was in some way caused by the handkerchief, immediately proposed to her a removal to the piazza.

"Oh! instantly—this moment!" exclaimed Althea, scarcely conscious of what she was saying, and taking the offered arm of Lansing, who gave his other to Miss De Vincy; while Abby Louisa, afraid lest Selfridge should escape with them, reminded him by a palpable hint that he was engaged to her for the next set, and that it would be well to seek for places in time. Just as Lansing and his two young ladies were passing Mrs. Conroy, she stopped them, and putting out her hand, said, "Miss Vernon, will you permit me to look at that splendid handkerchief? Abby Louisa has been describing it to me as the most exquisite thing she ever saw, and of course very superior to any that are in our family. But, in truth, men of business have so many calls for money that we do not venture to indulge in any of these remarkably expensive articles. Still, as we all like to look at pretty things, and to examine their beauties at leisure, will you oblige me with this superb *mouchoir* till your return to the ball-room. I wish to show it to Phebe Maria, who I see is coming this way with that shadow of hers, Mr. Vandunder."

Poor Althea now saw no mode of escape. And she knew too well the character of her merciless tormentors not to be certain that when they discovered in the centre the name of Zelia Fitzgerald, they would not fail by some means to get the story whispered throughout the room. All presence of mind, all self-command now totally forsook her. She grasped the handkerchief with convulsive tightness, trying in vain to articulate a refusal of it. Her lips trembled—her voice was gone—she turned deadly pale; and heaving a deep sigh, her head fell back on Lansing's shoulder, and her eyes closed in a fainting fit.

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

TIME AND ECHO.

TIME, and the mocking Echo, will, I trow,
A good and just comparison allow:
Both one grand principle maintain,
To alter which the world might sigh in vain;
Alike impartial, they no favour show,
But deal to all the same, for weal or wo.
Echo will mock the gentle lover's sighs,
As 'twill the screech-owl's shrill discordant cries.
Time, too, will stay not for *their* gentle pray'rs,
Nor quicker fly to ease the captive's cares;
Through every age their influence is the same,
Scoffing at good or ill, disgrace or fame.

And does not Time continually proclaim—
"O what is man?"—and Echo does the same.
Time hears his voice a while in Echo here,
Then gently lulls it to an unknown sphere.
We hear the Echo faintly mock that voice,
In each the sure response is past all choice.
Still, musing on, in all but this we see
How widely Time and Echo disagree.
Time, through each age, to man much good hath shown;
Echo but renders back to all their own.
Time is a despot, dictating to all;
Echo but answers those who to it call.
Time, although past, is ever still possess'd;
Echo is lost, until again address'd.
Time is the same, both now and yesterday;
Echo will change—now plaintive, and now gay.
Time comes unask'd, a constant visiter;
Echo will come when ask'd, and not before.
Time doth, from all, full many secrets steal,
And that which should lie hid will oft reveal;
Echo, although made confidential too,
Is to its trust most faithful and most true;
Repeating oft, it notes each separate sound,
This done—'tis safely, and for ever drown'd.

H. C.

November 7th.

A PRAYER.

LORD! I have bowed with fervour at the shrine
Of Beauty, Fame, and Friendship; but to thine
How coldly have I bent the formal knee;
The while my truant heart was far from thee.

But do thou aid my weakness with the strength
Of thy sufficient Spirit; till, at length,
I burst my bonds, and from its throne is hurled
That worshipped Dagon of my heart—the World.

H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

Continued from p. 169.

We are glad to see the proper value and importance assigned to household accomplishments in a work addressed to young ladies. A chapter upon the subject opens in the following manner. "For a young woman, in any situation of life, to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping, is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts, or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various work of a house should be done, she might as well know nothing, for that is her express vocation; and it matters not how much learning, or how many accomplishments she may have, if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling." We do not quite agree with the concluding sentiment of this passage, because it is never too late to learn any thing; and of two persons compelled to acquire, in after life, the art of housekeeping—if one has had her mind well disciplined by a thorough systematic education, and the other has enjoyed no such advantage, the former will have every chance of success over the latter. We resume our quotation. "Whether rich or poor, young or old, married or single, a woman is always liable to be called to the performance of every domestic duty, as well as to be placed at the head of a family; and nothing short of a practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping can ever make those duties easy, or render her competent to direct others in the performance of them."

There is a great deal of false pride in young ladies upon this subject. They think it a disgrace to be seen with a broom in their hands, or occupied in any process performed in common with cooks and housemaids; as if shame could attach to any useful occupation of their time whatever. It appears to us, however, that our author would have treated this subject in a far more impressive manner, but for the fear of countenancing young ladies in considering marriage as having any necessary connexion with their views and plans of life. We think her quite too scrupulous on this point, as we shall hereafter show. This is not the only portion of the book to which much greater effect might have been given had she addressed young ladies as if they were probably to become wives and mothers. We might reverse an illustration of hers, and say that you might as well enjoin upon the student in navigation never to think of a ship, or a student in book-keeping never to think of the counting room, as upon a young lady, in training for the duties of life, never to contemplate her probable destiny, that for which she is, or ought to be fitting herself.

But, to return to the subject of housekeeping. How many ladies, placed at the head of an establishment, regret that they have not served an apprenticeship—a single article or condition of which, as young ladies, they scorned to fulfil? She can never know how to regulate her house properly without having studied in detail all the departments of housekeeping. It is ten to one, in our country, that she is not obliged to do this, in after life, under the greatest disadvantages, when she can ill spare the time; and when the comfort of many depends upon her success, and is seriously affected by all her mistakes.

I believe such a degree of irrationality is not common; but a young gentleman was once heard to say, that it seemed to him he never could associate any thing like sentiment with a young lady skilled in these practical accomplishments. He lived, however, to bless his stars for the possession of a wife who had a rare degree of the very merit he had so much despised; for his circumstances were such, that unless she had been gifted in this way, there would have been no propriety in his marrying at all. It happened that she was qualified in all other respects to be what a wife ought to be. Well principled, refined, intelligent, and cultivated, she made what, by various unfortunate circumstances had hitherto been the wilderness of his life, "bud and blossom as a rose." No wife was ever more loved or valued.

If a vote were to be taken of the *married* men of our towns and villages, and even of our cities too, upon the comparative value of these accomplishments, and of such as are merely of an ornamental nature, or even of beauty of person, and elegance of deportment, I believe it would be nearly unanimous to place the former highest in the scale.

It is a vulgar adage, that when poverty enters the door love flies out of the window. This is not necessarily true; but it is true, and all females should bear it in mind, that an ill-ordered house produces waste, confusion, and discomfort, which inevitably sour the temper, and, in the end, sometimes destroy sincere affection.

There is a vast incongruity between theory and experience upon this important subject; and fully to comprehend it, requires a knowledge of principles deeply seated in the human mind. If a man form a beau-ideal of her to whom he will choose to give his heart and hand, he forms one, also, of the home over which she is to preside; which she cannot be too careful to do all in her power to realize for him. If he is disappointed in this, he regards her as the author of his disappointment; and, by and by, comes to feel a sense of wrong and injury sustained through her means.

That love covers a multitude of sins—that a man ought not to value a sense of personal comfort above the gratification of his affections, when they come in contrast, is undoubtedly true; but we have no patience with the sentimental "pottering and dawdling," so often exhibited in treating of these matters, as if He who made us body, mind, and soul, did not give to every faculty of this glorious constitution its distinct and appropriate pleasure, did not intend that our nerves and senses should be delicately treated, as well as our thoughts and sentiments. We believe fully in the supremacy of the moral sentiments, but we do not think this is to be secured by inattention to what are called, in distinction, the grosser elements of man's nature.

'Tis true, there may be circumstances in

which the endurance, not simply of personal discomforts, but of positive sufferings, becomes even a source of enjoyment, either from an affectionate and reverent submission to the appointments of God, or the expectation of some noble end to be answered by them: but when they are unnecessarily endured, and attended with a constant sense of loss, of disappointment and wrong, this cannot but give a tone to the whole feelings of the heart towards her to whom they are referred. Love, after marriage, no longer lives in anticipation and promise; it looks for fulfilment. It no longer partakes, in any degree, of a pleasure of the imagination; its nutriment is of a substantial nature. Let not young ladies imagine, from this, that it loses its depth or fervency; whereas before, it was a brilliant circumstance, a bewitching attribute of our being; it now becomes its life and breath; nay its very essence.

Thus far we have considered this subject of household accomplishments in its immediate bearing upon the comfort of a family, and the security of a wife's influence. Without them, it is almost impossible to regulate the family expenditures with careful and exact reference to the limits prescribed by a very narrow, or by a moderate income; which is all that can be commanded in, perhaps, the majority of cases. The unhappiness produced by failing to make the two ends of the year meet, is greater, perhaps, than that derived from any other source of trouble in the married state. We believe that every highminded, conscientious woman, who enters the married state, will qualify herself, sooner or later, for the discharge of every duty incumbent upon her; but it will often be at the expense of much pains and trouble that might have been spared, had not an essential part of her early education been neglected.

Those upon conduct to teachers and treatment of domestics and work-women, are admirable. The latter is full of true Christian philosophy; and they are enough, in themselves, to secure to their author the palm of true wisdom and benevolence.

From the former we quote the following. "When the office of teacher is filled by one of your own sex, all your kindest sympathies should be enlisted in her favour, and you should endeavour, by every means in your power, to render her task agreeable, and to sustain her in that position in society to which her manners and acquirements entitle her. Nothing can be meaner than the false pride exhibited by some girls towards the ladies who give them lessons in music, drawing, or languages. Some have been even known to pass their instructresses in the street, without acknowledging the acquaintance even by a passing bow; others salute in passing, but would, on no account, invite the lady to their house as a guest; and she whose cultivation and refinement may far exceed that of her pupils, is considered by them of inferior rank, because she has added to her other merits, that of rendering herself independent by the exercise of her talents." And again: "Much as riches are valued, there is an instinctive homage paid to mental culture and refined manners, beyond what wealth can command; and those who pass by their female teacher in the street, without bowing to her, would yet hesitate to acknowledge that they did so because she had fewer dollars at her disposal than they had. They probably avoid all scrutiny of their motives, and try to make themselves believe there is a propriety in so doing, which cannot be easily explained. They are right there: it cannot be explained in any principle of justice or sound reason. If a female teacher of unblemished reputation has a refined and cultivated mind; if she has good manners, and the habits of society which belong to the circle in which she teaches, what should hinder her being received into it on a footing of perfect equality? Certainly not the simple circumstance of her turning her talents to account in a community of shop-keepers and merchants, lawyers and doctors, bankers and manufacturers. Why should the lady who makes her living by imparting to others one of her accomplishments, be less regarded than the man who gains his livelihood by selling goods or manufacturing them: and can there be any sense in the half-educated daughter of a lawyer or merchant, treating her more mature and more accomplished teacher as an inferior? That such a thing can take place, in a republic like ours, shows how many generations it requires to remove the taint of aristocracy derived from the mother country. It is to be hoped that the day of its utter extinction is at hand."

"Such a thing," in our opinion, has not even so respectable an origin as that which our author assigns to it; it is by no means confined to what are called the high-born: it can therefore be no taint of aristocracy; it has its origin in a *low, vulgar mind.* Shame, shame it is to the daughters of New England that they can be guilty of "such a thing!"

The subject of the treatment of domestics is one upon which, to this day, there are so few just notions, that in regard to none is light more needed. There is constant complaint upon the part of employers, and only one side of the question being heard, or if heard, believed, the public are really persuaded that the whole blame rests with the employed—that they are altogether an impracticable race. One circumstance in the case is very striking, viz. that we expect from them that complete, faithful, and, if I may be allowed the expression, accomplished fulfilment of their duties; that spirit of fidelity and devotion which, alas! are but too rare among the educated, who have the light of knowledge and the benefit of precept and example. As our author says, "It yet remains to be shown how much the characters of both (domestics and their employers) may be improved when the bond of Christian brotherhood shall be fully acknowledged and acted upon in this relation of life." Whenever that tie is felt and acknowledged, there attaches to this relation an interest which makes it productive of pleasure and advantage on both sides.

I never knew a more devoted or a more valued and respected family friend than a poor servant; and this friendship continued unbroken and unimpaired to the latest day of her long life, although her term of service had ceased many years before. At her funeral, she laid in state—in the best and purest sense of

that term—in the "best parlour" of the family mansion, to the care of which she had given so many of her best years; and received the homage of a whole village, as they gathered around her; some of them paying with tears a heartfelt tribute to her most excellent and useful life. I have seen a lady, herself accustomed to receive homage from the highest and most gifted in the land, kiss affectionately a faithful, interesting servant girl, who parted from her in ill-health, and was going a long distance. I have known a gentleman carry his sympathy with a young chambermaid, a poor girl, getting ready to attend a wedding, so far as to ask whether she had every thing she wished to make her dress complete; and upon being answered, "Every thing but a breast-pin," furnish that.

The pleasure of wearing the breast-pin was not of so much moment; but the gratification to her feelings, from finding how much they were regarded, was worth the money expended.

She had been trained in his family from her childhood; and he thought her entitled to something more than the crumbs which fell from the children's table. The system of treatment adopted towards domestics, has been so wrong, and persisted in so long, that time must be necessary to counteract its ill-effects upon their character. The reform must begin with their employers; and then it will be sure to go on.

We should like to quote the whole of this chapter, but must limit ourselves to a few passages. After speaking of the difficulties of obtaining domestics in a country where there are so many ways in which young women can obtain a living, she adds that, this circumstance being a proof of the prosperity of the country, ought not to be groaned over as an unmixed evil; and that the best way of providing against it is, by doing all that can be done to render domestic service more agreeable. For this purpose she recommends that there be exercised towards those who serve us, justice and kindness; and a due regard to their convenience and pleasure; that we endeavour to attach them to us by a sincere sympathy in their feelings, interests, and concerns. "Even now there are persons who never find any difficulty in being well served; yet it is not because they give extravagant wages, or allow their domestics unwarrantable liberties; this is not the way; it is by following that simple rule given by our Saviour to his disciples, and which is of universal application, though many do not seem to see its bearing upon this particular social relation: it is by doing unto others as ye would they should do unto you. In families where this broad Christian ground is taken, the domestics feel that their rights are respected, and their happiness is cared for; that though they are expected to do the work, and are to be well paid for it, their labours are to be rendered as easy as possible, and to be relieved by all the recreation and improvement compatible with their performance of it."

And again. "When they find their comfort provided for, in the family arrangements; and that their employers are willing to make occasional sacrifices of convenience to their special enjoyment, they become consistent and generous in their turn; and instead of encroaching upon this kindness they avail themselves of it very scrupulously.

"A chambermaid has been known to refuse the most tempting invitation, because she thought her absence would be an inconvenience; and to keep it a secret from her employers, lest they should insist on her going; yet the same person, when certain she could be spared, would announce her going out, like an equal, not asking leave." Our author recommends to young ladies to be particularly careful how they make unconscionable demands upon the time and attention of servants; to do their own waiting as much as possible, especially when their servants are their seniors; not to interrupt them at meals; not to require little services of them at any inconvenient times, which might just as well be done at times of their own choosing, provided they were informed sufficiently long beforehand that such services would be wanted; and not to keep them up late at night.

The following paragraph may be applied to all the intercourse of life; and it embraces a world of wisdom. "Finding fault in a severe and pettish tone never does any good; it is the last way in the world to make any one sorry for an omission, mistake or accident. When any delinquency must be noticed, it is better to begin by a gentle and kind inquiry, why it was so? that affords the person an opportunity of justifying herself, when right; and when in the wrong, she will be more likely to see and allow it, if she is questioned, instead of scolded. It also saves you from the danger of making unjust reproaches."

As all other sensible women would do, on the subject of dress, our authoress advises not to sacrifice health, delicacy, convenience, just economy, or even *taste* to fashion. If a fashion is objectionable on any of these grounds, it should be rejected; at the same time that it is desirable not to deviate so entirely from prevailing modes of dress as to render one's self peculiar and an object of remark on that account. An extreme devotion to fashion is another mark of a vulgar mind; and in cases where it involves unjustifiable expense, either of time or money, or an exposure of the health, it is the mark also of an *unprincipled* mind. We agree with our author in this also, that a very simple style of dress is by far the most pleasing in the young; and that the richest articles of apparel look not well when worn by persons with whose general style of dress and living they do not comport.

We are glad, too, to quote the following passage, deprecating a display of finery at churches. "If our ladies were obliged to appear at church all dressed alike, in some very plain guise, I fear their attendance on public worship would not be so frequent as it is now. Better than this, however, far better would it be, if every sober-minded Christian woman would dress at all times in a style suited to her character, and not let the tyranny of fashion force on her an outward seeming wholly at variance with the inward reality. I hope the time is not distant when it will be considered ungenteel to be gaily dressed in walking the

streets of cities, towns and villages; when a plain bonnet that shades the face; a plain dress, and thick shoes and stockings, shall be as indispensable to the walking costume of an American lady as they are to that of most Europeans." The conclusion of this passage reminds us of a very mortifying fact, which has been repeatedly asserted, viz. that the ladies who walk the streets of our large cities, are often taken, by foreigners unacquainted with their habits of dress, for courtesans, because, in Europe, no other class adopts, in public, such a butterfly costume.

Thus far we have found much to commend, and but little to condemn in the work before us; yet there are some portions of it to which we object so thoroughly, that we almost doubt whether, on the whole, it will not do more harm than good. In the first place, in the directions to young ladies in regard to their health, there is an unnecessary, and we should think, to them, a very painful minuteness. They must feel as if the doors of their dressing rooms and sleeping apartments had been thrown open to the public; and their very persons exposed to its gaze. We cannot reconcile the fastidiousness which prescribes to a young lady not to allow a gentleman to assist her in putting on her cloak or her shawl, (p. 293,) with the full and free discussion in a book which, because it is addressed to young ladies, will be curiously sought by young gentlemen, of topics which the former would hardly discourse about with one another, and which belong to a mother's peculiar province; or with the inculcation of practices which, instead of being directly enjoined, had much better be inferred from general rules of health applying not to a particular class, but to the whole race of man.

If it be contended that all scruples should be waived where important objects are to be gained, we reply that if this be true in part, it is true in the whole; and the author herself would probably be very unwilling to act fully on this principle, in a book addressed to young ladies. We admit the paramount importance of the subject of health, and would have no necessary instruction upon it withheld from young ladies more than from others; yet Doctor Combe, from whose excellent work Mrs. F. makes large extracts, without being as explicit, is as easily understood, and has already disciples among the female sex, so well imbued with his principles, and trained in their practice, that they needed not a single one of our author's instructions on this subject. Had that gentleman, however, thought it necessary to be equally explicit, we should not have made the same objection. His book is a book on health, and it is written for all; therefore it is not likely to fasten incongruous or revolting associations upon a particular class. But we see very little difference between addressing such things to young ladies, through the medium of a book expressly prepared for them, and then put forth to the world, and pronouncing them in a public lecture; which certainly would not be tolerated. Our sex have their sanctuary, the veil of which should never be lifted; its rights should be respected; its secrets carefully guarded; especially by those who share its privileges.

So far are we from undervaluing this same subject of health, that we are always glad to see it brought forward and enforced. Next to a good conscience, and the light of knowledge, it is undoubtedly the greatest blessing of this life. Yet, in a majority of cases, it is left out of the question to take its chance. The time has been when mothers have been found silly and wicked enough to desire for their daughters, pale cheeks, languid looks and attenuated forms; and daughters, worthy of such mothers, who thought a ruddy hue and fullness of person almost as great a calamity as could befall them. Such folly may still be extant, but we hope it is giving place to more rational views.

Still, however, there is a most stupid indifference, and a most criminal ignorance on the subject of health. Young persons should be trained from the beginning to regard its preservation as a duty of high obligation; and they should be instructed in all the essential rules of health as fast as they are capable of comprehending them. This should be a part of their regular education. I have known young persons so having acquired more control over their appetites, and become more self-denying and careful than their teachers. Those who have had such training may congratulate themselves upon an advantage which few possess; and the value of which they will realise more and more every day that they live. Those who have not should have recourse at once to the excellent work on health alluded to above.

I have heard a lady say that she hardly wished her child to be any thing more than a fine animal the first years of its life. She meant, by this, to express her belief, that physical thrift was the first and most important step towards the future full development of its whole being. If parents generally were of her opinion, although there would be fewer sickly prodigies of a few years, there would be many more men and women of vigorous capacity.

We commend this chapter on health, notwithstanding what is exceptionable in it, to the attention of young people. Though they had much better read the whole work from which the extracts it contains are made; even these will furnish them with knowledge above price; and the remarks made in connexion with them are very good. We regret that we have not room for a few extracts.

To be continued.

DR. JENNER made the first experiment in vaccination in May, 1796, by transferring the pus from the pustule of a milkmaid, who had caught the cow-pox from the cows, to a healthy child; and publishing the result, the practice spread through the civilized world. The power of the cow-pox as an antidote to small-pox, was a fact familiar to the common people for a century before Jenner's promulgation of it. The tables of mortality have in consequence been so altered, that the average of life which used to be taken 30 and 33, now approximates to 40.

EXTRACTS

FROM MISS L. E. LANDON'S NOVEL OF ETHEL CHURCHILL.

Lady Marchmont's meeting with Sir Godfrey Kneller:—

I do not agree with Mrs. Churchill's sweeping condemnatian, "that London is only a great, wicked, expensive place;" but you leave the fairy-land of fancy behind you for ever on entering it. It is the most real place in the world; you will inevitably be brought to your level. If I were to quit it now I should quit it not liking it at all; no one does who, having country habits, comes up for only a short time. The sense of your own insignificance is anything but pleasant; then you are hurried through a round of amusements for which you have not acquired a relish, they being, as yet, unconnected with any little personal vanities. You suffer from bodily fatigue, because the exertion is of a kind to which you are unaccustomed; moreover, you feel your own deficiencies, and exaggerate both their importance and the difficulty of overcoming them. But this is only "beginning at the very beginning;" and I have a very brilliant perspective—I intend to be so courted, so flattered, and "so beautiful." You will laugh at my making up my mind to the last; but I do assure you that a great deal depends on yourself.

The first step towards establishing pretensions of any kind is to believe firmly in them yourself: faith is very catching, and half the beauty-reputations of which I hear have originated with the possessors. Having determined upon being a beauty, it is absolutely necessary that I should have my portrait taken by Sir Godfrey Kneller: a portrait of his is a positive diploma of loveliness.

Among my new acquaintance is Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who has just returned from Constantinople, where her husband was ambassador. She is very handsome, very amusing, and a little alarming. She tells me, very frankly, that she has taken a great liking to me.

"Not, my dear," said she, "that I profess the least friendship for you—friendship is just an innocent delusion, to round a period in a moral essay. I lay it down as a rule that all men are rascals to women, and all women are rascals to each other. Perhaps very young girls, who do not know what to do with a superabundance of affection, run up a kind of romantic liking for each other; but it never lasts—one good-looking young man would break up all the female friendships that ever were formed. In our secret heart we all hate each other. What I shall expect from you is a little pleasant companionship; and I offer you the same in return."

My protestations of "so flattering," and "too happy," were interrupted by her continuing:—

"The fact is, we have each the charm of novelty. I know every body, and shall put them in the worst possible point of view. I shall, therefore, be both useful and agreeable. You at present know nobody, and will like to hear all about them—especially to know the worst: of course, therefore, you will be a good listener. Now a good listener is the most fascinating of companions. In time I shall have told all I have to tell, and you will have heard all that you care to hear: then our bond of union ceases; and so will our friendship, unless we can in any way make a convenience of each other."

Well I have made a plunge into the cold bath of her ladyship's acquaintance, and she accompanied me to Sir Godfrey's. It was quite a visit of canvassing, for he has almost given up his profession; it is a favour if he paints you. Lady Mary told me some amusing anecdotes. Among others she repeated to me a conversation between him and Pope, who called on a visit of condolence during a severe fit of illness. The poet, by way of comfort, gave him every prospect of going to heaven. "Ver good place," replied the invalid, "but I wish *le bon Dieu* would let me stay in my new house—it is good enough for me."

One day Gay was reading to him a most outrageous panegyric, in which he ascribed to Kneller every virtue under the sun—perhaps a few more. Sir Godfrey heard him with great complacency, only interrupting him by a few approving nods, or a "Indeed, sare, you say de truth." At the close he highly applauded the performance, but said, "You have done well, Mistere Gay—ver well, as far as you have gone; but you have left me out one great quality. It is good for de Duke of Marlborough that I was not a soldier and his enemy. Once, when I was such a littel boy, I was on St Mark's Place in Venice, and dey let off some fireworks. I tell you, I liked de smell of de gunpowder! Ah! sare, I should have made von great general—I should have killed men instead of making dem discontent vith demselves, as my pictures do."

Sir Godfrey is a little, shrewd looking old man, with manners courteous even to kindness. He received us with the greatest *empressement*, and was in excellent humour, having just received a haunch of venison from one of the principal auctioneers; "There," he exclaimed, in a tumult of soft emotion, "is a goot man! He loves me—see what beautiful fat is on his venison!"

A few judicious remarks, while he was showing us his pictures, placed me high in his favour; but my last compliment was the climax.

"I am," said I, in a tone of the most modest hesitation, "afraid, Sir Godfrey, to sit to you. I shall be discontented with my looking-glass for the rest of my life.

"Indeed!" exclaimed he, "your ladyship has a genius for de fine arts—you taste, you feel dem. But do not be afraid—you shall only look your best; your picture vill teach you de duty you owe to yourself—you must try to look like it."

I thanked him for the glorious ambition which he thus set before me; and we took our leave, saying a profusion of fine things to each other.

London life described:—

Pleasure lasts for ever, but enjoyment does not: the reason is, that the one lies around, and perpetually renews itself; but the other lies within, and exhausts itself. Lady Marchmont was at the pleasantest stage of both. At first, all things are new, and most things delightful. Vanity, novelty, and excitement, at once the graces and fates of society, were all in attend-

ance upon her. A few weeks made her a reigning toast; verses were written, and glasses broken, in her honour; and it was an undecided thing, whether the Duke of Wharton wore her chains, or those of Lady Wortley. One day would suffice to tell the history of many.

"When sleepless lovers just at twelve awake,"

she awakened also. Chocolate came in those fairy cups of Indian china, which made the delight of our grand-mothers, and whose value was such, that the poet satirist considered their loss to be the severest trial to a woman's feelings—*alias*, her temper while to be

"Mistress of herself, though China fall,"

was held an achievement almost too great for feminine philosophy. Chocolate then enabled the languid beauty to go through the duties of her toilette. Notes were read, laces looked over, the last new verses looked over with them; perhaps, a page read from the last French romance—the mind a little disturbed from its heroic sorrows by the consideration, whether the next set of new bodkins should be of silver or pearl. Then it was to be decided what ribbon would suit the complexion; whether the gazer would have to exclaim,—

"In her the beauties of the spring are seen,
Her cheek is rosy, and her gown is green;"

or whether he would have to soar a yet higher flight, and cry,—

"In her the glory of the heaven we view,
Her eyes are starlike, and her mantle blue."

Then the patches had to be placed—patches full of sentiment, coquetry, and bits of opinions as minute as themselves. Essences and powder had to be scattered together, and Henrietta's long black tresses gathered into a mass which might fairly set all the orders of architecture at defiance. Lastly came the hoop, and, with scarf and fan,

"Conscious Beauty put on all her charms."

Friends began to drop in. One came with intelligence of a sale, where the most divine things in the world were to be had for nothing, or next to it—that *next to it*, by the by, is usually a very sufficient difference. Another came fresh from an Indian house, where silks and smiles, fans and flirtations, Chinese monsters and lovers, made the most delightful confusion possible. Ah, those Indian warehouses made the morning pass in a charming manner! many a soft confession was whispered over a huge china jar; many a heart has succumbed to a suite of mother-of-pearl card-box and counters; and as to the shawls, why, the whole feminine world has long ago acknowledged them to be irresistible. To one or other of these Lady Marchmont was usually hurried away; occupied with bargains,

"Bought, because they may be wanted—
Wanted, because they may be had."

Then came the walk on the Mall, with as many cavaliers in her wake as there are bubbles in the track of the stately swan! each with sigh and compliment equally ready-made. Heavens, but the classic deities did see service in those days! Juno, Venus, and the Graces, do, certainly, round off a sentence; and the very common place is redeemed by a fine world of olden poetry, that nothing can quite destroy.

A Visit to Pope's Villa:—

It was a lovely day; for, say what they will, England does see the sunshine sometimes; indeed, I think that our climate is an injured angel: has it not the charm of change, and what charm can be greater? That morning the change was a deep blue sky, with a few large clouds floating over it; a sun which turned the distant horizon into a golden blaze; and a soft west wind, that seemed only sent to bring the sound of the French horns in the boat that followed their own. As they passed along Chelsea Reach, the bells of the church were ringing merrily.

"Why, that is a wedding peal!" cried the Duke of Wharton; "and it puts me in mind that Miss Pelham and Sir John Shelly are just going to enter the holy and blessed state."

"Yes," replied Lady Mary, "and I never knew a marriage with a greater prospect of happiness—she will be a widow in six weeks!"

"Well," said Lady Marchmont, "you carry your connubial theory even farther than in your last ballad:—

'My power is passed by like a dream,
And I have discovered too late,
That whatever a lover may seem,
A husband is what we must hate.'"

Lady Mary smiled very graciously, she almost forgave Henrietta for looking so well; to have one's own verses learned by heart, and gracefully quoted, is more than poetical nature can resist.

"For my part," continued the Duke of Wharton, "I hold that the connubial system of this country is a complete mistake. The only happy marriages I ever heard of are those in some Eastern story I once read, where the king marries a new wife every night, and cuts off her head in the morning."

"It would suit your Grace, at all events." replied Lady Mary; "you who are famed for being to one thing constant never."

"Well," exclaimed Lord Hervey, who had appeared to be absorbed in watching his own shadow on the water, "I do not think it is such a dreadful thing to be married. It is a protection, at all events."

"'Thou, who so many favours hast received
Wondrous to tell, and hard to be believed!'"

cried Lady Mary: "and so, like the culprits of old, you are forced to take refuge from your pursuers at the altar."

"For pity's sake," ejaculated the Duke, "do let us talk of some less disagreeable subject."

"Fie, your Grace!" exclaimed Lady Mary. "Disagreeable subject! Lord Hervey was only, as usual, talking of himself."

The whole party were silent for some minutes. After all, wit is something like sunshine in a frost—very sharp, very bright, but very cold and uncomfortable. The silence was broken by Lady Marchmont exclaiming,—"How fine the old trees are! there is something in the deep shadow that they fling upon the water, that reminds me of home."

"I am not sure," answered the Duke, "that

I like to be reminded of anything. Let me exist intensely in the present—the past and future should be omitted from my life by express desire."

"What an insipid existence!" replied Henrietta,—"no hopes, and no fears."

"Ah! forgive me," whispered Wharton, "if the present moment appear to me a world in itself."

"I," said Lord Hervey, "do not dislike past, present, nor future. Like woman, they have all behaved very well to me. The past has given me a great deal of pleasure; the present is with you; and as to the future, such is the force of example, that I doubt not it will do by me as its predecessors have done."

"Truly," cried Lady Mary, "the last new comedy that I saw in Paris must have modelled its hero from you: let me recommend you to adopt two of its lines as your motto:—

'J'ai l'esprit parfait—du moins je le crois;
Et je rends grace au Dieu de m'avoir cree—moi!"

"It is very flattering to be so appreciated," answered Lord Hervey, with the most perfect nonchalance.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Marchmont:—

After a day's hard shopping they had come home laden with bargains, and the dressing-room was strewed with Indian fans, ivory boxes, and lace. They were going to dine *tete-à-tete*, as there was a gay ball in perspective, and they needed a little recruiting. Chloe, who had never forgotten his mistress's brilliant suggestion of the pigmies, exhausted his genius in the slight but exquisite dinner which he sent up, and which was, at least, duly appreciated by Lady Mary.

"There is something," exclaimed she' "wanting in the composition of one who can be indifferent to the fascination of such an omlet as this."

"I own," replied Henrietta, "I never care what I eat."

"More shame for you!" returned her companion; "it only shows how little you consider your duty to yourself."

"My duty to myself!" cried Lady Marchmont; "why that would be

'Roots from the earth
And water from the spring,'

according to the principles laid down in moral essays."

"Moral essays are only a series of mistakes," interrupted her ladyship: "our first duty to ourselves is to enjoy ourselves as much as possible. Now, to accomplish that, we must cultivate all our bad qualities: I can assure you I am quite alarmed when I discover any good symptoms."

"You are laughing!" replied her listener.

"I laugh at most things," replied the other; "and that is the reason why people in general do not understand me. A person who wishes to be popular should never laugh at anything. A jest startles people from that tranquil dullness in which they love to indulge: they do not like it till age has worn off the joke's edge. Moreover, there is no risk in laughing, if a great many laugh before you venture to laugh too."

"How very true!" exclaimed Henrietta; "there is nothing so little understood as wit."

"People cannot bear," replied her ladyship, "to be expected to understand what, in reality, they do not, and are ashamed to confess: it mortifies their self-love. I am persuaded, if all gay badinage were prefaced by an explanation, it would be infinitely better received."

"Why," said Lady Marchmont, "that would be sending the arrow the wrong way."

"A very common way of doing things in this world," was the answer; "and," she added, "I do not care about being popular: and, indeed, rather like being hated; it gives me an opportunity of using up epigrams which would otherwise be wasted. Our enemies, at least, keep our weapons in play: but for their sake the sarcasm and the sword would alike rest in the scabbard."

"I care much more for being generally liked than you do," said Henrietta.

"I do not care about it at all," replied Lady Mary; "if I did, I should not say the things that I do: but, next to amusing, I like to astonish."

"I would rather interest," replied Lady Marchmont.

"Shades of the grand Cyrus! that voluminous tome I used to read so devotedly,—your empire is utterly departed from me!" exclaimed her ladyship: "I have long since left romance behind—

'Once, and but once, that devil charmed my mind,
To reason deaf, and observation blind:'

now I look upon my lover as I do my dinner, a thing very agreeable and very necessary, but requiring perpetual change."

"What a simile!" cried Henrietta, with uplifted hands and eyes.

"Believe me, my dear," returned the other, "love is a mixture of vanity and credulity. Now these are two qualities that I sedulously cultivate, they conduce to our chief enjoyments."

"My definition of love," said the young Countess, with a faint sigh, "would be very different to yours."

"Yes," replied Lady Mary, "you have all sorts of fanciful notions on the subject. I know what you would like;—an old place in the country, half ruins, half flowers, with some most picturesque looking cavalier, who

'Lived but on the light of those sweet eyes!'"

"Well," interrupted Henrietta, "I see nothing so very appalling in such a prospect. How would our thoughts grow together! how would my mind become the image of his! What a world of poetry and beauty we might create around us! I can imagine no sacrifice in life that would not cheaply buy the happiness of loving and being loved."

"Very fine, and very tiresome," answered the other, with half a yawn and half a sneer. "How weary you would be of each other: to see the same face—to hear the same voice; why, my dear child, I give you one single week, and then,

'Abandoned by joy, and deserted by grace,
You will hang yourselves both in the very same place!'"

"At least," replied Henrietta, "we should

carry on our sympathy to the very last. Though I cannot peculiary admire its coincidence, I should say,

'Take any shape but that.'"

"If it does not take that," cried Lady Mary, "it will take some other just as bad. Believe me, we are all of us false, vain, selfish, inconstant; and the sooner we cease to look for anything else, the better: we save ourselves a world of unreasonable expectation, and of bitter disappointment!"

"I would not think like you," replied Lady Marchmont, "not for the treasures of the crowned Ind. I devoutly believe in the divinity of affection; and my ideal of love is affection in its highest state of enthusiasm and devotion. No sacrifice ever appeared to me great that was made for its sweet sake."

"The Lord have mercy upon such notions!" cried Lady Mary, throwing herself back in her chair.

ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH.

I was present the other night at a *fete* given by a friend of mine on taking possession of a house she had recently purchased; and a circumstance connected with her bargain, extorted a laugh even from some of the staunchest disciples of the new order of things.

My friend who is a widow, young, pretty, and amiable, took a fancy some time ago to exchange her elegant apartments in the *Chaussé d'Antin*, for a small house in a retired but cheerful situation. Formerly, there was no such thing to be found in Paris, but now, thanks to the English, that is at least one good turn they have done us, all our new streets in the Faubourg Montmartre, consist of small houses, among which as an Englishman himself assured me, one need not be at a loss to find a *comfortable box*. A *maisonnette* of this sort standing in the midst of a very pretty garden, attracted the attention of Madame F——; she rang at the gate, a respectable looking man-servant told her his master was at home, and if she would walk in, would wait upon her in a few moments. As Madame F—— followed the servant to the first floor, the appearance of the house pleased her so much, that she internally vowed to get it if possible. The servant traversed an antechamber that led from the first floor, knocked, and received no answer. "Your master is not at home perhaps," said the lady, with a disappointed look. "Pardon me, madame, Monsieur is engaged in meditation." He knocked a second time, "Who is there?" said a voice which was evidently choked with tears. "A lady about the house, sir." The door opened slowly, and a gentleman of about five-and-thirty presented himself. Although in *robe de chambre*, he was in the deepest mourning, and from the disorder of his hair, and the length of his beard, one would have thought it quite impossible for him to attend to any thing like business. As the door of the apartment that he quitted, remained half open, Madame F—— saw that it was hung with black, and struck with the appearance of so much desolation, she hesitated how to open her business. At length a question in a languid tone from M. N. emboldened her to enter upon the subject, and in the discussion that followed, M. N. proved that the excess of his grief had by no means made him forgetful of his interests.

At last, however, every thing was agreed; the lady rose to depart, when M. N. sinking his voice to that languid tone, which the care of his interests had made him forget, "Stop, madame," said he, "there is one thing which I have neglected to mention, and unless that is agreed to, you cannot have the house." "What is it, sir?" The gentleman drew up the blind, and pointing to the garden, "You see that magnolia, madame?" "Yes, sir, it was the sight of it in fact that attracted me, I love the shade of it above all things, and"——

"Stop, madame," cried M. N., in a tragic tone, "I cannot sell you my house." "What, sir, because I admire a fine tree?" "Madame, powerful reasons oblige me to sell this house, I am going to inhabit another not a hundred yards off; no human being can conceive the sacrifice that I make in quitting this roof, but at least I shall take with me that magnolia, that dear tree under which I have so often sat with my first and only love; every branch of which has witnessed our vows of eternal constancy, of unchangeable love! Ah, madame, I would a thousand times rather die, than abandon that tree to the cares of a stranger!" And hiding his face in his hands, the disconsolate widower sobbing violently, threw himself into a chair in a state of convulsive agitation, which frightened Madame F—— in such a manner, that she ran to call for help. "It is nothing," said the servant, "ever since the death of his spouse, Monsieur has been subject to these attacks, whenever he has company."

As Madame F—— did not think it right to return to the poor afflicted one, she quitted the house directly, casting a glance of mingled regret and desire upon the pretty magnolia, the only tree that ornamented the garden. What was she to do? to lose the tree seemed hard, but it would be harder still to lose the house; besides her kind heart whispered her, that she ought to sacrifice her own wishes to soothe the poignant grief of the bereaved M. N.

Three months afterwards, our pretty widow took possession of her new house. Her first care was to have the magnolia taken up according to her agreement very carefully, and sent to the house of M. N——. As she sat at the window, regretting the loss of the pretty tree, and thinking what she should replace it with, she saw the gardener and his assistants returning with it. "What is the meaning of this?" cried the astonished Madame F——. "Why, ma'am, that end of the street is filled with carriages, and there is no getting into number 42, for the court-yard is crowded with them." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame F——, "is poor M. N—— dead!"

"Dead!" cried one of the men with a grin, "why he is married, and the grandest wedding it is that I have seen in the Faubourg for these last twenty years."

Madame F—— was perfectly astounded, it was not till the gardener had told the news

twice, that she could believe it. Then clapping her hands for joy, "replant my magnolia," cried she, "replant it directly, if M. N—— must have it, let him come and take it up himself."

No sooner said than done. M. N—— had perhaps in his garden, a magnolia, under which he exchanges vows of *eternal constancy* and *unchangeable* love with his new wife, for he has never asserted his claim to the *arbre chéré*. A few days after I had heard the story, a report reached me of the pretty widow's approaching marriage. I went to congratulate her upon it, and as I did so, my eye fell upon the magnolia. The same thought, as it appeared, occurred to both of us, for she said to me, smiling, "I am past the age of romance, but if I was not, the foliage of the magnolia should not be confident of my sentiments, its leaves do not murmur the name of the dead."

FEMALE PORTRAIT GALLERY, FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

FLORA M'IVOR AND ROSE BRADWARDINE.

Sir Walter Scott was the Luther of literature. He reformed and he regenerated. To say that he founded a new school, is not saying the whole truth; for there is something narrow in the idea of a school, and his influence has been universal. Indeed, there is no such thing as a school in literature; each great writer is his own original, and "none but himself can be his parallel." We hear of the school of Dryden and of Pope, but where and what are their imitators? Parnassus is the very reverse of Mont Blanc. There the summit is gained by treading closely in the steps of the guides; but in the first, the height is only to be reached by a pathway of our own. The influence of a genius like Scott's, is shown by the fresh and new spirit he pours into literature.

No merely literary man ever before exercised the power over his age exercised by Scott. It is curious to note the wealth circulated through his means, and the industry and intelligence to which he gave the impetus. The innkeepers of Scotland ought to have no sign but his head. When Waverly appeared, a tour through Scotland was an achievement: now, how few there are but have passed an autumn at least, amid its now classic scenery? I own it gave my picturesque fancies at first a shock, to hear of a steamboat on Loch Katrine; but I was wrong. Nothing could be a more decisive proof of the increased communication between England and Scotland—and communication is the regal road to improvement of every kind. How many prejudices have floated away on the tremulous line of vapour following the steam vessel; and what a store of poetical enjoyment must the voyagers have carried home! More than one touch of that sly humour, which seems to me peculiarly and solely marking the *Scotch*, has been bestowed on the cockney invaders of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." May I, a Londoner bred, say a word in defence of the feeling which takes such to the shore of

"Lovely Loch Achray!
Where shall they find on foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

But the dwellers in the country have little understanding of, and therefore little sympathy with, the longing for green fields which haunts the dweller in towns. The secret dream of almost every inhabitant in those dusky streets, where even a fresh thought would scarcely seem to enter, is to realise an independence, and go and live in the country. Where is every holiday spent but in the country! What do the smoky geraniums, so carefully tended in many a narrow street and blind alley attest, but the inherent love of the country! To whom do the blooming and sheltered villas, which are a national feature in English landscape, belong, but to men who pass the greater part of their lives in small dim counting-houses! This love of nature is divinely given to keep alive, even in the most toiling and world-worn existence, something of the imaginative and the apart. It is a positive good quality; and one good quality has some direct, or indirect tendency to produce another. It were an unphilosophical creation, that of a human being—

"Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."

That virtue would have been a sweet lure to better companions. Schiller is nearer truth when he says—

"Never, believe me, appear the immortals—
Never alone."

Scott has a peculiar faculty of awakening this love of the country, and of idealising it into a love of the picturesque. Who can wonder then, that when such descriptions came accompanied with all the associations of romance—all the interest of stirring narrative—that a visit to "Caledonia, stern and wild," became the day-dream of all who looked to their summer excursion as the delight and reward of the year? I have never visited Scotland—in all human probability I never shall; but were a fairy, that pleasant remover of all ordinary difficulties, to give me the choice of what country I wished to see, my answer would be—Scotland; and that solely to realise the pictures, which reading Scott has made part of my memory.

Another noticeable fact is, the number of books which have grown out of the Waverly novels. How many local and antiquarian tomes have brought forth a world of curious and attractive information, in which no one before took an interest! And here I may be allowed to allude to the prejudice, for such it is, that the historical novel is likely to be taken for, and to interfere with history. Not such novels as Scott wrote, certainly. In the first place, his picture of the time, is as exact as it is striking: the reader must inevitably add to his stock of knowledge, as well as of amusement: he must acquire a general notion of the time; its good and its evil are brought in a popular shape before him; while the estimate of individual character is as true as it is forcible. Secondly, there must be something inherently vacant and unproductive in the mind which his pages stimulate to no farther inquiry.

In such hands, it would be of little consequence whether a fictitious or an actual chronicle were placed—either would lead to no result. Scott's works have done more towards awakening a rational curiosity, than a whole world of catechisms and abridgments would ever have accomplished. History has been read owing to his stimulus.

Prose fiction was at its lowest ebb, when Waverly appeared. Scott gives in his preface, a most amusing picture of the supply then in the market: a castle was no castle without a ghost, or at least what seemed one till the last chapter, and the heroine was a less actual creation than the harp which ever accompanied her. These heroines were always faultless: the heroes were divided into two classes; either as perfect as their impossible mistresses, or else rakes who were reformed in the desperate extremity of a third volume. Waverly must have taken the populace of novel readers quite by surprise: there is in its pages the germ of every excellence, afterwards so fully developed—the description, like a painting; the skill in giving the quaint and peculiar in character; the dramatic narrative; and above all, that tone of romance before unknown to English prose literature. Flora M'Ivor is the first conception of female character, in which the highly imaginative is the element.

Perhaps we must except the Clementine of Richardson—a poetical creation, which only genius could have conceived amid the formal and narrow-motived circle which surrounded her. Clarissa is more domestic and pathetic; though in the whole range of our dramatic poetry, so fertile in touching situation, there is nothing more heart-rending than the visit of her cousin to her in the last volume. He finds the happy and blooming girl whom he left the idol of her home circle, accustomed to affection and attention, surrounded by cheerful pleasures and graceful duties—he finds her in a miserable lodging, among strangers, faded, heart-broken, and for daily employ making her shroud. A French critic says: "Even Richardson himself did not dare hazard making Clarissa in love with his hero." Richardson had far too fine a perception of character to do any such thing. What was there in Lovelace that Clarissa should love him? He is witty; but wit is the last quality to excite passion, or to secure affection. Liberty is the element of love; and from the first he surrounds her with restraint, and inspires her with distrust. Moreover, he makes no appeal to the generosity of her nature; and to interest those generous feelings, so active in the feminine temperament, is the first step in gaining the citadel of her heart. To have loved, would not have detracted one touch from the delicate colouring of Clarissa's character; to have loved a man like Lovelace would. In nothing more than in attachment is "the nature subdued to what it works in." But Lovelace is now an historical picture; it represents a class long since passed away, and originally of foreign importation. It belonged to the French *régime*, when the young men of birth and fortune had no sphere of activity but the camp; all more honourable and useful occupation shut; and when, as regarded his country, he was a civil cipher. The Lovelace or the Lauzun could never have been more than an exception in our stirring country, where pursuits and responsibility are in the lot of all. They may, however, be noted as proofs that where the political standard is low, the moral standard will be still lower.

Excepting, therefore, the impassioned Italian of Sir Charles Grandison, Flora M'Ivor is the first female character of our novels in which poetry is the basis of the composition. She has all Clementine wants; picturesque accessories, and the strong moral purpose. Generally speaking, the mind of a woman is developed by the heart; the being is incomplete till love brings out either its strength or its weakness. This is not the case with the beautiful Highlander; and Scott is the first who has drawn a heroine, and put the usual master-passion aside. We believe few women go down to the grave without at some time or other feeling the full force of the affections. Flora, had not her career been cut short in the very fullness of its flower, would have loved, loved with all the force of a character formed before it loved. Scott's picture is, at the time when she is introduced, as full of truth as of beauty. The strong mind has less immediate need of an object than the weak one. Rose Bradwardine falls in love at once, compelled by "the sweet necessity of loving." Flora M'Ivor feels no such necessity; her imagination is occupied; her on-lookings to the future, excited by the fortunes of the ill-fated House to which her best sympathies and most earnest hopes are given. The House of Stuart has at once her sense of justice and of generosity on its side; it is connected with the legends of her earliest years; she is impelled towards it with true female adherence to the unfortunate. Moreover, her affections have already an object in her brother. There is no attachment stronger, more unselfish, than the love between brother and sister, thrown on the world orphans at an early age, with none to love them save each other. They feel how much they stand alone, and this draws them more together. Constant intercourse has given that perfect understanding which only familiarity can do; hopes, interests, sorrows, are alike in common. Each is to either a source of pride; it is the tenderness of love without its fears, and the confidence of marriage, without its graver and more anxious character. The fresh impulses of youth are all warm about the heart.

It would have been an impossibility for Flora to have attached herself to Edward Waverly. A woman must look up to love: she may deceive herself, but she must devoutly believe in the superiority of her lover. With one so constituted as Flora—proud, high-minded, with that tendency to idealise inseparable from the imagination, Flora must have admired before she could have loved. The object of her attachment must have had something to mark him out from "the undistinguishable many." Now, Edward Waverly is just like nine-tenths of our acquaintance, or at least what they seem to us—pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanlike, but without one atom of the picturesque or the poetical about them. Flora is rather the idol of his imagination than of his heart, and it might

well be made a question whether he be most in love with the rocky torrent, the Highland harp, the Gaelic ballad, or the lovely singer. They would have been unhappy had they married. Flora's decision of temper would have deepened into harshness, when placed in the unnatural position of exercising it for a husband; while Edward would have had too much quickness of perception not to know the influence to which he submitted—he would have been mortified even while too indolent to resist. Respect and reserve would have become their household deities; and where these alone reign, the hearth is but cold.

Rose Bradwardine is just the ideal of a girl—simple, affectionate, ready to please and to be pleased—likely to be formed by her associates, ill-fitted to be placed in difficult situations; but whose sweet and kindly nature is brought out by happiness and sunshine. She would be content to gaze on the plans her husband drew for "ornamental grottoes and temples," and, content that they were his, ask not if his talents did not need a more useful range and a higher purpose. Rose would have kept her husband for ever at Waverly Honour—Flora would have held

> "Shame to the coward thought that ere betrayed
> The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade."

But, alas! to such—the decided and the daring—Fate deals a terrible measure of retribution. I know nothing in the whole range of fiction—that fiction whose truth is life—so deeply affecting as "Flora in a large gloomy apartment, seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel." It is the shroud of her brother—the last of his ancient line—the brave—the generous—the dearly-loved Fergus! How bitter is her anguish when she exclaims, "The strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother! Volatile and ardent, he would have divided his energies amid a thousand objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them. Oh! that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword!'"

It is a fearful responsibility the exercise of influence—let our own conduct bring its own consequences—we may well meet the worst; not so when we have led another to pursue any given line of action; if they suffer, how tenfold is that suffering visited on ourselves! For Flora life could offer nothing but the black veil of the Benedictine Convent. There are no associations so precious as those of our earlier years. It is upon them that the heart turns back amid after-cares and sorrows—the nursery, the old garden, the green field, remain the latest things that memory cherishes. They keep alive something of their own freshness and purity; and the affections belonging to those uncalculating hours, have a faith and warmth unknown to after life. To this ordinary but most sweet love, Flora had added the ideal and the picturesque—and love, to reach its highest order, must be worked up by the imagination. She saw in her brother the chieftain of their line—the last descendent of Ivor. He was the support of the cause whose loyalty to its ill-fated adherents was as religion—their lofty enthusiasm was as much in common as their daily habits; they looked back and they looked forward together. When the last Vich Jan Vohr had perished on the scaffold, there remained for his lonely and devoted sister but the convent—a brief resting place before the grave.

L. E. L.

THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE.

The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, a copy having been found, about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's Library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be called a book of very great scarcity, nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publication to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455 rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the Royal Library at Paris, an entry is made, importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption (August 15) 1456. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted, seems to intimate, that no book had been printed in 1452, and considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking, during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and also that the binding and illuminating the above mentioned copy, is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity, to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led, perhaps unreasonably, to a doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination, this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.

When we apply to the conduct of the ancient Romans, the pure and unbending principles of Christianity, we try those noble delinquents unjustly, inasmuch as we condemn them by the severe sentence of an "*ex post facto*" law.

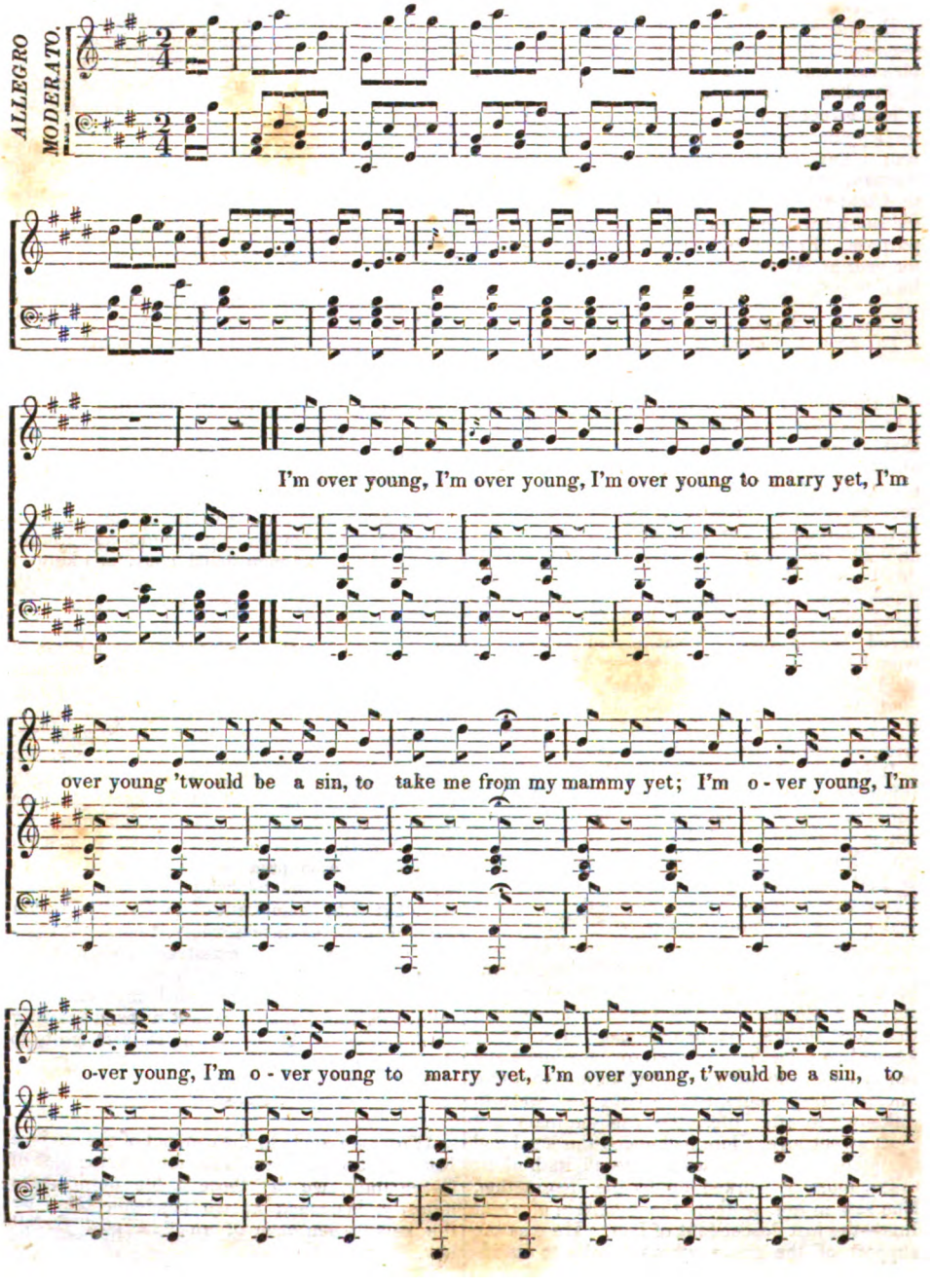
I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

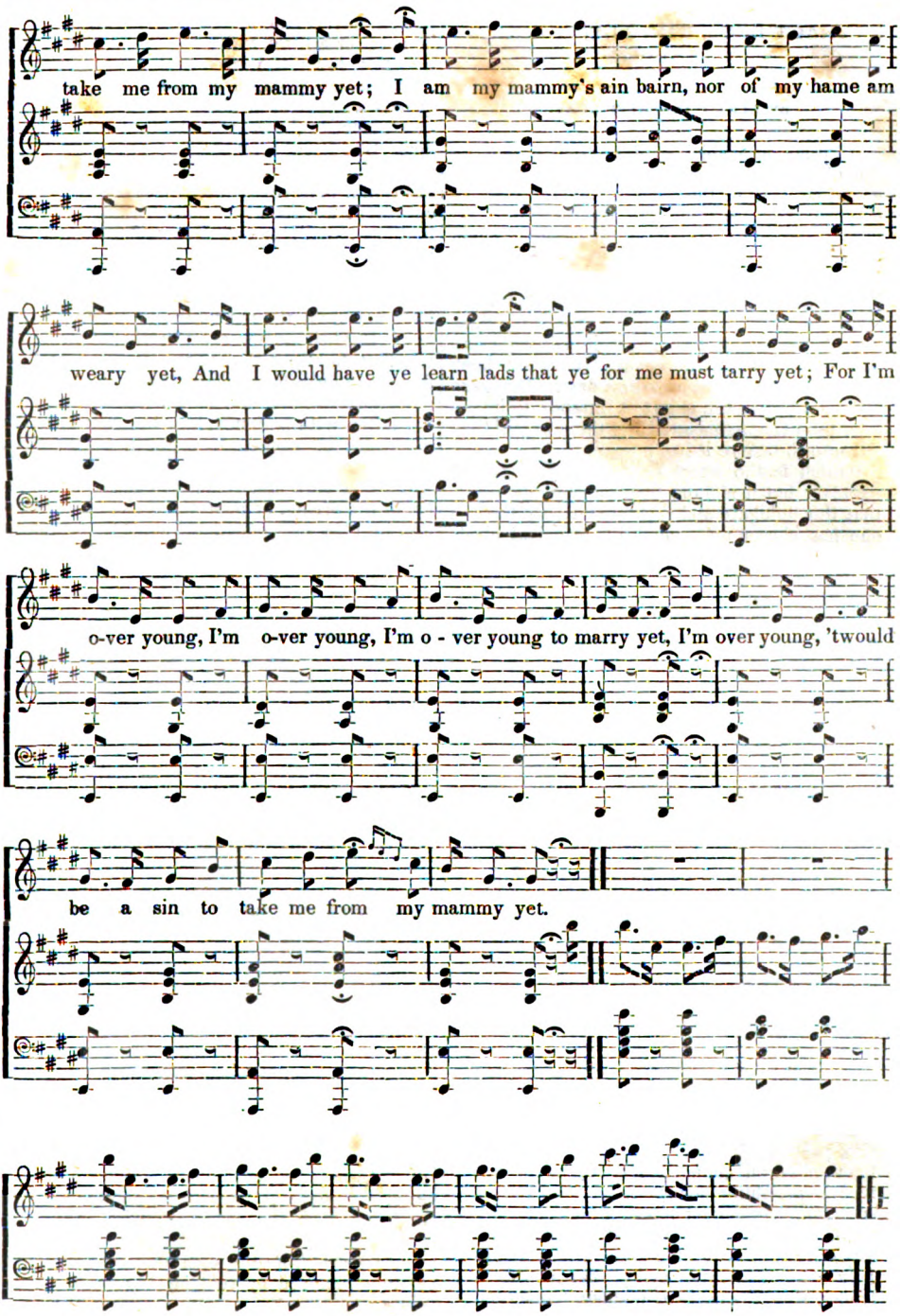
AS SUNG BY

MADAM CARADORI ALLAN.

ARRANGED FROM AN OLD SCOTTISH MELODY, BY ALEXANDER LEE.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn for the Lady's Book.





II.

I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,
I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet,
I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,
I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet:
I hae had my ain way, none dare to contradict me yet,
So soon to say I wad obey, in truth I dare not venture yet,
For I'm over young, I'm over young, I'm over young to marry yet,
I'm over young, 'twould be a sin to take me from my mammy yet.

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "LOVE."

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

"THERE is a spirit of detraction pervading the highest classes of female society, which it would be well for the fame of England (and we may say America too) were utterly abolished; there is a subtle serpent of malevolent envy, which, above all, lurks beneath the foliage of the green and beautiful female aristocracy of the land, and darts its poisoned fangs into the domestic privacy of life, and lures the old, as well as the young, to listen to its vile whispers, and to disseminate its venom. It fixes its keen eye upon its victims, and first draws the gaze of society upon the object it intends to immolate, then fascinates and lures them on, till they fall into the snare it has prepared.

"Such is the effect produced by forgers of scandal; but it is more than melancholy to add, that this delegate and representative of the evil one has chosen and found its principal abode amongst the greatest, the youngest, the fairest females of society. It is lamentable to observe how little good-will, and forbearance, and mercy bind women together in one common cause of support and defence. Who is the first to point the finger of suspicion at a woman? A sister woman. Who that lives in general society has not observed the self-satisfied smile which plays around the lip of her who proclaims one of her own rank and station to have swerved from the paths of decorum? Who has not observed the interest and curiosity awakened in the listening circle at the first murmur of some tale of slander? Who does not know that a watch is set upon the young and beautiful by their compeers, to cast a cloud upon them, and darken the slightest stain which they may incur! Who can be ignorant that this spirit of calumny is the reigning vice of the day! Yet it flourishes unreproved: no one has been generous enough to step forward and denounce such a spirit as base and unworthy. It is passing strange! and were it not for the alloy which is mingled with humanity, and forces us to behold our corrupt natures in their deformity, it would be scarcely possible to believe that such a love of detraction exists. The law condemns murder; the thief suffers for his crime; the poacher, a few years ago, paid the forfeit of his life for shooting unlicensed on an abundant manor; nay, the man who is perishing for want is condemned for snatching the morsel of food which is necessary to his existence; the destitute incur the penalty of begging from the affluent; but the great lady who insinuates evil of her neighbour or friend, which is perhaps without foundation, or if it be true, who takes malignant pleasure in disclosing the error of one of her sex, passes unreproved, nay, is sought out as an amusing person, who has always something entertaining to say. Is it not very sad for one who does not participate in this spirit, to witness and watch the entrance of a young, and at first, innocent being, on the world's stage? She probably receives the homage which is conferred in degree on all that world's aspirants for fame; she marries, it may be, the man of her choice, or it may be not; for a little while she is suffered to sail smoothly down the stream of life; there is a short, blessed space, during which she is allowed to pass without animadversion; but the time is short, indeed; the inquisition is quickly set upon her. She is good, innocent, unconscious of the scrutiny, and it matters not to her, neither does she think, that she is the object of malevolent curiosity; but does her husband fail in his attentions to her? is she exposed to temptation? is she weak? does she waver? does she totter on her high pedestal?—then Heaven have mercy upon her! for no earthly power can deliver her from the net which is drawn around her. English women are remarkable for being the first to blight their associate's fame; how few stand forth to ward off the scandal; or, if unfortunately, the tale be true, how few judge the fallen with leniency, how backward are the generality of women to urge, in extenuation, the causes which may have led to another's ruin; how slow and averse to endeavour to reclaim the erring, or pour the balm of consolation into the self-condemned spirit! A woman who has sufficient moral courage to do this charitable act is laughed at, or is herself condemned; none call her kind, none ascribe to charitable or gentle feelings the conduct she pursues; she is stigmatised with folly, is called good-natured with a sneer, or charged with a love of singularity; but none say, she has a Christian spirit, she acts a Christian's part. Does this severity, this indignation against the frailties of their associates, originate from a rigid love of purity?—from those only of unblemished reputations, of high moral worth? in that case, though it may be deemed severity, it is at least justice; but of all those who cast the stone at others, how few can rest their *motive* on this basis; by far the greater proportion are actuated by a love of gossip, or a desire to build their own upon the fragments of another's reputation, or draw them down to a level with themselves. Those who have escaped detection are the first to fall upon those who have not been so fortunate; and they visit or do not visit such and such a one, not upon the score of virtue, but the score of inexpediency."

TO TAKE INK-SPOTS OUT OF MAHOGANY.

IT is perhaps not generally known that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF PAPER, AND STAINS OUT OF LINEN.

ONE tea-spoonful of burnt alum; a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid; a quarter of an ounce of salt of lemons, and half a pint of cold water. Place in a bottle, and apply with calico.

THE TEA TREE.

The tcha or tea tree flourishes best in a light soil; it is raised from seeds sown in spring and transplanted in rows three or four feet asunder. After three years, the leaves are plucked, and the plants yield three year's crops, and are then renewed. They resemble myrtles, and their flowers are like the wild white rose. In some provinces they grow six or seven feet high, and in others ten or twelve. They are often made use of for hedge rows, and the leaves gathered for domestic use. The leaves at the extremities are the best, and in spring of bright green. When gathered, they are first steamed and then placed on copper, iron, or earthen plates over fires, by which they are shrivelled and curled up.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"It is a wretched climate," says Miss Martineau, in her last work, "Retrospect of Western Travel." The assertion, like many others, which in her oracular wisdom, she has put forth, respecting our institutions and people, requires qualification. That our spring-time in New England, is a very gloomy reality, compared with the poetical pictures of the old world, we readily allow. The truth is, we have here no spring. As soon as the winter has gone in sober earnest, summer's beauty and brightness burst forth, at once. It is only in our own warm fancies that we can invest the first six weeks, at least, of spring, with any attraction. —And in such a mood of fancy did we write the Editor's Table, for April. Oh! for the time when poetry was believed and prophesy fulfilled. Our age of facts and meteorological journals has dispersed the dreams of imagination. We are constrained to admit that here, in the meridian of Boston, from whence we date, not a glimpse of the sweet spring, with its "Buds and birds and blossoming bowers," has blessed our eyes.—The sun, when it does condescend to shine, looks down on our bleak, brown world, with a pale, sorrowing kind of light, like the beams that force their way through the dusty bars of a cold prison. Flowers only show themselves through the carefully closed windows of the well warmed parlour;—and coal fires are as duly lighted and as necessary as they were at Christmas.

Well, we shall have *summer*.—Glorious summers, that can now, in anticipation, dispel the lingering frowns of winter, are the inheritance of New England; and dearer, pleasanter, lovelier from the contrast with the long and dreary winter —as the blessings of our holy religion never appear so precious, as when contrasted with the dark, barren, cheerless gloom of the heathen mind.

We have named Miss Martineau's new work. —In her preface, she tells us, it is chiefly intended for her own countrymen, to enlighten them on the subject of American manners and character, especially those of our eminent men. She has made some clever hits, and, on the whole, these books are more amusing than her first publication. Still, there is much error, many partial and one-sided statements, and it is plain that she has gathered the hints for many of her sketches, from such prejudiced reports as coincided with her own predilections.—If her English readers give credit to all she has written, their opinions respecting America and Americans, though different, will be scarcely more correct than those they gathered from Mrs. Trollope's speculations. In descriptions of natural scenery, the latter lady has the advantage; though Miss M. shows a most determined spirit of admiration. But she has not the glowing imagination necessary to the highest faculty of discerning and describing the sublime. Every thing that can be *seen*, she sees—but in disposing her pictures, she allows the mean and minute often to occupy the foreground; and dwells on trivial and incidental circumstances and things, when, were her soul capable of fully appreciating what she is attempting to describe, she would seize the grand points and pour out her thoughts, in the full free flow which nature inspires. But her ideas often, not always, seem confined to an artificial and narrow scope—this is particularly visible in her chapter on Niagara, where she "dawdles" about most tiresomely. Still, we think her taste for rural scenery, displayed in some of her descriptions, very fine.—And we hope our readers will all have an opportunity of reading this "Retrospect of Western Travel," and then they can better appreciate the merits, and understand the faults of this lady tourist, than from any critical remarks.—One truth, which we hope the English will lay deeply to heart, is taught and enforced throughout this work—that America is a happy country for the people, for the poor, and that these pictures of human happiness, arising from the better education and greater privileges which the labouring classes here enjoy, will prove the charm of her book to Europeans, there can be little doubt. A deep and powerful feeling is pervading the public mind in Great Britain, on these subjects—even the lighter publications, the novels and periodicals, intended chiefly to amuse, are imbued with thoughts and sentiments which show how this divine philosophy of human improvement and happiness are gaining on popular favour. As a portrait of social life in England, contrasted with that which Miss Martineau has drawn of America, we commend the new novel of Miss Landon to our readers. Ethel Churchill should be read by those who read the "Retrospect," &c.—The story of the novel is interesting, though not probable; but the moral tone and the sentiments of the authoress are of a high character. We shall not attempt a synopsis of the tale—we do not wish to deprive its readers of the charm which makes so much of the interest of a romance—its first impression—but we will quote one paragraph of grave reflections, from the many which are interspersed through the scenes of the story, and which, we doubt not, bear the most faithful record of what the writer considered the tendency of her book should be—namely, to awaken the hearts of her readers to their own power of promoting the cause of improvement.—"The state of the poor in our own country is frightful; and ask any one in the habit of coming in contact with the lower classes, to what is this distress mainly attributable?—The answer will always be the same—the improvidence of the poor. But in what is this improvidence originated?—in the neglect of their superiors. The poor (in England) have been left in that state of wretched ignorance, which neither looks forward nor back; to them, as to savages, the actual moment is every thing: they have never been humanized by enjoyment, nor subdued by culture. The habits of age are hopeless; but how much may be done with the children! Labour, and severe labour, is, in some shape or other, the inevitable portion of mankind; but there is no grade that has not its moments of mental relaxation, if it but knew how to use them. Give the children of the poor that portion of education, which will enable them to know their own

resources; which will cultivate in them an onward-looking hope, and give them rational amusement in their leisure hours: this, and this only, will work out the moral revolution which is the legislator's noblest purpose."

So writes Miss Landon—the gay, the gifted, the admired. But no outward propensity can deaden the sensibility of a true woman's heart; and when such an one has the power of expression, the outpourings of her mind will be on the side of humanity and righteousness. Never yet has a female author vindicated oppression, or betrayed the interests of the people. The moral influence of woman has, when permitted to act, either in promoting benevolent designs, or diffusing knowledge, always been exerted for the good of the many. The reason of this right moral influence of the sex is doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the simplicity in which woman receives the truths of the gospel. She does not study ponderous tomes of divinity—the theories and traditions of men; but draws the evidences of her faith from the word of God. And there she finds the poor and helpless especially commended to Christian philanthropy, and more sacred still, to Christian *justice*. She is constrained to feel and acknowledge, that "God is no respecter of persons,"—that the poor in this world, may be richer in treasures laid up in heaven than those who have gold at command to purchase kingdoms.—And her mental and moral influence is exerted in unison with the requisitions of religion: and as far as female education is made a subject of consideration with good and intelligent men, are they *certainly* securing the rapid diffusion of just and liberal opinions, and right influences to work out improvement.—By education, we do not mean mere school learning, much less the, so called, accomplishments—but skill in all departments of feminine labour, combined, to be perfect, with such moral and intellectual training as shall strengthen reason and right principles, and thus give fortitude in trials, and resources of independent support. A good illustration of our theory is now about being tested in Philadelphia.—We have here before us, the Plan and Constitution of a Society, formed for the express purpose of *improving the condition and elevating the character of industrious females*. At the head of this noble plan, stands the name of that truly worthy and untiring philanthropist, MATHEW CAREY. Would we could set his name in letters of gold! But it will have a more indestructible inscription—on the hearts of thousands whom his charity has and will benefit, his remembrance will be engraved. The blessings of those who were ready to perish, will be about his path, and his memory will be sacred for the constant and generous interest he has shown to meliorate the condition of poor oppressed woman

The object of this really humane institution, is thus set forth in the preamble to the constitution.

"Whereas the excess of female labour beyond the demand for it, has a natural tendency, by the competition which it produces, to degrade and depress those females who depend on their industry for support: and whereas it is established, beyond the power of contradiction, that in consequence of this state of things, a large portion of the females industriously and usefully occupied in making coarse shirts, drawers, &c., for slop-shops, cannot, exclusive of their rent, earn more, when steadily employed for twelve or thirteen hours a day, than from six to nine cents per day, for food, clothing, fuel, &c. for themselves and children, if they have any, as many of them have: and whereas, paying for their labour at so low a rate is literally '*grinding the faces of the poor*,' a crime strongly anathematized in the holy scriptures, and offers violence to the laws of honour, honesty, and religion: and whereas, independent of that holy law imprinted on the human mind, which commands to do to others as we would wish others to do to us, personal and selfish motives ought to influence the male sex to rescue the female from this enormous oppression, as the degradation and debasement of the one sex invariably react on the other.

"And whereas it would greatly mitigate this deplorable state of things to enlarge, as far as practicable, the avenues for female labour; and there is almost always a scarcity of good cooks, fine seamstresses, mantua-makers, milliners, &c.; and many of those females who are suffering penury and distress, while employed on coarse sewing, are, in all probability, capable of being instructed in the above employments, which would be a great relief to that class, and an equally great convenience to housekeepers."

Therefore, they form the Society, &c.—which is to operate by the following means.

"It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee, as soon as the funds of the society will warrant the measure, to hire two suitable rooms, one as a school for tuition in cookery, the other as a school for instruction in fine sewing, mantua-making, &c.; also to engage two competent females, one to teach in each department.

"There shall be a Ladies' branch of the Society, composed of fifteen members, who shall choose their own officers, make their own by-laws, and have the entire control and superintendence of the schools; the operations of which they shall commence with as much promptitude as possible."

This society, if it can be sustained, will be an honour to the citizens of Philadelphia, of which they may be justly proud. We do hope, that the ladies of that beautiful city, will prove themselves worthy the privilege of co-operating in a plan of benevolence, which has for its object the well-being of so many of their own sex. And may the example of this charity be speedily followed in other cities.—The results to which the projectors of this plan look forward, are indeed cheering.—They say,

"We trust to be able to qualify for the different occupations contemplated, fifteen or twenty women every six or eight weeks, and thus not only meliorate *their* condition, but to a certain extent benefit the whole class, by diminishing the number of applicants for coarse work, and rendering their time and labour more valuable.

"Those who are fully instructed will become more eligible as partners for life, and thus have a better chance of acquiring respectable establishments with rising young men commencing the world, and hence be elevated in the scale of society—an object of no small importance to the community."

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Figure 1. Robe of summer material, *corsage* high, in the surplice form; plaited sleeves with three frills, gradually tightening at the wrist. Hat of fine Leghorn straw, ornamented with ribbons to correspond.

Fig. 2. Robe of pink satinet; it is made in the pelisse style, with the *corsage* partially covered with a *fichu à la Paysanne* of the same material, which is trimmed, as are also the sleeves and the front of the skirt, in a very novel manner. Victoria Bonnet of pink crape, or silk.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ESTHER,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

CHARACTERS.

AHASUERUS, King of Persia.
HAMAN, his chief favourite.
MEMUCAN, } Princes of Persia.
MARSENA, }
ADMATHA, }
HARBONA, } High Chamberlains.
ZETHAR, }
HATACH, }
ÆRATHEUS, } Officers of the Palace.
HEGAI, }
COURTIERS, NOBLES, &c.
VASHTI, Queen of Persia.
ZERESH, Wife of Haman.

Jews.

MORDECAI, a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin.
JOATHAM, a Jewish Rabbi.
AZOR, a kinsman of Mordecai.
ESTHER, a kinswoman and adopted daughter of Mordecai.
ATTENDANTS.

Scene—in the City and Palace of Shushan.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Pavilion in the court of the palace. Ahasuerus sitting at the banquet, surrounded by the princes and nobles of his empire.*

Ahasuerus. Princes and nobles, hail! assembled powers
Of fertile Media, and of Persia fair,
Again I greet you with a sov'reign's love,
And bid you welcome to my palace courts.
One hundred days and fourscore, have pass'd on,
With swift and noiseless wing, since here ye came,
And to your wond'ring eyes have been reveal'd
Our kingdom's wealth; our splendour, power, and might!
No idle boast, no glitt'ring pageantry,
To cheat the dazzled sight have we display'd;
But pomp, and wealth, and majesty, at which
Earth's kings, ay, e'en its proudest ones, might bow
The knee, and sicken with pale envy.

(*All shout.*) Hail, mighty king!
Long live our sovereign lord!

Ahasuerus (*bows his head*). Receive a monarch's thanks, and grant him yet
For one brief moment's space thy patient ear.—
Swift as an arrow's flight, seven days have sped
Since with gay hearts, unscathed by cares rude hand,
Or grief's corrosive touch, ye here have sat
Around our banquet board, and shared with us
Our royal dainties; and from sculptured bowls
Of precious ore, have quaff'd delicious wines,
Such wines as only grace a monarch's feast.
With wond'ring eyes ye have admired our pomp,
Have gazed enraptur'd on this princely pile,
The boast of Shushan,—with its marble courts,
Its purple hangings, wov'n in Tyrean looms
And loop'd with cords of gold, that sweep their folds,
With gorgeous grace around the marble plinths
That bear the columns fair; thence falling rich
O'er the bright pavement, ivory inlaid
With the blue sapphire, and the ruby's stone,
The changeful opal, purple amethyst,
And every colour'd gem of beauty rare,
Gather'd from distant Ind, and hither brought
To shed their radiance o'er our regal courts!

Memucan (*aside to Admatha*). Look thou, Admatha, merry is his heart
With the delicious juice of the crush'd grapes!
Mark how it sparkles in his princely eye,
And flushes on his cheek! And list! Again
The monarch speaks. What meaning in his look!
Some rare proposal dances in his smile,
Some act of grace about to be divulg'd,
Which to our revels shall bring added zest.

Ahasuerus. Princes, peers who circle round our throne,
And bask beneath the sunshine of our smile,
Ye deem your monarch bless'd because his board
Groans beneath dainty cates and rosy wines,
While servile slaves, adoring kiss the ground
Press'd by his foot, and million voices hail

Him first, him greatest, 'mong earth's greatest ones.
But vain this pomp! the heart rejects it all,
And asks for nobler joys to fill its void.
My wide command, my gorgeous palaces
Enriched with gems and gold, my spacious courts
Guarded by sculptur'd forms unique and rare,
And cool'd by gushing founts, whose feathery spray
Descends on glowing beds of perfum'd flowers,
That scent the rosy air with incense sweet,—
These all were vain, unworthy of a thought,
Without the favour of the mighty gods,
Without the love of her who shares my throne,
And gilds it with the lustre of her charms!
(*All.*) Long live great Vashti!
Persia's beauteous queen!
Ahasuerus. My heart responds with fervour to that shout,
And, to reward your loyalty and love,
This moment will I summon to our feast,
My peerless queen. Yes, valiant peers, princes,
And subjects all, you shall behold her charms,
Shall gaze with wonder on that priceless gem,
That lends its glory to my kingly crown,
And then confess how the great gods have bless'd.
Harbona, speed thee quick with my commands
Straight to thy royal mistress; and declare
My sovereign will, that hither she resort,
Without delay, array'd in royal state,
With jewel'd crown decking her lovely brow,
All as beseems her rank and bearing high.
And farther still,—bid her appear unveil'd.
I would the envious shade which shrouds her face,
Dimming its beauty rare, were thrown aside,
So shall each eye gaze with uncheck'd delight,
On Persia's radiant queen.
Harbona (*prostrates himself before the king*). Pardon, great king, the boldness of thy slave,
But well thou know'st the queen a banquet holds
E'en at this hour, within her palace walls,
Where all the ladies of thy royal house
Sit with her, at the feast—and much I fear,
She my request will spurn, nor deign to come
And stand unveil'd before thy princely guests.
Ahasuerus. Harbona, rise! I freely pardon thee,
Though of thy monarch's absolute command
Thou dost imply a doubt. Speed at my word,
Nor fear the queen's rebuke. Her king commands,
And even she, the loved and cherish'd one,
First in my kingdom, dearest to my heart,
Will never venture to gainsay the will
Of him who reigns sovereign unlimited,
From fertile India's green and palmy vales,
To distant Ethiopia's arid wastes.
Depart in peace, nor longer make delay.
Go thou, and Zethar bear thee company—
We are impatient for thy quick return.
Harbona. Most gracious king, we hasten to obey!
(*Going—speaks aside to Zethar.*)
Come, Zethar, to our task,—but, gracious heav'n!
As soon wilt thou send down thy starry host
To grace this gorgeous banquet, as the queen,
The proud and scornful queen, with willing feet,
Haste, at the bidding of her royal lord,
To swell the triumph of his earth-born pride.
[*Exit Chamberlains.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the Palace.—Vashti, and the ladies seated at the banquet.*

[*Enter Hatach.*]

Hatach. Most gracious queen, I come with tiding strange
To greet thine ear. The king's high chamberlains,
Sent at their lord's command, now wait without,
To bear thee hence, e'en to the banquet hall,
Where with his valiant peers, the monarch feasts.
At first I did refuse their suit to press,
But earnest were they, not to be denied;
And I perforce have sought thee, to declare
The errand which they bring.
[*The Queen rises in anger and astonishment from her seat, and speaks.*]
Vashti. Slave! darest thou bear unto thy mistress' ear
Such words as these! Know thou dost peril life,
To come before me with such message bold;
Or art thou mad? Methinks some sorcerer,
Some spirit dark and full of wicked wiles
Has looked upon thee with an evil eye,
And scar'd thy madd'ning brain. Else whence these words?
These ravings rather of a maniac mind,—
Speak quick, and end my wonder.
Hatach. Great queen, forgive the humblest of thy slaves,
By whom the pangs of death were far less fear'd,
Than angry word or dark'ning frown of thine.
I have but told the message of my king
Brought hither by his servants, who now wait
In anxious hope an audience to obtain
Of thee, their queen, touching their lord's behest.
Vashti. Most strange! Most wonderful!
I comprehend it not! I dream, methinks!
Go, Hatach, summon quick the chamberlains,
And I will meet them in the mirror'd hall,
Where the bright fountain with its lulling sound
May cool my fever'd blood. [*Exit Hatach.*
Unto the banquet hall, he said,
Ye gods forbid it! shame and pride forbid!
A woman's shame! a woman's queenly pride!
A queen, said I? Ay; yes, by right of birth,
Of high, unmix'd descent,—for the same tide,
The rich and crimson tide of royal blood,
Which warm'd the heart of Cyrus, my great sire,
Flows also through my veins, a taintless stream,
Pure as its fount,—and never shall his shade,
Where high enthron'd in glorious heav'n it sits,
Stooping to gaze from his abode of bliss
On the low scenes of earth, have cause to mourn
That Vashti was his daughter. [*Exit Queen.*

SCENE III.—*A marble hall, lined with mirrors.—A fountain playing in the centre.—Vashti reclining on a pile of cushions,—behind her stand two female attendants.—Harbona and Zethar enter, conducted by Hatach, and prostrate themselves before the queen.*

Vashti. Rise, lords! your homage vain I ask not now,—
But wait impatient, while you brief disclose
The message which you bring; for rumour strange
Has falsified, fain would I so believe,
Its purport to my ear.
Harbona. Beauteous and sovereign queen, the words we bear,
Are those of our dread lord, and we his slaves
Do but his bidding to repeat them here,
Else were our lives a forfeit to his wrath.
Vashti. Speak on!
My heart is schooled to hear you to an end
With passionless serenity. Say on,—
But let me warn you of the thunder-burst
That follows oft a calm.
Harbona. Most mighty queen, we are but passive slaves;
Powerless to purge offence from out our task,—
We are the guiltless instruments of wrong,
If wrong there be, and deprecate thy wrath

With earnest prayer. Full well, great queen, thou know'st
In Shushan's palace courts a feast is held,
Where all th' assembled powers of this wide realm
Sit with our monarch at his banquet board,
While he displays his majesty and might,
His kingdom's wealth, his pomp and sov'reign state,
To their admiring eyes,—and still ascends,
From every echoing lip, the loud acclaim
That speaks a nation's homage and delight.
Yet to complete their wonder and surprise,
And as a guerdon for their loyal love,
He fain would show them what he prizes most,
Yea, far above all gifts the gods bestow,
His peerless queen,—the mistress of his heart,
The ruling star that guides his destiny.
And us he sends, imploring thee to come
Wearing the golden crown, and purple robe,
And gemmed thy beauteous hair with queenly pride,
That every eye which marvels at his pomp,
May view the treasure, richer far than all,
And own him crown'd with heav'n's peculiar love,
Bless'd with a queen so virtuous, bright, and fair.
Most gracious lady, thus thy lord entreats,
And farther prays that thou wilt cast aside
The envious veil which o'er thy beauty hangs,
That all unshadow'd, in excess of light,
Thy dazzling charms may burst upon their eyes.
We have fulfilled our task. Oh, queen, forgive,
If we offence have wrought, by words not ours.

Vashti. True, you are instruments, but daring ones,
To tempt me in this sort. Yet, you I pardon,—
Scorn and wrath for him who sends me scorn,
And dare insult the partner of his throne
With words like these. Preposterous request!
I did not dream that one on earth there lived,
Who held his safety at so light a price,
As thus to offer insult to my name!
And can he think Vashti will heed *his* word,
Who, reckless of her fame, has summon'd her
To stand unveil'd before a gaping crowd
Heated with wine, and let their jests profane
Pollute her ear ne'er jarred by vulgar sound?
No, Persia's queen stoops not to such disgrace!
Depart, my lords, and bear my answer back,—
Go, tell your king, that Vashti did not wed
To swell the pomp and triumph of her lord;
She has a spirit, that will not be chain'd
E'en to the chariot-wheels of Persia's king,
All-powerful as he is. Her free-born soul
Was form'd for rule,—great Cyrus was her sire,
And no low thought, no act unworthy him,
Shall sully her proud name!

Harbona. Alas! great queen, forego these bitter taunts,—
I fear to bear them to my angry lord,
They'll chafe him sore. Hast thou no gentle word
To soften thy reply?—we humbly pray,
That for thy servants' sake, thou would'st not stir
With scornful word the monarch's slumb'ring wrath.

Vashti. On me 'twill fall, and know, I fear it not,
I would he should be chaf'd—so now depart,—
I am in haste,—th' untasted banquet waits,
For thou, ill-omened, didst disturb our feast.
Therefore, begone,—and say I will not come.
The ruddy nectar of the purple grape,
Has sent its fumes into thy monarch's head,
And when soft sleep has cool'd its fev'rish heat,
He will rejoice that his command was spurn'd,
Unworthy him, and insolent to me.
Go, for I fear him not, nor hast thou cause.
Farewell, my lords, nor do your queen the wrong,
Ever again, on such an errand bent,
To seek her presence; lest some wo befall,
More mighty than you dread from him you serve.

[*Exit Lords.*

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in the palace. Ahasuerus, Memucan, Marsena, and other princes and nobles.*

Ahasuerus. Gods! do I live to hear it?
Vashti insults her lord! sets him at naught,
And beards him publicly with woman's scorn!
Eternal gods! hurl down your thunderbolts,
And with your fiercest lightnings smite me low,
If with a coward heart, I shrink from aught
Which strict and awful justice may demand!
Princes and peers who stand around the throne,
I ask your counsel in this dark affair,—
Our power shall not be braved, our will despised,
And yet th' offender pass unheeded by.
Though 'tis our queen, she meets with her deserts;
Not e'en our love shall shield her from reproach
And condign punishment. Speak then, my lords,
Your counsel I demand.

Memucan. As thou, great king, commandest, so we speak,
Fearless, free, as to a monarch just;
For not alone her king and sovereign lord,
Has Vashti wrong'd, dishonoured, and despised,
But all who sat with him around his board,—
Nay, all his peopled provinces shall groan,
If her rebellious act unpunished goes.
Far, far abroad, its evil fame shall spread,
Till to the utmost verge of thy broad realm,
It shall be told by peasant, lord, and slave;—
The shameful tale, which all might blush to hear,
Shall be familiar as a household word,
And rouse up idle women, weak, and vain,
To grasp at rule, to spurn their wedded laws,
And brave defiance to their rightful lords.

Marsena (*aside to Admatha*). Right eloquent he is in this good cause,
Nor wonder I to hear his earnest words,
For well, I ween, he has a shrew at home,
A tameless shrew, that love nor fear can rule.

Ahasuerus. 'Tis true, alas! too true!
Say what thou wilt, and I shall have it done.
'Tis easier far to lop a limb diseased
Than leave it to infect the neighbouring trunk
With slow decay. And for the general good,
I will be first to throw afar a dear
But poisonous ill.

Memucan. Oh, king! most wise art thou, and ever just,
And ever ready, for thy subjects' weal,
To sacrifice thyself. Let then, my lord,
(Since it doth please him bid his servants speak,)
Send forth his high command, touching the queen;
That she be banished from his heart and throne,
Since she has forfeited his royal grace,
And openly rebelled against his power.
Then let another fair and bright as she
Possess her lost estate, and share thy throne,
The partner of thy kingdom and thy love.
Still may thy servant speak!—Let this decree,
Be written in our law, that changeless law,
Which ever stands immutable and firm.
Thus may it best be known throughout the land,
Teaching rebellious wives 'twere wise to give
Honour where honour's due, and meek submission
To their wedded lords.

Ahasuerus. It shall be done.
This hour shall see me sign her banishment,
And she shall know I will be king indeed.
This sceptre, and this crown of sovereignty,
The symbols of my power, shall not adorn

A royal shade who fears or knows not how
Like a true king to exercise command.
Through all my hundred provinces send forth
This just decree, touching our banished queen.
In every varied tongue spoke in our realm,
Let it be written fair, that all may read,
And with my signet seal. So be it known;
Such is our royal pleasure and command.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An apartment in the palace. The king and Memucan.*

Memucan. I did but do thy bidding, gracious king,
When with despatch I sent forth the decree
Of Vashti's banishment.
Ahasuerus. Ay, with most cruel haste,
Thou didst the deed. Thou fearedst lest I should change;
Lest in a cooler hour, my angry mood
Should pass, and love return. Full well thou know'st
The inebriate wine had fired my blood,
And paralyzed my brain,—else had thy words
Fall'n powerless to the ground, as they deserved;
Thou didst not well to chafe me in such sort.
Because at home thou hast an angry wife,
Thou fain would'st wreak the wrongs which she inflicts,
On all of woman-kind. Weak that I was,
To list thy cunning arts;—they've wrought me wo,
And desolation dire. My sun has set,
My bright resplendant sun, that shed its rays
Benignant o'er my path, and lighted up
My world with love, and hope, and ecstasy—
But I will see her yet,—once more behold
Those peerless charms I have so long adored,
And at her feet confess my sin and grief.
Go, and bid Hatach warn her I approach,—
Nay, cease thy wiles, 'tis vain for thee to speak,—
I am resolved to win her back again,
If so the gods permit.
Memucan. Great king, forbear thy wrath!
She has departed, whither none can tell.
Soon as she learned thy will, with fierce disdain,
And brow of angry pride, she call'd her slaves,
And bid them quick prepare to follow her.
None traced her steps, nor mark'd the course she took,
But ere o'er yonder distant mountains broke
The orient dawn, she with her maiden train
Had pass'd the city gates.
Ahasuerus. Gone forth to exile, lonely and uncheer'd!
Ye gods, forgive my sin! But as for thee,
False, cruel man! 'tis thou hast wrought this deed,
And wrought it with a calm demoniac joy,
As now thou break'st these tidings to my ear.
Yea, thou dost revel in thy monarch's wo,—
I see it in thy eye, and hear it breath'd
In the low accents of thy treach'rous voice.
Go,—rid me of thy presence, which I loathe—
Since *thou* art false, there's none whom I may trust.
Memucan (*falling at his feet*). My lord! my king! kill not thy slave with words
Unkind as these,—words which he ill deserves.
Reflect one instant, ere thou dost pronounce
Such sentence harsh,—and if thou canst recall
One act disloyal, or one treach'rous deed,
That ever blacken'd Memucan's fair fame,
Then, and then only will he bow resign'd
To thy displeasure stern, and deem it just.
Ahasuerus. Nay, rise my lord,
I feel I am unjust. Despair and wo
Are busy at my heart, to turn its blood
To gall. Thou hast been ever true; most true
And firm, till now, and zealous to perform
My slightest wish. 'Tis pity that thy zeal
Should e'er o'erstep thy love. Else might the hand
Which erst has pour'd the balm of woman's love
Into my thirsting soul, still minister
To all its wants, and soothe my ruffled mood,
When chaf'd by cares that often line the crown,
Gorgeous with gems and gold.
Memucan. Thy pardon, gracious king;
If I have err'd, 'twas through desire to serve
Thy righteous cause, and vindicate thy fame,—
And not to gratify one selfish thought.
And yet I pray thee, mourn no more for her
Who spurn'd thy love, and with such rash disdain
Defied the power she was most bound t' obey.
All praise the act which drove th' aggressor forth,
And call it wise, expedient, and most just.
Then in a nation's loud approving voice
Find comfort for thy loss, and let my lord,
Take to his bosom soon another queen,
Whose beauty shall delight, whose gentler soul
Shall soothe his cares and hush his vain regrets.
Ahasuerus. Too well thou know'st, when first I thought to wed,
Of all that sought my love, 'twas she alone
Who fix'd my wand'ring heart. Now she has gone!
And where upon the habitable earth,
Dwells there another who can touch my soul,
And charm it in such wise as she has done?
Memucan. I know not where, but sure one may be found,—
'Twere strange, indeed, if 'mong those radiant forms
That bloom throughout our land, in pillar'd hall,
Or in low dwellings by the fountain's side,
Where clust'ring roses bloom, less bright than they,
And od'rous spices breathe, 'twere strange methinks
Were there not one could charm thy royal eye,
One fair and graceful as thy banish'd queen,
Though she, indeed, was beautiful as thought.
Let then, my king, if it shall please his grace,
Send forth his servants throughout all his realm,
Servants well skill'd in choice of female charms,
And from each vale and city of the land,
Far as thy sceptre sways, let those bright maids
Whom the high gods have bless'd with rarest gifts,
Be gather'd to the courts of Shusan fair,
Where when the time allotted by our law
For preparation meet, in the free use
Of fragrant baths and purifying odours,
Shall have pass'd, each shall be brought to thee,
That thou may'st choose from out th' assembled throng,
The maiden fair who pleases most thine eye,
And seems by nature form'd to fill the place
Once graced by fallen Vashti.
Ahasuerus. Full well thy thought doth please,
And I will have it so. Quick, send thou forth
Most trusty ministers, as thou hast said;
And bid them call forthwith the fairest maids,
Where'er they may be found,—and bid Hegai
Straight prepare all things for their reception,
Garments, and odours, and apartments rich,
Within the palace walls.
Memucan. Swift I depart thy message to fulfil,—
And may a balm be found ere long, my king,
A sovereign balm, to heal thy wounded heart.
[*Exit Memucan.*

(To be continued.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

REVIEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND.

Concluded from p. 228.

In regard to the deportment of young ladies on all occasions, there is a precision required of them by our author, which would, wherever adopted, destroy all that freedom and naturalness which after all constitute the greatest charm both in mind and manners, and without which there is little scope for the varieties of individual character. The following directions are given, in regard to their deportment in the street.

"You should converse in low tones, and never laugh audibly; you should not stare at people nor turn round to look at them when passed; you must leave off your juvenile tricks of eating as you walk along, going without gloves, swinging your bag, untying your bonnet—running to overtake a person, or beckoning to a friend. These things may seem very harmless in themselves, but they all serve to give an impression of character—and, as persons who see you only in the streets, must judge of you by what occurs there, it is desirable that all your actions, movements, and looks, should indicate modesty and refinement."

In the first place, the reason given for these instructions is not the proper one—as it is of very little consequence what those who see you only in the street think of you. A proper self-respect, and a desire to conform to the customs of those by whom you are surrounded, because such conformity is a proper mark of respect to them—are the motives which should regulate the conduct as far as mere artificial manners are concerned. A natural sense of propriety would prevent young ladies from transgressing in any important particular specified in the above paragraph. We should think very poorly of one, whose extreme anxiety to be thought proper, should prevent her from beckoning in the street to a friend whom she wished to see—or even from running a few steps to join her, if she must otherwise lose her society—and I must confess, that I should respect a lady less for that slavish submission to rule, which would induce her to bear the uncomfortable presence of her bonnet-strings in a hot day, rather than untie them. What want of refinement can there be in the untying of one's bonnet-strings, even in the street? I certainly would not have young ladies in the habit of laughing and talking loud in the street—as a habit it would be decidedly improper and unladylike. But we object to that extreme strictness which should exclude the possibility of their being ever thrown off their guard in those respects, by any circumstance whatever.

Persons who are *exceedingly proper* in trifles, are apt to be narrow-minded upon all subjects—to lose the power of discriminating between essentials and non-essentials—between what is intrinsic and what is superficial—and to be governed by the strict letter of all laws, human and divine. There is another instance of Mrs. Farrar's extreme and unnecessary minuteness:—"If you perceive a lady to be in danger of losing some article of dress, such as a veil or boa, collar or handkerchief, tell her of it, *with grave politeness.*" Why with grave politeness? it is too slight a thing to require being done in any particular manner.

The following are some of the author's instructions in regard to dinner parties:

"Arrived at the place, and disrobed of your shawl or cloak, let your gloves be on, and with erect carriage and firm step enter the drawing-room with your parents, either three together, or following them alone, or on the arm of a friend or sister. Look towards the lady of the house, and walk up at once to her, not turning to the right or left, or noticing any one till you have made your curtsy to her, and to the host. Then you may turn off towards the young people, and take a seat among them with that agreeable expression of ready sympathy on your face which encourages conversation.

Again:

"A child, a picture, an animal, or a bunch of flowers, may furnish topics for conversation until dinner is announced."

Would not one imagine the first of these directions to be given by a drill serjeant upon the parade ground? Think, too, of a rule prescribing the expression of the countenance, and topics of conversation! The following instructions are given in regard to the deportment at table.

"When fairly seated in the right place, spread your napkin in your lap to protect your dress from accident; *take off your gloves and put them in your lap under the napkin* [!] If soup is helped first, take some, whether you like it or not; because, if you do not, you alone may be unemployed, or else the regular progress of things is disturbed to help you to some other dish; so take the soup, and sip a few spoonfuls, if you do no more. Where the old fashion of challenging ladies to take wine prevails, it generally begins directly after soup; if you are asked, do not refuse, because that is a rebuff; but accept the challenge graciously, choose one of the wines named to you, and when your glass is filled, look full at the gentleman you are to drink with; then drop your eyes as you bow your head to him, and lift the glass to your lips, whether you drink a drop or not. If challenged a second time accept, and have a drop added to your glass, and bow as before."

Does not this last sound very much like a recipe?

"If you are puzzled which to choose of all the variety which the second course presents, and the lady of the house invites you particularly to take of a certain dish, let that determine you. Where the champagne is given between the courses, a young lady may very properly take one glass; but, when it comes round a second time, let her cover the top of her glass with her hand, as a signal to the servant that she will take no more. If little glass bowls with water in them, called finger glasses, are served round to each person, at the end of the second course, it is that you may dip your fingers in, and wipe them in your napkin. Observe whether, after this, the lady of the house

throws her napkin on the table or returns it, and do likewise, for the customs of houses vary.

* * * * * * *

"Be sure to get through with your dessert, and have your gloves on, ready to move, by the time the lady of the house gives the signal, and take pains not to put yourself, or your chair, in the way of those who are passing down the room to the door.

"The time between leaving the dinner-table, and being joined by the gentlemen, is generally a very easy and social one with the ladies; the young ones walk about, or run up stairs, or play with children, or have some jokes or stories in a corner by themselves, while the matrons discourse of their own affairs. If your dress wants any adjusting, this is the time to attend to it," &c.

To give full effect to all these instructions, let us imagine half a dozen young ladies at a dinner obeying them implicitly. Behold them enter the dining-room, "with erect carriage and firm step," and looking towards the lady of the house—scrupulously careful not to turn their eyes to right or left, until they have saluted her. This done, each one, as she takes her seat, assumes "an agreeable expression of ready sympathy," and falls to talking about a "worked ottoman, a child, a picture; an annual, or a bunch of flowers." Next observe them when "fairly seated" at the dinner-table—each one spreading her napkin and tucking her gloves beneath it—then dutifully eating a little soup, whether they like it or not—then the whole six when asked to drink wine, looking first full at the gentlemen who have pledged them, then, dropping their eyes, bowing their heads, &c., with all the precision of a military manœuvre. See them when champagne is offered a second time, studiously covering their glass with their hand—see them, selecting from the second course, the dish recommended by their hostess, and carefully watching when this course is over, to ascertain whether she throws her napkin on the table or retains it, and doing accordingly—for it is not to be supposed that such an important circumstance as the proper bestowal of this article, can be put out of mind by any conversation, however interesting, in which the young ladies may happen to be engaged, or by any thing else. And now, they all have their gloves on, ready for the congé.

All this may be very well as an automatical exhibition—but is it likely to be any thing else? Besides, without daily practice, young ladies could scarcely equal in automatics their Shaker sisters, and, verily, it appears to us, that the latter should be left in undisturbed possession of the only claims to admiration which they ever think of preferring. Truly must the mother say, that "a dinner well performed by all the actors in it, is very fatiguing"—if it must needs be *performed*—but why have it a performance? Mayhap, a pantomime, too, for so much attention to form, must be a great hinderance to conversation. Except in regard to the general ordering and arrangement of such a party, which are learned upon very slight observation; why have any strict rule whatever—why not allow some modification of manner from individual character?

If a young lady have native sense, refinement, and benevolence, she may be sure of not offending in any point essential to good breeding, or the proper enactment of her part in society. If she have not, all the rules in the world will not supply the deficiency, or make her agreeable and pleasing. We object to this extreme scrupulousness, in mere matters of form, not only because it is in very bad taste, but because it has, in many instances, a very injurious tendency. Where undue importance is assigned to what is merely extrinsic and adventitious, there is little chance for a just appreciation of the proper ends and objects of life.

It is not, however, merely in ceremonious parties, and in the street, that our author requires so much formality: in her directions as to the intercourse of brothers and sisters, she shows that it is a first principle with her in all the intercourse of life. In a chapter upon the relation of brothers and sisters, which, in the main, we highly approve, she says—"Never receive any attention from them, (your brothers) without thanking them for it—never ask a favour of them, but in cautious terms—never reply to their questions in monosyllables." A sufficient comment upon these directions is furnished in the fact, that some brothers and sisters we wot of, who are all to each other that Mrs. Farrar would say they ought to be—have been greatly amused at the idea of such a style of intercourse, and have entertained themselves with trying how far they could recollect not to be monosyllabic, and not to ask favours otherwise than with *great caution*. There should be kindness and generous devotion on the part of brothers and sisters towards each other—but no formality—or, if you please, a grave politeness. This delightful relation ought not to be placed on a footing with the accidental associations of society in this, more than in any other respect. Besides, there is danger that by a sort of moral metonymy, the sign will come to be taken for the thing signified, and the affections will degenerate into mere form.

Formality should never be resorted to, except for the want of something better. It is precisely because nothing better can be commanded or applied, under such circumstances, that it is used on state occasions, and in parties of mere ceremony. The free promptings of an affectionate, generous, benevolent heart, are as much better than *rules*, in the intercourse of friendship, or, even of common civility, dictated by a sense of what is due from man to his fellow man, as inspiration is better than the fancies of the poor heathen, who rudely shapes a block of wood, and then imagines it a God. In all such intercourse, formality is but an irksome incumbrance.

We come now to a subject, one of the most important of which our author treats, and that in regard to which we differ from her most widely, namely—behaviour to gentlemen. We have before said, that her book would have been more useful in many parts, had she addressed young ladies as predestined wives and mothers. So far from doing that, however, she bids them "Let the subject of matrimony alone, until properly presented to their consideration, by those

whose right it is to make the first advances." Yet she shows the impossibility, not only of their obeying this injunction, but of acting consistently with it herself, by saying, "Since a refusal is to most men not only a disappointment, but a mortification, it should always be prevented, if possible." And again:—"If you do not mean to accept a gentleman, who is paying you very marked attentions, you should avoid receiving them whenever you can," &c. All this is highly proper, and could not well be omitted in a chapter on behaviour to gentlemen: it only shows the folly of attempting to enforce any theory so completely at variance with nature herself that it must be impracticable.

But Mrs. Farrar does not deviate from her theory upon this subject, merely when she cannot avoid doing so. In several instances, she addresses young ladies as if she would make the getting of a husband the grand incentive to all the duties and proprieties of life. *This* is a view of the subject which we strongly dislike, and would never have presented to them. For example; after a long exhortation, and many instructions upon the subject of pouring out tea and coffee at table, she says—"I knew one very happy match that grew out of the admiration felt by a gentleman, on seeing a young lady preside at the tea-table. Her graceful and dexterous movements there, first fixed his attention upon her, and led to a farther acquaintance." Indeed, she would have their imaginations continually haunted by these very gentlemen, whom they may not permit to assist them in putting on their shawls or cloaks. Even in bidding them (p. 130,) put up their bed-rooms neatly, before going to bed, she gives this reason, namely; that in case of some sudden alarm from fire or other circumstance, it would be so mortifying to see "*a gentleman*" "stumbling over their petticoats," or "kicking a stray shoe or stocking before him!" And is it not fair to infer, that her earnest injunction to let the cap fall well over the curl-papers, which she denominates, "a frightful appendage" to a woman, has reference, also, to the possible apparition of "*a gentleman?*" It is quite curious to observe these perpetual outbreaks of womanish nature, in a book which inculcates so earnestly its suppression.

Again:—In the very chapter in which young ladies are enjoined not to think of marriage at all, until the subject is "properly presented," &c.—speaking of a class of girls whose minds are always running upon beaux, and who manifest this prevailing tendency in every possible way, she says—"Such girls are not the most popular, and those who seem never to have thought about any at all, are sought and preferred before them."

This idea is enlarged upon and repeated, in a long paragraph, which concludes as follows: "Those who are free from all anxiety about being established, will generally be the first sought in marriage by the wise and good of the other sex; whereas, those who are brought up to think that the great business of life is to get married; and who spend their lives in plans and manœuvres to bring it about, are the very ones who remain single; or what is worse, make unhappy matches. *Policy* and propriety, both cry aloud to the fair ladies of this happy country, to let the subject of matrimony alone, until properly presented to their consideration by those whose right it is to make the first advances."

All this is undoubtedly true; and yet, what strange inconsistency there is in holding up the fear of not getting married, as a reason for not thinking of marriage at all! Setting aside the inconsistency, is it the best, the most proper reason to give for observing the restraints of delicacy and good sense upon the subject?

It is one thing for a woman to contemplate marriage as her probable destiny, because that of the majority of her sex, and appointed by Him who made them, and to aim at some fitness and completeness of preparation for her future responsibilities; and quite another to think of *getting a husband*, as the object upon which, whatever she does may have some bearing, as the great end of her life, the reward of all her virtues and accomplishments. The latter is as odious and disagreeable, as the former is right and proper.

When a young lady shows that she has this false view of the subject, she gives convincing proof of an ill-ordered, ill-informed, vacant mind; for, if she were occupied with the actual, as she ought to be, she would not be unduly absorbed in what is to her contingent and ideal. She discloses, too, a want of that native delicacy, which should be the universal characteristic of her sex; for if the married state was God's appointment, he also appointed that she should be led to enter into it through the exercise of her deepest, tenderest affections, and not as a matter of cold speculation. There is no danger that a young lady, who has been properly trained to the duties of life, so as to have her mind constantly occupied, as it should be, with her own improvement and the good and happiness of others, should commit this error.

We quote the following, as we think, highly objectionable passages from this same chapter on behaviour to gentlemen:—"If a finger is put out, to touch a chain around your neck, or a breast-pin that you are wearing, draw back, and take it off for inspection. Accept not unnecessary assistance in putting on cloaks, shawls, overshoes, or any thing of the sort. Be not lifted in and out of carriages, on or off a horse; sit not with another in a place that is too narrow; read not out of the same book; let not your eagerness to see any thing, induce you to place your head close to another person's."

There is a great deal implied in these few lines; whether more was meant than meets the eye or not, far more is involved. We object to the method and spirit of these directions, not merely on the score of good taste, but of principle, too. In the first place, the style of manners here prescribed, implies great want of confidence in the other sex. It presupposes that they are not worthy of trust; that they have neither delicacy nor honour; that they are on the alert to take advantage of the slightest circumstance which they can possibly turn to advantage in prosecuting sinister ends. If

such were the race of man, it would be quite wrong to trust young ladies in society at all; the best and most proper expedient would be a grand universal nunnery.

The tendency of all unjust and ill-founded want of confidence in all the departments and relations of life, is to make those towards whom it is manifested, what they are suspected of being. Such a style of manners, therefore, on the part of ladies to gentlemen, if universally adopted, would have a positively demoralizing tendency. There is still another view of the subject; another reason for the same result. Primness and prudishness are so repugnant to the taste of gentlemen—they so completely rob woman of her charm, that were all the virtuous to become prim and prudish, their influence would very much diminish, and that of the vicious increase proportionally. The kind of precision which our author inculcates, never commands respect. For it is in itself of the very essence of indelicacy. It supposes the mind of the *precieuse* full of all sorts of naughty thoughts. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

One cannot help suspecting, that a body who thinks it necessary to build up all these fences about herself, and to cry out so loudly, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," is conscious of wanting that inherent power of self-protection, which is always found associated with native dignity and refinement in woman. We, of course, do not mean to include in our censure, that *native* shrinking reserve of character which is sometimes met with; for nothing of the kind, which is natural, offends; but that which is artificial, and worn as a sort of garment. We maintain, that any woman of sense and propriety, may be free, frank, confiding, untrammeled by rules, in her intercourse with gentlemen, and yet command whatever style of manners she pleases on their part. A glance of her eye, a tone of her voice, some sudden change of manner, will immediately set at a proper distance him who ventures too near the point he may not pass.

There is a mutual desire between the sexes, to appear well in each other's eyes, which God undoubtedly implanted for wise purposes. Without referring to the institution of marriage, which unites so many of them in the closest earthly bond, it was intended that each sex should exert great influence over the other. Whatever counteracts the designs of Providence, must be bad; and we repeat, that woman cannot have her just influence, where she deprives herself, in any degree, of her power of pleasing.

In concluding this article, we should be glad, if we could, to add some sanction to these excellent precepts and principles, which are scattered throughout the book, which spring from an enlightened humanity, and which in most things, not relating to the artificial forms of society, are marked by good sense, and high moral principle.

But we must put our veto upon her monkish sentiments about marriage; because we are unwilling that any woman should be indifferent in regard to it, or should form false and mistaken views of an institution, which is the well-spring and pure fountain of all social happiness and civilization. We would have her thoughts turned towards it, and her mind fitted for it, as her probable and high destiny.

We protest, too, most earnestly, against the whole scope and spirit of the author's remarks upon "Behaviour to Gentlemen." From whatever source they are derived, they depreciate the power of our sex, and the virtue of the other, and have a tendency to give to their mutual intercourse associations degrading to both.

In regard to such a book, its style is comparatively a matter of so little consequence, that we have forgotten to speak of it. It is extremely well written, but it would have been a more agreeable, as well as a more useful book, had there been less of detail in regard to many subjects already well understood, and more illustration connected with those of greater importance.

E. B. S.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DEATH OF WOLFE.

BY MISS JANE H. WILLIAMS.

This young officer, equally distinguished for his bravery and amiable qualities, led the British and Colonial troops to victory before the walls of Quebec, and fell in the moment of success.—*Grimshaw's United States.*

FAR from the green hills of thy native land,
Thy last sigh with the battle clang was blended,
No mother watched thee and no sister band;
Young warrior, on thy dying moments 'tended;
Thy only canopy the boundless sky;
Thy only dirge the shout of victory.

And thou didst fall! so gentle, yet so brave!
With the proud name a soldier loves before thee;
Borne from the battle to thine early grave—
While fame her laurel wreath was holding o'er thee;
As the glad shout triumphantly passed on—
From rank to rank, "they fly, the day is won."

And didst thou pass unmourned to Death's dark night,
When the dread envoy from the foe had found thee?
No! for the brave, thy brethren of the fight,
With saddened hearts and dim eyes gathered round thee;
When stern hearts melt and many a tear-drop steals,
Tells it not grief which language ne'er reveals?

Thou hast thy meed; the hero's meed is thine:
Thy name recorded in the book of glory;
The laurel wreath thy memory doth entwine,
Emblazoned, chronicled in song and story;
And few there be who boast with thee a name
On fame's proud scroll, can equal virtues claim.

Quebec's fair domes bear record of thy fame;
Proud Montmorenci on its bosom bears it;—
Orleans green Isle doth speak, and Abraham's plain
On its pil'd rocks and frowning heights still wears it;
And free born men within their hearts do keep
An altar to thy memory, still and deep.

Rest soldier, rest, the war cry wakes thee not;
Nor the loud trumpet breaks thy calm repose;
Yet is thy grave a consecrated spot,
Where many a brave deed done bright lustre throws.
Sweet be thy slumber in thy narrow cell,
And soft thy pillow, soldier fare thee well.

Bellefonte, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

XIMENA, THE FLOWER OF PERU.

BY MISS L. E. PENHALLOW.

THE last rays of the sun were gilding the lofty towers and glittering peaks of the royal palace of Cuzco. It was a gorgeous sight—the rich sunset of a tropical region: the many-coloured clouds seemed marshalled as if to take a short leave of that bright luminary, to which so many a heart in Peru was turned in adoration, to which so many a knee bent in silent homage. Fit emblem of the universal benevolence and love of its great Author, the orb of day in its parting, as well as its meridian ray, shone alike upon the humble roof and the imperial palace, upon the lowly cottage of poverty and the lordly abodes of wealth, though not alike did all greet those beams.

In the presence chamber of that proud dwelling, adorned with all that Peruvian wealth and Spanish luxury could combine, beat a heart oppressed with ambitious cares, with the firm resolve to subject all around him to his power. At this house the only occupants of the usually crowded hall of state, were Don Alonzo de Castro, the late viceroy of Spain, and his son, Don Ferdinand. The mild, benevolent countenance of the father, his venerable brow furrowed by years, formed a striking contrast to the proud demeanour, lofty bearing, and haughty, though handsome features of his son. Don Ferdinand was pacing the apartment with his plumed bonnet in his hand, his thoughts intently fixed, while the occasional contraction of his brow, or the hasty glance from his dark eyes, led to the suspicion that his thoughts were aught but ministers of pleasure, when his silent reverie was interrupted by the voice of his companion—

"Thank Heaven! Ferdinand, my wishes are at last realized; my royal master has at length complied with my request. I may throw aside the cares which have so long been an unfitting burden for my age. I may now look forward to the repose which declining years demand; and upon you, my son, will devolve the honours, the dignity, the wealth, nay, more, far more, the power of benefiting, of improving, of christianizing these unfortunate Peruvians. Their religion, erroneous as it is, has ever seemed to me the most natural species of idolatry—they have but mistaken the gift for the Giver—they bask in the beams of yonder brilliant luminary—they perceive its rays imparting life and fertility to every thing around them, and they look not beyond; they adore the *effect;* but the glorious *cause* is to them unknown. While we have conquered and subjected so many of their race, I blush to say it, while we have slaughtered so many—oh, be it ours, be it thine, my son, to raise some, to impart to them that glorious hope which we possess."

The benevolent old man ceased; a glow of feeling brightening his face, as he became animated with his subject. Opposed as were these sentiments, and the principles which had actuated his conduct while in the exercise of his authority, to those of his countrymen in general; the annals of Peruvian conquest and Spanish dominion, yet give us some brighter spots, some instances where humanity triumphed over avarice, where the spirit of human brotherhood was extended to the oppressed and unfortunate Indian. So rare, however, was such an event, that it formed the exception, while the general rule was that of cupidity, harshness, and cruelty. It was the policy of the Spaniards to compel the conquered nations to receive their faith, unitedly with their laws and customs; to enlist on their side the whole power of their religious trust, their superstitious fears; thus they believed their sway would be the more absolute over the conscience, which aided by their physical ascendancy would prevent all attempts to throw off the yoke which was at first so galling. De Castro, however, was influenced by higher and nobler feelings for the unfortunate and high-souled nation, over whose destinies he had been appointed to rule; he looked upon them with the benevolence of a Christian, with the kindness of a superior nature, who feels himself responsible for the use of the authority entrusted to him. Had such a spirit as his prevailed, had the mild spirit of a Fenelon, had the disinterested benevolence, the pure charity of a Las Casas, been there, how readily would the simple Indian have embraced that faith, which was too often presented to them at the cannon's mouth, at the point of the sword, with death as the only alternative. The mild and gentle Peruvians, some of whom had been converted under the government of De Castro, worshipped him rather as a celestial being, than as one with like passions as themselves; and the sequel of our tale will prove how powerful an influence such a mode of treatment might have exercised over them. But to return to Don Ferdinand, who, with all the pride of a Castilian noble in his veins, looked upon the country over which he had now become viceroy, merely as a field where a golden harvest might be reaped for his avarice, and new laurels might crown his ambition.

"Tell me not, my father, only of persuasion; if that will suffice, be it so; but they must submit: those chiefs who yet hold out against us must yield, from their mountain fastnesses, their secret retreats, they must come forth and yield a willing, if it may be, but at all events, an entire subjection to Spanish power. I cannot stoop to parley with them, to woo their submission; they must acknowledge our supremacy, our right to command; they must receive our faith, or," said he, grasping the jewelled hilt of his sword, "the days of Guamanza and of Arica must return; those bloody tragedies must again be enacted."

"Bend not the bow too tightly, lest it snap asunder," said the old man; "I come to you now as a suppliant; I, who but two days since, commanded here as a sovereign, I come to ask a boon, one which I trust you will not refuse to grant. The prisoners who were taken in the engagement near Ica. Don Inez, who for many months has been confined to his tent by the wound received in that engagement, yesterday held a conference with me, and asked for further orders respecting the disposal of them; they have been kept in close confinement for ten months, and still refuse to divulge the secret

hiding place of their treasures—will still acknowledge no other sovereign than the Inca Gonzaga. I came to ask of you their pardon and release; they will not yield to power—perchance gratitude might do what force has never yet been able to accomplish."

"No!" exclaimed the new viceroy, forgetting at once all the better feelings of his nature, and that his parent was the suppliant, "I am now the representative of Spain; the New World shall feel and respect the power of my sovereign; I cannot meet them as equals; as a conquered people they must adopt our faith, receive our laws, be vassals to Spain, or they must die."

"Talk not of death, Don Ferdinand," exclaimed his companion—"had such been their nature, had they been the degraded race you deem them, where were now your father? The field of Del Oro drank the noblest blood of Spain; from that field your father had never returned, but for the generosity of that race whom you now doom to slavery or death. Since that day, I have never seen my deliverer, but for his sake, did not my duty to Him who is the Indian's God as well as my God, claim it, gratitude to that noble youth would arrest my course and teach me mercy to his race."

Perchance De Castro had touched a chord which responded to the feelings of nature in the breast of his son—perchance in complying with his father's request, he was influenced by the boon he had himself to crave, a boon which would at once gratify his love and his ambition—for he accurately estimated his father's influence over the deposed Inca and his daughter.

"On one condition, then, I yield, and grant their release. Don Ferdinand grants it to his father, not the viceroy to the Peruvians. Your influence is unbounded; use it then for me, and you may do what you will with the prisoners of Ica—let the beautiful Ximena be mine, and with her I obtain a claim, an influence over her people, which, as the son of the Inca, the husband of Ximena, none can question; the neighbouring princes will yield, when they see the Spanish and Peruvian power united." Don Ferdinand hesitated—his haughty spirit could not brook to tell how wholly the proud Spanish noble had yielded his heart to the beautiful Peruvian—he could not tell all the magic power which bound him to the fair Indian girl. The ardour of passion, the deep feeling which the mention of Ximena had awakened, were for a moment all powerful; the viceroy was forgotten in the lover, and the breast on which sparkled the stars of many orders of nobility, beat with a quickened throb in pronouncing the name of the Indian maid. "Say to Gonzaga all which your wisdom may suggest—tell him of all the advantages of the union—let Ximena be my bride, and the day which gives her to me, restores her captive countrymen to liberty." As he uttered the last words, the young viceroy left the apartment—his haughty spirit, unused to concession and wont to see obstacles disappear before him, had found his love but heightened by the coldness and opposition of the Peruvian maiden. In sullen silence he passed the crowd of his attendants, to discharge the functions which his new office demanded.

In her own apartment, the windows of which on one side commanded a view of the far hills and plains of her own native land, on the other looked out upon the busy city, was the daughter of the Inca, beautiful as the far-famed Houris of eastern story; she reclined listlessly upon a couch, while her attendants were busy in wreathing the folds of her dark hair, or collecting the fairest flowers of the garden for her, the fairest and most beautiful flower of all, but withering even in its bud. To describe Ximena were to realize all our dreams of ideal beauty—the high polished brow spoke her the daughter and descendant of kings; the full dark eye, rivalling that of the gazelle, and the mouth whose sweetness was irresistible, or the finely rounded form which might furnish the sculptor with a model, were all enhanced by the charm of the sweetest voice, the most winning manner. Ximena was indeed emphatically named "the Flower of Peru;" her hand had often been sought by neighbouring princes; the noble and chivalrous of her own brave land, had wooed in vain; and still Ximena was cold as the snow upon her native Andes, till she saw Anselma, the gallant cacique of Aragua. He had rendered his name illustrious ere he appeared at her father's court, where he won, and was soon to call "the Flower of Peru" his own, when in an engagement with the Spaniards, Ximena heard that her earthly hopes were blighted, that her lover had fallen in the affray.

From that moment, the very name of Spaniard fell upon her ear as a death note to all her hopes of happiness, with one exception only; the virtuous De Castro—the friend of her countrymen, seemed of another race than the cruel destroyers of her nation, the murderers of her own happiness. The advances of Don Ferdinand had ever been repulsed with coldness by the daughter of the conquered. She would brood for hours and days over the wrongs and sufferings of her country, until selfish griefs were almost lost in sorrow for its woes. In such a mood was Ximena, when our story first introduces her to us. An attendant presented the request of Don Alonzo de Castro, for an hour's private conference. Ximena felt she had neither the right nor the wish to refuse his request, and he was admitted.

"Why is the daughter of Gonzaga sad?" said De Castro—"why is the Flower of Peru withering?"

"Could I smile in gladness," said Ximena, "when my country is conquered, my father stripped of his rights, my countrymen in chains? let our mountains still rise in their grandeur, till their summits are lost in the clouds—let the bright Peruvian bird sing as gaily as ever—let the *vicuna* bound as lightly over our hills—let our rivers roll in beauty, as they did before the invader trod our shores, but ask not the daughter of her kings to smile when captivity and death are the portion of her country."

"Ximena, you wrong us; we would bring you a richer treasure than your mines can ever yield—we bring you not captivity and death, we offer you our faith, and with it the friendship of our sovereign."

"The faith you offer, what has it produced but misery and death? Your sacred book has

been offered in one hand, the sword in the other. Has not our glorious Sun ever kindly received our homage—does he not daily answer our prayers? And the friendship of your sovereign! let him call across the great ocean his subjects, and our country may again be happy, my poor imprisoned countrymen again be free."

"It is of that I would speak to you, Ximena—heard you aught of those whom Don Inez captured at Ica? their fate is in your hands—say but the word and their chains fall—one word from Ximena, and they are free."

"Say you so, noble Spaniard, and will yon bright Sun rise to-morrow on so many of his liberated children? What would not Ximena sacrifice to procure such a blessing?"

"Be my daughter, the bride of Don Ferdinand, and henceforth Spain and Peru are united; one sovereign, one interest, will cement the bonds."

The face which but a moment before had flushed with pleasure, became suddenly pale—"No! the affianced bride of Anselma, it cannot be! life, any thing else, but to become the bride of the Spaniard; all but that would Ximena bear and suffer for her countrymen."

When De Castro had left her, and Ximena found herself alone, the conflict of her feelings was almost beyond endurance; on one side she beheld her own blighted hopes, the chosen object of her youthful love, bleeding, dying, under the sword of the Spaniard; a hated marriage with one of that race who had been the destroyers of her nation—on the other, she beheld the joy of the ransomed captives, favour for her father, perhaps restoration to his former power. The conflict was agony, but it terminated in the sacrifice of self. It were vain to tell all the struggles which tore the heart of the high-souled girl, till the day appointed for the nuptials of the proud viceroy and the fair "Flower of Peru;" it were vain to tell of all the splendour and magnificence which marked that festal day, as the bridal train approached the temple, which glittered with the precious metals in the bright rays of the morning sun. A Catholic priest stood ready to pronounce the word which was to sever her heart from the fond remembrance of early love, and give her to one of a dreaded race. The beautiful victim, arrayed in costly jewels and ornaments, which the pride of her lord and the taste of her attendants had chosen, stood as if adorned for sacrifice; and when the fatal word was past, when the long array of Spanish and Peruvian nobles had disappeared, and she found herself once more in her own apartment, the whole bitterness of her lot, the past with its dreamy visions of delight, the sad present, the dreaded future, were before her. Tearing from her head the jewelled tiara which seemed but as a mockery to her grief, she poured forth to her favourite attendant, Elmora, the deep anguish of her heart—"Would that the ocean which rolled between us had been a barrier for the Spaniard; would that each hemisphere might have given a home to its children; would that Peruvian wealth had been hid in the deepest recesses of the earth, ere it had forced that cruel race to take from us our country and our freedom. But, alas! Ximena, the daughter of her Inca, has become the slave of the Spaniard; no more can she in careless gaiety bound over the hills of her home, a free and happy one; no more with Anselma talk of Peru's past glories, and with his noble spirit dream of farther renown; no more—but alas! to name Anselma were treason, and I am now allied to his murderers—the bride of Anselma is the wife of the Spaniard; but there are happy hearts this day in Cuzco; the liberated captives, with all who hold them dear, beat with unwonted joy. There is yet one sunny gleam even in the path of Ximena."

"One of the captives seeks a brief audience with my Royal Mistress," said Elmora, interrupting the train of Ximena's sad thoughts.

"Let him be admitted," she replied; "the daughter of Gonzaga will ever listen to their tale of wo and oppression."

Why deepens the blush on the pale cheek of the mourning bride? why glares that eye with more than its usual brilliancy when the stranger enters? is it a shadow of the past? is it a vision of her fancy, or is it indeed Anselma, the cacique of Aragua, the chosen of her youthful love, who now appears before her. The stranger leaves not a moment to doubt; he tells her of his captivity, of the moment when lying upon the field of Ica, the Spanish sword had pierced his heart, when even his own followers had left him as dead; he tells the long tale of suffering and of cruel despotic power exercised over his fellow captives; details his plans of revenge, and proposes to Ximena to crown his love, to fly with him to a mountain retreat, where, far from Spanish tyranny, they may yet be happy.

"It may not be—Anselma, have you not heard—say, know you not of all that has passed?"

"Know I what?" asked the eager Anselma,—"that you have deserted the altars of your gods, that you have chosen the God of the Christians? I have but even now returned to Cuzco; I know only that I am free, that Ximena is again mine."

"You know not, then, the price of your freedom; you are free, but Ximena is a captive; yes, believing that you fell in the fatal engagement of Ica, to procure the liberty of the prisoners who escaped that day with life, Ximena, this morning, became the bride of the Spaniard."

"The bride of the Spaniard! the relentless tyrant! is nothing so sacred as to elude his grasp? Oh, treachery! would that the darkest recesses of our prisons yet confined us; that the field of Ica had indeed been our grave, ere the daughter of Gonzaga, the bride of Anselma, had been sold to the tyrants—but revenge is mine," said the young cacique, as his manly brow darkened at the remembrance of all his wrongs.

* * * * *

A summons to arms arouses Don Ferdinand; a party of the discontented Peruvians, who, but partially subjected, had waited only for a leader, are in arms. The viceroy assembles his troops in haste, animates them to the combat, encourages them to victory, tells them that Castile must be triumphant, that the New World is theirs, that each new revolt, by proving their superiority in arms, will but strengthen their power. The struggle was short, but bloody; the Peruvians, led on by Anselma, fought with

all the fury of desperation; they fought against the spoilers of their land, against the foreign oppressors; while the Spaniards, with the fixed determination of subjecting all to their power, with cool courage and practised skill, soon found themselves masters of the field. Don Ferdinand, whose bravery yielded to none of the chivalric knights of Spain, in the thickest of the mêlée, having received a severe wound, was carried into the city to the imperial palace, where all possible aid might be administered. The prisoners too, among whom was their leader, the cacique of Aragua, were conducted in triumph to the city, there to receive their doom from the viceroy.

While Don Alonzo de Castro is listening to the fearful tale of slaughter, to the bloody records of the day, he discerns among the prisoners the generous Peruvian, the preserver of his life, whom he had so long sought in vain; what were his mingled emotions when he learns that the leader of the revolt, the captive cacique, was his preserver. "Noble Peruvian," he exclaimed, "to you I owed my life on the plains of Del Oro; you have this day led the revolt in which my son has been severely, alas, I fear fatally wounded; your life is forfeited, but my debt of gratitude cannot be forgotten; I would save you; live—there is one means of escape; embrace our faith, the law pardons him who becomes a Christian, that law may save you."

"I ask not for life," answered Anselma; "my name, my country, my freedom, all that is dear to me, are gone, and should I yield, too, my faith? No! yonder bright luminary shall not behold me a traitor. I ask not for life; let Spanish cruelty do its utmost; what is life alone? all for which I would have lived, is ravished from me; I die, but I die worthy of myself; I die as becomes the descendant of kings."

At this moment Ximena, breathless with impatience, rushes into the presence chamber, throws herself before De Castro, and implores the pardon of the captive chieftain; she confesses all, that he was her affianced lord, that she had long wept his death, that had she not still believed it, no power on earth, not even the hope of rescuing her countrymen, should have compelled her to plight her faith to another.

"Mine is not now the power to pardon," said he, gently raising her, "and I dare not hope that Don Ferdinand will again pardon those who have recovered their liberty to rise in arms against him, but on the condition of sacrificing their gods. To him you must look; with a haughty bearing, he is still noble and generous; his clemency you must implore."

Forgetful of every thing but the safety of Anselma, Ximena hastens to the couch of her husband, to supplicate his mercy. A few hours had indeed wrought a fearful change in the proud viceroy; naught else but the presence of his beautiful bride, the tones of her voice seemed capable of arousing him from the languor which loss of blood and the intense agony from his wound had occasioned. He listens to her story, he hears that the rebel cacique was his fortunate rival, the preserver of his father's life, that in a moment of heroic self devotion, and believing him among the slain, she had consented to become his bride.

He gives orders that Anselma should be admitted, and informs them that his wound is fatal; at this final moment he declares the cacique free. "Learn," said he, "from us to die; learn that our religion teaches us to pardon; receive again your bride, re-establish your kingdom, teach your countrymen the Christian's faith, and tell them that it enjoins forgiveness even to the deadliest foe; and teach them too, that the Spaniard was born to give laws to the New World—and you, my father, be to them a parent, to the Peruvians, still a friend." His voice failed, and De Castro saw before him the last of his noble race in the cold embrace of death.

Filled with gratitude and admiration, Ximena and Anselma, forgetting the long line of cruelty and oppression, which from the time of Pizarro, with few exceptions, even to the present moment, had left their deep traces upon their country's glory, unitedly exclaimed, "Can Christians be so noble? can they so freely pardon? our religion enjoins the duty of revenge; that law which teaches forgiveness must be divine; henceforward, it shall be ours. The God of the Spaniards shall be our God."

Portsmouth, N. H.

LAURA BRIDGMAN;

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND GIRL OF THE BOSTON INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Where hides the light that to the eye
A holy message gave,
Tinging the retina with rays
From sky, and sea, and wave?—
And where the sound, that to the soul
Its sinuous passage wrought?
Or deftly breathing, made the lip
A harp-string to the thought?

All fled!—all gone!—not even the rose
An odour left behind,
Faintly, with broken reed to trace
The tablet of the mind.
That mind!—it struggles with its doom,
The sleepless conflict, see!—
As through its Bastile-bars, it seeks
Communion with the free.

Yet still its prison-robe it wears,
Without a prisoner's pain,
For happy childhood's mimic sun
Glows in each bounding vein,—
And blest philosophy is near,
Each labyrinth to scan,
Through which the subtlest clue may bind
To Nature and to man.

So, little daughter, lift thy head,
For Christian love is nigh,
To listen at thy dungeon-grate,
And every want supply.
Say, lurks there not some beam from heaven,
Amid thy bosom's night?
Some echo from a better land,
To make thy smile so bright?

There's many a lamp in Greenland cell,
Deep 'neath a world of snow,
That cheers the lonely household group,
Tho' none beside may know;
And doth not God, our Father's hand,
Light in thy cloister dim
A hidden and peculiar lamp
To guide thy steps to Him?

Written for the Lady's Book.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

How true "that man was made to mourn!" Yet when we look into the causes of his sorrow and trace them to their commencement, we find that he alone is the chief cause; and that it is through his own depravity and disregard of duty that sorrow so oft bows him down. We find that it is through his sinfulness alone that he is less pure, less happy, or less lovely than it was originally intended he should be.

When we cast a lingering glance o'er the records of time, we find there that which has been transmitted from generation to generation, through thousands of years.

We have the history of mankind daily before our eyes, from the commencement of the world to the present time; and yet we find man the same depraved being as he was from the beginning; and the more familiar we become with his actions the more convinced are we that

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

Yet no! we cannot say that man was lost in the labyrinths of depravity from the dawn of his existence; for was not he once the sole lord of creation, and "monarch of all he surveyed," originally free from sin, until temptation, too great to be resisted by his weak nature, destroyed the original purity of his character, and called forth that depravity of his being which it was intended should never have been? It was the Divine will that the first inhabitant of earth should remain pure and uncontaminated.

But he, the first fallen, and cause of mankind's fall, chose rather to be the father of sin, and disobey the dictates of conscience, than be restricted in one single point. And thus has sin been transmitted from the fall to the present time; and man, not seeking to regain the original purity of his character, sank deeper and deeper into the dark sea of depravity, till he is finally engulfed in its elements of strife, and borne swiftly along amidst its dashing and boisterous current. Man becomes daily more depraved, till he is hastening to exceed the world at the time when God could bear its wickedness no longer, but overwhelmed it with the flood. Yes, man seems fast trying to regain that point; and in a manner still more dreadful, again call the vengeance of God upon him!

As we glance o'er the fables of the ancients, we find how numerous, after the fall, were their gods. We find there separate deities for almost every thing. They appear to have been guided by what they thought the will of their dumb idols more than by any thing else in existence. And indeed we find not only gods reigning over all things, but goddesses also presiding.

We see there the goddess of beauty, gently wafted in her tiny shell o'er the foam of the sea. We view there the goddess of morning, and mother of the winds, ushered in by her speedy steeds, in her chariot of light. We look again, and our attention is attracted by the goddess of wisdom, with her golden helmet and breastplate; with her lance erect, and clasping tight her ægis.

We gaze there on the goddess of youth as a young and beautiful female; and she who was the ruler of peace surrounded with her bright and glowing bow of variegated hues. Indeed, if we were to stop to name them all, we should find them almost innumerable, for each and every thing had its separate ruler.

But although, in those days of superstition, gods and goddesses reigned throughout, whence did they arise, and how frail were their workmanship. Formed by man's hand alone, how short were their duration. Possessing statue forms, of what was their power? Though beautiful to gaze upon, yet in what did their beauty consist? They were but still and silent forms that were inanimate and void of life; possessing no mind and incapable of motion. Yet were they worshipped and held sacred. Yet were they loved and idolized in those days of superstition and ignorance, whilst the great Ruler of all remained unknown and unworshipped.

But now those days of superstition have passed away, and God's commandments have been promulgated almost throughout the globe. And still man's depravity makes him disregard his Maker, and forces him in his troubles to cry aloud, "that man was made to mourn." He was "made to mourn," but not until after the first fallen being had brought sin into the world, and, with it, all the evils that torment the life of man.

But still has not man much to be thankful for, even when bowed down with the afflictions which accompanied the beautiful and gifted Pandora, when she was presented to Prometheus? Has he not hope left, which remained behind; and does not that sustain him when all else has fled?

But yet, in all the stages of life, from the tottering infant to buoyant youth; from the dawn of manhood to hoary age, we find the words of the Scottish poet verified, "that man was made to mourn." As man descends the declivity of life, he sees more fully the rashness of his fellow beings. As he approaches the edge of the declivity, after travelling through all the stages of life—after experience has taught him many a bitter lesson—when the furrowed brow and whitened lock mark plainly the ravages of time—he stands ready to cry aloud to those who are fast following his path, and those who stand ready with joyous looks to glide down the apparently smooth journey of life. He stops them for a moment in their course and bids them

> "Through weary life this lesson learn,
> That man was made to mourn."

But still, though "made to mourn," man's hours of happiness and joy far outnumber those of sorrow. And man cannot expect to mingle with his fellow beings and yet have life pass smoothly on and have nothing to ruffle the calmness of his days. But he must live to experience many bitter moments, he must live to bear many disappointments in the course of his existence: he must learn that earth is not his dwelling place, nor the Paradise of man; he must consider how frail is his being, and

that in man's goodness consists his happiness: and he must live to learn that

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

We may traverse the globe from east to west: we may journey on from pole to pole; from where dwells the lone Greenlander, to the habitation of the savage Hottentot; from where the iceberg sparkles in solid mass beneath the mid-day sun, where the habitation of man is not found; to where the scorching sands of the desert mount in whirlwinds on high, and bid defiance to the dwellings of man.

We may travel in all regions of the globe where the habitation of man may be found, still we see the same passion pervading the breast of all. The love of authority is the ruling passion of man. From the highest to the lowest; from the conqueror and king to the meanest of their subjects, all find some object, one over whom they can exercise their authority. But still are not all at last equal; and do not all, through weary life, have cause for mourning? Does not the greatest monarch have causes of sorrow and moments of anguish, as well as those of lower degree? And does not the velvet turf cover the tombs of all, whether conqueror or king, knight or baron, chief or noble, or those who rank among the lowest of mankind!

We may visit the mausoleums of the ancient kings; we may go into the sepulchres of the once famed nations of earth; we may gaze on the grand tombs of once mighty men; or we may look on the lowly graves of those who welcomed death; and yet the contents of one rank not higher than that of the other. The deserted mansion of clay is all that remains; the lofty and the lowly spirits have fled, and left but their deserted temples to show that such ever existed. Whilst the soft voice of nature whispers over all, "that man was made to mourn."

F.

HARK! THOSE SOUNDS!

(BALLAD.)

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

HARK! those sounds that proudly swell
Over mountain, vale, and dell!
Tyrol's heroes are returning,
Like their native valleys free;
Bringing joy where late was mourning,
And for thraldom—LIBERTY!
Oh! what rapture fills each beating breast,
As long sever'd hands, to hands are press'd;
Hearts that sank beneath Oppression's chain,
Feel (save Love's) no fetters now remain!

AIR.

All his task of conquest o'er,
The warrior now from danger free,
May tune his shepherd-pipe once more
On the green hills of Tyrolee!

Hark those sounds! of joy they tell,
Ringing out like bridal bell!
Tyrol's heroes are returning,
Home they come, the proud, the free!
Ev'ry other bondage spurning,
Save beauty's chains, in Tyrolee!

Written for the Lady's Book.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNPUBLISHED INDIAN STORY.

BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS.

> "Odd scraps and morsels from a curious tale,
> Whose lengthen'd sadness would alone befit
> Some moody hour to tell."

[PROGRAMME.—*A midnight attack on an Indian village by a hostile tribe—Prisoners taken—An Indian girl, a captive, rescued by a young French officer, who places her in the family of a gentleman of rank, to whose daughter he is betrothed—The Indian girl falls in love with her deliverer—and so forth.*]

A BIT OF EVENING LANDSCAPE IN CANADA—A TRADITION.

IN following the shores of lake St. Louis, along the beautiful drive from the village of La Chine to that of Point Claire, an observant eye will rest frequently, and with pleasurable admiration, upon numerous knolly points stretching out into the azure glassiness of its waters. These are, for the most part, bedecked with neat white cottages; and where they are wanting, the bright verdure crowning their graceful and sloping acclivities is shadowed with lofty and noble trees, disposed in the finest effect of nature's happiest mood of picturesque adornment. They form lovely breaks in the keeping of the shore landscape, when viewed from the lake; and in their own immediate locality are the most delicious little nooks of rustic retirement and slumbering quietness imaginable.

I well remember one of those delightful green promontories, somewhat more extended than the rest, to have been, in my early boyish days, a favourite resort in hours of truant absence from home or school; and where daylight always passed away too soon in the mingled pursuits of my recreative employ—paddling a birchen canoe over, or disporting among the transparent waves of its shoreward offing, or building a mimic Indian camp upon the grassy beach, with its proper proportion of bark wigwams and blazing council fires—for I was then, as I have strangely ever been, an enthusiast in my admiration of the free and reckless fashion of life identified with the red sons of the forest wilderness; and, in the days of my juvenility, took no small pains and advantage of opportunity to perfect myself in all the peculiar economy of their erratic habits. How often, too, have I sat under a large, wide-spreading elm which, in this spot, flung its far and deepening shadow over the placid margin of the lake below, when wearied with the sports of the day, I have, at its close, lingered still about the place for the double purpose of rest and anxious cogitation—alike to prepare body and mind for the account of time to be rendered, and all the ills to which my truancy secured full heirship at home. And yet, as I reclined in the soft summer twilight at the foot of that solitary tree, I would forget the fearful ordeal so immediately to darken the memory of all the bright joys of the past and fading day, as I gazed upon

the mistiness of approaching night, spreading its dusky mantle over the broad surface of the serene and beautiful St. Louis—and the twinkling stars dotting their minute loveliness of light in the splendour of their countless myriads along the deep blue of the cloudless sky—and the swarming fireflies gleaming around every bush and brake, in semblance like sparkling showers of brilliant flamespecks in their ceaseless glowing. The shrill, plaintive scream of the mosquito-hawk, as he swept his wheeling flight above me, in that lonely and darkening hour, would lend much to its effect in such a scene. And, possibly, to give it a more powerful cast of impression in a moment like this, borne upon the gentle breeze of evening, and sweetly mellowed by distance, the ear would catch the wildly echoed chorus of the reckless *voyageur*, giving time in its measured cadence to the quick dipping of his light paddle. And the rushing noise of cleaving waters, the glittering ripple of foam, the steersman's halloo, and the loud, prolonged, and peculiar signal shout, rising at times above the liquid track of the swift speeding canoe squadron—all would conjointly tell of some costly freighted northwest brigade, inward bound, and now nearing its destination, after months of a toilsome and fearful navigation through the lonely regions beyond the great rivers and mighty lakes of this vast continent.

I was, as I have ever been, a dreamer—a very "weaver of crazed visions," even in the light and gleesome days of my early boyhood; and the impulse of my young nature would lend a lavish sympathy to a scene, and sights, and sounds like these, almost till they brought oblivion of all else beside on the downy wings of some sweet and specious delusion. But, with all this, one stray glance at a particular object near would, on the instant, dispel the little elysium of my happy and wandering thoughts—I would start to my feet, and hurry away as expeditiously as a nimble pair of heels could contribute to the celerity of the movement. Nor need such sudden change of mood and scene be a matter of surprise, when is considered the probable effect on a fanciful boy which the near vicinage of a grave in the falling gloom of night would produce. It was then only known to me as the "*Indian girl's grave*," and in some way connected in story with an old ruined *chateau* on the summit of a hill, at some distance from the lake side. In regard to the historic particulars identified with this lonely resting place of the departed, I knew little in these long past and ghost-fearing days; but I was, nevertheless, keenly alive to the tales told by the grandames of the neighbourhood, giving that little green mound in the hollow, under the clump of crimson-tufted sumachs, a fearful interest to my momentary glance upon it in the shadowy twilight hour. The country crones had stamped the story with the authority of tradition; and their assertion was, as is usually the case in all such fearful matters, taken as fact. They told, that often standing at the head of that grave, the spirit form of a beautiful Indian girl would be seen on calm starry nights, or in the clear moonshine, looking earnestly upward to the blue sky, gazing, it would seem, on some particular object there, and a stream of gore welling from a deep wound in her bosom.

Of course, all who believed in the fact of this spectral appearance could do no less than farther take for granted that foul play, or deep wrong of some sort, had marked the hapless fate of the being whose remains had long since mingled with their kindred clay in that sequestered spot. And there was a story connected with it, though all of "the olden time" which, romantic as it was, still was founded on a fact well authenticated by many at this day.

PICTURE OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

Mi-mea—for such was the name of the fair Algonquin, signifying, in the usual figure of Indian nomenclature, "My young dove"—had barely completed her eighteenth summer, when the desolating system of savage warfare left her without home or kindred, or shelter, or protection in the world, beyond that of the kindly roof beneath which she was now so welcomely cherished. It has been already observed, that she was beautiful—and this was felt, when the kindling gaze of the curious or fastidious in the peculiar style and grace of female loveliness, lingered on each noble and delicate feature of her fine countenance, just slightly tinted with the clear, glowing hue of her race, and through which the pure carnation of young blooming life mantled as brightly as on the more dazzling complexions of European climes. And the quiescent light of large, dark eyes, which seemed to bear, in their placid and gentle beaming, no evidence of the fervid passion slumbering beneath, and which, when roused to expression, flashed forth all the vivid fire, telling of the awakened wild nature within—even to a degree of strange and gleaming fierceness. But this would pass away; and the mild bearing of her tall, symmetrical figure, and the elastic grace of its every perfect proportion, in her timid and fawnlike movements—and the liquid tones of her low, sweet voice, when breathing the soft and melodious language of her nation—alike conspired to incline the belief that she claimed natural affinity in beauty, fondness, and gentleness to her winning appellation of the "Young Dove."

Months followed each other; and in the revolving flight of time a year came round, and the Indian girl was now as a daughter and sister among that happy family circle.

Effort certainly had been made to obtain some communication with her people, but she seemed singularly indifferent to the result; and the affectionate regard that so quickly grew to her from those around, and which the peculiar fascination of her sweet and innocent manners was attaching more lastingly from day to day, operated alike to detract much from the interest and perseverance of the research, which at length was entirely abandoned.—It was an employ of delight to the lovely sisters, to win their *protegé* from the clouded ignorance of her previous life by the most endearing forms of instruction; and the grateful Mi-mea, feeling all this—with the native clearness of her perceptive faculties, was as equally forward in her attempts to meet the wishes of her fair young

friends. She was an apt and willing pupil, and possessing much of natural capacity, her progress was equally pleasing and useful to herself as pleasurable in the extreme to her teachers. Josephine soon taught her to express her wants, and at length to discourse with tolerable ease in her own pretty and fluently playful language; and Zoé would make her sit at her feet while she touched her lute, and sang the sweet and simple ballads of her infancy's home. Then indeed would the Indian maiden seem to change the usual timid and placid character of her demeanour—and she would sink on her knees, with her bright black eyes beaming all of soul through her streaming tears, and gaze upward at the beauteous minstrel, as though she looked on a being from the spirit-land of her own traditional paradise beyond the far distant mountains. Sometimes they would get her to sing some little ditty of love, in the musical accents of her native tongue, and Zoé then accompanied the plaintive wildness of that Indian melody with the soft breathing tones of her richly cultivated voice. And that song, in its varying and fitful measure, would express a tale of war and captivity—love—devotion—despair and death;—now fiercely and hurriedly energetic, and then waning into a touching and dirge-like sadness, so impressively mournful and overpowering in effect as to move the listener to weeping.

In grateful return for all which the kind sisters taught her of their refined habits and pursuits; Mi-mea, on her part, instructed them in many little and curious arts of ingenuity, peculiarly belonging to her wild and wandering forest life. She showed them how to cull the herb or flower, imparting a rich dye to the delicate bark with which their fair hands fashioned, after the method of her example, the slight and beautifully woven fruit-basket; and from her they also acquired the rare process of the fantastic, and somewhat elaborate character of Indian embroidery with the bright-tinted hair of the moose, or less pliant porcupine quill—and numerous other similar acquirements, singular as being peculiar alone to her wild race.

It was observable too, with this Algonquin girl, how strongly, in many instances, the instinctive habits of her people and previous life would predominate, even amid all the change of scene and custom around her. The carol of a wild wood-bird, as it flew past, whether from that link which memory entwines to the heart from the feelings and joys of earlier existence, or the mere abstract impulse of the moment, would affect her much; and, whatever her employment at the time, she would start to her feet, and listen, and gaze after the airy track of the feathery fugitive for minutes together, till gathering tear drops bedimmed the lustrous light of that long and earnest glance. Perhaps, it might have been at some sweet remembrance awakened thus of her childhood's home, and the early dreams of her young heart. And often, for days together, a deep and clouding melancholy would seem to veil her gentle spirit. She would shun all gaiety or social intercourse with those about her, and wander in abstractive sadness along the border of that blue spreading lake; and, frequently, for hours sit lonely and silent beneath some tree, vacantly contemplating its glassy bosom.—It is no less a strange than certain fact, that this fitful and thoughtful mood is a peculiar characteristic of the Indian nature, when transplanted from its native wilds, and free and reckless existence, to the restrictive sphere and more fettered routine of civilized life. Aware of this, Mi-mea's friends intruded not any particular notice or remark upon the cause or manner of her demeanour, or on the seclusion she courted, when these visitations of a lone and, seemingly, mysterious sadness came over the placid and mildly-happy tone of her usual innocently joyous disposition.

REJECTION—JEALOUSY—AN AVOWAL.

The close of a fine day in early autumn was heaping piles of gorgeous clouds upon the distant horizon of that calm and crystal lake; and the bland gales of evening floated from hill and valley, along its luxuriant and romantic shores, rich odours of ripened fruits and blowing flowers. The busy music of bird and insect from grove and meadow, was gradually dying away with the waning daylight; and that sweet and voluptuous silence, which comes on the shadowy wing of the slow descending twilight was hushing all things to a slumbering and peaceful rest. It was a scene of soft and tranquil beauty—the unbroken and misty azure of that widespreading expanse of waters, and the cloudlike reflected shadow of the pine-tufted isles, so fairy-looking, dotting the translucent gleaming of its mirror-bright surface—and away, away beyond the faint outline of the distant shore, and the far dimly-gray mountains. A light glancing object seemed, fitfully, to play over the broad bosom of the lucid lake, and at whiles come more distinctly into view, as it skimmed along its liquid track. It was fast receding from the land, till at length it was lost in the deepening obscurity of the hour; but it was yet so near as to enable the shoreward wanderer to distinguish, from the prolonged shout and echoing chorus, wafted brokenly and faintly to the ear over the darkened wave, the canoe-melody of the wild Indian. They were part of a deputation from various friendly savage tribes to the French governor of *Mont-real*, and now on their return home to their forest camps.

Strange enough, along with the others in that fragile yet securely bounding craft, there was one whom, perhaps, it were proper to have previously mentioned. Among the few who had escaped the midnight attack on the Algonquin village, was the younger son of one of its high chiefs who had fallen a victim in the relentless massacre. The youthful warrior was away from home with a few attendants, on a distant hunting excursion at the time; and thus, it is probable, was saved from sharing a similar fate with those who fought so desperately and unavailingly on that bloody night. It being the frequent custom with these Indian tribes to betroth their children at an early age—similar to the usage of eastern nations in this respect—and particularly where present benefit or promised power accrued from the joint interests of such precocious alliance; in accordance with this politic providence, the fair Mi-mea, while

yet a child, was plighted to this young chief, of a similar tender age, and of a family superior to her own in wealth and standing in the tribe. Like all matches of this description, however, there was much of indifference, and little of affection between the affianced pair as they grew up to maturity. Possibly, to the youthful warrior it was matter of little interest or thought whether the intended union was an object of immediate or prolonged convenience to those who had busied themselves in the measure much more than himself; and the beautiful Mi-mea was as equally indifferent, in the spirit of that enforced or passive obedience peculiar to her people, to a destiny like this.

But when the destroying scourge of a fierce warfare left that young surviving chief desolate, and comparatively alone amid the blood-crimsoned ashes of his boyhood's home; and they told him that his bonded bride perished not there, but was a resident of her own free choice in the dwellings of the white people, it was natural enough that, in the drear and despondent solitude of his situation, a new and growing interest in her fate should spring up in his heart. It was not long before he stood before her, and claimed her as his wife,—and the bond he urged was not denied. But equivocation was not the property of a nature like hers; and she told him, with little of palliative prelude, that the link between her affections and the sympathies of her native race was broken for ever. She told him that force, not an idle sense of duty, might compel her compliance with what, after all, was at best but a conditional obligation—the mere result of national usage. And then she spoke, in low, stilled accents of the grave; and bade him look well upon her, and say if the gaze drew forth hope or promise from that evident alteration which but a few changing moons had wrought. She farther spoke of much in appeal to his young and not unfeeling nature, and the sweet, soft, liquid music of her gentle voice seemed not to be altogether lost upon him; for in the melodious breathing of her native tongue she poured forth a touching eloquence, having her heart mingled with its every fluent and pathetic tone.

It was the hour of evening, and the scene such as has been recently described. There was a small glade-like opening in the grassy little headland stretching into the lake, forming a sloping hollow looking upon its wide spreading waters, and bordered around with thick clumps of the crimson-flowered sumach tree, whose ruby tufts and silver leaves shone, in daylight's more garish and gayer hour, in fanciful keeping with the verdant carpeting of the pretty spot they enclosed. In this place, in an attitude of abstract and contemplative sadness, though her dark and still bright gleaming eye seemed idly to follow the speedy track of that light and vanishing canoe, stood the tall and gracefully slender form of the Algonquin maiden—in the holy calm and softened shadow of that twilight hour, looking like some beautiful spirit of night, which had prematurely wandered from its own mystic sphere while the waning light of day yet lingered on the earth. But a few moments previous, the young Indian warrior had parted with her here, closing the last of their few brief interviews, ere he embarked in the canoe we have noticed as now fast speeding out of sight, and which had purposely touched and waited for him at the beach beneath.

There was a scowling and sinister darkness settled upon his swarthy brow, and a fierce glare in the flaming glance of his expressive eye, which had not been attendant on his mien at their previous meetings. He had been fully aware of all the circumstances in connexion with, and following, his betrothed one's deliverance from the marauding and merciless enemy—and had seen the young officer in the course of his visits to her at the Chateau. A glance at his handsome person, in the bravery of its martial decoration—then the thought of her deep debt of gratitude; and he deemed of his own rude, unattractive array, in comparison with that smiling and gallant white war chief—and, too quickly, black and vindictive doubt and purpose flashed on the fell suspicion of his burning brain. And his hand clutched the hidden hilt of his thirsty knife, and for an instant the glitter of his keen tomahawk brightened in its upward baring to the setting sunlight, at a moment when chance exposure and situation gave the easy and secret opportunity for such murderous deed. But he paused—it was the decision of his intended victim's safety; for just then the beautiful Zoé stole to her lover's side, unconsciously interposing the form which was so idolized in shielding protection to him from a fate as certain as it was deadly in resolve. The uplifted arm of the savage fell to his side, and his grasp of that peculiar and sanguinary weapon relaxed of its convulsive hold—while the glaring fury of his eye died away, and altered to an expression mingling of surprise and admiration in its fixed and steady gaze. Possibly, he had rarely looked on loveliness bearing the exquisite character of that presently before him. And in addition to these feelings other and strange thoughts began to gather over him, as a deeper blackness than before settled on his proud, dark features. He turned, and strode swiftly away to the place of his appointed and last interview with Mi-mea—the spot where we have already described her, as adding, by her graceful and pensive attitude, to the charmful keeping of the evening landscape.

What passed between them, in the matter and manner of their concluding conference, may be briefly told. It was the language of accusation on his part, mingling much of unjust aspersion and insinuation with vaguely muttered threats of a revengeful purpose. And even in the moment that the vindictive anger of the excited young savage prompted the gesture which gave the bare blade of his gleaming knife to her unshrinking gaze, that usually timid girl resented the fearful action with the same patient and contemptuous glance which had marked her bearing, under all of the foul and contumelious charge and speech he had lavished upon her. Her statue-like attitude of calm, dignified composure was unchanged in character, long after the wild, shrill signal whoop from the shore below had summoned the furious chief to his impatient companions; nor did it alter at parting, when he turned, and poised his glittering weapon—as if about to launch it

forth in its swift errand of blood, to avenge that suspected wrong whose thought so fiercely flamed around his heart. But there was fate or purpose to stay the murderous act—and a minute more, and his dark form could be seen in that light canoe, as with strong and ready paddle he aided to urge its course from the land with fearful fleetness.

There is an exquisite and searching music in the voice of those we love, when it comes unexpectedly or unhoped for upon us, which startles, yet thrills and delights—as no melody within the reach of art, no sound or harmony of earth can equal—whose sweet and touching enchantment has no parallel of joy, no similitude in life to its own soft and beautiful tones, and which neither time, nor absence, nor unkindness, nor the chilling misery of hopeless despair even, can dim and deaden to the ear. And so felt Mi-mea, when her name was gently breathed near—and she started at the voice, as though a sudden electric spell had shot through soul and frame—and turning, she beheld the lover of Zoé at her side. He was commissioned with some light errand to her from the latter, and had thus sought her out in her customary evening ramble.

"I would be tempted to deem, fair Mi-mea," said the young officer, in the habitual and winning tenderness of his manner, after a moment's earnest contemplation of the saddened and impressive change perceptible in the attenuated form and pallid features of the still beautiful Algonquin, "that yonder birchen skiff bears more of regard in that steadfast and sorrowing gaze of thine, than its mere fairy-like fashion and glancing speed could possibly attract. Say, is there not some young and gallant war-chief there, whose bold heart but beats more deeply devoted to thee, in fond proportion as the bounding course of that barken craft over the blue waters just parts him farther from thy sunny smile! Possibly, him of whom I have but lately heard; the youth now bearing the lone and lofty eagle plume above the few remaining hatchets of thy shattered tribe, and of whom they farther speak as being long plighted to thee after the manner of thy people—bonded to thee, it may be, by a link more fondly fettering than mere custom could ever twine around young hearts, being the object of thy first and early love."

A strange gleamy light shone in the expressive dark eyes of the one thus spoken to, but which faded away almost as soon as it brightened there; and a humid mistiness seemed to veil their soft lustre, as swelling tear-drops grew within them, and trembled ere they fell upon her wasted cheek. The silence that preceded her reply to one who so little knew or dreamed of the wild and secret devotedness to him pent up within, and drinking the life drops of that gentle maiden's bosom, might have been a struggle to subdue or an effort to rally the expression of her nature's long sufferance of anguish, and it might, equally, have been likened to exhaustion or despair—the low, calm, passive voice in which her feelings at length found utterance.

"True, that to him of whom thou hast heard I was betrothed in the years of infancy. It was the fashion of my people; and once I knew not —I sought not, nor cared to know that change from it might be. Yet do I not regret that I have learned to feel that it could—it has been set at naught. My heart has been altered, mine eyes have been turned from my forest kindred; and the Indian girl has suffered herself to forget the tented dwellings of her early childhood. —How could she be expected to cherish remembrance of all which has been her lone and shameful pleasure to cheatingly hide from her heart and thoughts by vain and idle dreaming? Listen to me—to Mi-mea, thou good and beautiful young war-chief, nor turn thee away in pity or contempt from the poor Algonquin, when she dares to tell thee that her first, her last and only love wakened upon the act which for ever severed her affections—her every pulse and thought—from those of her own rude and lowly native sphere. That love has never told to any its boundless compass of idolatry, but it has never slumbered—no, no, I feel it can never slumber, even in the grave. Nay, in pity look not thus so sadly and strangely upon me, now that I have to thee spoken the erring presumption of my self-deluded heart. I know thou lovest another, and that thou art beloved—the cherished life-pulse of one whom I would gladly die to pleasure. I have ever felt that there was deep wrong to her in this my unhappy and despairing passion; and to save her pure and gentle heart the pain of such a truth I have struggled with, and crushed mine own.—Alas! at best, how little in repayment of that deep load of gratitude which has been, and is mine, in repayment still.

"A little time will soon pass over, and thou wilt bear thy young bride to the home of thy fathers beyond the great salt lake; but Mi-mea's eyes will be closed and her bosom cold and still before the moment of that parting comes—a moment which she could never look upon and live. Thy faith is not as the belief which is ours from the traditions of our rude ancestors; yet, I cling to the creed of my people in this thing, even as wildly as I have striven to forget them in all else. They have often told me, that yonder beautiful star shines above the land of thy nation and thy birth. Now listen to, and promise poor Mi-mea, that her last, lone (if idle) request will not be lightly held. I feel that the dark spirit of death has shadowed me with its cold wing; and my mother often comes to me in the night hour, to bid me prepare to join her soon in the land of souls, far—far beyond the setting moon. Make the Indian girl's grave where she is standing now, that it may catch the beam of that fair star, whose nightly splendour brightens down upon the spot of thy dwelling, among the kindred of thine own happy clime; for I strangely feel that the sleep of death with me will be more sweetly hushed and gentle in that star's pale and silver light. And remember—oh! remember this, when thy gaze is given to that lovely planet, and memory with thee goes back to the days of thy sojourning in this forest land—perhaps to Mi-mea, and of moments like this, feel in that lonely and darkened hour *that I am gazing too*—for my deep, wild, boundless love of thee will not, cannot pass away with life; it is, as it ever has been, my spirit's only pulse and joy, and that

spirit will nightly waken to tell, how even the grave could not hush or hide the undying devotion of an Indian maiden's love."

THE LAST AND CLOSING SCENE.

It might have been a fortnight after this meeting between the Algonquin girl and the object of her singular, and almost more than human passion, that one morning a small, desperate looking band of savage warriors stealthily landed at a part of the lake shore, some distance from the Chateau, and from which it was separated by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a stream, barely fordable, hurried on to discharge itself into the lake. It appeared, from the peculiar caution of their movements, that some secret purpose was in view; for they drew up and concealed their light water craft with themselves among a thick underwood which plentifully grew around the place, and prevented their approach from being readily noticed in this direction from the mansion. The one who seemed to bear authority over the party was the young chief, noticed as Mi-mea's bonded suitor, and who alone quitted the spot, and glided away into the brakes and bushes with all the silent and watchful tact peculiar to his race.

It so happened, that on this same morning, the sisters and their protegé—to whom they now seemed to be more attentively fond than ever—had rambled in the neighbourhood of the ravine. The weather was bland and cheering for the season; and the companions separated to amuse themselves in culling from the abundance of blooming autumnal flowers growing around the place. Mi-mea, whose former ready participation in such a playful and pretty pursuit used to be so much a matter of assistance and instruction to her friends—had wandered to a little shaded spot on the edge of the dell, and was reclining her weakened form beneath a silver barked birch, which flung its trembling shadow down upon the creek below. How long the ever brooding dream of her heart thus won oblivion to all beside in life it were not easy to tell; but from the sweet stupor of such thoughts she was roused by a loud shriek. The voice was Zoé's; and as if new life had, with that wild, piercing cry of distress been instilled into her exhausted energies, she flew in the direction of its summons. A few fleet steps of her light foot gave its occasion to her eye, as with her usual quick perception, its motive and certain consequence flashed upon her brain. It was the young savage, bearing away with a furious speed the fainting form of the beautiful white girl. His landing, in the manner we have described, had been for the purpose of an act like this—involving, as he deemed, so much of deep retaliation for the suspected wrong to him in the seduction of his plighted bride. And then the fiery impulse of his own wild nature's impetuosity of passion, while he glared with the gloating gaze of a foul demon on the mantling beauty his rude arm encircled, as he dashed onward to the dark ravine, in his course to his concealed companions in the lake shore covert.

A few bounds more of that nerved and untiring pace would have secured the savage in the possession of his helpless prey, for the brink of the gloomy tangled dell was nearly gained; when his furious career was suddenly arrested by the Indian girl flinging herself in the path before him, and tightly clasping her arms around his limbs with a convulsive strength which effectually put a stop to his farther progress. To cast his almost lifeless burden to the earth—to unsheathe his murderous knife, and bury it in the fair bosom of the devoted being whose grasp but relaxed alone with the crimson gush which followed that deep and deadly thrust, were but the impulse and act of a moment. Yet, as the red streaming life-tide of his hapless victim flew up into his face, and his downward glance caught the expression of her pale features, so mildly and sweetly calm and resigned, even when the writhing agony of that mortal wound forced the large, chill, death damps upon her beautiful brow, remorse for the fell deed seemed to touch him then—the rude and suddenly waked ferocity of his savage heart appeared to have passed as quickly away. Injustice in thought to her—her beauty and gentleness—her affinity of race—the scenes of mutual early happy life—the homes of their infancy, and their crowding and innocent memories—the cruelty of this last act—altogether might have swept in quick succession over his flaming brain; and he stood like one bewildered, vacantly looking on the ruin he had wrought,—in the prostrate form of that lovely and bleeding maiden at his feet, now vainly endeavouring to staunch the welling tide, outpouring her pure life, with the long, soft, rich tresses of her raven hair. And he started, and looked around, when, as if recalled to strength and energy by some new and mighty impulse, she caught up the blood-stained weapon he had dropped from his hand, and which lay near, and flung it with a wild and straining effort among the brush-wood bordering the streamlet in the deep and shadowy dell. The act left him without the means of aggression or defence; and just then a pistol-shot cut the eagle plume from his twisted scalp-lock. His ready eye told him a deadly and desperate enemy was close upon him. He was unarmed and guilty—an instant more, a crash down the wooded cliff of that dark defile was heard, and the savage chief was no longer visible.

The dying Mi-mea had seen the approach of the young officer; and the possibility of harm to him had prompted the act which left her murderer without the means of its infliction. And rallying the waning pulses of fast receding existence for the effort—the last, lone test of her imperishable devotedness of affection, she caught up the form of the still senseless and rescued object of his love, and struggled a few paces forward to meet his hurried advance to the spot, as if to proffer him the treasure which she had saved to him at so dear a cost. The exertion centred in itself the convulsed and closing energies of expiring life; for she sank at his feet, bathing them with the last warm, draining gush from a heart whose pulse had been so long—so wildly all of him alone. "Love her as Mi-mea worshipped thee, and my spirit will be happy"—were the dying words of that beautiful and hapless fated Algonquin girl, as she faintly and sweetly smiled her joy in that moment, when the lip of him she so deeply loved gave its first

and last fond pressure of pity and gratitude to her own; and, ere it severed from the touch of that lone and hallowed kiss, her pure spirit had passed from its sorrow in her last and happy breathing there.

Quebec, Feb. 1838.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

STAND,—whilst the storm rolls past!—Enormous clouds
Come muttering up the sky; and the low wind
Wails like a murdered ghost!—The wolves lie still:—
The jackal cries not:—the lone owl is dumb!
But the strong oaks shudder, and the solemn pines
Wave their dark hair, and bending, whisper,—"Wo!"

Look, look!—who rideth, and rideth,
O'er river,—and hill,—and plain—
With the bright-eyed lightnings before him,
That shoot through the darkening rain?
He crashes the oaks of the forest!
He rendeth the veil of sleep!
And the Bacchanal Winds behind him
Come blowing their trumpets deep!

Hark, hark!—like a monarch, he crieth
"Ho! Ho!" to his night-black steed;
And each thing of the wilderness flieth
Aghast, at its topmost speed!
Oh, swift comes the flood from the mountains,
When it scatters the raging drouth;
But the wild, wild hunter,—*he* cometh
Like the ball from the cannon's mouth!

He flies!—And what power can check him?
Not the king on his armed throne;
He driveth the storms before him!
He splitteth the strength of stone!
Yet, his dissonance falls like music
On the dreams of the innocent child;
And the spirit of Truth unarmed
Disarmeth the Huntsman wild!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Put money in thy purse."—OTHELLO.

It was a bright November morning, and the city of New York looked, what in truth she is—the "Emporium" of a great commercial nation. The harbour was studded with a forest of masts, and the streets thronged with a busy and cheerful-looking population. This was before the "great fire," and the greater "bank failures" had paralyzed industry and destroyed confidence. No wonder that the young naval officer, who for the first time found himself in this scene of traffic and turmoil, should wish for some place of quietness more secure than the Babel-like hotels afforded.

"A private boarding-house must be more comfortable than this huge temple of Mammon, where the only recommendation is cash; and where no one thinks of the stranger. Why should they when all are strangers? I will go where I do not, at every meal, meet a mob of strange faces." So he took up a newspaper, and soon found a notice which promised what he was seeking for. It ran thus—"A single gentleman can be accommodated with a pleasant apartment and board in a quiet and genteel house. Apply at No. 48, Greenwich street."

"The very thing for me," thought the lieutenant; and away he hurried to Greenwich street. He rang as loud a peal as a lord would have desired to support his dignity. The black servant who hurried to the door, very obsequiously requested the gentleman to walk into the parlour till Mrs. Bolton, the mistress of the mansion, should have notice of his coming. The hall was spacious, and the two parlours, which communicated by folding doors, the orthodox American fashion, were handsomely furnished, and promised, as the advertisement had done, a "genteel family."

"Who rung the bell, John?" said Mrs. Bolton, anxiously, as her servant appeared.

"A gentleman who wishes to see you ma'am."

"A boarder do you think?"

"No doubt, ma'am; for I never seen him before."

"Is he dressed genteelly?"

"Yes ma'am, very genteel—all in uniform."

"Go, John, see that every thing is ready for the dinner. Now, Ellen, my dear child," continued Mrs. Bolton, addressing her daughter, after the servant had left the room, "now you go up and do your best to fascinate this stranger. Tell him your mother will be at home soon; and I will come by the time he has made up his mind to take lodgings here. Of course, you need say nothing of my terms, only make yourself agreeable."

"I warrant me he'll stay when he sees the dear little gipsy," said Mrs. Bolton to herself, when she was left alone, "and *pay* for the room he shall if he takes it. Ah, Ellen is a treasure, worth her weight in gold. Not one of the young gentlemen in my house would stay a week at the prices I charge them, if Ellen was gone. I shall make more money by her bright eyes and pleasant smiles than her father did by all his speculations. Beauty is a fortune to a girl—and to her mother also, if she knows how to manage."

Meanwhile the fair Ellen, who certainly was as bewitching a creature as a little beauty of fifteen could be, opened the door with a timid air, made a graceful curtsy to the waiting stranger, and said, in that soft, liquid tone, which sounds so irresistible when breathed from ruby lips—"Ma' has not yet returned from her walk, but will probably be here soon. Pray take a seat, sir."

The young lieutenant seemed fully to appreciate the fortunate chance of meeting first with the daughter; and he conjured up a thousand little themes of conversation to detain her, never dreaming that it was her plan to detain him. As Mrs. Bolton had anticipated, he did make up his mind to stay where he was, if he could obtain a room, long before she made her appearance.

At length Mrs. Bolton entered. A real picture she was of what most men desire to find

in a boarding-house—namely, good living. Her short, fat figure and oily face proclaimed the rich dinners at which she presided. A Grahamite would have been shocked by the representation of roast beef which her round, florid cheek exhibited. But no person would have thought her the mother of the pretty Ellen; and yet, at the age of her daughter she was very much like her in countenance and form. When a woman gives all her heart and soul to worldly thoughts, how very unideal she will become!

Mrs. Bolton approached the stranger with a keen scrutinizing look, and taking a seat near him, said, "You wished to see me, sir?"

"I did. I noticed by an advertisement in the morning papers, that you have an apartment to let. I called to look at it, if not already engaged."

"Yes sir, yes sir; I have a very good room; it has been occupied by a very wealthy gentleman who is lately married. My house is very popular, sir. Several young gentlemen want the apartment; but I'm in no hurry to let it, as I am quite particular about those I take into my family. But you may see it. Now, Ellen, dear, go see that the dinner is properly attended to."

Having dismissed her daughter on a service in which she never took part, nor understood, Mrs. Bolton prepared to climb the stairs, (no very easy task to one of her weight of limb,) and show off a small room in the fifth story, the only vacant apartment.

"It is very high up, madam," groaned the officer.

"Why yes, rather high for one with the asthma, like myself," replied the landlady, out of breath, the blood mounting to her face and neck till her skin assumed a purple hue; "but no one in my house complains of the height of the stairs. You see, sir, that I keep a first-rate table; have very genteel boarders; and my sweet girl and the other ladies of the family make young gentlemen like yourself so happy with their society that they never care what rooms they occupy. You see, sir, my Ellen is a dear little creature—I call her little, though she is taller than her mother; but I have been in the habit of calling her my little darling from her cradle. She has been, and is, my only comfort in this world. Poor child! her father died when she was a babe, or she would have been living like a lady; she has been educated like one. I have spared no expense for schools and masters I assure you. Ellen sings, plays and dances like an angel. She was always the first in her class at Mrs. Larnen's seminary; and then she is so amiable, so affectionate!—But how do you like your room? Six dollars per week, besides the charge for wine, brushing boots, &c. &c."

"If you have not given any other gentleman the promise of it, I will take it."

"Oh, that is of no consequence. I like your appearance; and appearance does much with the ladies, you know. The room is yours, when will you take it?"

"An hour from this I will send my traps—baggage I mean."

"Very well sir; all shall be in readiness. Your name if you please?"

"Charles Montgomery."

"Ah, Montgomery! a very good name; are you a relation of the famous General Montgomery?"

"Distant, madam."

"And in the navy, I perceive?"

"Lieutenant under Commodore ****."

"Ah, very well, very well; a lucrative business, no doubt?"

"Pretty good: however choice, not a motive of gain, made me a sailor."

"Very good, very good; all shall be in readiness; then an hour hence you'll send your luggage?"

"About that time," said the lieutenant, and left Mrs. Bolton.

"A sweet little thing, indeed!" said Montgomery to himself as he left the house. "Heavens! what an eye! brilliant as a diamond! the long eye-lashes; and such ruby lips! Oh, nothing like her!"

"Hollow, mister! don't run over people because you wear the uniform," cried a porter whom the youth stumbled over before he was aware that any one but himself occupied the side walk.

"Pardon me, good fellow, I did not see you," said Montgomery, ashamed for his absence of mind, and passed on more carefully to the hotel.

While the love-stricken officer settled his bill and made arrangements to move to Greenwich street, Mrs. Bolton returned to her room to give her daughter some useful hints, as she called them.

"There, Ellen dear, there is a beau for you," said Mrs. Bolton as she entered. "How beautifully the uniform becomes him! He is a handsome fellow, and a descendant of the famous General Montgomery, and rich to boot; so much I found out. Now you must put on your best smiles to catch him, my dear."

"How can I catch him, ma', when Emma Comstock and the rest of the girls try to outshine me? I am sure they will, for as soon as any of the gentlemen speak to me, they put their heads together and laugh. I am very sure they turned Mr. Van Zeitungsschreiber against me, for he always was attentive to me before they made sport of him and me."

"Tut, tut, child! do you think they would have succeeded had I been in favour of his paying particular attentions to you? No, indeed! I have the cards in my own hands, and know how to shuffle them; and as far as I permit, and no farther, can any lady-boarder get into the graces of my gentlemen-boarders. It is my interest to have the gentlemen pleased with the ladies, so they don't go as far as marrying, unless they board with me. I know how to throw out hints in favour of my ladies, and how to balance the scale. Mr. Zeitungsschreiber is a foreigner and a poor man—no son-in-law for me. I let him go on in his gallantries to Miss Comstock till he began to be earnest in his attentions to her; and as I found out that he intended to go to house-keeping after he was married, I just threw out a few words about the girl's extravagance, her laziness and bad temper, at a convenient season, and off he popped to Miss Darning; but I hinted to him a love affair between her and a young gentleman; and that

she still was true to her first love, and expected some time or other to marry him. So they all remain here, you see, and pay me full board. That's what I call management, my dear."

"But I never heard a word of this before, ma'!"

"Nor *I*, child; but that, I tell you, is my way of management."

Ellen Bolton had heard her mother often talk of management as a virtue; and it had often puzzled her how an evil action could be changed into a virtue, merely by making it subservient to a selfish motive; but she had never taken time to reflect on the subject. In the present case she was willing that she should put the match between herself and Montgomery on her list of managements; as she was quite smitten with him. So she went to work to study her smiles, her attitudes and dress, to the full satisfaction of her mother.

It is indeed a fact, that a woman who keeps a boarding-house has the cards in her own hands; and if she is not a good and pious, or strictly moral person, she will shuffle them at all times to suit her own convenience without regard to the feelings or interest of her boarders. And on this account many boarding-houses may be compared to the infernal machine lately invented in France, consisting of a number of fatal instruments, turned by a single hand. Not that we intend to infer that the body is literally in danger; the law prevents open assaults; but character, more dear than life itself, is often assailed and secretly undermined by the landlady, to destroy the confidence and friendship which otherwise would unite her boarders in a happy and social bond.

A boarding-house might indeed be the abode of social and happy members, were the landlady a woman who looked upon her boarders with the interest we are commanded to feel toward our neighbours; and were the boarders grateful and reasonable. But unfortunately, there is generally a constant jarring between the two parties. The landlady thinks that when she has furnished her boarders with their meals, and her chamber-maid has given their rooms a rub, her duty is done, and the least favour asked, even if the boarders have a right to demand it, is coolly, and often harshly refused. And be it recorded, to the shame of our sex, that such women will rather favour the gentlemen than the ladies. Those ladies, however, who have husbands or brothers boarding at the same house, can, by the fear the landlady entertains of them, be somewhat comfortable; but wo to the widow and spinster, if situated in the family of such a woman.

On the other hand, many ladies who board are constantly finding fault and never satisfied, however kindly the landlady may treat them; and their love of mischief-making keeps the house in a constant uproar, so that no comfort is to be taken either by the landlady or those boarders who are peaceably disposed. This conduct frequently produces a constant disturbance, till they separate enemies for ever.

It has often been stated by landladies, that the lady-boarders are more troublesome than the gentlemen. We cannot deny this assertion. We are brought up on domestic principles. We know when our food is properly cooked, and our rooms kept clean; and being confined daily at home, we hear and see many transactions which escape the gentlemen. We are also more passive; and for that reason are more liable to be imposed on. The gentlemen, on the contrary, are but very little in the house; and if they find their meals ready to satisfy a sharp appetite, created by exercise through the day, and a bed made to receive them in the evening, they see nothing to disturb their equanimity. They are content. But should they stay at home as the ladies do, see what they see, and hear what they hear, we doubt whether they would easily keep up their imputed amiability. What would a gentleman say if he should chance to enter his room unexpectedly and see a dirty woman standing by his toilet using his tooth-brush, and combing her filthy hair with his dressing-comb? What would he say if he should hear himself called by his landlady, a young conceited fool; a dissipated, good-for-nothing fellow, a crabbed, snarling, old bachelor, &c. &c.! Yet this, my good gentlemen, is often the case when your landlady is out of sorts. So believe me, your proverbial good nature is the fruit of blessed ignorance.

But while the writer is giving a faithful sketch of boarding-houses, managed by low, unprincipled women, she hopes not to be understood to set forth all the establishments of this kind. She has boarded for many years; and she can with truth say, that there are many honourable exceptions. She has generally been situated in boarding-houses where she has enjoyed the same privileges, and received the same kindness as if she had been boarding among friends or near relations; and her landladies have been, with one or two exceptions, in the best sense of the word, ladies and Christians. But those few alluded to, and others represented to her by her friends, are sufficient to create a wish among all who desire to live in peace and Christian fellowship with their neighbours, that a reformation may be made in these establishments, which now have become almost indispensable to the community.

We have made a long digression, but we think the subject deserves attention; and that our readers will feel as interested as we do, to analyze it, and come to the elementary parts; that the evil causes of constant jarrings, ill will and uncharitable conduct between boarders and their landlady, and the boarders themselves, may be properly understood and imputed to the original source. We will now recommence the story of the Boarding-house.

It was a most unaccountable mystery to Mrs. Bolton's former friends, how she had become a bad woman. She was born of clever parents, not rich or of high standing, but of respectability, who brought her up for domestic life, and had given her a tolerable good education, not in the least dreaming that she should marry above their own condition. But Miss Hannah Robins was pretty, and considered a fine girl. When about eighteen, she happened to meet with Mr. Bolton, a man much older than herself, rather plain and uneducated; but he was thought to be rich, and he caught her on that bait. They married, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Bolton soon found that her husband was poor and depended

on an old bachelor-uncle. This old gentleman hired a store for Mr. Bolton and supplied him with goods on commission, at a certain per cent. which Bolton was to render his relation and patron; the rest going to support himself. Unfortunately his uncle died, and by some unforeseen calamity he left his estates insolvent. Mr. Bolton was one of those easy, good-natured, and I may say, lazy men, who do no harm in the world, except to themselves and families. He had, through life, made no exertion to lay up money against old age; all that he had made, he had spent as he went along. He had lived in very good style all his days, and trusted to a large legacy after his uncle's death. The sudden demise of Mr. Bolton, senior, and the state in which he left his affairs, was, therefore, as perplexing as unexpected; and finding himself thrown from a comfortable living and bright hopes for the future, to poverty and dependence, his mind was not able to sustain the shock. He sickened and died, and Mrs. Bolton found herself a widow with one child to support. She was indeed for some time a pitiable woman. Her furniture was taken and sold for the benefit of her husband's creditors; her landlord told her to remove from his house; and her former friends, one after another, dropped off.

It is indeed a true adage, that misfortune will make us better or worse. That sorrows and all the trials we meet with on earth, are sent to try our faith and improve our hearts, no one doubts who is capable of tracing their blessings and afflictions from the hand of God. Happy are they who humbly bend under his just providence. Many do so, and shine brighter and brighter as their sorrows increase; but those who never in their lives thought they enjoyed more than they deserved, and never sent a grateful thanksgiving to heaven for all their enjoyments, when troubles come upon them, murmur at fate and harden their hearts. Mrs. Bolton was one of these unhappy beings. She had been, since her marriage, in a situation to make a show, and her society was very respectable. She had been considered an exemplary woman; had given her mite to the poor; set down her name on the catalogue of charitable institutions, and she had been a regular attendant on public worship. No one who is acquainted with her would have suspected that she could materially change under any circumstance whatever. Ah, how little we know the human heart. Yes, how little we know even our own! We see a striking proof of this in the reply of Hazael to the prophet Elisha, when he tells him of the evil that he will do to the children of Israel. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!" said he, and forthwith he returns to the court and commences his wickedness by murdering his royal master. This shows how earnestly we should watch and pray lest we fall into temptation.

The truth is, the human character is never fully developed till the powers of the mind are brought into exertion, either by compulsion, or the hope of gaining some favourite point. There had, hitherto, been nothing in Mrs. Bolton's circumstances to call forth her powers of mind, or develop the real tendencies of her heart. Now that she saw herself poor, neglected and forsaken by the world, she curled her lip in contempt, and said to herself, with a confident smile, "I'll repay the world's scorn; I'll make money and rise above it. Henceforth I care for no one but myself and child; and I'll make a fortune still." Having come to this conclusion she packed up her few movables, and went to New York, the mart of adventurers, took there a small house and commenced keeping boarders. Her business, however, was on a very limited scale. Her boarders were of the common class of people, who could pay but a small compensation, and even these were few. Nevertheless, she so managed her affairs, that in a year or two she was able to move to a more public part of the city, into a large and genteel house, and succeeded in getting boarders who could pay well for their board. As her prospects brightened, she concluded to give her daughter a showy education. She was sent to a fashionable school, and at the head of accomplishments she intended for her, stood dancing, playing on the piano-forte and singing. But Miss Ellen was an idle, and rather deficient girl, and the money her mother spent on her education would have yielded a better interest in the savings-bank. Whether Mrs. Bolton knew not enough herself to judge of her child's progress at school, or whether she weighed the amount of knowledge gained by the money she paid for her education, we know not; but certainly no one could boast more freely of her child's accomplishments than Mrs. Bolton. When she moved to Greenwich street, Ellen was only thirteen, but no one could see her without pleasing anticipation of her beauty when she should arrive at womanhood, and she soon found that to keep a full house of gentlemen-boarders, she would have to keep her at home as much as possible. For this reason she not only made her pass the vacations at home, but often sent for her in the midst of the term, to the great detriment of her morals and useful improvement. At the age of fifteen, Ellen returned from her boarding-school, and was pronounced by her mother to have "come out." A new era in Mrs. Bolton's life now commenced. She saw with secret delight the swarm of admirers that crowded around her daughter, and she formed the resolution to apparently favour all, while she kept a sharp lookout that no one should captivate her heart unless he had a fortune.

However, the greater part of her unmarried gentlemen-boarders were clerks, with moderate expectations, and a few foreigners whose rank and wealth were not clearly established. She could only boast one gentleman of leisure as her boarder, a rich bachelor; but for reasons best known to herself, she studiously kept him from her pretty Ellen's society as much as possible. It was at this juncture that Lieutenant Montgomery arrived, and created a sensation in our Boarding-house world, which we will endeavour to depict in the next chapter.

To be continued.

Roses come to us from Persia, and into Persia from India. They abound in the countries round the Caspian.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ALTHEA VERNON; OR, THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A NOVELETTE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(*Concluded from p. 224.*)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE friends of our unhappy heroine gathered round, and the group was soon environed by a close crowd, as is usually the case when a lady faints at a ball. "Let her be carried immediately to her room"—said a physician who was present; and when Selfridge hastened to assist Lansing in this office, he heard Mrs. Conroy say to her daughters—"Now we can get that handkerchief"—and pushing her way among the people, she prepared to pick it up from the floor. To rescue it from the grasp of this malignant woman and disappoint her pertinacious curiosity, Selfridge hastily set his foot upon it; and feeling much indignation at the unconscious gewgaw, he trampled on it rather too energetically, and then kicked it into a corner under a bench. The increasing denseness of the crowd prevented the Conroys from seeing what became of it.

Althea was carried to her apartment; and the physician, after recommending the usual remedies, and remaining till she showed signs of revival, resigned her to the care of Mrs. and Miss Dimsdale and Miss De Vincy; and as he returned to the ball-room to inform the company that Miss Vernon would now do well, he met Selfridge and Lansing in the corridor, waiting to hear his report.

When Althea recovered her consciousness, she found herself lying on her bed, disengaged from her ball-dress, and her three friends anxiously watching her. She started up, looked all round, and exclaimed wildly—"What has happened!—Have I fainted!—Where is the handkerchief! I do not see it!—It is lost—it is lost—I know that it is!" "What handkerchief, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale. Miss De Vincy made a sign to that lady, not to persevere in the question: and bending down to Althea, she whispered—"It is safe no doubt—such a handkerchief cannot easily be lost." "Such a handkerchief, indeed!"—sighed Althea. "Oh! that it were not such a one." "Compose yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale; "you must not talk till you are perfectly recovered." "But the handkerchief," persisted Althea, sinking back on the pillow. "I *must* know if it is really lost; or, worse than all, if Mrs. Conroy has found it."

The Dimsdales looked much amazed. "Her head is confused," said Miss De Vincy; "recovering from a fainting fit, is like waking from an oppressive dream. She will be more coherent after a little repose." "Dear excellent Miss De Vincy," resumed Althea, "will you not inquire for that handkerchief, and send some one to search for it in the ball room!" "I will, indeed," replied her friend; "if you will promise not to speak a word till my return."

Miss De Vincy then left her, with the intention of sending for Selfridge to meet her in the upper parlour and commissioning him and Lansing to search for the handkerchief; still wondering at Althea's excessive solicitude about it, and grieved at the effect it had produced on her. To Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia, all this was enigmatical: but they had too much considerate kindness to disturb Althea by farther inquiries; and while Julia folded and put away the ball attire of her friend, Mrs. Dimsdale took her seat by the bedside in silence.

Miss De Vincy found Selfridge walking the corridor in evident perturbation, waiting impatiently for an opportunity of obtaining some farther information respecting the condition of Althea. "Miss Vernon has recovered," said she—anticipating his question. "Will you oblige her by inquiring for a handkerchief which she dropped in fainting, and which, I believe, is a valuable one. Mr. Lansing, I am sure, will assist you in the search."

"That vile handkerchief!" exclaimed Selfridge, thrown entirely off his guard. "I believe I kicked it under one of the benches. But I will go in quest of it." She seemed to think," pursued Miss De Vincy—"that you may possibly find it in the hands of the Conroys." "Then I will tear it from them," replied Selfridge, completely losing all command of himself.

Seeing her smile, he paused and continued in a milder tone.—"Tell Miss Vernon that, as far as depends on me, she may assure herself of that handkerchief being restored to her." Lansing just then came up to inquire also after Althea, and Selfridge leaving him in the corridor with Miss De Vincy, ran down into the ball room to fulfil his commission.

In the meantime, we must go back a little (according to the frequent necessity of story-tellers,) and relate, that when the bustle occasioned by the fainting of our heroine had subsided, Mrs. Conroy proceeded to look about for the handkerchief: but luckily neither she nor her daughters had seen Selfridge spurn it under the bench. They had but one pair of eyes apiece, and all their eyes were at that moment occupied by the intense interest he evidently took in Miss Vernon, and the agitation of his manner when he assisted Lansing in conveying her out of the room.

"Where can that mysterious handkerchief be?" said Mrs. Conroy. "I am convinced it was the cause of her fainting."

"I dare say," observed Phebe Maria, "Miss De Vincy picked it up, and took it under her protection." "No matter," remarked Abby Louisa—"it is now of no farther consequence. Of course, none of us really care about examining the thing."

"Here comes Mrs. Vandunder," said Mrs. Conroy; "she has just got back into the room, and is making directly towards us: to inquire, I suppose, the cause of all this commotion. Let us avoid her, and go and talk to the Crokenwells, or the Rodenfields.—No, we won't—Billy has joined her."

"Really, mamma," observed Phebe Maria;

"we pay very dear for Billy.—And I begin to think he will cheat us out of himself, at last."

"Not if we play our cards skilfully," replied Mrs. Conroy. "Young men that know themselves to be eligible, are not very prompt in making up their minds, and are frequently off and on a dozen times before they are finally secured. And there, I protest, is Sir Tiddering; he has actually finished his supper already, and is talking of his own accord to both mother and son. The group is now worth joining; so let us go and ask them what has become of Wilhelmina, and we will make Mrs. Vandunder talk of her in a way that will render the whole family still more absurd and vulgar in the eyes of the Englishman."

When Selfridge returned to the ball-room, in search of the handkerchief, he found that there was a long recess in the dancing; the musicians having gone out to get their supper. The waiters were handing round refreshments; and some of the company were seated, while some who had not been over-fatigued with dancing were exercising themselves in a promenade round the room: and some were standing in knots and talking. As he approached the bench under which his foot had deposited the handkerchief, a party that had been seated there, rose and left the room to seek the cool air of the piazza. The handkerchief he found lying in a corner, quite out of view to all casual observers; and taking it up, he saw with vexation that it was soiled, rumpled, crushed, torn, and as he believed, entirely spoiled. The centre was so much injured, that the delicately-marked letters were entirely illegible, but Selfridge supposed, of course, that they had formed the name of Althea Vernon. He put it into his breast-pocket, and leaned against a window frame, while he soliloquized on a subject so new to him.

"Well," thought he—"all that I can now do, is to replace this handkerchief by another exactly like it, if possible, or, at least, of equal value. It was absurd in me to give it such rough usage: but it is out of the question to return it to her in the state to which I have reduced it. What excessive folly in Althea Vernon to be the owner of a handkerchief, whose costliness has made it of so much importance as actually to interfere with her peace and comfort. She was evidently afraid to trust it a moment in possession of the Conroys. But I will not betray her weakness, even to Lansing. I will return to the city early in the morning, purchase for her another handkerchief, similar or equal to this, and send it to her in an envelope, for I think I will not see her again. I must endeavour to subdue this fancy for Miss Vernon, and therefore it is best that our acquaintance should terminate. As Mr. Conroy says, a wife that gives eighty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief, will not suit me. Fortunately, I can have no reason to suppose that she regards me with any thing more than indifference." But, as Selfridge brushed the hair from his forehead in passing a pier-glass, he thought it just possible that perhaps she did.

He was now met by Lansing, who said to him—"Selfridge, I congratulate you on the recovery of Miss Vernon. I have just seen Mrs. Dimsdale, who reports that she is doing well. I believe none of her friends intend returning to the ball-room, and Miss De Vincy desired me to inform Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, that *she* will not appear again to-night. But the musicians have resumed their places, and it seems there is now to be waltzing. Are you not engaged to Miss Conroy?"

Selfridge started, and repeated the name of Miss Conroy, with one of those exclamations which gentlemen-readers can easily imagine, and which ladies need not know. "I *am* engaged to her," said he—"for a cotillion or something. But I can dance no more to-night, and with any of that hateful family I *will* not. Waltz with that girl!—my aversion!—my antipathy!—By heaven, I can do no such violence to my feelings. From this night, I abjure all acquaintance with every female of the name of Conroy."

"There's something more in this than meets the ear," said Lansing.

"No matter," resumed Selfridge. "But do me the justice to believe, that I neither like nor dislike, without sufficient cause, and that I can adduce good reasons for all I say, and for all I do."

"I doubt," replied Lansing, "if I can carry my credulity quite so far."

"Lansing," resumed Selfridge—"be still more my friend; take Miss Conroy off my hands. Make some excuse for me, (I know you are clever at these things,) and if she must and will dance, waltz with her yourself."

"Truly, you are putting my friendship to a severe test," answered Lansing, "and my ingenuity also. *Mais allons.* What apology can I offer for you?"

"Any thing—nothing—say I'm sick, I'm dead—or say, which is nearer the truth, that I am going to leave Rockaway early in the morning, and must retire to prepare for my departure."

"That is, you would rather pack your trunk and go to sleep, than dance with her lovely self. How your character will suffer."

"I care not. You are going to the city in the morning."

"Yes—but I like Rockaway so well, that I shall return in the evening."

Lansing now proceeded to the Conroys, to excuse Selfridge to Abby Louisa; and he managed his task with so much address, that she could not seem otherwise than satisfied, and was also not the least displeased at the opportunity of exhibiting herself in the waltz, with a partner still more eligible than the very palpable inamorato of Althea Vernon. Sir Tiddering, whose supper had put him into an extremely good humour, was actually seen whirling along with Phebe Maria, to the manifest triumph of her mother, who hinted to Mrs. Vandunder, "that the baronet having found his attempt on the heart of her eldest daughter quite hopeless, was now transferring his devoirs to the younger."

"Well—she'd better have him then," said Mrs. Vandunder, tartly. "That is, if she can get him. Thank fortune, none of my family is necessiated to take up with no foreigners. We

have not come to that yet, and I hope we never shall. They don't seem to suit: for they're nothing like our natural selves."

Selfridge retired to his room, from whence he despatched a concise note to Miss De Vincy, requesting her to tell Miss Vernon, that her handkerchief should be sent to her on the following evening. When this billet was communicated to our heroine by her friend, who was now alone with her, (the Dimsdales having retired, as their assistance was no longer necessary)—Althea exclaimed—"But, if Mr. Selfridge has found the handkerchief, why does he not relieve my anxiety by restoring it to me at once?" "Probably," replied Miss De Vincy, "it has become soiled from lying on the flour, and he is going to send it to a laundress, before he returns it to you." "Men know nothing about such things," said Althea. "It will never more look like a new handkerchief; no matter how skilfully it may be done up. And the lace that trimmed it—who will quill it on again to look as it did before. Oh! how I wish I had never carried the handkerchief into the ball-room!"

Miss De Vincy, unable to understand the extreme importance she attached to this handkerchief, now persuaded her to try earnestly to compose herself to sleep. Althea smiled faintly, and pressed the hand of her friend, as she took leave of her for the night, but murmured —"My sleep, I fear, will be but little."

CHAPTER XVII.

Next morning our heroine felt a great inclination to pass the whole day in her room; but the fear of exciting remarks, and perhaps invidious ones, made her wisely determine to endeavour to appear as usual; though she knew that it would be a hard task. Her friends expressed their pleasure on seeing her at the breakfast table, from which many of the young ladies, and all the Conroys, absented themselves on account of the fatigue of the ball; and also, because nearly all the gentlemen (including Selfridge, Lansing, Mr. Dimsdale, and Mr. Conroy,) had gone up to the city. Althea looked pale, and felt nervous and out of spirits. She was restless, distrait, and had a presentiment that the adventure of the handkerchief was not yet over. Still, her chief fear was, that Selfridge had observed that the name on it was not her own.

Miss De Vincy devoted much of her time during the day to Althea, and the charm of her conversation, (in the course of which she related many interesting and amusing things that she had seen in Europe,) finally succeeded in giving a more cheerful tone to the feelings of our heroine, who had also the gratification of receiving an affectionate and entertaining letter from her mother at New Manchester. "Ah!" soliloquized Althea—as she folded up and put it away—"how dear mamma would grieve if she knew what strange sufferings I have brought on myself, by indulging my nonsensical fancy for that hateful handkerchief. Only let me have it once more in my possession, and I will enclose it in a little box by itself, and never look at it again till I restore it to the right owner. But I much doubt, if I shall find it in a fit state to present to her. It will then be my duty to replace it with another, for which purpose I shall have, for a while, to use the most painful economy in my own expenses; as I am resolved that dear mamma shall be put to no inconvenience by my absurdity. And, worse than all—have I not violated my sense of right, and tarnished my integrity, by meanly using the property of another, and attempting a deception in wishing it to be considered as my own? To act a falsehood, is nearly the same as to speak it. And then, if all should be discovered—how contemptible I shall have made myself—and for what?"

In the afternoon, most of the company went to ride; and those that did not, were loitering in the piazza and at the front windows, to see them set out.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall came up to Wilhelmina, and said, he was monstrous glad to see her able to take the field again, as last night she was quite "knocked up."

"Knocked up," said Wilhelmina—"I don't know what you mean—I can't attempt to understand English."

"Oh? you were certainly knocked up, when you had to give in."

"Give in."

"Yes—in consequence of pinching shoes, excoriating stockings, squeezing corsets, screwing hair strings, scarifying handkerchiefs, and all the other evils that young ladies' flesh is heir to—particularly on ball-nights."

"Mamma," said Wilhelmina—"he is talking to me about all sorts of bad things—I know he is"——

"Sir Tattering Tiddering," said Mrs. Vandunder, bridling—"I'd have you to understand, that me and my daughter never was used to no disrespect from nobody. People from the old country an't half as particular as they ought to be. But we Americans is always delicate."

"So I perceive, madam," answered Sir Tiddering. "And I have not the least doubt, that you and the whole Yankee population are very respectable people."

"There, only hear him, ma'," cried Wilhelmina—"he's calling us respectable again—and Yankees beside."

"It's just like him," said Mrs. Vandunder—her face turning scarlet with anger.—"Him and all his countrymen is made up of brass and sass."

"Brass and sass!" said Sir Tiddering—"a capital combination that—I'll just put it down (taking out his note-book,)—it will figure in my journal. Sass, I suppose, is for the sake of the rhyme."

"Ma'—I told you he was all the time making fun of us," said Wilhelmina.

"The patience of Job couldn't have put up with an Englishman," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder; and turning her back to him, she walked majestically away, fanning herself exceedingly. Seeing her son Billy, who was reclining on some chairs at a little distance and listening with a broad grin, she hastened to make her complaint to him. "I declare," said she—"that fellow han't no more manners than a grizzly bear, and he looks just like one."

"*Brutum fulmen*," said Billy—"there's no

doubt of that. But remember, he's a baronet."

"Then, of all noblemen, keep me from baronicks," cried Mrs. Vandunder. "I would not allow you, nor myself, nor even Wilhelmina, ever to speak to him or look at him again, if it wasn't for spiting the Conroys."

"That's right," replied Billy—"my way exactly—always spite the Conroys. But see, Sir Tiddering has drawn Wilhelmina to the far end of the porch, and is whispering to her. You had better go and look after them."

Mrs. Vandunder hastily turned about, and scuttled towards them as fast as she could; followed at a distance by Billy. She pulled Sir Tiddering by the sleeve, exclaiming—"What are you saying to my daughter? Any thing improper?"

"Very probably," he replied—"I am asking her to take a ride with me in my buggy, and she seems rather skittish at the name of the vehicle."

"Well, she may," replied Mrs. Vandunder. "It's hard to get over these things for people as is polished."

Just then Sir Tiddering's servant brought round the buggy, in which two horses were harnessed tandem. "That's really a stylish set out," observed Billy; "quite a neat concern." The dull face of Wilhelmina brightened, and that of her mother shone with pleasure. "To go or not to go?" said Sir Tiddering.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mrs. Vandunder—softening her voice and smiling prodigiously. "It an't polite for a lady to object to ride with a gentleman, after he's had his chaise brought to the door on purpose. Upon my word it looks very genteel. Wilhelmina, (in a low voice) you know when we talk to the Conroys about it, we can call it a *chinchy*. Go up stairs, and get on your pink satin bonnet and your laylock shawl, and be ready to wait on his lordship immediately. Think what a dash you'll cut, with two horses Indian file."

Wilhelmina departed with unusual alacrity, Sir Tiddering conducting her to the hall door, and lingering there a few moments to conquer his inclination to laugh. By this time, there were many additional spectators assembled in the piazza; the Conroys had been all the while peeping through the shutters of the saloon. When Wilhelmina re-appeared, Sir Tiddering handed her into the buggy, jumped in beside her, touched his leader with the whip, and turned the corner of the hotel. "*Tandem triumphans*," said Billy. "Well, after all," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder—"there's no gentleman in the known world equal to an English baronick, when you once get acquainted with him. Poor Mrs. Conroy must be quite lonesome there in the big parlour, and nobody near her but her daughters. I'll go in and set with her a while."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as Selfridge arrived in the city, he hastened to Mr. Stewart's emporium of fashion, unwilling to excite remarks or give rise to conjectures by confiding the commission to any one of the ladies he was acquainted with. Taking with him the defaced handkerchief as a pattern, he was so fortunate as to find one exactly like it, that was yet unsold. He immediately made the purchase, intending to seal it up in a blank envelope, and send it to Miss Vernon. On his way down Broadway to his lodgings, previous to the dining hour, he overtook Lansing, who lived at the same house, and Selfridge inquired if he would take charge of a little parcel, and deliver it to Miss Vernon, on his return that evening to Rockaway.

"Are you really not going back thither yourself?" asked Lansing.

"No," replied Selfridge—"I shall proceed to Philadelphia to-morrow, in the early boat, and pass a day or two in that city—or probably a week, or a fortnight, or, perhaps, a month."

"And where then?" inquired Lansing.

"I do not know—perhaps I shall go to the coal-region, or to the North Carolina gold mines—perhaps to the Virginia Springs, or to Cincinnati—I may take a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans—or I may go round to Boston, by way of the lakes."

"Your route, indeed, seems very undecided," observed Lansing. "But when shall we see you here again?"

"I do not know. One thing is certain: I shall not settle in New York."

"I regret to hear you say so," rejoined Lansing. "Yesterday, you seemed to admire every brick in our houses, and every flag-stone in our pavements, and would not permit me to apologise for the dustiness of the grass, and the scantiness of the trees, in the place we call a park. Then you thought even the flattest and tamest parts of our sea-coast wonderfully picturesque and romantic—Rockaway, in particular."

"Do not laugh at me, Lansing," said Selfridge—"that is all over now."

"What is all over? Have you discovered that there is no chance of prevailing on the lovely Miss Vernon to accept your addresses?"

"I have never addressed Miss Vernon."

"Not exactly, perhaps, in good set terms. You have only given her every possible reason to suppose that she might look for the important question at any minute. Selfridge—it is unpardonable in our sex to trifle as we do with the feelings of women."

"Feelings!—What feelings, what sensibility can exist in the heart of a woman who, without any extraordinary wealth to excuse such extravagance, can be so vain and so silly as to expend eighty dollars on a single pocket-handkerchief!"

"And has Miss Vernon been guilty of this folly?"

"Yes; she has—and probably of many others similar in character. With such a wife, what chance of happiness can a man expect?"

And then, Selfridge, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, could not forbear confiding to his friend the story of the handkerchief, as far as he knew it, and according to the light in which it appeared to him.

"I am sorry to hear all this," said Lansing. "I had hoped better things of that very pretty little girl, with whom Miss De Vincy, a woman

of sense and observation, is evidently desirous of cultivating a friendship. Listen to me, Selfridge. I advised you at the beginning of your *penchant* for Althea Vernon, not to proceed too rapidly; but to allow yourself time to understand something of her disposition and habits. Of her vivacity, intelligence, and beauty, there can be no doubt; and fascinated by them, you have unthinkingly allowed your admiration to become apparent to every one, and certainly to the young lady herself."

"Have I, indeed," exclaimed Selfridge, eagerly. "But do you think—do you believe—that there is any hope—fear I mean—of her being favourably impressed towards me."

"I know not," replied Lansing; "but Miss Vernon, I am convinced, is not one of these very susceptible young ladies, who will fall in love with any man whatever, merely because he seems to think her handsome."

"But I am not 'any man whatever,'" said Selfridge, smiling.

"Very true," rejoined Lansing. "So I will beg your pardon for the *lapsus lingua*, and make the *amende honorable* by acknowledging you to be an extremely well-looking personage, of fine figure, fine hair, fine eyes, and fine teeth—in short, *fait à peindre*. Also, I confess you a gentleman of good connexions, good character, and good talents, educated at college, familiar with the best society, and possessing sufficient private fortune to establish yourself handsomely in an extensive business whenever you choose to begin. There now—are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," said Selfridge, half laughing; "and I ought, in gratitude, to return all these compliments; particularly as I can do so without any violation of truth. But, though it is a very pretty amusement to be thus enacting The Two Gentlemen of Verona, I would rather just now have an answer to my question concerning Miss Vernon."

"That is, you would rather hear that Miss Vernon, if solicited to become Mrs. Selfridge, might probably be induced to consent; and, indeed, I know no reason why she should not. I must own I never saw her frown at your civilities, or avoid your society. I am not sure that the roses on her cheeks did not assume a deeper glow, and her eyes sparkle more vividly, when you were talking to her. Still, perhaps, it was only the delight of gratified vanity."

"She has no vanity," said Selfridge.

"Well, well—have it as you please," pursued Lansing. "'She is a woman, therefore may be won.' But thus far I will counsel you. In your fear of deciding too soon, do not err on the other side and be too fastidious. Neither should you consider the follies of gay and unreflecting youth, like so many mortal sins, Edgar Mandlebert fashion. Give up, for the present, this wayward scheme of chasing the points of the compass all round the Union. Return to Rockaway. See Miss Vernon—and then—*vogue la galère*."

Selfridge made no immediate reply; but his brow cleared, his eye brightened, he sprang lightly up the steps of their residence, and before entering the door, he turned to Lansing and shook him warmly by the hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was towards the decline of the afternoon, that our heroine and Miss De Vincy were walking on the beach, Julia Dimsdale remaining in her room to write letters, and Mrs. Dimsdale having taken Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds on a ride with the children in her own carriage. Althea was unusually pensive, and Miss De Vincy endeavoured to entertain without fatiguing her. They came to the fragment of the storm-wrecked vessel, which was now sunk deeper in the sand, and with its thick clusters of sea-weed had become dry in the sun. The two young ladies spread over it the shawls which they had carried on their arms, and sat down to rest themselves, and to gaze at the untiring ocean-view, over which was louring a distant mass of dark and heavy clouds, portentous of a thunder-storm.

Suddenly they were startled by the voice of Selfridge, who having just arrived from the city, came down at once to the beach, finding that Miss Vernon and her friend had gone thither. Althea cast down her eyes on seeing Selfridge, and turned not red but pale, and caught herself beginning to mark the sand with the point of her parasol. After the first salutations were over, Selfridge producing the packet, presented it to Althea, who, on opening it, perceived that the handkerchief was entirely new, and that there was no name in the centre-piece.

"Oh! Mr. Selfridge," she exclaimed; "this is not the handkerchief I lost."

"It is not," said he. "To the original, of which this is a duplicate, I had unthinkingly given such rough usage after you dropped it last evening, that it was no longer in a fit state to return to a lady. You must allow me to replace it with another, which I hope will be found in no respect inferior."

A hundred conflicting thoughts and feelings now rushed through the mind, and agitated the heart of our heroine. The most predominant were, regret that Selfridge should have incurred the expense of purchasing another handkerchief, and fear that he had perceived the name of Miss Fitzgerald.

"Did you," she asked, in a tremulous voice, —"Mr. Selfridge, did you observe the name marked in the centre?"

"I saw no name," said he, looking much surprised. "It must have been effaced before I took up the handkerchief, which as I told you, had been very rudely treated, particularly by my unthinking self."

Althea, overcome both with joy and sorrow, hid her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Selfridge, amazed and disconcerted, gazed for an instant, and then looked towards Miss De Vincy, who put her arm within his, and drew him away. "Let us," said she in a low voice—"give Miss Vernon time to recover herself. It will be better than to make an attempt at consoling her, for as we know not the cause of her agitation, we may rather increase than dispel it."

They then retired to a little distance, walking farther up the beach.

After Althea had indulged in a copious flood

of tears, she began to feel more composed, and asked herself what Miss De Vincy would do in a similar predicament. The answer rose at once to her mind, and pausing a while to call up all her resolution, and gain something like firmness to effect her purpose, she endeavoured to dry her eyes and summon courage to walk towards her friends; but finding that her steps tottered, she resumed her seat, and signed to them to return.

Althea held out a hand to each, and said in a tone in which extreme confusion struggled with her desire to act rightly, "Mr. Selfridge —my dear Miss De Vincy—I can no longer forbear an explanation which, though sadly humiliating to myself, is due to you both—due to the kindness—the interest"——

Here her voice failed—and tears again came to her relief. Her friends regarded her with deep compassion, and besought her to spare herself any disclosure which might give her pain. "Oh, no," said she; "when it is once over I shall feel better." And then with blushing cheeks and tearful eyes, she candidly related the story of Miss Fitzgerald's handkerchief, disguising no motive and suppressing no fact. The looks of both her friends brightened when they found it only an illustration of girlish folly, bringing with it its own punishment of annoyance, vexation, fear of discovery, and consequent mortification. And Selfridge felt extreme delight when he found that neither she nor her mother had been in reality the purchasers of the unlucky gewgaw.

"At the same time," continued Althea; "it is impossible for me to accept this new handkerchief from Mr. Selfridge. Whatever inconvenience it may cost me, justice requires that I should abide the consequences of my absurd and incorrigible fancy for such a bauble; and my unprincipled folly in presuming to pass off as my own, a piece of extravagant finery which did not belong to me. By economising strictly in my other expenses, I can myself have ready an embroidered handkerchief of equal value, to give to Miss Fitzgerald, on her return from the north. This I will do, and if necessary, explain to her the whole, even at the risk of her whispering the tale to her acquaintances and spreading it among mine; though I well know the unfortunate secret to be perfectly safe with Miss De Vincy and with Mr. Selfridge."

Miss De Vincy kissed the cheek of Althea, and directed to Selfridge a look so eloquent, that he understood it in a moment. With a heightened colour and a beaming eye, he said to our heroine.—"For *my* honour—for *my* secresy—I can offer a sure guarantee—my hand."

"Your hand," said Althea—starting.

"My hand—my name—my heart."

Althea now again covered her eyes. She turned appealingly to Miss De Vincy, who said to her—"My dear Althea, Mr. Selfridge only desires to know if he may be allowed to hope. He is not so vain or so unreasonable as to expect his offer to be accepted, after so short an acquaintance, and without the sanction of your mother."

"Oh! no, indeed," said Althea; "mamma, dearest mamma must know all."

At this moment they were joined by Lansing, who had accompanied Selfridge from the city, but had purposely allowed himself to be detained in the piazza by the Conroys, that he might not arrive too soon at the beach, and be considered *Monsieur de Trop*. A glance told him the situation of affairs, and giving his arm to Miss De Vincy, he said,—"Come, we must all turn our steps towards the hotel, or we shall be overtaken by the storm. The sea-birds scream as they fly home for safety, and the fishermen are mooring their boats along the shore."

Miss De Vincy cast her eyes toward the sea, which the rising wind was covering with spots of foam. Already the zig-zag lightning quivered along the low and gloomy clouds, and glared over the darkened water, and the solemn roll of thunder was heard murmuring at a distance. And yet the sun was shining brightly from that small portion of the heavens which still retained its unclouded blue.

Lansing and Miss De Vincy preceded their companions on their way back to the hotel. "I knew," said Lansing—"or rather I had a presentiment that Selfridge would offer himself as an appendage to the handkerchief."

"Ah!" said Miss De Vincy; "you can know but the half of that story. It is but a few moments since Mr. Selfridge himself has been in possession of the whole. And the ingenuous explanation of Miss Vernon, has resulted as you suppose."

"Selfridge has sped so rapidly in his wooing," said Lansing; "that it is very encouraging to his friends. I, for one, should like extremely to follow his example, if I thought I could do so with the same chance of success."

There was a pause, and Lansing continued, —"I wish Miss De Vincy would remind me of the proverb, that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"That proverb cannot apply to Mr. Lansing," was her reply.

"Explain," said Lansing. "Is there a possibility that the fair lady may be won, or do you insinuate a compliment by implying that no one could suspect me of want of courage."

"Want of confidence, rather," said Miss De Vincy.

"Ah!" replied Lansing; "man is made up of inconsistencies. That is my favourite theory, and I am myself an evidence of its truth."

"Well, then," rejoined Miss De Vincy; "if by Faint-heart you mean yourself, I am going to frighten you by bringing you to the point at once.—Am I the fair lady that you think of winning?"

"Even so—your charming self."

"Very well—the sooner this affair is despatched the better. I am, then, to understand that, in fashionable parlance, you are addressing me."

"Certainly—consider yourself addressed."

"Really," resumed Miss De Vincy; "there must be something peculiar in the air to-day—I wonder if the almanac predicts about this time—'Frequent courtships, accompanied by immediate proposals.' The saloon this evening will look like the stage in the concluding scene of a comedy. I suppose we shall see the patroon of Schoppenburgh drawn up with Miss Phebe Maria, and Sir Tiddering with Wilhel-

mina—not to mention our two friends that are walking so leisurely behind us."

"May we not add a fourth pair?"

"No, no," answered the lady; "I have not had half enough of the delights of a single life, and I am not yet inclined to surrender my liberty even for a chain of roses; a chain of which the thorns remain long after the flowers have faded. I just now reminded Miss Vernon of the shortness of her acquaintance with her inamorato, and mine with Mr. Lansing is shorter still. Besides, I have no doubt of finding some one I like better."

"Is there no one you at present like better?"

"Yes—twenty; with whom I am well acquainted, and all of whom I regard either as possible, probable, or positive lovers, at least if the usual symptoms are to be credited."

"No lover can be more positive than I am," said Lansing. "How long a time do you think requisite for becoming well acquainted with me?"

"I shall never know you; as you say inconsistency is your characteristic."

"I spoke only of the general inconsistency of human nature."

"From which I am to suppose you are pre-eminently exempt. But I see large drops of rain indenting the water. So, let us quicken our pace or we shall not escape the approaching shower."

"I regard not the shower," said Lansing.

"But I do," replied the lady. "I regard it, just now, more than any thing else. There, do not talk any more, and do not take the trouble to look so complimentary.—Running home from the rain will be quite enough, without the additional fatigue of flirtation."

"Flirtation," rejoined Lansing; "I am serious—perfectly serious."

"Are you, indeed! Then the subject may be easily disposed of. Consider yourself refused."

"But I will not *stay* refused," murmured Lansing, as she quitted his arm on arriving at the portico of the hotel, in which they found the Edmunds and Dimsdale party, whose ride had been curtailed by the unfavourable aspect of the clouds.

In a few minutes, Selfridge and Althea came up, and Miss De Vincy said to our heroine, "Were you not apprehensive of being caught in the storm?" "What storm?" asked Althea, looking back towards the ocean. "For my part," said Selfridge, "I saw nothing but the gleam of sunshine."

CHAPTER XX.

The tempest was now rapidly approaching: the last spot of blue disappeared from the sky, and the last sunbeam vanished. The air grew dark and darker, till a dense and heavy gloom had spread over sea and land.

"The wind swept the clouds rolling on to the main,"

and the scattered sand-heaps whirled in eddies along the shore. "The blackening waves were edged with white," and the increasing roar of the breakers, seemed to vie in loudness with the coming thunder. The lightning no longer darted in arrowy lines from the opening clouds—it flashed out in vast sheets of glaring and intolerable light, instantly followed by tremendous peals that sounded like the volleying report of artillery, lengthened by repeated echoes.

Most of the company at the Rockaway hotel were assembled in the saloon; and some remained in the portico watching the awful progress of the summer storm, till the rain came on and compelled them to take shelter within doors. At length it subsided; gleams of cerulean brightness began to appear above the parting clouds, and a rainbow seemed to span the ocean with its prismatic arch. The setting sun now poured its glories from below the retiring vapours, its upward rays burnishing them with crimson and purple. The petrels had come out again, and were circling about the waves, and dipping their glancing pinions in the foam. And a ship that had taken in her sails during the storm, spread them once more to the cool and refreshing breeze that now blew from the west, and rapidly laid her course till she was diminished to a dark speck on the horizon.

Evening came, tea was over, and Mrs. Vandunder, who throughout the tempest had expressed great apprehension for Wilhelmina's pink satin bonnet, now testified equal alarm for the safety of the young lady herself; wondering incessantly that she and Sir Tiddering did not return. Billy assured her they must have stopped in somewhere for shelter, opining that both of them had at least sense enough not to keep out in the storm when houses were every where in sight. "Between you and me and the post," said he to his mother,—"I am quite sure, that though he might think Wilhelmina could stand a drenching well enough, he would not expose his horses to it: much less himself."

The stage from the city came in later than usual, having stopped at Jamaica during the worst of the storm; and Mr. Dimsdale, who was among the passengers, reported to Billy that they had seen a glimpse of Sir Tiddering and Miss Vandunder in one of the parlours of the inn, and that in all probability they had resumed their vehicle as soon as the rain had ceased, and, therefore, their arrival might be momentarily expected. Still they came not, and the general impression was, that they had perpetrated an elopement, though for what reason was not very clear: and it was concluded that they had added another to the frequent instances of runaway matches, when there is nothing to run away from. Mrs. Vandunder talked and conjectured all the evening, and her son seemed really uneasy.

Early in the morning, the patroon of Schoppenburgh proceeded to the city in quest of the fugitives. It was found that Sir Tiddering's servant had departed, having asked for his master's bill, and paid it with money left with him for the purpose.

The day passed on very pleasantly to Selfridge and Althea; but Miss De Vincy, without appearing to avoid him, contrived to prevent Lansing from having the slightest conversation with her, apart from the company.

When the afternoon papers arrived at Rock-

away, they contained the following announcement.—"Married, last evening, at the City Hotel, by Mr. Alderman Bridlegoose, Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart. of Biggleswade Lodge, Berkshire, to Miss Wilhelmina Showders, daughter of the late Baltus Vandunder of Schoppenburgh."

This notice was shown to Mrs. Vandunder by a dozen different people, and her ill-concealed joy was very diverting, as, paper in hand, she announced it to the Conroys. "Dear me," said she, "what a trying thing is the unobedience of one's only daughter. Mrs. Conroy, how happy you are to have two daughters, both single, and likely to be so. To think that Wilhelminar should have give me the slip at last, and all of a sudden too! But to be sure it makes her an English noblewoman. 'Miss Wilhelmina Showders'—(reading the paper.) Showders was her grandmother's maiden name. To think of my daughter being married without a white satin wedding dress, and no bride-cake. 'Sir Tiddering Tattersall, Bart.' I see he has got another name that we did not know of. I wonder if Wilhelminar will be called Lady Bart! I suppose he will take her to England, and she will be put in the papers whenever she rides out or goes any where; as I am told they publish every thing the great people do. I wonder if her and the queen will visit. However, it will make no difference with me. I shall treat every body just the same as if I was not a nobleman's mother-in-law. It is not right to take airs because we get up in the world, so I shall visit my old friends just as usual. Mrs. Conroy, I shall certainly call on you when we all get back to New York. For my part I shall start off to the city early in the morning to see more about this business."

"Yes," said Mrs. Conroy, highly offended at the above *tirade*, "it will be well for you to do so. You may find him out to be a refugee pickpocket. He paid his addresses to both my daughters successively, (as is well known at Rockaway,) but we were all too prudent to run the risk of being taken in by him. We have lived too much in society not to know a gentleman when we see one."

On the following day Althea Vernon received a letter from her mother informing her that she had returned to the city in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Waltham having been sent for to Albany on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Waltham's father. Mrs. Vernon informed Althea that if she was beginning to tire of her visit to Rockaway she wished her to return home, being now there to receive her. Althea was not tired of Rockaway; and Miss De Vincy thought of remaining there another week, Mr. Dimsdale's family were to stay a few days longer, the Conroys were going home, the Vandunders *had* gone, and it had become very delightful to our heroine to have Selfridge as the companion of her rambles.

Selfridge, on hearing of Mrs. Vernon's return, went up to the city next morning with Lansing, carrying with him a letter from Althea to her mother. He came back in the afternoon looking highly delighted, and informed her that, introduced by Lansing, he had delivered the letter in person; that he found Mrs. Vernon a very charming woman, as he had anticipated; and that, having made known to her his connexions and circumstances, he had requested permission to visit her daughter in the hope of being one day allowed to claim a nearer relationship.

The answer of Mrs. Vernon was favourable; and Althea being now very desirous of some confidential conversation with her mother, was glad when she heard Mr. Dimsdale say that some unexpected business requiring his constant presence in the city, his family had concluded to shorten their stay at Rockaway. It was decided that they should all return to town in the morning. Althea took a very affectionate leave of Miss De Vincy, with the expectation of seeing her shortly in New York. It is somewhat surprising that on leaving Rockaway our heroine did not look back on the ocean-scenery with more regret, even though Selfridge *was* riding on horseback beside Mr. Dimsdale's carriage, and though he *did* sit his horse well and manage him gracefully.

Althea having marked very beautifully the name of Miss Fitzgerald on the new handkerchief, sent it to that lady in a blank cover as soon as she heard of her return from Canada. Miss Fitzgerald, who had attached so little consequence to the loss of the first that she had forgotten all about it, put the substitute among her other handkerchiefs and noticed it no more, being engaged in preparing for her return to the south.

Miss De Vincy and the Edmunds family staid a week in the city after they came from Rockaway, during which time Althea saw them every day. They then proceeded on their contemplated excursion up the Hudson, returning to Massachusetts by the northern route. After this, Lansing's business obliged him to go very frequently to Boston. And when, by Miss De Vincy's invitation, Selfridge and Althea made her a visit at her house immediately after their marriage, (which took place in the spring,) they found that the friendship between Lansing and herself had so much increased that there was some probability of their concluding to pass their lives together.

Mrs. Vandunder kept her promise of calling on the Conroys after their return to the city, and informed them that she had received a letter from her daughter, whom she now called Lady Wilhelminar Tattersall. It was dated from Saratoga Springs, (where Billy had joined them,) and it apprized her that they should be in town next week to sail in the first packet for London. Mrs. Vandunder did not show Mrs. Conroy the postscript, which ran thus—

"My husband is the best man in the world. He says I must let him take his course, and he will let me take mine. I never was so happy in my life. We have a parlour and a table to ourselves, and a luncheon before dinner, and a supper after tea. I have left off tight shoes and all my other torments, and go all day in a wrapper; for nobody sees me but my husband, and he says he don't care how I look or what I do. I hope he will be just the same after we get to England."

To conclude.—Sir Tiddering departed with his bride in the next packet, after taking care

to obtain possession of her fortune, which saved him a while longer from the necessity of coming to the hammer, as he called it, and perhaps going to live in one of the cheap towns on the continent.

Billy Vandunder "walks Broadway" as usual, and gives the cut *indirect* to the Conroys, who being engaged in new pursuits only toss their heads at him. Mrs. Vandunder is married to a Pole, whose name she has not yet learned to pronounce.

Selfridge, soon after his engagement to Althea Vernon, commenced a very advantageous business in New York. Lansing, on his marriage with Miss De Vincy, removed to Boston; but the easy communication between the two cities brings the two friends frequently together. We need not assure our readers that Althea, as a wife, has never given her husband occasion to remember *the embroidered handkerchief.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

It was a clear warm morning toward the last of April, and all nature was reviving from the torpid embrace of winter. The purple violet put up its head with an arch look, as if it said, "Here I am—are you not glad to see me again?" and even the glorious sun wore an air of being delighted to appear without his mantle of clouds. Every thing looked pleasant—no! Mrs. Morgan looked any thing but pleasant, as she took her seat at the breakfast-table, in a comfortable room in a large handsome mansion, formerly called Raccoon Hill, but to which its present mistress had given the more euphonious appellation of Beech Grove. She commenced operations by extending her hand with a cup of coffee over the breakfast-table; but taking care not to let her own portly person decline an inch from its perpendicularity, thereby compelling her husband to rise and bend over the table to reach the fragrant beverage she offered.

"You must help yourselves as you can; there is nobody to 'tend table!" said she, jerking her head, as she offered another cup to the youth at her right hand, in the same awkward manner.

Mr. Morgan seemed too well accustomed to his lady's airs, to give himself much trouble about the matter, and merely said,

"Where is Peter, my dear?"

"Gone to the blacksmiths," replied the lady; "I suppose by *your* orders, though *I* have twenty times ordered that he should never go any where till after breakfast. If I could but have my own way with the servants, they should do a different business, I can tell you. But you ruin them."

"My dear," said Mr. Morgan; "we have talked this over so often, that I am rather tired of it. I cannot consent to be made a cipher in my own house, nor fear to tell a man I hire, to go of an errand; but, suppose you give Peter, who is spoiled, up to me; I want another hand; and hire a lad of whom you shall have the sole management?"

"That I will, with pleasure!" eagerly responded Mrs. Morgan, with a smile of triumph; "if you will not concern yourself with him, and nobody order him but myself."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Morgan; "you, Sarah—and you, Charles, remember that no one is to interfere with the new man your aunt hires, on any pretence."

Mrs. Morgan drew up her ample person, and with what she intended for an air of great dignity, replied; "*My* nephew, Charles Alston, is not in the habit of interfering with my orders; if you will keep Miss Sarah in check, *I* will answer for him. There now! crying again; I never saw such a girl. One can't say a word, but you go to crying."

"It's enough to make any body cry, aunt," exclaimed a boy of fifteen, whose merry eye and gay countenance presented a striking contrast to the timid, melancholy girl of thirteen, who had been addressed as Miss Sarah. "Yes; it's enough to make any body cry, to go without one's breakfast, and see every body else eating. I shall cry myself in a few minutes for a second cup of coffee, and poor little Sarah has not had her first yet."

"You are very impertinent," cried the aunt, filling a cup, however, and passing it; "here, Sarah, why could not you ask for a thing without crying? I hate to see people always crying."

"Come, aunt," said the lively Charles; "such servants as you want are scarce in these parts; so, if you will let us finish our breakfast, I will tell you where you can get one, just the thing."

"Humph! A boy of your selection must be a nonesuch," growled Mr. Morgan, as he fixed his small bright blue eye on the open countenance of Charles, whose eyes met his frankly and cheerfully; after a momentary investigation, a humorous smile stole over his own queer face, and he continued,

"But, perhaps you are right; you may be a very good judge of the qualities demanded by your aunt, seeing you were born and brought up in the same place she was."

The lip of the high-spirited boy lost its smile, and his dark cheek flushed to his very eyes, which were raised with an expression of momentary fierceness; till reading in the peculiar expression of his uncle's features, that no insult was intended for himself, he turned quietly to his breakfast. Not so his aunt, throwing herself back in her chair, she seemed for a moment too angry to speak; but then with a sort of macaw scream, the torrent poured forth—

"Is this the way, sir, you dare to insult me, a lady born and bred of one of the first families in the Union; I, that never knew what it was even to put on my own shoes and stockings; but was waited upon like a queen, till I demeaned myself to marry a trumpery New England farmer, who has no ambition to be a gentleman! Yes, you may look round and laugh! I know what you mean; my uncle's house was not so handsome! But it was always full of company. And you, sir, you are rich

enough *now;* but wasn't it my money that made you so? Answer me that! And to say I want spirit-broken people—when I am one of the easiest women in the world to live with! I only want them to do every thing I tell them, without mistakes and grumbling, and I am perfectly satisfied."

Her husband, and even her dutiful nephew, burst into a laugh at this characteristic declaration, upon which, turning an eye of wrath on the latter, she exclaimed—

"I'm not surprised at Mr. Morgan; it's just of a piece with every thing else; but you, a gentleman's son, and heir to a fine estate, should undervalue yourself"——

"Come, come, my dear," said Mr. Morgan, with sudden gravity; "you should not say so much on that subject, as the estate you mention cannot be his unless he loses some three or four of his nearest relations, and you should not put such things in his head. I have nothing against your nephew, he is a good lad, and I like him; a little wild or so, but he'll outgrow that—but I was thinking, that unless you bring servants of your own training, you will hardly get any you like."

"I wish I could!" screamed Mrs. Morgan; "I wish I *could!* But you know very well, I cannot."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Morgan, rising, "don't think about it; all I mean to say is, that you expect too much, you require perfection, which is the cause of your trouble."

As the old gentleman said this, he left the room, perfectly satisfied, to judge by the satirical grin on his lip, and the twinkle in his eye, with the commotion into which he had thrown his gentle helpmate. The blood rushed to the very temples of Mrs. Morgan, as she scowled at the retreating combatant; then fixing her eyes on the quiet and frightened Sarah, she said, with a scornful air—

"Your uncle need not be so free with his taunts. He had a good five thousand dollars in cash, to do what he pleased with. I wonder if he could have held his head so high as he does now, if that had not paid off mortgages, and helped him otherwise? If my poor dear boy had lived, 'twould all be right enough; but to have his estate, with my money on it, go to them that are no kin to me,—but that it sha'n't, I can tell you."

"Dear aunt," cried Charles, "instead of talking here, you had better be on the move, to get the boy I spoke of, there are two or three want him, and he may be snapped up in a minute. It is old Andrew Price's son, Job."

"He!" said the lady, "why, he is not much better than a fool."

"No, indeed, aunt, you are quite mistaken; he is not so smart as some, but he is a very good steady boy, and only wants a little care and teaching; at any rate *he will do just as you bid him*, whatever it is, that I can assure you."

"That is the very thing I want. That is all I require," said Mrs. Morgan; "I will talk with his father this very morning; I am going to the village, and will call there. Do you step down in the meantime, and desire old Price and his son to be at home. As for you, Miss, do you rinse the cups and saucers, and help tidy the room. You must not expect to eat the bread of idleness, I can tell you."

As Mrs. Morgan sailed out of the room, Charles turned to the little girl with a disconcerted look, and said,

"I was going to ask you to go down with me; but my aunt has taken special care to give you something to do; she makes you work like a dog. Why don't you tell her you *can't*, and complain to your uncle? If you will take your own part a little, I'll second you."

"Mercy on me, Charles! I would as soon jump into the fire. You do as you please, because aunt is so fond of you; and so long as you don't disturb uncle, he won't interfere with you; but it is very different with me. I suppose you know the reason, well enough."

"Indeed, I do not; I only know that you are the niece and only relation, that folks know of, to Mr. Morgan, and ought to have his property by right, when he dies, and that aunt has a Christian hatred toward you for the same. Is there any mystery? for goodness sake let us have it, and as far as my help can go, I give you my word and honour, I will stand by you!"

And Charles, drawing a chair near her, fixed his dark eyes sparkling with the eager generosity of boyhood, on her pale countenance.

"I believe you, Charles," answered Sarah; "but I have no mystery to reveal. My mother married against the will of my grandfather, contrary to the advice of my uncle; in short, she ran away with my father and—her relations would never see her or forgive her. She was poor and not happy; but let me do my poor father the justice to say, that his misfortunes and poverty did not arise from idleness or dissipation, but were the consequences of an uncontrollable passion for speculation. Never man desired to get rich more than he did. He loved my mother, and the sight of her, reduced to indigence by his means, cut him to the heart. He was irritated, too, with my grandfather, for not forgiving her, and hated to be toiling for his daily bread, almost within sight of her father's mansion. The questions and condolences of the neighbours, sounded like taunts of suppressed exultation; he became gloomy, and brooded over schemes of aggrandizement, that would, if successful, place him higher than my mother's relations. But money was necessary for the prosecution of any of these projects, and the difficulty of raising it, for a time deterred him, till in an unhappy hour he was offered by a Mr. Smith a share in some speculation, apparently so safe and profitable, that he determined to mortgage his small farm to a man in the neighbourhood, and go with Smith. He did so, and lost half the money he had put in. The person that held the mortgage, threatened to foreclose, as he called it, but offered, if my mother would sign the deed, which before she had refused to do, to advance a farther sum and wait longer. Worn out by my father's importunity, and caring very little about it, she consented, and my father plunged into various speculations, none of which answered his sanguine expectations, till on his return from a journey, he found my mother on

her deathbed. She died—and not one former friend even came to her funeral."

Sobs checked the voice of the fair young girl, and retreating to a window, she gave way to a burst of sorrow.

"I had rather have taken a smart flogging, Sarah, than have made you cry so," said Charles. "I had not a thought of hurting your feelings. Come, dear Sarah, leave sobbing, and sit down, and let me wipe your eyes, and my aunt shall not scold you, if I can prevent it."

"I am very foolish," said the little girl, after a few minutes, mastering her emotions; "but so few speak kindly to me now, that I cannot think of my poor mother without weeping; but I will finish my story. My father determined to gather the remains of his property, and go to the west, where he felt assured, that in a short time he could make a fortune. I was too young to be taken so far, and he placed me at a boarding-school, in a neighbouring town, paying a year in advance, and promising that at the end of that period he would return for me, or remit payment for another. But he did not come again; nor did we hear from him; and for three months the mistress waited patiently, and then—she applied to my grandfather, stating that from various reports, she had no doubt that my father was no more.

"After many reproaches against the memory of my parents, he agreed to pay a trifling board for me, but said I must learn to work and get my living, instead of accomplishments. Mrs. Joice was so kind, however, as to give me lessons occasionally, while I remained with her, which was for nearly three years. When my grandfather died, no orders were sent to give me mourning; I was not even sent for to the funeral, and remained an outcast from all my relations till after my uncle married, when your aunt insisted on bringing me here. You may say that she was kind in so doing, and I ought to be grateful. But, Charles, it was not from a wish to protect the orphan—no, she proclaimed to Mrs. Joice, that it was because her husband should not waste his money in bringing me up a *fine lady*, when I could do *chores*, tend the baby, and earn my living in her house, instead of eating the bread of idleness. My uncle scarcely spoke to me; but said, that since she had chosen to bring me from where he had wished me to remain, I should in future form one of the family; and as I *was* his niece, I should have a seat at his table.

"After the death of her babe, she wished to send me back, and pleased enough should I have been to go, but my uncle sternly refused, and said she must take the consequences of acting against his inclination; that when she would remove me from school, he had sworn I should not go back: so, though nobody loves or cares for me, I am kept as a sort of upper servant."

"Yes! I love you, and so does your uncle, I dare say," eagerly cried Charles; "only he does not want my aunt to see it; she is fearful he will make you his heiress, and I'm sure I hope he will. Who should have his property, but his own niece? Keep up your courage, dear Sarah; now I know how the land lies, as old Price says, I shall know how to befriend you, and depend on my love and good will in all things."

"Oh, no, Charles," said she; "uncle hates me, because of my father. Betsy heard him say, that he might be alive for all he knew, and not a cent of his should ever come to him directly or indirectly. Oh, I wish he would make a will and give his estate to you, Charles; then my aunt would be satisfied and treat me kindly."

"If he did, Sarah," cried the high-spirited boy, "do you think I would keep it? It would be robbery. But cheer up, my little cousin, all will be well. I must now go and see Job Price, and talk to his father and mother; I am determined my aunt shall have an imp to do her bidding till she is tired of it. If we don't see some fun, I am mistaken."

Shaking her hand kindly, the gay-hearted Charles sprang from the open window, and was soon seen bounding over fence and field, making a bird's eye path to the village, where the young Machiavel had a plot in progress to give a lesson to his aunt, and create what he trusted would be a fund of amusement for himself. A son of the south—ardent, high-spirited, and daring, from various causes, he was a general favourite. His aunt was proud of, rather than attached to him; she regarded him as the future representative of her family; her brother's wife having brought consumption into his house, and his numerous offspring were dropping, one by one, as they arrived at adolescence, into the tomb. Mr. Morgan loved him for his evident disinterestedness, a general knowledge of matters and things, which he had (heaven knows how) became possessed of; and more, for a certain shrewdness and enjoyment of the ridiculous, in which their characters greatly assimilated. Mr. Morgan was himself a shrewd man, and though indulgent to his wife, and giving up to her control the affairs of his household, no coaxing or worrying could urge him beyond the line he had laid down, or screw from him a secret he chose to keep. He did not choose that any one should know how he intended to dispose of his property, and whether he had made a will, which was a constant thorn in the side of Mrs. Morgan. The idea that any, but one of her own family should possess her handsome house, and elegant furniture, with the hills and dales surrounding it, even after she could no longer enjoy them herself, was gall and wormwood; and she might have said like Queen Mary, that when she died, "Beech Grove," would be found written upon her heart.

Though it appeared evident, that Sarah possessed no share of her uncle's affections, her residence in the family was a source of constant uneasiness to Mrs. Morgan.

In judging of the feelings and motives of others, we are perpetually mistaken, because we hastily endow them with our own passions and dispositions. Instead of analyzing their minds and tempers; instead of deciding by analogical reasoning, what they will do by what they have done; we dress them at once in our own feelings and prejudices, our own affections and aversions; in short, we judge of ourselves, when we think that we are judging of others.

Hasty and passionate tempers, (high-spirited people, as they are usually termed,) are the principal victims to this mental delusion. The man who would call out his friend for an insulting gesture, or an unadvised expression, is constantly on the *qui vive*, expecting challenges, —engaging seconds, and practising with hair triggers. The envious and malicious, who delight in whispering tales to the disadvantage of others, think that all their acquaintance do the same; and use it as a solace to their consciences that, as others will speak ill of them, if they have the opportunity, they had better tell their own story first.

Mrs. Morgan could not be said to love her family *individually*, for she was generally at variance with some of them, but to the family itself, to the family name, her respect and devotion was unbounded. Judging Mr. Morgan by herself, she concluded that Sarah, his nearest and only relative, would, if she did not prevent it, be his heiress, on condition of taking his family name, and transmitting it to her children. A slight circumstance favoured her supposition. Mr. Morgan, detesting the very name of Emerson, when Sarah was brought to his house, insisted that she should drop it, and be called by the maiden name of her mother, and her aunt, at that time the mother of a healthy baby disregarded it; but *now* it pressed upon her brain like the leaden cap of the inquisition.

Sarah was yet rinsing the china, when Mrs. Morgan entered, attired for her expedition, and holding up her hands, exclaimed—

"Well! If ever I saw such a lazy, idle girl before. It is a good hour since breakfast, and you have done nothing at all. You don't earn the salt to put in your porridge. But your uncle shall know it; I'll tell him the moment I see him, and I'll know if he encourages you in disobedience."

"I am doing them as fast as I can, ma'am; I shall soon be done," cried poor Sarah, in nervous trepidation; "I should have done them before, but—but—I was hindered."

"What hindered you? I should like to know," screamed Mrs. Morgan. "What hindered you? Can't you speak? Who has been in here? Tell me, this moment."

"Oh, nothing, ma'am, nobody; nobody has been here, except Charles," sobbed Sarah.

"Oh!" said her aunt, pausing; "well, well; do your work child, I forgive you this time, and shall not mention it to your uncle."

Our romantic readers may imagine that Mrs. Morgan fancied a youthful love between the pair. To do her justice, such a silly idea did not enter her head. She saw that Sarah had been in tears, and knowing the wild spirits of Charles, for the sake of present mirth, often urged him to play tricks of which he afterwards repented—she concluded he had been teazing Sarah; of course she had no desire to have the matter investigated. After a moment's pause, bidding Sarah good morning, in a tone of unusual kindness, she entered her carriage, and drove to the village.

If the reader will go with me, I will transport him much more rapidly than the fat coach horses did Mrs. Morgan, to the cottage of Andrew Price, the jack-of-all-trades of the village. Do not expect to see the *cottage ornée* of an English nobleman, where the plate glass casements and thatched roof contrast so ridiculously; nor is it the rustic abode of "exquisite taste," containing some *houri* of matchless charms, whose surprising adventures fill four volumes. Neither is it the half-ruined, tumble-down cottage of the painter, that looks so romantic in his sketches, and so desolate in reality. Andrew's cottage is a good substantial tenement, consisting of two rooms below, and a loft above. It was situated in a field or lot, where, (instead of roses, dahlias, and mignionette,) a hundred sturdy cabbages presented their broad bosoms to the sun, while mighty pumpkins and more delicate squashes luxuriated side by side, amid the various deeper vegetables of the kitchen garden. Nor was the enclosure destitute of fruit; directly in front of one window was a cherry-tree, from which, by dint of close watching, they secured a few quarts of cherries, and near the other grew the quince-tree, from which the thrifty Mrs. Price has been known to gather a peck in the season. But the pride of Andrew's heart, the glory of his domain, was a magnificent apple-tree, that grew in the centre of his lot. Andrew was fond of variety, proud of his skill in horticulture, and had grafted or innoculated its numerous branches with as many kinds of fruit. He had been eminently successful, and while one side of the tree presented to the admiring eye apples of all hues, the other side was crowded with pears of every variety. In another part of the garden, surrounded by a low paling of stakes, was the "flower knot," where amidst goodly roots of balm and sage, hyssop and sweet-marjoram, were scattered pink-roots, marigolds, bachelor's-buttons, and forget-me-not.

We have shown that Andrew was a gardener —he was likewise barber, shoemaker, and farrier of the village. To crown his anomalous character, he was a fiddler and singing-master. His tall thin person might be seen every sabbath in the choir, wielding his pitch-pipe as it were the sceptre of a monarch; and not a dance could be had in the village, if Andrew's fiddle was not in tune. With all his various acquirements, Andrew was a henpecked husband. Vain, loquacious, and dogmatical among his neighbours, at home he quietly succumbed to the tyranny of his better half. She would have been as much surprised to see him undertake any thing without her concurrence, as to see his lapstone, his rake, his razor, or his violin voluntarily perform their respective offices. Yet in the main, she was a worthy woman, careful to save what her husband earned, a pattern of neatness, a kind neighbour, and (when Andrew and Job obeyed her behests,) an affectionate wife and mother.

Job, the only child of this good couple, was a lank queer-looking lad, with green eyes and coal black wiry hair. In his formation, nature seemed to have forgotten bone and muscle, supplying their places by elastic gristle. So loosely was he put together, that his uncle Zeb said,—"If one could but *twist* him up a little, he might be shoved through a knot hole." Yet, Job was not deficient in strength, and in agility

could rival a monkey. Neither was he an idiot, but totally without that natural acuteness that in general distinguish the boys of New England. There was nothing stupid in his countenance; on the contrary, his features were rather sharp and alert, but his eyes, those mirrors of the soul, were dull and expressionless.

Job had been educated in a sort of abstract regard for truth; he had no love for falsehood; he would not tell a wilful lie to get any thing, or a wanton lie to injure another; but if, by saying, "no," instead of "yes," he could escape a whipping, Job's conscience never interfered to prevent it. Job had rather a high opinion of himself; he was firmly convinced that his father and mother were the "'cutest folks in the states;" therefore, it was contrary to reason, that he, being their son, should not be as 'cute as they were. To him, experience was no schoolmaster; for though the constant butt of his companions, Job could never understand it; and after being imposed on one day, was equally open to imposition the next. He was good-natured, active and honest; and if we add, that he was grateful to those who befriended him, after all he was no such despicable character.

In the outer room of Andrew's domicil, (which answered as parlour, kitchen, and bedroom,) were assembled the three individuals we have endeavoured to describe.

Andrew, seated at his bench, was making in his best style, a double channel pump, hoping the excellence of his workmanship would attract the notice and custom of Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Price's foot wheel went merrily round, spinning shoe-thread for her husband; and honest Job had taken his station upon a huge block near the fire, busily employed in whittling a stick.

Standing near a window, from whence he could command a view of the road, was our acquaintance, Charles, his usual arch glance and gay smile, still lit up his countenance, but he was impressing something on the minds of his hearers with unusual earnestness.

"Hark!" said he, starting; "yes, there is Mrs. Morgan; be sure to remember all I have said; it will be better for me not to be seen, but when she is gone, I will come back."

Raising his finger, in a monitory gesture, he glided into the inner room and through a back door, just as the rich lady's carriage stopped at the wicket that led to the cottage.

Imagine the astonishment of Mrs. Morgan, when the parents of Job, after extolling his excellent qualities of honesty, good nature, agility, and unhesitating obedience, demanded a written contract, that she should hire him at a certain stipend for the term of six months; and should she dismiss him within that period, should forfeit his wages for the full time, provided that he obeyed all her lawful commands.

"What!" cried Mrs. Morgan, "not turn away my own ser——, I mean hired help, if I don't want them? I never heard of such a thing, and I shall make no such fool's bargain."

"Just as you likes, ma'am, for that," said Mrs. Price, "we don't want for to force Job on you no how; there's enough as will be glad on him; why, it was ony yesterday, that Mrs. Lane, Squire Lane's wife, you know,"——

"Well, well," cried Andrew, "it's no use argufying; there's enough as will be glad to get him, as you say, and if Mis' Morgan can't afford it, why it's no use; all is"——

"Not afford!" exclaimed the lady; "it is not *that;* I hope I can afford as much as Mrs. Lane. But I should think my word would be enough. And if he behaves well, why should I want to turn him away? No, no; this won't do."

"Why, ma'am, if you would only hear to reason," cried Mrs. Price, "I had rather he'd go to you than any where, because, you see, you are a real lady born and bred; and so we kept him to home, from going to Mrs. Lane, or to Mrs. King, till we see you, 'cause your nephew, Mr. Charles, said you would make no difficulty about it, as he was just the boy wanted."

"Jest let me amplify it," said Andrew; "you see, ma'am, that my wife and I have bin a thinkin it over, and we calculate that the reason you have to turn away so many, is 'cause the lazy fellers gets tired like of being steady, and acts bad jest to get you to turn 'em off. Now, ma'am, when Job does wrong, jest send him to the old woman or me, and tell us what he's done, and we'll strap him within an inch of his life; and when he knows how he's got to stay, and can't be turned off, and got to be strapped into the bargain, why, he'll behave judgmatically."

Mrs. Morgan was puzzled; she was uncertain, and balanced between the desire of possessing such a jewel as Job, and the fear of being cheated.

"I should like to have a little talk with your son," said she; "is that the lad?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's Job; but he's proper shame-faced; he ar'nt used, you see, to talkin to ladies," answered Andrew.

"Get along, and talk with the lady," cried Mrs. Price, snatching the stick out of his hand, and giving him a smart blow with it, by way of showing her authority, and whispering at the same moment, "remember what Charles told you."

Thus urged and admonished, Job advanced with a very low bow, and stood before "the presence."

"Young man, I wish to ask you a few questions; in the first place, what can you do?"

"A little of every thing, marm," responded Job.

"Can you clean knives, and wait at table?" was the next query. Job thought cleaning knives easy enough, and waiting at table, he concluded to be waiting till he was helped, so he boldly said,

"Oh, yes, marm, sartinly."

"Very well," observed the lady; "but, can you drive?"

Job was a little nonplussed—what did she want him to drive, was the question; the geese, the pigs, the cows, or the cart? He thought he could drive most of these; so taking heart of grace, he answered, "Yes, marm."

"Very good; I think you will do," said Mrs. Morgan; "but you must remember one thing; you are to obey my orders, and mine alone; and

whatever I tell you to do, or not to do, you will mind—whoever else orders you. Do you understand me!"

"Yes, marm," answered Job, promptly. "I'll do my best, and I won't mind nobody but you, by jingo!"

Mrs. Morgan was pleased with his earnestness, and though she saw that he was awkward, she fancied he would soon improve; so relaxing her first dignified determination, she consented to sign a contract. Andrew produced one ready drawn, only the blank of the lady's name to be filled up, which was signed by all parties, and the lady took her leave, ordering Job to come up presently and enter upon his duties.

For a week, nothing occurred to render Mrs. Morgan dissatisfied with her bargain; Job, though awkward, was docile and obedient. Charles hovered round him like his guardian genius, directing, extenuating, and remedying his blunders. The sabbath came, and all nature seemed to partake of the peace and rest of that day. The weather was mild and pleasant, and the birds were rejoicing to find the trees once more covered with green foliage.

Mrs. Morgan ordered her carriage, to convey herself and Sarah to church, for though a footpath led through pleasant meadows and quiet lanes, she thought it beneath her dignity to *walk*, more especially as strangers were expected to be present. Mr. Morgan who hated parade of every kind, and Charles, who detested riding with his aunt, had departed half an hour before, to stroll leisurely by the footpath, and Mrs. Morgan and Sarah, in full dress, entered the carriage.

"Drive on," said the lady, perceiving the carriage did not move; "What is the matter?"

"'Cause, ma'am, Peter says how it an't his business no longer; and, besides, he's got a sore hand; so he's gone to the village," said the *girl*, who was standing at the head of the horses.

"I'll have him turned out of Mr. Morgan's employment the moment I come from church!" screamed Mrs. Morgan; "but where is Job? Tell him to come and drive, or has he chosen to walk off too? Where's Job, I say!"

"He is fixing himself, ma'am; he'll be here in a minute," responded the damsel.

For a minute longer, which appeared to her a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Morgan waited; human patience—the human patience of Mrs. Morgan, at least, could wait no longer; taking out her immense gold watch, the pride of herself and the admiration of her handmaidens, she called at the top of her lungs,

"Job! I say, Job! tell him to come *this* moment, he's dressed enough; tell him to come this moment, or I'll complain to his mother."

Little did Mrs. Morgan know the spirit she waked! Sending his voice before him in a shrill, "Coming, marm!" Job shuffled down and made his appearance at the side of the carriage, in nothing but his shirt, and a blanket thrown over his shoulders; his clothes were under one arm; his other sustained his shoes and stockings. Mrs. Morgan screamed with terror, for she thought the boy crazy; the girl at the horses' heads, shrieked and fled into the house, while the horses, a little excited by the clamour, started for church.

Job, who had not looked at the coach-box, concluded some one was on it, and entered the house very leisurely, to finish his toilet, when he met the girl emerging from the parlour, to which she had betaken herself, and from a window of which she had seen the accident.

"Run—you young savage, run!" yelled she. "The hosses is runin' off with the cotch, and Mis' Morgan and Sarah will be sartingly killed. Run, you dog—run!"

Suiting "the action to the word, and the word to the action," she put her fat corporation in motion, at the top of her speed, for twenty yards, when she stopped panting and breathless. Job had stood bewildered for a few seconds, when the truth flashed upon his mind.

"By jingo!" shouted he, dropping his coat and trousers, with the rest of his clothes, but holding on to the blanket, he sprang forth after them.

The horses had by this, got something of a start; the screams of Mrs. Morgan, aided by the cries of Sarah, kept them from flagging; the road was good—the steeds were used to it—Job was far behind, and they were proceeding at a pace that would soon have landed the ladies at the church, or in the ditch; when a tall man, with bushy whiskers that covered half his face, sprang over the wall from an orchard adjoining, and boldly seized the reins. He found little difficulty in arresting their progress, had it not been for the uproar behind, the horses would have stopped of their own accord. Seeing them perfectly quiet, the man approached the window of the carriage, and stood to receive their commands.

"Is there any thing more I can do for you, ladies?" said he, fixing his eyes on Sarah, so earnestly that she drew back in some confusion.

"Open the door—open the door!" shrieked Mrs. Morgan. The stranger obeyed her commands, and to his consternation, the bounteous form of the worthy lady was precipitated full into his arms. Staggered by the shock, he stepped backward, lost his balance, and fell on the verge of a slight declivity, down which he rolled with his portly burden, till stopped by a fence, they lay imbedded in a comfortable mud-puddle. The horses, again left to their own discretion, moved off on a gentle trot, and poor Sarah, too much terrified to scream, hid her eyes with her hands, and sank on her knees on the bottom of the carriage. At this moment, along came Job, the blanket which he still grasped flying out behind him; he looked neither to the right nor the left, but with the spring of a panther, bounded after the carriage. The stranger had freed himself from the recumbent weight of Mrs. Morgan, and had just raised himself as Job dashed by; he supposed him a maniac escaped from his keeper, and his heart thrilled with terror, as he saw him with long leaps gaining rapidly on the carriage, where sat the timid Sarah. Leaving Mrs. Morgan to her own resources, he scrambled up the bank, and in his turn pursued the horses. Job overtook the steeds, caught the reins, and with one

bound, seated himself on the box, then gathering the blanket about him, looked back into the carriage for instructions. Sarah, raising her head and seeing his well-known face, exclaimed—

"Oh, Job! save me, save me; a horrible man has just dragged my aunt from the carriage to rob and murder her; save me, save me!"

Job looked back and saw the man coming "like a streak of chalk," as he afterwards described it; his hair bristled with horror; instant flight was all that could save him; but he was too kind-hearted to forsake poor Sarah; so shaking the reins and yelling at the horses, he drove on, determined to make an effort to get away from the supposed highwayman. Shaking the reins, and whooping wildly at the horses, he succeeded in urging them to a rapid trot, and would, probably, have reached his father's house, the haven to which he was steering, had not a trifling mistake of one rein for the other, been the means of depositing the carriage, the horses, Sarah and Job, in a ditch on one side of the road. Job was upon his feet in a moment, and seeing the stranger within a few yards, gave a sign to poor Sarah, and leaping the fence, gained in safety his father's cottage.

To be continued.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

No. I.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

GOOD READER—Your humble servant. Pardon our self-introduction. We were indebted for our birth and "raising" to the "down-east" country: and you know we *eastern* yankees are a peculiar race, and do some things after our own fashion. But every lineament of your countenance bespeaks a generous heart, and our solicited boon is already granted.

"Well," said the lamented Crocket, (poor fellow! he *went ahead* nobly, till envious death took up his motto, and checked his bold career!) "it is a rough-and-tumble world, in which we live:" and what is more befitting than that fellow-travellers along its rugged pathway should sometimes while an idle hour in social converse? The most insignificant may at times amuse—perchance instruct—and even our rude vagaries may sometimes claim your listening ear.

We call our proposed lucubrations *Random Sketches*, and shall be disappointed if we do not prove them such, before we have done with them. We design in their arrangement to acknowledge no law but *our own will*, and, with—one of old, "be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes us," according to the best of our ability. In other words, we mean, when the fit takes us, *to laugh*—to laugh at *you*, perhaps, good reader: and for want of something better, we may sometimes laugh at *ourself*. And again, when the humour suits—we may *cry*—no, no, that's too common—we may *weep*—albeit not much given to the mood lachrymal! Thus much for our *head-line*.

We debated for some time the propriety of a *motto*. A *Latin* one seem most charming—it would smack of *erudition*. But we had no quotation-book by us—and we resolved to throw ourself upon the reader's good nature to pardon the omission, and to believe us capable to have selected an apt one, if the translation had been given. As for an English one, we banished the thought at once. Every body would understand it—and 'twould be vastly vulgar!

In the *third* place—for we like of all things a logical division—while we assure you that the suppression of our musical cognomen is the result of inordinate modesty—we shall demur if you deem it announced with any view to the excitation of sympathy. "Poverty," said a venerable washer-lady, some evenings since, as she was reeling home under the accumulated weight of her over-charged *feelings*—"poverty is no disgrace, but it is *extremely inconvanient!*" With all due deference to her great experience, we beg most decidedly to differ with the latter part of the proposition. There are times, at least, when the *converse* of the statement is true. Witness the late commercial distress. The banks stopped specie payments, and private companies did the same. Your humble servant could not but follow such illustrious examples: and as we were never known to possess any *bills*, other than certain unpaid ones of our tailor and shoemaker, we were thus enabled to live like certain small animals, when they have mistaken the right gate, and wandered into a field of clover. Neither, on the other hand, would we wish you to despise us for our honest confession. "Never judge a man by his coat," said our uncle Jonathan, in the days of our boyhood, and *our* sentiments entirely agree with him. No, reader, we ask not for sympathy: our poverty is our *vantage-ground*. And let it be understood here, that if any remissness ever occur in the course of our *Sketches*—it will be because we are dining with a friend, or engaged in mending our coat!

Lastly—we would claim your entire confidence in our character as a gentleman. One certainly may not doubt upon a point if furnished with *proof positive:* and we give you upon this subject that most indubitable of all proof—*our own assertion*. Surely, if one does not know so simple a thing as whether he be a gentleman or no, his knowledge must be as a wood-sawing gentleman said another's character was—"mighty few!" Still, "to make assurance doubly sure," we will add that we sport the character of *a retired militia officer*—that we have on our file of letters three, whose superscription reveals an "Esq." appended to our name—and that we were once prosecuted for flogging a boy, while teaching a country school.

And here—having fully explained our benevolent design—we would make our bow, but that we perceive by the merry twinkle of your eye, that you have, like ourself, good reader, an affection for rhyme. Your eye brightens, and your heart expands, when you "rove in

the sunlight of the poet's paradise." Ah! we have touched a sympathetic chord, and will at once unburden our overloaded breast. Kind reader! your noblest feelings will respond to ours, when we tell you that heavy at our heart lies the fate of

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Thus sang the lamented Gray, and there is not a heart but echoes the melancholy truth. Indeed, who that ever reflects upon the thousands of uncultivated minds, cannot but admit that, had circumstances favoured, our brightest literary constellations would fade in the overpowering light of the stars and suns of other systems. Do we seek the cause?

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial currents of the soul."

Yet 'tis idle to waste sympathy upon lost treasure, if we do not learn from it wisdom for the future. Vain to lament former neglect, unless we learn present duty.

We do not here allude, however, to the great mass of neglected mind: let government provide for its case—but there are many around us who have struggled manfully with their fate, and whose heaven-born genius only pines for consolation and succour. If it be asked whose is the duty of patronage, we answer—it is especially the duty of those who conduct the public press—as possessing advantages, peculiar advantages, favourable "to call young genius into birth," and it is the duty of the public then to sustain it. There are some editors who seem to feel this responsibility—but by far too great a proportion pass on recklessly, and crush many a bud of promise that springs to life in their pathway.

As we are a professed lounger—or rather a "gentleman of literary leisure"—we frequently "drop in" to give our sage advice to an editorial friend. Among the papers which the reckless Johnson was committing to the flames, some days since, we espied one which seemed to possess unusual interest. We reserved it, and found it to be the first warbling of a new-fledged bardling! We were enchanted! There was a sweetness—a spirit, in its numbers, that entirely transported us. We remonstrated with our grum friend of the elbow-chair—we assured him it was ravishing—we depicted the despair of the forlorn poet! Reader, 'twas all in vain. Johnson is a clever fellow—a *very* clever fellow—but he has "no music in his soul;" besides, he had put the article "under consideration"—and he declared it should *stay* under consideration. We were feelingly reminded of the injunction not to cast pearls before animals who could not comprehend the compliment, and bore away the treasure with a saddened heart. But gentle "Clio" shall not at least be denied the poor boon of sympathy. Listen, reader, and drink in the rapturous lay!

"THE STOLEN KISS.

I.

"I saw a rose gently waving
On the evening's bland wing;
Ah! why, thought I, on empty air
Should it its odours fling:
I bent me down, thoughtless of harm,
And snapt it from its tree;
I turn'd me round, there stood a maid
Darkly frowning on me.

II.

"'O why,' says she, 'could you thus be
So unfeeling to me;
So rash to mar the last sweet blush
Of my own dear rose-tree:
It will smile not sweetly again
On her who has so long
Close watched, it till away has pass'd
Another winter's storm.'

III.

"'O maiden,' I said, 'how could I
Turn and leave it alone;
When it blush'd so, like the sweet lips
Of my own dear lov'd one:'
Then smiling she answered, 'take it,
If such pleasure it bring;
And another thou shalt have,
The first that blooms in spring.'

IV.

"So stood the rose-tree, robb'd by me,—
Of its beauty sundered;
Nor one small part could I restore,
Of what I had plundered.
The loss she grieved, then smiled on me,
But greater was the smile;
For her ardent heart had told her,
Who 'twas like all the while.

V.

"Now dear lady! no forgiveness
Can you not grant to me;
Who has no dark sin committed,
No beauty robb'd of thee:
Lovely as when first I snatched it,
Thou art, and none other:
Thou should'st have said, 'if 'tis so sweet,
Come on, take another.'"

"Clio."

Editors, as we before remarked, are too generally culpable in this matter. It is not long since a western editor refused the publication of a poem, and at the same time gave an extract from it. That extract wrote the editor an —— no, that would not be polite: but his ears *must* be very long. Here is the extract:

"Out to the west,
There is a nest,
High on the mountain's top:
The ravens there
Run here and there,
They don't know where to stop!"

We never knew any thing in nature half so affecting, except an account we once read, of "a poor disconsolate squirrel, cocked up on a lonely fence, gnawing a great gravel-stone, while the tears rolled down his cheeks." But this sin lies not wholly at the door of editors. The public are in part at fault. We remember seeing a *published* effusion of a young aspirant,

some time since—and the community listened with perfect apathy to the lay. We can give but a verse or two:

"TO A LADY GATHERING FLOWERS.

"While the spirit of sweet youth
About thy head its garland wreatheth,
And the music of thy heart
Through those lips of perfume breatheth.

"While the wind of summer-time
Thy raven tresses shaketh:
And not a thought of grief or care,
With thine opening eye awaketh:"

Alas! alas! we must close the strain, unfinished. What became of the bard, after this cruel instance of gross neglect—whether he soared away to a more congenial planet—whether the pitying muses bore him home to Helicon, to nurse his wounded heart—or whether he sought out some lonely dell, and even now *lisps* his sad sorrow to the pitying winds,—we are utterly unable to state!

Patient reader! we fear you will adjudge us to resemble the western "ravens," in not knowing where to stop. But if you love the cause we have at heart—bear with us yet a moment. The poem we would present thee is an *unpublished fragment*, and has enjoyed only the limited circulation which an *Album* could have. Its author is a young lady: and if the public will but appreciate her worth, no doubt she may yet leave her name and works a rich legacy to the age in which she lives.

"STANZA.

"Where is Cupid's crimson motion,
Billowy ecstasy of wo?
Bear me safe, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!"

With one of old we exclaim, "O for a coach, ye gods!" E.

THE VERY FRIENDLY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

(FROM "SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.")

We know—and all people know—so many specimens of this class, that in selecting the few heads our limits enable us to take from a great number, we have been induced to give the very friendly young gentleman the preference over many others, to whose claims upon a more cursory view of the question we had felt disposed to assign the priority.

The very friendly young gentleman is very friendly to every body, but he attaches himself particularly to two, or at most to three families: regulating his choice by their dinners, their circle of acquaintance, or some other criterion in which he has an immediate interest. He is of any age between twenty and forty, unmarried of course, and must be fond of children, and is expected to make himself generally useful, if possible. Let us illustrate our meaning by an example, which is the shortest mode and the clearest.

We encountered one day, by chance, an old friend of whom we had lost sight for some years, and who—expressing an anxiety to renew our former intimacy—urged us to dine with him on an early day, that we might talk over old times. We readily assented, adding, that we hoped we should be alone. "Oh, certainly, certainly," said our friend, "not a soul with us but Mincin." "And who is Mincin?" was our natural inquiry. "O don't mind him," replied our friend, "he's a most particular friend of mine, and a very friendly fellow you will find him;" and so he left us.

We thought no more about Mincin until we duly presented ourselves at the house next day, when, after a hearty welcome, our friend motioned towards a gentleman who had been previously showing his teeth by the fire-place, and gave us to understand that it was Mr. Mincin, of whom he had spoken. It required no great penetration on our part to discover at once that Mincin was in every respect a very friendly young gentleman.

"I am delighted," said Mincin, hastily advancing, and pressing our hand warmly between both of his, "I am delighted, I am sure, to make your acquaintance—(here he smiled)—very much delighted indeed—(here he exhibited a little emotion)—I assure you that I have looked forward to it anxiously for a very long time;" here he released our hands, and rubbing his own, observed, that the day was severe, but that he was delighted to perceive from our appearance that it agreed with us wonderfully; and then went on to observe, that, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he had that morning seen in the paper an exceedingly curious paragraph, to the effect, that there was now in the garden of Mr. Wilkins, of Chichester, a pumpkin measuring four feet in height, and eleven feet seven inches in circumference, which he looked upon as a very extraordinary piece of intelligence. We ventured to remark, that we had a dim recollection of having once or twice before observed a similar paragraph in the public prints, upon which Mr. Mincin took us confidentially by the button, and said, exactly, exactly, to be sure, we were very right, and he wondered what the editors meant by putting in such things. Who the deuce, he should like to know, did they suppose cared about them? that struck him as being the best of it.

The lady of the house appeared shortly afterwards, and Mr. Mincin's friendliness, as will readily be supposed, suffered no diminution in consequence; he exerted much strength and skill in wheeling a large easy-chair up to the fire, and the lady being seated in it, carefully closed the door, stirred the fire, and looked to the windows to see that they admitted no air; having satisfied himself upon all these points, he expressed himself quite easy in his mind, and begged to know how she found herself to-day. Upon the lady's replying very well, Mr. Mincin (who it appeared was a medical gentleman) offered some general remarks upon the nature and treatment of colds in the head, which occupied us agreeably until dinner-time. During the meal, he devoted himself to compliment every body, not forgetting himself, so that we were an uncommonly agreeable quartette.

"I'll tell you what, Capper," said Mr. Mincin to our host, as he closed the room door after the lady had retired, "you have very great reason to be fond of your wife. Sweet woman, Mrs. Capper, sir!" "Nay, Mincin—I beg," interposed the host, as we were about to reply that Mrs. Capper unquestionably was particularly sweet. "Pray, Mr. Mincin, don't." "Why not?" exclaimed Mr. Mincin, "why not? Why should you feel any delicacy before your old friend—*our* old friend, if I may be allowed to call you so, sir; why should you, I ask?" We, of course, wished to know why he should also; upon which our friend admitted that Mrs. Capper *was* a very sweet woman, at which admission Mr. Mincin cried "Bravo!" and begged to propose Mrs. Capper with heartfelt enthusiasm; whereupon our host said, "Thank you Mincin," with deep feeling; and gave us, in a low voice, to understand, that Mincin had saved Mrs. Capper's cousin's life no less than fourteen times in a year and a half, which he considered no common circumstance —an opinion to which we most cordially subscribed.

Now that we three were left to entertain ourselves with conversation, Mr. Mincin's extreme friendliness became every moment more apparent; he was so amazing friendly, indeed, that it was impossible to talk about any thing in which he had not the chief concern. We happened to allude to some affairs in which our friend and we had been mutually engaged nearly fourteen years before, when Mr. Mincin was all at once reminded of a joke which our friend had made on that day four years, which he positively must insist upon telling—and which he did tell accordingly, with many pleasant recollections of what he said, and what Mrs. Capper said, and how he well remembered that they had been to the play with orders on the very night previous, and had seen Romeo and Juliet, and the pantomime, and how Mrs. Capper being faint, had been led into the lobby, where she smiled, said it was nothing after all, and went back again, with many other interesting and absorbing particulars: after which, the friendly young gentleman went on to assure us, that our friend had experienced a marvellously prophetic opinion of that same pantomime, which was of such an admirable kind, that two morning papers took the same view next day: to this our friend replied, with a little triumph, that in that instance he had some reason to think he had been correct, which gave the friendly young gentleman occasion to believe that our friend was always correct; and so we went on, until our friend, filling a bumper, said he must drink one glass to his dear friend Mincin, than whom, he would say, no man saved the lives of his acquaintances more, or had a more friendly heart. Finally, our friend having emptied his glass, said, "God bless you, Mincin,"—and Mr. Mincin and he shook hands across the table with much affection and earnestness.

But great as the friendly young gentleman is, in a limited sense like this, he plays the same part on a larger scale with increased *eclat*. Mr. Mincin is invited to an evening party with his dear friends the Martins, where he meets his dear friends the Cappers, and his dear friends the Watsons, and a hundred other dear friends too numerous to mention. He is as much at home with the Martins as with the Cappers; but how exquisitely he balances his attentions, and divides them among his dear friends! If he flirts with one of the Miss Watsons, he has one little Martin on the sofa pulling his hair, and the other little Martin on the carpet riding on his foot. He carries Mrs. Watson down to supper on one arm, and Miss Martin on the other, and takes wine so judiciously, and in such exact order, that it is impossible for the most punctilious old lady to consider herself neglected. If any young lady, being prevailed upon to sing, become nervous afterwards, Mr. Mincin leads her tenderly into the next room, and restores her with port wine, which she must take medicinally. If any gentleman be standing by the piano during the progress of the ballad, Mr. Mincin seizes him by the arm at one point of the melody, and softly beating time the while with his head, expresses in dumb show his intense perception of the delicacy of the passage. If any body's self-love is to be flattered, Mr. Mincin is at hand. If any body's overweening vanity is to be pampered, Mr. Mincin will surfeit it. What wonder that people of all stations and ages recognise Mr. Mincin's friendliness; that he is universally allowed to be as handsome as amiable; that mothers think him an oracle, daughters a dear, brothers a beau, and fathers a wonder! And who would not have the reputation of the friendly young gentleman?

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONG.

DARK EYES ARE BEAMING BRIGHTLY.

ADAPTED TO MOZART'S "*O dolce concento.*"*

Dark eyes are beaming brightly,
Sweet lips are wreath'd in bloom,
And fairy feet bound lightly—
Yet all to me seems wrapt in gloom;
For cold and dull the gleaming
Of beauty's rich array!
To him whose heart is dreaming
Of thee, love, ever—far away.

They, smiling, bid me banish
Such sadness from my brow,
And tell me care should vanish
Where joy holds reign as she doth now;
How idly are they speaking!—
From scenes like these astray,
My heart its joy is seeking
In thought of thee, love—far away.

The spells of pleasure's bower—
Its music, mirth, and wine,
No longer hold their power
O'er pulses chill'd to them like mine;
For, oh! I gladly sever,
In feeling, from the gay,
The heart whose dreaming ever
Dwells with thee, dear one—far away.

J. H. W.

Quebec.

* Better known, perhaps, as the simple but beautiful air of "Away with Melancholy."

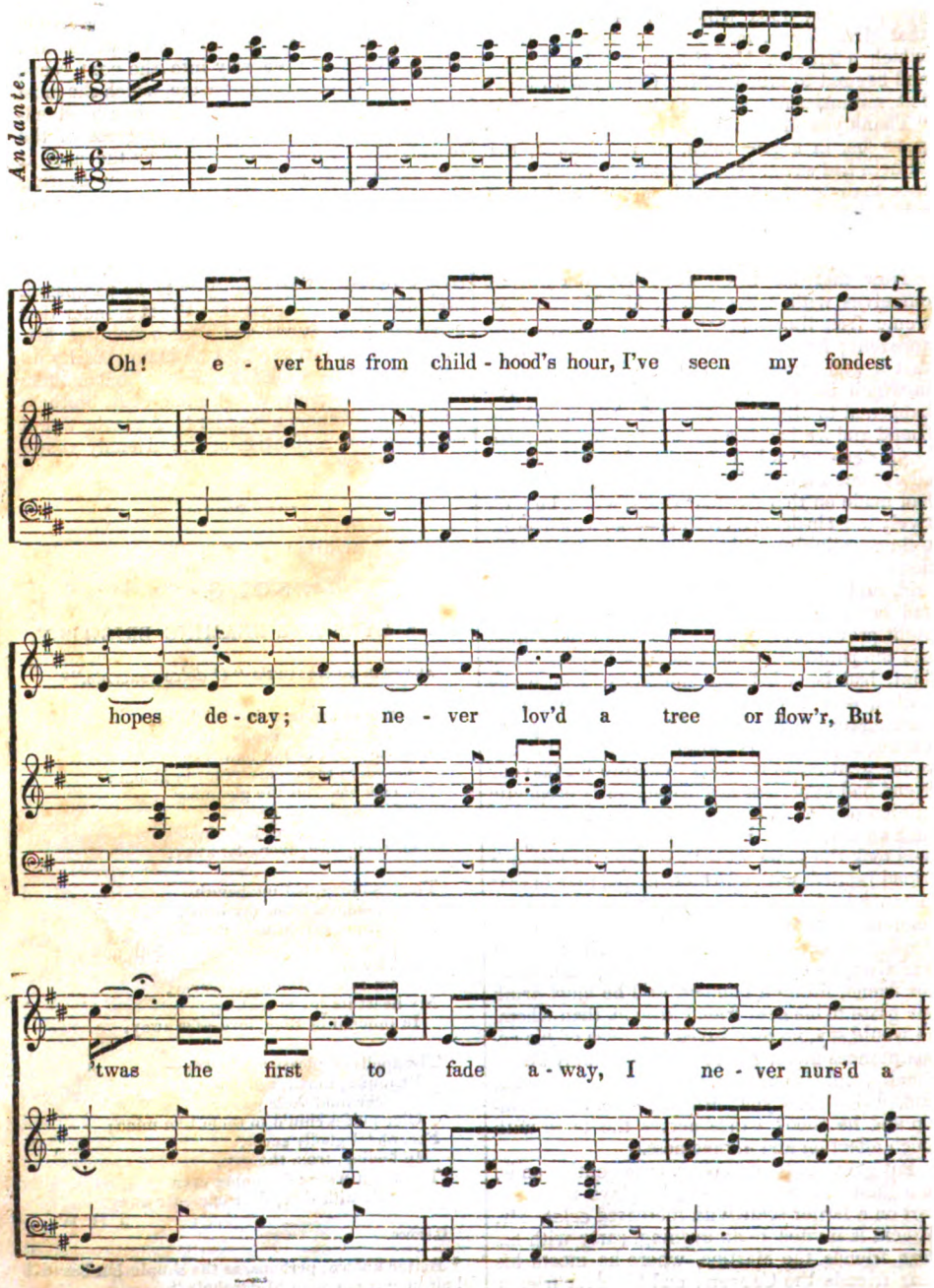
HINDA'S LAMENT,

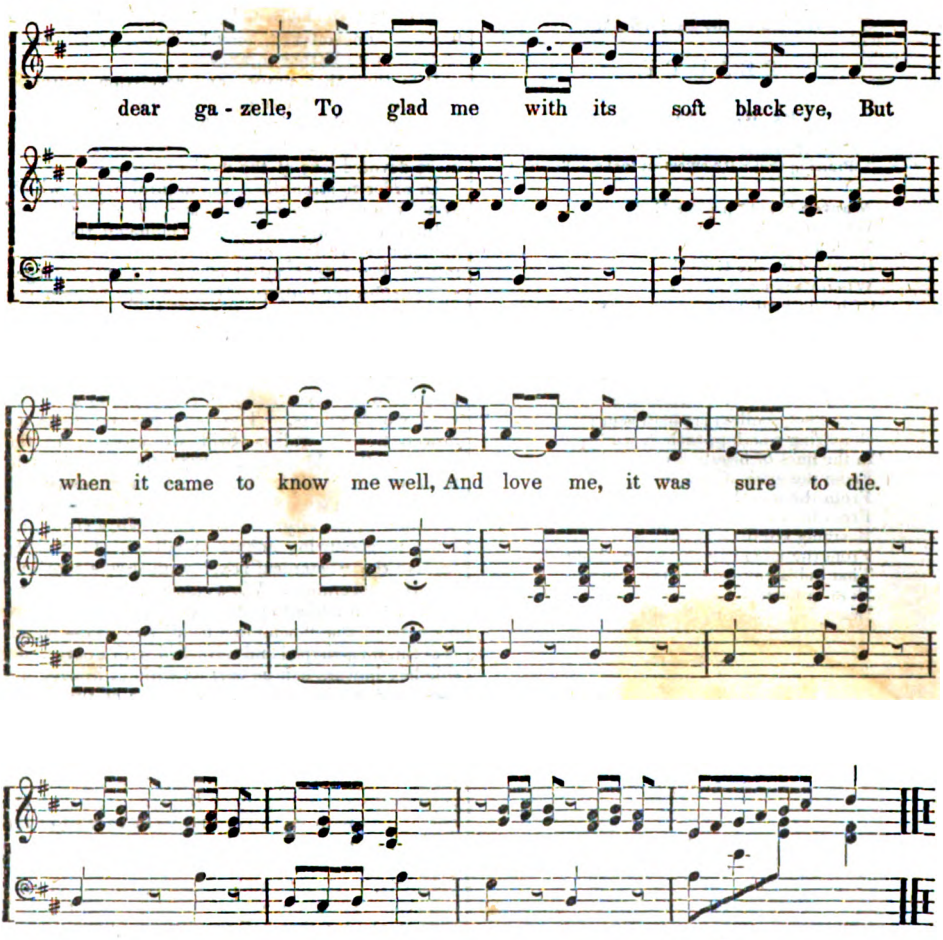
A BALLAD, WRITTEN BY THOMAS MOORE.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

W. J. WETMORE.

Presented by J. G. Osbourn for the Lady's Book.





II.

Now too, the joy most like divine,
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
Oh misery! must I lose that too?
Yet, go—on peril's brink we meet,
Those frightful rocks, that treacherous sea,
No, never come again—though sweet—
Though heav'n—it may be death to thee.

THE ENCLOSED COMMON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood and gazed from the breezy height,
The scene was fair in the morning light,
And I cast my joyous glance around
On a grassy track of smiling ground;
The silvery stream ran clear and cold,
The broom looked gay with its flowers of gold,
In each path the clustering wild-rose smiled,
And the purple thyme grew thick and wild.

There, blooming children in playful glee,
Gathered white wreaths from the hawthorn tree,
There, wearied peasants, their labours done,
Watched the rich rays of the setting sun;
And the fevered slaves of Mammon's toil
There rested from anxious strife a while,
And seemed new vigour, new life to breathe
From the fragrant air of the open heath.

Again I stood on the breezy height,
But an altered prospect met my sight,
Where flowers had blushed in their varied hue
The smoke of the brick-field rose to view;
And I gazed on formal and measured roads,
And on crowded, comfortless abodes,
And found no trace of the birds and bowers,
That had lent a charm to my childish hours.

Written for the Lady's Book.

BEAUTY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

Thus she stood
Praising God with sweetest looks.—RUTH.

MODEST beauty praises God
When it sends it glance abroad
With a look of cheerfulness.
Beauty doth the Giver bless,
When its roses show the hue
Of bright health, with lip of dew,
And religion of a face
Where is written all of grace.
What a holy hymn is ever
With a sweet expression blest!
Sending music up which never
Skilless, soulless art hath sent;
Rend'ring worship, such as we
In the lines of beauty see.
From the eyes of diadems,
From the mouth of pearls and gems,
From the smile of calm delight
Beaming intellectual light—
From the nameless charming whole
That holds empire o'er the soul,
Doth in harmony arise
Beauty's homage to the skies.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FLOWERS.

BY A. M'M.

I.

EMBLEMS of purity,
Brightest of earth,
Children of innocence,
Blest was thy birth.

II.

Eden's magnificence,
Gems of the heart,
Love's own interpreters,
Poesy's wreath.

III.

Charming and soothing
The desolate heart,
Peerless and beautiful
Surely thou art.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

To a devout mind, (and without devotion, there can exist no real and high perception of beauty,) all nature, even in her minutest works, speaks loudly of infinite wisdom and goodness. We know of no science which has a more devotional and refining influence on the mind than botany. True devotion and refinement go hand in hand. Every blossom is an evidence of an over-ruling Providence—every flower-cup is a beautiful commentary upon the character of God. He is restricted to no one particular channel for conveying to the immortal soul, which he has made in his own image—knowledge of his character and purposes.

The mind which reads, unimpressed, a passage of "holy writ," may be taught a vivid lesson of the divine benignity, from the humblest flower that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air;" and thus touched and softened, may be drawn by the cords of love to its Father in heaven.

It is thus that nature and revelation mutually aid each other. These are the two grand and leading sources of religious truth. Let them never be divorced. Would that there were more love, ay, more devoted love of the works of God!

In order to strengthen the natural taste, which every young happy heart feels for the beauties of nature, we would earnestly recommend the study of botany. It is peculiarly suited to the female mind. For this beautiful science not only enlarges and purifies the sources of thought, but by inducing a habit of searching the fields and woods for specimens, it strengthens the constitution and promotes health.

But it may be objected, by our city readers, that they have no opportunity to study plants and cull wild wood-flowers. The city has no fields or flower-strewed walks.—Still we answer, in the words of the old adage, where there is the will there will be a way. The commonest flower will suffice; and many flowers of various classes may be found in the city. When these fail, a stroll into some neighbouring suburb or village, will readily furnish the "botanical box," with divers rare and beautiful specimens. We would advise every young lady, who intends to pursue this study, to procure for herself, the "botanical box," so called—which is of tin, tube-shaped and furnished with a cover. In this box flowers can be carried without injury, and preserved for a considerable length of time in a good state of freshness.

In recommending the study of botany, we mean not to encourage such a smattering of it as is confined to its "technical terms." We have heard persons discourse largely on the science, whose acquaintance with it extended no farther than to "the *stamen*, *calyx*, and *petal*."

Many of our fair country readers are practical botanists, without understanding much of the science. They know the names, qualities, and uses of plants; they hail the flowers as messengers of joy and love and abundance. To such minds, the study of the science will afford a wide, an inexhaustible field of enjoyment.—Flowers are the poetry of nature, its lyrical poetry, and furnish to the genius of woman, a never-failing source of inspiration. Here is a specimen from the pen of one who always seems to revel like the bee or the humming-bird in a flower-bed. Mary Howitt is nature's own poet; (a learned critic has objected to the term *poetess*—declaring that there is no sex in genius—thank him,) and we think this ballad one of her happiest effusions.—Is it not a gem?

"Buttercups and daisies—
Oh the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

"Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

"Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door:

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

"What to them is weather!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies—
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

"Welcome yellow buttercups,
Welcome daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming in the spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of HIM
Who doeth *all things well.*"

ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES: a sequel to Ernest Maltravers;—These volumes so eagerly looked for have appeared; and though they will doubtless disappoint public expectation, which was too much excited to permit any thing within the verge of human genius to satisfy its feverish curiosity, yet we think that Bulwer has shown good sense and good principles in this denouement. There is more of deep thought, more earnestness of purpose in this history of a life than the writer has shown in any of his previous works of fiction. He has, in some of his other productions, laboured to pull down what he thought was wrong; in this his endeavour is to build up what is right. We refer particularly to the colloquy in the second volume of Alice, between Maltravers and De Montaigne. We say nothing of the love-chapters—those all will read—yet the adventures, it is evident, are not what most interest the author. His great aim is to impress on his readers the virtue of action, the obligations of genius, and the philosophy that teaches us to confide in the destinies, and labour in the service of mankind. (See p. 47. vol. II.)

"Are any farther provisions necessary to be made by law, for the protection of the *rights and property of married women*?"—We have received a pamphlet containing the speech of the Hon. Thomas Herttell of New York, delivered in the legislature of that state, about a year since, on the subject named above. We are also promised the observations of the same gentleman during the late session; when that report reaches us, we shall have much pleasure in laying before our readers the sensible and cogent arguments by which Judge Herttell advocates the cause of our sex. There is little doubt that this bill, "for the protection and preservation of the rights and property of married women," which has now been two sessions before the legislature, (see May number of the Lady's Book for 1837, page 212,) will finally become the law of New York.

"*Celestial Scenery*," by Professor Dick, is a work of uncommon interest. The subjects, so vast, so grand, so incomprehensible, appeal to the loftiest attributes of our nature, to the faculties of *reason* and *imagination*, and to the feelings of *hope* and *reverence*. We give an extract, which we think replete with sublimity and beauty; not in language merely, but in ideas, which seem to grasp an earnest of the soul's immortality.

"In the preceding chapters I have described at some length, the celestial phenomena of the planets, both primary and secondary. From these descriptions it appears, that the most glorious and magnificent scenes are displayed in the firmaments of the remoter planets, and particularly those of their satellites. Even the firmament of the moon is more striking and sublime than ours. But in the firmament of some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, there are celestial scenes peculiarly grand and splendid, surpassing every thing which the imagination can well represent, and these scenes diversified almost every hour. What could we think of a globe appearing in our nocturnal sky 1300 times larger than the apparent size of the moon, and every hour assuming a different aspect? of five or six bodies twenty or thirty times larger than our moon appears, all in rapid motion, and continually changing their phases and their apparent magnitudes? What should we think of a globe filling a twentieth part of our sky, and surrounded by immense rings, in rapid motion, diffusing a radiance over the whole heavens? When Jupiter rises to his satellites, and especially when Saturn and his rings rise to his nearest moons, a whole quarter of the heavens will appear in one blaze of light. At other times, when the sun is eclipsed, or when the dark sides of those globes are turned to the spectators, the *starry* firmament will open a new scene of wonders, and planets and comets be occasionally beheld in their courses, through the distant regions of space.

"The sublime and magnificent scenes displayed in those regions, the diversified objects presented to view, the incessant changes in their phases and aspects, the rapidity of their apparent motions, and the difficulty of determining their *real* motions and relative positions of the bodies in the firmament, and the true system of the world, lead us to the conclusion that the globes to which we allude, are replenished not merely with sensitive but *intellectual* beings. For such sublime and interesting scenes cannot affect inanimate matter, nor even mere sentient beings, such as exist in our world; and we cannot suppose the Creator would form such magnificent arrangements to be beheld and studied by *no rational beings* capable of appreciating their grandeur, and feeling delight in their contemplation.

"If creation was intended as a display of the perfections and grandeur of the divine being, there must exist intelligent minds to whom such a display is exhibited; otherwise the material universe cannot answer this end, and might, so far as such a design is concerned, have remained for ever shut up in the recesses of the Eternal Mind. Such scenes could not have been intended merely for the instruction or gratification of the inhabitants of the earth. For no one of its population has yet beheld them from that point of view in which their grandeur is displayed, and not one out of a hundred thousand yet know that such objects exist. We are, therefore, irresistibly led to the conclusion, that intelligent minds exist in the regions of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, for whose pleasure and gratification these sublime scenes were created and exist.

"Those minds too, in all probability, are endowed with faculties superior in intellectual energy and acumen to those of the inhabitants of our globe. For the rapidity and complexity of the motions presented in the firmament of some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, the variety of objects presented to view, and the frequent and rapid changes of their phases and apparent magnitudes, are such as require the exertion of intellectual faculties more powerful and energetic than ours, in order to de-

termine the real motions of the globes around them, and to ascertain the order of the planetary system of which they form a part."

The *Charcoal Sketches*, by Mr. Joseph C. Neal of this city, are, as we perceive by an announcement in the London journals, about to be republished in the great metropolis. The work is eminently deserving of this compliment, and we have no doubt will be as popular on the other side of the Atlantic, as it has been, and will continue to be among all judicious readers on this. It is certain that in comic vigour, both of conception and delineation, it is not matched by any modern production. The characters are drawn with inimitable skill; and beneath the broad and glowing humour which flows on the surface, there is an under current of philosophy—an acute and admirable perception of human motive—which shows the nicest observation and sagacity.

We hope soon to hear, that Mr. Neal has been engaged in some similar work; for in our judgment, he is capable of much better things than any that have been accomplished by the much celebrated "Boz."

"The Editor's Box." It is some time since we have given this a thorough shaking. And now, what shall we do with all these papers and packets? Here are many excellent articles, no doubt, at least none should be condemned till patiently examined. And this shall be done—but we must have time. Lest, however, some of our correspondents should fear that their favours had missed their way, and gone to the receptacle of all things lost upon earth, instead of lying snug and safe in our box, we will mention a few that we have read and accepted.

"The White Ladies."
"The Smuggler's Daughter."
"The Poet's Exercise."
"Tale of an Æronaut—by Grenville Mellen."
"Our Country."
"The close of Evening in Summer."

Two poems from "Moiner;" and glad we are to welcome her pure effusions.

We have also several articles from our correspondents at Quebec and Montreal; and the "Productions of a Young Student," and "The Fate of a Coquette,"—and many others, which we have not yet had time to look over.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Spotted muslin robe, trimmed with a deep flounce, edged with lace, and headed by a *bouillon*. High *corsage*, with square collar, and *manche à volans*. The collar, *ceinture*, &c., are edged with lace. Drawn bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Robe of striped salmon coloured *gros de Naples*, a plain *corsage*, with a row of lace arranged *en demi cœur* round the top. Sleeves *à la Marie de Medicis*, ornamented with knots of straw-coloured ribbon. Breast-knot and *tablier* of knots *en suite*. Rice straw hat, a large oval brim, and moderately high crown; the latter decorated with a bouquet *à la Duchesse*.

NEW BONNET.

"The Victoria bonnet is becoming the leading fashion for the spring. It is composed of straw-coloured and green silk, trimmed with rose-coloured ribbon. This bonnet was described in our last. It will be found on the right hand figure of the May No.

In the hope that it may please some of our fair readers, we copy from an English paper, the following description of dresses, worn at Queen Victoria's drawing-room.

The Duchess of Kent.—Train of white satin, richly brocaded in lilac and silver, lined with white satin, with a handsome silver border; dress of silver spotted net, trimmed with a rich silver flounce to correspond, looped with diamonds and amethysts—the whole of British manufacture. Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and amethysts.

The Princess Augusta.—A rich white satin dress handsomely trimmed with blond lace; manteau of rich broche satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, a splendid silver toque, with feather and diamonds.

The Duchess of Gloucester.—A magnificent brocaded train, worked all over with gold, mixed with an elegant trimming of tissue d'or in puffings, and lined with rich white satin; body and sleeves a la Medicis; elegantly trimmed with gold lace looped at the arms with splendid diamonds; skirt of rich gold lama, a colonne, over a rich white satin slip.—Head-dress, magnificent plumes and diamonds; lappits of rich Chantilly.

The Duchess of Cambridge.—Silver tissue dress of British manufacture, trimmed with ermine; train of light blue velvet, blonde lappets and trimmings; stomacher richly ornamented with diamonds and turquoise.—Head-dress and necklace, with diamonds and pearls.

Duchess of Northumberland.—A magnificent green velvet train and bodice, lined with rich white satin, and superbly trimmed with Brussels point lace and ermine; petticoat of the richest white satin, very splendidly trimmed, with flounces of Brussels point lace, headed with a garniture of green and white brocaded satin ribbon. Head-dress, diamonds, and plume superbly ornamented with diamonds, pearl lappets, ornaments, emeralds, diamond necklace, and ear-rings en suite.

Countess of Litchfield.—White satin dress, trimmed with silver lace, white satin ribbon and turquoise; train, blue satin, trimmed with silver lace, diamonds, and blue satin ribbon; body, ditto; diamond and turquoise necklace and ear-rings. Head-dress, white plumes, diamond and turquoise comb; lappets of splendid silver lace.

Baroness de Rothschild.—A most magnificent train composed of black velvet, elegantly trimmed with tuille and ribbons; body and sleeves a la Medicis, richly trimmed with gold lace; skirt of black tuille, over a rich black satin, embroidered in real jet. Head-dress, fine ostrich feathers and costly diamonds, and splendid blonde lappets.

Hon. Lady H. King.—A very elegant tuille dress, trimmed with bouffants de tulle et des fleurs dahlia, corsage a la Berthe; the train in *rimoire rose*, trimmed with a bullion of tuille and ribbons; sabots and mantilla in rich blonde. Head-dress, feathers and lappets; parure in beautiful pink topazes.

Lady Peel.—A train of rich white Pompadour satin, with bouquets of sky blue velvet, elegantly trimmed with blonde and ribbons; rich blonde berthe and ruffles; dress of white gauze iris, embroidered in blue chenille and pearls, a tablier. Head-dress, plume of white feathers, mouchete en argent, rich blue and silver blonde lappets, and tiara of brilliants.

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May,	do.	do.
June,	do.	do., and Title Page on steel.