THE SNOW FLAKE.

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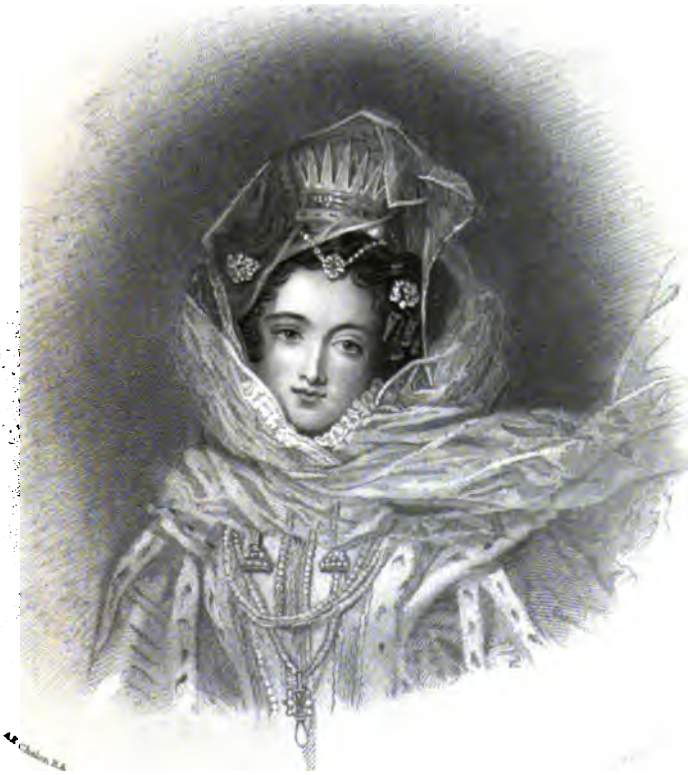
1846



E. FERRETT AND CO.

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THE SNOW FLAKE:

A GIFT FOR

INNOCENCE AND BEAUTY.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

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E. FERRETT & CO.
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LIST OF PLATES.

THE QUAKERS:

A PLAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE,

BY DR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

CHARACTERS:

GENERAL HOWE, *Commander of the British army in N. America.*
LIEUTENANT HOWE, *his son.*
RICHARD JONES, *his adjutant.*
WALTER MIFFLIN, EDWARD MIFFLIN, MARIA MILFORD, } *Quakers.*

TIME.—*During the American Revolution.*

SCENE.—*General Howe's chamber, at the English Head Quarters, near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. From the chamber a door opens into an adjoining room.*

General Howe.—(To Adjutant Jones, who, at the moment when the curtain rises, steps in.) No news of my son, yet, adjutant?
Adjutant.—(Shrugging his shoulders.) No.

General H.—No signs of the detachment?

Adjutant.—None.

General H.—It was to have returned to camp yesterday.

Adjutant.—That was the purport of the order.

General H.—I feel apprehensive of some evil.

Adjutant.—Whence can danger come? There are no troops of the enemy in the neighborhood, and the whole of the surrounding country is inhabited by Quakers.

General H.—But they, too, are men.

Adjutant.—Not exactly. If you give one of these men a blow on one cheek, he will, immediately, turn the other, and beg you to repeat it.

General H.—But endurance, also, has its limit. This foraging, besides, is an odious employment, and I fear my son's wildness.

Adjutant.—He is a noble young man.

General H.—But often dissolute.

Adjutant.—At his years—

General H.—*(Smiling.)* Yes, yes, adjutant; men ever know how to console themselves when they feel that they are fools or criminals. Too young—too old—an excess—a passion—these are sufficient grounds of excuse for foolish or bad actions. I wish, indeed, that my son had no need of such excuses for his conduct; and yet I begin to fear that he does need them.

Adjutant.—In the country of an enemy many things are regarded as allowable—

General H.—An enemy's country is God's soil, and should not be defiled with crime. This Pennsylvania, especially, should be respected, for it is the only portion of America which has been obtained from the aborigines with their own free consent, and not forcibly wrested from them;—the only part of the world, perhaps, the origin of the jurisdiction of whose inhabitants is not burdened with a curse.

Adjutant.—The English soldier looks upon every inhabitant as a rebel against his father land, and that excites him—that makes

him savage. A few minutes ago a Quaker came, without a pass, into camp, and I had the greatest difficulty in protecting him from ill usage.

General H.—What did he want?

Adjutant.—He desired to speak with your Excellency. I have never yet seen a man bear derision and insolence with so much equanimity.

General H.—Bring him in. *(Exit Adjutant Jones.)* Is he derided on account of his calmness under insult? How preposterous is it, that men, with the same lips acknowledge and scoff at the teachings of their God.

(Enter Adjutant Jones with Walter Mifflin.)

General H.—Who are you?

Mifflin.—Walter Mifflin.

General H.—A Quaker?

Mifflin.—Yes, friend Howe.

General H.—Whence do you come?

Mifflin.—From Chester county.

General H.—What do you want?

Mifflin.—To speak with thee.

Adjutant.—*(Tearing Mifflin's hat from his head.)* Shameless fellow! It is not customary to address the general in that familiar manner, nor to wear a hat in his presence.

Mifflin.—I am unacquainted with thy customs. I have never before seen a general, but I know that every man is my brother. I have worn my hat upon my head, all my life long. It is a part of my clothing, and, if I were to stand before a king, I should not take it off. Have I, thereby, done thee any injury, friend Howe? if I thought so I should be sorry. But, I wear my hat in the presence of God; why should I not wear it before thee?

General H.—I am aware of your custom. Give him back his hat. *(The adjutant obeys. Mifflin calmly puts on his hat again.)* Now tell me, what is your station?

Mifflin.—I am a farmer from Chester county.

General H.—Who sent you here?

Mifflin.—The community of Friends.

Adjutant.—*(Scornfully.)* A farmer!

Mifflin.—We are all on an equality.

General H.—What does the community wish?

Mifflin.—Thou knowest that the Friends engage in no contests, least of all that with arms. All men are our brethren—thou also. Thou hast come to us armed, and we have not opposed thee. We have voluntarily given thee to eat and to drink, as we would do to all that are hungry and thirsty. Wherefore do thy soldiers plunder us?

(Whilst Mifflin is speaking, an orderly comes in and whispers something in the ear of the adjutant, who starts, suddenly, and follows him out.)

General H.—You are rebels.

Mifflin.—Not at all. We obey the authorities whom God has placed to rule over us. If He has assigned to thee this lot we endure in silence. If thy king will become our father, we beg that he will not trample his children under his feet. The rest we commit to God.

General H.—Why have you come without a pass?

Mifflin.—A man may go where he pleases.

General H.—In time of war, too?

Mifflin.—We know nothing of war.

General H.—In this manner, your own obstinacy brings you into difficulties.

Mifflin.—If we were to take passes from thee, we should, so far, acknowledge the right of the, so-called, war; and that would be sinful.

General H.—Strange principles!

Mifflin.—If thou dost not approve of them, despise them not, for they are grounded upon justice and humanity.

General H.—But, if you despise my protection, how can I be answerable for every mischance which befalls you?

Mifflin.—What happens to me I will bear with calmness and courage.

General H.—And the source of this courage?

Mifflin.—My faith—my conscience.

General H.—But suppose I were to place soldiers before your meeting-houses, and forbid your entrance therein, on pain of death?

Mifflin.—If the spirit moved me I would go in, nevertheless.

General H.—To meet death?

Mifflin.—Yes.

General H.—You believe yourselves inspired?

Mifflin.—Why not, friend Howe? All good thoughts come from God. Even the heathens knew that,—Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus were aware of that.

General H.—You are no farmer.

Mifflin.—I am a farmer from Chester county.

General H.—You are a spy.

Mifflin.—I am not.

General H.—Swear it.

Mifflin.—We never swear.

General H.—Shall I believe you on your simple word?

Mifflin.—Yes; for we never lie.

General H.—Under the shade of your trees, such principles may make a little family of men happy; but, for a state, they would be ruinous.

Mifflin.—I am not come, friend, to dispute with thee; we leave every one to his own belief. But if thou must wield the sword in thy right hand, carry, at least, the olive-branch of pity in thy left. It will do honor to thee, if thy warriors are not permitted to be robbers.

General H.—You speak very boldly.

Mifflin.—I speak the truth, only.

General H.—Has fate often tried your faith through affliction?

Mifflin.—God has not yet shown me that mercy.

General H.—And yet, you believe yourself able to bear up under the trial, if it should come?

Mifflin.—I do.

General H.—Spiritual pride!

Mifflin.—May that be far from me!

(Enter Adjutant Jones.)

Adjutant.—General, I bring you melancholy intelligence.

General H.—*(Hastily.)* My son—

Adjutant.—Alas! yes, it concerns him. Recover yourself.

General H.—Adjutant, I am a soldier—no preface.

Adjutant.—The detachment has returned, but your son—

General H.—Well?

Adjutant.—He is left behind.

General H.—Ha!—my William!—*(He endeavors to restrain his feelings.)* Where? How?

Adjutant.—The Quakers have murdered him.

General H.—The Quakers!

Mifflin.—Friend, thou errest; the Friends shed no blood.

Adjutant.—The soldiers attest, unanimously, to the fact. Yet more, they have taken prisoner the man who committed the deed.

General H.—The murderer of my son in my power!

Mifflin.—But he is no member of our community.

General H.—That we shall soon ascertain. You see, Walter Mifflin, that this is an unfavorable moment for your mission—the next shall determine what I am to think of you and your community, and how I am to treat you. In the meantime, you remain my prisoner.

Mifflin.—I am a free man.

General H.—No opposition—go into that room, and await your fate. Wo be to you!—wo be to you all—if my son's blood calls for my vengeance!

Mifflin.—Friend, be not hasty.

General H.—Go: you remain in my power.

Mifflin.—In God's power, only. *(Exit.)*

General H.—Now, bring in the murderer.

Adjutant.—Why will you afflict yourself by seeing him?

General H.—I must see him—I must know whether my son is worthy of my tears. *(Exit Adjutant.)* A hard struggle is before me; but I must separate the father from the judge. Oh William! thy bloody shade shall see these hypocrites unmasked!

(Enter Adjutant Jones, with a sword under his arm—with him Edward Mifflin.)

General H.—Are you the murderer of my son?

Edward.—I am no murderer.

General H.—Relate what has happened; and speak truly, at the peril of your life.

Edward.—I have never yet lied. In a quiet valley stand a few humble cottages, inhabited by industrious country people. Yesterday morning, as the day broke, I was awakened by a scream. I started up—I rushed out—the cry of distress came from the house inhabited by my betrothed. I ran thither,—several, awakened like myself, followed; soldiers were engaged in plundering the house. From a locked chamber, I heard the shrieks of my betrothed. I burst open the door—I saw a young officer attempting to misuse her defenceless innocence. Rage seized me—I tore the sword from his side—he drew a pistol—but, at the moment when he was in the act of firing upon me, I struck him down. I am no murderer.

General H.—*(After a melancholy pause, to the adjutant.)* Is that true?

(The adjutant shrugs his shoulders.)

General H.—*(Buries his face in his hands, and after a pause, speaks with shame and sadness.)* Where is my son's sword?

Adjutant.—Here.

General H.—*(Takes the sword, lays it upon the table, and then turns to Edward.)* Go on.

Edward.—My brethren had, in the mean time, armed them-

selves with whatever came to hand. I joined them. We were fewer in number than the plunderers; but robbers are ever cowards. They fled—we pursued them. I was the foremost—my ardor carried me too far, and I was taken prisoner. Now thou knowest all.

General H.—Suppose, young man, that what you did, when you hastened to the assistance of your bride were pardonable?

Edward.—Well?

General H.—What excuse can you find, for pursuing, weapon in hand, the troops of my king, when she was no longer in danger?

Edward.—I did unrighteously before God.

General H.—Are you a Quaker?

Edward.—Yes.

General H.—Have you, in this matter, followed the teachings of your community?

Edward.—I have not.

General H.—Then are you doubly culpable. As a rebel, you are accountable to me: you have borne arms against your king. You must die.

Edward.—I have merited death, not as a rebel, but as a transgressor of God's laws. *Thou* art an instrument, only, of His justice. Execute it.

General H.—What is your name.

Edward.—Edward Mifflin.

General H.—What?—Mifflin?—I know a Walter Mifflin—

Edward.—He is my father.

General H.—Ha! I have not brought about this vengeance by my own means; but it is sweet! Do you know where your father is, at this moment.

Edward.—He went to Philadelphia, in order to commune with the bretbren.

General H.—He is here.

Edward.—Here!

General H.—In the next room.

Edward.—Ah! for the first time, in my life, I fear to look upon my father's countenance. But no! he will pity me! I will go out of the world with his blessing. Friend, permit me to embrace my father's knees before I die.

General H.—Yes, you shall see him. I will no longer bear a father's sufferings alone. Eye for eye, is your teaching—son for son! I will hear his lamentations, I will see his tears—his grief will soften mine. *(He opens the door of the room.)* Walter Mifflin, come forth! *(Enter Mifflin.)* Now call, for assistance, upon thy strong faith—misfortune knocks at thy door.

Mifflin.—*(Without seeing his son.)* I do not say, *come in!* but, if the door open, I shall not be terrified.

General H.—Thy son is my son's murderer.

Mifflin.—No!

General H.—There he stands—ask him.

Mifflin.—*(Starting with surprise.)* Edward! thou here?

Edward.—Yes, my father.

Mifflin.—How cam'st thou hither?

Edward.—I was taken prisoner.

General H.—With arms in his hands.

Mifflin.—Is that true?

Edward.—Yes, my father.

Mifflin.—Tell me all.

Edward.—The dwelling of my betrothed was being plundered, and herself insulted.

Mifflin.—And you took up arms?

Edward.—Yes.

Mifflin.—Have you shed blood?

Edward.—I struck the officer to the floor—the soldiers fled.

Mifflin.—How happened it that you were taken prisoner?

Edward.—I pursued the fugitives too hotly.

General H.—Well, Walter Mifflin?

Mifflin.—Poor erring one! Thou hast drawn the sword—thou

hast slain a man. The community will thrust thee out—thou art no longer my son.

Edward.—God pity me!

Mifflin.—God pity thee!

General H.—Where now is thy calmness?

Mifflin.—I am a man—God chasteneth me.

General H.—You sigh.

Mifflin.—I sigh, but I remain firm.

Edward.—Walter Mifflin—I dare, no longer, call thee father—even the erring remains thy brother.

Mifflin.—Yes, Edward Mifflin.

Edward.—Forgive thy brother.

Mifflin.—Yes, I forgive thee.

Edward.—I am about to die.

Mifflin.—Make thy peace with God.

Edward.—Intercede for me with the community.

Mifflin.—The community will pray for thee.

Edward.—Protect Maria.

Mifflin.—She shall be my daughter.

Edward.—Thou know'st that, until this unhappy day, I have been a well disposed man.

Mifflin.—Yes, Edward Mifflin, you were ever a good man.

Edward.—And an obedient son.

Mifflin.—Yes, thou wert.

Edward.—Remember me without affliction.

Mifflin.—With sadness.

Edward.—Evil, for a moment, only, overcame me.

Mifflin.—I do not condemn thee.

Edward.—And God will be a merciful Father to me?

Mifflin.—He will indeed.

Edward.—And wilt not thou?

Mifflin.—*(Struck, forcibly, with this reproach, opens his arms.)* My son!

Edward.—*(In his arms.)* I dare, once more, call thee father—now can I die, willingly!

Mifflin.—*(Pointing to General Howe.)* Ask forgiveness of this brother.

Edward.—Forgive me, my brother!

General H.—Never!

Edward.—I beg not for my life—but, curse me not!

General H.—Yes, I curse the murderer of my son.

Edward.—And, dying, I bless thee.

General H.—*(To the adjutant.)* Take him hence. He dies in an hour.

Edward.—Farewell, father!

Mifflin.—*(Lays his hands upon Edward's head and prays for a moment, in silence.)* Now go, my son.

Edward.—We see each other no more!

Mifflin.—There!—soon!

Edward.—Bear my farewell to mother and Maria. *(Exit with Adjutant Jones.)*

(Walter Mifflin continues praying, silently.)

General H.—Now, Walter Mifflin, now are you moved?

Mifflin.—God giveth me strength.

General H.—Do you not pray for your son?

Mifflin.—No.

General H.—Hard hearted man!

Mifflin.—Oh friend, thou seest not the blood in my heart! but I wrestle, and God giveth me strength.

General H.—Have you many sons?

Mifflin.—This one, only.

General H.—He is about to die, and you bestow not one word upon him.

Mifflin.—He hath sinned.

General H.—I have still three sons living, and yet this religious coldness is horrible to me.

Mifflin.—I pity thee.

General H.—You wring from me a species of admiration. We will be friends.

Mifflin.—We are brothers.

General H.—We will weep together over the fate of our children.

Mifflin.—Friend Howe, I am sent to thee by the community of Friends—I have laid their petition before thee, give me a favorable answer and let me go.

General H.—How, at this moment, can I give you an answer—I am a father!

Mifflin.—And I, too.

General H.—Remain, awhile, in the adjoining room till I can collect myself.

Mifflin.—*(As he goes out.)* I am collected. God is merciful to me! *(Exit.)*

General H.—Flatterers call me a hero, because I order, in cold blood, twenty thousand bayonets to do murder—but who is the hero here? My son has not fallen upon a bed of honor—I must regard him as culpable—and yet I cannot overcome this bloody rancor against his murderer. This Quaker, on the contrary, who loses his only child, in consequence of the wicked act of my son, blesses his enemy. *He*, truly, is the hero!—why boast we of philosophy, when, in the hour of trial, true faith, only, is sustaining?

(Enter the adjutant, breathless.)

Adjutant.—General—your son!—he lives—wounded, it is true, but not dangerously.

General H.—For God's sake, do not deceive me!

Adjutant.—How should I dare to do it? I have seen him!

General H.—He is here?

Adjutant.—As I was coming from the provost's, to whom I conducted the prisoner, I saw on the road, at a distance, a throng of men moving rapidly about, in the midst of which a pale young man, sustaining himself, with difficulty, on a horse, was a prominent object. I drew near and heard, with delight, a thousand voices repeat the joyful sounds: "Welcome! welcome! the son

of our brave General!" I pressed my way through to the horse. I then saw that a young girl led it by the bridle, and, looking around modestly, was begging them, in a friendly tone, to make way for her. I assisted her out of the tumult. Your son recognized me. Tears stood in his eyes. He is wounded in the right side; he has lost much blood, but his life is not in danger; I myself assisted him to alight. He begs permission to present himself before his father.

General H.—O wherefore has he not, at once, come to my arms? Why was it necessary first to announce him? Yet you were right. His conscience reminds him that he has incurred his father's anger. He can come; but he shall find, in me, no weak-hearted fool.

Adjutant.—He is here, already.

(Enter William Howe.)

General H.—*(Starting toward him with out-spread arms.)* Ha! William! you live!—*(suddenly recollecting himself.)* Your servant, Lieutenant Howe. Where is your sword?

William.—My father!

General H.—I am a general.

William.—If the father rejects me, how shall I appear before the general?

General H.—Lieutenant Howe, make your report.

William.—I deserve your anger—but I cannot bear it. *(He reels from weakness.)*

General H.—William, you falter—you grow paler!—sit down—yes, I am still your father. Deserve my forbearance by your candor. Conceal nothing from me.

William.—I executed your orders, without meeting an enemy. At dusk we turned back. Hunger and thirst tortured my murmuring soldiers. Towards morning we reached some scattered cottages, in a peaceful little valley. My people knocked at the door of one, and demanded bread and wine. A young and beautiful maiden opened the door; she and her aunt were the

only occupants of the little house. She gave us what she had, and more than she should have given; for the wine intoxicated the soldiers. They did not respect the defenceless women, and began to plunder the dwelling.

General H.—But you?

William.—It was not the wine, but the beauty of the maiden, which intoxicated me. Whilst my people were engaged in breaking open closets and trunks, I pursued the weeping girl to her chamber. She threw up the window, screamed for assistance, with the voice of despair, and then fell, praying, upon her knees. But, maddened as I was, it did not move me. I laid my hands upon her—in mortal fright she struggled with me.

General H.—Miscreant!

William.—Her good angel watched. A youth rushed in, unarmed—but with the strength of a lion he tore my sword from my side. I attempted to draw my pistol; but my good genius prevented me from becoming a murderer. A thrust in the side laid me on the floor. I remained senseless, weltering in my blood.

General H.—And, if you had never recovered, what a shameful death!

William.—When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying upon a bed. My wound was dressed, and the same maiden whom I had insulted, was, solicitously, watching by me.

General H.—William! what were your feelings, then?

William.—I experienced such shame that it pressed scalding tears from my eyes.

General H.—God be thanked!

William.—I soon found that my wound was not dangerous, but the good people about me would not permit me to think of leaving them, for some days. I would very willingly have remained, but I saw that my benefactors, who, before, had been smiling, so happily, suddenly grew sad. I asked the reason of this, and learned that her betrothed—her saviour—had been taken

prisoner by my men. I knew, much better than she, the dangerous position he occupied. My father did not know what had armed this youth against us, and he might speak a rash sentence. The thought made me shudder, and I had no more peace. I insisted upon being immediately taken into camp. I determined that I, the only criminal, would place myself before the judge, rather than let an innocent man bleed on my account. The anguish of the maiden gave strength to my request. I was unable to go the great distance on foot—she saddled their horse with her own hand, prepared for me a comfortable seat, and led him, gently, with unwearied feet, by the bridle. I am here, through the assistance of this angel, only. I embrace my father's knees and implore mercy for the brave youth, the weight of whose offence rests upon my head.

General H.—Go!—but without your sword—and as soon as you recover from your wound, take his place in prison.

William.—If I have not lost my father's favor, I cheerfully submit to the severest punishment. *(Exit.)*

General H.—Adjutant, I wish to see this girl. *(Exit adjutant.)* It seems to me as if I were about to receive a daughter. She, also, belongs to this wonderful community. Let us see if that pious heroism dwells, also, in a maiden's breast. *(Enter Maria, dressed in grey clothing, with a white cap upon her head. She draws near, timidly, with down cast eyes.)* What is your name?

Maria.—Maria Milford.

General H.—Are your parents living?

Maria.—No. I am an orphan.

General H.—Under whose protection are you?

Maria.—Under the protection of God and the community.

General H.—How do you live?

Maria.—By the cultivation of a little farm.

General H.—Do you attend to it, yourself?

Maria.—The neighbors assist me.

General H.—Your relations, probably.

Maria.—Not by blood, but by faith. They are all my brothers.

General H.—And do they help such a sister, willingly?

Maria.—Willingly.

General H.—Beauty, every where, finds officious sympathy.

Maria.—What dost thou mean?

General H.—*(Aside—smiling.)* Strange question. *(Aloud.)* Do all your sisters dress like you?

Maria.—All.

General H.—The dress is certainly not the most attractive.

Maria.—It is comfortable, warm, and becoming.

General H.—But not very proper.

Maria.—What dost thou mean?

General H.—To set off beauty to the best advantage.

Maria.—Goodness, only, is beautiful.

General H.—Is love unknown in your community?

Maria.—Oh no; our community is founded upon love.

General H.—I mean that sweet feeling which draws a youth toward a maiden.

Maria.—Thou meanest marriage?

General H.—Yes, if you will.

Maria.—That is well pleasing in the sight of God.

General H.—And your marriages are founded upon love?

Maria.—Love unto death.

General H.—Have you chosen a husband?

Maria.—I am the betrothed of Edward Mifflin.

General H.—Then I pity you, for he must die.

Maria.—Oh no. Thou wilt not shed innocent blood.

General H.—Innocent? He is a rebel.

Maria.—No, he is not.

General H.—He has wounded my son.

Maria.—I have healed thy son.

General H.—For that I thank *you.*

Maria.—And Edward's mother.

General H.—How so?

Maria.—Thy soldiers plundered my cottage. I could not supply thy son with any comforts or refreshments; but my good neighbor, Edward's mother—

General H.—She assisted?

Maria.—She brought what she could.

General H.—And she knew what had happened?

Maria.—She knew.

General H.—And did not regard my son as an enemy?

Maria.—We have no enemies—all are our brethren.

General H.—Shall these women, too, make me blush?

Maria.—Friend, give me back my betrothed.

General H.—The father may forgive, but the general must judge, rigidly.

Maria.—God is a merciful judge.

General H.—He was seized with a weapon in his hand.

Maria.—He had armed himself to protect me, only.

General H.—Are you not under the protection of God?

Maria.—Yes.

General H.—Why did he doubt this, in the midst of those so strong in faith?

Maria.—He was wrong.

General H.—And, consequently, he must atone for it.

Maria.—The community will punish him.

General H.—In an hour he dies.

Maria.—Be merciful.

General H.—I dare not.

Maria.—Oh that God would inspire me, that I might speak with His tongue.

General H.—Would you try to induce me to act against the convictions of my conscience?

Maria.—Is mercy against thy conscience?

General H.—Certainly.

Maria.—Then must I be silent. The conscience of our strange brother, also, is holy to us. God be merciful to his soul!

General H.—You send him no tear?

Maria.—I will pray for him.

General H.—Is thy love so cold.

Maria.—Friend, deride me not.

General H.—What will become of you?

Maria.—I shall not survive him.

General H.—Will you take your own life?

Maria.—*(Shuddering.)* God keep me from such thoughts! No, I will pray, filially, that He may take His daughter thither, where with Edward's she may join her voice in His praise. *(With fervor and increasing anguish.)*

Oh! on earth, despair thou not,
  Though the staff of hope be riven;
Earth can never take away,
  Peace that springs from holy heaven;
Man may rob thee of thy life,
  Wrong and sorrow bring unto thee,
But be conscious of thy truth,
  And such power shall not subdue thee:
For no might is found in death,
  Strong to conquer steadfast faith.
Life of my life! fare thee well!
  Peace around thy spirit hover—
God will give me peace on earth,
  Till the strife of earth is over.

General H.—*(Much moved.)* Maiden, do not take me for a monster; I desired only to try your firmness. Edward Mifflin lives, and shall live for you.

Maria.—*(Surprised, and ready to break out in open expressions of joy and gratitude—but her quiet goodness gains the victory; she crosses her arms, upon her breast, bows her head and speaks softly:)*

God is great! God is good!
Never be His will withstood;
When o'er thee in deep distress,

Waves of wo shall throng and press,
Peril, suffering, pain and death,
Cling the closer to thy faith;
Cast not off thy fortitude!
God is great! God is good!

General H.—Pious maiden, see, he is here.

(Maria remains standing in her place.)

(Enter Edward and William.)

General H.—Come, young man, you are forgiven, and here stands your good Maria.

William.—My father, permit me—I have separated the worthy pair, and through me, only, should they be united. Maria! benefactress of your enemy! you forgave me when I could not stammer out my thanks—take them now, and from my hand receive back your betrothed.

Edward.—Maria!

Maria.—*(Reaching to him, bashfully, her hand.)* God's greeting to thee, Edward!

Edward.—I have sinned, heavily, against thee.

General H.—*(Smiling.)* He has perilled his life for you.

Maria.—Not against me, Edward, but against God and the community.

Edward.—There is reconciliation through repentance.

Maria.—Yes, Edward.

Edward.—Do not regard me as unworthy of thee.

Maria.—I have forgiven thee.

General H.—What people! Our youths would be proud of such a deed, and our maidens of such love. *(Calling into the adjoining room.)* Come forth, Walter Mifflin! *(Enter Walter Mifflin.)* The storm is past—the sun shines—there stand our children.

Mifflin.—Thy son liveth?

General H.—He does.

Mifflin.—God be thanked. The sin of bloodshed doth not rest upon Edward Mifflin.

General H.—This pious girl, whom he insulted, has saved him.

Mifflin.—She hath done her duty.

General H.—And thy wife has given him refreshment.

Mifflin.—She hath obeyed the teachings of the gospel.

General H.—I give your son his life.

Mifflin.—Friend, thou doest right.

General H.—Inform thy community that they shall, henceforth, remain undisturbed.

Mifflin.—Friend, that doeth thee honor.

General H.—Do you display such insensibility even in a moment like this?

Mifflin.—My heart exulteth, but in silence.

General H.—External expressions of joy are heart-elevating.

Mifflin.—We rejoice silently and disturb thee not.

General H.—Go, then, in peace.

Mifflin.—Come, my daughter.

Edward.—Father, may I follow thee?

Mifflin.—No, Edward Mifflin; thou shalt go into solitude and remain, till God and the community have pardoned thee.

Edward.—Maria, pray for me.

Maria.—With bitter tears.

Edward.—I will do penance, but let me hope.

Mifflin.—Hope, my son. *(To General H.)* Farewell, friend.

General H.—Say to the community that I, also, petition for your son.

Mifflin.—I will.

General H.—And that I will exercise a fatherly care over him till he is permitted to return.

Mifflin.—I will say it.

General H.—Will your own petition give support to mine?

Mifflin.—No.

General H.—Strong man! Give me thy hand.

Mifflin.—Here it is.

General H.—Would that with this hand-pressure, thy faith could flow into my soul.

Mifflin.—Would to God it might, my brother! then would'st thou be able to stand firm in suffering and joy. I wish you well—if you should come to Chester county, visit Walter Mifflin.

General H.—God go with you.

Mifflin.—Amen. Come Maria.

(Exeunt Walter Mifflin and Maria.)

General H.—What people! if I were to conquer the world, could I be as happy as this Walter Mifflin?

ELLEN.

BY MISS MARY HEMPLE.

GENTLE Ellen sat alone,
  When the twilight fell around;
With her pencil disregarded,
  And her shining hair unbound;
Slowly roll'd the river on,
With a swelling organ tone,
    And sweet Ellen in her musing—
      Felt her bosom glow,
    While her thoughts seemed keeping measure
      With the river's flow.

Drooping vines above her head
  Clambered up the cottage wall,
Flowers, from out the open window,
  Filtered fragrance through them all.
Beauty beam'd from earth and sky,
Gentle Ellen knew not why.
    Spirit voices seem to whisper,
      Low, from every bough,
    Never had sweet Ellen heard them
      Half so clear as now.

Through the twilight, dreamy—dim—
  Evening sounds were faintly heard,
Chiming with the silver waters,
  When the far off forest stirred:
Filling up the music swell,
Gentle Ellen lov'd so well:—
    And her heart made pleasant throbbing,
      In her bosom now,
    While sweet fancies, soft as moonshine,
      Lighted cheek and brow.

"This shall always be my home,"
  Said young Ellen in her thought,
And a happy smile sprang upward,
  From her spirit's sunshine caught.
"All the world with all its bliss,
  Hath no other home like this;
    I have never seen a river
      Half so pure and clear;
    And no other birds can warble,
      As they warble here.

"And my mother loves this spot,"
  Whispered Ellen with a tear,
"Ah! how many joys and sorrows,
  She has known and suffered here:
Wood, and vale, and bending sky,
Speak to her of things gone by:
    And her heart has oft been weary,
      When her lips have smiled,
    That she might not cast a shadow,
      O'er her well lov'd child.

"And my mother has not one,
On the earth, to love, but me;
And I know how very fervent,
Such a mother's love must be.
Howsoe'er my childhood fared,
All my joys and griefs she shared;—
Ah! my mother, bless me, ever,
With thy love, so pure,
And my life will need no other,
While of this secure.

"Early—e'er my little life
Lost its first, its dawning ray,
Here, beside my gentle mother,
Words of prayer I learned to say.
Through my childhood's sunny days,
Sang she to me pleasant lays;
And when winter storms were sweeping
With a wild unrest,
Then she only pressed me closer,
To her beating breast."

Deeper fell the twilight down,
Deeper grew its melody,
Till the cloud-enveloped moon
Floated softly up the sky:
Pouring down its radiant light,
Through the cloud-rifts, silver-white.
And sweet Ellen turned away,
In its quiet beam,
Happier for the gentle fancies,
Of her twilight dream.

BYRON'S DREAM.

BYRON'S DREAM.

"THE DREAM" of Byron, is, without doubt, the finest production of the poet's pen; and, for the reason that every line was a transcript from his heart, and not from his imagination. The pictures are not idealisms, but real descriptions. The poet, who possesses in a high degree the power of transfusing his spirit, if we may so speak, into the actors of his story, and therefore of feeling in a life not his own, can write with power, and move the human heart at will; but his true power only appears when he writes of what he has himself felt in his own real life. The beauty and strength of the poem here alluded to, lie in this fact. The youth in "The Dream" was Byron, the maiden Mary Ann Chaworth. The poet had loved her as a boy of fifteen, wildly, but she did not return his passion.

"He had no breath, nor being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled at her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd her, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects:—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more."

Speaking of Miss Chaworth, he says, in a fragment that his biographer has brought to light. "Alas! why do I say MY (Mary Ann Chaworth)—our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers, and it would have joined *one* heart and two persons not ill matched in years (she is two years my elder) and—and—and—*what* has been the result?"

They were distantly related; the third Byron who succeeded to the title in 1679 having married a daughter of Viscount Chaworth, of Ireland. William, the fifth Byron, succeeded to the title in 1736—he fought a duel with Mr. Chaworth in London, and killed him. For this he was tried before the House of Peers in 1765, and found guilty of manslaughter, but pleaded the privilege of the Peerage and was discharged. He retired to Newstead Abbey, and resided there in a very unsocial, savage manner until 1798, when he died. This created a feud in the families, to which Lord Byron alludes in the extract just quoted.

It is thought by many, that this disappointment of his youth gave a bias to his character; that he believed so, is not only evident in his "Dream," but in almost every part of his works. The following poem is clearly addressed to the object of his early love.

TO . . . .

"Well! thou art happy, and I feel
  That I should thus be happy, too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
  Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband 's blest—and 't will impart
  Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass—oh! how my heart
  Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favorite child,
  I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
  I kissed it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repressed my sighs,
  Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
  And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
  While thou art blest I 'll not repine,
But near thee I can never stay;
  My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
  Had quenched at length my boyish flame,
Nor knew, 'till seated by thy side,
  My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
  My heart would thrill before thy look,
But now to tremble were a crime—
  We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
  Yet meet with no confusion there,
One only feeling could'st thou trace,
  The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream,
  Remembrance never must awake.
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
  My foolish heart be still, or break."

The passage in "The Dream," which is illustrated by Harding's beautiful picture, is the following:

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all: and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
  Just as the rising moon,
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,
  We left the gay saloon,
And, in a green sequester'd spot,
  Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,
  That still are dear to me, Mary,
  That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary—
  Time linger'd on his way,
To crowd a life-time in a night,
  Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
  Thus in our after years,
This world would be a paradise,
  And not a vale of tears, Mary,
  And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
  The glorious days of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
  As misers hoard their gold:

And often, like a bridal train,
  To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
  In all their summer glow, Mary,
  In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
  As age comes stealing on,
To bring the light and leave the shade,
  Of days for ever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
  The bays that round it fall;
But love has rose-buds of the past
  Far dearer than them all, Mary,
  Far dearer than them all.

THE MAN.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

The weeds o'er ran the garden,
  The weeds usurped the field,
For nothing but weeds and briars
  The idle land would yield,
When a burly Man upstepping—
  A Man! I say A Man!—
Cried aloud—"I will amend this,
  If a son of Adam can!"
To say it was to do it,
  When he had vowed his vow;
So, full of hearty action,
  Himself he grasp'd the plough.

The neighbors flocked around him,
  And gazed with purblind eyes,
Or lifted up their timid hands
  In marvelous surprise.
Many there were who mock'd him,
  And a few there were, who, then,
Went home with hearts uplifted,
  Wiser and better men.
But the Man wrought on, undaunted;
  Nor stint nor stay he knew,
'Till, where the wild weeds flourished,
  Fair grains and grasses grew.

The stubborn glebe he tilleth,
  With an iron, resolute will,
And the blossoms of the spring-time
  The air with perfume fill.
The autumn brought the fruitage—
  The corn, oil, and the wine—
And the Man he said, yet humbly,
  "Lo! these good deeds are mine.
Though I have read but little,
  Sure I have wrought the more,
And have made two blades of grass grow
  Where one blade grew before."

By brave words and stout labor,
  His high success he taught;
And though his phrase was homely,
  'T was Manhood spake and wrought;
And when his work was ended,
  He laid calmly down to rest,
Full of hope and reverent meekness,
  With the sunshine on his breast;
And when flowers bloomed above him,
  And time some years had won,
Men began to know and love him,
  Through the good deeds he had done.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

VENICE—THE FOSCARI.

BY J. MORRISON HARRIS.

SWIFTLY flew our iron steed from the fair city of Padua. Without a glance at the bending trees and thronging statues of the Prato della Vale, or a farewell look at the minarets and domes of the mosque-like Church of San Piustina; away we sped, through fields of golden grain and vineyards, on to the

——— "wing'd Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in state throned on her hundred isles."

I was almost bewildered with excitement. To be in Venice was one of the yearnings of my life. Dim, mysterious and beautiful, she seemed to me the very embodiment of romance.

Her history, full of chivalrous daring, romantic incidents and great events.—Her long line of venerable Doges, who, with the valor of the soldier and the wisdom of the sage, had builded her up from insignificance to supremacy.—Her gallant Admirals, whose conquering galleys swept the Adriatic; who made her "Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite," and won her lofty name of Planter of the Lion!—Her situation—throned on the waters—her streets the wave—her steeds, the glancing Gondola. —All things connected with her were full of interest, and as we flew along, delighted memory told of all she had been; and busy fancy strove to paint her as she was.

Those who have never traveled in a strange land, can form no just conception of the tourist's feelings, as he approaches some spot endeared to him by his reading, or familiar to his imagina-

tion. They cannot enter into his sensations as he watches, anxiously, for some land mark, whose image is clearly painted on the retina of fancy; some swelling dome, some pointing obelisk, or majestic ruin. Each city has some particular marvel of art or nature, and to the traveler, that single object represents the whole. As he rolls along amidst clouds of dust, and between the white walls of villas into the Eternal City, his eye seeks nothing, his heart is full of nothing but St. Peter's; and when he catches his first view of circling piazza and up-heaved dome, he realizes that he is indeed in Rome. As the steamer glides past the lovely shores of the Mediterranean, and buries her prow in the blue waters of the bay, his gaze is rivited upon Vesuvius, and the pillar of fire and cloud are to him Naples.

As he journies through the fairy land of Lombardy, his eye wanders from the sea of verdure which surrounds him, and seeks the thousand spires and flying buttresses of that mountain of marble, the Duomo of Milan, which from the bosom of the crowded city, rises to heaven, pure and glittering, like the Queen of the Alps, the snowy Yungfrau. But it is not so as he approaches *Venice;* no single dome—no particular spire—not the Campanile nor the Basilica, not the Lido nor the Lagune claim his attention and absorb his interest: but all is wonderful, all is absorbing in its novelty and beauty; and as he steps into the barge which waits to convey him across the encircling waters, and sees

> ——"from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand,
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand."

And the glories of the past, and the realities of the present, fire his fancy and excite his mind, and in a sort of dreamy extacy his straining gaze is fixed upon the city, which like some fairy island floats upon the wave; and he scarce feels sure it will not vanish like a vision of the night, until his foot presses the earth, and he feels his quick pulse throbbing with excitement in the "City of the Doges!"

It is not my intention to go into any detailed description of Venice. The theme would be a delightful one, and with my heart in my pen, I could fill sheets with the account of the various objects of beauty and interest which gave wings to the weeks I passed among them. The gorgeous Basilica of San Mark, with its wealth of silver and gold and mosaics—its eastern splendor and religious gloom—its inlaid aisle, upon whose stones "an Emperor knelt and sued"—and its proud front where stand the steeds of brass, "their gilded collars glittering in the sun."—The Palace of the Doges, with its vast halls and princely chambers, glowing with the master pieces of genius—radiant with the creation of Titian and Carlo Dolci, of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese—where met of old the Senators of the Republic—the stern lawgivers of the state—whose despotism was once so fierce, whose power was so terrific—whose keen eyes pierced the inmost recesses of private life, and whose justice or revenge, fell like the stroke of fate; unseen, swift, inevitable.—The Bridge of Sighs, through whose dark passages so many thousands of the learned and great, the wise and virtuous, have passed to trial, and returned to—Death.—The deep, dark, dungeon-cells, where the glad sunlight and the genial air, where ever strangers—where youth grew old in solitude and gloom—where the hardy frame and the strong spirit broke with the weight of agonies they only could conceive of—where the rough walls bear fearful witness to the mad despair of those lone dwellers in a living grave.—The narrow prison chambers, high up in the air, all light and burning heat—just beneath the leads, and in the blazing glare which poured reflected from the near domes of Saint Marck—which made the blood boil, and dried up the skin, and fried the bursting brain; so that the poor victim dwelt in a constant hell, to which the night and dampness of the cells below would have seemed paradise.—The Pozzi and Piomba! How much of torture, anguish and despair dwell in those fearful words!

And beside them, not a stone's throw from these scenes of

misery, spreads out the wide piazza of Saint Marck—all light and gladness—the long arcades crowded with life—the shops glittering with gold and jewels—displaying the costliest wares, the fairest fabrics which man's ingenuity, taxed to supply his luxury, has wrought the wide world over—the varied groups which in cafés dazzling with gold and mirrors, loiter away the hours—the swarthy Greek, with his pure features cast in the antique mould, his white camese, his richly broidered vest, and graceful cap—the dark Armenian, clad in his long black robe girdled at the waist with a depending sash, with venerable beard and slow and thoughtful step—the Turk, with folded legs, seated upon his carpet, inhaling through the amber mouth-piece of his pipe his chiefest draught of pleasure, his settled features never stirring from their deep repose, his beard descending to his breast, and the turban twining, fold upon fold, around his well formed head—the Frenchman, mercurial and gay, Paris, in his dress, his air, his all—the sturdy Englishman, every where the same; unsocial and uncomfortable—the American, curious and investigating; peering into every thing; picking up all sorts of odds and ends of information, from all sorts of sources; with swinging gait and restless eye, sauntering along. All people and all tongues, gathered together in a magnificent tristing place—and as the darkness deepens and the crowd thickens, regimental bands march in; and above the gay converse and merry laughter of the thronging loungers, strains of exquisite music charm the ear of night, and all is gay and brilliant, and on memory the olden times come back, when queenly Venice was

> "The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth—the masque of Italy."

Pleasant would it be thus to ramble on through gallery and church, palaces and piazza, and tell your reader how many delightful things yet linger around decaying Venice; and were I in the moralising vein, the retrospection might perchance be rendered useful as well as pleasant, by sage reflections upon the

causes which have operated to destroy the nationality and so fearfully to change the aspect and condition of Venice; but I am content simply to glance at such things, and to give you some idea of the state to which the once proud and wealthy families of the Republic are reduced, by taking you with me to visit the descendants of one, which, in the palmy days of the city, ranked with the loftiest.

It is a very general idea that Venice is rapidly falling into utter ruin. There is much truth in the impression. Her trade has almost wholly left her, and she may be said to be dependant upon strangers for continued existence. Like many of the cities of Italy, she is kept alive by the liberal expenditure of money on the part of travelers. The subjection to foreign rule, the great curse under which the whole land groans, has produced marked results in Venice.

The Austrian is a harsh master, and under his iron sway the energies of the people are crushed. The submission of the oppressed to the oppressor, is not, however, wholly passive. The spirit of revolt breaks out at times, but so perfect is the system of governmental police, that the lightest whisper of discontent is overheard, and the first sparks of liberty are trodden out beneath the foot of military force. The spy and the soldier are the bulwarks of Austrian despotism, and to avoid the one is as hopeless as to resist the other.

The nobles, who yearn to regain the power and re-assume the privileges of their class—the patriotic, who long to build up from the ruins of foreign domination a free Republic, are ever on the alert to fan the embers of revolt and shake off the yoke of the stranger; but in vain—the movement is thwarted before the moment for action arrives, and the leaders expiate their sins in the gloom of an Austrian dungeon.

The truth is, that the people of Italy are wholly unfit for a free government. They want the spirit to *achieve*, and the intelligence to *appreciate* freedom. They are, (I speak of the masses)

grossly ignorant and superstitious, and the fetters of these twin sisters of night are too strong to be broken by them. The religion of the country is a religion of servitude—it hangs upon the necks of the people, like the old man in the story of Sinbad, and the instinct of self preservation tightens its convulsive clasp. Italy can never be free until she is educated—and her people will never become intelligent until they have either reformed, or rejected, their religion. In the present there are no signs of the redemption of Italy, and keen must be the vision which can look far enough into the future to see the dawn of her regeneration dissipating its gloom.

As for long years she has been the prey "of many-nationed spoilers," changing from master to master, like a poor pawn, in the great game of European policy; so for years to come, her history will doubtless be the same; her nationality abased, her glory clouded; and

> ——————— "the stranger's sword
> Be her sad weapon of defence, and so
> *Victor or vanquished, she the slave of friend or foe.*"

But, "revenons a nos moutons."—Reader did you ever see a Gondola?—let me, before we start, give you some idea of one. Imagine a long, low, black looking boat, some twenty-five feet in length—sharp as an arrow at both ends. At the prow, a beak of polished steel, with some five or six projecting teeth, and a sort of cleaver, surmounting them, in the style of the beak of a Roman galley. About four feet of the forward part of the boat is floored over to the level of the gunwale—then come two benches; and next to them, occupying nearly one half of the boat, is the house which so admirably unites protection, privacy and convenience. It is painted black, and over it is flung a covering of dark and heavy cloth, with fringes and tassels of black, looking for all the world like a pall.

In it are three windows—one at the stern and one at each side. Each window is provided with a sash of glass, and a sliding

Venitian blind; so that the inmate can have light, air, or perfect darkness and seclusion at will. Back of this house, some four feet more of the boat is floored over as at the bow. Upon one side rises a crooked post of wood, about a foot and a half high. The Gondolier stands upon this sternmost platform and propels his craft by placing his oar in one of these grooves and plying it with a quick pushing motion.

The direction of the boat is changed with great precision and rapidity by a sudden change to the different grooves. Sometimes a Gondolier is stationed at the bow, but usually there is but one. The furniture of the cabin or house is very plain. On either side are broad cushions, delicately stuffed, running the whole length. At the end is another cushion and a well stuffed back-piece. This house can be removed at will, and a light awning of striped cotton substituted in its stead. The Gondola will seat six with comfort.

In former times, large sums were expended by the citizens in the construction and adornment of these floating equipages. They were made as beautiful as paint and silver, and even gold, could make them; of various sizes, and every imaginable variety of ornament. The rivalry was carried to such an excess, in this matter, that the government thought proper to interfere, and a decree was passed, forbidding any Gondola to exceed a certain length, and requiring them to be painted black, and to have all their adornments of the same color. The result is their present hearse-like look. Now, although you may have perhaps some notion of the *appearance* of a Gondola, believe me, reader, you can form no idea of the luxury of its movement. Of all vehicles, it is the most delicious.

Its motion is swift and slightly vibratory—just enough so to rock you into a state of dreamy felicity, as you lie extended upon the soft cushions, chatting with a friend, toying with a book, or puffing a segar. Do you wish to enjoy your afternoon nap, under the most luxurious circumstances?—draw the blinds, which, while

they shut out the light, yet give the soft air leave to steal in through their delicate lattice work, and compose yourself—the Gondolier will rock you into slumber as gently as would a skilful nurse, and the faint ripple of the parted waters, as the sharp beak cuts swiftly through it, and "the light drip of the suspended oar," shall be your lullaby. Would you read?—slide back the pannel and let in the light. Stretch yourself as on a sofa—your head resting upon the back seat as on a pillow, and with your mind half in your task and half diverted by the world without, dream over the volume.

Would you make love to some fair Venitian maiden?—seat yourself beside her in a Gondola, let the wooing night wind come in through the open window and kiss her cheek and lift her raven tresses—let the soft moonlight fall on her half reclining figure and reveal its beauty; and as you glide through dark canals, where mouldering palaces look down upon you, and the unbroken silence of melancholy ruin hushes all ruder voices and prepares the soul for all sweet influences; or like a bird upon the wing, you dart into the life and beauty of the grand canal, where countless Gondolas go glancing by you in the moonlight, and rich hues fall on the sleeping waters from the stained windows of lofty palaces, and strains of music win the ear with dying cadence, "by distance made more sweet," and every thing around is full of poetry and love: then take her delicate palm in yours, and if you have a *tongue*, and she a *heart*, trust me, you will do more to win her, in that one hour of moonlight and romance, than in whole months of the sober intercourse of more prosaic life.

Countless are the uses of the Gondola. Would you visit?—it is your carriage: it takes you to church, it whirls you to the ball; it "draws up" for you at the steps of the Opera House, just as the equipages of London at the door of her Majesty's. Would you cross the Gindecca or the Grand Canal?—it is your ferry. Have you business to transact at the Douane or on the Rialto? It is your cab. It is ubiquitous—always beside you, and if you

stay long enough in Venice, you will learn to entertain, as I do, quite an affection for the Gondola. But a truce to the romance of this too lengthened digression. Let us step into our boat and visit the Foscari.

As we pass down the grand canal, our inquiries as to the owners of the various palaces which line it, are answered by a repetition of the names of some of the oldest and most illustrious families of Venice. Of many of these we know nothing. They were doubtless of great wealth and consideration in the old time; admirals of the good state, and perchance Doges, but their names awaken no interesting recollections. Others sound more familiar, and are connected with the glories as well as the crimes of the state. The Faliero, Morosini, Grimani and Priuli.

The time-worn palace of the Faliero family, is one of the most interesting in the city. An interest arising solely from the deeds and fate of its more celebrated members, for the establishment is rapidly falling into ruin, and entrance to it, is, or at least in my case, was forbidden. In its day of pride, it was doubtless a magnificent pile, but its present aspect is dingy and sad. From the various memorials of the eminence of this family which one meets in Venice, the mind is apt to revert to that short but significant sentence, which in the Senate chamber of the Ducal Palace, fills the tablet reserved for the portrait of the Doge; "Hic est locus Marini Falleteri, decapitati pro criminibus."

The palace of the Foscari stands just at the bend of the grand canal. It is, even at this day, an imposing building. It is constructed entirely of fine marble and rises to a height of three stories from the water's edge. Its architecture is a strange mixture of the gothic and saracenic.

The first story is plain—along the second runs a light balcony of stone, with curious and elaborately wrought ballustrades. The central window which opens upon this balcony, is of great width, and height, with pointed arches and delicate arabesques; and the whole exterior of the mansion impresses you with a high sense of

its former splendor. As you step from your Gondola into the open door of the first story, you find yourself in a very extensive apartment, formerly the court and hall of the palace. This is entirely stripped of furniture, and the blackened cornices and entablatures are its only ornaments. Its farther end is filled up with huge blocks of marble, which formed part of the outer casing of the palace, and which had been stripped off to sell by a connection of the family in whom the property is now vested. This method of raising money was at one time very generally resorted to by the impoverished nobles, and it is hard to say where the work of destruction would have ceased, had not the Austrian government stepped in and checked it. The pavement of this room had formerly been in rich marbles, but much of these has been carried of, and the remainder is dirty and broken. A broad staircase of marble leads into the second story, where a wide hall, from which you enter the various apartments, equally divides the palace, and terminates in the grand balcon, before referred to. The doors which open from the hall, are wide and lofty; the frames are of rich marbles, and the cornices are heavy with carvings in stone; while on each side are gigantic statues, stationed as if to guard the household.

The pavement of the hall seems to have been of pietra dura, but it is now thickly encrusted with dirt. At a window of one of the side rooms, opening on the canal, sits an old and decrepid dame, who for more than half a century has been a servant of the house; one who has waited upon its now poor and desolate descendants, in days when the proudest of the city deemed it an honor to swell their train; and it is touching to observe the prompt cheerfulness of her attendance now, when her tried affection brings no reward but that which springs from its indulgence. The room in which she sits is filled with a queer medley of household utensils, and furniture—and seems to be devoted to a variety of uses. It is store room, laundry, kitchen, anteroom and parlor. Near her, upon a chair partly covered with old and

faded tapestry, and shewing here and there a scrap of gilding on its worm eaten wood work, sits a figure bent nearly double with the weight of four score years. Her face is dry and shrivelled—and time has written countless wrinkles upon her brow. A few grey hairs peep out from beneath her scanty veil, and no traces remain of that beauty for which her old attendant declares she was celebrated. Her gown is of the coarsest material, and her whole air care-worn and heart-broken. A question or two suffice for conversation, for it makes one melancholy to see and hear her. On enquiring for her sister, she rose, and with trembling step, ushered us into an adjoining room, from which the light was nearly excluded by a coarse woolen garment which hung before the window. The chamber was about twenty feet square, the walls were wainscotted with some rich wood, and the heavy cornice which ran around the room was richly carved, and its heavy mouldings bore traces of ancient splendor in the gold which gleamed out at intervals from the thick covering of dust which for years had been suffered to accumulate upon it.

At one end of the chamber was a bedstead of some dark wood, and on it a miserable bed, scantily provided with coarse but cleanly covering. Its occupant numbered some seventy-five years, and had long been helpless and bed-ridden. Her eyes followed us as we moved through the chamber with an expression of saddened misery, which went straight to the heart, and told her tragic story with more pathos than language could have given it. Upon the wall above her head was a fine portrait, and on either side of this, supporting a sort of canopy, were two noble figures in bronzed wood, which seemed the guardian genii of the feeble woman beneath. On wooden pegs hung a few coarse garments, and on a small table placed beside the bed, was a phial of medicine, and a broken cup.

Such is the condition to which Laura and Marianna del Foscari, the sole descendants of this once powerful family, are now reduced, and as my eye wandered over mouldering walls

and blackened cornices, and rested upon these feeble old women, who linger out their lives in penury, and amid the relics and reminiscences of so much splendor, I felt that I read in that old palace a sadder story of the decay of stately Venice, than I had ever found in books; and putting into the hand of the old attendant all the money I had about me, I re-entered the Gondola and turned away with a saddened heart from the home of the Foscari!

THE WILLOW TREES.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

THEY stood beside the sun-lit stream that murmur'd by the door,—
How many a joyous melody its little voice would pour,
As wild and most untameably, dash'd on its slender tide,
Clad in the garments of a song, were song personified!

It hurried in the sunshine—yet loiter'd in the shade,
Pausing to hear the music its own melody had made,—
Where boughs, so thickly interlac'd, would scarce admit a breeze
To whisper of their loveliness—those weeping willow trees!

Those two old weeping willows,—that look'd so sadly down,
As if they mourn'd a brilliant gem stolen from the earth's fair crown,
Their slender branches dipping in the clear transparent wave,
And scattering all the drops around, as if t' were tears they gave.

I see them now, as I have seen in many a day gone by,
Ere memory hid them in her heart, 'mongst treasur'd things to lie,
When life first found me on its shore, a thing of light and love,
With dear Virginia's soil beneath, Virginia's skies above!

I see them—and that gray old house that stood so meekly there,
Where an aged couple dwelt, whose brows were furrow'd o'er
with care,
With a lovely grand-child by their side, whose bright and laugh-
ing eye
Lit their declining days, as lights the sun the western sky.

Sweet Emily! I see her, as in many a long past hour,
Brush back the hours, as she would brush the dew-drop from a
flower:
I well remember how my heart was won whene'er she smil'd,
For she was a lovely woman then, and I a little child!

She too is gone! her voice no more will mingle with the streams,
Her eye no more add beauty to the ray that on it gleams,—
Yet I know her heart, like mine, will swell whene'er the evening
breeze,
Sighs, as it used to sigh, amidst those weeping willow trees!

"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER."

We will walk through life together,
  In the strength of hope and love:
Through the storm as through the sunshine,
  With a smiling God above:
Let me lean upon thy bosom,
  When the way is steep or dim,
And through the eyes I love the best,
  Look up and trust in Him.

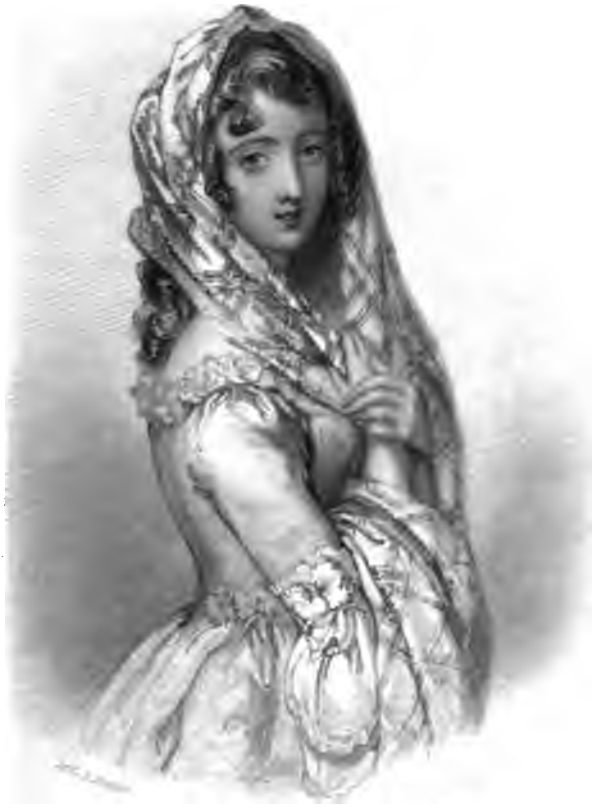
Hope on; dear love!—for ever,
  Though our skies be overcast;
We need the gloom, the cloud, the storm,
  That fruit may come at last.
If the seed be rightly cherished,
  If the soil be kept with care,
Our God will send his sun and rain,
  To make the harvest fair.

MARY.

"OLD MORTALITY," AND ITS HEROINE,

EDITH BELLENDEN.

THERE are but few of our readers, if any, to whom the scenes and characters of "Old Mortality" are not familiar. In this, as in all the Waverly Novels, historical accuracy in the introduction of known persons and events, gives a stronger resemblance of reality to the tale, while it does not lessen the spell wrought by fiction. The chief excellence of Scott consists in the faithfulness of his descriptions, which, whether of character, scenery, or events, never materially depart from truth, though they are always highly wrought and forcible. Old Mortality abounds in numerous displays of this rare and varied descriptive talent; but no where is it more conspicuous than in the delineations of character. These characters are the representatives of classes, each distinct, and each widely differing from the other; among them are introduced the wild and dissolute soldier, inured to scenes of war and alike regardless of the interests of the Church and the Independent Kirk, in whose contentions he is engaged; and the poor, unlettered peasant, fighting, he knows not why,—the worldly and titled adventurer, seeking perferment through deeds of arms; and the rigid Puritan, burning with ardor and blinded by religious zeal,—at one moment all humility, and the next, all vengeance,—youthful beauty walking by the side of tottering, withered and poverty-stricken age,—all these characters are introduced, yet the contrast between them is preserved, and, while they are all interested in, and governed by, the same



EDITH BELLENDEN.

circumstances, the career of each is traced to its end without confusion. It is this which renders Old Mortality a text-book of human nature as it manifested itself in those days of religious intolerance.

The individual portraits which occur, are strongly defined and impressive, yet they are natural, and gracefully executed. The prominent traits of the principal characters are seldom more than alluded to; they are developed, gradually, by the circumstances with which they are surrounded. It is thus we are made acquainted with the noble female virtues of Edith Bellenden. Her first introduction to the reader is casual, and the description given of her personal appearance is brief; but when she again appears, at the commencement of hostilities between the Covenanters and the government, she begins to rise from her subordinate position, and to exhibit, through her conduct under trying difficulties, the excellencies of her character. From this period, the reader is constantly discovering, in her mind and heart, new qualities to excite admiration. She who was at first brought smiling upon the foreground, a beautiful, playful and gentle girl, exciting in the mind no peculiar regard, becomes, at length, as difficulties and sorrows cluster around her, the object of absorbing interest. Her affection for Henry Morton was one which she could not stifle, although, apparently, every consideration of duty urged her to the task. He was in league with men whom she had been taught to abhor, against the rights of her sovereign, the holy privileges of her church, and the existence of her house; she could not, therefore, bestow her hand upon one who had forfeited all claim to it. Besides, she had another suitor,—the brave Evandale, lord of a noble estate, high in the esteem of her countrymen and her friends, and possessed of every manly quality which could win her respect, or inspire her affection; the first of these, she was obliged to yield; her love, though she strove to recall it, had already been bestowed upon another. Thus were the promptings of love and duty arrayed against each other, and

with her rested the victory. She made the sacrifice, but the image of Morton remained, nor could she tear it from her heart.

Circumstances at length explained away the conduct of him who had apparently forfeited all claim to her regard, and she again fostered the affection which she had endeavored to destroy. But it was then too late. Morton had been banished from his native country, and had become a wanderer in a foreign land. At length came rumors of his death; but as years rolled on, hope continued to cheer her constancy. At last even hope left her, and she lamented as for the dead. Time softened, but could not extinguish, her grief. Then came other sorrows. Ruin had fallen upon her house, and, while its noble estates became the property of an enemy, the friends whose bounty had clothed her orphanage, were reduced to comparative poverty. There was one way by which she could be of service in repairing the shattered fortunes of those who had protected her infancy, and that was, by accepting the long-proffered suit of Lord Evandale. She yielded, after many struggles, and consented to the betrothal. The day of marriage was hastened by unforseen circumstances, and she was called upon, suddenly, and without preparation, to pronounce the nuptial vow. At this crisis Morton suddenly appears, but as suddenly disappears again, leaving behind him no trace, but an assurance that he still lives. For a long time, nothing more is heard of him. He returns, at length, and the mystery of the few past years of his life is explained. He had not perished at sea as had been reported, but had landed safely on the continent, where certain letters procured him a commission under the Stadtholder Prince of Orange. Under an assumed name, he rose from rank to rank, to honor and fame. At the end of seven years, quieter times induced him to return to Scotland, where accident brought about the momentary meeting which revealed to Edith that he was still alive. The death of his generous rival, Lord Evandale, soon after, rendered it unnecessary that he should longer refrain from renewing his vows of love, which were

requited, by the tried affection of the constant Edith. Thus are two hearts at last united, which Fate seemed determined to keep apart.

In the character of Edith Bellenden, we scarcely know which most to admire—that noble resolution—that inflexible determination of purpose, which was willing to make every sacrifice for duty—or the generosity of her heart, and the constancy of her love. In her character is an exhibition of every feminine grace and virtue; and the reader, while he yields an involuntary tribute of admiration to this rare combination of excellencies, can hardly fail to acknowledge the wonderful skill of the hand which gathered and grouped them.

This manner of developing character, although not peculiar to Scott, is yet one of his most prominent merits; and it is upon such merits as this, and one or two others, to which we shall briefly allude, that the basis of his reputation is placed.

Among the most prominent of these excellencies, is the perfect adaptation of fictitious incidents to the authentic chronicles of the periods of which he writes. In the introduction of real events, the scrupulous precision of the historian is observed, while the fictitious incidents of the tale are made to conform to the reality. Many of Scott's novels, are in fact, but historical episodes, embellished and illustrated by fiction. Wisely improving the prerogative of the novelist, he surrounds his characters,—many of whose names are taken from authentic records,—with circumstances which develope the secret motives of their actions, and which serve to explain the causes of the events in which they participated. All this is done by a master-hand, and the reader, inspired with confidence, implicitly follows the narrator—pauses with him —discusses with him the philosophy and tendency of every distinguishing event of the times,—weeps over the calamities and errors of misguided policy, or rejoices as he beholds the prosperity of wiser councils; he loses, for the time, his own identity, and becomes one among the actors of the past. Thus he gains a

mass of information, which cannot soon escape him, for he possesses in his memory the transfer of a commentary, which explains all the incidents embraced within the prescribed period. On closing the book, he finds himself master of a thousand interesting facts, which, otherwise, he might never have known; he discovers himself unconsciously pursuing new trains of thought, and revelling in a world of bright and beautiful ideas, which seem to have been called forth as by the enchanter's wand.

The superiority of Scott is equally manifest in his descriptions of scenery. In these, especially in his poems, he is not surpassed by any modern writer. He is said to have visited most of the places particularly described in his works, and to have noted down on the spot every rock, tree and shrub growing upon it, every variation in its light and shade, and its different appearance at different seasons. This can alone account for the accurate minuteness and vividness of his descriptions. So perfect is the illusion produced by reading some of these, that the reader can almost hear the running water from fountain, rivulet or mountain torrent, mingling with the song of birds, or the herdsman's call; and he can see the tree tops waving over grassy vales, from the sides of the mountain crowned with the turreted castle. Or, if it be a battle scene, he beholds the marshaling clans, the banners floating in the breeze, and the armor glittering in the sunlight; he can hear the war-cries of the hostile chieftains, the answering shout from the thickening ranks, the wild notes of the bugle and the shrill piping of the bag-pipe, all rising in discord and harmony together, and floating upon the air from mountain to echoing mountain. He is transported, as by magic from the actual reality which surrounds him, to a seeming reality, which engrosses all his senses, and imbues him with the enthusiasm of the actors of whose imaginary struggles he is a witness. The spell is complete,—and this we call the perfection of description.

H. D. C.

THE WHIRLWIND.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The whirlwind! the whirlwind! a monarch is he!
And he sways a wide region—the land and the sea!
And who is so dauntless, that bows not in fear,
When he passes along in his mighty career?

When the sky has a hazy and slumberous air,
Trust not to the calm, for the whirlwind is there!
He is gathering his powers, ere he marshals them forth,
For his journey of storm over ocean and earth!

The soft winds that nourish the blossoms and flowers,
Shrink away from the forests, the fields and the bowers;
To their caverns of coolness in terror they hie,
For they know that the king of the tempest is nigh!

He comes on his chariot, the pyramid cloud,
And the voice of his coming is haughty and loud;
For he vaunteth his strength, and he shouts in his glee,
That no spirit of storm is so mighty as he.

Who bend not before him, where'er he may go,
With the breath of his anger he levels them low;
For an absolute monarch is he, and his path,
Like the path of a despot, is ruin and wrath.

Aye! he makes for himself a wide track as he goes;
The high and the proud like a reaper he mows,
The tallest of trees in the old forest lands,
And the palace that proud in its masonry stands!

Then he hurries away where the wide waters sweep,
And sinks the stout ship in the fathomless deep;
And his broad pinions lash the wild billows amain,
Till they leap in their terror, and howl in their pain.

Yet the monarch of winds, in his lordliest hour,
Still spareth the lowly that brave not his power;
Scarce stirs he the stream that meanders the dell,
And the small barque that rides on its fairy-like swell.

Far away from the breath of his meteor gale,
The flower and the shrub are unhurt in the vale;
And the cot, that stands low 'neath the sheltering hill,
Is safe when the tempest is working its will.

The whirlwind! the whirwind! a monarch is he!
And he sways a wide region—the land and the sea!
And who is so dauntless, that bows not in fear,
When he passes along in his mighty career?

THE LADY HELEN.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1603, and in the realm of merry England, two children were playing together one summer's day in the court yard of Castle Dacre. The one was a bright, bold lad of sixteen, the other, a fairy girl of twelve. They were both beautiful, and there was an air of noble manliness about the boy, that contrasted well with the tenderer loveliness of his more youthful companion. The boy had been shooting at a target, but suddenly growing weary of his pastime, had thrown the bow aside, and was chasing the merry girl out at the gates, and down the green slope to the water's edge. Running along the bank to where an attendant was sitting in a boat, she suddenly sprang in, and, bidding him push out into the lake, clapped her hands together and laughed long and loud at the manifest discomfiture of her companion.

"Nay, that is not fair, Helen!" cried the boy, "I could have caught you if Jekyll had not been in the boat."

"Ah yes, if; but then Jekyll *was* in the boat, and now catch me if you can."

"Jekyll, do pull ashore, there 's a good man, and I will give you a piece of silver."

"Rank bribery!" said the girl, laughing, "Jekyll shall do no

such thing until you, William Seymour, promise me to shoot straiter, and stronger, and better than you have done."

"If you will come back, Helen, and not tease me, and so make me miss the mark, I will."

"And you 'll hit the white?"

"I 'll try."

"Well, then, Jekyll, you may put me on the bank again; for I want William to be as skilful as Robin Hood and the old foresters were, who they say could split a willow wand at fifty paces."

"There 's none of our people can do that except Launce," said the boy. "I 'll get him to teach me, if it will please you."

"Do, do!" exclaimed the girl, tossing back with a joyous laugh the wealth of brown hair that hung in disorder over her brow. "And then we will go into the grand old woods yonder, and you shall be dressed in Lincoln green, with a score of merry men like Robin Hood; and I will be maid Marian in gay boddice and embroidered kirtle."

"I should like that," said the boy spiritedly, "for we could build us a bower there and live in the forest like they did at Sherwood; and in the morning I would bring you fresh, beautiful flowers; and then I would blow my bugle and go out and kill the deer; and when I came home again, I would sing you greenwood songs like this I am about to sing to you, Helen, if you will listen."

"Oh that I will," said the girl, "if it is a good song."

"Well, then, sit down beside me under this tree, and pray do not look at me too hard or you will put me out.

"In merry Sherwood forest
  Once loitered archers three;
And they stood beneath the sheltering gloom
  Of a far outspreading tree.

"The first was tall of stature,
  The second was short and slim;
But the third was a man of so burly a frame,
  There were few, I trow, like him.

"The first was Jolly Robin;
  The second was little John;
And the third was called stout Clym of the Clough;
  Old Mutch the miller's son.

"They were dressed in Lincoln broad cloth,
  In pleasant Lincoln green;
And fifty tall men, at their bugle blast,
  Would start for the leafy screen.

"They paid the king no taxes,
  And they held no land in fee;
And they thought it foul scorn, to prince or peer
  To bend the servile knee.

"They all were forest outlaws,
  And hunted the king's red deer;
And levied tithes of fat Abbots and Priors,
  To heighten their forest cheer.

"They soothed the poor man's sorrow,
  And their sinewy arms and strong
Were feared by the caitiff in castle or hall,
  Who wrought the poor man wrong.

"Their praise, when sung by minstrel,
  The heart of the maiden won;
And a blessing went up from the lone widow's lips
  For many a kind deed done.

"By bell, and book, and candle,
The proud priest banned them sore;
But for every ban the proud priest breathed,
The widow breathed blessings four.

"Then hurrah for Jolly Robin!
And hurrah for little John!
And the fifty tall fellows in Lincoln green,
And for Clym the miller's son."

"Oh, that is a very good song," said the girl, as the singer concluded. "There is only one thing in it I do not like;—now mind, when we play at Robin Hood and his merry men, you must not waylay and pillage the Abbots and Priors; it would be wrong."

"No fear of that," said the boy. "They are all gone since Queen Mary's time."

"So they have," replied the girl, blushing, "but in good sooth, William, I had clean forgotten it. Come now, let us go up to the castle, and you shall show me your archer skill."

Clasping her hand in his, the two happy beings went laughing and talking up the hill, and entering the court yard, the youth took up his relinquished bow.

"Now then," said she, "I will give you five arrows, and I will name them to make you shoot better. This, I will call my lord Beauchamp, your good father; and this, shall bear my father's name, lord Dacre; and this, shall be your brother, lord Henry Beauchamp; and this shall be your brother Eustace; and this—for whom shall I name this?"

"I will tell you," said the boy, "call it yourself, Lady Helen Dacre, and you shall see how it will shoot."

"Well then, I will do so, but remember, you must try your skill fairly."

"That will I do for my dear father's sake," replied the boy, "so give me his arrow, and now—look!"

Drawing the string to his ear, he guided the arrow steadily up, and loosed it.

"Where is it, Jekyll?"

"On the edge of the clout, master William," replied the man.

"I knew I should touch the white centre somewhere," said the boy. "Now Helen, give me your father's arrow."

"Side by side!" cried Jekyll.

"As good friends should be," remarked the boy.

"But you must do better than that, William."

"And so I will. Give me another arrow."

This, and the one succeeding, struck the second and third rings—with a gesture of disappointment, the boy threw the bow down.

"I will try no more to-day, Helen, I shoot so bad."

"What, not my arrow?"

"I am afraid I should have but ill fortune, and I would your shaft should strike the centre, or not at all."

"If you do not attempt it, how shall we know? Come, be not cast down, look well to the mark and you will succeed."

"Say you so?" replied the boy, inspirited by the confidence of his companion, "then give it me."

"Lay thy body in the bow, master William!" exclaimed a well looking man, joining the group of lookers on. "Look to the clout, and regard not the shaft at all: now loose the string clear from your fingers, so—"

"Centre clout!" shouted Jekyll.

"Hurrah!" cried the boy, throwing his hat in the air. "See what your shaft has done, Helen!—Oh that was brave!" and taking her by the hand he fairly danced her off her feet, in the exuberance of his joy.

"Ah, but you must thank Launce for that."

"I will give him my fishing lines, he loves angling."

"Do so, for it is like what Robin Hood would have done; or Adam o'Gordon, or Guy of good Gisborne, as we read in the old ballad."

And then, on that bright summer's day, and the next and the one succeeding, many a merry prank was played by these two joyous hearted companions; so that when the visits of the youth was ended, the remembrance of the happy period, during which they had played together, remained with his dear image, distinctly impressed on the memory of the child-maiden, forming an epoch in her quiet secluded life never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Six years must now elapse; years which had brought a noble manhood to William Seymour, and had developed to a surpassing degree, the loveliness of Helen Dacre. Seymour, in the meanwhile, had fleshed his maiden sword with honor and distinction in the wars of the low countries; and the lady Helen had not only been perfected in the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing and embroidery, but also in the severer knowledge of classical literature. Since the period at which our tale opens, she had seldom met with her former play fellow, and even then, at intervals long distant from each other. Still, when there came tidings of his gallant exploits, of his generosity, his courage, and his high soldierly bearing, her heart would beat exultingly and she rejoiced in secret over his success, as if it were a piece of good fortune in which she was in some mysterious manner a sharer. But she did not ask her own heart why this was so, for with advancing womanhood she had grown more timid and feared to question herself too closely.

It was towards the middle of the month of April, 1609, and in the evening of the day, that an elderly gentleman sat in the library of Castle Dacre in close conversation with a lady some few years his junior. After the colloquy had continued for some time, the gentleman exclaimed, pettishly,

"Tilly vally, lady Dacre! 't is not so bad as it is painted;

besides, she will be with the Queen, who hath promised to be a mother unto her, so that thou seest of real danger there is none. She must see the world, good wife, and not be darkened from it like a sealed hawk in his mew. She must rub off her country manners."

"If it took not the bloom from her young life in the rubbing, my dear good lord, I should not despond, but she is our only child, and therefore I fear."

"Tut! tut! Maud, these misgivings of thine play the traitor to thy better judgment. The station is an honorable one, and near the Queen's person; and might well become one of higher rank than our daughter. The King, too, is not so bad a monarch after all. A little too much of the Scotchman and the pedant, for my liking, and surrounded by too many Scotch harpies and beggarly court parasites. But such things will be. Thou knowest, Maud, when we besought him to exchange lenten herrings and oatmeal for venison and march pane, we could not but expect his followers would be eager for the leavings. Better, far better, is Scottish James with his Presbyterian Kirk, than was bloody Mary with the papal domination."

"Yea, truly my good lord; but still I like not the King's treatment of a princess of royal lineage, and near to the throne."

"The Lady Arabella, thou meanest, Maud. Sooth to say the authority he exercises over her, pleases me as little. James is a timid king, and it is her nearness to the throne which makes him play the despot. He dreads conspiracies; the sight of a naked sword throws him into an ague fit, and he thinks, perchance, that the man who obtains the Lady Arabella, might seek to tear the crown from his brow and place it upon her's. Wherefore, although she hath had of suitors a full score, the king is determined she shall accept of none; a weak policy, and unworthy of one who rules so mighty a realm as England."

At this instant the Lady Helen entered; and her father and mother, as they looked at her happy face, and heard her soft

musical voice, both regretted the assent they had already given, to her removal from them.

"Come hither, my sweet Nell!" said lord Dacre, "and sit thee down. I have news for thee."

"Of Seymour?" she asked quickly.

"Nay, not of him, though doubtless thou wilt see him soon. It is of the court I would speak."

"Some tidings from my dear friend, the lady Arabella. She hath written, is it not so?"

"Still wide of the mark, my daughter. The lady Arabella hath not written; but her Majesty has signified to us her desire that thou shouldst receive an appointment in her service."

"Indeed, my father, I thank the queen for the honor she hath done me; but if it be your pleasure, I would fain decline what cannot add to my present happiness."

"I said so," exclaimed lady Dacre, "I knew she would prefer remaining."

"Tut! tut! Maud; in this ye are both unwise. That she should love her old home best is natural, but when the office of lady in waiting is tendered without solicitation on our part, it would be ungrateful not to accept the proffered kindness."

"Ah but my dear lord it will be so lonely for her."

"Not a whit—not a whit—she will soon have friends enow; and her own quick parts will enable her to discriminate between the true and the false. Besides, my old companion, Colonel Lely, there is the lady Arabella and William Seymour, her playmate in times gone by, and these being already known, she will feel at ease from the first. Indeed, I do not think it could have happened better; so no tears, daughter; thou canst but try it, and if thou likest it not, why castle Dacre hath ever a safe nestling place for the child who hath been nurtured within its walls."

"And loving hearts," added lady Dacre, pressing her daughter closely to her bosom, "that only beat for thy happiness, my gentle hope, and will joyfully greet thy return."

CHAPTER III.

A NUMBER of young and noble courtiers were lounging one fine afternoon, in early summer, through the galleries at Whitehall, but the most conspicuous among them all was the king's favorite, the Earl of Rochester.

"See! my lord of Rochester," said the young lord Clifford, looking through one of the windows into the gardens beneath, "yonder roams a fair lady of your acquaintance, as disconsolately as if she already wore the willow; is it so my lord?"

"'T is *la belle* Willoughby," added a dark-haired youth just on the verge of manhood. It was the marquis of Winchester, he who afterwards so bravely distinguished himself in defending Basing House, during the civil wars.

"It is *la belle* Willoughby! Fie on you, my lord, have you so soon forgotten all the pretty speeches and the vows of fidelity you so lately made?"

Rochester gazed for a moment at the lady in question, and then, shrugging his shoulders with a satisfied smile, turned away and hummed a snatch of a song.

"Gude faith, a winsome lassie," said the laird of Glengalloch, one of the numerous Scotch adventurers who came over to share the fortunes of their monarch.

"Do you think so, my lord?" asked Rochester, affecting a yawn. "They tell me you are in search of an English wife. One of these days I will introduce you."

"Mony thanks till ye," said the cautious laird, "but I canna' say I weel accept ye'r kindness. I wad speer about a little at first, dy'e see. She may be but a puir body after a'."

"Nay, now, you wrong her sadly," said Rochester, with a light laugh.

"Aweel, aweel, what you say my lord may be a' verra true,

and I wadna' wrang the bonnie looking leddy for the warld. But marreege is an unco ausome thing at the best, dy'e see, and to wed lightly, is aften to rue sairly."

"Soothly spoken; but to woo tenderly, and wed not at all, is the fashion of our gallants now-a-days," said old Sir John Harrington, sarcastically. "The court hath no true lovers, such as graced that of good queen Bess. The spirit of the Sydneys and Southamptons hath departed from among us."

"Ah, Sir John," said the marquis of Winchester, "the days of prim prudery, and seven years' courtships vanished with the velvet pantoffles of our grand-mothers."

"If Dame Prudery, when she bade us farewell, had not taken the fair virgin Modesty with her, I should have been better satisfied," retorted Sir John.

"My good Sir John," said Rochester, with a slight sneer, as he took out a pocket-looking glass, gorgeously set with jewels and surveyed his really handsome person therein, "my good Sir John, *you* live among the shadows of the past; *we* dwell with the substances of the present. If a lady hath bright eyes, it were a sin in us to admire them only at a distance."

"If to admire were my lord of Rochester's only sin," said Colonel Lely, a bluff soldier, gravely, "I for one should hold beauty accountable for it, and not him; but men count his offences against pure manners not by twos, or threes, nor by detachments, but by battalions."

Rochester colored, and a sharp reply was upon his lips, when the fall of light footsteps approaching from one of the inner apartments restrained the impetuous words. So checking himself with that mastery in which no one was more skilled, he merely said,

"A valiant soldier, like Colonel Lely, who knows so well how to use the sword against the enemies of our most precious sovereign, hath a charter to speak freely, even to rudeness, of his majesty's friends. But a truce to this, for here come, shining afar off, the twin beauties of our court."

And as he spake, the lady Arabella Stuart, leaning on the arm of Helen Dacre, came down the gallery, and with gentle and smiling condescension returned the salutations of the courtiers. Rochester made a gallant speech to her as she passed, but his bold gaze was fixed all the time upon the lady Helen, who blushing crimson, drew her hood closer over her face, and did not remove it, until, with her companion, she had descended the broad marble stairs, and was hidden by the winding mazes of the garden. But Rochester's eyes followed them as they disappeared, and then he fell into a fit of musing.

"Fairly meshed again," said the lord Clifford, "and wonder of wonders! by the lady Arabella at last."

"If it be the lady Arabella," said Sir John Harrington, doubtingly, "were his passion transitory or lasting, he would be equally foiled. He dare not wrong her, and he may not wed; for the king hath decreed she shall never marry, and wo to the man who shall gainsay his commands."

"Nay, but lately his majesty hath accorded his more gracious permission, and she is now free to choose."

"It matters not," replied Sir John, "I know the king, and again I say," he added, elevating his voice, and looking significantly at Seymour, then coming towards them, "wo to the man who seeks to wed the lady Arabella."

Seymour turned a shade paler, as he passed down the gallery and disappeared at the further end, but he said never a word.

"Half of that prophesy was intended for Seymour," said Rochester, laughing.

"Then it will fail as against him," said the marquis of Winchester, confidently, "for he affects the lady Helen Dacre."

"Ha! who told you that," asked Rochester, quickly.

"Clifford, here; at least, he says they were play-mates together."

"Indeed!" said Rochester, thoughtfully. "Strange I never heard of this before," then suddenly rousing himself he added,

"Adieu, gentles, I grieve to part from your fair company—but I have bethought me of a matter of moment which must be duly attended to." So saying, he waved his jeweled cap gracefully towards them, and had retired some half way up the gallery when he felt his arm touched by some one behind, and, looking around, beheld Colonel Lely.

"A word with you, my lord of Rochester," said the grey haired soldier. "The lady Helen Dacre is under my care, if your designs point in that quarter I pray you forego them, for her sake, and for mine."

"You presume too much, sir," replied Rochester, haughtily; "I suffer dictation from no man."

"Beware, my lord!" said Lely, calmly. "I am too old not to know how to resist aggression, even though it comes from the king's favorite. Forcibly you shall not approach her, and peaceably you cannot breathe her atmosphere, which is purity."

"Say you so, Colonel?" replied Rochester, with a dark frown and a peculiar smile, "we shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

The early days of Helen Dacre's attendance upon the queen had passed pleasantly enough. Every thing about the court was new to her; and the splendor of the entertainments, the glare and dazzle of royalty, measurably succeeded in taking her thoughts from dwelling too much upon the quiet of the home she had left; though occasionally, when alone, she found herself longing, with a vague feeling of apprehension, for the retirement of Castle Dacre. Well might it have been for her had she then left the court. But such was not to be.

Many kind friends she had already made. Anne, of Denmark,

was a considerate mistress, and the lady Arabella had received her with a warmth of affection which endeared the lovely maiden to her, by the strongest ties of gratitude; of William Seymour, her heart's secret idol, she had seen but little; for apparently pressing engagements prevented him from often visiting the court. But one day, in the privacy of the lady Arabella's chamber, the latter all unconscious of her friend's secret, spoke of Seymour to her, so much and so enthusiastically, that, with the quick perception which love bestows on a woman's heart, Helen Dacre discovered that another, and that other, her dear friend, loved him as passionately as herself; and that Seymour returned the lady Arabella's love. From that moment the spirits of Helen Dacre declined. She became sad, thoughtful and dejected. The splendor of the court had no longer any power to hold her imagination in thrall, and sick at heart, she waited only for an opportunity to return to the arms of her parents.

To the lady Arabella, this change in her young friend was an inexplicable riddle. That she loved, the former rightly divined, for the lady Arabella could not have loved truly herself, had she not discovered thus much. But whom? In vain she questioned the forlorn maiden; in vain she narrowly watched her as she received the passing salutations of the courtiers. Nothing further could she learn. That Seymour was the one, never entered her thoughts, for in his light her own eyes were dazzled, and she could not see clearly. But the lady Arabella redoubled her assiduities in favor of her young friend, and strove by every means in her power to chase the gloom from her brow. Happy herself, she could not bear to see one, whom she had known from childhood, consuming away under what she rightly conjectured to be a hopeless passion.

"She must have activity," said the lady Arabella. "She must be roused from this sad state, or she will pine away and die."

And Helen Dacre *was* roused from her lethargy, but it was only when the lady Arabella awoke from her own dream of happiness.

A short time after this, an entertainment was given to some of the queen's relatives,—nobles and princes of Denmark; and the most gorgeous preparations were made in honor of their visit. Ill fitted as she was to join in the festivities, Helen Dacre feared to ask to be excused from attendance, lest the really good natured queen should ply her with questions from which she involuntarily shrank.

She had not seen the lady Arabella for several days; but impatient at the length of her pleaded illness, her friend would no longer be refused admittance, and making her way into the chamber of Helen, found her lying upon her couch.

"My poor Helen," said she, painfully struck by the paleness of her countenance, "why did you refuse me admission so long? Surely, I who love you so tenderly, would have made a better nurse than your waiting woman. Put away those dresses, Cicily," added she, "your lady must not join attendance to night. I myself will beseech her Majesty in her behalf."

"Not for the world," said lady Helen, rising timidly. "I—I am well—that is—I am better, much better now, you are come to see me."

"Nay, you shall not go—neither will I," said her friend. "You are too weak, and there would be danger in it. I will remain with you."

"Nay, nay, that cannot be," said the invalid. "What would the queen say, what would they all think; and besides," she continued as if forcing her words to a reluctant utterance, "besides, he—he will be there, and then think—oh think what you would lose." A deep flush overspread her face as she spoke, but conquering her emotion she said firmly, "my friend I *must* go; it were wrong in me not to do so."

At this instant there was a low tap at the door, and a voice was heard, inquiring for the lady Arabella, and concerning the health of the lady Helen.

"It is Seymour!" cried Arabella, springing forward joyously;

but her eye happened to fall upon the face of the invalid, it was pale as ashes, and she instantly returned, exclaiming—

"Water! water! good Cicily, and quickly. Say to Mr. Seymour, I will see him soon. Your lady hath fainted."

And then, the lady Arabella first learned who it was the lady Helen Dacre loved.

CHAPTER V.

The entertainments of the evening passed off brilliantly. The king was in high spirits, and imbibed deep potations with his wine-loving Danish relatives. To the lady Arabella, he was especially gracious; and more than once during the evening, was loud in her praise. When the company was about to separate, he desired the Lord Clifford to seek her, and when she approached, he said,

"Fair cousin, in the distractit times when men's notions of royalty were unco unsetlit, we thought it gude in our wisdom ye suld nae marry; not that we opined wedlock to be nae a gude thing, but for reasons whilk need na' now be tauld. We hae faund ye patient, and tractable as weel became ane of our own blude. Wherefore we now release ye from our former commands, with free permit to follow ye'r ain liking if ony liking ye may have. And now awa' wi ye lassie, the whiles we fill anither stoup to our brother of Denmark."

This was another blow to the lady Helen Dacre, but it was welcome—inasmuch as it destroyed all uncertainty.

"Did you hear what his majesty said touching the lady Arabella?" asked lord Clifford of Sir John Harrington.

"I did," replied the latter, "but it was the wine spoke, and not the king."

. . . . . .

It was near midnight, and the lady Arabella had sought her chamber, but had not retired to rest; for she was involved in a whirlpool of contending emotions in which sorrow for the desolation of Helen Dacre was blended with the softer feelings she entertained for Seymour. While plunged in this mixed reverie, she was unconscious of the door being opened until a light footfall smote her ear, and looking up, William Seymour, himself, knelt before her. Startled at his unexpected appearance, she drew back with a shade of fear, as she exclaimed,

"Seymour! this is rash, and most discourteous."

"Forgive me, Arabella," he replied, "and if I err, oh! impute it to my love, which brooks no more control. Oh! Arabella, the time hath now come for decision. The king's words, this night, have made you free to act. If you love me, you will not hesitate. Now surely all doubt is past. Why do you draw back? Make me no longer the slave of circumstances, lest I lose you altogether. Oh! by the love we have so long borne each other, I conjure you to decide, lest the king's mood change, and I become cast out from your presence for ever."

"Alas! alas! Seymour, what shall I do; full well you know my heart, and yet I dare not wed. What if my cousin, the king, retract his promise?"

"It is for this reason I have sought you. While his permission remains in force you are free to act,—waste not the precious moments, but away with me at once; my boat awaits us at the river stairs, and a good priest hath promised to unite us. Why then should we throw away the last chance, perhaps, which fortune gives us?"

"I fear—I fear, dear Seymour, this will be accounted rash."

"On me then be the blame," said Seymour, taking her unresisting hand. "Come, sweet lady, and once united—"

"One moment, Seymour; the lady Helen. I would see her."

"Why tarry, sweet! Is she not my friend?"

"Yea, truly," thought Arabella, as she looked lingeringly at the door of her friend's chamber. "Yea, truly, thy more than friend."

CHAPTER VI.

Dire was the confusion of James and his counsellors when the marriage of Seymour and the lady Arabella was discovered. The portentous shake of Cecil's head, the fury and trepidation of the king, the grave looks of Northampton and Essex, and the well dissembled anger of Rochester, all boded ill for the happiness of the newly married pair. Orders for their arrest were immediately issued, and Seymour was brought at once before the privy council. Never was noble manliness exhibited to greater advantage than in Seymour on this eventful day. His look was lofty, and yet frank, as he entered the presence, and though he knew how dangerous was his position, he saluted the king and his ministers with an air of fearless modesty, as free from any undue assumption of pride, as it was from any expression of servility.

James, who expected to find the man he was about to wrong, awed and dispirited by the rigor of the proceedings already instituted, was astonished beyond measure when Seymour, in answer to a question from Cecil, not only offered no apology for having wedded the lady Arabella, but boldy avowed the act, while he cautiously, for her dear sake, exonerated her from all share in the blame.

"Hear ye that, my lords?" exclaimed James, losing in his anger all the dignity of royalty. "The ill favored carle beards us to

our verra faces. By ——!" he continued with a profane oath, "he shall find we are yet king; and heark ye, sir!" he added, as he descended from his throne-chair, and shook his clenched fist right in the face of the prisoner, "we wull be king, I trow, in despite of rank traitor knaves!"

"May it please you, sire," said Cecil, in deprecation of the unkingly outburst; but James was not to be controled.

"Trouble us not, my lord," he said, "we are the auldest king in Europe, and we trow the wisest; wherefore it ill becomes you or ony man to check our just wrath. Ye shall to the tower, sir!" he continued, turning to Seymour—"to the tower—a close prisoner; there to await, in penitence, the sentence of your judges."

Seymour bowed.

"Ech! Ye must be ambitious, forsooth. Saul and body! ye shall pay the penalty if we are king, and ill befa' the traitor that favors ye. As for your leman—" At this insult Seymour's face became crimson; but he mastered the indignation which was almost choaking him, and bowing his head, he carried his hand to his heart in token of submission. James, who caught a glimpse of the latter action, imagining, in his fear, that his victim sought a concealed weapon, sprang back in the utmost consternation, and retreating behind the throne, cried out—

"Treason! treason! strike down the traitor. He bears arms in the presence."

"Be calm your majesty," said Essex, his bold lip curling slightly with contempt, "the prisoner is weaponless, and designs no ill."

"Eh! eh!" said the cowardly monarch, venturing out timidly, with the blood blushing back into his pale face. "Eh! eh! say ye sae, my lord? I would na trust him, he hath an ill look. Tak' him awa' to the tower, and bid Colonel Lely guard him as he wad his ain life."

CHAPTER VII.

Days, weeks, months, passed; a gloomy time to Helen Dacre, yet not unfruitful; for though she had lost the joyous light heartedness which distinguished her first appearance at court, and had acquired a more sedate and thoughtful expression, the sad events in relation to Seymour and Arabella, in stimulating her to action, had operated more beneficially upon her health.

She had now an aim, an object, a something to do; so casting aside all minor considerations, she bent herself to the task of alleviating their sufferings, even if she could not achieve their deliverance.

With Seymour she opened a secret correspondence, and though Rochester's spies put him in possession of the fact, the Earl was at this time too deeply enthraled by a new light o' love, to take any advantage of the information.

The lady Arabella was at length taken seriously ill; and the devoted Helen again besought the queen to intercede with James, if not for her liberation, at least for a change of residence, and a purer air.

This time she was successful. The Bishop of Durham was appointed the lady Arabella's guardian, and she was to be allowed such liberty as might be deemed consistent with the safety of her person. But even here James exhibited his tyranny. Having given his assent to her removal, he insisted, notwithstanding her illness, she should depart at once; and though she was declared, by her physician, too weak for the journey, this only rendered the king's commands the more imperative.

When these tidings came to the lady Arabella, she instantly made up her mind to escape by the way, if it were possible, to procure Seymour's liberation likewise. Tearfully did the lady

Helen implore her friend to forbear any attempt of the kind, but Arabella had learned to know the king but too well: so she replied to the entreaties of her friend:

"Say no more, Helen; if I remain separated from my beloved Seymour, I shall die—or worse; for I feel at times, as if madness were stealing over my brain, and then were it not that my God sees me, I am tempted to end this wretched existence by my own hand."

"This is horrible!" thought Helen, shuddering; and as she looked at the wild restless eyes of her friend, she acknowledged, that, if incarcerated much longer, madness might indeed be her fate.

"You are then resolved to attempt escape?" said Helen.

"With God's help, I am, though they bring me to the block for it. Life with Seymour, even amid the direst poverty; or else welcome, welcome death."

"Then summon up all your energies, dear lady! Be prepared with a necessary disguise of apparel. Appear resigned to the journey, but seek some delay when you reach Highgate, at which place a trusty messenger shall meet you."

"It cannot be," said the lady Arabella, desparingly. "Alas! my sweet friend, it cannot be, for Seymour is still in durance."

"Of that have thou no care, be but true to your own resolves, and there may be hope yet. Touching the possibility of Seymour's release you shall hear more by my messenger."

"You speak darkly, Helen."

"How else can I speak, lady Seymour? But what can be done towards his release I will do."

"You, Helen! you? Knowing how deadly would be the king's anger, and yet you would do this for Seymour?"

"Do I not love him?" said the maiden, mournfully.

"But, but—"

"I know what you would say. Yet not the less I love him—though in all honor; and if there be peril in what I am about to do, in his happiness and thine, I shall feel a meet reward."

"Oh, why," said the lady Arabella, clasping her friend to her heart, "why did not Seymour know you as I do—I who have brought him naught save wretchedness?"

"It is the will of Heaven," said the maiden, reverently, "and whatever befalls, we may not repine."

CHAPTER VIII.

The illness of the lady Arabella had increased to such an alarming degree, by the time she reached Highgate, that the king, after repeated solicitations in her behalf, reluctantly consented to delay her further journey toward Durham for one month, an opportunity of which Helen Dacre took advantage, by again entreating her to forego her plans for escape. But the lady Arabella, with recruiting health, only became the more resolved to attempt it.

As the day approached for her departure, the constant anxiety she experienced, brought on a low nervous fever, which being reported to James, he said,

"Ye try our patience sairly wi' the woman's ailings, whilk is nae a natural malady, but her oun impatient and unquiet spirit that heapeth upon her far greater indisposition of body than she otherwise would have."

"Your majesty's wisdom," replied Doctor Futhill, "is doubtless right as to the cause, but the effect is such that she is assuredly very weak."

"She shall to Durham if I am king," replied James, impetuously.

"I doubt not her obedience to your majesty's commands."

"Obedience is what is required," said James, rising abruptly, and at the signal, the physician withdrew.

CHAPTER IX.

It was in the grey of the same morning which had been peremptorily appointed for the lady Arabella's removal to Durham, that two persons were seen landing from a boat at Tower stairs, who, crossing the hill, approached the gate of the fortress. The elder of the two was a well made, bluff looking man, of some thirty years. His dress consisted of a doublet of green colored silk, so thickly quilted as to present an appearance of absolute discomfort. His breeches, according to the fashion of the times, were very full, stuffed out preposterously above, and gathered in closely at the knee, from whence descended close fitting nether socks of woolen cloth. A treble ruff, quilled and stiffened with yellow starch encompassed his neck, and upon a short cloak of tawny color, depended from his broad shoulders, while, as if to complete the grotesqueness of his costume, he wore upon his head a heavy ringleted peruke, and over that a high conical hat of drab felt, guarded with a black velvet band, the latter being clasped with a buckle of silver.

His companion, a fair slender youth under the middle height, was habited in a close fitting and long waisted doublet of orange tawny velvet, elaborately ornamented. His French hose, though considerably bombasted, were not as full as the others, and instead of shoes, as worn by his companion, the youth had drawn on, over the close fitting nether socks, russet boots, with red tops, and was further distinguished as a gallant of the day, by not only wearing a rapier by his side, but also by suppressing his own natural hair, wearing in its stead the long flowing peruke, whose enormously long locks, elaborately curled, descended to the shoulders. His peaked hat of felt was also relieved of its stiffness by

a drooping feather, the latter being fastened under the band in front, by a jeweled brooch.

"Haste, haste, good Launce!" said the youth, imploringly, as they reached the drawbridge, "and be cautious, I beseech you. Remember to bear the gravity of the Franklin, so that they suspect not."

"Body o' me, master Henry! I will do my best for my dear master's sake. But these ill contrived things smother me so that I can scarcely find myself within."

"Bear you up but bravely a little longer," replied the musical voice of the youth, "and you shall be relieved. But see! here is the gate, knock boldly."

And obedient to his injunction, Launce did so, when the summons was immediately answered by the warder.

"What would you, my friend?" said he.

"We would see Colonel Lely, the lieutenant of the tower, on urgent business," replied the youth.

"It is very early, and he hath not yet risen, can you not wait till he awakes?"

"Surely, surely," replied the youth. "We bear a letter for him, which we desire to deliver, but an hour hence will, perhaps, do as well, provided we may be permitted to ramble through this famous place of whose history I have read so much."

The warder eyed the speaker keenly, and then said, abruptly, "You are no city gallant?"

"Oh, no," the youth replied, quickly, and laughing as he spoke. "*We* are from the country, and these," pointing to his dress, "are new fangled fashions for both me and my poor father. It is but a whim to see how swashingly we can carry ourselves before we return home; but I find, already, that city feathers make not city birds."

"Nay, nor country feathers, country ones," replied the warder, laughing. "But come in, I like your wit, and ye shall see the

place, and when the lieutenant awakes he shall have your letter."

"We thank you, sir," replied Launce, gravely bowing, but feared to trust himself to say more.

"Come, father," said the youth, "this good gentleman hath his duties to perform, we will on and look about us."

"Hold!" exclaimed the warder, looking out at the gate, "what is that?"

"A wain of wood, so please you," replied a rough voice without.

"Ah, I remember now, for Mr. Seymour; throw open the gate and let him pass."

"Now, Launce," whispered the youth, "be quick! be quick! the guard at Seymour's chamber is already gained; of him have thou no fear. Tell Seymour to put on thy garments and join me when the wain hath unladen; you must remain, but trust to me for your release. Show Seymour this ring from the lady Arabella, and bid him not delay, but mention not my name at all, or only as master Henry. And now God speed you, for here comes the wain."

The youth's heart beat quick when he was left alone, but it was destined to beat quicker far, for almost as Launce departed the former was met by the good natured warder.

"Alone!" said he, looking round him, "why where is your father?"

"Sooth to say, fair sir," replied master Henry, "I can scarcely tell. He hath rambled some where, and I must wait, perforce, until his return. We country folk," he added with a smile, "soon lose our way amid the intricacies of such a place as this."

"Let us seek him, then," said the warder, "and I will be your guide for a short time."

"I thank you kindly," replied the youth, "but I will await him here, and when our letter hath been delivered, doubtless, Colonel Lely will do us the courtesy to walk with us."

"Aha!" said the warder, with a knowing smile, "some rural cousins of his?"

"You shall see, sir," replied Henry, in the same gay tone, "you shall see."

All this time the wagon was slowly unloading, and every moment the youth grew more and more anxious. Eagerly he watched the billets of wood as they were taken within the door way expecting, every minute, to see Seymour issue forth in the presence of the warder. Fortunate it was that the latter was watching a party relieving guard at the moment Seymour quietly came forward, dressed at all points in the garments worn by Launce.

The moment Henry saw him he sprang forward. "Oh! you are come at last," said he. Las! I feared you had lost your way wandering through this gloomy place. Good faith! to look at so many stone buildings, with their massive bars and deep dungeons make me shudder."

"Let us go then, Henry," said Seymour.

"What! have you forgotten your letter?" inquired the warder.

"Forgotten it!" exclaimed the youth, "no, in good sooth, have we not; but we rose early in our eagerness to see the place, and have not yet broken our fast."

"Come, then, with me," said the good natured warder, "I warrant me my dame hath enow, and to spare."

"I thank you kindly, sir," said Seymour—"but—"

"But we have made a promise to our good hostess of the Minories to return by breakfast time," interrupted the youth, "and whatever city manners might do, I will not keep the good dame. When we return, peradventure, we will tax your good wife's skill. Now, if your lieutenant had not been so great a sluggard—"

"Nay, you wrong him," said the warder, "he did not return from Whitehall till late last evening."

"Thanks to my lady Shrewsbury!" thought the youth," but he said aloud,

"Notwithstanding that he is a sluggard, and so I will tell him when we meet—"

"At what time shall I say you will see him?"

"Oh, soon, very soon, be sure on't," replied the youth, taking Seymour's arm. "But come, the good dame must not grow impatient at our delay."

"What name shall I mention to Colonel Lely?" asked the warder as he walked by their side.

"Our letter will show—nay, I care not," the youth added, as if after a moment's thought—"You may as well tell him John Lely and his son Henry, though we did think to take him by surprise."

They had now reached the gates, having followed closely in the rear of the empty wain. But here they were doomed to a fresh interruption by the soldier on guard throwing his halbert across and refusing them egress. What was to be done? The warder had departed, but was yet within sight, so pressing the hand of Seymour to keep up his courage, the youth said, "I will go for him, stay you here my father until I come back."

In a short time he returned, breathless, having brought the warder with him.

"I pray you, sir," said Seymour, "tell this churlish knave we are no traitors but good subjects of his Majesty, as Colonel Lely will testify."

"Pass them," said the warder, sharply, "they are friends of the Lieutenant."

"Thanks, my friend," said the youth, grasping his hand, "the time may come, when I will requite you for this kindness."

"A trifle, sir," replied the warder, "so farewell to both of you until you come again."

They then crossed the drawbridge and Seymour stood once more in freedom, upon Tower Hill. He was about to quicken his pace, but the youth laid his hand upon his arm and said,

"Slowly, slowly, sir, we know not what eyes may be upon us, and though you are at present at liberty, you are not yet escaped."

"True, true," said Seymour, wondering who this self-sacrificing youth could be. When he asked the question he only received the reply:

"Patience, sir, and speed on; see there are the stairs and the boat is waiting, your own servants are therein, except one who waits me. When you are aboard tarry not, but flee for your life." At this moment they neared the boat and one of the servants sprang out.

"Well, sir, what news?" exclaimed the youth.

"This, so please you," replied the man, placing a slip of paper in cipher into his master's hand.

"So, so," said the latter, eagerly. "Seymour, thus far all goes well. She hath escaped and will wait you at the river Lee. And now, William," added the youth, his voice changing and his bosom heaving with the long pent up agitation, "and now, William, farewell, and may God and the good winds speed you to a haven of safety!"

Seymour started and looked bewildered for a moment, but at length the whole truth burst upon him.

"Oh! Helen," said he, "what have I done that you should thus have risked your precious life for me?"

"Speak not of it, William; I would have done more than this had it been needed. Now go, lest your lady miss you—and—and William, in your happy days—when you speak of other times, do not—do not utterly forget your dear friend and playmate, Helen Dacre."

Her voice was broken with sobs as she spoke, but lest Seymour should be detained, she caught the arm of her attendant, and turning her head away, walked with a faltering but hasty step up the stone stairs and along the water's side. It was only when the boat was gliding swiftly down the river that she ventured to take a farewell look. The wave of her kerchief was answered instantly, and then murmuring to herself, "The pang is over now, and henceforth I am alone, but he, he is happy."

CHAPTER X.

Never did the flight of two persons create more consternation. The council was called together in haste. The king's terror was extreme. Menaces, oaths, appeals and entreaties followed each other from his lips in rapid succession. Couriers were dispatched one after the other to the different seaports as fast as horses could bear them. The admiral was ordered to put all his ships that were in readiness out to sea, and the superscription to the letters bearing the instructions, bore also the symbol of a gallows with a rope attached, and with these ominous words, "Haste, haste, post haste—haste, post haste, for your life, for your life!" And the energy thus infused into the servants of the throne was unfortunately, in part, successful. Seymour indeed escaped to Holland, but the lady Arabella was overtaken near the coast of France and brought back to England, where being confined a close prisoner in the Tower, the hopelessness of her situation preyed so much upon her mind that at length her reason gave way, and death, shortly after, released her from her manifold sufferings.

CHAPTER XI.

Four years after the events just related, an elderly gentleman, with his wife and daughter, stood on the cliff, at Dacre, watching anxiously an approaching vessel. As it neared the land the gentleman, with his companions, descended the cliff and hastened towards it. Soon they saw a boat put off from the side, and in it sat a noble gentleman in the very prime and beauty of manhood.

The little party had evidently been recognized by the traveler, for no sooner did the boat grate the beach than he sprang on shore, and in a moment, was by the maiden's side. After a few hearty and hasty congratulations, he drew the maiden's arm within his own and said,

"I have pined for this day, my sweet Helen, and lo! it hath come at last without a cloud, and now, dear one, what answer make you to the question in my letter? Keep me no longer in suspense I do implore you."

"What better answer can I make, William," said the maiden, blushing, "than that I am here?"

"Never to part more," said he, with joyful eagerness.

"Even as you will," she replied, in a low tone, and then she leaned heavily upon his arm and looked with her deep blue earnest eyes, trustingly, in his face. Oh! what a world of love spake in that look! and Seymour saw it, and pressing her closely to his heart, murmured—

"My own fond wife!"

AAVEN.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

AAVEN of the uncounted years—
Aaven of the sleepless eye—
Wanderer of the uncounted years—
Outcast of the earth and sky—
  Worn of life and weary grown,
  Turned him to the shore unknown.

Rose before him stern and stark,
One with adamantine wand—
Warder of the portal dark—
Portal of the unknown land:
  And the warder wierd and grim
  Barred the portal dusk and dim.

"Wanded warder list to me!
'T is a weary thing to roam
O'er the earth and o'er the sea,
Tarrying till The Master come.
  From the earth and from the sea,
  Turn my wandering steps to thee.

"Lead me through the sunless land
And the sable cities vast,
Where the silent myriads stand—
Myriads of the ages past.
  Swift along the shadowy coast,
  Speed me—speed me to The Lost!"

"Never," said the Warder grim,
"Till the gathering night of time
Shalt thou pass the portal dim—
Portal of the sunless clime.
  Ever, in thy ceaseless quest,
  Wander, restless, after rest.

"But before thy long and drear
Pilgrimage of earth and main,
Wouldest thou have The Lost appear
To thy longing eyes again?
  Reverently approach, and stand
  Close beside my waving wand.

"And—the swift wand following fast—
Full before thy watching eye,
All the myriads of the past,
Age by age shall pass thee by.
  Hither from the land of gloom,
  Lo! the countless sleepers come."

As the meteoric glow
Cleaves the curtaining night aslant,
Wildly gleaming to and fro
Waved the wand of adamant—
  And the buried ages came,
  With their hosts of every name.

Swiftly came, and glided on,
Sceptred hand and laureled brow—
Glided many a queenly one,
Nameless in the wide world now.
  Murmured Aaven in his fear,
  "Never will The Lost appear!"

From the long and silent sleep
Of remoter ages gone—
Following fast the wand's wild sweep,
Came the long ranks filing on—
  Passed full many a thronging host—
  Came not still the loved, The Lost.

Sudden on the watcher's sight
Broke, amidst the phantom throng,
Beauteous form of maiden bright,
Gliding pensively along:
  And the wondering Warder's hand
  Stilled the adamantine wand.

Wildly, as the vision came,
Aaven from the Warder sprang;
And the sound of Miriam's name
Through the World of Shadows rang.
  Aaven to his sad heart there
  Clasped alone the lifeless air.

Fell the adamantine wand—
Reeled the portal dusk and dim—
Faded far the Unknown Land,
And the wanded Warder grim:—
  Miriam fled from earthly shore,
  And from Aaven, evermore.

A REMINISCENCE OF ABBOTTSFORD.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

THE day I passed at Abbottsford was one of the saddest of my life. It was a sour and gloomy Scotch morning, with a driving mist right in my teeth, when I set off from Selkirk through the vale of the Ettrick. While the ostler of the inn was getting the chaise, I strolled out into the little square of Selkirk, and there stood a statue of the "Shirra" with a lyre, and his coat of arms on the pedestal, and the following melancholy inscription:

> "By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
> Tho' none should guide my feeble way;
> Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
> Altho' it chill my withered cheek."

Nothing could have been chosen more touching and appropriate than this. This feeling of local affection—of strong attachment to the banks and braes of his mountain home—was one of the strongest in the mind of the old man. It never forsook him even in those last sorrowful days of delirium, his protracted death struggle.

It is a short drive from Selkirk to Abbottsford. I was awakened from a dreamy state of reminiscence of the Sheriff and old Christopher, and "Maida" and "Peter Pattieson," during which I found it hard to realize that I was actually among the scenes once hallowed by their presence, by the carriage stopping before an

arched gateway, and the boy turning to me, "This, sir, is Abbottsford!" An old gray headed fellow, as he opened the gate, called out to me, "Then ye have come to see the Shirra, have ye?" "Yes, my old friend," said I. It did actually seem to me that he must be somewhere about, himself, so entirely was he associated in my mind with every foot of the ground around me. The carriage drove slowly down through a winding avenue of deep trees—the very avenue through which Scott took that last melancholy drive on his return from Italy—and stopped in a deserted court before the door. Grass was growing in the yard. Beside the door was an effigy, in stone, of his favorite dog "Maida." Over the door was his coat of arms, and as we rung the bell and waited sometime for an answer, the silence and forlornness of the scene was painful. Here, thought I to myself, on this very door stone, how many of those gay, roystering, mirthful parties of pleasure, numbering many of the most illustrious men of the realm, have set off to the chase and the coursing match over those hills. I could summon in imagination all the party around me. There was *Sir Humphrey Davy*—his old brown hat hung around with innumerable fly hooks—with his fustian surtout and jack boots,—and old *Mackenzie*, long and lank, with his green coat, green spectacles and shabby leather gaiters,—and *Laidlaw*, on the long-tailed nag named "Hoddin Gray,"—and *Tom Purdie*, and *old Christopher*, too, in his sporting jacket; and above all, and among all, and making the welkin ring again with his merriment, Sir Walter himself, mounted on "Sybil Grey" and flourishing his long hunting whip. Even the flaxen-haired daughter Anne, is there too, and the boy Walter, whom Sir Walter used to say "he taught to ride a horse and speak the truth." Here are "Maida," and the hounds too, barking in the joy of a glorious anticipation. But I look down to the stone monument at my feet, and feel that old "Maida" is not the only one of the merry group that has long since gone to rest.

The housekeeper comes to the door—there is no broad honest

face of Sir Walter there to greet you. We have no time to examine now the exterior of the mansion, and indeed it will scarcely repay the trouble. Every one is disappointed with it. It is neither a castle nor a cottage, but a pretty little bright Gothic toy with no broad buttresses, nor ivy crowned battlements, and lacks all the essentials of Gothic *grandeur*. That Sir Walter should have wasted his time and energies and happiness for such a gewgaw, is to be accounted for solely by his monomania of family pride, and his chivalric fancy of founding a house of the "Scotts of Abbottsford." Poor man! he was only building his tomb; and his only surviving son, a childless man, bids fair to be the last of the Scotts of Abbottsford.

We were shown first into the beautiful hall, hung around with armor of the Scottish borderers, and glittering with steel coats of mail bright as a mirror. In a fire place, modeled from a niche in Melrose Abbey, sits a dinner pot once used by the Covenenters. Old "Maultext" might have eaten a stew of "kail" out of that very pot. A lion skin from the Cape of Good Hope covered the centre table, and all about the room were scores of curiosities which we had no time to examine. Next we were taken into a a small room containing, among others, the pictures of his two daughters, Anne and Mrs. Lockhart. Anne had a lively, blonde Scotch face, and must have been pretty. On one side of the room hung the red head and merry, jovial face of Christopher North, drawn to life. "That was his good friend John Wilson," said the housekeeper, "Sir Walter thocht vera much o' him." Next to this is the breakfast room with the table still standing. From this room you have a pleasant view of the grounds in the rear stretching away to the Tweed. They look deserted. The bushes need trimming—the carriage way is over grown, and a door of a disused dairy house swung back and forth on one hinge. Here, every morning, after Scott had labored two hours upon the novels, he used to meet his guests and discuss his moorfowl and pickled salmon, while he kept them in a continued roar with his

inexhaustible merriment. I stopped there a moment, in silence, almost fancying that he would presently come in. From this we pass on to the museum. This is full of rarities, many of them gifts from distinguished sources. Our Cicerone rattled over the contents with tremendous volubility. "This," said she, "is the gun of Rob Roy—and this is the pistol of Claverhouse—and here is a picture of Queen Mary's head—and here are the pistols of Napoleon—" "Stop, stop," said I, "do let me look at *them* one moment." True enough, there they were the identical iron instruments, small and plain as the great Captain himself. There is a rule that nothing in the museum is to be touched, but I grasped these by instinct. The fowling piece of Rob Roy is a genuine relic, with the letters R. M. G. carved on it with a knife by himself. The library is a noble apartment, and the books remain as Scott left them. Among them is a folio Bible, in two volumes, printed in 1763. On the blank leaf is written in a tremulous hand, "*To my dear son Walter Scott, from his affectionate mother, Anne Rutherford, Jany. 1st*, 1819." Beneath, her son has written, "This Bible was the gift of my grandfather, Dr. John Rutherford, to my mother, and presented by her to me; being, alas! the last gift which I was to receive from that excellent parent, and as I verily believe, the thing which she most loved in the world,—not only in humble veneration of the sacred contents, but as the dearest pledge of her father's affection to her. As such she gave it to me; and as such I bequeath it to those who may represent me, charging them to preserve the same in memory of those to whom it has belonged: 1820."

The furniture of this apartment is of ebony, and was a present from King George IV. Byron also contributed a beautiful vase to adorn it, and accompanied it with a note which some scoundrel-autograph collector has stolen out. It is a satisfaction to know that the outrage has been widely published, and the thief can never enjoy the glory of exhibiting his prize. The library contains Chauntrey's celebrated bust, and a full length picture of

young Walter in his uniform, as Lieutenant Colonel of the Hussars. He is a bold, manly looking fellow, and said by the neighbors to be very amiable, but, like many other sons of eminent men, he inherits but little of his father's genius. He is at present stationed in India.

Adjoining the library is a little apartment surrounded with book shelves and containing a secret entrance from his bed room, through which he came in early in the morning to weave his romances. "This," said the housekeeper, "we reckon a very great contrivance." In the centre of this closet is a large arm chair, covered with muslin, and before it are a desk and writing implements. On this chair many of the Waverly novels were written! Like every thing else it was "not to be touched," but while the woman was pointing out the glories of some scenery without, I bounced into it. I have sat in the chair in which Victoria was crowned, and in many other seats alike notable and to be reverenced, but I never looked upon one with such "awesome" interest as that spell bound seat of the Magician. Here, too, his last clothes—the old green coat and white hat, low crowned, with a black string around it, and checked trowsers—were exhibited in a coffin-like box. His cane hung by, and a leathern belt with hammer and hatchet thrust through it for his expeditions in his forests and grounds. The sight of these melancholy relics brought me into a startling nearness to the man himself, and I felt as if I stood by his remains. When I told his venerable friend, Joanna Baillie, about this exhibition of his clothing in so revolting a manner, she was greatly shocked, and could scarcely believe that the sanctity of privacy had been so far violated to minister to the morbid curiosty of tourists and relic-hunters.

This secret apartment was absolutely necessary to one who was run down by such incessant calls upon his time and his hospitality. All who came to his house with accredited letters, he received warmly, but I am sorry to say that our countrymen were among the most forward to intrude themselves without proper creden-

tials. The readers of Lockhart will remember, perhaps, the two lank yankees who made themselves so much "at home" with Mrs. Scott, while Sir W. was on an excursion. When he returned with his party, they were kindly received by him, but on application for their notes of introduction, lo! they had none! and Sir Walter very delicately hinted to them, that as it was near dinner time, if they meant to walk on to Melrose he *should not trespass further on their time.* He bowed them to the door, and, on re-entering his parlor, he laughed heartily. "If we are to take in all the world, we had better put up a sign-post at once—

> 'Porter, ale and British spirits
> Painted bright between twa trees.' "

He relented somewhat afterwards, and said to his wife, "Hang the Yahoos! Charlotte, but we should have bid them stay to dinner." "Nae, nae," cried one of his guests, "they were quite in a mistake I could see. One asked Madame if she meant to call her house *Tillietudlem*, and the other, when Maida laid his nose against the window, exclaimed *Pro-di-gi-ous!*" "Well, well, skipper!" was the reply, "for a' that the loons would have been none the waurse for their kail" (cabbage).

After I had finished the interior curiosities, I walked about the silent grounds, and had a chat with old *Peter Mathiason*, who still lives on the Tweed-side. I got from him a few mementos of the spot and departed with a saddened heart. As I rode up the long avenue that leads from the deserted court to the gateway, my mind ran back instinctively to the time when that strong man, bowed down with sorrow and broken by infirmities, was carried into these halls—an image of living death—and taking a last look at his hills and dales which he had bought with the price of his own best energies, he laid him down to die. Those last hours were but sorrowful records of pain, anxiety and delirium. His last words we can never forget. "Lockhart! be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man—nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

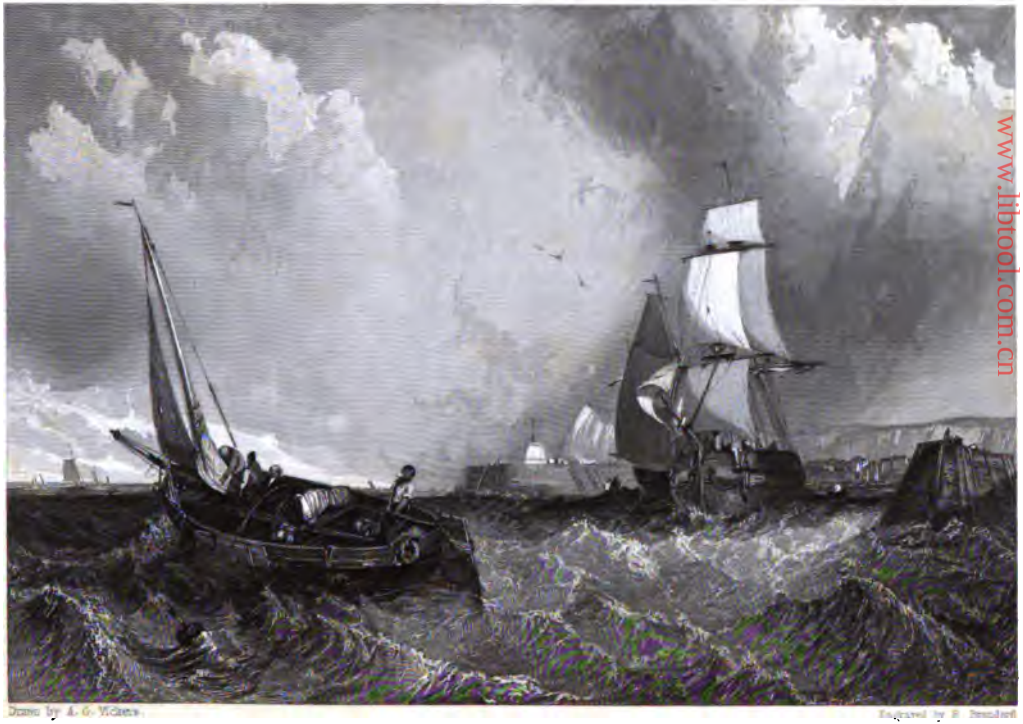
HOUR OF CONTEMPLATION.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy," &c.

Now is the hour for contemplation—hark!
The village bell strikes twelve—all—all—is still.
The rushing wind roars not, but mild and soft
As the sweet kisses of a maiden's love,
Come the young breezes from the spicy south.
Yonder the sombre forest, towering high,
Rises in all the majesty of strength
Like armed giants, standing in array
For battle; on the horizon's extreme verge
The silver lake is sleeping in the blue
Of star-lit heaven;—its willow fringed banks
How full of beauty!—and exhaling comes
Ambrosial fragrance from the buds of flowers.
  Ye brilliant stars! ye seeming isles of light
In the lake mirrored round me, and above
Sparkling unnumbered, what and whence are ye?
Can ye be worlds like this, blighted, and sick
With sin and sorrow?—No—ye look too fair;
I will not think you such; but rather deem
Ye are the resting places of the dead,

Who, disembodied, on the wings of faith,
Win their fair passage to your unknown isles.
The more intent I gaze, the thicker come
Those rising worlds of light, till all the deep
Infinitude of space is sparkling bright
With mystic fires—oh! I could almost bend
Before and worship, were it not that He
Who made ye must be far more glorious still
And worthier far my worship.
Dust they are
On the high foot-path of the Eternal One!!
Oh! when the turmoil of this life is past,
And, I might choose my lowly resting place,
Let it be by the lake, where willows droop
About my simple grave; let the wild flowers
Of early spring peep forth, and singing birds
Dwell in the branches of the waving trees,
And warble anthems o'er my lowly bed.



Drawn by A. G. Vickers. Engraved by E. Benedict

THE SMUGGLER'S BOAT.

THE HOSTAGE,

OR

THE SMUGGLERS'S BOAT.

BY L. A. WILMER.

THE records of smuggling on the coast of England furnish many adventures which for romantic incredibility are unmatched, perhaps, among all the occurrences of real life. The following narrative, although by no means as frightful and horrible in its details as many other stories relating to similar scenes and incidents, will exemplify the ferocity and audacity frequently exhibited by persons engaged in the contraband trade.

At a small British sea-port lived Mr. James Markley, a gentleman of superior education, considerable landed property and great amiability; but for reasons which will be explained as we proceed, much less popular than he deserved to be in his own neighborhood. He was a widower with two children,—Catharine, a very charming maiden of eighteen, and James, a mere child, who had not yet reached his eighth summer. Mr. Markley was in the commission of the peace, and as a magistrate was rather more exact in the administration of justice than his neighbors thought necessary: for, be it understood, that most of Mr. Markley's neighbors were disposed to connive at those violations

of the revenue laws which enabled them to procure certain commodities at a reduced price; and, as self-interest is an obscure medium through which to examine the morality of any practice, it was very difficult to make them believe that they were pursuing a very censurable course.

As soon as Mr. Markley became vested with the requisite authority, he made a vigorous movement for the suppression of this illicit business, and called on the more respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood to assist him in that good work. But few responded to the call, while many felt indignant at his interference with what they had learned to consider a privilege; viz. the purchase of goods fraudulently introduced into the country. It is lamentable to see how the moral sense of a whole community can be blunted by long indulgence in one vicious custom.

One day, Mr. Markley received information that a party of smugglers had landed with a quantity of merchandize which they intended to convey to the interior. He immediately armed his servants and a few others on whom he could depend, and proceeded to intercept the "free traders," as they called themselves, on the route they had taken with a wagon load of their commodities. The wagon was but indifferently guarded by six or eight men, four of whom were made prisoners after a slight resistance, and the others, at the first glimpse of the magistrate with his formidable posse, betook themselves to flight, leaving their goods in the possession of the victorious party. In the haste and excitement of this surprise, Mr. Markley did not observe that he was followed by his little son, who, from the curiosity natural to his age, had kept within view of the whole transaction. The lad, as if sensible of a fault in thus following the party without his father's permission, endeavored, after the skirmish was over, to return by a different route, but was met on the way by two of the retreating smugglers; one of whom, being an old resident of the neighborhood, immediately recognized him. These men seized the child, threatened him with death if he made a noise or

attempted to escape, and conducted him to a spot on the sea side, where the smugglers could make signals to their comrades in their boat which lay at some distance from the shore.

The boat, a small sloop-rigged craft, approached and took them on board, when the whole crew were horrified with intelligence of their disaster, the loss of their goods and the capture of their companions. Rage with these men was a stronger emotion than grief; and when it was understood that the son of the man, against whom they uttered the most bitter imprecations, was in their boat and entirely at their mercy, it was difficult for Ben Hodges, the chief of the gang, to restrain them from the immediate sacrifice of the boy. Hodges having, with great exertion, silenced the clamors of his blood-thirsty company, addressed them to the following effect:—

"Comrades, you may think it a very fine thing to take revenge on Mr. Markley, but do you observe that the murder of this lad will not bring back our teas and tobacco, nor liberate our friends who have been made prisoners? It is well known that Markley is doatingly fond of his children. The loss of this boy, (whom I have nursed many a time and should hate to see foolishly murdered,) would cut him to the heart and leave him nearly desolate. It would be a pity—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a groan or yell of disapprobation.

"Yes," continued Hodges, raising his voice, "I say it would be a pity, as well as a sin, to murder the boy. But seeing that you have neither compassion nor conscience, I did n't intend to talk about the pity or the sin to *you*. Here is the whole matter: do you want your goods back and a neat sum of money to boot? Do you want to have our comrades liberated? Answer to that."

"Ay, ay; certainly; to be sure we do," sounded from all parts of the boat.

"Why, then," resumed the orator, "you have only to let Markley know that we have his son, and that the only condition

on which he can be restored, is the return of our wares, the payment of so much money by way of ransom, and the release of our fellows. And let me tell you that the agony of the father's heart, when he finds that his child is subjected to the tender mercies of such a gang of cut-throats, will be revenge enough to satisfy even *your* demon-like cravings."

"Well, Hodges," said a ferocious looking fellow named Brinkley, the second in command, "we are willing to hear any thing like reason, and as long as we can depend upon your fair dealing, we submit to your direction. But take care!—should you be caught playing the traitor, you will not find us babies. As for this brat, if his father chooses to ransom him in the way you speak of, well and good; if not, he dies, and your interference can't save him."

"No," growled another of the savages, "but it may endanger himself."

Hodges discovered that his own situation was perilous, and whatever his motives might be for endeavoring to save the life of young James Markley, a selfish regard for his own safety made him promise his men that in case Mr. Markley proved obstinate, the boy should be sacrificed.

This agreement being made and concluded, one of the crew was put ashore and instructed to convey the proposition of the smugglers to an old fisherman who occupied a hut on the beach, and was often engaged in such missions, with directions for him to lose no time in transmitting the terms of the child's release to Mr. Markley. In the meanwhile, the boy had been missed from home, and the apprehensions of his father were changed to the most distressing certainty, when the fisherman arrived with the message from the smugglers. For some time the unhappy parent was so overwhelmed with this calamity, that he sat apparently stupified, and seemed to be incapable of thought, speech or action. The messenger, who was not a little in the smugglers' interest, while observing the dreadful effects of the intelligence

he brought on the father's mind, flattered himself that the negotiation would be successful; that Mr. Markley would readily avail himself of the terms proposed. By way of rousing Mr. Markley, he desired to know what he intended to do.

"My duty," promptly answered the upright magistrate. "It is unlawful for me to make any composition with these men. I would gladly exchange situations with my son; but at the peril of both our lives, the law must take its course. The prisoners and the merchandise shall not be given up; but I am ready to go to my child and share his fate—be it captivity or death."

He then arose and prepared himself to accompany the messenger to the sea shore. He gave orders and made arrangements for the safe conveyance of the forfeited goods to the custom house stores, and the captured smugglers to prison. He then imprinted a kiss, in all probability his last, on the brow of his fair daughter Catharine, and signified to the fisherman that he was ready to go with him. Unarmed and unattended, except by the ancient messenger, he reached the spot on the beach which the fisherman designated as being within hailing distance of the smugglers' craft. Before Mr. Markley had determined on this desperate course, he probably reflected that as smuggling vessels were generally swift sailers, pursuit would be difficult; and if that were even attempted, the desperadoes would probably execute their purposes of vengeance on the child as soon as the chase was commenced. Indeed, to any one who understood the character of those lawless men, there must have appeared a fearful probability that the boy would be slaughtered the very moment that the refusal to comply with their demands was made known. Mr. Markely must, in these circumstances, have entertained but a feeble hope of saving his son's life, and his extreme parental tenderness inspired him with the rash determination to perish with that beloved child. This determination was too much like that of the suicide to escape censure.

By this time the fair and amiable Catharine had become

acquainted with the dangerous condition of her young brother, and from the report of a servant who had been present at the interview between her father and the messenger from the smugglers, she guessed at her parent's intention to deliver himself up to his infuriated enemies, either to die with the innocent hostage or to purchase his life with the voluntary surrender of his own. No sooner did this truth flash on Catharine's mind than she rushed wildly from the house, bent on some frantic purpose, without having a distinct perception in her mind what that purpose was. At the end of the lane she encountered Mr. Rawlings, a very worthy young man, and one of the numerous suitors who had contended for her hand. Her disordered and maniacal appearance surprised and alarmed him, he stopped her, and with much difficulty, gained from her incoherent replies the particulars of her distress. Rawlings intreated Catharine to return to the house and compose herself, making her a solemn pledge that he would either rescue her father and brother, or sacrifice himself in the effort. Having much confidence in the prudence and courage of her lover, Catharine was somewhat calmed by this assurance, but, to Rawlings's great embarrassment, she insisted on accompanying him and taking some part in the deliverance of her relatives. However, being quite aware of the difficulties of the undertaking, Rawlings proceeded with heroic intrepidity to the execution of his design. He armed every man in the neighborhood whom he supposed to be attached to the interest of his own family or that of Mr. Markley.

There were but two vessels in the harbor at the time, a small American merchantman and a still smaller craft attached to the revenue service. To lieutenant Harding, the naval officer commanding the latter, Mr. Rawlings explained the occurrences of the day. In the consultation that followed, after duly considering the likelihood that the smugglers were on the alert, their habits of constant watchfulness making a surprisal extremely difficult, and the extraordinary swiftness of their vessels, rendering pursuit

nearly hopeless, it was agreed to invite the co-operation of the American captain. The latter promptly complied with the demand and suggested an expedient or *ruse de guerre*, which he thought might entrap the enemy without exposing the lives of their prisoners to further hazard.

By this time, the scene on the smuggler's boat, which had again put out to sea with Mr. Markley and his son on board, threatened to be of the most tragic character. Ben Hodges, the commander, at his last landing, had contrived to send off a detachment of some four or five of his most bloody minded followers, on pretence of rescuing their comrades now in the hands of the police and on their way to jail. Ben's design herein, was, no doubt, to prevent the murder which he had too much reason to apprehend. Four of the other smugglers, besides Hodges, remained in the boat. Hodges had once been employed on Mr. Markley's estate, and had often experienced the humanity and kindness of his employer. His manner was now gloomy and portentous. If he desired to save the captives, (which is most likely,) he probably felt his inability to do so, and Mr. Markley, who recognized his old acquaintance, looked in vain for any sign of encouragement in the iron visage of the ancient seaman.

"Well, Mr. Markley," said Ben, "am I to understand that your mind is made up not to restore those goods and set my people at liberty?"

"Certainly," answered the magistrate. "One who holds delegated authority for the preservation of the law should be the last to *break* the law. By negotiating with you, who are in open rebellion against the government, I should prove myself a traitor."

"And do you know the consequences of your refusal?"

"You cannot hurt us except by divine permission," answered Markley.

"We shall hang you and your brat in less than five minutes," said Brinkley, the mate. "Or stay, I think the better plan would

be to truss up the boy first, to give you some idea of what hanging is. Wilks, make ready that tackle."

The man to whom this was addressed, obeyed the order with great alacrity by running a rope through a block attached to the mast head. He then made a slip noose in one end of the cord and stood ready for further orders. At this instant, Ben Hodges, who had been for some moments gazing intently at the merchant vessel lying in the dock, said to his mate:

"The American is about to sail—the cutter too, perhaps. It would be just as well to have our craft in running order. Hoist the jib, and some of you fellows hide yourselves under the tarpaulin; we should never show more hands than seem necessary to work the boat. Keep clear of the cutter; as for the Yankee, I do n't suppose we need to mind *him*."

The merchant vessel, by this time, had weighed anchor, cast off her moorings and was soon under sail, as it seemed with the intention of running out to sea. The smugglers, to give their little sloop more the appearance of an ordinary lighter or pilot boat, had hid themselves under a canvass, leaving only two or three of their gang, including Hodges, in view; this was done lest the appearance of five or six men in a boat which could easily be worked by two or three, might cause some suspicion of their true character. Little James sat at his father's feet, seeming in the innocent confidence of childhood to imagine no possibility of danger, while under parental protection; he even appeared to enjoy his novel situation, and watched the movements of the different vessels with much interest. The smuggler, with but one small sail set, (the jib) moved lightly over the water. The American, heading seaward at first, tacked gradually and almost imperceptibly, as if by the mere force of the tide, until she seemed to stand almost directly for the smuggler.

"Clear away that mainsail and have it ready to hoist at a moment's warning," said Ben. "It is best to be provided for flight, let what will happen."

The American, having got within hailing distance, the captain demanded, through a speaking trumpet, if the sloop would pilot him outside of the breakers. Ben, placing his hand to his mouth by way of a trumpet, returned a surly refusal, which seemed not to have reached the merchantman, as the latter still advanced.

"She will be along side of us pretty soon," said Brinkley. "We must knock the prisoners on the head and throw them overboard, or they may give the alarm." So saying, he seized a hand spike and approached his intended victims.

"Idiot!" shouted Ben, "would you murder within full view of the people in the ship? Before you could get it done, she will be right on our quarter."

Brinkley paused, and at a glance perceived the rationality of Ben's observation; he, however, snatched up the child, and pressing a knife to his throat, told Mr. Markley that should he make the least attempt to attract the notice of the ship's crew, the boy's throat should be cut that instant.

"Save me, father! he will murder me!" shrieked the child, extending his arms to Mr. Markley, who in that agonizing moment had no other resource but to endeavor to quiet the boy's apprehensions, for he dreaded that his cries, which might soon be heard on board of the merchantman, would cause Brinkley to execute his threat.

The American was a vessel of prodigious speed. She came on, as the saying is, "with a rush," and had got within fifty yards of the smuggler, when a loud shriek was heard and a female was seen at the bow of the ship with her arms stretched over the railing, as if they sought to reach some object over the water.

"We are betrayed!" cried Ben. "It is Markley's daughter! —up mainsail and scud."

The mainsail was soon boomed out to catch the full force of the wind, but in performing this manœuvre, (the man at the helm leaving his post to assist,) the sloop swung slightly around and

presented her broadside to the American. Before the smuggler could regain his position, the ship was almost over him; but Hodges seizing the tiller, just saved his boat from being run down, which would otherwise have been inevitable. But, as the American swept by, she came in full contact with the projecting boom of the smuggler, and spun the sloop around like a top. Before the villains could recover from their surprise, twenty muskets were seen pointing over the taffrail of the ship, and the stern command of "surrender" convinced the guilty wretches that they had been outgeneralled. Rawlings, and the little armed force collected by him, were indeed in the ship, and Catharine also, whose anxiety would not permit her to be absent.

The reader must imagine much of what followed: the pathetic meeting of father and daughter, brother and sister, the congratulations of Markley's friends, and the gratitude of Catharine to the men who had been instrumental in the wonderful preservation of her relatives. Many warm thanks were offered to the American captain, and subsequently, a large sum of money for the part he had taken in the capture of the smuggler's boat; but this proffered compensation he steadfastly and somewhat indignantly refused. Rawlings, however, soon after accepted a reward promptly and unscrupulously—that reward was the hand of Catharine. The smugglers all suffered the extreme penalty of the law, except Ben Hodges, whose evident anxiety to save the life of his prisoners, procured him a pardon. He joyfully returned to honest labor, declaring that he had followed the perilous and laborious business of smuggling for several years, and found himself poorer and immeasurably less happy than he was before he began it. From that time, the "free trade" languished in Mr. Markley's neighborhood, and the people of the district soon improved in the acuteness of their moral perceptions so as to estimate their good magistrate as he deserved.

A PSALM OF THE SAINTS.

HOW THE PREACHER BESOUGHT THE NEOPHYTE.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

LIFT thy thoughts to things immortal,
  Heir of realms beyond the skies!
Rise, and pass the beaming portal,
  Leading into Paradise.

With the glad and sainted legion,
  Marching with their banners high,
Share that far and radiant region,
  Where the dwellers never die.

God is near thee, and will heed thee
  In thy day of doubt and wo;—
Trust and strive, and he will lead thee
  Where the pure in heart would go.

Strive for that eternal dwelling
  Set apart for bliss sublime—
Trust, and all its peace excelling,
  Shall illume the path of time.

Beautiful are Virtue's trials,
  On its high alluring way;
And its struggles and denials
  Bring a long and blessed day.

Pain may pierce and wound thy spirit,
  But there is a healing Hand,
That will make each wrong a merit,
  In the soul's appointed land.

Guard thy heart and keep it holy
  As a consecrated shrine,
And be all thy longings solely
  For the things that are divine.

Falter not, or faltering rally,
  With a higher, stronger zeal,
Till thy soul shall cease to dally
  With its glory and its weal.

Forward in the sacred quarrel
  Of the soldiers of the cross—
Sound the lyre and wear the laurel
  That shall never turn to dross.

Keep thy spirit valiant, soaring,—
  Faith thy shield, and Truth thy blade,—
For celestial strength imploring,
  Till the might of sin is stay'd.

Then, when all thy strifes are over,
  And thy body sinks to rest,
Shall thy soul with angels hover,
  And be number'd with the blest.

DONNA ANNA: A TALE OF ART.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

"The world of poetry—'tis but a mirror,
Wherein doth glass itself our human fate."

CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely morning in the spring of 1814, the first blooming season for many a year that had opened upon a land restored to freedom and happiness. The tide of war, ruled by the mighty genius that shook the world, had swept over Germany; and the first gleam of sunshine in her horizon came with the returning season of smiles, as a pledge of permanent peace.

A traveling carriage was passing through a broken and picturesque country, a part of the dominions of Leopold, Prince of ——. Three persons were seated within: of these one was a man about forty-five, of dark complexion, whom we shall call Antonio; he was an Italian musician, and chapelmaster in the service of Prince Leopold. Another was a violinist—Rusplin by

* I regret that I cannot present the reader with a translation of Rellstab's *novells* of "Donna Anna." But it would fill nearly a volume—and is encumbered with matter that could not have proved interesting—except, perhaps, to the student versed in deep musical criticism. All I can offer, therefore, is a *rifaccimento* of the principal incidents. E. F. E.

name; he was short and slight in figure, with features irregular almost to distortion, and rendered more so by the continual and rapid play of expression. Yet they were redeemed from absolute ugliness by the stamp of a kind and benevolent nature. There was cunning in the twinkle of his small, keen black eyes, but nothing of malice; his whole soul seemed devoted to music; his impulses were good will; in short, though evidently a man of quick passions, Rusplin's life—and he had advanced to middle age—had been harmless and irreproachable. He carried his violin with him, laid carefully at his feet.

The remaining occupant of the carriage was a young girl, the daughter of Antonio. Though of Italian parentage, she had been born and educated in Germany. Yet she spoke the pure Tuscan like a native, for it was the language of her home, and she learned it from her mother's lips. That mother she had lost in childhood; and after this bereavement, had been, by order of Leopold, brought up in his own household as a companion of the young princess Eveline. The careful education she received at court, and her habitual association with her superiors in rank, had imparted to her graces and accomplishments that were indeed but fitting embellishments of the noble gifts she had received from nature. Her beauty was of that rare and exquisite kind that blends harmonious by qualities apparently opposite. The fair complexion, the clustering brown hair, the sweetly chiseled features, the modest grace of her form—were characteristics of German beauty. But she had also the large dark eyes, that could flash with energy or melt with softness, and the fulness and symmetry of form belonging to Italy. Her voice combined the rich and gorgeous magic of the south, with the thrilling and mysterious power of northern music. It not only enchained the ear, but enthralled the heart of those who listened: elevating and moving at the same time. No wonder the music-loving Prince was proud of so rare a gem, and unwilling that she should have other home than his own palace.

These travelers were on their way to a hunting castle of the Prince, beautifully situated on the borders of a lake, embosomed in the mountains. It was here that Leopold had determined to spend some days with his court, and celebrate the betrothal and marriage of his daughter. On the battlefield, from which he had but recently returned, he had found a husband for her. This was Albert, hereditary prince of H——. The young man had shown a brave spirit, had fought valiantly for liberty, and completely won the esteem of Prince Leopold. He thought he saw in him one whom his daughter would love, and sacrificed all views of ambition to her happiness. With his wealth and extent of dominions, he might have sought a son-in-law among the proudest thrones of Europe; for Leopold had no male heir, and his principality, with the exception of a small district, would be inherited by the husband of Eveline. Albert had scarcely more than the name of a prince, and no riches but his sword. But he was accomplished and handsome; he was skilled in painting and music; he was an adept in the arts of winning a lady's heart. The Prince acted not like the politician, but the father who loved his child. He spoke of his daughter to his young companion in arms; showed him her picture and her letters; and finally offered to bestow her hand upon him. Albert may not have been devoid of ambition; it is certain he showed an eagerness to avail himself of such distinguishing favor that convinced the father of the sincerity of his passion for the young princess. In short, all was soon arranged, and the meeting of the youthful pair was to take place at the hunting-castle above mentioned, where they could learn, in a few days, to know each other better than in months surrounded by the formalities of court etiquette.

Preparations had been made on an extensive scale to render this family fete as magnificent as possible. Artisans had been sent to arrange scenery for concerts and operas, for Leopold was a distinguished connoiseur, and music was his chief pleasure. It was to preside over this department that the chapelmaster was

bound for the castle; and where could such a prima donna be sought as his daughter? A small company selected from musicians in the service of the Prince had already arrived before them.

The carriage now came in sight of the castle, which stood on a hill covered with verdure. The more modern part was built in the noblest style of architecture, and did not look out of keeping with the gray and ancient pile, reared in the middle ages. A garden and park sloped gently to the lake, on the shore of which several houses had been built for the accommodation of guests, when the castle was full, and of their followers. Cattle were browsing in the broad meadows of luxuriant green; hills covered with vineyards swelled behind and on either side of the castle; and above them rose wooded mountains, broken by deep ravines, ragged with precipices, or shooting upward their peaks covered with snow. The landscape enclosed in this mountainous circle, presented every variety requisite for romantic scenery, and the blue cloudless heaven above seemed to smile upon so lovely a picture.

Rusplin declared his intention of walking the rest of the way; and as the young lady thought they could better enjoy the view, and prolong the pleasure by a walk, the whole party alighted and sent the carriage forward, Rusplin first securing his violin. The foot-path they took deviated from the road, and they were presently in the cool shadow of the wood. The path ascended the mountain for some distance, eastward of the castle, till it reached a point above the vine-covered slopes, when it suddenly emerged from the copse. Our travelers now found themselves on a rocky precipice, commanding a view more beautiful than ever poetic fancy conceived. Hills, woods and fields lay beneath them, with the blue, tranquil lake, the picturesque ancient pile, and the white dwellings scattered along the water side.

"See, Donna Anna," cried Rusplin, playfully, for so he always

called the young lady, in compliment to her singing in that part, from Mozart's opera. "See what a feast you have to thank me for! Here is scenery to your taste, and a precipice and abyss into the bargain! An echo, too, I warrant me! Oho!" And truly enough his shout was returned in prolonged reverberations.

"It is indeed beautiful!" replied the girl, smiling as she gazed. Seating herself on the bank of turf, she took off her straw hat and let the cool breeze play with the curls that shaded her fair brow and cheek. All were silent for a few moments from the fulness of enjoyment.

At length Rusplin drew a prolonged note from his instrument, and then played an air which was echoed back in tones like the softest breathings of an Eolian harp. The chapelmaster cried encore. His daughter lifted up her face with an expression of delight.

"Not bad, eh?" cried the player. "Well, you shall have more; but, Donna Anna, you must sing. Step this way:—the echo is better here!" and leading the fair musician to a rock more advanced, he commenced an accompaniment to her song. Her clear, powerful voice rose in its liquid fulness, wakingt he echos till the whole solitude seemed vocal with rich melody. It was as if a thousand fairy tones were blending into one tide of harmonious sweetness. When she ceased, there was a charmed silence, which was suddenly broken by the addition of another person to the group.

CHAPTER II.

This was a young man of noble figure and handsome features, in a half military dress, over which he wore a green overcoat. He appeared upon the scene so suddenly that Anna uttered a

slight cry and started to her feet. The rock on which she stood was so near the verge that the stranger was alarmed for her safety: he sprang forward and seized her arm. The young girl recovered quickly from her surprise.

"There is no danger," she said, with a smile, and accepting his proffered assistance to descend.

"You must pardon me for playing the listener," said the stranger, courteously, "but in truth I had sufficient excuse. May I beg a repetition of your song?"

The young girl bowed her head and turned to look for Rusplin; he had disappeared. It was the eccentric man's way to quit the company on the entrance of any one who pleased him not, and he always formed his judgment of an acquaintance at first sight. It was evident the stranger had not gained his favor.

"Ha, our orchestra has deserted us!" cried the stranger, smiling. "But will not this gentleman—"

"My father, the chapelmaster of Prince Leopold," interrupted the young lady.

"Signor Antonio!" exclaimed the stranger, with an acknowledgment as cordial as it was graceful. "Believe me, I am rejoiced to make your acquaintance. I have heard much of you —so much—that I had the strongest desire to see you."

Antonio bowed.

"I am a passionate lover of music," continued the young man, "whose distinguished votary you are; will you not suffer me, then, to join you and to act as your guide to the castle?"

So courteous an offer could not be refused; and the party descended the mountain by a path the stranger pointed out. The conversation turned upon the approaching marriage of the princess, who was expected on the following day. Anna spoke with the warmest affection of her youthful companion and friend, and praised her beauty and virtues so eloquently, that she forgot a stranger was listening. When, on looking up, she saw his fine dark eyes fixed admiringly on her face, she blushed, without knowing why, and became silent.

They reached, at length, the end of their journey. The chapel-master and his daughter found a cottage in the park appointed for their reception. The stranger was to lodge at the inn upon the shore of the lake. He took leave, with courtly grace, of his new acquaintances, having asked and obtained permission to join them in the afternoon, and look over, with Antonio, some musical arrangements for the approaching fete.

In front of the pretty cottage, which was adorned with acacias, lilacs, roses and other shrubbery, and vines creeping over the green jalousies, stood the carriage from which Rusplin was busily engaged removing packages into the house. Anna playfully rallied him on his desertion; he replied that he wanted no such acquaintance as the stranger, and proceeded to insist on the malevolence of his physiognomy.

"You are a partial judge, Rusplin!" cried the young girl. "But even you, surely, cannot help acknowledging that he is handsome!"

"Ah, lovely Donna Anna!" exclaimed the violinist, catching her hand and pressing it, "you will do well to chase away such handsome —— villains! You are safer, sweet one, with the ugly but honest old plague—Rusplin!" He accompanied this warning with so grotesque a gesture of deference that the girl knew not whether to laugh or be angry. She snatched away her hand, and ran, humming an air, into the cottage.

Our travelers had just finished their dinner, which had been sent from the castle, when the stranger came through the park towards them. Rusplin, who had risen, immediately left the cottage. Anna felt some vexation at his obstinacy; and a shadow was on her brow when their new acquaintance entered. He greeted her and her father smilingly, and accepted Antonio's invitation to join them on the rustic seat before the door. Both were soon interested in his conversation. He described scenes in the late war, in which he had been engaged, and talked of the happy prospects now dawning on the country. At length he led

the discourse to music; and took occasion earnestly to request the favor of a song from Anna. Antonia seconded the petition, and recommended some airs from Don Giovanni. Prince Leopold, he said, had signified his pleasure that this celebrated opera of Mozart should be represented here. Some noble amateurs were to take part in the performance; in fact it had been reported that Prince Albert himself would assume the principal character. The stranger begged for some of the music of this opera; and Antonio led the way to the little parlor where the piano was placed. He opened the instrument, recommending them to begin with the introduction. The stranger sang the airs of Leporallo with taste, but without the requisite humor. But when Anna commenced he took the part of Don Giovanni. He showed now no lack of spirit or fire. At the close of the duet, Antonio cried with true Italian enthusiasm—"Oh! hang the prince! If *you* could only be our Don Giovanni!"

The stranger smiled, bowed, and glancing at the fair singer, replied, "By the side of such a Donna Anna one could not fail to perform wonders!"

Anna colored, and trembled a little, as she met the young man's look of admiration. She could hardly tell if she felt pleased or abashed at his compliment.

Another and another duet was proposed and sung; hours passed in the witching occupation; and when the words "*Gia la notte*" came to the singer's lips, the deepening shade warned them that the day was closing. Antonio rose from the piano; the stranger proposed a walk by the lake, and they left the cottage.

The scene was one of unrivalled beauty. The crimson rays were lingering on the mountain summits; the clear rosy hues of sunset were beginning to fade into the gray of twilight; a single star was visible, and the nightingale's melancholy note was heard in the foliage. The moon was just rising over the dark crown of the mountain. The lake lay like a sheet of silver before them;

the path led between two rows of stately chestnut trees to the end of the park, where a rustic bridge thrown across a stream led into the road. Beyond this were several dwellings; the inn, the forester's house, and cottages occupied by laborers who cultivated the vineyards. Many were lighted up; and the parlor of the inn seemed to be a scene of festivity, if one might judge from the illumination, and the sounds of music and mirth that came through the open windows. As they came nearer, groups of country damsels and young men might be seen dancing, in various dresses, and with the wildness and rustic hilarity of true mountaineers. The musician, seated on the table in the corner, was no other than Rusplin; and his quaint gestures, as he played the violin, added not a little to the comic of the scene. The stranger would have gone in; but Anna feared some freak on the part of her capricious friend, and insisted on pursuing their walk. A mountain path led them under a picturesque walk of overhanging rocks. A water fall threw itself from the height above, and dashed with roar and spray into the ravine. A song was heard from the lake beneath them; it came from a fisherman sitting idle in his boat. Anna proposed returning by water; they called to the fisherman, and the party was presently seated in his little vessel.

"If it please you," said the man, "I will row up to the island; there we can get the wind to sail to the castle, which the mountain keeps off from us here."

"Go, then," said Antonio. "It is years since I have visited that spot. I remember it so well!"

A few minutes rowing brought them to the island. It was in the narrowest part of the lake, and was, in fact, only a strip of rock on which Prince Leopold had constructed a building, intended to resemble a ruined tower, to contain fishing apparatus. In the pale moonlight the scene had something of a terrific character. The tall, gloomy cliffs—the long shadows thrown from the mountains on the water—the bold projecting shores that

seemed to approach closely—the ancient looking ruins—all contributed to the sombre effect. It was customary for strangers to visit this spot; and the boatman pulled for the landing as a matter of course. They ascended by rude steps cut in the rocks, and found themselves on a platform covered with wild, thick holly bushes. Out of the midst of the dark foliage rose the tower. The door was open; they entered, and found the interior as rude as without. The walls were hung with fishing tackle. A small side door opened into another apartment, along the walls of which ran a shelf of rushes, covered with shells and crystals. A few water plants grew in this reedy soil. A water jet fell into a small basin. The moonlight poured in at the window, which was wreathed with wild roses and ivy, and shaded by the holly trees.

The silence and solitude of this retreat would have checked the most mirthful spirit. Antonio stood with folded arms, abstracted, melancholy, and lost apparently in sad recollections.

"I would choose this spot," said Anna, at length, "if I meant to abjure the world. It is like a tomb adorned with flowers; so strangely are mingled the gloomy and the beautiful. But let us go."

Antonio gave his arm to his child and they returned to the boat. A half hour's sail brought them to the park of the castle. As they landed and walked homeward, the tones of Rusplin's violin greeted them; but so mournful was the music, that, excited as her mind had been, Anna could not refrain from tears. She concealed her face in her shawl, and bidding good night to the stranger, sought the refuge of her own apartment.

CHAPTER III.

The morning was as fresh and lovely as the evening had promised; Antonio went early to the castle to superintend some

preparations; Rusplin had not returned all night, nor had yet made his appearance. Anna sat before the cottage door busied in some feminine work, and cheerful with her own happy thoughts, which accorded with the beautiful and quiet scene around her. Suddenly she heard a footstep; she looked up and the stranger stood before her. She started, blushed, and seemed embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I have disturbed your reverie, but indeed I could not help coming—to take leave—"

Anna looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, to take leave, for I am compelled to go immediately. But I hope in a few days to see you again." A deadly paleness had succeeded the color on the young girl's cheek. She did not reply.

"Will you forgive me," resumed the stranger, in a tone of deep feeling, "that I have not been altogether frank—that I have deceived you? Would to heaven I had no need to undeceive!"

"I do not quite understand you, sir!" said Anna, timidly, "you cannot well have deceived us—for you have told us nothing of yourself."

"It is nevertheless true. Promise me," cried the young man, earnestly, "whatever may appear, that I shall have your forgiveness! Promise me, Anna!" He seized her hand, which he held fast, in spite of her effort to withdraw it, urging his request more beseechingly. "Promise it me! I cannot leave you else; I can have no peace, no rest, till then!"

Anna's heart beat violently, but she struggled for composure, and with a smile, replied, "Indeed, I know of nothing to forgive; but with all my heart I promise you full pardon for your unknown fault."

"I have your word," answered the stranger, with an expression of satisfaction, "now farewell. In a few days I shall see you again." He gazed on her face with a look of deep tenderness that caused the maiden to droop her eyes on the ground;

pressed her hand again and again to his lips, then turned, and disappeared in the foliage of the park.

What was it that brought tears to the eyes of the fair girl when she found herself alone once more?—that caused her to hide her face in her hands? Ah! the power of young love is insidious; the heart is conquered before its owner dreams the outposts are assailed! Anna sat still in her abstraction, unconscious of all but her own wild fancies, when she was aroused by a shower of roses and other flowers, that fell over her head and lap. At the same time Rusplin's quaint visage peered from the lilac bushes. "Sweets to the sweet, Donna Anna," he cried. "But what is the matter?"

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed the girl, smiling, and trying to hide her embarrassment.

"Yes, and covered with dew!" cried the little man, "like yourself, Donna Anna, smiling through tears. But, know you, fair lady, that the dance is about to begin—that the princess is coming?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, a messenger just now rode up to the castle. I must tune my violin, and you must practise your airs, for the Prince, you know, is a rapturous lover of music. Ha, here comes Antonio! The princess is coming!"

"I know it," responded Antonio. "Our opera company and the whole chapel come with her. I am going to make some arrangements in the concert hall and the theatre." He went on, accompanied by Rusplin, who chatted incessantly about his violin and the comparative merits of different composers, while Anna retired into the cottage.

About five in the afternoon all was in commotion. Prince Leopold and his daughter, with a numerous train of carriages and wagons, had arrived. The people of the neighboring country were assembled around the castle, and along the road, to welcome with acclamations the beloved sovereign, who, for many years,

had not visited this region. The peasants shouted; young girls threw flowers in the road. Three pretty damsels, dressed in holiday attire, offered the royal bride—that was to be—a wreath composed of roses, myrtle and jasmine. "May your Highness's joy bloom as these flowers!" was the set speech assigned to the one who presented the wreath. Eveline smiled, reached her hand to each of the young girls, and replied, "Pray for me that my joy may not wither as soon!" Then, clinging to her father's arm, she passed on through the welcoming crowd, and walked up the marble steps of the castle.

When the princess had rested from her fatigue, the Prince proposed a walk through the park to the pavilion near the lake. It was built on a bank somewhat elevated above the water, and commanded a view of the lake to its upper extremity with the mountains beyond. The rocky island lay full in sight. Eveline gazed in admiration of the beauty of the scene; her father seemed oppressed by some melancholy recollection, for he sighed and appeared abstracted. Then taking a perspective glass from the table, he examined the island through it. "I see the tower plainly through the foliage," said he, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, and after a pause, added, "It is twenty years since——"

Eveline bent over the chair on which her father was seated and said gently, "What is it moves you, dear father?"

"Look through this glass," answered the Prince, "and tell me what thou seest."

Eveline seated herself and obeyed.

"I see the ruins of a tower in the midst of dark foliage, tinged with the last rays of sunset."

"And among the bushes—what?"

"Nothing."

"I thought I saw a white figure there."

"True: it is a lady in white; now she has disappeared in the bushes. Is the tower inhabited?"

"No," answered Leopold in some agitation, "the island is but a mass of rock."

"Then strangers must be visiting the spot," observed Eveline.

"Perhaps so," answered her father, and relapsed into silence.

Here Antonio, with his daughter, and Emilia the favorite attendant of the princess, came down an avenue of the park. Leopold hastened to banish the cloud from his brow. Eveline was soon in earnest conversation with Anna, from whom she had been separated some time, while on a visit to her relatives in Hungary. They had many an early recollection to call up, and much to talk about. The Prince was equally absorbed with his chapelmaster, whom it was evident he regarded also as a friend. Antonio, indeed, deserved the distinction, which he never abused. It was well known that he had refused to accept valuable lands and other gifts offered him by the Prince; contenting himself with meriting the highest praise in the discharge of his professional duties.

As the evening came on, lights were brought, and covered with glass shades. The landscape seen in the soft moonlight, and the mingling reflection of the line of purple in the west, was not less lovely than by daylight. The breeze blew freshly, and the waves murmured against the marble steps descending from the balcony to the water. The space thus covered sheltered two or three light boats. Prince Leopold threw open the folding doors and stepped out upon the balcony. "The coolness of the air is delicious," said he. "Our friend Anna must add to the loveliness of this quiet scene by giving us a romance or a canzone of her singing: her voice will sound over the water like spirit tones."

Anna was about to sing in obedience to this request, when a servant entered and delivered a letter to the Prince. As he glanced through it, a smile played on his lips; he nodded to the servant, who immediately withdrew, and said to the ladies, "I have just heard that one of my late military comrades is here by

chance; he was informed of my arrival and presence here, and asks leave to join us. I have invited him to make one of our circle."

"Who is he?" asked the princess, carelessly.

"I will present him to you in a few moments," answered her father, smiling. "In the meantime we must have our song—come, Anna." The young girl was already seated at the piano and instantly began a song of great sweetness, the music of which had been composed by her father. Its wild and plaintive melody mingled with the ceaseless dash of waves without, that seemed a fitting accompaniment. As she sang the last words, Anna raised her eyes to a large mirror, before which she sat, that reflected the door leading into the park and opposite the balcony. She saw the door slowly open. The next instant, like a picture in a large golden frame, full in the light of the lamps, stood the figure of the stranger.

The song died away in a faint shriek; the singer sprang to her feet, and in another moment would have fallen to the ground, had not the stranger rushed forward and supported her in his arms.

Prince Leopold, Eveline, and Emilia hastened to her assistance; the intruder stammered a few words of apology; but Anna, who had now recovered her self-possession, though she trembled violently, laid all the blame on her own folly in being terrified at the figure in the mirror. She begged pardon for her silliness, which Leopold readily granted. "Truly," said he, "your song had rapt me beyond this every-day world; no wonder the singer's spirits were overstrung. The accident has disturbed our plan a little; for see, Eveline is frightened too! My daughter—this gentleman is Prince Albert."

Surprise and modest confusion brought the blood into the fair cheek of the princess. But, reassured by her father's voice, she raised her blue eyes timidly and extended her hand towards her affianced bridegroom, who kissed it with respectful tenderness. What were Anna's feelings meanwhile? The name was like a

dagger in her breast. The mystery of his parting words was now explained, and at the same instant the veil was torn from her own heart.

They who love may be unconscious of it, so long as they are happy; but let the object be torn away and all is apparent. So it was with Anna, in whose bosom the feeling had grown with the quickness peculiar to her mother's clime. She trembled not, she showed no outward sign of agitation; but she stood cold as a marble statue, petrified by a look of the Medusa from which the rose colored veil has been suddenly removed.

With all the graceful courtesy belonging to his rank, Prince Albert paid his salutation to Anna and her father, and mentioned their interview of the preceding day. "Contrary to my expectation," said he, "I found myself at liberty some days before the time appointed for my visit. I could not come to the capital; your Highness had prohibited it; I resolved, therefore, to hasten to this paradise, destined to be the Eden of my love. I left my followers a station behind, and came hither unknown, to await the arrival of the fair arbitress of my fate. To this young lady," and he turned to Anna, "am I indebted for a glowing picture of her charms and virtues, which I find only exceeded by the lovely reality." Again he raised Eveline's hand to his lips.

Antonio remembered his disrespectful remark upon the Prince's taste in music, and mentioned it to apologise; but Albert replied, laughing, "Nay, you gave me a triumph in that you commended the stranger's performance; and as to the rest I well knew your judgment to be perfectly correct. I hope to improve under your direction."

How the evening passed Anna hardly knew; it was with a heart heavy with anguish she dared not reveal, that she bade her father good night in their little cottage, and retired to her own apartment. There she flung herself on her bed and wept bitter and burning tears. They were those of self-reproach which she had never felt before. Her grief had subsided into a quiet

sadness, when she heard a low and plaintive melody—the tones of Rusplin's violin. Now, for the first time it appeared strange to her that he chose only at night to play such melancholy airs. The music was various and often capriciously changed, but always breathed the same pensive spirit. It was like the wailing night-wind sweeping the strings of an Eolian harp, and restlessly wandering from one wild strain to another. This fitful, unquiet complaining melody suited the mood of our heroine, and it fell soothingly on her ear. Ere long the first sorrow of her young heart was forgotten, and she sank into a peaceful slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

Some days passed without any particular occurrence. When the arrival of Prince Leopold became known in the neighborhood, several noblemen, resident in the country, came to pay their respects to their sovereign and testified their pleasure at his visit by fetes in honor of him. In the castle, meanwhile, the company was limited to a few of his favorite attendants and friends, some persons related to the Prince, and some of the early female companions and friends of his daughter. Anna and her father were admitted into the princely circle. Their amusements were chiefly furnished by the arts. Drawing, reading and music were the entertainments within doors, in which many hours of every day were spent. Walks and rides through the romantic country, and excursions on the water, formed an agreeable variety to these occupations.

Among the more brilliant entertainments devised, were a concert, a hunting party and the representation of Don Giovanni. The last was to be the crowning glory of the fete; and it was much discussed. Some of the ladies in the train of Eveline were

to take part and to be supported by the most excellent artists in Leopold's service. Prince Albert himself was to assume the character of the hero. The part of Donna Anna was of course assigned to the chapelmaster's daughter.

It could not escape Anna's observation, that instead of avoiding her, Prince Albert seemed anxious to establish terms of familiar friendship between them, and that his enthusiastic love of music formed a pretence for seeking frequent conversations with her. He was evidently desirous of a private interview, which she was determined to shun; and for that purpose withdrew herself as much as possible from his society.

So passed a week; and the evening of the concert arrived. The musicians belonging to Leopold's chapel performed. Anna was obliged to bear her part. She sung the air "Parto" from Titus, and some new Italian duets with a distinguished singer. The pieces were selected with noble taste and executed in the best manner by performers of high celebrity. After the concert the company were to adjourn to a ball, to which all the singers were invited. As Anna took her seat, after her performance, Prince Albert stood beside her and begged for her hand in the dance. The young girl colored deeply as she looked up, but declined the honor, saying she was going to ask her father to accompany her home.

The company was already leaving the hall, and the Prince saw, by a hasty glance, that they stood apart from the rest. Seizing Anna's hand, he pressed it, and whispered, "Ought not Anna to forgive me? Ought she to shun me thus?"

The girl struggled to withdraw her hand. "Prince," cried she, alarmed and agitated, "Prince! for heaven's sake leave me! Forget—"

Suddenly a discordant note was heard that startled every body; Rusplin had snapped a string of his violin. Without finishing her sentence Anna went up to her father and entreated him to conduct her home. He did so, but returned himself, Albert

condescending to beg, with much courtesy, that he would not subject the fete to a double loss.

"Forget—" had she meant—"Forget me"—or—"Forget not yourself?" The words rang in the Prince's ear. When Antonio returned he engaged in earnest conversation with him, as indeed he frequently did, for the chapelmaster's taste and knowledge in music were of the highest order. Meanwhile Anna sat thoughtful and melancholy by her cottage window that looked into the park. An hour had passed and her spirits had been soothed into quiet by the mild beauty of the summer night. All at once she heard a rustling in the bushes close by the window; and the next instant the door opened, and Prince Albert, wrapped in a mantle, stood before her.

Anna started to her feet, pale and trembling; she could not give utterance to her extreme surprise. The Prince seemed nearly as much moved as herself.

"Dearest girl," he began, "be not displeased with me! your own unkindness has compelled me to so bold a step. You have denied me opportunity to speak alone with you, though I have sought it earnestly. Anna! in what have I deserved this treatment? Is my involuntary deception to be punished so severely? Perhaps I was wrong; but, at least forgive me, and tell me that you do so!"

"I have nothing to forgive," answered the young girl, struggling for composure, "except your coming hither. Leave me, this instant, I beseech you!"

"Never!" cried the Prince, passionately, but with a deep tenderness in his voice. "Never, Anna, till your heart can dismiss its resentment, or till I am assured that you —— hate me!"

The poor girl sank on the sofa and buried her face in her hands, while tears trickled fast through the slender fingers. "Padre mio!" she murmured, for in moments of agitation the language of her infancy came involuntarily to her lips. The

Prince knelt at her feet, drew her hand away and kissed it again and again. Suddenly a sense of their situation, and the danger of discovery, flashed across her mind. She sprang up:—"Begone! this moment!" she exclaimed. "Would you destroy one already wretched! Begone!" Albert clasped her passionately in his arms, pressed his lips to hers and rushed from the cottage. Again she sank on the sofa; sense and the power of motion forsook her; her cheek was blanched and her eyes closed; and life itself seemed to have departed.

"Donna Anna! Donna Anna!" cried a harsh but friendly voice. "Is she asleep—or swooning—or—dead! No! she opens her eyes! Good Donna! how you frightened me!"

It was Rusplin, who had just entered the cottage, and in terror hastened to sprinkle cold water on the girl's pale face. She opened her large dark eyes and looked about her with a bewildered expression, like one just awaking from a dream.

"You are not well, Donna! I am sure," said the good violinist. "I came hither but now from the ball, saw a light in the cottage and the door open, entered, and found you lying here—asleep or fainting—I know not which. But—would you not really sleep?"

"In truth, I need rest," replied Anna. "Will not my father be home soon?"

"I know not; Prince Albert keeps him closely engaged. He neglects the princess for your father."

He would prevent him from returning too quickly, thought Anna, and at the same instant she felt comforted by the certainty that Rusplin had not met the Prince, and knew nothing of his visit to the cottage. She thanked her kind friend warmly for his honest sympathy, and followed his advice by retiring to seek repose.

The next morning she found a letter on the floor of her chamber that must have been thrown in at the open window during the night. It was unsealed and contained these words:

"I am heaping fault upon fault. My heart has no plea for

forgiveness, save the bold confession that it loves you. My lot offers me a tender and lovely rose, which, alas! has neither color nor fragrance for me. Will it not wither and perish, twining its stem round what it deems a strong support, but which must prove a dead and shattered trunk? Oh, Fate! yet it must be so. I must be torn with bleeding breast from happiness, and linked to another by iron bands, whose forging crushes the heart! Wilt thou not forgive all—all—to one who suffers thus? Has he a choice what to do?"

There was no signature; but Anna well knew from whom the missive came. She sighed deeply, and fell into musing thought. Her cheek was flushed and feverish; but she had not the relief of tears from the throbbing pain that oppressed her temples.

"O tame thy heart and hold it in the chain—"

says the poet; and as the words recurred to her mind, the young girl's pride came to her assistance; she resolved to endure—to hide her pain—and conquer it.

It was a clear, fresh morning. A walk through the cool shady avenues of the park, or by the lake, would invigorate her, and enable her to banish sadness from her brow. She put on shawl and veil and went forth. The bright sunshine fell in broken gleams, like a shower of gems, through the foliage; the breeze was reviving, and the birds caroled overhead. When has nature's beauty failed to sooth the mourning spirit that seeks relief in trustfulness and contemplation?

When after a somewhat prolonged walk, Anna turned homeward, she was surprised to see Prince Albert with the princess leaning on his arm, standing at a few paces distance. Too much startled, indeed, was she to speak; but Albert advanced with unembarrassed air, saluted her and said, courteously, "I hope we have not alarmed you; we have been trying to overtake you this long while; but you walked too rapidly and did not once look around."

"Yes, dear Anna," said Eveline, somewhat out of breath, "we have been following, but it was in vain to attempt to keep up with you. We were anxious to inquire after your health; you left the ball last night; how are you this morning?"

"Quite well, your Highness," answered Anna.

"I am glad to hear it," returned the princess. "We can, then, have the first rehearsal of Don Giovanni to-day; we talked with your father last night about it. You know my friend Emilia, who is to perform Zerlina, is not too perfect in her part, and needs some exercise."

"Certainly," remarked the Prince, "we must let no want of preparation hinder the success of our undertaking. I have some suggestions to make; but if it pleases my lady-love we will walk on; we can converse better in walking."

"Right willingly," answered Eveline, "on condition you give the other arm to my friend Anna. Nay, Anna! take his arm. You are become very ceremonious with me of late; and here in the country, where court etiquette is banished! I shall think you want to forget the time when we were playmates and friends!"

Anna dared not refuse; she took the arm of the Prince, and they walked on, conversing about the opera and music. The cultivation of Prince Albert, and his taste in art were unrivalled, and few possessed such happy fluency or such a glowing power of expression. In accomplishments he certainly excelled all his equals; for the rarest natural gifts had been refined by careful study and knowledge of the world. The princess listened to his eloquent discourse like one enchanted; she sought not to conceal her admiration and affection for him. How was it with Anna, whose heart was so exquisitely alive to the dangerous charm of such attractions? The more she saw to admire, the keener was her self-reproach; the poisoned arrow had entered her bosom; but she hid from all eyes the anguish that was corroding the springs of life.

CHAPTER V.

THE same evening the first rehearsal of Don Giovanni, on the stage, with the orchestra, took place; and the performers sustained the parts alloted to them. They used the Italian text. The superintendence was committed to Antonio, and he showed himself eminently competent to the task. With him the most ardent and intense love of music was regulated by a severe taste that never suffered enthusiasm to obtain the mastery over judgment. The reshearsal succeeded beyond expectation, and the performance in the presence of the Prince and princess, and their guests, with some persons invited from the neighborhood, was fixed for that day week. A handsome supper was served for the musicians and performers, after the rehearsal, in the parlor of the inn by the lake; thither they adjourned, and the evening was passed in criticisms and discussion of the opera, and of the genius of the illustrious composer.

The day appointed for the hunting party at length arrived, and promised auspicious weather, for the morning was unusually bright and warm. Prince Leopold had given orders that several of the neighboring barons should be invited, and as it was to be a chamois hunt, and they were to penetrate into the recesses of the mountains, the whole party was on horseback. The steeds appointed for the ladies stood decorated with rich housings and with flying plumes, before the castle gate. The princess mounted a beautiful Arabian, covered with a crimson velvet saddle cloth, and with bridle richly ornamented with gold. She rode with a timid but easy grace, and the splendid animal, as if proud of bearing so fair a burthen, seemed scarcely to touch the turf on which he trod. Prince Albert, mounted on a fiery Andalusian,

rode by her side. A circle of ladies followed, Anna among them, each attended by a cavalier in green hunting dress. The servants, with guns and other weapons of the chase, brought up the rear. The brilliant company took the broadest road through the park, passing by the borders of the blue lake towards the mountains. Antonio remained behind; he loved not the chase; and his daughter would fain have stayed with him, but she dared not decline the gracious invitation of Prince Leopold. As she passed a thicket of shrubbery she heard a voice say, "A happy chase, fair Artemis!" and looking around saw Rusplin's wry but good humored face peering through the bushes. He sighed as she returned his friendly greeting.

It was a fair sight to see that goodly company of knights and ladies, splendidly dressed, with floating robes and flying plumes, sweeping along the borders of the water and so gay in the clear sunshine. In an hour's space they had reached the upper extremity of the lake. Two paths opened before them to the left. The one was broad and smooth, and led by a gentle ascent to the steep brow of the mountain; the other was more rugged, skirted a ravine, and after more abrupt ascent, joined the first. Of course the smooth path was preferred; but some adventurous riders, Prince Albert among them, to the terror of the ladies, spurred their horses up the steepest acclivities, and seemed to delight in choosing the most perilous by-ways. Having gained the ascent, the path led downwards into the cleft. Here the scenery became wilder. A furious mountain torent rushed beneath them along its cavernous bed, shadowed by tall firs; its flashing foam seen at intervals through the sombre foliage. Masses of rock rose high above them, and sometimes hung frowningly over their heads. On the sheer verge stood herdsmen, who sounded their shawms; the goats browsed on the precipice and sported on its very edge. A narrow strip of blue sky canopied the rift, across which sailed silvery patches of cloud. Then the path opened into a wider space, where another valley

joined the first. Here a water fall tumbled from the rocks above, and rushed with foaming speed to lose itself in the depth of the woods. The rocks were overgrown with green moss; among the dusky firs mingled the vivid verdure of the beech, and their foliage cast a refreshing shade. Opposite the waterfall was an expanse of smooth turf; and here, in the very heart of the wood, Prince Leopold had ordered a spacious tent erected. It was a beautiful surprise, to find among the rural solitudes of nature such an evidence of human taste, decorated with its floating banners, embroidered with armorial bearings, its wreaths of flowers, and the verdant carpet within.

Here the company were to partake of a slight refreshment. The gentlemen dismounted, assisted the ladies from their saddles, and the party seated themselves on the cushions disposed around the tent. Peasant maidens, in the picturesque dress of the country, brought cakes, fruit and wine. The cups were filled; the guests pledged each other; horns sounded through the valley; and the romantic beauty of the scenery, the brightness of the sunshine, and the delicious coolness of the shade, completed the enjoyment that seemed, in truth, to have no alloy. But alas! for the hearts whose melancholy is but deepened by the rich beauty of nature!

If impersonations of joy and sorrow had been sought, no apter ones could have been found than Anna and the princess. Eveline's sweet face was the picture of innocent happiness. She wore a pale green hunting dress, embroidered lightly with gold; her neck shaded by a veil of white lace; roses were wreathed in her hair, and a cluster of rose buds was in her hand. She talked with the Prince, who was ever at her side, and smiled on him with looks radiant with pleasure. Anna's dress was of a deep violet hue, ornamented with pink knots; her dark curls fell over her brow and cheek, which were unusually pale; there was an expression of suffering about her slightly compressed mouth, and the large, soft, melancholy eyes were

shaded by the sweeping fringe of the dark lashes, and seldom lifted from the ground.

After an hour's rest the company prepared to mount again. They had not far to ride before the hunting place opened on their view. It had an aspect of wildness that approached sublimity. Several valleys crossed each other, and the rocks rose sheer and rugged on every side. Far above them snow covered peaks gleamed in the sunshine. On either side the path sank deep ravines, clefts and abrupt descents; water falls tumbled from the misty heights; they had, in fact, penetrated to the fastnesses where the wild chamois sought refuge from the hostility of its persecutor—man.

Several hunters, used to climbing these dangerous heights, had been employed to scare the timid animals from their hiding places, and pursue them till within reach of the amateur sportsmen. At different points, and by narrow passes, or behind the rocks and bushes, the Prince and his guests stationed themselves in ambuscade. The ladies were conducted to a spot secluded from danger, where they might witness the sport, which the princess declined partaking.

From a distance was heard the sound of horns; and ere long the wild music, mingled with shouts and firing, rang through the valley. The hunted chamois showed themselves on the frowning steeps, bounding from rock to rock across the gaping abyss. Presently the terrified creatures leaped within the range of the ambuscade. The first shot was Leopold's, and a noble buck fell into the ravine. Others followed in quick succession; the thunders were repeated by ten thousand echos, and the baying of hounds, the shouting of men, and the blast of horns mingled in wild uproar.

The tumult and confusion had but little charm for the ladies, especially the princess; and Anna felt bewildered by the stunning clamor. She was glad to accede to Eveline's proposal that they accompanied by Emilia, should ride back to the tent where the

collation had been served. Their servants brought the horses, and leaving word for her father and Albert whither they had gone, they betook themselves to the mountain path.

Ere long the clamor of the chase was far behind them, and the shots died away in distant echoes. The ladies rode on, sometimes along side, sometimes one after the other when the path was too narrow. Two male attendants followed. The air, meantime, became very sultry and oppressive. "I fear we shall have a storm," said the princess, "we are wise to get under shelter in time."

"I thought," replied Anna, "it thundered just now, but perhaps it was the echo of the distant shots."

"A storm in these mountains," said Emilia, anxiously, "would be frightful! How the thunder must reverberate!"

"The worst of it is," said Eveline, after listening a moment, "that a tempest comes up so suddenly! We can hardly see the sky for the rocks and trees. But it seems to me, those tall firs on the heights yonder, that look like mere shrubs, are shaken more than by the summer breeze."

They pursued their way with more haste. They were now out of hearing of the noise of the chase, but the thunder had approached nearer, and was repeated in startling echos. The blue sky above was overcast with gray dense clouds; there was an oppressive heat and heaviness in the air, and the wind blew in fitful gusts. The gloom increased; there were flashes of lightning, and some large drops fell. Suddenly Eveline checked her horse. "Where are we?" she exclaimed in alarm. "It is all so wild and strange! can we have lost the right path?" Anna and Emilia looked around but had no knowledge of the locality; and the two servants, who were strangers in the country, were as much at a loss as the ladies. The princess, in much uneasiness, ordered them to explore two different paths, while she with her two companions, rode slowly on. The men were soon out of sight. "And yet, methinks," said Eveline, "we are right

after all; have we not passed yon tall rock before to-day?" Emilia thought not, and begged her mistress to retrace their steps as soon as possible. Anna, when questioned as to her opinion, confessed with a blush, that she had paid little heed to the way. While they debated the point it grew suddenly dark; heavy masses of black cloud hung over their heads, and the wind roared and rushed among the tangled boughs of the wood as if it would tear the hoary crown from the mountains. The rain burst forth. "The storm is upon us!" cried the princess, "we cannot reach the tent; haste to yonder overhanging rock, it may afford us some shelter." She turned her horse and urged him towards the rock, that frowned a few hundred feet distant. But a gust of wind dashed the rain in their faces, and the spirited animal reared, snorted and refused to go on. Eveline was an accomplished horsewoman; she stopped not to sooth the excited horse, but applied her switch impatiently, to punish his obstinacy. At the same instant a vivid flash of lightning rent the gloomy sky, and was instantly followed by a stunning peel of thunder. The terrified animal leaped aside; the princess shrieked; Anna saw her fall to the ground but could give no assistance, for her own horse plunged and snorted wildly, and with erect head and nostril dilated with fear, dashed like an arrow into the forest. In a moment she was out of sight; the horse, mad with terror, leaping from rock to rock, and rushing with blind and furious speed along the perilous path. Anna preserved sufficient presence of mind to endeavor to throw herself from the saddle. But her dress was entangled and held her fast; and fearful of being dashed in pieces against the rocks she clung with all her strength to the mane of the flying steed—thus borne on amid the wild storm, her senses only preserved by the imminence of the danger that threatened her.

CHAPTER VI.

The huntsmen, who had been above on the mountain, were aware of the impending storm before those in the valley had any intimation of its approach. They hastened to give warning; and Leopold commanded that the sport should be broken off, and the party should betake themselves to the shelter of the pavilion. In a few moments all were mounted and on their way; following so quickly upon the steps of the princess that they were surprised they did not overtake her. Presently, one of the servants she had sent to explore the road appeared, with the information that Eveline and her companions had wandered from the path, and were awaiting his return at no great distance. Though it now began to rain in torrents, Prince Albert and several of the gentlemen instantly set off to conduct the wanderers to safety. They found them not where the servant had said, but soon discovered them in forlorn plight. The princess was sitting on a rock, supported by Emilia, pale as death, and both perfectly drenched with rain. The servant stood at a little distance holding the Arabian horse which he was trying to sooth. Eveline had suffered no injury, except fright, from her fall. Emilia had sprung from her own horse to her assistance; and the attendant was fortunately just at hand.

Prince Albert was instantly at the side of his bretrothed. He took her cold hand and pressed it tenderly to his lips, murmuring expressions of joy for her safety. Suddenly Eveline started up. "Heaven has kept me from harm," cried she, "but where is Anna?"

"Anna!" repeated the prince, with a thrill of terror.

"Yes—she is gone—she is lost! I saw the horse flying into

the forest! She will be dashed in pieces! Oh, save her! go—yourself—save her!" exclaimed the terrified princess, clasping her hands.

Albert needed no second bidding. He threw himself on his horse, calling to several of the servants to follow, and rode up the valley at full speed, while the gentlemen who remained, placed Eveline in a rude litter, assisted Emilia to remount and conducted them safely to the pavilion.

The path pursued by the prince soon became rugged and dangerous. It was impossible for more than one to ride abreast. He commanded the servants to go in different directions, further into the wood; and rode himself towards the lake. Before long the rocky soil was exchanged for a softer one, covered with moss and grass; and Albert perceived, plainly, fresh hoof-tracks on the ground. Following them, he presently saw something white glimmering through the bushes; it was a handkerchief, caught on the branch of a tree:—here Anna must have passed. This part of the valley was known to Albert, their morning's road had lain across it. The agitated waters of the lake might be seen at intervals through the foliage. The fresh hoof-tracks were still visible. Meanwhile the storm raged more violently than ever, the wind surged through the branches, the rain came down in torrents, and the swollen mountain streams overflowed the path. Amid the pauses of the rushing wind the Prince heard the gallop of a horse. It came nearer; and presently a black stud, covered with foam, broke from the thicket. The half senseless maiden still clung to the horse's mane; her dress and disordered locks floating wildly in the wind. The frightened animal was nearly exhausted; his speed was checked; and as his course was directly towards Albert he hoped to catch the bridle. But the unexpected sight of another horse and rider seemed to inspire the beast with fresh terror. He turned short round and dashed away. The Prince pursued with headlong speed till he saw, with horror, that Anna's steed was flying before his own, and that the chase only

placed her in more deadly peril. He stopped; they were just then upon the borders of the lake; a bold thought struck him, and dismounting, he threw himself among the bushes, directly in the path of Anna's horse, which finding himself no longer pursued, had again relaxed his pace. The stratagem succeeded. The Prince, at no small risk to himself, sprang forward as the horse came on, seized the bridle, and at once brought him to a stand.

The instinct of mortal fear had enabled the young girl to keep her hold, so long as her life depended upon it; but no sooner was she in safety than consciousness forsook her, and Albert received her in his arms utterly lifeless. He bore his lovely burthen to the foot of a tree that afforded some imperfect shelter. How pale and motionless she lay; no quivering in her white lips, her drenched hair clinging to her cheek and neck! But what was to be done? They were far from help or shelter. Albert perceived a boat with two oars on the shore, and his resolution was taken to carry the senseless girl to the island which was just opposite. There the fisher's tower would afford protection against the storm. He shouted for the fisherman to whom the boat belonged, but no one came. He then hastily tied both horses, now perfectly quiet, to a tree, and taking the unconscious Anna in his arms, bore her down to the shore, laid her in the boat and pushed off from land. It required all the strength and skill he possessed as an oarsman, to manage the frail boat against the waves, lashed into fury by the wind and breaking over them almost every moment. A greater risk than he would have dared encounter had he known it; the Prince landed on the island. Again he lifted Anna in his arms, climbed the rocky bank overgrown with bushes, and hastened to the ruined tower.

The shock of the dashing waves had broken Anna's death-like swoon. She sighed deeply and opened her eyes. The Prince clasped her to his breast, kissed her brow and cheek, and murmured words of unspeakable tenderness. They ascended the

bank to the tower. The door was closed, but a blow forced it open. Albert laid his fair burthen on the couch of rushes, wrung the water from her hair, and still thoughtful of her convenience, ran back to secure the boat, which would have been speedily dashed in pieces by the waves. He drew it far up the shore; then returned to his charge, to await till she was sufficiently recovered, and till the storm had subsided, to return to the castle.

The maiden sat upright on the couch, looking about her with an air of bewildered surprise. At sight of the Prince her paleness gave place to a deep crimson. Still she was scarcely conscious of what had passed; her danger; her rescue—seemed like a wild dream. Gradually recollection returned; she remembered being saved by the Prince; the tower—the grotto—looked familiar. This was the place she had likened to a tomb decked with flowers!

The storm began to subside. The thunder was still heard, but at intervals, and in retreating low mutterings. But it would be dangerous, till the wind had lulled, to venture on the lake in so small a bark. The Prince knelt beside Anna and strove with all the eloquence of love, to calm her anxiety and fear. She shuddered as she listened to his impassioned words, though no mortal ear but her own heard the unhallowed vows. "It is no chance but a divinity that has brought us hither!" cried he; and the lonely girl could not help fancying that the dying thunders chided his blasphemy. Well might she shrink with gloomy foreboding! Alas, unhappy girl! thou wast not in peril when borne through the wild forest on the neck of the flying steed—when hovering on the verge of the precipice—when nearly ingulphed in the waters of the lake! Thou wast safe amid the rushing tempest—the gleaming lightning! For then thy guardian angel was beside thee; now he hast taken flight forever, and there is neither escape nor rescue!

CHAPTER VII.

THE pleasure party of the day was completely broken up. So soon as Prince Leopold's anxiety concerning his daughter had been relieved by her return to the tent, there were fresh causes for apprehension. One after the other, the servants, who had accompanied Prince Albert, came back without any tidings of Anna. Nor was any thing seen of the Prince. Eveline half regretted having sent him to seek her friend; and then reproached herself for suffering her selfish feelings to overcome her anxiety for Anna's safety. After they had waited more than an hour, and the storm had abated, Leopold ordered the party to return to the castle. Carriages had been brought, as far as the road permitted, for the ladies; and in melancholy plight the company, so gay in the morning, proceeded slowly homeward. Before they had gone far, Eveline was somewhat relieved of her apprehensions, by the information of an attendant, who had found Anna's horse and Prince Albert's, tied to the same tree. It was now certain she had been saved from death. They had probably taken the nearest way to the castle.

The rain had now entirely ceased; the clouds parted, the blue sky appeared once more, and the sun, declining westward, shone forth more brightly than ever, causing the woods and waters to sparkle as if sprinkled with diamonds. Yet not the less welcome was the shelter of the castle to the weatherbeaten and disappointed wanderers.

The evening, it will be remembered, was the one preceding that appointed for the representation of Don Giovanni.

It was already twilight—and Antonio sat at the piano in his cottage, playing airs from the opera. It was yet a secret to all

but the performers and Prince Leopold, that they were to present the opera with some alterations, suggested by a distinguished master in music. The chapelmaster had turned to the last leaf. Just then, with step so noiseless, that he knew not of her presence, his daughter entered and came up behind him. She read from the notes as he played; her lips moved, but inaudibly. She read the last words aloud—"*Io moro*"—and a shudder convulsed her whole frame. Antonio heard the quickly-drawn breath; turned, and threw his arms round her, as if in joy at recovering the treasure he had so nearly lost. At the same moment Rusplin's voice was heard.

"Ha! Donna Anna! Safe again—as I live! Let me kiss your hand! Antonio! you know not how narrowly the scythe missed our fair flower to-day! Give me your hand, Donna!" And the honest violinist covered both her hands with kisses, and told, in his own strange way, the story of her danger and escape. Antonio listened with breathless interest, for he had heard none of the particulars, and expressed his gratitude for her rescue with Italian fervor. But Anna—how should she answer such tokens of tender affection! Every word from her father, or her friend, added new pangs to her tortured heart. She stood silent, trembling and motionless; she could not even weep; for bitter remorse had dried up the fountain of her tears. Rusplin saw and felt for her agitation, which he ascribed to the nervous terrors she had undergone.

"See—Antonia," he cried, "how deadly pale she is, and how she trembles! What the poor girl must have suffered! The shock and exposure have been too much for her! Bid her go to her chamber, and seek rest!"

"Yes, father," whispered Anna, "let me go—I am quite exhausted."

The maid was summoned, and she retired to her apartment. Rusplin looked anxiously after her.

"You must take care of that tender plant, Antonio," said he.

"She is ill—evidently; I fear much she will not be able to sing to-morrow."

The chapelmaster expressed a hope that a night's rest would restore her. The friends then entered into a discussion of the opera before them, which became so animated, that it was prolonged till late. We shall not follow them, but hasten—sketchily—to the conclusion of our story.

Anna's chamber was in the rear, and in the second story of the cottage. The maid who attended her, observed with lively sympathy the agitation of her "dear Signora," as she called her, and after her mistress had thrown herself on the bed, sat by her, and strove to sooth and cheer her by pleasant discourse, or by performing various little offices of kindness. Anna felt grateful for her friendly efforts, and acknowledged them; but at length dismissed her, saying she would try to sleep. Alas! it was but a deception! It was a relief, nevertheless, to feel that no eye was upon her—to read the dark secret hidden in her agonized bosom. It was a relief that none could question her wild looks—or ask the meaning of the sudden start—the half-uttered moan—the upward glance—the clasping of hands—while yet she could not pray! Now she would traverse the room—her lips working as if she were striving to form some resolution; now she would stand suddenly motionless, or sink into a chair, pressing her hands to her burning brow, or folding them with a gesture indicating the abandonment of despair.

All at once a pebble, thrown in at the open window of a small anteroom, fell on the floor. Anna went thither, saw that a paper was wrapped round the stone, picked it up, unfolded it, and read the few lines it contained. They were as follows:

"Beloved Anna, give not way to despair. I can yet repair all; I will sacrifice all—for you. Give me but a few days for preparation; we will then fly together. I can renounce even a crown for your sake! But your suffering—your agony—I cannot bear it! Anna—be comforted—you are mine—we shall be united—you shall live for me!"

For a brief moment only, doubt was evident in the young girl's expressive face. She seated herself, and read the note a second time. Then, starting up, "No! no!" she exclaimed; hastened to the table, seized a pencil, and wrote on a slip of paper the words: "Never! All is lost—but I am resolved." She folded the paper around the stone, went into the dark anteroom, and threw it from the window, at the feet of a figure closely wrapped in a mantle that stood among the bushes. Breathing more freely, as if a weight were lifted from her heart, Anna returned into her chamber. Once more she read the note.

"No!" she exclaimed bitterly; "he knows no generous impulse! no noble resolution! He would fly—like a coward! 'For preparation,'—that is—to collect gold enough to secure his convenience—and luxury! He thinks of that yet! He sacrifices a crown! Poor Eveline! How unworthy is he of her! Should he not shame to wear a crown? No! it is not magnanimity—it is not repentance for his crime—that prompts his words! It is the coward dread of conscience! He cannot bear my agony! Oh! had my tears—my anguish—availed; had he but shrunk from guilt—and fallen despite his will! Then might he rise again to virtue! But—no—no—I am resolved!"

Thus speaking, while every word bespoke the utter despair of her soul, Anna extinguished the light, and threw herself exhausted upon the bed. Ere many hours nature yielded to the depression, and the unhappy girl sank into a deep, but unrefreshing slumber.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, when Rusplin, his distorted face beaming joy, entered the cottage. To such an enthusiast in music as himself, the perform-

ance of Mozart's great opera was a feast indeed. He was half-wild with anticipation. "In two hours the overture will begin!" cried he to the chapelmaster. "I swear to you, Antonio, if all the performers sang like Anna, Mozart himself might come down from heaven, and sit in the orchestra! The music of the spheres would be alehouse-fiddling to it! I stood under her window this morning, while she was practising her part. And I would stand in the pillory to hear such singing! She seemed to breathe out her very soul in the music. But come—is it not time to dress?"

"Indeed," replied Antonio, without heeding the last suggestion, "your cheerfulness inspires me again. I have been gloomy all day—and Anna has been so strange! She looked quite exhausted, and yet was wonderfully strong in her part. She sang it as if she had known it by heart for years. But she was so pale and silent, and has spent much time writing in her chamber."

"Hem!" said Rusplin, thoughtfully, "I am much concerned about her. But I hope this cloud will pass away. Remember what she went through yesterday, and what is before her to-night! A girl is not as tough as we men!"

"I remember all," said Antonio, sighing. "But I cannot rid myself of dark forebodings. Alas! you know, Rusplin, how little cause I have to be joyful in this locality."

"In truth I do," answered the violinist; "and you know I feel it as deeply as yourself, though I was not here at the time of the sad catastrophe." He paused, and both seemed affected by some painful remembrance. "But, friend," resumed Rusplin, "were it not better that you should disclose to Anna the secret of her parentage?"

"I would have done it long since," replied Antonio, "but the Prince required me to defer it till after the marriage and departure of the princess. He seems to fear some untoward occurrence."

"Ay, he may well dread the avenging Nemesis!" said

Rusplin solemnly. "It was between betrothal and marriage, that Anna's mother—— Pardon, my dear friend, if I give you pain! But the Nemesis lurks even here. The Prince Albert—"

"I have not been blind," interrupted the chapelmaster; "but I trust Anna's own noble heart for her safety. More worthy is she who, being free, can walk uprightly, than she who fettered and watched could never go astray."

"Yet caution is never amiss," observed the violinist. "Antonio! we both loved her mother! Shall we not guard the daughter—the only object of our care and affection now—from harm? It is yet three days to the marriage. I will not lose sight of her during that time. I will watch the prince. That he follows her in secret I have certain proof. Late last night, as I walked through the park, I saw a man, wrapped in a mantle, lurking around the cottage; and this morning, before any one was stirring, I caught a glimpse of the same figure, beneath Anna's window, and recognised the prince."

"And she—" asked Antonio, breathless.

"The good child slumbered profoundly as an infant after her fright of yesterday. All the curtains were let down; I satisfied myself of that. Soon after, some laborers came into the garden, and then the enemy retreated.——But—she comes!"

Here Anna entered; she was dressed in white, and looked calm, though grave. Her recent agitation seemed to have passed away. "Is it not time, dear father," said she, "to go over?"

"I will be ready directly," replied Antonio, and left the room. Rusplin remained; and he looked at Anna with an unusual expression of melancholy in his countenance. She stood pale and silent, but with something like a smile on her calm lips. At last the violinist said, in a voice that betrayed his emotion, "Fair Anna, how like you are to your mother! Twenty years since, I saw her, thus in white, standing by Antonio, at her marriage. You are like her—in beauty and gentleness—but not in her sad fate! She died here—at this castle—but you scarce know any

thing of it?" He stopped—overcome by his feelings. "I am an old fool!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Then—I was a younger one! Alas! I loved her well!"

Anna reached her hand to him: he kissed it respectfully, but said no more. The young girl's eyes were moistened. It was a relief from painful thoughts to both when Antonio returned. Rusplin recovered his wonted gaiety as they left the cottage.

At the theatre all was in commotion. Prince Albert joined Antonio soon after they arrived. "I know not how it will go, dear chapelmaster," said he, "but I feel in no condition to do justice to my part. Yesterday's hunting party has deprived me of spirits. How is it with you, fair Anna? I rejoice that the fright seems to have had no ill effect upon you."

"We owe your Highness our most fervent thanks!" cried Antonio, warmly; while Anna gave the Prince a look that pierced his heart. "Nay, I was merely fortunate that chance placed it in my power to assist her," answered he, and hastened to change the subject.

Before long the circle of boxes was filled; Antonio hastened to take his place in the orchestra; Prince Leopold entered; and as he took his seat beside the princess Eveline, the overture began. The magnificent music prepared each heart for the commencement of the opera.

When the first tones of Anna's voice were heard, as in her part she rushed after the traitor Don Giovanni, even Antonio was startled, so deep and wild was the anguish that lay in their expression. The effect rose higher in the duet with Octavio. Antonio, who attributed this unwonted inspiration to the glorious work itself, aided by the novelty of his innovations, and the previous excitement of his daughter's mind, feared lest she should exhaust her strength in the first effort. Others appeared to be equally struck, particularly Prince Albert, who was evidently astonished. Now began Anna's great airs. Her first fearful

cry—her agony as she tells what has passed—the rising and climax of passion—and finally the terrible energy with which she calls down vengeance on the head of her betrayer, filled even Octavio with amazement. A death-like stillness reigned throughout the house; one feeling seemed to oppress every bosom, as if indeed it were more than the power of art that spoke in Anna's fearful, heart-rending tones—in her pale and trembling figure—in the awful dignity of her threatening appeal. The spectators breathed again in the luxuriant life of the succeeding scenes, and the finale, across the joy of which passed Anna like a dark and ominous spectre of terror. The prince played in the finale with a boldness and fire that delighted all. The curtain fell amidst a storm of applause; even etiquette was forgotten in the universal enthusiasm.

Antonio seized the opportunity to hasten behind the scenes for the purpose of warning Anna against too great exertion in the following act. The young girl was in the dressing room; as the chapelmaster entered, he found her reclining exhausted upon an ottoman. She half rose, extended her hand, drew Antonio down towards her, and flung herself weeping on his neck.

Surprised, yet deeply moved at this burst of feeling, Antonio strove to calm her. But in vain; the unhappy girl seemed agitated by some terible consciousness, yet dared not utter what trembled on her lips. Her bosom heaved convulsively. "Father!—" she sobbed—"Oh, heaven! It tears my heart!"

At this moment there was a signal for the orchestra to begin. Antonio was obliged to go. Not a doubt remained in his mind that Anna's suffering was caused by a hopeless love for the Prince: alas! he pitied, but could not console her! The Prince himself rushed past him towards the apartment he had just quitted—resolved to speak with Anna. As he opened the door he saw what checked his mad determination. The poor girl was kneeling, and clasped a small crucifix almost convulsively to her breast. White as marble was her face, but every feature was

rapt in the energy of prayer. Albert dared not disturb her; he stepped back softly and closed the door. The second call sounded, and he was compelled to hasten on the stage.

Anna first reappeared in the sestetto. Antonio saw her pale but collected. She sang with more composure; at least not with that terrible passion that caused him to tremble for her in the first act.

The scene now represented a gloomy grove, among the willows and cypresses stood the marble monument of the Comthur, touched by the pale moonbeams. The music began; to the audience it sounded like complaining spirit voices. Presently the gleam of a torch was seen; Anna came, with Octavio, upon the stage. Every heart throbbed with sympathy, as starting back appalled at sight of the monument—she exclaimed, "O padre!" in a tone of agony. In the duet, no woman, but a mourning angel seemed to sing. At the close the melody softened into such mild pathos—into a harmony so tender and elevated—that the thought—she is saved! rushed on every heart. Antonio wiped away his fast flowing tears; Rusplin smiled as if he would have said, "Dear girl! her soul is calmed at length!"

Don Giovanni entered, and looked disturbed about him; Octavio turned back. The struggle began. The accord burst like a lightning flash from the dark rolling cloud of the accompaniment. It was as if the shrouded heaven had been rent asunder by a bolt of fire! It was the moment when Anna, with a shriek of despair throws herself between the two combatants. Octavio falls. The heroine rises and stands like a threatening goddess before the criminal. Each word she uttered was a sword. Whether acting his part merely, or really agitated, the Prince stood pale and trembling, his features working convulsively. Hardly could he speak the soothing words that belonged to his part. Anna drew her dagger with a look that terrified Antonio, who sat nearest the stage. The Prince stood motionless, seemingly chained by horror, half bending forward, as if he

would have thrown himself at Anna's feet. She drew her form up with proud and terrific mein, called with the full power of her voice, the curse of the divine avenger on the destroyer's head, pointed the dagger against her own breast, tore aside her dress with her left hand—and—sank upon the ground.

"Almighty heaven! she has stabbed herself!" exclaimed the Prince, as he lifted her from the floor. A loud shriek was heard from the Prince's box, and Eveline sank swooning into her father's arms. The music broke off in wild discord; there was a tumultuous rush upon the stage, which was soon crowded with the appalled spectators. It was a frightful ending to an evening of pleasure!

CHAPTER IX.

. . . . . The next morning Prince Albert had departed no one knew whither. He left a letter for Leopold, containing the confession of his crime. The Prince was more dreadfully agitated, as he read the letter, than the apparent circumstances seemed to account for. He sent it to his daughter, and soon after visited her in her apartment. Eveline was calm, though sad; she mourned deeply over Anna's death; but had no tears to give for the traitor who had been her lover.

"I cannot regret, my father," said she, "that fate has saved me from a union with a base and cruel villain! the murderer of my friend."

Leopold groaned aloud. "My child," he exclaimed in agony. "But no! it is just I should bear her condemnation—hate! Hear me Eveline, and then renounce thy father. I—I—am guilty like the wretched Albert. Anna was my daughter; her

mother was wronged by me! Yes—and I was then betrothed to the princess thy mother—Eveline! Antonio—the noble Antonio—loved the betrayed girl; loved her still—though fallen; and offered her the *name* of his wife. She married him, she bore that name seven years. But her sorrow was greater than she could bear. On yonder island—yonder—" and the convulsed lips of the Prince could scarce articulate the words, "she ended, by her own act, her life and her wo; she perished in the lake! Aye! twenty years ago that seed of guilt was sown; I have well deserved to reap the bitter fruit!"

Overcome with the anguish of an accusing conscience, Leopold walked the room with hasty steps, then stopping suddenly, covered his face with his hands in a paroxysm of remorse and agony. He felt soft arms twined about his neck; a sweet, sympathising voice, whispered "Father, dearest father!" and the next moment his weeping child pressed her pale cheek to his and their tears flowed together.

On the third day the hapless Anna was buried on the island, as she had directed in a letter to Antonio found in her chamber. It was remarkable, that the surgeon who was instantly summoned on the night of her death, had declared the wound she had inflicted to be not mortal nor even dangerous. And yet life was extinct when he came; she had perished from the reaction of mental excitement and suffering.

. . . . . .

Antonio left Prince Leopold's court almost immediately, and returned to Italy, the land of his youth. The Prince Albert departed to England, intending to sail for America. But the breaking out of the war, the following year, gave him active employment. Whether he sought death, or found it, is unknown; but it is certain he never returned to enjoy the recovered freedom of his own country.

. . . . . .

Many years after, some travelers visited the hunting castle and

the lonely island. The boatmen showed them Anna's grave. As they stood there, a wild-touching, mournful strain of melody was heard among the bushes, trembling, and interrupted now and then by sudden discords. The strangers listened in surprise. "It is the mad player," said the boatmen indifferently. Just then a bent figure, with pale and wild features, and disordered hair, emerged into view. It was the violinist—Rusplin.

THE CLEANER.

THE GLEANER.

LIGHTLY o'er the waving meadow,
  Swelled the Reaper's shout;
Like a burst of pleasant music,
  Ringing gladly out:
And the sound came soft and clear—
To the weary gleaner's ear:
  Noontide sunshine, warm and golden,
    Quivered through the air,
  While in dreams of hours long parted,
    Still she lingered there.

Leaning on the little gateway,
  With a thoughtful eye,
Calling up unfaded memories,
  From the times gone by:
Here her life had passed away,
Like a varied summer's day:
  For if clouds had paled her sunshine
    With a colder gleam,
  Still the love that lingered through it,
    Was a summer beam.

Here in childhood—happy-hearted,
  In her merry glee,
She had found a mute companion,
  In each waving tree:
For each leaflet's breezy stir,
Brought a thought of home to her.
  Dearer than the fleeting fancies
    Of the proud and great,
  Were the gentle gleaner's musings,
    At the rustic gate.

H. M.

Sweet as the melodies of a Naiad's shout,
And her young bosom heaved, and her bright eyes
Shone like the Pleiades sparkling in the skies,
There, in the moon-light she became a bright
And lovely Pythoness chanting to the night.
At last, she ceased; down dropt the golden lyre
Upon the grass; far fled the glowing fire
Which but a moment since illumed her eye,
And in the music's stead a heavy sigh
Rolled upward from her over-flowing heart;
And she arose, preparing to depart.
"Ianthe," spake the stranger, "dearest child!"
And, lightning-like, the mournful maiden smiled,
And, springing toward the voice, was warmly pressed
Upon the instant to her father's breast.

THE PET SQUIRREL:

OR,

A RUSE OF LOVE:—A TALE,

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," ETC.

"Friendship one day Love's bow and quiver stole
And tried to pass himself with maids for Love!
But wanting skill to use the weapons stolen
He placed the shaft, barb inward, on the string
And pierced himself!" JOSEPH HOLT.

COL. HARRY NEIBERT was a noble specimen of that class of courteous high-bred men, who are known at the present under the distinctive term of "gentlemen of the old school." And truly our fathers of the revolution were worthy to be the founders of a school of gentlemen! Never have existed so noble, dignified and well-bred men as distinguished our first Congress, our army and our civil pursuits! Their very costume was in graceful harmony with their personal dignity! Look at Trumbull's painting of the Signers! Was there ever a more gentlemanly and dignified body assembled on earth than he has represented them? Calm and majestic manners, a mild and dignified port; a quiet yet determined expression, characterised this noble race! The times are now changed! The "gods have become men!"

Here and there still exists one of these "old school gentlemen," a polished monument of an age that knows no parallel. He is known by the ancient fashion of his costume, like that of Trumbull's heros: his hat is low in the crown and broad in the brim; it would be cocked in the good old triangular shape, but the modern hatters know nothing about it, and so he wears it uncocked! His narrow coat collar is well whitened, and each morning besprinkled with fine powder that he shakes from his hair! He wears a *queue*, which, by its friction has polished a portion of the coat collar! Nothing, he feels, would tempt him to part with his queue and his powder; for these are gentlemanly badges of distinction, and are undisputed marks of birth and breeding! His coat is long in the waist and broad in the skirts, with huge pockets! He wears breeches, usually of grey or buff color, and buckled at the knee! Black silk stockings show off the firm structure of his leg and calf; and broad polished shoes, with concave buckles as large as a lady's belt buckle, complete his costume! Nay, he wears a dark bamboo cane with a gold head, and an aristocratically plaited ruffle in his shirt bosom. He is neat in his person; active in his step and habits; courteous and dignified in his address, and in his port gracefully commanding: his bearing is gracious, and his countenance serene and benevolent! The venerable Mr. John Vaughan was such an one! a respected relic of the old school of gentlemen. Col. Harry Neibert was another! He had dined with Washington at the age of twenty, and fifty years had not lessened the impression his majestic and almost god-like presence had upon his mind! He never spoke of him, now at the age of seventy-six, without reverently lifting his hat!

At the period of our story, he was one of the finest models of the gentleman of sixty years since, for his youth had been passed among them, and his manners and tone of mind had been formed on their own. He was tall and firmly made in stature, resembling Washington himself, whom he loved to resemble in the

minutest points! Like him he wore his own hair powdered and terminating in a queue, which he allowed no one to touch but himself. Every morning he wound it about with black ribbon and silk, with his own fingers, and fastened the tasteful bows within an inch of its extremity! His dress was precisely like Washington's in Stuart's full length portrait, and, save the great model on which he formed himself, there were few nobler looking gentlemen belonging to the "old school," when in the possession of its greatest dignity. Many who read this will remember his noble person, and stately, yet graceful walk as he passed along Chestnut street to the reading rooms; his dignified salute and affable smile; his powdered head, as he lifted his hat to the numerous beautiful women who sought a bow from him—he bowed with such noble grace! Like a still fair and stately column that hath withstood the decay of centuries, he was alone, majestic and imposing, telling the passer by how beautiful and grand had been the temple which had left such a relic of its grandeur!

Colonel Neibert had been married, late in life, to a beautiful widow from South Carolina, whom he had met during her summer's sojourn in Philadelphia. She died a few weeks after giving birth to a son, whom he had christened George Washington Neibert! This son was the idol of his soul, and as he grew up showed the possession of every noble and generous trait his fond parent could desire! Before he reached sixteen he admitted him to his table and society on those terms of courteous equality which is so delightful when it exists between father and son. At twenty-two George graduated at New Haven, with distinguished honors, and returned to his father's roof a fine looking, modest, and tolerably accomplished young gentleman. He knew little of the world, however, and his father sent him to travel through the states preparatory to visiting Europe; very sensibly expressing it as his opinion, that young gentlemen should travel through their own before they visit a foreign land! After a year spent in making the tour of the whole Union, traversing the prairies,

visiting, in the interim, Havana and Vera Cruz, Montreal and Quebec, he returned to Philadelphia, and after a few weeks' sojourn there, studying the constitution of his country, he departed for Europe, with the ability to reply, satisfactorily, when asked questions about his native land; which a great number of young gentlemen, on getting abroad, find it very perplexing to do. If young tourists would follow our hero's plan of a tour they would do much more credit to their country, as well as to themselves, when they are traveling in a foreign one! After three years' wandering through the interesting lands of the "old world," which to us Americans is like another planet, he returned to Philadelphia quite a finished gentleman! Col. Neibert was proud of him as he surveyed his noble figure and dwelt on his fine and elevated features.

"Yes, yes, boy, you 'll do me credit! I wish General (here he lifted his eyes reverently upward, for he could not raise his hat, being seated without it, in his arm chair in his drawing room,) "I wish General Washington was alive to see you! You are well looking! well made! I think I must have looked very like you at your age. Well, my boy, now you 've seen the world over, and have been at home three months, you will begin to think of settling down in life."

"Shall I study a profession, sir?"

"No, no, boy, not unless you choose. Your fortune is independent; but then it would be well enough to be independent even of that if reverses should occur. But what I meant is that you must begin to think about taking a wife!"

"A wife, sir!" and the young man colored to the temples and nearly dropped the cup of coffee he was sipping.

"Yes, my son, a wife, young, pretty and good-tempered! You must look out for one."

"Indeed, sir, I have never thought——" and he hesitated, and appeared confused. It was plain he had checked himself in uttering an untruth.

"It is time, my boy, then, to think of one. Come, George, I must see you married before I go off the stage! No young man, of proper feelings and principles, is happy without a wife, if he can support one. It is nature's provision and all who resist her intentions have uneasy consciences all their lives. I know I did till I married your mother; and God bless her! see what I have as my reward for so doing. A noble son that a king might be proud of."

"Well, well, father," said the young gentleman, laughing and rising from the table, "I will endeavor to consult your wishes. But I must have some time to reflect upon it before I can decide."

"Well, boy, I 'll give you just one month, and if at the end of a month you can't find a wife among all the beautiful girls in Philadelphia you do n't deserve to have one. I give you a month and promise not to speak to you upon the subject till the month has expired."

This conversation took place at the breakfast table, and half an hour afterwards George Neibert was on horseback taking his usual morning ride. He had left the city with its clattering pavements behind, and was trotting at the rate of ten miles an hour along the delightful river road in the direction of Frankford. At length he traversed the streets of this rambling village, and, after riding a mile, turned into a shady lane that led between thick green hedges to a neat cottage at the end of a pretty lawn. The dwelling was plain in its construction, but picturesque from the vines and woodbines that crept over its front and ends, completely covering it with a trelliced mantle of green. Projecting from the door was a small porch, with graceful columns entwined with honeysuckles and fragrant jessamine. On the lawn, in front of the cottage, grew a vast oak tree, with branches stretching majestically out on every side, one of which extended far over and beyond the roof, spreading above it a canopy of leaves to shield it from the sun or break the storm. From a huge limb of this aged "roof-tree" was suspended a noble swing, in which

was tied a comfortable arm chair for a seat. On one side of the tasteful lawn was a white paling, over which hung branches laden with ripening fruit, and through which the bright red currant and purple gooseberry thrust their rich treasures to the hand. On the other side was a small rustic barn, a cow yard and paddock, also set off from the lawn by a paling. Along this paling, which extended to the hedge lane, our hero rode towards this sweetly retired and rural abode, where peace, innocence and content seemed to dwell, if they dwelt on earth.

At the sound of the horse's tread a beautiful blue eyed little girl, who was swinging herself in the old arm chair, cried out, delightedly, "There comes dear uncle George!" and jumping down ran like a winged creature to open the gate that terminated the lane. A large family house dog sprang up from the mat on the portico, where he had been laying in a doze, and went bounding after her with a welcome bark; and last, though not least, a lovely blue eyed young girl hastened from the cottage, and with her sweet face beaming with joy, the color of her chaste cheek heightened, and with a step so free and light, that it threatened to outstrip both the dog and child, flew to meet him!

He threw himself from his horse, and casting the rein over a branch of the hedge, opened the little gate, and caught first the little child in his arms, who held up her little lips to be kissed, patted old Towser on the neck, and then met half-way the happy, blushing girl, who suffered him to gently encircle her waist with his arm and imprint a kiss upon her bright cheek!

"I knew you would come this morning, George," she said, placing her arm affectionately in his and proceeding towards the house, while little Finetta took his other hand, and old Towser came on behind, wagging his tail and looking very much gratified.

"Have you missed me, Mary?" he asked in a low tone, such as lovers use even when no ear but the beloved's is near.

"How can you ask it, George?" she said, smiling and blushing, and laying her hand in his, which he tenderly pressed and continued to hold: "Yet I have not missed you either, for how can I miss one who is constantly present in my thoughts. You always are near me as dear to me, George!" and she looked affectionately up into his happy face, for he was a head taller than herself, though she was tall and graceful for a maiden, and when she spoke she ever looked fondly up, and he down into the azure heavens of the soft, clear eyes beneath his own! How lovely woman ever looks with her eyes uplifted, whether to Heaven or to him whom Heaven has given her as her holy protector!

"Uncle George," said little Finetta, artlessly, "you said "you 'ould tome and see me yethterday, and sither Mary; and we both cried because you did n't tome."

"Ah, Finetta!" said the young gentleman with a look of subdued happiness, as he glanced smiling at the maiden, who dropped her eyes at her feet, "and what did *you* cry for?"

"Becauth—becauth," lisped the little Hebe, "becauth sither Mary *tried*!"

George eloquently pressed her hand, and bent his head over it till his lip touched the snowy and blue veined little member that throbbed like a warm and living bird held imprisoned in his gentle grasp. Low as the wind harp when the indolent Zephyr moves its chords his voice fell on her attentive ear.

"And did you weep, dearest, in my absence? Is my presence so necessary to your happiness? Am I really so dear to you?"

"George!" repeated she in a low tone of reproof.

"Forgive me, my Mary! I knew you loved me with all your heart and fervent spirit. I needed not this little prattler's testimony to assure my heart of the devotion of your own. But if two days' separation is to make us both so un——"

"Both, George?" she repeated, looking up with playful inquiry.

"Do you doubt me, Mary?" he asked with anxious and touching earnestness, gazing sadly into her shaded eyes.

"Doubt you, dearest George?"

The tone in which she repeated his words reassured him, and he pressed her warmly to his heart. For a few moments they stood beneath the oak in silence, hand clasped in hand. He appeared to be ready to speak but checked himself. Mary seemed instinctively to feel that something of deep and tender interest was about to transpire, for his face had suddenly assumed a serious yet embarrassed expression. She looked timidly up and stole a glance at it, for his silence confused her with she knew not what expectation of the issue.

"Tome, uncle George," said Finetta, climbing into the swing, "me want you to thwing me."

The child's words broke the embarrassment, and giving her a push or two, he returned, laughing, to Mary's side.

"Mary, dear," he said with a heightened color, and taking her hand he held it an instant, toyed with the sweet fingers and let it fall again.

"What, George?" she asked in a quiet voice, without raising her eyes, as if fearing to meet his; but his own were cast down like a bashful girl's. He started at her reply, and his confusion increased.

"Mary," and again he took up her hand.

"George!" and she grew pale, and then rosy. The hue of her cheek was as changeable as the pearly cloud of the western sky in which the warm roseate lightning plays.

"You said you wept while I was away."

"It was Finetta said so, George," she said, smiling, but studiously keeping her eyes on the ground.

"Well, Finetta said so," said the perplexed lover, laughing, and recovering his presence of mind, "I believe it was true, nevertheless, Mary! If my brief absence thus afflicts you, dearest, why may we not always be together?" He tenderly took her

hand and sought her eye. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful! "You do not answer me, Mary."

The virgin bosom heaved beneath the folded vesture with deep emotion—joyful, trembling, happy emotion—for her face was all bright with joy! She lifted her eyes to his! They met! There was expressed in their sweet depths a more eloquent and full reply than words could utter. He clasped her to his manly heart.

"Bless you, bless you, dearest! From this hour we are united in Heaven!" Long and rapturously he pressed upon her lips the sweet seal of betrothal!

"Uncle George, you hant tissed me but onth, and you 've tissed sither Mary ever tho many times," cried Finetta, pouting her red coral mouth as she sat in her quiet swing which "uncle George" had forgotten to keep in motion.

"Your time will come one of these days, too, you little mischief," said the happy lover, laughing, and casting a triumphant glance at the blushing Mary who fled into the cottage.

. . . . . .

It is time to explain how our hero come to be a lover.

In his boyhood, (he was now twenty-six) and when but fifteen years old he had been sent, by his father, to a boarding school, situated but a third of a mile from the cottage on the banks of a pleasant stream that meandered past to the Delaware. One holiday afternoon, when out foraging for birds nests' with two other lads, he discovered a little grey squirrel skipping along a fence, and at every two or three light bounds, turn round and gaze after them with his little sharp eyes. He was so pretty and playful, that forgetting a sparrow's nest full of young ones, ready to fly, which they had just discovered, he set off with a shout after the squirrel. Away went the active little animal clearing ten feet at each graceful leap, and away scampered our youthful hero in pursuit. From the fence the squirrel took to a hedge, and George pursued him, twenty times getting almost within grasp of him, until he found himself near the cottage we have

already described. Seeing the squirrel take to the paling surrounding it, and then leap to the lawn and sit on his haunches, and quietly nibble at a nut he had kept through all his flight, he hesitated an instant at the idea of intruding upon private grounds. But the roguish little animal seemed to mock him as it sat upright in the lawn near the oak, and George resolved to catch him if possible. Seeing no one around the house, he bounded over the paling and lit upon the cottage lawn. Instantly the squirrel skipped off, and darting up the tree, sat securely upon one of its gigantic branches. George's first impulse was to seize a stick and pelt him down. He had thrown twice unsuccessfully, when his arm was arrested, in a third attempt, by a light touch.

"It is my little Billy, you naughty boy; don't stone him!" said a sweet, pleading voice, and looking round, mortified at his rude trespass, he beheld a lovely child not more than nine or ten years old, who was gazing on him with her large blue eyes, grave with reproof. He stood a moment silent, and hung his head. At length he said, in a bold, frank manner characteristic of him,

"I did not know it was your pet squirrel or I would n't have pursued him. I hope you will forgive me, won't you?"

"Yes I will if you are sorry!" she said, looking up with sweet solicitude to see if her favorite was hurt. "Billy, come down, Billy! The naughty boy won't hurt you now;" and she extended her apron for him to spring into, but he bounded to her shoulder instead.

"Please not to call me a naughty boy, Miss," said George, with gentle earnestness, and taking her hand in his.

"Well, I won't, now Billy has come down," she said, smiling a happy smile, such as the features of childhood and innocence can alone wear. "Poor little Willy, he is frightened to death; feel how his heart beats!" and she lifted his hand and laid it on the white pulsating breast of her favorite. "Are you not *so* sorry you chased him?" she asked, caressing him and nursling his head against her bosom.

"Yes, indeed, I am. I would n't harm anything belonging to you," he answered earnestly.

"I am glad you like me, for I know you will like Billy then, and all my pets," she said, cheerfully and with charming artlessness.

"Have you any more pets?" asked George, whose mortification and embarrassment was rapidly wearing off under the influence of her generous disposition to forgive, and her lively manners—for girls of ten are always more forward and self-possessed than boys of sixteen!

"Oh, yes! come and see them with me, now I know you won't harm them! I know you will like them because I do."

"If you like them I know *I* shall," said George with a spice of boyish gallantry, as he followed her to the rear of the cottage to a little building latticed like a granary.

"Now you will see them!" she said, opening a small door and peeping in. "Just get down on your knees and look carefully in there! Do n't you see three kittens only a week old?"

"Oh, yes, how very pretty they are!" cried George, with boyish delight; and he thought how much better it was to be looking at young kittens with such a pretty little girl to show them to him, than to find all the birds' nests in the world with a parcel of rough boys.

"Now I will show you my birds," she said, when George had done admiring the innocent little kittens that looked so soft and slick and harmless, that it was hard to believe they would ever know what scratching and fighting meant.

She now tripped away to the end of the cottage and showed him a wooden cage with a robin-red-breast in it, who, as she approached, saluted her with two or three glad notes.

"Oh! what a pretty robin!" cried George, looking into the cage. "Will he eat worms?"

"Yes, when I can get 'em for him; but the cow-boy, John, is so lazy I can't make him dig them for me."

"*I* will dig them for you, every day, and bring them to you," said George, delighted at an opportunity of showing such a sweet little girl, whom he began to like very much, how very sorry he was that he had chased her squirrel.

Little Mary was delighted, and gladly accepted his offer to act as commissary for "Peter," as she called her robin. Then taking him and showing him, under the steps, a little black and white puppy, a month old, which the reader has already seen matured in the dignified old Towser, she let him depart after naively asking him his name and all about him, which he as frankly communicated to her.

Thus began our hero's first acquaintance with the heroine of our story, Mary Elizabeth Coleman. Her father had been a gentleman of considerable fortune, which he no longer possessed, save a remnant that he had saved from the wreck. With this he removed from the city, where he had once lived in opulence, and purchased a cottage and a few acres of land which he cultivated for a market garden to furnish him the means of supporting his family, which, at the time of George's squirrel hunt, consisted of his wife and three children, two younger than Mary. Mrs. Coleman adorned, by the virtues of her mind and loveliness of her person, the humble roof to which she had descended. She devoted all her leisure time to her children, and early instilled into their young minds fear of God and responsibility of conduct! Well educated herself, she stored their minds with knowledge, guided their judgments, and directed their tastes. Under such a mother, Mary grew up as lovely in mind as in person, and with a heart purified by religion. Her temper was sweet and her manners gentle to a fault! She loved music, and sang with taste and feeling, and played the guitar—for her father was not rich enough to purchase for her a piano—with much skill and expression.

Two years our hero remained at this boarding school near Frankford, during which period a childish friendship of the warmest and most romantic kind was formed between them!

Her mother saw in George only a mild, generous boy, of superior intelligence, whose society might improve, as it plainly did, the sweet child he so ardently loved, and she sought not to check it, while she watched carefully its progress. At length the time came when he was to be removed to a higher academy previous to entering college. Sad was the parting of the two friends. George was seventeen, Mary in her twelfth year. He promised her, as he kissed her cheek, he would come back and make her his wife when he became a man, and she, on her part, vowed never to love any body but him. How many such childish partings, sealed by solemn childish vows and promises have been made since the world was! How few have ever been redeemed. All boys have their boyish attachments, and the lad of sixteen easily believes himself irrecoverably in love with miss of ten; and the miss of ten is ready to cry her pretty eyes out when he goes away to college, and sincerely believes she shall love him all her life long! Such pledges, we all know from experience, are written in sand. In less than one year these juvenile lovers forget each other, and rarely, if ever, do they meet in after life, to renew, in sober earnest, the promises of early years. Rarely, if ever, do these rehearsing lovers of school become the married actors in the real drama of life.

It was not so, however, either with our hero or heroine. A year's absence was lightened by letters to Mary, and at long intervals by answers which her wise and prudent mother permitted her to return to him. At length he returned to Philadelphia to prepare for college, and stole a visit to the cottage, for his father had never been his confidant in this affair of juvenile friendship He found Mary just as he had left her, save that he thought she had grown prettier and taller; while she thought he had become quite a man. The visit was short, but it was a sweet season to both their young hearts, and again they parted beneath the old oak, where he had first met her, renewing their promises of "living and dying for each other."

Four times in the succeeding four years of his collegiate exile, did he re-visit the roof that held the sweet friend of his heart; and each time he found her more beautiful than the last; each time their affection grew deeper and stronger, and at the last parting of the student, their friendship had insensibly to themselves taken the softer hues of sentiment! Both now began to discover that they had hearts! At length George completed his studies and departed on his tour through his native land. Every post brought a letter to the cottage—but delicately directed to her mother. Mrs. Coleman was a sensible woman and remembered she had been once young, and she always quietly handed them to the blushing Mary! She had watched this growing attachment for years, but while confined to childhood and early youth she saw no reason to check it! Often during George's collegiate course, and after his annual visits, the husband and wife would speak together with anxiety upon the subject. They both had perfect confidence in the principles of their child and in the honor of the young man. But when they reflected upon their opposite positions in society, wealth on one side and poverty on the other, they could not wisely think it would end in their union! George, indeed, was almost as dear to them as a son! but then they knew that young men change when they mingle in the world, and they fancied, that by and by, he might despise her he now seemed so ardently attached to! Several times, therefore, they had come to the determination to put an end to their correspondence, by desiring him to cease writing to Mary and so gradually to pave the way to a final suspension of an intimacy which menaced her peace of mind. But these decisions were overruled by subsequent reflection, and so they permitted the young pair to continue in their friendship until it imperceptibly glided into an intimacy of the most tender nature.

George at length returned from his homeland and the day approached for him to start on his travels abroad. The evening of that day found him at the cottage! He had never spoken of

love to her, for he did not know that the delicate tenderness he felt for her was more than sisterly attachment. "Cousin Ma'y," was the playful and affectionate style in which he then addressed her and had done for years! He thought she grew more lovely and she, that he grew more manly and was very handsome. Yet they knew not they were lovers! Mr. and Mrs. Coleman had penetration enough to see this and let them part in ignorance of the true state of their hearts, trusting that three years' absence would, if their attachment was destined to perish, be sufficient to produce this result.

Three years is a long period, but it at length will end! George returned home and presenting himself before his father, availed himself of the first opportunity of excusing himself on the plea of fatigue; and mounting a saddle horse in three hours after his arrival in Philadelphia, he was riding up the avenue to the cottage!

We will pass over the meeting of the lovers. Three years absence, with more knowledge of himself and of woman, had convinced him before he set sail from Europe that his heart was in the cottage with Mary Coleman. Three years had matured the unconscious girl to the chastened bloom, grace and loveliness of twenty, and given her a knowledge of the depths of her heart! She knew then she *loved* the friend of her childhood and youth! Daily he visited the cottage which Mary's taste had converted into a paradise and around which her presence flung a charm that enchained his senses to her every look and motion. Still they had *never spoke of love!* His father's conversation with him at the breakfast table on the morning of our story, however, had as it has been seen, brought him to a sudden determination. He therefore galloped to the cottage and the reader has seen the issue of his hasty visit!

. . . . . .

The ensuing morning Colonel Neibert sat by the breakfast table reading the morning paper and George sat nibbling toast

and looking up every instant as if about to interrupt him. But the old gentleman suddenly spoke himself as if prompted by something he had seen.

"Ho, George! here is the marriage of old General Durant to Miss Lawrence! He is sixty-five last November and she is but twenty-two at the most! I wonder what he married her for except to get a dry nurse!"

"I am told she is rich and he is poor."

"Perhaps it's true! I wish you could get such a wife as Miss Lawrence, boy!—but pardon me, George, I recollect I was not to speak of it till the month is up!"

"Never mind, sir, please to proceed! I will listen."

"Miss Lawrence is sweet tempered, well born—I knew her grandfather well, he was in the first Congress and that's a title of nobility! she is fine looking, and would do honor at the heart's side of any man. I wish you had got her, she'd made you such a capital wife! Do you know she called to see me every day while I had that attack of the gout on me! I love to see young ladies attentive to old people!"

"I could not have married her, sir, because I could not have loved her. Besides it is too late now."

"She has a sister as lovely as she, and between you and I, boy, I have already made the match for you!" said the old gentleman, at last getting out what he wanted but hesitated to say.

"Made a match for me?" repeated George with surprise.

"Yes; it was all settled between her father and me before you came home. He is going to settle on her fifty thousand dollars and I promised to settle on her twenty thousand. Your own fortune you know will be one hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes, sir, but this Miss Lawrence—I—I—"

"You have n't seen her lately? No, that's true, but I have! She is very handsome! fairer looking than Mrs. General Durant. I know she loves you!"

"Loves me, sir?"

"Yes, how can any woman in her senses help loving a fair young fellow with a traveled head and a handsome fortune!"

"But, sir, I may not love her," said George, seriously.

"May not! You *must* love her boy! You can't help loving her when you see her. I am half in love with her myself."

"I should rather you would marry her then, father," said George, laughing.

"I marry her! Well I *will*, you rogue, if you do n't! Then look out for heirs to come in and cut you out of your inheritance. Half a dozen boys and girls!" and the old gentleman laughed at the thought.

"I should be pleased, sir."

"Pleased, you dog you! Pleased to lose a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Rather than marry Miss Ellen Lawrence, sir," he said, respectfully, yet firmly.

His father put on his glasses, turned square round and looked him full in the face for a moment with a steady survey of inquiry.

"What do you mean, George! Won't you marry her?"

"No, sir."

"Not when you have seen her?"

"I should be happy to please you, sir, but—"

"But you prefer to displease me," retorted Col. Neibert, sternly. "Now, hear me, George, I will never consent to your union with any one but Miss Lawrence. We have settled it all, and little did I look for opposition to your father's wishes from you."

"Sir, forgive me, but my heart is otherwise pre-engaged," said George, calmly and modestly.

"Engaged! without my leave! Engaged! What have you been doing, boy, to be engaged? Who is it? who is it, that dare step between me and my wishes?"

"A sweet, gentle creature, with virtues to adorn a palace, a person to dignify a throne!"

"This is a fine to do! *Who* is she? Not a princess?"

"A poor but virtuous maiden, whose innocence is her only inheritance, whose virtues are her only dower."

"You are mad, George! Fell in love with a low girl! It is enough for you to thwart my wishes; but to do so for a low born pauper is beyond my forbearance. Leave me till you can say you will forget her and never see her more. Leave my presence till you can return to it willing to comply with my wishes."

"Sir, I am ready to comply with your wishes in this, that I will not marry any one without your free and full consent."

"Ah, my boy! will you promise that? Then I forgive you. Here is my hand, George. You are forgiven. I knew you had a generous spirit at the bottom. I will yet wager you 'll like Miss Lawrence after you have seen her. We must make you acquainted with each other."

"Perhaps she is herself engaged," said George, with a smile.

"She! no. She dare not be engaged without her father's consent. She had a sort of attachment for a poor young man, a lawyer, but when he discovered it and commanded her to break it off and never see him more, she promised she would do so."

"And did she promise to love me, sir?"

"Promise! oh, not promise fully; but on the subject's being proposed to her she said she would wait and see if you cared to marry her first."

"I think Miss Lawrence a very sensible girl."

"I am glad to hear you say that! You 'll soon get to like her so that it 'll take both us fathers to keep you from running away and getting married. So George you will promise not to marry without my approbation?"

"Yes, sir," said George, decidedly. Then assuming a careless tone, he added. "Now, sir, will you permit me to take you on a drive? The day is fine, and I would like a ride with you to the country."

"Thank you, my son, I will go with you. Your ready

promise to be guided by me has moulded me so that you can do anything with me now you wish."

In less than an hour afterwards, George drove out of the city in his father's barouche, the happy old gentleman seated beside him, and with his footman behind. Rapidly he made the spirited horses traverse the turnpike towards Frankford, and through the village towards the cottage of the Colemans.

"You have learned fast driving, George, abroad," said Col. Neibert, surprised at the rate he drove.

"Yes, sir, some people in Europe always drive fast," answered George at random.

"But they have stouter carriages and better roads. You will break down! We have driven far enough, let us turn back."

"Yes, sir, at the point of yonder lane," and the horses absolutely flew! They were within a few rods of the lane turning in to the cottage.

"Hark, sir! did you hear anything break?" he cried, rising suddenly up directly opposite the lane. "James get down and examine the harness."

"Yes, James! I am sure we have driven hard enough to break our necks, much less the carriage!"

"I will examine, sir," said George, leaping to the ground and unperceived, throwing away the linch-pin from the fore wheel; "the linch-pin is gone, sir!"

"Gone! what an escape!" cried Colonel Neibert. "Let me alight! If the horses should move! Assist me, George!"

His son's arm was ready to support him to the ground, by which time our hero had managed, with the faithful James's assistance, to let the wheel fall and drop the barouche on its axle. The active footman immediately disengaged the horses, and to the bewildered eyes and senses of the old gentleman, the carriage seemed a wreck!

"What shall we do?" he said, with anxiety. "We can't get

a linch-pin this side of Frankford, and it seems to me the harness is coming to pieces!"

"No, sir," said the initiated James, busily unbuckling and putting it out of order with the most serious face; "it will all be right after I have gone to the village."

"And how long time will that occupy?"

"An hour, sir," said George.

"An hour! and what shall I do all the while?" he asked impatiently.

"Walk down the lane to this cottage, sir! I dare say they are very nice, hospitable people there."

"Well, I suppose I must. James you see that every thing is repaired, and all restored safe and sound, and then call for us."

"Yes, sir, I will," answered the quiet James.

Colonel Neibert leaned on the arm of his delighted son, who felt himself justified in a *ruse* that should conquer his father's prejudices and contribute to his own and the happiness of one dearer than himself. His object was as if by accident, to bring his father into Mary's society, and leave the result to her gentleness and beauty. Ignorant of his intention, and seeing a carriage apparently break down at the gate, she threw on her bonnet, and calling to the garden for her father, hastened to the road. As she approached it she beheld George and a dignified old gentleman leaning upon his arm. Her first impression was that one or both of them were hurt, and she flew forward; but ere she came to them she had caught his eye and his expression, glances and looks explained to her quick, womanly perception all that he would have her to know. He had previously told her his father's consent would be difficult to obtain unless he would see her. She divined at once the *ruse* he had practised to effect this desirable end, and advanced with grace and sweet dignity which would have been as gracious, if she had not understood all, and without appearing particularly to notice George, said to Colonel Neibert,

"I am sorry to see, sir, that your carriage has met with an accident. I was hastening to invite you, gentlemen, to the shelter of our cottage until you could proceed. Will you, sir, lean on my arm and permit me to assist you to the house, while this gentleman returns to the carriage to assist his servant?"

Colonel Neibert was struck with the grace and dignified propriety with which she spoke, and offered the hospitality of the neat cottage before him; and bowing courteously, he took her hand in his, and rather than guided and supported by Mary, he escorted her back to the cottage. Ignorant who their guest was, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman extended towards him the frank hospitality of their home, and by their kindness and attention, won his good will. But Mary herself seemed to have taken captive his heart by her sweet engaging manners and modest beauty. She sat by him, after she had presented him the choicest refreshments with her own hand, and entertained him with light and easy conversation. If her beauty and gentleness had inspired him, he was delighted to discover that she not only possessed, naturally, a mind of high order, but that it was highly cultivated. In fine, in the hour which George suffered him to remain there, Mary had effectually won his heart; and thrice, in the warm affection of his feelings, he called her by the endearing appellation of "daughter." At length James appeared and announced that the carriage was ready. Colonel Neibert rose, and with dignified politeness, returned his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, while he kissed the cheek of the happy Mary, who attended him down the lane. At the gate George met him, and exchanging a glance with Mary, which was returned with the expression he sought, he followed him into the carriage and drove off.

Colonel Neibert was silent all the way to town, and George would not betray himself by any allusions to the inmates of the cottage, though tortured with suspense and impatience to know the effects of his *ruse* in which he had unsuspectingly drawn the innocent Mary. She, however, played no part, for her native

goodness of heart would have led her to have conducted herself the same towards any venerable gentleman of Colonel Neibert's appearance.

It was several days before he alluded to his ride, and he would not have done it then, (till, as will be seen, the "month" was up) if the impatient George had not abruptly said one day after dinner,

"Father, I wish you would give me your approbation to marry the young person I spoke of."

"Now you have alluded yourself to marrying, I will not wait an hour longer of the month," said his father, with an expression of unexpected gratification, "you shall *not* marry the person you spoke of!"

"But, sir—"

"You *shall* not! Nor shall you marry Miss Lawrence, if you do n't wish to, and will be a good boy and marry the person I have in my eye for you."

"And have you a person in your eye for me?" inquired George, his pulse throbbing with hope and fear.

"Yes, I have, boy! You shall see her too! You have already seen her."

"I, sir!" repeated the delighted George.

"I do n't know whether you did or not. But you shall see her. I saw her and have chosen her for your wife."

"Is she rich, sir?"

"Have you not money enough, without looking for it in a wife. I know all about her—I have enquired about her! Good family but not rich."

"Is she pretty, sir?"

"See her, see her! Bid James put the horses in the barouche. He must drive. No more break-downs! You must go with me. If you see her and will not fall in love with her, then you are an ungrateful dog!"

The reader has already guessed the direction in which the old

gentleman bade James to drive. George's heart fluttered, and his face was as quiet as happiness would let it be, as his father bade James drive up the lane to the cottage.

"Now, you rogue," he said, rubbing his hands, "I will show you a wife—and if you do n't have her yourself I will, by Jove!"

The carriage stopped at the end of the lane, and Col. Neibert and George alighted and entered the lawn. Mary saw their approach and guessed near the truth. She came out, and smilingly advanced and took the venerable old gentleman's hand and sweetly welcomed him to her father's abode. He saluted her cheek with affectionate tenderness, and then still holding her by the hand she had frankly placed in his, he turned with a triumphant look to his son to discover the effect of her beauty and grace upon him.

"Well, sir, what now! what have you to say now?"

"That if you give your approbation I will, if she be nothing loath, make her my wedded wife!" and George could scarcely cover with a veil of proper gravity the happy joy that shone in every lineament of his fine countenance.

"Oh, oh! you will, will you! You are a nice young man! You do n't deserve her! You can forget your poor pauper girl very soon now, hey? But let us ask her what she says. How would you like to have this young man for a husband, pretty one? He is something wilful, but he will make a good husband I 'll be bound for him."

"I will become his wife with the greatest pleasure, sir!" said Mary, modestly, and blushing with lovely confusion.

"You will, hey? Why what is this? This is quick work!" and he looked from one to the other with amusing perplexity and unfeigned astonishment.

"Dearest Mary!" cried our hero, clasping her to his heart, "you are then mine!"

"My own beloved George!" sighed the maiden, without resisting the embrace of her betrothed.

"What is all this? How is it! how is it?" inquired the confounded old gentleman. "George—Mary—kissing and hugging on such short acquaintance? so willing to have each other! By Jove! you have known each other before! Speak, you young dog! Speak, you lovely little rogue!"

"Pardon me, my father; a little *ruse* I was guilty of last week, in deranging the carriage at this gate, that you might be thrown into the society of the humble and virtuous maiden to whom my heart was pledged, and whom I knew you had only to see, to give my union with her your approval."

"And this—this beautiful girl—this sweet and gentle being. Is she the poor girl you spoke of, George?" asked Col. Neibert, with emotion.

"Yes, my dear father! If I have deceived you by unfilial conduct, I humbly ask your forgiveness; and will endeavor by my future obedience and devotion, to prove to you the sincerity of my love and respect for you."

"Oh you young rogue! oh you little vixen!" said the old gentleman, with tears in his eyes. "One of you has been throwing dust in my eyes, while the other was stealing my heart! Well, well, I forgive you both. You shall be married right off, and I 'll promise, ever after this, to let young folks fall in love when and how they please; for I find they know how to choose for themselves as well as old folks can choose for them."

With these words the delighted old gentleman embraced them both, and ten days afterwards danced at their wedding, beneath the old oak before the cottage, which had been so often the trysting scene of the bridegroom and his gentle bride.

Painted by W. Powell. Engraved by H. Cook.

IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

O'er Roman page and Grecian scroll,
  And sculptured forms of olden time,
I've pored, 'till rising in my soul,
  I've felt the *mythic* faith sublime,
While Fancy, to the eye of thought,
The deities of old has brought.

Where, through Aonia's laurel shade,
  Gush Helicon's immortal waters,
I've marked the magic choirs, where played
  Fair Music's soul-enchanting daughters;
And caught the sounds of harp and lyre,
As swept their hands the chords of fire.

The leaf-crowned Dryads of the wood,
  Disporting through their shades I've seen;
And Nereids of the glassy flood,
  With floating locks like emeralds green;
The bright eyed Sylvans, and the Fauns,
And Satyrs dancing o'er the lawns.

Thus sculptured form, or page unrolled,
  Brings to imagination's eyes
The forms that, in "the age of gold"
  Greece worshiped as divinities;
But in thy face and mien I see
A living, present deity.

No Naiad by the mossy fount,
  No Nereid by the ocean shore,
No bounding Oread of the mount
  A sweeter, heavenlier beauty wore—
No! ne'er did Grecian knee incline
To nymph or goddess more divine.

As flowers and wine, of old, were brought
  In sacrifice, I wreathe for thee,
Oh beauteous maid, the flowers of thought
  And pour my soul's full tide, and free:
And with love's holiest accents bless
Thy innocence and loveliness.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.

THEY had travel'd many a weary mile—
  And now they stood once more
Beside their old ancestral home,
  Their journeyings well nigh o'er.
And rose each old familiar scene
  Before their earnest eyes,
Clad, as they oft had pictured them,
  In hues of paradise.

Closely the woodbine crept above
  The lowly oaken door;
Like young affection clasping round
  The old and feeble poor.
The rose still blush'd her life away
  In listening to a dream—
And the sunbeam lay upon the hill—
  The shadow on the stream.

The change that findeth food for grief,
  And seemeth every where
The autumn to affection's leaf,
  Had left no shadow there.

The same spring-beauty linger'd round
On each familiar spot—
Man, leaves his dwelling-place for aye,
But nature heedeth not.

So thought the tired emigrants,
As pausing on the hill,
They watch'd the scene that lay beneath
So peaceable and still.
And they wonder'd if the kindred left
So many months before,
Still cherish'd them within their hearts
As warmly as of yore.

A glad voice swell'd along the hill—
And fled all thought of pain,
And loved ones hurried forth to greet
The wanderers once again;
And hands were clasping hands, and hearts
Were running o'er with joy;
And eyes that lack'd an object long,
At length found full employ.

But when they ask'd for Emily,
Each kindred eye grew dim;
And hearts that swell'd with joy but now,
Were filling to the brim.
And suddenly, amidst the group
A spell was thrown around,
As if the lips had given voice
To some forbidden sound.

"We come, but bring not Emily,"
  At length a mourner said,
"Within the far-off wilderness
  Her silent form is laid.
And the dirge that swell'd above her grave,
  In the hour of our distress,
Still fills the forest with its voice
  Of mournful tenderness.

"Yon sweetbriar flings its fragrant breath
  Around upon the air,—
To us it brings the thought of death,
  For once her form was there,—
And the low sweet music of her voice—
  So gentle—so alone—
Possessing, e'en from infancy,
  An ever-dying tone.

"One eve, you may remember well,
  The last we ever spent
At this old homestead—ere to seek
  Another home, we went;
When hearts were full, and eyes were dim—
  And tears were on the cheek,—
And felt that utter agony
  We would, but could not speak.

"She was the calmest one of all,
  And yet the saddest too;
For her cheek was pale—tho' not a tear
  Was in her eye of blue!

And the sweet expression of her face—
So sad—yet so resign'd,—
It seem'd, though she indeed went forth,
Her spirit stay'd behind.

"On to the far-off wilderness,
We journey'd day by day;
But a voice grew sadder as we went,
And a step less light and gay.
In vain the prairie flower wooed
Her steps to turn aside—
The waters roll'd—she heeded not
The mutterings of their pride.

"At length we rested by the dark,
'Interminable wood,'
That like a ready armed host
In serried columns stood.
And we hoped that rest and tenderness,
Would lure her from her pain;
And from its mournful memories win
Her spirit back again.

"But her cheek grew whiter day by day,
And more shadowy her form;
As the doomed lily droops away
When summer skies are warm.
And still as paler seem'd her cheek,
So brighter grew her eye,
Until the keen conviction came—
We knew that she must die!

"Beside the murmuring forest stream,
We laid her down to rest;
And we plac'd the mould above her then,
And the turf upon her breast.—
And we hunted through the shadowy depths
Of the wide, dark wilderness,
In search of pale blue violets
Our lost one's sleep to bless.

"Of these we wrote her epitaph—
And water'd them with tears;
For we buried in one little hour
The hoarded love of years:
And 't was meet that we should sorrow much
When she, our gentlest one,
Was placed in that far wilderness
To sleep so long alone!

"We come, but bring not Emily,"
She paused awhile and said,
"Beneath the lofty forest trees
Her gentle form is laid!
Yet a deeper sorrow have we felt
Since our sweet bird was flown;
It seem'd less hard to see her die
Than leave her thus alone!"

MY OLD PLAYMATE.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

CHARLEY HILL was an old playmate of mine—a saucy, good-natured, mischief-doing, flower-loving, warm-hearted, gentle, brave little playmate—and many a tale might the green-mossed stones lying among the alder roots on the border of the lazy brook, and the tall grass that waves on the hill-side tell of our young gambols. Oh! those rare, bright days—the days of my childhood! How I wish that I could make a compromise with the old fellow of the hour-glass, and save a handful of his sands from the end of my term to glitter in the sunshine of the beginning—for myself do I most sincerely wish it, but more, much more for thee, poor Charley Hill! Some people are born with a shadow on the brow—a shadow which refuses to be removed, though the wheel of life should roll for ever in prosperity; yet I have known the sad gift to be accompanied by a spirit which mellowed and softened it, till the apparent curse proved a blessing. But my old playmate was not one of these. No cloud was on his face or his fortunes. The light centred in his gay heart shone from parted lip and beaming eye, and was scattered without stint on all who came near him. A frank, jovial boy was Charley Hill, in those play-days, with a ready hand, a ready smile, and a ready wit;—to say nothing of the charmingest of all charming hand-sleds, and a very discriminating little fowling-piece, which he assured me never shot any thing but crows. No

boy at Alderbrook had so handsome a face as Charley—that every body said; and no boy had so handsome a cap (that bright purple velvet, with the two silken tassels dangling so gracefully from the apex) nor so white a collar, nor such a cunning little jacket—though that every body did not say. Little girls are much better initiated in such mysteries than older people.

I will not assert that my old playmate, Charley, was a perfectly faultless lad, for who but his own naughty self was the occasion of my traveling about two mortal hours, my hands tied fast to the school-mistress's girdle; just because he lured me down to the brook-side to angle for trout with a crooked pin, when stupid people thought I should have been poring over Webster's "Elementary!" And who but that wicked little scape-grace of a Charley, with his winsome ways and generous little heart, led me to spoil my new white cambric apron as I did the first time I wore it? Who but Charley *could* have done it? I will tell the story to all who remember well when they were children; but those whose memories cannot look back through the crust upon the heart, will do well to turn over the leaves to something wiser. We had a grand tea-party at my baby-house under the old black cherry tree, and our dolls must have been surfeited with the luxuries spread before them. There was one thing in our feast, on which we prided ourselves not a little—a dish of pretty crimson balls made of the wool that a dozen little fingers had busied themselves in picking from Debby Jones's red petticoat, nicely embedded in a snowy pile of soap suds—an excellent substitute for strawberries and cream. Just before the party broke up, who should make his appearance but Charley Hill; but when called upon to admire our ingenuity, our climax of witty inventions, he manifested a very boy-like indifference, and said nothing but "pooh!" Charley might have argued the point a week, while we, in defending it, might have become so earnest as to eat our mock strawberries, but that contemptuous *pooh!*—it was too much. While the little girls, with disconcerted faces, were

turning elsewhere for diversion, Charley took me aside confidentially. There were strawberries a-plenty just over the brook—a thick spot—oh, *so* thick! and Charley's eyes grew big and black with the recollection.

If Fanny would just run over with him——

"But my mother, and my new apron!"

It would take only a minute, and I could put my apron out of the way—and oh, such a thick spot!

I was not convinced, but *I liked Charley Hill.* It was a delightful day, and by the time I had left the path to wade off in the tall grass, I not only forgot my mother's injunctions but forgot my apron also. A rare frolic did Charley and I have among the dandelions and golden-hearted daisies. I linked the white-petalled blossoms together after the fashion of the rose-coronets which would be (or rather should be) duchesses decked their foreheads with during the past season, and fastened them to his cap; and Charley curled the green stems of the dandelions and hung them among the natural brown, till I might have claimed relationship with the mermaids. Then we picked buttercups and held them beneath each other's chin, till we made the surprising discovery that both loved butter; and then we sought very diligently after the four leaved clover, though to be sure its magic was quite above our juvenile comprehension. Next we picked a stem of the golden rod and went in search of concealed treasures, till finally we arrived at the strawberry knoll. Charley had told the truth—it was crimsoned over with its blushing wealth. Up from the shadow of every green leaf peeped the round, luscious berry, soft and bright as the swell of a pouting lip; and Charley hurra'd, and clapped his hands and turned a somerset before he could set himself quietly about picking them. Then, as I quite forgot my new apron, and, nestling down in the grass, crushed more strawberries beneath my knee than my fingers picked; Charley told a story, which sent many a dew-like looking heart-messenger from my cheek to the tip of a clover leaf or

the bended point of a grass-blade. It was of old Jake Gawsely, who was dying alone in the brown house at the top of the hill. Old Jake had not a friend on earth, so Charley said, and to be sure, he did not deserve one; but it was a dreadful thing to lie there alone, with nothing but his bad deeds to think about, and nobody to pity him. Charley pitied him, and so Charley's playmate began soon to pity the neglected miser too; and we mutually hoped that if we should ever do wrong ourselves, people would be kind to us, so as to "make us good again." And then we picked my apron, my unfortunate new white apron, full of strawberries, and carried them to the little brown house; and we actually got a tear for our pains. Poor old Jake Gawsely! How much of neglect, of unkindness, and perhaps of scorn on the part of thy fellows there might have been in that impenetrable cerement of self folded so closely around thy world-deadened heart!

Years went by, and Charley Hill was the same careless, light-hearted, good-humored, mischievous lad; though there was a touch of pathos about him, a well-spring of poetic feeling, and almost womanly sympathy, which made him strangely attractive. Every body loved Charley, not merely for his hearty boldness, (a quality which usually gains consideration for boys,) but for his gay good humor, his mingled wit and sentiment, and his gracefulness and beauty. Then there was a guilelessness—a little less than girlish simplicity about him, a credulous trust in everybody's purity of intention, and a generous reliance on those who professed themselves his friends; which, like many other loveable traits of character, are fitter for a resident of Heaven than of this world. But for all this, there was a life-like roguishness about Charley, which fully proved his humanity.

Charley Hill and I always stood side-by-side at the spelling school; for both of us were thoroughly versed in Webster's spelling book from "Baker" to the last word of "Ail-to-be-troubled-table." One winter the school from Crow Hill was to

engage in a spelling contest with ours; so our big boys called a meeting, voting out the "babies," (as they contemptuously denominated a respectable class of little people,) and making other arrangements to secure a victory for ourselves. From this time great were the preparations for the reception of the enemy. Every evening troops of little tow-headed urchins were marshalled before the school-master's desk, and drilled like a company of militia on training day, and with about the same result. There was not authority enough among us all to preserve order, and so our rehearsal usually ended in a snow-balling party. At last the important evening arrived; and anxious brows and throbbing hearts found their places inside the village school house. But there was one tearful eye and pouting lip, for it was a snowy evening, and a careful mother had decided that her child was safest at home.

"If the sleigh were here she might ride, Charley; but I cannot let her walk so far."

Charley's eye brightened. "Perhaps I can find a sleigh. I will ask Deacon Palmer."

Away went Charley, leaving smiles behind him; for who ever knew Charley Hill to fail in any undertaking? And it would be a pity if he should begin with his old playmate. It was not long before the merry jingle of bells announced the arrival of the sleigh, and I hastened to bury myself in cloak and hood, just as Charley's mischievous eyes peeped through the opening door.

"Quick, Fanny! all ready!—whoa—whoa!"

I gave my hand to Charley and was gracefully handed to a seat—on a hand-sled.

"Get up! whoa Teddy! g' long!" and off started our noble steeds—four boys hung with sleigh-bells, and frisky as young colts—while Charley gravely followed in the capacity of footman. Charley Hill's hand-sled never lost the title of "the deacon's sleigh," while a runner lasted.

Pity that we cannot always be children. It is a very uncom-

fortable thing to be dignified and proper; and I would advise every child to put a stone on his head to keep him from growing; if, by so doing, he may prevent the stone from falling on his heart. Charley and I outlived our childhood, and so, in a very slight degree, our naturalness. My old playmate became a tall, graceful stripling, with very glossy hair and very bright eyes; and I did not dare show my liking for him as when we used to hide ourselves among the alders, lest the other children should discover us and interrupt our tete-a-tete amusements. And now Charley did not always walk beside me from our little village parties, nor ever give up an amusement because I was not engaged in it, nor share with me his little secrets—his plans for innocent mischief and his likes and dislikes—as before. Yet we were very warm friends; and often talked of our play-days, and wondered, for the sake of aping our elders, if we should ever be so happy again; when, at that very moment, our hearts were brimming over with happiness. It is strange that we so seldom appreciate the present—that we never do till the thorn is in it. Bliss is so much a thing of Eternity that it has no way-marks, nothing by which to measure the hours embalmed in it; but sorrow is the child of Time, and holds in her hand a dial marking to our weary eye the infinitesimal particles of which moments are made. Charley was a favorite with every body—he was so gay, and so generous, and so companionable. A little too companionable, thought an ambitious parent, who, proud of his son's rare talents, was bent on cultivating them to the utmost. I must not be thought guilty of undue partiality to my old playmate, when I say that Charley was really, notwithstanding his social qualities, a close student. Every body said it but his exacting parent. He was not satisfied, however, and at last resolved on sending his gifted idol where he hoped he might be perfected; to Judge —— an experienced lawyer and an old friend in the metropolis. At first we missed Charley Hill very much; for a village society never can afford to lose one from its numbers, particularly if that

one chance to be "the star of the goodlie companie." But at length we learned to dispense with his hilarous laugh, and song half mirth half pathos, his graceful sayings and witty repartees; and though Charley was far from being forgotten, we found it possible to have a social gathering without him.

I had been three whole months, three long, tedious months, away from home; and I was wild with joy on my return. The pigs, the ducks, the chickens, the flowers and trees were all called upon to share in my exultation; and it required all the tongues the house afforded to answer my incessant outpouring of questions.

"When was Ada Palmer here last?" and, "Has little Susy May grown any?" and, "Oh! has Charley Hill got home?"

To the last my mother gave a quiet *yes*.

And was he as handsome as ever, and as agreeable, and as good?

She half shook her head and sighed ominously.

"Is Charley sick?"

"No, quite well."

"And has n't he come home to stay?"

"Probably."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Look! yonder is Ada Palmer, just coming down the slope," and away I flew to meet her.

We kept open doors that evening, and every body seemed to know it—every body but Charley Hill. He did not come; and I went to sleep wondering what strange change had come over my old playmate. The next day I met him accidentally in the street; and there was a pleased sparkle in his eye, and a flush on his cheek; but he extended his hand half hesitatingly, and there was a painful confusion in his manner which puzzled me. Why should the frank, noble-hearted Charley Hill blush and cast down his eyes, as though detected in a crime, at sight of an old friend? The next evening I was invited to a social gathering at Deacon

Palmer's. Charley Hill was not there, and I inquired the wherefore.

"Is it possible, Fanny! do n't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why nobody invites Charley now."

"Why?"

Ada shook her head and compressed her lips with an expression of intense severity.

"Why, Ada?"

"For the best of reasons, poor miserable fellow that he is! He is not fit to associate with respectable people."

"Tell me—has Charley done any thing! what is the matter?"

"Matter enough to break his poor father's heart, and make all the rest of the family miserable. He is shockingly dissipated."

It was the bursting of a thunderbolt. Poor Charley Hill!

That night I collected together, in one dream, all the frightful stories I had ever heard of vice and degradation and misery; and strewed them along narrow, filthy streets, where Charley Hill walked, as though quite at home. At last there was a blow given, a shriek, a stream of blood, a dead, heavy corse; and, all trembling with horror I awoke. How thankful was I that my old playmate was not a murderer; and how I lay and arranged plan after plan for his redemption, plan after plan, which shrivelled to a cob-web as soon as woven!

When morning came I made inquiries, and learned more of Charley Hill. His singular powers of fascination had led him into temptation to which the less gifted are seldom exposed. He was full of wit and vivacity; his natural gaiety and good humor were unbounded; and he was self-confident and unsuspecting. It was a long time before Charley Hill became at all aware that he was wasting himself; and then he quieted his conscience with the thought, "It is necessary *now;* when once I am home again all will be well." So he went on till he seemed to have lost the power of saving himself; and just at this critical time, perhaps

not more than a fortnight too late, Judge —— first began to take note of the derelictions of his young charge. In the meantime a few reports had reached Alderbrook, and alarmed Squire Hill. He proceeded to the metropolis, received the whole weight of his friend's newly acquired knowledge (much of it, of course, exaggerated) before seeing his son, showered upon the culprit a torrent of expostulations, which the goadings of disappointment made very angry ones, and finally concluded to remove him at once from his companions to the quiet of Alderbrook. The last was the only wise thing done. Here Charley Hill might have been saved, if but his own plan for "doing people good" had been carried out. His father was very angry, and used much severity; his mother and sister received him with tears and chidings. The last would have won his heart, but the regret it occasioned was accompanied by a strong sense of degradation, which made him anxious to escape their presence. Their treatment of him was full of tenderness, but it was a kind of tenderness which showered humiliation on its object, and should not have been continued more than one day. If but one individual had shown a cheerful confidence in him, he might have been encouraged and strengthened. But his old friends stood aloof. True, they sometimes greeted him kindly; but there was something even in that very kindness which made him *feel* their knowledge of the taint that was on him. Is it strange that, without sympathy, without companionship with the good, his pride daily wounded, and his self-respect daily diminishing, Charley Hill should become reckless of consequences, and indulge his socialness at the expense of higher qualities? Certainly my old playmate was made no better by being removed to Alderbrook. The vicious are every where, and Charley in his loneliness turned to them. This was the climax of his evil doing. He had been driven to it, true, but he should not have yielded to the force which even the good had turned against him. If he had stood firm for a couple of years, not merely unsupported, but against

the overpowering weight of neglect which was thrown into the balance on the side of wrong—if he had borne well the severest of all severe trials for a sensitive nature, his first failure might have been forgiven, and he restored to his former position among us. There are, doubtless, men who might have done it; but alas, how few! Charley Hill struggled a little; but, when he reached up his hand from the gulf into which he was falling, there was no one to take it. There were enough that *thought* themselves ready to help him, but they forgot he was a brother; and poor Charley remembered the past and turned from them.

"It is a somewhat questionable experiment; and your plan you will find very difficult of execution." So spake a careful mother, evincing a sensitive regard for the welfare of her own child—the only thing that could blind an eye usually so discriminating or, momentarily, steel a heart so full of charity. "You are but a young girl, my Fanny."

"I will talk only with young girls, then; but Charley and I were old friends, and he has a right to expect kindness of me."

"Not *a right*, my child—he has forfeited that."

I had some confused, indistinct notions of the peculiar rights of the erring, the consideration and attention which we owe each other on a sea so full of breakers; but I did not venture on advancing them lest I should injure the cause of Charley Hill by opinions heterodox.

Days went by, and my old playmate had become a very frequent visitor at Underhill. He was received at Deacon Palmer's also, and at several other houses in the village, and the effect was soon visible in his altered appearance. But all this was done without opposition, and there were people in the village—good people—that had done much to reform the vicious and were ready to do more—who bitterly denounced the course we were pursuing. It was not in accordance with their own plan. Charley Hill should have been obliged to give a pledge of reformation, and stand a trial:—it was too much to receive

him on trust. The most critical position which a man can occupy in this world—the most dangerous—is when he stands balancing on the barrier between vice and virtue. Vice woos and virtue frowns. The bad beckon and smile, and promise; while the good, who should have all the smiles and be able to present all the attractions that cluster so profusely around a life of purity, speak their warnings with severity, stand aloof, as though afraid of contamination, and scarce encourage a return. Not that men are so unforgiving to the erring. The sympathy for the self-degraded which has sprung up every where proves that they are not. But it is a fashion of the day to encourage extremes. The lady who will take a drunkard from the gutter, and clothe and feed him, will severely censure her sister philanthropist for using a more delicate and less apparent influence to keep the thoughtless young wine-drinker from falling into it. It matters little whether smiles or tears are employed, if the good be accomplished. We tried smiles with Charley Hill. We scattered roses in his path, and won him many a step back, and tried to keep him there, but ——

As I have before intimated, many good people felt outraged that Charley Hill should be treated as though he had never erred, and be received in some families at Alderbrook as formerly. He should be punished—he deserved a lesson—he ought to be taught that he could not sin without paying the penalty. There was plausibility in much that they said, else alas! their reasonings would have had less weight with us. They contended that if society really had the power of reforming him, it was not *such* society. They intimated even that parents were exposing their children to contamination by this course. We were too young, they said, to do good to our old playmate. Too young! Could those who were older understand the case so well as we—we who held the key to Charley Hill's nature, and were almost as familiar with every nook and cranny within his heart as our own? Poor Charley! We *could* have saved him; but "public opinion" was against us, and—we failed.

Door after door was shut against Charley Hill; door after door, 'till, alone again in the world, he turned from the happy firesides which had for a while stayed him in his course and plunged headlong into the yawning vortex of dissipation. Before, he stepped cautiously and hesitatingly—he had paused and looked behind him, and dallied with the flowers which grew on the brink of the precipice. But now he gave one desperate leap and was gone for ever. As Charley Hill's was not a gradual wandering away from the path of right, but a sudden mad plunge, so was his course short and his end tragic. But we will leave him to his rest, on the spot where he once sat, beneath the elm tree close in the corner of the church-yard, to watch the burial of old Jake Gawsely. He dropped a tear there—a tear of pity for the friendless old man, who was hustled into his grave by the hands of those he had injured. Perhaps some watchful angel may have caught that tear and borne it up before him to the throne of the Eternal; and the gentle tribute may ere this have been laid back on his own earth-defiled spirit to freshen and to purify it. A dark, dark fate was thine, poor Charley!—woven by thine own fingers true, but lacking the white and golden threads which those who once loved thee might have added—a dark, dark fate which my pen refuses to record or my thoughts to dwell upon. Many virtues were thine, my old playmate—there was much in thee to love, much to pity, much to censure—God forgive thee! God forgive the mistaken philanthropists of Alderbrook!

MUSINGS.

BY REV. JOHN N. M'JILTON.

O WHERE are they now—the young and the lovely!
  The joy of my heart in the days that are gone?
From my home, far away, I have wandered to seek them,
  But I seek them in silence and wander alone.

There stands the old elm tree, all green in its glory;
  The base of the play-ground so oft traveled o'er;
And there are the rocks on the edge of the river;
  And the tall waving poplars still stand on the shore.

The dark forest frowns on the brow of the mountain;
  The walnut trees grow on the verge of the vale;
The willow-grove circles the spring in the meadow,
  And moans as it erst did when touched by the gale.

The bright alder blooms on the banks of the streamlet,
  The boughs of the beech tree still hang o'er its side;
The sun fish and crocus still play in the waters,
  And bubbles like pearl-bunches, over them glide.

I am here on the spot where with scores I have sported,
  The gayest, the wildest, of any I knew;
But I 'm here amid solitude,—all seems forsaken!—
  All altered but Nature—she only seems true.

I am here but to muse in the sadness of memory,
  O'er scenes that were lovely,—too lovely to last;
Would that one of the lost might be with me this moment,
  How we 'd hallow the turf with our tears for the past.

Oh, here with the crowd I have sung and I 've shouted,
  And I 've flown o'er the plain like a light-hearted bird;
Not a voice, now, nor footfall, once fondly familiar,
  Comes up from the wild where so many were heard.

How firm and how fixed are the features of nature!
  But the beings of life how they change—how they fly!
Like the winds they are restless, and roving for ever;
  Like the loveliest of flowers they fade and they die.

They are gone—they are gone,—the loved and the lovely,
  Nor heeds the cold earth that they sleep on her breast;
Like the winds pass the multitudes recklessly o'er them—
  Not one drops a tear on the place of their rest.

To the shadows that hide them, the hosts of the living
  Are hurrying down through the changes of years;
And Nature, unchanging, their only true mourner,
  The rest of them all shall bedew with her tears.

TO A FAIR FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY L. J. CIST.

"A LADY asks a natal lay":—
  A lady asks!—"there was a time"
The sound had made each warm pulse play,
  Till thought leaped forth in burning rhyme!
But now, alas! so changed am I,
  Such wishes are deemed quite above;
And "*Cui bono?*" I but cry,
  Where "*Certainment!*" I said before.

"But she who asks is young and fair,
  And Love, from out her hazel eye
Looks forth, and through her nut-brown hair
  His sharpest arrows thence lets fly:"
Ah! fled the light from beauty's glance—
  To me, dark now its once bright hue;
Gone are my days of young romance,
  Then what have *I* with LOVE to do?

"Yet she who asks thee is a friend—
  Sincere, for thou hast tried her worth;
One of the chosen few who lend
  The light of Heaven to cheer this Earth:"
Nay! then, and *that* be so, to do
  Her bidding fair, I can but choose;
Since *friends sincere* are all too few,
  Their lightest wishes to refuse.

So, Lady! now for thee, 't would seem
  I must invoke the muse's spell;
"There was a time," on such a theme
  My glowing thoughts had loved to dwell:
But I have worldly grown since then,
  And, from the light of ladies' eyes,
I turn to busy haunts of men,
  To note the market's fall and rise.

But yet, for *thee*, I will not think
  The moments lost, in which, once more
From Helicon's loved fount I drink,
  Whose waters sweet can still restore
Unto a spirit thus grown old,
  Some freshness of its early youth;
And give a heart, long still and cold,
  One throb of by-gone love and truth.

THY BIRTH-DAY, Lady!—May it be
  By thee so wisely numbered, ever,
That still, as on tow'rds Death's lone sea,
  Thou glidest down Time's silent river—
It may be thine—Life's voyage past,
  By prospering gales all gently driven—
Thy peaceful bark to moor at last,
  Safely within the harbor—HEAVEN!

THE SIEGE OF CAEN:

OR, THE LOVES OF THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove."—SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

THE machinations by which Sir Hugh Spencer inflamed the anger of Edward the Second against his queen, Isabella the Fair, and the circumstances which led to her subsequent flight, are too well known to require detail.

It is during this flight that the incidents, which constitute the first part of our story, occurred. The unhappy queen, with her son Edward, Sir Roger Mortimer and the Earl of Kent, had remained nearly three years at the court of her brother Charles, King of France, when they were obliged to flee from Paris, which no longer afforded them safety, and seek a refuge in the German empire. Their flight was rapid, and they passed through Cambray, without stopping, until they reached l'Ostrevant. Here they were received by Eustace d'Ambreticourt, who, though a brave knight, was so poor that he could afford them but indifferent entertainment.

The castle of Sir Eustace was situated upon the brow of a steep hill, which overlooked the town and surrounding country. A succession of hills covered with forests, rising above which might occasionally be seen the towers of some feudal castle, and valleys in a state of rude cultivation, dotted with small hamlets and peasants' cottages were spread out before the eye. The castle d' Ambreticourt formed not the least romantic feature in the landscape. It was old and somewhat dilapidated, yet its

massive walls betokened former strength, and the ivy which mantled its towers and battlements seemed to cling fondly around them as though they would protect them from the ravages of time. Every thing about the interior of the building denoted the poverty of a once wealthy house. The vast apartments were filled with decaying furniture, and the tapestry which hung from the walls, and shaded the lofty windows was discolored by dampness and mildew. The cheerful hospitality of Sir Eustace and his wife was all that enlivened the gloom of the place, and this could but partially relieve the despondency which seemed to have obtained complete power over the queen. Her arrival soon became known to the Earl of Hainault, who was then at Valenciennes, and who immediately dispatched his brother Sir John of Hainault, a young and brave knight, to invite the queen and her suite to visit him at that place.

It was nearly dark when Sir John reached the castle of Ambreticourt. After paying his respects to the lord and mistress of the castle, he was shown to the apartments of the queen, where he found her alone, looking out upon the landscape which was clothed in sombre twilight, absorbed in thought, and in tears. A long conversation passed between them; and so lively was the interest excited in the mind of Sir John by the story of Isabella's and the young Prince's misfortunes, that he immediately offered his own aid, and that of all the knights over whom he could exert any influence, and promised to undertake a military expedition to England, in company with the queen and her son.*

* "The queen was at that time very dejected, and made a very lamentable complaint to him of all her griefs, which affected Sir John so much, that he mixed his tears with hers, and said:—'Lady, see here your knight, who will not fail to die for you, though every one else desert you; therefore will I do every thing in my power to conduct you and your son and restore you to your rank in England, by the grace of God, and the assistance of our friends in these parts. And I, and all I can influence will seek the adventure for your sake; and we will have sufficient force, if it please God, without fearing any danger from the king of England. Madame, be of good comfort to yourself and company, for I will keep my promise, and you shall come and see my brother, and the countess his wife, and all their fine children, who will be delighted to see you, for I have heard them say so.'"—*Froissart's Chronicles.*

Sir John's proffered services were joyfully accepted by the queen, and the next day she left the castle of Ambreticourt with her son and followers, to visit the Earl and Countess of Hainault, who had invited them to become their guests until ready to return to England. Upon their arrival at Valenciennes they were most graciously received by them, as well as by the town's-people, who marched in procession beyond the gates to meet them, and otherwise demonstrated their respect.

CHAPTER II.

The palace of the illustrious earls of Hainault was situated just without the town of Valenciennes. It was superbly built, and every thing around it denoted the wealth and power of its possessors. The wide space between its walls and the outer fortifications was shaded by ancient and wide-spreading trees, through which long avenues wound their way, bordered by shrubbery and flowers, and carpeted with nature's brightest green. In the centre of the park, on the southern side of the palace, was a garden filled with the choicest plants which exhaled sweet perfume, while their leaves and blossoms trembled beneath the gently falling spray of sparkling fountains. Arbors, with rustic seats, and leafy bowers of roses and wild thyme offered their cool and refreshing shade, and invited to repose. There was one spot more lovely than the rest—it was a retired place upon a green and mossy bank which bordered the Scheld, a beautiful river winding through the park and almost encircling the garden. A cluster of tall elms threw their shadows out upon the clear stream, whose waters seemed darker, but purer in the protecting shade. A few wild flowers lifted their modest heads from the tufted sward and gently breathed forth their perfume to the pass-

ing zephyrs. Hither the young Prince Edward, and the still younger Philippa, the most beautiful and best beloved daughter of the Earl of Hainault, had wandered on a bright evening, at an hour when twilight and moonlight, as if jealous of each other's charms were each struggling for the ascendency, until their hues mingled into one. But two short weeks had passed since first they had met, and on the morrow they were to part—but in that time they had learned to love. Their last meeting was sad, for Prince Edward was about to embark on a perilous expedition—his stake was a kingdom, and the result was hazarded upon the doubtful fortunes of war. This and the idea of separation caused the sadness of the prince, for he never thought of the personal danger he must encounter. The eyes of Philippa, too, as she turned them from the rippling water to gaze into his, were tearful, and the hand which she confidingly permitted him to hold, trembled with emotion. Yet the same youthful ardor which added to the fervor of their love gave double energy to their hopes; and the future, like the moon-lit sky above them, though partially dark, was cheered by the light of anticipated happiness. They stood side by side for some moments without speaking: at length the young prince interrupted the silence.

"And must we part so soon? I have but learned to love thee as I ought, ere I must leave thee."

"Nay, reproach not the Providence which separates us, though its ordinance seem cruel;" meekly replied Philippa. "My love thou bearest with thee, and my thoughts shall follow thee. When upon the sea that separates our native lands, they shall be with thee—and thou shalt think too, of me. And when the battle rages, remember that prayers for thee are recorded in Heaven, and this assurance shall nerve thee for glorious deeds and victory."

"But the fate of war is uncertain—I speak not through fear—my cause is a desperate one. By entering my father's kingdom with arms, while he yet occupies the throne, I become an usurper,

and should I fail to succeed, I would meet death as such, by the laws of England. Yet it is not death I fear—it is the loss of thee!"

"Thy cause, though desperate, is not unjust," replied the maiden. "Are not you and your mother wrongfully banished? Fear not; God is ever with the right!"

"But should I succeed,—should the aid which the nobles of the realm have promised, avail in assisting me to dethrone my father, with his wicked counsellors, the Spencers, and should the crown be placed upon my head, thou knowest that my queen must be chosen by the parliament."

"Thou speakest truly,—but," added Philippa, energetically, "is not our house of royal blood, and was not an alliance contracted years ago between thee and my infant sister, which was broken only by her death?"

"Oh, Philippa, how can I mistrust the future, when such as thou whisper its hopes and promises? I am young yet, but I have already learned that even a prince possesses but nominally a will of his own, and this thought has made me fear that my own happiness would be sacrificed to the calculating policy which governs the councils of my own, as of every nation. But henceforth I will no more despair. Your words have inspired me with hope. Success *will* attend me, and I will, by my actions, gain such an ascendency among men that I may bend them to my purposes. And then, what may prevent me from giving my hand to her who has my heart?"

"Nothing, but the over-ruling decree of Providence, and we may hope for its smiles, if we deserve them by our constancy to each other."

"And will we not be ——?"

But we will not repeat the holy vows which were breathed forth fervently and hopefully with the sad words of parting.

CHAPTER III.

THE success which attended the expedition of Isabella the Fair and the young Prince Edward, has been elsewhere recorded, and we need not, therefore, load our humble chronicles with the detail of events which are already known to our readers.

The separation, the prospect of which had caused Edward and Philippa so much sadness, was joyfully terminated, but a little over a year after the night of parting. They met again in the full realization of all their hopes. Edward had been crowned king, and had already entwined his sceptre with laurels gained in the wars against the Scots; and now he returned from scenes of glorious battle to hail his bride. Who may paint the happiness of the youthful pair? Who may tell in what glorious hues the future appeared in eyes which looked through love and hope? The pomp of royalty, the pride of power, and the fascinations of a brilliant court surrounded them; and the still more grateful plaudits of a nation, happy in its liberation from long and oppressive tyranny, rang in their praise, mingled with prayers for their prosperity. They stood upon a pinnacle of consummated joys, from which they looked upon a wide field of joys anticipated. What more could the present afford, or the future promise?

CHAPTER IV.

TWENTY years passed, and the love which had been kindled in youth still burned brightly. During that period Edward had been engaged almost uninterruptedly in wars either with Scotland

or France. At the time when our tale again opens, he was encamped, with his army before Caen, the capital of Normandy, then, as now, its most beautiful and wealthy city—which he was about to attack. The sun had just risen upon the marshalled army, as its hosts had completed the solemn ceremony of the mass, and prepared for the coming battle.

Suddenly the gates of the besieged city were opened, and an array of armed knights and citizens issued forth to meet their enemies on the plains. But a few moments elapsed ere the forces of England marched, with flying pennons and glittering armor, to meet their advance. The archers were posted in front, while the cavalry brought up the rear. The shock was a fearful one. The Normans resisted for a moment the onset of the well-disciplined English troops, and fought bravely against them; but their ineffectual struggle lasted but a brief space. Their ranks were speedily broken, and they retired in confusion to the gates, through which poured both friends and foes. A few knights only, nerved to desperation by their late defeat, stood their ground at the outer barrier, to dispute the entrance of the victorious English. Among these fought one who seemed lost to all sense of the danger of his position, and who dealt blows of death upon all who came within his reach. Yet he wore neither armor nor knightly badge, but was clothed in a peasant's blouse, and his cap was such as were usually worn by those of his rank in Normandy. One by one his companions fell around him; yet the peasant heeded not their fall. He stood alone, the only opponent of the thickening ranks of England. At length a wound inflicted upon his right arm rendered him defenceless. His sword fell from his hand, and he was taken prisoner, just as the king approached upon his horse. Edward had seen his last desperate attempt to defend himself, and, struck with admiration at his bravery, commanded that his wounds should be properly attended to, and that he should be carried into the town and comfortably lodged with the other prisoners. Among these were the con-

stable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, who had been captured by Sir Thomas Holland. Sir Thomas sold these two captives for a large amount, to the king, who, on the next morning, commanded them to be brought into his presence.

Their arraignment was a brief one, as it was only to determine the amount of ransom which the captured noblemen would offer, and they were remanded back to confinement, to await their departure for England.

Perrine Lusange—such was the name of the Norman peasant whose desperate valor had been so conspicuous at the gates of Caen, as not only to attract the attention of the besiegers and the besieged, but that of the English monarch—was then commanded to be brought into the royal presence.

"And who art thou, rustic! that thou darest thus to raise thy puny arm before the might of Edward of England? I should say thou hads't some of the blood of our Norman William, for thou hast his boldness and his courage! But such traits do not become one of thy estate. Better were it for thee, if thou hads't never left thy charge of kine! Hast thou aught to give in ransom?"

"Nothing."

"Know then, surf, that to oppose me, is to die!" Here, turning to the guards, he was about to order them to execute the sentence, thus inferentially decreed, when Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, the king's marshal, interposed. Addressing the king, he said,

"Sire, spare this man for the present. I know him well, and at your leisure will explain, I trust, to your satisfaction, the cause of this interference."

"Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal; therefore order as you please. For this time we wish not to interfere."

Sir Godfrey then directed two men-at-arms from among his own followers to take charge of Perrine Lusange, who was placed in a distant apartment of the monastery of St. Stephens,

(now deserted by the flight of its inmates,) securely guarded, but treated with unexpected kindness and respect.

CHAPTER V.

It was near night of the same day that Perrine was delivered into the temporary custody of Sir Godfrey de Harcourt. The lofty room was shaded from the western rays of a July sun, by the drapery that hung in heavy folds over the windows, which shed a mellow light through the apartment. Perrine was impatiently pacing to and fro, when the guard stationed without, appeared at the half-opened, massive door, and in a hasty manner informed him that a lady having permission from his master, desired to enter. The reply of Lusange was so hasty as to be almost incoherent, such was his anxiety that it might be Marie de Rosè.

His joy and surprise almost overcame him, when, beneath the muffled disguise of the entering figure, he detected the form and carriage of the mistress of his heart. He stood motionless, until the door was closed by the soldier, and then, he flew to meet her.

The first embrace of the lovers was fond and long; after which a rapid series of questions and replies followed, each scarcely waiting for the answer of the other, so eager were they for an explanation of the means which had procured them their present happiness.

Retiring to a remote corner of the room, and seating themselves, they were about to continue their conversation, by giving each other the history of the few past hours, when they were interrupted by a knock at the door, and immediately after, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt entered.

"I have but a few moments, good friends, to spare with you; and I know, too," added the knight, smiling, "that even a friend

is not always welcome in such company. But to the point. I am at last relieved from the duties of my station, and I am now on my way to seek an interview with King Edward. And you, my honest Perrine, and gentle Marie, shall know, ere long, what a friend can do to serve those he honors, and that gratitude is still a virtue among men. If I fail, it will be my last failure, and if I succeed, our happiness will be complete; and now, adieu until I return."

CHAPTER VI.

It was that hour which was neither night nor day, but which blends the brightness of the one with the quiet shades of the other—it was evening. The sun had set, and the faintest shade of crimson drapery still lingered round his pavilion in the western sky. Edward sat alone upon one of the western battlements of the Monastery. It was the night previous to his departure from Caen. He was musing;—are the thoughts of a conqueror as mighty in repose, as when in the full career of successful ambition? We shall see! The scene before him had its influence in dictating the tone of the monarch's reveries. And what a scene! There was just light enough to show the mighty dreamer the marks of his foot-steps on the banks of the Seine, and to exhibit in sombre hues the desolation which had followed in his path. The fairest province in La Belle France was strewn with the ashes of burnt cottages and the ruins of once proud castles; and the fairest city of that fair province, was before him and around him, a mere wreck of its former beauty. Yet the sight of all this but nerved the warlike king for greater achievements in arms, and the consummation of a more extensive scheme of death and desolation. Visions of glory floated before him, and sounds of victory coupled with his name, rang in his ears.

But why changes his animated look, while he still surveys the land he has conquered? A milder and more pensive light beams from those eyes, but a moment before flashing with enthusiasm. Softer thoughts have succeeded to those which have but just illumed every feature of his countenance.

As the light died away in the west, and the moon began to shed her mild rays over all, he was reminded of a scene which occurred at such an hour, and was once more carried back, in thought, to the gardens of Valenciennes; and a glow of happy pride thrilled through every vein, as his memory traced the history of his youthful triumphs, and his love. Leaning over the battlement, he became lost in reverie, which was at length broken by the sound of approaching foot-steps. Turning to see who it was, he beheld Sir Godfrey de Harcourt advancing towards him.

"Pardon me, sire, if I have unpleasantly interrupted your thoughts. I saw thou wert alone and wished to speak with thee on private matters. But tell me, first, why art thou so pensive? Is not our route through northern France to Calais, determined upon?"

"It were impertinent in any but thee, thus to question me," the the king gravely replied; "but thy counsels, thus far so fortunately followed, shall entitle thee to frankness and confidence from me. First, then, plans for further conquest engaged my thought;—these disposed of, may not even a king give up his idle hours to memories of love?"

"Hah!" thought Sir Godfrey, "his mood will advance my purpose!" Then replying to the king, he said,

"Sire, thine own noble qualities deserve the happiness which the love of thy royal lady confers upon thee; and thy constant heart rightly appreciates that blessing which Heaven seldom confers upon a king. Most honored sire, it is on behalf of that sturdy rustic, Perrine Lusange, that I would speak. Wilt please thy majesty to hear the cause why I have interfered for him?"

"I would hear you," was the reply.

"Thou knowest, noble king," proceeded Sir Godfrey, "that through false and jealous suspicions, I incurred the anger of Philip of France, and that this would have proved fatal to me, had I not fled from my possessions in this fair province, which lay almost within sight from these battlements. My flight would not have been in time had it not been for information secretly afforded me by some good friends. How unjustly the king was incensed against me, sire, I will not tell thee, for this thou hast learned before, and soldiers use but few words. The brave Perrine Lusange has long been betrothed, though secretly, and contrary to the customs of Normandy, to a lady of gentle blood. How a peasant could thus gain the affections of a lady, can only be accounted for by a knowledge of his noble qualities. Could you know these, as she has known them, and as I have seen them exhibited, you would say, with us, that his character has redeemed the infamy of his birth. If you, most gracious sire, had never loved, I should have placed my application for mercy on other grounds; but your admission to-night has shown me that your heart, though it beat beneath an ermined robe, can feel those sympathies which alike inspire all men. Sire, it was by means of this lady and Perrine that I was enabled to leave France in time to save my life. She having accidentally learned, while at the court of Philip, the measures which were about to be taken against me, and feeling a solicitude for my escape, which was caused by a friendship of long standing between ourselves and our families, whose estates joined, informed me of my danger, through the instrumentality of her lover—and even the timely knowledge which Perrine brought me, would not have availed me, but that the same courage he showed yesterday in the defence of Caen, was exerted more than once in my behalf, during my perilous and hasty flight. Sire, I would now beg you to spare his life for having saved mine; nay, I would do more, and if possible, pay the full debt I owe him. I would have him join my followers, and in the first battle which is fought, I know he will deserve, from your own hand, the honor of knighthood."

"But why," asked the king, "did he yesterday fight with such desperation in a cause which he is to-day so willing to desert?"

"The *cause*, thou would'st inquire?" returned Sir Godfrey; "nominally, he defended Caen; but the spirit that nerved his arm to deal the blow of death was inspired by the gentlest of passions—LOVE!—Strange paradox! But a lover's heart must account for this,—not a soldier's brain! These walls and towers contained what to him was the most precious treasure—Marie de Rosè, and well he knew that the defence of the city was all that could protect her from death, or perhaps, a fate still worse. He had naught else at stake. He is become a soldier of fortune, and would sooner follow the banner of the banished brother, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, than be numbered amongst the vassals of Harcourt's earl. Sire, my speech has been longer than is my wont, but I have done. Dos't grant my suit?"

"So let it be;" replied the king, "we repeat, for this time, we will not interfere with our marshal's pleasure."

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE and Perrine, whom we left together in the monastery of St. Stephen, scarcely noticed the flight of the precious moments until the time approached for the return of Sir Godfrey. As it grew nearer the appointed hour, their conversation was interrupted by frequent pauses of painful suspense. Fear and hope gained alternate ascendency in their hearts.

The result of Sir Godfrey's visit might be to bid Perrine to prepare for death, and most of all, to leave her, whom he felt no arm could so well protect as his own; or it might be, to restore him to liberty and hope. While Perrine was filled with happiness at his present meeting, and confidence in the future, the thoughts and feelings of Marie inclined to sadness. The

scenes of horror by which she had been surrounded since she had taken refuge from the advancing army of England, within the walls of Caen, had so depressed her mind, that she could but look upon the future with sad forebodings. In her conversation with Perrine, she told him of the timely protection against the insults of the soldiery, extended towards her by Sir Godfrey, as well as of the promises he had made in their behalf and of the means by which she had obtained the present interview. Yet the maiden withheld a portion of her thoughts, which, since they were denied words, sought expression in tears.

"Nay, dearest Marie, weep not thus! Thy grief unmans me and it ill becomes thee, when thou art with me. Remember that Sir Godfrey's influence will avail much in my behalf."

"I may not be gay at such an hour. Thy fate is uncertain, and even shoulds't thou be spared this present danger, the future is dark——"

"Thou woulds't say I am but a peasant!" impetuously interrupted the youth, "but am I not also a *man?* Marie, thy love has made this heart rich though it beats in a peasant's bosom. Fraught with such wealth, I would not exchange it for any which beats with nobler blood, for thy love hath made me noble! Yea, it hath done more than this! It hath inspired me with energy to assert my claim to honorable distinction, by deeds which shall make even thy proud relatives forget the *peasant* in the *man!* Cheer thee, then, dearest Marie; for if the exertions of Sir Godfrey should be successful, a path is opened which will lead to glory and to thee."

"Heaven grant that all may yet be well!" murmured Marie. "But, Sir Godfrey comes!" she added, as the door of the apartment suddenly opened.

"Lusange!" cried the knight triumphantly, as he strode hastily into the apartment, the noise of his mailed armor and heavy tread half drowning his powerful voice.

"Thy face proclaims thou brings't good news!" joyfully replied Perrine, as he rushed towards his deliverer.

Sir Godfrey announced, briefly, the pardon of Perrine, and its terms, which have already been made known to the reader, and concluded——

"Tell me only that you accept them, and I will leave you with Marie to enjoy, undisturbed, the happiness of this hour."

"Not so, noble Sir Godfrey!" exclaimed Marie, "not till I have thanked you!" and as she spoke, she left the side of Perrine upon whose bosom she had been weeping tears of joy, since the first announcement of his deliverance, and embraced the friend and benefactor of her lover.

"And now, adieu until morning," said Sir Harcourt, returning the embrace of the gentle girl—"once more, adieu! Duty calls me away. May your future be as bright as this present hour is happy!"

With this prayer he left them, to renew, under brighter auspices, the vows which each had kept sacred in darker hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

The army of the English, after leaving Caen, at length paused in their march towards Calais, upon the plains of Crecy. Philip de Valois, king of France, was near at hand, hastening with an army eight times as numerous as the English, with the intention of giving battle. It was late in the afternoon of Friday, when they took up their position to await the advance of the enemy.

Early on Saturday morning, the king commanded that his army should be divided into three battalions. *At the head of the first* he placed the young Prince of Wales, his son, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, and many other lords and knights.

The troops advanced in regular order to their position, each lord under his banner and pennon and in the centre of his men.

The second battalion was entrusted to the earl of Northampton, and other lords; and the third, commanded by the king in person, occupied the summit of a hill at some distance in the rear, as a *corps de reserve.*

The King of England thus placed his son, together with Sir Godfrey and our hero, in the very van of battle. "For," said he, of the young prince and those who fought by his side, "I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him and those to whom I have entrusted him."

On the left of the prince were the earls of Warwick and Oxford, and on the right he was supported by Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, with his esquires and men-at-arms. And here we find the soldier of fortune, Perrine Lusange, by the side of his brave and generous patron, Sir Godfrey, burning with military ardor to reward his friend by success in arms, and to win for himself a name that should entitle him to rank and fame.

The mighty hosts of the French king soon commenced their approach in order of battle. The advancing columns of French, Germans and Genoese were received by the battalion of the prince, in which fought Sir Godfrey and Perrine, which stood their first shock firmly, but as the opposing bodies of men-at-arms, cross-bowmen and infantry, poured in upon them, they found it almost impossible to sustain their position. Yet they fought with determination, and for a long time the issue seemed doubtful.

During this period the Prince of Wales was constantly engaged in the thickest of the fight, and his bravery, more than once, nearly cost him his life. On one of these occasions, he met in personal encounter with a knight of bold and noble bearing, and many years his senior, in both age and experience in arms. The contest was a desperate one, for the prince opposed the supple activity of youth to the skill of his opponent. At length an arrow from one of the Genoese cross-bowmen pierced the breast of his horse. The noble animal madly reared, and then with a

single leap, fell dead. His rider, thus unhorsed, was in danger of being overcome, when Perrine, who had been fighting near the two combatants, rushed forward, and with his own sword warded off the blow which was about to descend upon the stripling. While the prince was preparing to remount another charger, which was offered by an attendant page, Perrine assumed the contest. The skill of the knight was now opposed to the sturdy determination of the peasant. A vigorous blow at length unhorsed the former, and the combat was then placed upon a more equal footing. The efforts of Lusange were redoubled, as the chances in his favor increased, while all the strength of the knight was requisite to protect himself from the thrusts of his adversary. Suddenly a triumphant shout was heard from the English ranks, proclaiming that some signal advantage had been gained over their enemies. The effect upon Perrine was instantaneous. As if inspired with double energy, he made a pass, which was so sudden and unexpected, that his opponent was unable to guard. The thrust was fatal; the peasant's sword, piercing the mailed corselet of the knight, inflicted a mortal wound. He fell without a groan, and Perrine returned to the side of the prince, who had been a witness of his valor, and mingled again in the indiscriminate fight.

Morning and noon passed, and the battle of Crecy had neither been lost nor won; but as night closed in, victory declared the English masters of the hard fought field. It was almost dark when the king came down from the post he had taken in the morning, with the third division of his army, and which he had not left all day.

Embracing his son with tears of joy, he thanked him for having gained the battle without his aid, and commanded him to prepare immediately to receive the honor of knighthood.

"Thou hast conducted thyself nobly, my gallant boy!" said he, exultingly, "and right well hast thou this day won thy spurs. Thou art worthy to be my son, and the future sovereign of England."

Then, turning to the lords around him, he asked if there were any others whose achievements during the day entitled them to the same honor which he was about to confer upon his son.

Sir Godfrey de Harcourt was about to reply, when the prince answered:

"Yea, most honored father; there was one who fought most valliantly by my side, when I was unhorsed and hard pressed, and were it not for the aid he afforded me, my fortunes might have been otherwise than they now are. He belonged to my lord Harcourt's division. I enquired his name——"

"I know the name," eagerly interrupted the impetuous Sir Godfrey. "It was the soldier, Perrine Lusange; I witnessed the combat. Sire, he has won his spurs most gloriously, for this was only one among many brave deeds."

"Enough," said the king, "command him to be brought hither. But are there no more brave youths to share the honors of this twain? Methinks the glorious events of this day can not be better closed than by rewarding the merit of those who have by their actions contributed to the honor of England!"

Nearly a score of squires and others having distinguished themselves by their valor, during the hard fought battle, were presented by their respective lords, and these, together with the two first candidates, received the honor of knighthood, conferred, upon the bloody field where they had fought, by the king in person. Among them all, none felt emotions so joyous as those which filled the bosom of our hero, as he rose from his kneeling posture, with the concluding words of the ceremony, "Arise, Sir Perrine Lusange!"

CHAPTER IX.

Why need we longer delay the conclusion of our story, since the reader already anticipates the result of Perrine's noble deeds, and Marie's constant love?

The exploits of the newly made knight, during the short period which elapsed before the conclusion of a general amnesty between France and England,—his daring at Amiens, and before the walls of Calais, and the proud name his valor won, removed every obstacle which had opposed the consummation of the lovers' hopes. A peasant no more, but a knight, who had purchased the patent of his nobility by chivalrous deeds, his claim to the hand of her he loved was no longer barred by the strict usages of the times; and in becoming its possessor, he not only vindicated the truth of the maxim, that nobleness of soul always meets its own rewards, but that, though it exists in one of low degree, like the diamond, surrounded in its native state by base materials, it still shines through its outer covering, a light to "give the world assurance of a man."

TO MY ANGEL-BABE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt. xix.* 14.

My darling babe! thou 'rt gone from us—no more my eyes shall trace
Thy mother's cherished likeness in thy lovely infant face;
That mother's name was thine on earth; and I, by whom 't was given,
Will think by that beloved name thou 'lt still be known in heaven.

Last given—taken first away, and most prepared to go—
Yet all untimely seemed thy doom, and early came the blow,
And sad it is, the form, we nursed so gently night and day,
Should have for bed the lonely grave, for covering the clay.

In All-Saints* ancient church-yard is thy small and humble grave,
'Round which five slender cedars their funeral foliage wave,
The spot those evergreens enclose, though erst regarded not,
Has now become of all the earth to me the holiest spot.

Seven weeks we watched beside thee, through each weary day and night,
And saw thy thin cheek thinner grow thy dark eye pale its light;
And still we fondly cherished hope until the very last,
Nor thought that thou could'st die, until we knew thy life was past.

* Calvert county, Md.

But when, beloved one! thou hadst drawn thy last and feeble
breath,
And I saw thy lovely face assume the marble hue of death,
What words can tell the rush of grief, awhile beyond control,
That poured an overwhelming tide upon my anguished soul!

Yet,—thanks to Heaven's mercy!—e'en while bending 'neath the
blow,
I murmured not at the decree, which laid my infant low;
I knew, though then I saw it not, that there was kindness still,
And humbly said—"the Lord is good—be done his holy will!"

The Lord *is* good, and though I still in pain must linger on,
I know that thou art happy in the land where thou hast gone;
And, though a soul that loveth is from earth forever riven,
Yet surely it is sweeter to be loved by one in heaven.

My angel-babe! when suffering from passions or from care,
I walk aside and muse of thee, and think that thou art near;
That thought is to my wounded heart most soothing of all balms,
And stills the tumult of my soul, as oil the waters calms.

My sins are many, and my life a troubled tide doth seem,
But, since thy death, a chrystal wave has mingled with its stream,
And may that clear and heavenly wave still widen as it goes,
Until the river of my life all purely, calmly flows.

And thou wilt, through their varied life, be near thy lov'd ones
still,
And be to them an angel-guard to shield their souls from ill—
Oh! to thy gentle minist'rings a blessing e'er be given,
That at the last we all may meet—a family in heaven.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE death of a child, to those in no way connected with it either by relationship or daily intercourse, is a thing of little moment—a circumstance scarce noted; but how different is such an event to those who have grown familiar with the little prattler; to those who have begun to listen, even in memory, for the music of its happy voice.

In the family where I once resided, was a dear child who had won his way into every heart. Ten of us there were—but of these, six only claimed relationship—the rest of us were strangers and sojourners. But words cannot tell how dear to us was that sweet child. He was our playmate when in the house, and claimed many of our most pleasant thoughts when we were away. The father and mother were very happy in the possession of such a treasure, and though sensible persons, found it almost impossible to restrain even tiresome expressions of fondness for, and interest in, their little one.

He was just three years old, when he was suddenly taken with symptoms of that terrible disease, the *croup*. In the silent midnight his parents were startled from their sleep by his loud and difficult breathing. A hot bath was immediately prepared, and antimonial wine administered, but to no good purpose; and, ere dawn, an experienced physician had been summoned to the house. No relief could be obtained, however, for many hours,

and that relief was but a slight abatement of the alarming symptoms. But little was eaten by any at the breakfast table next morning. Concern and anxiety were upon every face. How all was changed since the day before! Then we were happy with our little playmate—now we spoke low and ominous words together, and stole about softly, as if we feared to wake a sleeper.

When we again assembled at the dinner hour, hope had not yet dawned upon the hearts of the anxious parents. One by one we gathered in the sick chamber to look upon our pleasant companion, now struggling with pain, and subdued by sickness. For a moment his eye would brighten as each familiar face bent over him, but it would soon settle into an appealing look, as if he asked our aid in his extremity.

How ardently did we long to bestow that aid, and how humbled in spirit were we, as we turned away from his bed side, feeling as though his rebuke went with us for not rescuing him from the hands of his tormentor.

The day wore on heavily with each one of us who was absent on business, and at last the evening came.

"How is little Willie?" I asked, eagerly, of his mother, who was the first that met me as I entered. She looked at me a moment before she spoke, evidently struggling to keep down her feelings, and then said, mournfully, and with wet eyes:—

"He is no better."

Softly I entered the chamber, the stillness of which was broken only by the loud, quick, labored breathing of the child. How changed was our little friend! The rose of health had faded from his cheek—the gladness from his young, bright eye. Nor was he suffering from the violence of the disease alone. Powerful medicines had prostrated his system, without expelling the malady, and a large blister had burnt the skin from his breast without moving the spoiler from his vigorous hold. I whispered his name as I bent over him, but he heard me not—I spoke in a louder tone, but he heeded not my voice. Even to his mother's

earnest call of—"Willie! *dear* Willie!" he answered not by a look, a word, or motion.

The night passed heavily. The first sound that greeted my ears in the morning, as I left my room, was the hoarse, suffocating breathing of the child. It sounded through the house, fearfully distinct, from the half-opened door of his chamber.

Another day passed, and another night, and then we were called to see him die. How my heart beats with a troubled, unequal motion, even now, while I recall that scene. His throat had become so swollen, that to breathe was almost impossible. He lay panting and gasping before us, and we could not even smooth his passage to the grave. The mother supported the head of her darling, and the father stood looking on apparently unmoved, but there was a tempest of feeling subdued, not stilled, in his bosom. The former had ceased to weep. Her sorrow was too profound to allow of a tearful relief.

The breathing of the little sufferer grew quicker and fainter, but he still labored fearfully. Each respiration convulsed his frame and distorted his features. Even to the last gasp, the struggle was painful. But when the spirit disengaged itself from the body, how calm, how still, how lovely was he in death! It was like a Sabbath rest after a week of toil and pain.

Bowed down in spirit we stole away from the chamber of death. What had we done that our delight was taken away, and our hearts stricken with sorrow! How can I attempt to describe the agony of the mother's heart! It cannot be told. It was known only to Him who sustained her in her affliction, and in a voice of indescribable sweetness, whispering even from the inner temple of her spirit, said, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Far more touching is the silent, subdued, resigned grief of a Christian mother, than the transports of one whose sorrow looks not out from self. Never shall I forget when Mrs. H——— bent over the coffin of her dear little Willie and kissed his cold forehead, lips and cheeks for the last time. Large drops were falling upon

the pale insensible face, but no sound passed the mother's lips. Ah, how many dear hopes did that coffin lid enclose, when it passed over the face of her loved and lovely one forever!

Days, weeks, months did not take away the loneliness from that house. I never passed its threshold, that I did not miss something. My ear listened for a well known voice, but the sound never more fell sweetly upon it. Feeling thus myself, how often did I pity the bereaved parents; but they bore their loss with Christian patience, looking beyond the veil of death, and seeing, by an eye of faith, their little one in the company of celestial angels.

HYMN FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Author of "Sinless Child."

LORD, not as she, whose matron pride
  Her noble sons would seat
On either hand of Judah's throne,
  Pressed by thy holy feet—
Oh! not for earthly power and pomp
  We meekly bend the knee—
Whate'er our children's varied lot
  We leave them, Lord, with thee.

In every weak and tempted hour,
  Oh! may thy spirit, strong,
Be there to fix the firm resolve
  And shield them from the wrong—
If, like our blessed master, they
  By perils fierce be driven,
Do thou but guide the struggling barque,
  'T will anchor safe in Heaven.

ALICE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHAS. J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

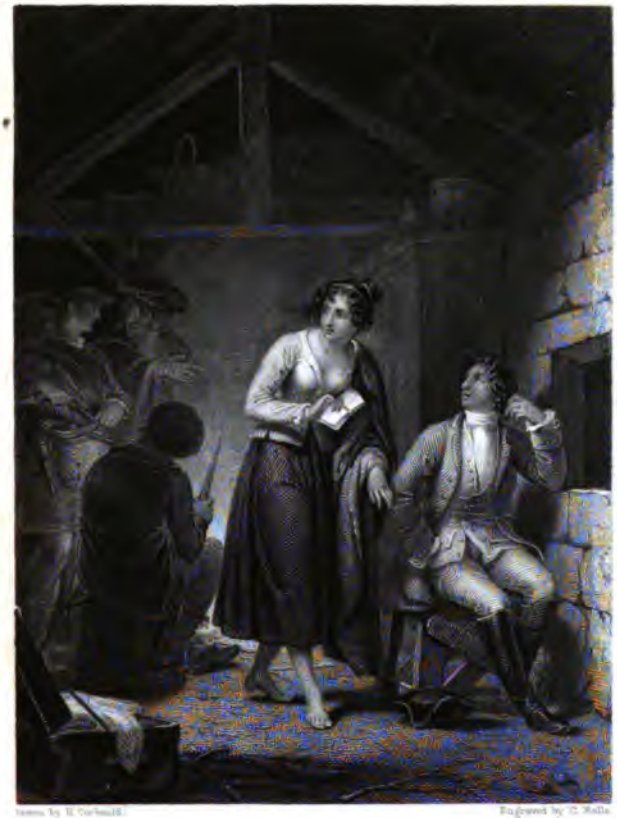
"Ruffian forego."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

"HELP, help," cried a female voice, startling the echos of the wild, mountain road, in one of the southern states.

Two individuals on horseback were traversing the rugged highway, when this sudden cry broke the silence. One was an officer, attired in the continental uniform: tall and athletic in person, and with a countenace strikingly noble. He had been riding leisurely along, but at the cry he drew in his rein and turned to his companion, who was a man of Herculean proportions, considerably his senior, and wore the uniform of a private in the American army.

"What can be the matter, Simpson?" said the officer. "The sound came from those woods to the left, and the voice was that of a woman."

"It 's nothing, Captain Hereward," replied his companion, with a smile at his master's alarm. "Nothing, at any rate, but some drunken rascal beating his wife or darter. Them things are common in these parts. We 'd better push on and leave 'em to settle it among themselves, for I 'm thinking, since last night's



Drawn by H. Corbould. Engraved by C. Mills.

ALICE.

heavy rain, that the river will be in freshet if we delay; and your honor knows to go around by Hinckley's corner would be a matter of twenty miles out of the way, besides leading us right into the heart of the tories."

This sensible view of the case appeared to strike the officer forcibly, and he was about to jerk his bridle, when the same cry, followed by several rapid screams, again rent the air.

"There 's something going on there more than a drunken frolic," said Hereward, vehemently, and as he spoke, he spurred his horse into a bridle path leading through the woods in the direction of the sound. His companion smiled again that same peculiar smile, and followed him.

A few minutes brought them into a little open space, or clearing in the heart of that wild forest. Here were about thirty acres of land from which the trees had been lately felled, for the stumps still stood unrotted in the fields, which were enclosed by a zig-zag fence. In the centre of the clearing stood a rude log house, in front of which some dozen persons were collected, with an old, gray-haired man in the centre having a rope about his neck. A little space apart appeared a young, and not unlovely female struggling in the arms of two men, and filling the air with shrieks.

"Oh! spare him," she said, stretching her arms towards the old man, "spare him for the love of God. Do n't murder him, and he no time for a prayer. He is my father—you can't be so cruel. Spare him—"

Hereward comprehended the whole affair at a glance. He knew the men, by their dress, to be American volunteers, and he suspected the old man was a tory, whom, in compliance with the bitter guerilla warfare then going on, they were about to hang. Hereward though an active partizan, was not a sanguinary one, and from his soul he reprobated the system of bloody reprisals at that time so common in the Carolinas. He, therefore, dashed his rowels into the side of his steed, cleared the fence

before him at a flying leap, and was galloping across the intervening field before his follower had time to stop him.

"It 's that devil McDevitt about to git his deserts; and a black-mouthed rascal he is, though our cornet Jim is in love with his pretty darter. However, I must follow my mad-cap of a captain or them rangers will murder him." With these words Simpson put his horse to a gallop, though, instead of leaping the fence, he followed the usual and more circuitous road.

With the speed of an arrow Hereward had crossed the field, and dashing into the very midst of the rangers before they even knew of his vicinity, he checked his mettled steed so suddenly that the foam from his bit flew over his dark, shining coat in snowy flakes.

"What means this?" he exclaimed. "Unloose that old man directly. Shame on ye!"

At these tones of command the men looked up, while those who were pinioning the victim dropped the cord. But one, apparently the leader, stepped forward.

"It 's the bloody tory McDevitt we have here, captain Hereward. He 's a spy, too, and many 's the brave fellow he 's been the death of. But his hour 's come."

"Oh! for the love of heaven, sir," said the daughter, breaking from the men, who had released their hold, and rushing forward, "save my father, and the blessing of God will be with you to your dying day. He 's an old man and nigh his grave. Do n't cut short his few years of life."

Her beautiful countenance, eloquent with a daughter's love, was upturned to Hereward as she spoke; for she had knelt at his stirrup, clasping his boot in an agony of supplication. He felt the tears starting to his eyes. Turning to the leader of the ruffians he said, angrily,

"How dare you, sir, murder this old man? If he is guilty let him be tried by the proper authorities; but do n't emulate the savage cruelty of the enemy, for that only brings on retaliation

and infuriates both sides. We already fight more like devils than men. Let us have no more of it. Unhand the old man. I will see that he is properly punished."

Most of the rangers at these words fell back, but a few stood their ground; while their leader impudently said,

"Since you talk that way, sir, we 'll see who has the best right to command here. I do n't belong to your troop, captain, and you shan't order me about. I 've fought and suffered for the cause, though I am a poor man; and now, when I 've caught this tory spy I ain't to be cheated of my revenge. The man shall die, I say. So stand back—I warn you."

"What—threats to me?" exclaimed Hereward, his face flushing to the very brow. "If you do n't begone this instant, sir, we 'll see whether you are not amenable to law. The general has forbidden these summary executions. So look to yourself!" and, with these words, he drew a pistol from his holster.

The affair was now becoming serious. The greater portion of the rangers hung aloof, undecided which officer to obey; but two or three determined fellows closed round their leader, and matters looked perilous for Hereward. Nor were the revengeful feelings of the men wholly inexcusable. The partizan war that followed the invasion of Cornwallis was now at its height, and confiscation, rapine and murder were the daily lot of the whigs. Whenever a small body of them collected for mutual defence, the royalists were not long in obtaining the intelligence, and several parties having been thus surprised and cut off, the impression was general that a spy was in their midst. Suspicion finally rested on McDevitt, a violent tory, who was observed to be often absent from his farm, and a party of rangers immediately set off for his clearing to execute summary justice on him. To be arrested thus in the proceeding was consequently at variance with their wild notions of what was right. Hands were laid on swords and the priming of pistols looked to, and another moment might have brought on bloodshed, had not the companion of

Hereward, at this critical juncture, arrived. Placing his horse directly between his master and the leader of the rangers, he turned to the latter and said,

"You 're a noisy fool, Jim Hawes. Captain Hereward means what is right, and you know it. Who of you, what ten of you has lost half as much for liberty as he—answer me that, boys?" and he turned to the men. Then, facing the leader again, he continued raising his brawny arm, "so take yourself off or I 'll beat you to a jelly."

The man would still have braved it out, but when he saw that the united presence of Hereward and his well known campaigner were too much for his authority, his men all having now deserted him, he sullenly turned on his heel and occupied himself with tightening the girth of his horse who was fastened to a sapling close by. In a few minutes he ordered his men to saddle, and immediately after rode angrily off with them, muttering,

"We 'll see what he 'll do with McDevitt now. The old tory will certainly escape and then who will the general blame?"

The father and his daughter had rushed into each others arms and there wept while the rangers were getting to horse; but now they advanced to Hereward and were profuse in thanks.

"I must waive all that," he said, "for I have not a moment to spare. I am going to do a very foolish thing," he continued, addressing the daughter rather than the father. "But I understand, Alice, that there have been some love passages between you and my cornet, Jim Hastings, and for his sake I will trust you. I do not ask whether your father has been guilty: he is safe, this time, from punishment, even if he were. But I have one condition to impose. He must abandon this part of the country, and remove among his fellow loyalists below:—this is advisable on account both of his own safety and of our security. I take your word that he will do so at once—this very day; and engage during the rest of the war not to serve against us. May I trust you?"

"Fully: and may heaven bless you," said the girl. "I will undertake for my father. We can safely reach our friends if we set out at once."

"I think you can, and now get ready at once, for I have no time to spare."

Hereward waited only until a couple of horses were laden with such of the articles as were most portable, and the fugitives had disappeared in the secluded wood road which they had chosen for their flight: then he summoned his follower and resumed his journey.

"A jewel of a wife will Jim Hastings get," said his free-spoken companion, "but as bloody a tory as ever lived is that father of hers. I doubt, your honor, whether it was wise to let him go, to say nothing of the time we 've lost. The river will certainly be in flood when we reach it. You 're a married man, or I should say the black eyes of Alice had won you over."

Hereward made no reply, for he was too much accustomed to his garrulous and self-opinionated, but faithful follower, to take any offence. He spurred his animal sharply, however, showing that he felt the value of the lost time as much as his companion, and not a word further was exchanged between the two for many a weary mile.

CHAPTER II.

"For my mind misgives
Some consequence."

Romeo and Juliet.

"We are too late—the river is coming down like a mill-race. Why the ford is deep enough to swim a whole battalion," said Simpson, as they came in sight of the stream, which now, swol-

len between its narrow but lofty banks, roared and foamed along in perilous volume.

"We must go around by Hinckley's corner then," replied Hereward, turning his horse's head as he spoke, though a shade of chagrin passed over his countenance.

"It can't be helped, that 's a fact," said his companion, "but as it 's a matter of twenty miles or so out of the way, we 'd better spur up sharply. Howsomever, things would n't be so bad if the tories were n't as thick down there as hornets in a hay-field," and he instinctively hitched his sabre further in front as he spoke. Hereward made no reply, and both horsemen went off at a smart pace.

The reflections of our hero, during the journey that followed, were not of the most pleasant character. He had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the tories by his bold and skilful partizanship, and threats had been made that if he was taken alive by the royal authorities, he would be punished as a traitor. His danger was the more imminent since, like Col. Hayne, he had signed the protection, at a period when so many, deluded by the promises of Cornwallis, were led to commit that fatal act; and the execution of that gentleman convinced Hereward that he had as little mercy to hope for in the event of a capture. Death is unwelcome to all, but to Hereward, scarcely married a month, it would be peculiarly bitter. He rode on, therefore, anxiously listening for any signs of a foe, and casting uneasy glances around at every suspicious clump of trees or other shelter for an ambuscade. He avoided also, as much as possible, the direct roads, preferring the short cuts and bye-paths which were less likely to be frequented.

The night had already closed in, and the stars were twinkling through the trees, when our horsemen reached a slight acclivity reaching down to the bridge they had made such a circuit to gain. Here our hero drew up his steed.

"Do you see any one, Simpson, below?—the road is very obscure, but I think it is unoccupied."

The veteran gazed down the highway, but saw no living thing. Only the dark shadows of the trees, bridging the narrow road, broke the vague and silent landscape.

"There 's no one ahead, your honor, but then we can't see into the cross-road."

"Can we reconnoiter it?"

"No. Howsomever there can be no enemies there, or we should hear them trolling out 'God save the king,' or some other of their drunken songs."

"Then push on!" said Hereward, putting his horse into a sharp trot.

Down the hill the two horsemen went at a slashing pace, but just as they came opposite the cross-roads, they heard the quick trot of approaching cavalry, and looking round they saw a party of at least a dozen troopers, evidently tories, advancing. At the same instant the enemy recognized our fugitives, and setting up a wild whoop they gave spurs to their horses and came dashing on. The tories were a little in advance, and thus succeeded in reaching the entrance to the bridge first, which they blockaded. At the same instant a party galloped to the rear of our hero, and another detachment took position on the left side of the highway. Thus, in less time than we have taken to describe it, Hereward and his follower were surrounded.

"We must cut our way through," said our hero, pushing his horse at those who opposed him and jerking a pistol from his holster, "Follow me!"

"Take them alive," shouted one who seemed the leader of the tories, "it is captain Hereward, boys—twenty guineas to the one who makes him prisoner."

These words, betraying the anxiety of the enemy to secure his person, convinced Hereward of the desperate nature of his situation. He consequently resolved to die, rather than suffer himself to be taken. Turning on him who had just spoken, he levelled his pistol, but the instrument, at the moment of explosion, was

knocked up. To draw the other and shoot dead the trooper who interfered was an instinctive movement: then, unsheathing his sabre, he rushed furiously on the foe. Now plunging forward, and now backing his powerful horse, dealing his blows right and left with the quickness of lightning, he strove to maintain the unequal fight. For a few seconds nothing was distinguishable in the melee except the flashing of figures to and fro in the starlight, while the rattling of steel was rapid and incessant. Hereward had no leisure to look about him for his companion; but he heard Simpson's lion-like voice, more than once, rising over the fray. Three of the tories had already fallen beneath our hero's sabre. But they still cheered each other on, like hounds when a noble stag is at bay. At length a simultaneous rush was made on him from all sides, and while parrying a deadly thrust in front, his arms were suddenly pinioned by the rough embrace of a brawny tory who sprang upon him from the rear. Almost simultaneously a horse-girth was passed around him, his weapons were wrenched out of his hands, and he found himself a prisoner.

Meantime Simpson had been engaged with another party of the tories, whom he handled so severely that they were glad to keep at a convenient distance, waiting until he should be tired out. It was fortunate for him, gigantic as was his strength, that the efforts of most of the troopers were bestowed on the capture of Hereward, else he too would have been overpowered and bound. But the sudden rush on our hero from all quarters, created a diversion in favor of his follower, who finding himself at that moment opposed by comparatively few, broke through their feeble opposition, gained the bridge, and with a wild shout dashed over it. Just as Hereward found himself with his arms pinioned, and deprived of his weapons, he looked up to catch the last glimpse of Simpson as he disappeared in the forest on the other side of the river, the bullets of his enemies whistling harmlessly by him. Leaving our hero to be carried a prisoner to the next post, we will follow the fugitive.

Tam O'Shanter, with the witches at his heels, did not gallop faster than the veteran; and every few moments, like him of Ayr, Simpson looked back anxiously over his shoulder. But after a hard gallop of some miles he seemed satisfied that his pursuers were distanced: then he pulled up.

"The Lord have mercy on the captain," he said, "unless we can find some means to rescue him soon. These tories are like hungry sharks. Before two days they 'll have him tried and hung, the bloody villains—and he the bravest man from Santee to the Cherokee country. Well, it' s a blessing I got off. Cold lead I do n't mind, for that comes in the way of business; but my neck and a halter shall never become acquainted with my consent. Howsomever, it will never do to desert the captain in his extremity. I must gallop to camp and see if we can't raise a force to rescue him: they 'll likely take him to the post below."

Long before the dawn Simpson reached what he called the "camp," a temporary bivouac of a party of horse formed of the same material as Marion's celebrated band. The first person he roused with the news of Hereward's capture was Jim Hastings, to whom he narrated the whole affair from the release of McDevitt, his betrothed's parent, to the onslaught at Hinckley's corner.

"He did nobly, and I shall never forget captain Hereward's interference," said Hastings much moved. "But you say his capture was the consequence of his delay—then here I swear to die or save him. Alice, I know, will give me up without a reproach should I fall, when she comes to hear in whose behalf I lost my life."

"Pooh! do n't talk so melancholy," said Simpson, in his rough way. "But let us wake the lads, tell them the captain is a prisoner, and make the best of our way to the enemy's post. We 'll reach it before the morning is far advanced and dashing in, release the captain by a bold swoop and be off."

"No, no, that will not do," said Hastings, shaking his head.

"Half our fellows are away, and the enemy has just received an accession from one of the Highland regiments."

"Then they 'd chop us up like mince meat, and that plan won't do," said Simpson, with a puzzled look.

"Did you not say Alice and her father started for the enemy's post before you left them?" suddenly asked Hastings.

"I did, but what 's that got to do with the captain?"

"I have it—I have it," said Hastings. "I will disguise myself and venture into the post, when, if I can see Alice, her woman's wit may find some way to put me into communication with captain Hereward, and arrange a plan of escape. I do n't yet see how it can be managed, but I am sanguine of success."

"I 'm afeared it 's a foolish venture—you youngsters are always too full of hope. But since there is no other way left than to carcumvent the enemy somehow, why I 'm your man, and will go along, though I 'm doubtful whether this old neck won't make acquaintance with the halter after all."

CHAPTER III.

"This I believe to be an anachronism, as Saint Enoch's church was not built at the date of the story."—*Rob Roy.*

"I WILL see the dear gentleman: he 's a more proper man than any of you, if he *is* a rebel."

These words, spoken in a not unfamiliar voice, aroused Hereward from the reverie into which he had fallen. It was the day succeeding that of his capture, and his worst forebodings had been fulfilled; for, after a hasty examination before the officer commanding the post, he had been condemned to die the ensuing morning, as a traitor. In vain Hereward had protested against the injustice and summary character of the proceedings: the

officer had roughly answered that his majesty was determined to make an example of the disaffected, and that he might as well dismiss all hope of mercy. With this brutal announcement Hereward had been remanded to the temporary prison which he now occupied, and which was nothing more than an ordinary house appropriated for the purpose of a jail.

It is a bitter thing to die in youth, when life is just opening before us and every thing seems joyous and happy. Such Hereward felt it to be, as leaning his head on his hand, he sat by the window of his room, beneath which, as if to cut off the last chance of escape, a sentry paced with loaded musket. To have died on the battle field would not have been so terrible, but to perish ignominiously was almost too much for his manly heart. He had all the prejudices of a soldier, and had entreated to be allowed a soldier's death. The commanding officer, however, was inflexible, and Hereward was to be hung like a common felon. Still he could have met his doom with comparative resignation had it not been for the thought of his bride. Scarcely a month had elapsed since their nuptials, and this was the first occasion on which he had left her since. The business which had called him abroad, though urgent, was of short duration, and he had fondly hoped that on the morrow he would be once more by her side—that morrow which would now see him a dishonored corpse. These thoughts almost unmanned him. His own fate he could summon up fortitude to bear, it was indeed less terrible, he felt, than hers; for who would assuage her grief when he was gone, or protect her during the stormy period that remained of the war? The tears almost came to his eyes as these reflections passed through his mind, but remembering that he was observed, he checked them, resolving to die with fortitude, nor shame his manhood.

"I *will* see the rebel gentleman," said the voice again. "Come, Saunders, let me pass."

Hereward looked up. The apartment in which he was con-

fined was narrow, and crowded with several of his guards, privates of the Highland regiment, who were laughing and jesting, regardless of the feelings of their prisoner. The door was partially open, but the passage was filled up by the bulky form of the sergeant, who appeared to be resisting the ingress of some one without, evidently the speaker. Where could Hereward have heard that voice before?

"Nay, my pretty lass—the orders are positive to admit no one. But yet I would venture something for a kiss from your bonnie lips."

"You deserve a kiss, don't you, sergeant McIntosh, for keeping me here waiting?" said the girl coquettishly. "This is a pretty way to win favors from a woman."

"Why, it 's Alice McDevitt," said one of the guard, gallantly, advancing to the door, "the flower of Carolina. She 's the daughter of the old tory, sergeant, and there can be no harm in admitting her. Come in, my pretty lass."

At the name of Alice, Hereward started. Had she only come to commisserate him, or was she the bearer of news from his friends? The latter was his conviction, for he knew the hearty affection of his troop, and accordingly he became all attention, though seemingly as listless as ever.

Alice entered with a saucy toss of the head, playing the wilful coquette to perfection, but when her eye fell on Hereward she curtesied low, giving him at the same time a glance full of intelligence. Then, as suddenly, she resumed her assumed character.

"Dear me," she said, "sweet gentleman! what a pity one so handsome should have to be hung. I wonder if the poor man 's married?"

This remark was delivered partly as a soliloquy, but the soldier who had procured her admittance chose to understand it as addressed to himself, and replied with a compliment. This led to a coquettish conversation, which Alice conducted with great spirit. Suddenly she pretended to drop a ring, which she had

been girlishly pulling off and putting on while listening to his flatteries, and in stooping to pick it up she adroitly managed rapidly to transfer a paper from her bosom to the hand of Hereward, near whose feet the ring had rolled and where she was occupied a moment in searching for it. Quick as thought, Hereward taking the cue from the stratagem, hid the paper under the flap of his coat. Alice, on rising, diverted attention from him by resuming her banter with the soldier, and in such a gay strain was the conversation carried on that the guards were kept laughing and seemed wholly to have forgot their prisoner. Hereward was thus enabled, by turning his back to the group and leaning his head on the window sill, to peruse the letter. It ran thus:

"We are here, ready to assist your escape. Alice will bring you this, and if you approve our plan, give her a look before she departs. The scheme is that you should watch a favorable opportunity, leap from your window, and then make for the clump of thick woods just over the stream at the foot of the hill. If you reach it unharmed, you will find there a horse ready, which mount, and gallop for the east road leading out of the town. A party of your troop will be in ambush on the edge of the swamp a mile beyond, and when you arrive there you will be safe. The horse will be kept ready saddled for you all day: the wood is there very dense and well calculated for concealment. The father of Alice will watch for your escape close by. Either he or his daughter may be trusted."

As soon as Hereward had possessed himself of the contents of this precious document he hastily concealed it in his bosom. Then he turned, and catching the eye of Alice, smiled. She understood the sign, though the others supposed it was caused by one of her gay sallies. A few minutes afterwards Alice departed without creating a suspicion of her errand.

Our hero had no doubt that Hastings, or Simpson, or both, were at the bottom of this plan for his escape. His keen sagacity saw that the scheme, moreover, was the only feasible one. But

how could he reach the wood, for on that hung the success of the whole plot? The guards had been stationed in his room all day, and while they remained, escape from the window was impossible. Nothing could be done until night, and in the meantime the horse, secreted in the clump of trees over the brook, might be detected.

Hereward was now all anxiety. He looked out of the window as the day wore on, and dreaded every moment to see the hidden animal, which was his only stay, discovered. As hours passed, while the guards still kept up their watch in the apartment, his impatience became feverish; and when night came on, and preparations were made for pinioning his arms for better security during the hours of darkness, his heart sunk within him. But he was forced to submit, and with his hands firmly tied, he was cast on a straw bed which had been made up for him in a corner, while two of the soldiers kept watch, one at the door and one at the window.

These precautions were so unusual that Hereward feared the plot had been discovered, and he lay, all that night, a prey to corroding anxiety. The glimpse of hope which Alice's letter had awakened only made the present certainty of his execution more intolerable. How could he have supposed that such an unremitting watch would be maintained over him all day, or that at night he would be deprived as he had been of the use of his limbs, unless his projected escape had been discovered? Could McDevitt have betrayed them? It was surely wrong to trust such a man. Or if not betrayed, would any opportunity of gaining the brook occur in the morning before he was led out for execution? Was it possible that a horse would be kept waiting for him so long? Agitated and kept awake by these thoughts, Hereward passed the night.

The first dawn had scarcely appeared before the guards were up, for the execution had been appointed between day-break and sunrise. Our hero was suffered to rise, and his bonds were now

removed. Already he could hear the beat of the drum summoning the troop to attend his execution, and had his mind been less self-sustained he would have given up all hope at the sound. But the thought of his bride nerved his soul, and he watched the movements of his guards keenly, to take advantage of the slightest oversight that would afford a chance of escape.

The gray morning was stealing over the landscape as Hereward looked out, to take, perhaps, the last gaze that would ever be afforded him of the coming in of day. The cold, uncertain light was fast changing to a more roseate hue, betokening the speedy appearance of the sun, yet before that luminary would light the prospect, the gazer might be in eternity. The moments were becoming more and more precious. Still the guards kept watch in the room, affording no opportunity for escape. Hereward's eyes continually wandered to the clump of trees across the brook, for he yet looked for aid in some way from that quarter. Suddenly he beheld a female form advancing to the brook with a pail as if for water; and a nearer approach satisfied him that this person was Alice. She came on singing, as if thoughtlessly, but the words were those of the old Jacobite song "O'er the water to Charlie." The selection of this ballad augured design, and Hereward judged from it that his friends were still ready to assist his escape and that Alice had been sent to assure him of this. He gathered new hope from the occurrence.

"Will you see the chaplain, sir?—I am sorry to say the time is approaching and that there can be no further delay."

Hereward turned from the window out of which he had been gazing, and saw in the speaker the officer in whose charge he had been placed. As if in consideration of his wishes for the approaching interview, and perhaps from the belief that precaution was no more required, the soldiery had been removed from the apartment and he was alone with the officer. Instantly a plan of escape flashed on him, bold and perilous it is true, but yet such a one as was not wholly without hope.

"Is he without?" said Hereward, answering at the very moment that the sentry below was passing his window.

"He is."

"Then pray let him enter."

The officer advanced to the door, and the instant his back was turned, Hereward leaped through the window, alighting unhurt below, though the distance was full fifteen feet. The sentry faced about on hearing the fall of so heavy a body immediately behind him, but Hereward sprung on the surprised soldier, and wrenched the musket from his hands as quick as thought. Without pausing, our hero dashed down the hill in the direction of the stream, which he crossed on a rude bridge formed of a log, luckily unharmed by the shots which were sent after him, for quick as all this had occurred, the alarm had already spread, and several soldiers, rushing out from the guard room under his prison, had fired on the fugitive. He reached the further banks of the brook in safety, and dashed at once into the clump of trees. Here he might have been puzzled what direction to take, had not his quick eye detected several twigs broken, as if to point out a path, and being used to this Indian clue, he immediately suspected that the twigs had been thus broken to afford him a guide. Following the way they pointed out he soon reached a horse, ready caparisoned, which unfastening he led out hastily to the edge of the clump and vaulted into the saddle.

The spot where Hereward emerged on the open ground, was considerably elevated and commanded a view of the village below, and of the roads leading out of it. A single glance which he cast around revealed to him the exact nature of the difficulties which he had to surmount. From the spot where he stood a bridle path led down to the east road, which was the one he had been ordered to pursue; but this road was also intersected by the main street of the village. The only thing in his favor was that the distance to the last road from where Hereward was, appeared to be some sixty yards less than from the guard house

whence he had escaped, thus affording him a considerable start of his pursuers. He could see that every thing around his late prison was in commotion. The infantry had broken their ranks and were scattered up and down on the further side of the brook, ready to fire the instant they saw him emerge again from the copse; while the dragoons were hastily mounting their horses, and the officers were gesticulating violently as they delivered their orders. When Hereward made his appearance on the brow of the little hill, a general shout announced that he had been discovered, and three or four dragoons, who were already in the saddle, guessing his purpose dashed down the main street.

As Hereward saw all this he felt the life and energy of a dozen men. He was once more free. He was no longer the helpless victim, bound and guarded; but he stood unshackled on the open ground, with his faculties unimpaired, and the chance to struggle for his life. This feeling made the blood dance in his veins: it gave him a sort of wild exultation. Already he felt as if he had triumphed, and rising in his stirrups he answered the shout of his pursuers with a huzza of defiance. Then shaking loose the rein he dashed impetuously down the hill.

The dragoons were now mounting hot and fast; but Hereward led the most advanced of them a considerable distance. He had not been in the saddle a minute before he saw that his friends had taken care to ensure him a swift horse: and with the confidence which this awakened he turned back to look at his pursuers just as, descending the hill, he entered the east road. He saw that he had already distanced most of the dragoons; but one, a man of powerful frame, and mounted on a superb charger, was pressing him hard. Hereward now urged on his horse, but he soon found his adversary's steed was more than a match for his in swiftness. Already the trooper, thundering rapidly behind, was close upon him, while full three quarters of a mile remained to be passed before he could reach the ambuscade of his friends. It was not a time to hesitate. Fortunately Hereward had retained

the musket which he had snatched from the sentry—thinking it might be of use in an emergency. That emergency had now come, for the dragoon was, by this time, within twenty feet of our hero, who fancied he could feel already the hot breath of the charger. Suddenly the trooper put his hand to the holster. Hereward divined his intention, and turning half around in the saddle, brought his musket to his shoulder, glanced rapidly along the barrel, and pulled the trigger. The whole movement was executed with the velocity of thought; and before the smoke cleared away from the muzzle, Hereward saw the burly form of the trooper tumble from his saddle.

The sight of their murdered comrade urged the pursurers to greater speed, but our hero's horse now proved equal to the best of those that followed: and he maintained his distance until he came up with his friends, who, true to their promise, and resolved not to desert their leader until the last moment, had bivouacked out all night in the swamp, and now, apprised of his approach by a look out, eagerly advanced to meet him.

"Huzza," shouted old Simpson, "he 's off from the varmints after all. Close round him, boys, and guard him as your own lives."

Flushed and excited, Hereward could only look his thanks to the brave fellows who had perilled so much for him, for he dared not trust himself to words, so great was his emotion.

"Shall we give them a brush, Simpson?" said Hastings, noticing that the enemy had halted at this sudden apparition of so respectable a force. "My sabre longs to make acquaintance with some of their skulls."

"Nay, young hot-head, let us rather be satisfied with the present success, and make the best of our way back to the camp. The fellows you see are only the advanced guard and have but halted till a reinforcement comes up. So fall in—wheel—trot!"

Our story is done. The gallant band reached the camp in safety and without pursuit, for the enemy seemed paralyzed by

the boldness of the whole affair. Hereward was the first to announce to his bride his peril and narrow escape. No one ever appeared to suspect Alice or her father of participation in the rescue, and until the close of the war the manner in which Hereward obtained his steed remained a mystery. When, however, the enemy had been driven out of the Carolinas, our hero took care that the conduct of Alice should be known; and he and his bride invited her and Hastings, now man and wife, to accept a farm on one of Hereward's estates, in token of her services. There the young couple resided in comfort, if not in opulence, all their days, and there their children and their children's children still tell this, and other tales, of "*the brave days of old.*"

A MORNING WALK IN JUNE.

I WILL walk forth into the pleasant woods
This balmy morning, and beneath the shade
Of yon old beech, that in these solitudes
Without a compeer stands, where oft I 've stray'd
And listened to the song the wild birds made.—
There will I sit me down, where I can see
The dew-drops glisten on yon mossy glade,
All undisturbed as yet except by me,
For I can trace my steps even to this old green tree.

The sun hath not yet risen;—yet the hum
Of distant voices stirs the air around
Already—nearer, nearer doth it come;
I 'll rise and wander where the busy sound
Will not disturb mine ear! Yon rising mound
I 'll cross, and enter the opposing dell,
Where many wild, sweet-scented flowers are found
Decking the earth's dark bosom passing well;
But first I will remove this slow snail's curious shell

From out my path. Thou strange, slow-moving thing!
Securely hid from the devouring hawk,
Sailing above on broad and venturous wing,—
Thou shalt be my companion in my walk!
And I will hold with thee some curious talk

About thyself!—thy structure coiled and small;
Why thou art found alike on beetling rock,
In the low vale, or by the water-fall?
Why thou art made thus strange!—why thou art made at all?

Methinks if, for some unrepented sin,
An angel were condemned in this low guise
To wander through the world an humbled thing,
Creeping on earth, that mounted once the skies,
Fluttering his wings in gales of Paradise—
Methinks the punishment were surely great
Enough for any crime! Thy horned eyes,
Thou melancholy thing, thou rais'st elate,
As if thou wert indeed once of a high estate:—

Even such is man!—when at the lowest ebb
Of a fall'n fortune and a ruin'd name,—
Even when he 's most entangled in the web
That leads to dark dishonor, sin and shame,
He 'll backward proudly point from whence he came,
And boasting vaunt of other days than these,
As if his father's or his former fame,
O'erwhelmed by later, blacker infamies,
Would make him other than the guilty thing he is!

Poor creeping thing!—Perchance if thou could'st speak,
Thou would'st tell many a tale of piteous wo!
Perchance in the wild fancies vainly seek
For other than thou seemest, mean and low!
Scarce animate with life!—And is it so?
And can'st thou be contented thus to go
Crawling beneath the feet of such as me
Who made of clay, do yet aspire to know
The secrets of the heavens,—and would be
Admitted to the bounds where shine the galaxy?

And if thou art contented, I 'll not call
Thee abject; nor contemn thy lowly state;
Thou dost not mount the car of fame to fall
From thence despised, degraded, desolate,
The pride, the scorn, the mockery of fate,
Like thy reviler man,—who, did he see
A God above, would strive to be his mate,—
Aye, even would match him with the Deity,
Even with that greater Power, that made both him and thee.

How beautiful this morning is!—how calm!
All nature smiles serenly, free from care,—
The zephyrs dip their wings in wells of balm,
And waft their fragrance through the ambient air;
The earth how green, the heavens—O! how fair
A glorious frame around a gem made bright
With His own smile whose eye is every where;
Open thy heart, O! man; and let its light
Pierce through the misty gloom that shrouds thy soul in night!

J. C. D.

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BOSTON.

Some twenty years ago, when I was a resident in Boston, a friend proposed to me that we should rise at five o'clock every pleasant morning in the summer, and taking a small boat, should amuse ourselves for an hour in rowing about in the smooth and spacious harbor, viewing the city and shipping from as great a variety of points as possible. This plan was accordingly put in execution; and it afforded us for some weeks an unfailing fund of amusement. Nothing can be more beautiful and picturesque than many of the views which are thus to be obtained. The land-locked harbor is as tranquil as a mill-pond, and on its glassy surface you see reflected the beautiful forms and tapering masts of hundreds of vessels of all sizes. Some are under sail, moving tranquilly along with a gentle summer breeze. Others are receiving or discharging their cargoes; while the workmen make the air ring with that loud and monotonous chorus, by which they regulate their motions. Others are undergoing repairs in their rigging, and others lie at anchor just ready to depart for some distant foreign shore. Leaving this busy scene, we used to shoot off to a considerable distance, passing the fishing boats on their way out to sea under easy sail, and often encountering the puffing, smoking steamboat on its way to Nahant.

When completely clear of the wharves, out in the open harbor, we used to rest upon our oars and contemplate the array of city, towns and villages which surround this beautiful sheet of

water, all smiling in the beauty of summer sunshine and all presenting objects, which teemed with historical associations connected with the Revolutionary struggle, from the ruined batteries which crowned the memorable heights of Dorchester to that famous hill in Charlestown which was the theatre of one of the most brilliant and terrible scenes, which mark the early period of the War of Independence.

It will be long before I shall forget these delightful boating excursions in the harbor of Boston. F.

PROFESSION, NOT PRINCIPLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

From "The Subordinate."

"PROFESSION is not Principle." I learned this years ago, and have seen it verified hundreds of times since. Who has not? Neither is profession religion. How often, too, have I proved this. The best men I ever knew were those who made few professions. The internals with them were pure as well as the externals.

I take no pleasure in making the exposures which follow, but where truth may do good I never hesitate about telling it. It is always painful to perceive a deviation from profession in those who make a show of religion. Christianity has suffered more from the irregularities of its pretended friends, than the assaults of its open enemies. There are thousands who have taken upon themselves no vows, who are purer in heart and more upright in actions than many, very many who press forward to the altar. This is a sad truth.

A few doors from my residence, when a boy, lived a Mr. T———, a boot maker. He was a member of the ——— Church, and a loud professor. Regularly every morning and evening he assembled his family for worship, and in the private meetings of the church members, he prayed loudest and longest of any. I often observed him during the services of the

church on the Sabbath, and was forced to remark the air of piety and devotion which he exhibited. At first I was led to believe him a good man, but a little introduction into the secrets of his business transactions, as I grew older, convinced me that he made religion a means of securing worldly emolument and honor, rather than heavenly riches and divine honors. It was only necessary to ask his apprentices his character to understand something of his claims to religion. A really good man is rarely, if ever, the subject of abuse by those under him, but they spare not the pretender to virtues which he does not possess.

Mr. T——, was one of those who profess to consider heavenly riches as infinitely more valuable than sordid gold, but who, by all their actions illustrate the truth of the remark with which we started, that "profession is not principle." He was not content with working his apprentices hard, and keeping them poorly clad and poorly fed, but he gained his penny whenever he could, no matter who lost the penny or to whom it most belonged. I will give an example of his dealing in this latter respect.

A colored drayman had brought him a load of leather from a house far down town. After the leather was unloaded, the following dialogue took place.

"Well, old fellow, (and the drayman was old—at least sixty) what 's to pay?"

"Three fips, sir."

"Here 's a 'levy. I never pay but a 'levy a load. You can't take me in."

"Indeed, massa, can't take less than three fips. That 's the reg'lar charge, and I always gits it."

"Nonsense!—here take your money, and do n't stand palavering there."

"Can't, indeed, massa. You knows that aint enough."

"You black nigger! do you mean to say that I want to cheat you?"

"No, massa; but three fips is the reg'lar charge for a load, and I can't take less. I could n't make a livin', at a 'levy."

"Well I 'm not going to stand fooling here with you. If you do n't take this, you 'll get nothing."

"Can't take it, massa. All or none, is my rule. I wont cheat by asking too much, and I wont be cheated."

"Then you get none."

"Well, I can give you three fips if you are sufferin'." And the independent old fellow got on to his dray and drove off.

I was standing at the door at the time, and witnessed the whole proceeding. The unjust man turned away as the dray rattled off, but I could see no compunction on his hard face.

A few days after, I witnessed a similar scene, which I will also describe. Another drayman brought him a barrel of flour and a keg of butter from the wharf. As usual the eleven penny piece was tendered.

"The price is three fips, massa," said the negro, smiling.

"Nonsense!—here take your money; think I do n't know the price?"

"Indeed indouble, massa! dat 's too little."

"Here, aint you going to take your money? You 'd better."

"Massa, if I had plenty of money, and what I 'd call plenty aint much, I would n't care about a fip. But my old 'oman's been sick now three months, and I 've got five little children, and sometimes I can't hardly git enough for 'em to eat. A fip would buy a loaf of bread, and that would go a good ways."

"Here 's your 'levy, if you are going to take it. If your wife is sick, that 's no reason why you should be an extortioner. If you are in want, beg, but do n't cheat."

The poor negro said no more, but took the little piece of money and went off. I witnessed this scene too. How my young hot blood, did boil.

On that same evening I heard him, at a public prayer meeting, in the ——— church, address the good and holy Lord, and with vain repetitions, make a long prayer, as if he were to be heard for his much speaking, instead of for his pure heart and upright purpose. How can such men read the Word of the Lord, and

then hope to be received hereafter into the heavens, where love to the neighbor is pure and perfect?

Mr. T———, had five apprentices. Each one of these he had taken from the alms house, because, as he said, parents and friends were always troublesome to a master. They were a cowed, spiritless, and, if they were to be believed, a half starved set. Their clothes were poor and dirty, and they were ashamed to appear at church on the Sabbath day, or to go into decent company. At meals, they were allowanced in many articles, such as butter, meat, &c. at breakfast and supper times; and in bread at dinner time. A single slice of bread was all each received during dinner. Potatoes were very good. The boys were loud in their complaints out of doors, but dared not say much within.

In so large a family as that of Mr. T——— there was a good deal of sewing to do, and *out of charity* the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed for the family sometime, and given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly only was this charity. Really, it was to save a few more pennies. How could this be? some one will ask. Let me sketch a little scene; premising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless, with no apparent means of support. Besides, she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr. T———, had heard of her distressed situation, and at the suggestion of the individual who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

"I think it would indeed," says Mrs. T———.

"Our sewing costs us a great deal," responds the careful husband, "and in this thing we may benefit ourselves as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this poor woman is rather an indifferent sewer in comparison to Miss R——, and therefore her work will not of course be worth so much. And she will no doubt think one half the price Miss R. gets a good one."

"No doubt," chimes in the frugal partner.

Mrs. —— is sent for. After she is seated the following conversation takes place.

"Can you do plain sewing?"

"Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons."

"What is your price for fine shirts?"

"I have n't set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one."

"But you know that to get work you will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People do n't like to change."

"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children."

"I suppose you will make fine shirts for a quarter?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"That 's reasonable. Boys common shirts you 'll not charge over eleven pence for?"

"No, ma'am!"

"That 's reasonable, and I 'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor. Come down to-morrow and I 'll have some work ready for you." The widow departed.

"Well, wife," says Mr. T———, bustling in, when he saw the woman depart—"At what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R—— charges."

"Well that 's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

"Yes, it will so: and if I keep her at it, or some one else at the same price for a year, you 'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl, wont you?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I 'll do my best. It 's shameful what some of these seamstresses *do* charge!"

It is often well to reverse a picture. Suppose we look at the other side of this.

Mrs. —— had always been delicate. When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard working, industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough for support. Her health, after her marriage, was but little improved, and when with several small children she was left a widow, she yielded, in her first keen anguish of bereavement, to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and as she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work, and earn food and scanty clothing at least. But she could get no work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when her last one was spent. Just at this sad moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T——— sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview, she was glad at heart with the thought that now there was a way of escape at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents were her first pieces of work. Two of these, by close application, she managed to get done in a day. Had they been made perfectly plain, she could have finished them earlier, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children:—but the last words of Mrs. T——— had robbed her of that chance.—"You can stitch the collars and wrist-bands of those, any how—you can afford it, I suppose,—they iron better when that is done."—The simple and touching—"Yes, ma'am," but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak, from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed; her rooms cleaned, a scanty meal of mush and milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for her self.—Her own stomach refused the food of which her

children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching so intensely as almost to blind her. Some how or other she could not get on fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their meal, and she had to make great haste in preparing it, as well for their satisfaction as to gain time.

"Mother, we 're getting most tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You do n't have all the good things now you used to.—No pies, nor puddings, nor meat."

"Never mind, dear, we 'll have some nice corn cakes for supper."

"You 'll have supper soon, won't you, mother?" said another little one, coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn cakes.

"And shan't we have molasses on them?" said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

"No, dear, not to-night; but to-morrow we 'll have some."

"Why not to-night, mother? I want some to-night."

"Mother has no money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some," said the mother, soothingly.

"O, we 'll have 'lasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried out a little girl who could just speak plainly, clapping her hands in great glee.

After dinner Mrs. —— worked hard, and in much bodily pain to finish the other shirt, in which the last stich was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast the next day she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T—— her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy for her children with the half-dollar she had earned. For it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last cent.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. T—— expressed approbation of the work and handed the poor widow a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr.

T—— and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done. After lingering a few moments, Mrs. —— ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"Oh, dear! I never pay a seamstress until her bill amounts to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you."

Mrs. —— retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. "When *shall* I earn five dollars?—Not for a whole month at this rate," were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

"We shall have the molasses now, mother, shan't we?" said two or three glad little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make. Then gathering them all about her, she explained to them, as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had made the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would; and that until she was paid, she could not get them any thing better than what they had.

The little things all stole silently and without a murmur away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noted the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this state of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant looking lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand.

She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some very neatly made shirts at Mrs. T——'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work, that she had enquired for the maker.—"And now having found you," she said, "I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work."

"I shall be glad to do it for you," said she, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

"And what will you charge?"

Mrs. —— hesitated a moment, and then said—

"Mrs. T —— gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three," said she with warmth.

Mrs. —— burst into tears, she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" enquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of kindness that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotion of pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye—her breast heaved with a strong emotion. Then again all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then; and as I want it done very nice, I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it by day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, ma'am, to-morrow evening if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. More than one heart was made glad that morning.

Now let us pay a visit to Mrs. T——.

After the widow had departed, a lady acquaintance dropped in, who made no profession of religion, and who was somewhat fond of dress. Among other subjects of conversation, the neatness of the work on the coarse shirts was talked over, and the lady learned the residence of the seamstress, and also, that she was very poor. After her departure, Mr. T—— came in from the shop when the following dialogue took place.

"Well, wife, how did Mrs. —— do her work?"

"Very well, indeed; but what do you think?—she wanted me to pay her a part of the price of making four shirts."

"Is it possible! That 's just the way these poor people always do. They spend a quarter as fast as it is earned, and so never get any thing ahead. You did not give it to her?"

"No, indeed! I told her to wait until it amounted to five dollars, and then it would do her some good."

"And what did she say to that?"

"Oh, nothing, only she pretended to look very melancholy, as though she were in a starving condition. But I understand all these things."

"Trick and hypocrisy and whining always seem to go with poverty. Was that the gaudy butterfly, Mrs. L——, who just went out?"

"Yes, I do think I have never known a more worldly minded person than Mrs. L—— in my life. All she thinks about is dress and company. She never seems to reflect that she has a soul to save."

"Or to be lost, which it certainly will be if she does not lay aside the vanities of this world. I suppose she never said a prayer in her life."

"Not she; if you were to talk to her of praying, she would smile in your face."

"A sad condition, indeed! How the world lieth in the wicked one. The prince of this world hath many children, and she is one of them."

"And yet," continued the wife, "she seems utterly insensible to her sad condition, and always changes the subject when I mention it to her."

"Of course. And she will go on, thus, hardening her heart and stiffening her neck, until she falls into the gulph of eternal ruin. It is sad to think on."

By eating the bread of carefulness, by grinding the poor, and by over-working his apprentices, Mr. T—— gradually became the owner of property. Of course he was a hard landlord. He owned two or three stores which were every now and then changing tenants, for few could stand his grinding injustice.

One of these stores had been vacant for some time, when a young man, just going into business, and who knew nothing of

his character, rented it for three hundred and fifty dollars per annum. That was the highest limit he had set himself in his close calculations of profit. He was a poor, but enterprising young man, and had been assisted into business by a few confiding and firm friends.

Not a single alteration or repair would T—— put upon the house. After going to about two hundred dollars expense in fitting up the store, the young man opened for business. At the end of the first year, he found that his profits had been very fair; but there were many remnants and pieces of unsaleable goods on hand which had been paid for,—these curtailed his active capital. Cheerful in prospect of his next year's business, and resolved to use even more activity and economy, he put his last quarter's rent in his pocket, and called on Mr. T——. After the money had been taken, and the receipt given, Mr. T—— enquired after his business; the young man spoke of it as increasing, and said that he had done as well as he had expected.

"You have no thought of moving, I suppose?"

"Oh no, the stand is a good one, and pleases me."

"Ahem! Ahem! I 've been thinking, for some time, that your rent was too low. A good stand like your's is worth a good deal more money."

"Three hundred and fifty is as much as I can afford to pay, and as much as any of my neighbors pay."

"Your neighbors pay too little, then. I must have four hundred and fifty dollars for my store for the next year."

"Four hundred and fifty!" exclaimed the young man, "I cannot afford to pay that. Besides, it is worth no more than I now pay."

"There are many who can and will pay four hundred and fifty—I must get the most profitable tenants I can."

"But I have been to at least two hundred dollars expense."

"That is your own look out, young man, not mine."

"So it is, and I was a fool to mention it! I see that I am yet a learner here."

Mr. T—— only smiled.

"Will you not take four hundred?"

"Not one cent less than four hundred and fifty."

The young man could do but one of two things, remove or pay the high rent. Fearing to risk another stand, and knowing that a change would be more loss to him than a hundred dollars, he reluctantly entered into contract to pay four hundred and fifty.

Another year passed, and Mr. T—— added fifty dollars more rent on the house. This was borne with also, for it was better than to move. But when fifty additional were demanded, under the impression that the tenant would consider it more than a loss of fifty dollars to move, he could stand it no longer, and sought another store. This store did not prove to be a good stand, which so troubled the young man's mind, that, from neglecting his business, he became unsteady, and in the end failed.

With Mr. T—— it was a common practice to raise on all of his tenants a sum just large enough to make them feel that it was better to pay it than move.

No one who knows the writer will feel disposed to accuse him of wishing to throw disrespect upon religion. How could he be so false to himself as to wish to darken the only true light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world; which penetrates and disperses the gloom of the grave? But he is ever disposed to condemn and hold up to view all pretenders to that which they do not possess. One such man as Mr. T—— does more real harm in the world than a dozen open reprobates.

And, alas! how many such there are. Who does not know a Mr. or a Mrs. T——? In what religious associations are not those to be found who are willing to have faith alone, to trust in faith alone, and to esteem the goods of this world as more valuable than the goods of charity. A purified, internal love for the neighbor, a love that prompts to good deeds—combined with a calm dependence upon the Giver of every good and perfect gift, is the only religion that will make a man fit for heaven.

THE HERO WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHR. SCHMID.

All frowning o'er the valley green,
  Girt by dark cliff and dusky wood,
Purpled in evening's light serene,
  An ancient mountain-castle stood.
See, how each lofty tower it rears,
All hoary with the pomp of years,
And clad in stately garments made
By the proud oak's ancestral shade.

In days of yore, there dwelt within
  A meek and angel-hearted maid,
Untouched by care, unstained by sin,
  The gentle lady Adelaide!
All shadowed by her golden hair,
With eyes so clear, so still, so fair,
She seemed, in loveliness and love,
A herald from the heavens above.

Yet swiftly past that castle's gate,
  With trembling steps the wanderer hied,
The land around lay desolate
  And tenantless on every side.
By thistles, thorns, and weeds alone
The earth's forsaken ways were sown;
The castle's silent walls, I trow,
Seemed grieving o'er the waste below.

For deep within that vale of woes,
  A hideous monster, night and day,
With hungry jaws that never close,
  Did fiercely prowl to seek his prey;
Clad was his serpent-form, I ween,
In scaly vest of shining green,
A thousand teeth—O sight of awe!—
Were weapons in the dragon's jaw.

And once the sire of that fair dame
  Had spurred his steed, and charged his spear,
(A warrior he of well-earned fame)
  To battle with that beast of fear;
But spear, nor sword, nor lance avails
To pierce those adamantine scales?
And, by the monster torn and slain,
He died a gallant death, but vain.

In grief the sorrowing mother sank,
  Upon the bed of sickness thrown,
She neither spake, nor ate, nor drank,
  Nor heard her child's consoling tone;
Beside her couch that maiden bright
Kept tearful watch by day and night,
Ready her own young life to give,
Her drooping mother's to revive.

With parchèd lips and piteous look,
  The dying lady faintly cried;
"Oh, bring me water from the brook
  That wells beneath our mountain side!"
Silent in fear her damsels stand,
No foot is stirred at her command;
For, ah, beside that wave they know
Keeps grisly watch their dragon-foe!

The maid defied the natural dread,
  Which made her frail limbs shake and quiver;
Praying God's blessing on her head,
  She sought that tiny mountain-river:
A thousand steps of deep descent
Adown the hill's hard surface went,
Winding now right, now left, they led
Down to the streamlet's narrow bed.

The fountain's silver waves spring up
  Above a low rock's hollow rim;
The maiden plunges deep her cup
  Till the clear streams o'erflow its brim.
Alas! within a cavern near
His form the beast did slowly rear,
And through those dusky shades, the light
Of his grim eyes gleamed fiery bright.

Forth, forth the furious monster leapt—
  She cannot hide, she dares not fly,
But still her steadfast faith she kept,
  And, kneeling, raised her prayerful eye;
"O gracious God, have mercy now!
My mother's sorrow pity Thou!
Alas, if I be slain, Thou know'st,
Hope for her sinking life is lost!"

But hark! a sudden sound awoke
  Afar, like stifled thunder pealing,
And, pierced as by a lightning-stroke,
  She saw the mighty dragon reeling:
A steed's swift tread that thunder-peal—
That flash a lance of gleaming steel,
Hurled by a knightly hand, she saw
That weapon cleave the dragon's jaw.

Hah! how the beast in rage and pain
  Struggles and writhes, with failing strength,
And, low on that polluted plain,
  Lies in his sable blood at length!
The graceful warrior, tall and slight,
Adorned with golden armor bright,
Now, from his courser leaping, paid
Fair reverence to the wondering maid.

"God's blessing on thy fearless brand!"
  All trembling thus the damsel spake;
"Lo! from thy brave and generous hand
  My life in thankfulness I take!"
"Nay, thank thy God!" he cried; "by Him
Mine arm hath slain this monster grim!
Thy timid prayer with gracious ear
He heard, and winged my conquering spear."

Beneath a pine-tree's ancient shade
  His faithful steed he fastens now,
And to the castle leads the maid
  With tranquil and untroubled brow.
That freshening draught the mother takes,
Her eye in grateful light awakes,
The healing waters pour amain
Life, health, and power through every vein.

"Ah, warrior," thus, in tears, she said,
  "But for thy stalwart arm of force,
I, hapless lady, now were dead,
  And this fair child a mangled corse!
Oh, teach me, noble knight the way
Thy generous valor to repay!
Happy were I," she said, and smiled,
"If thou would'st wed my gentle child."

But wondrous pale the maiden grew—
  Her eyes, so bright with hope before,
Did sadly gaze through gathering dew
  Upon a star-gemmed ring she wore.
"To him who gave this ring," she said,
Sobbing, "though he were cold and dead,
Till in the silent grave I lie,
Changeless I keep my constancy."

"O beauteous maiden, weep no more!"
  At once the warrior gently cried,
"Thine Adelstan shall God restore
  In health and safety to thy side!
The filial deed thy hand hath done
For thee this fitting meed hath won;
This very night thine eyes shall see
Him thou hast loved so steadfastly."

Even while he spake, there rose around
  The martial trumpet's thrilling strains,
And the castle-bridge, with clashing sound,
  Fell sternly in its rattling chains;
Sir Adelstan, true knight, hath come
From Syrian shore to German home.
Oh, what a meeting-hour was here
To close such scenes of grief and fear!

The knight, whose hand so bold and brave,
  Rescued that maid, and saved that mother,
And more—whose noble spirit gave
  The faithful damsel to another,
Soon to the spousal altar drew
Beside that pair so fond and true,
And then, with buoyant heart and gay,
Mounted his steed and rode away.

Glad tidings of the dragon's fall
  From lip to lip did loudly sound,
They thank their God, those peasants all,
  For many a circling mile around:
With tears of joy on every face
The fugitives return apace,
Until round that forsaken spot
Rises full many a cheerful cot.

The hero won his well-earned place
  Amid the saints, in death's dread hour;
And still the peasant seeks his grace,
  And, next to God, reveres his power!
In many a church his form is seen
With sword, and shield, and helmet sheen:
Ye know him by his steed of pride,
And by the dragon at his side.

But more than all, that spirit high,
  That knight without reproach or fear,
Was to the German chivalry
  For ever and for ever dear;
Still was a father wont to say,
When in his arms his first-born lay,
"Slight tribute to our hero's fame,
Lo, GEORGE shall be the infant's name!"

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

BY E. FERRETT.

THE funniest animal in creation is the genuine Cockney—his genus is peculiar and little known, from the fact of his being rarely seen without the precincts in which he flourishes. It is common for the uninitiated to call all who live in London, cocknies—just as the English call all Americans, yankees—being ignorant of the class to which the cognomen applies.

The Cockney—par excellence—is an individual who has been born within "the sound of Bow Bells;" or in other words, in that part of London which enables him to hear the bells of Bow Church strike. Whether those bells are possessed of attributes peculiar to themselves, whereby they innoculate their constant hearers with idiosyncracies different from other people, I do not pretend to decide, but certain it is that cocknies are a race of themselves—as distinct from all other men, as birds from beasts, or quadrupeds from bipeds.

The most considerable and prominent trait in the Cockney's character is his conceit,—self-satisfied to a degree past all conception, he combines with his egotism an unfailing good humor, that no rebuff can destroy. He will make love to his mistress—drink with his friend—bandy insult, and even blows, with his enemy—without deviating from his self-satisfied contentment and cheerfulness. If any thing can raise his ire, it is to decry his city of London, and laugh at his river Thames. The true

Cockney has never been farther out of London than Greenwich, Margate or Ramsgate—places reached by steaming down the Thames,—he is fully convinced that the said Thames is the finest river in the world. Tell him that the Mississippi is forty times as long, and the Hudson or the Delaware four times as wide, and he would laugh at and pity your ignorance. No eloquence—no force of language—no process of torture would induce him to cede his conviction—like the Turk he lives wrapt in his ignorance, fancying his folly to be wisdom. But the Cockney is only relatively ignorant, or to express it more clearly, is only ignorant where his self-esteem blinds his judgment. Do you want to see London in all its variety—do you wish to see every grade of society—every queer corner, and out of the way alley—from the magnificent mansions in Regent's and Hyde Parks, to the miserable rookeries in St. Giles's?—the Cockney will be your competent and intelligent guide. While under his charge, rest satisfied that no cabman nor omnibus cad can possibly defraud you of an unjust sixpence,—he is ever on the alert—wide awake, with a quiet, complacent kind of shrewdness, that sets all imposition at defiance.

In person, the Cockney rarely reaches the middle height—he is a "dapper," active little fellow, dressed somewhat elaborately in the latest fashion—huge breast pins—massive rings—a hat slightly on one side, with a profusion of love locks and a silver or gold headed cane dangling at his wrist. He cannot always raise a beard, his face is generally oval, and though of a dingy complexion, possessing a well washed appearance, which, in conjunction with his look of happy self-esteem, gives cheerfulness to his general appearance.

The genuine Cockney is always a clerk in some merchant's office or banking house—he dines at chop houses, and rarely, through the day, gets out of the precincts of the city, save on Sundays, unless he happens to be a traveling clerk whose duty it is to visit the west end for money and orders. At night his sphere

sometimes widens; he occasionally visits the theatres west of Temple Bar, and then it is—when the labors of the day are over—that he is most deeply impressed with the glories of his native city. The wonderful variety of cheap amusements tendered to him at every corner—the intellectual treats that can be enjoyed for the merest trifles, fill his soul with glory and self-complacency. London offers innumerable amusements to every casual visitor, but to the initiated Cockney vast fields are open upon which the eye of a stranger never glances. He will take you through dusky bye-ways and dingy avenues, until you wonder whether you will ever again see, and suddenly bring you into a room blazing with light that positively blinds with its strong and incessant glare. Here, perhaps, will be some extraordinary divertisement of which you never dreamed.

I was once, under charge of a cockney friend, thus introduced to a species of amusement entirely new to me. In a large room, to enter which we paid one shilling each, sat a very stately gentleman robed as a judge; underneath were two other gentlemen, dressed as counsellors, one of whom was very earnestly pleading to "his honor" on behalf of some imaginary criminal. It was a "Judge and Jury Club"—nightly a jury was impanelled—the Judge took his seat—plaintiffs and defendants were produced—counsel pleaded—witnesses were examined, and all the formalities of trial gone through with a solemnity and gravity only interrupted by roars of laughter from the audience at the rapid and ever changing sallies of wit from the opposing council. One was called Lord Brougham—the other Fitzroy Kelly, and, strange to say, each bore a strong resemblance to the person after whom he was named, while in forensic ability they were no mean rivals to those whose cognomens they had assumed.

Here, for a shilling—about sixteen cents—was admission given to a positive intellectual treat—while out of that sum was furnished a certain quantity of liquor to each individual. The Judge and Counsellors were generally briefless barristers, who

having vainly waited for real causes to plead—had, after spending their little patrimony, been obliged to earn a living by buffoonery.

How ignorant we are of the feelings of those people who cater for public amusement! When we shout at reading some startling witticism—some tart rejoinder—how little do we know of the aching head and fainting heart, of the poor wretch who has labored for hours, to coin the one poor conundrum, whereby he obtains the paltry pittance by which he ekes out his miserable existence!

Large cities abound in such cases—intellects of no common order are dragged down by what would seem an irresistible fate, and compelled either to starve or waste time and talent in pandering to the taste of the multitude.

But these reflections ramble, and are perfectly foreign to the character described—little recks the Cockney of nice distinctions and abstract speculations. His philosophy is purely and essentially practical—he is no theorist—so that he has enough of the good things of this life, he never stops to enquire why they please him, or why his lot is more fortunate than that of others.

To the speculator upon man, wide fields and various phases open in London—in no place are the differences between wealth and poverty more conspicuous—probably in no place do they come into closer juxtaposition; while in no place is the line of demarcation stronger and more impassible. You do not pass by quiet and easy stages—so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible—from the abodes of wealth to those of poverty—but are one moment surrounded by palaces, the next by wretched dens of squalid filth and infamy where the needy and the vicious herd until the former degenerate into the latter. Yet strange to say, there is even in scenes of abject poverty ever something to raise a smile—some trickery by which the animal cunning seems to have been sharpened to the keenest edge.

There are many places in London where paupers are provided with beds at a lowness of price almost incredible. Individuals are

accommodated with beds at rates varying from one penny to three pence—that is from about two cents to five or six,—these beds are arranged fifteen or twenty in a room, being merely hammocks swung by ropes to the ceiling. The party seeking a bed has the one which he can occupy pointed out, he thereupon pays the price and takes possession, which he is allowed to retain until an early hour in the morning, when the whole troop of lodgers are dispossessed of their temporary freehold in a most summary manner,—the ropes supporting the couches pass through the ceiling and are fastened in the room above—the landlord or landlady quietly walks up—loosens those ropes which support the head of the sleepers, thereby dropping them upon the floor with an impetus that effectually awakens them, while their reclining position prevents further sleep, and thus they are again compelled to turn out on the street—the only real home of which many a poor miserable resident in London can boast.

A SIGH.

A soft heart, and a soul of fire,
  Panting to do and dare,
Some gentle skill to sweep the lyre—
  These gifts my portion were.

Paths, dreamed of in youth's happy days,
  Unclosed to manhood's tread;
Well pleased my white-haired parents gaze
  Down on their child's young head!

Alas, how soon on Joy's bright morn
  Grief's midnight closeth grey!
The cold wise world hath turned in scorn
  From my soft heart away.

The warrior-sword in fragments lies;
  And, if the lyre I sound,
Wo 's me! no loving hearts or eyes
  Kindle or melt around!

True, glorious bays afar they twine
  To crown the ministrel's worth;
For one poor wreath I would resign
  All coronets on earth!

The wreath of love—for me it bloomed,
  From me it faded fast.
In vain! My lone heart droops, consumed
  By yearnings for the past.

FOUQUE.